



An intimate closeup of Mr. Turkey Gobbler, the "National Bird" of America, who will lose his official head, with many other members of his family, to grace the tables of America on Thanksgiving day.

## Hand of God Reached Out to Pilgrims

The Pilgrim Fathers were more than pioneers in body. They were spiritual pioneers. And this it was that sustained them when so many others failed.

And so their homely Odyssey of exploit and discovery is thrilling. From the ship, after its arrival in Provincetown harbor, where they first thought to land, a small boat went scouting. It encountered Indians, who fed. