

another, the *Mayflower*, awaited them in England. When all was ready they appointed a day of solemn fasting and prayer. Pastor Robinson preached to them "a good part of the day" on the text, "And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before our God and seek of him a right way for us and for our children and for all our substance," and "the rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency mixed with abundance of tears." Again they met together in a "feast" at the pastor's house. Sorry feasting!

26. The hospitality was large, but hearts were too full for much but tears: a tender, painful farewell gathering, their white-haired pastor going about among them with words of comfort and counsel, gentle last suggestions, scripture texts believed, though the voice that repeats them trembles and breaks—believed and clung to through the tug of parting. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness!" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Yes, they believed. And believing, they sang through tears—quivering pain notes at first, then, faith dominating, the tones grew firmer and sustained, until the final words rang out clear and strong; and with the end of the hymn they were ready for last earnest hand-clasps and quiet good-night.

27. To take ship, they went to Delft Haven, fourteen miles from Leyden, and to the port Pastor Robinson, with most of their friends, accompanied them. One

more night on land, then the long voyage and the uncertain future. There was little sleep that night; and again, with Bible words and Christian counsel, hearts were strengthened.

28. In the morning, the wind being fair, "they went aboard and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound among them." We know, we know—God *is* our refuge—but sore is the parting. We *are* willing—but our hearts are wrung. There is no thought of regret or turning—but oh, the pain of it! The Dutchmen, loitering in the sunshine on the shore, watching with heavy curiosity this strange departure, suddenly find their own eyes filled with sympathetic tears. We must be off! cries the captain, half impatient over so much fervency and tears. They kneel around the pastor, and, with unsteady voice, though his trust is firm, he calls upon the God in whom they believe to guide and bless these his children. Once more the arms cling close. "Mother, mother, how can I let you go!" "My child, my child!" "Beloved, you will come over to me soon." "Oh, my husband!" "God wills it; I must go." "My son, I shall not live to see your face again." Loosen the clasping arms; unfold the clinging fingers. You stay and we go, and the ocean lies between. The wind comes breathing, the sails fill; good-by! good-by! across the widening space—and they are gone.

#### THE VOYAGE.

29. They sailed first to meet the *Mayflower* and others of the Puritan company at Southampton, England. There they called Robert Cushman to account, fell out with one of their London patrons, read together an affec-

tionate farewell letter from Mr. Robinson, made all final arrangements for the voyage, and on August 5th, 1620, set sail in the two ships for America. But the captain of the *Speedwell*, half-hearted in the business, twice had them back to land to repair pretended leaks; and the second time, putting in at Plymouth, it was determined to leave the *Speedwell* and a part of the Puritan band. The little company, small enough before, was again reduced, "like Gideon's army." Some were discouraged with the many hindrances and willingly stayed; some were beginning to fear for the success of the voyage, undertaken so late in the season; some were weak, and could be spared where there was need of the strongest; some little children were sent back to await a later passage; Robert Cushman, vexed to the soul by the unsatisfactoriness of his negotiations, sick and disheartened, stayed behind. Again there were sad parting, tears, and prayers; but God would sustain, and, leaving the companion ship and the last friends, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, September 6th.

30. One hundred and two "Pilgrims," seeking a better country: men, women, children, servants and handmaidens. Elder William Brewster with his wife Mary, his two sons Love and Wrestling, and a boy, Richard More; the Winslows, with two men-servants and Richard More's little sister Ellen; William Bradford and his wife Dorothy, their only child being left behind; the Allertons, the Martins, the Whites, with their son Resolved; Mr. and Mrs. Mullins with their children Joseph and Priscilla, and a servant; Mr. Hopkins and his family; Mr. Warren, lonely enough without the wife and children left behind; John Billington, his wife Ellen, and his two sons; the two Tilley families, with their cousins Henry Samson and Humility Cooper, children whose

parents were not with them; Mr. Cook and John his son, his wife and other children being in England yet; John Rigdale and Alice his wife; Miles Standish, bold English soldier, with Rose his wife; John Alden, the cooper, "a hopeful young man and much desired"; Thomas Tinker, with his wife and child; these and many others in the little ship sailed over the wide ocean in search of an English home where Englishmen might freely worship God.

31. The voyage at first was fair enough. They were seasick, some of them; the children had to be watched lest they fall overboard; a profane bully of a sailor, after using all manner of abuse toward the sick ones, himself fell ill and died, "And," says William Bradford, recording it, "thus his curses light on his own head, and it was an astonishment to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him." Later came storms and danger, with breaking of masts, eager consultation among the ship's officers, water, wind, confusion; but the masts were mended and they "committed themselves to the will of God and resolved to proceed." Big John Howland, coming on deck, was thrown into the sea by a lurch of the ship, but with a rope was hauled in again and saved. Before they came to land a little boy was born in the Hopkins family, and they named him Oceanus; and Samuel Fuller's servant, a young man named William Butten, died as they neared the coast.

32. The hard voyage was over at last, and on the 9th of November Cape Cod appeared. They knew about Cape Cod from the map and book of Captain John Smith, who had tried to plant a colony there some years before, but they intended to land somewhere near the Hudson River, and turned south along the coast. Shoals and breakers barring their passage that way, they returned,

and, on November 11th, anchored in Cape Cod harbor. "Being now passed the vast ocean and a sea of troubles, before their preparation unto further proceedings . . . they fell down upon their knees and blessed the Lord, the God of Heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element."

33. So there they were, and as yet no one had left the ship. It was winter. The cold blue ocean beat the cold white shore, and the dark forest further back rustled and moaned in the north wind, whistling bleak welcome. What could those women and children do there? West from the sea lay an unexplored country, no one knew how large; dark forest uninhabited, save for the dusky Indian, clothed the land in an unbroken mystery of wilderness; north and south stretched the desolate coast, stretched five hundred miles ere it reached the nearest European settlement; east lay the ocean, not to be recrossed. How could the men build shelter in the midst of a northern winter? And they must build, for the ship's store of provisions was none too large, and the captain impatient to be off again before famine set in. After ages of comfort—shiver to think of it!—that lone, cold landing; the stretching, desolate coast; the cutting, wind-blown snow; the little anchored ship, bearing treasure of warm human hearts, strong human wills, clear purpose, courage untamed. Slight protection, the rocking ship, for such precious store of life, with that white, relentless winter coming down upon the bay.

34. The day of casting anchor, those steadfast, earnest men, whose God was the Lord, and whose king was James of England, gathered in the Mayflower cabin and, by a formal statement written and signed, formed them-

selves into a civil state. Note the words of the compact: "In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James—" have fled over seas from English persecution? No—"have undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia." God and the king; true Christians and true Englishmen. The document reads with a calm dignity, a clear political instinct, a solemn religious faith, worthy of Englishmen. They may have braved English laws for conscience' sake, but there is no bravado; they may keenly feel the injustice they have experienced, but there was no repining.

35. Then began expeditions to the land. The men, under Captain Standish, went in parties in a small boat, returning to the ship at night, or, in some cases, they camped on the shore and were away from the ship several days. Wading to the shore through water too shallow even for the small boat, with sea-spray freezing as it covered them, tramping through the snow, breaking through the forest, with prayer each morning, and always a day of rest on Sunday, they explored the coast and wilderness for the best place to settle. They found yellow Indian corn buried by the Indians in sand-heaps, and carried it to the ship, counting it God's special providence that they were thus provided with seed to plant the next year. "The Lord is never wanting unto his in their greatest needs; let his holy Name have all the praise!" cried William Bradford. November wore away, dark and wild, and with set teeth December came. Back and forth went the exploring parties. A skirmish with the Indians took place; but "it pleased God to vanquish their enemies and give them deliverance, and by his spe-

cial providence so to dispose, that not any one of them was hurt or hit, though their arrows came close." Thereupon they gave the Lord solemn thanks, and named the place "The First Encounter."

36. After a stormy, dangerous week, Saturday, December 9th, dawned clear, and the sun shone down on the snowy world. The Sabbath day the explorers observed on shore, and Monday they "sounded the harbor and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land and found a . . . place fit for situation; at least, it was the best they could find, and the season and their present necessity made them glad to accept of it. So they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of their people, which did much comfort their hearts." This day, December 11th, old style, corresponding to December 21st, new style, is celebrated as the date of the "landing of the Pilgrims."

37. Meantime, what of those left in the ship these four dreary weeks? The ways of life went on in births and deaths; six of the wanderers found the door of the other world; and Peregrine White came into this—first-born of New England. The little boy Jasper More, who came in care of the Carvers, died; and Dorothy Bradford fell overboard and was drowned while her husband was exploring the coast. The men had terrible coughs and colds from wading through the freezing sea, and the women were beginning to suffer from the hardship of it all. The children, child-like, adapted themselves to the situation. Mr. Billington being gone to the shore, his son John, with the family gun well loaded, took occasion to try his skill by shooting it off in the cabin; "yet, by God's mercy, no harm was done!"

38. Midwinter, and provisions low. Seven already buried in the ocean. Sickness setting in with more sever-

ity, women and children to be somehow cared for, two tiny babies to be shielded from all harm, their only home the inhospitable shore. No time to lose! The 16th they began to build the first house, and so was planted Plymouth.

39. In that dead winter time sprang Plymouth. Cold for the seed of the Mayflower, but Mayflower's seed did not easily die. The houses went up, one after another, and as it became possible the company on the ship were transferred to the land. The ship, indeed, became more and more undesirable: sickness prevailed; the sailors did not escape, but dragged about or tossed in their beds in fierce impatience, and, of the Puritans, half their number died before the end of March. Elder Brewster and strong Miles Standish, with half-a-dozen others who were left in health, toiled night and day, cooking, building fires, making beds, washing clothes, adapting their masculine hands to women's offices as they dressed and undressed the feverish patients, cared for the babies whose mothers lay ill, heard the children say their prayers. Ah, Miles Standish, rough captain, nowhere do you stand out braver than against that background! And Rose, thy wife, Rose Standish too must die, ere ever she comes to the home on the shore.

40. The winter wears on. The Indians come to investigate, later to treat with the English. Since there are few well enough to build, the little settlement, snow-bound between the ocean and the forest, grows but slowly. Sometimes death comes twice and thrice in a day, and the whole scene is a funeral and the ocean one black grave. Yet they bear it all patiently, silently: it is the hand of the Lord. Priscilla Mullins sees her father, her mother, her brother, buried in the heartless sea, and stands in the New World alone. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Priscilla can

bear it as a brave woman will, and, later, finds protection in the strong arm of John Alden. Mr. Winslow watches the waves close over the form of his wife. "My life is spent with sorrow and my years with sighing, . . . but I trusted in thee, O Lord; my times are in thy hand." He can bear it as a brave man can, and not many months after finds comfort in taking to himself the widow of Mr. White; the two knit together by common sorrow and danger. Elizabeth Tilley loses father and mother. John Rigdale and Alice, his wife, die together. Thomas Tinker, wife, and child, all die there in the ship. And the north wind beat the sea and blew through the bare trees. Desolate, desolate welcome! "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God." They could bear it and be brave; and they did, until God sent the spring with new health for his people.

41. Warmer shines the sun, and April comes. All the people—all whom death has left—are in the houses low, and the Mayflower is ready for the home voyage. They gather at the shore to see the last of her, and send last messages back to the dear home land. Back goes the ship, straight to Old England; yet, with that fearful winter freezing in their memories, scarce fifty of them left to found the lonely settlement, weak yet and worn, not one returns to the easier life at home. The Mayflower disappears on the eastern horizon; the last watcher by the shore is satisfied that she is gone; and then alone, self-governed, self-dependent, free, the sea and wilderness circling close about them, God their Father watching overhead, the Puritans take up their stern life, and in America create New England,

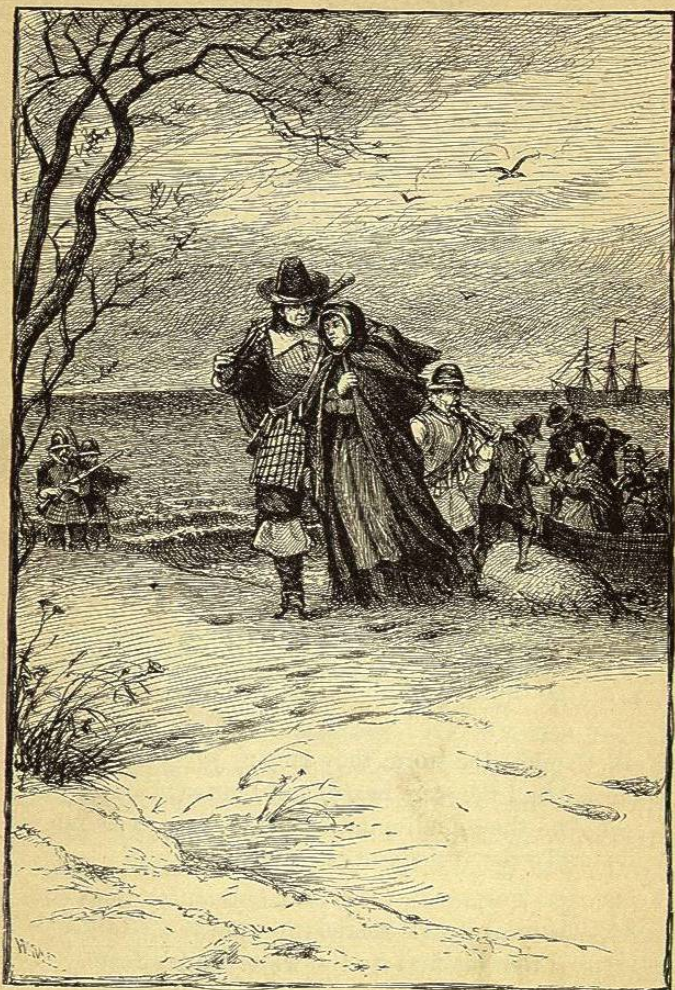
*Ellen Coit Brown.*

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

42. The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed.
43. And the heavy night hung dark  
The woods and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.
44. Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that speaks of fame;
45. Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
46. Amidst the storm they sang;  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!
47. The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home.

*Mrs. Hemans*

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



*Landing of the Pilgrims.*

48. Behold! they come—those sainted forms,  
 Unshaken through the strife of storms;  
 Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,  
 And earth puts on its rudest frown;  
 But colder, ruder, was the hand  
 That drove them from their own fair land;  
 Their own fair land—Refinement's chosen seat,  
 Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat;  
 By Valor guarded and by Victory crowned,  
 For all but gentle Charity renowned.
49. With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,  
 Even from that land they dared to part,  
 And burst each tender tie;  
 Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed,  
 Homes, where they fondly hoped at last  
 In peaceful age to die.  
 Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned,  
 Their fathers' hallowed graves,  
 And to a world of darkness turned,  
 Beyond a world of waves.
50. When Israel's race from bondage fled,  
 Signs from on high the wanderers led;  
 But here—Heaven hung no symbol here,  
 Their steps to guide, their souls to cheer;  
 They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,  
 Naught but the fagot's guilty light;  
 The cloud they gazed at was the smoke.  
 Nor power above, nor power below,  
 Sustained them in their hour of woe;  
 A fearful path they trod,

And dared a fearful doom ;  
To build an altar to their God,  
And find a quiet tomb.

51. Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand  
On yonder ice-bound rock,  
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,  
To meet Fate's rudest shock.  
Though anguish rends the father's breast,  
For them, his dearest and his best,  
With him the waste who trod—  
Though tears that freeze the mother sheds  
Upon her children's houseless heads—  
The Christian turns to God.
52. In grateful adoration now  
Upon the barren sands they bow.  
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer  
As bursts in desolation there ?  
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power  
As waits to crown that feeble hour ?  
When into life an infant empire springs,  
There falls the iron from the soul,  
There Liberty's young accents roll  
Up to the King of kings !
53. Spread out earth's holiest record here,  
Of days and deeds to reverence dear ;  
A zeal like this, what pious legends tell ?  
On kingdoms built  
In blood and guilt,  
The worshipers of vulgar triumph dwell :  
But what exploit with them shall page  
Who rose to bless their kind—

Who left their nation and their age  
Man's spirit to unbind ?  
Who boundless seas passed o'er,  
And boldly met in every path,  
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,  
To dedicate a shore  
Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,  
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow ;  
Where Liberty's glad race might come,  
And set up there an everlasting home !

*Charles Sprague.*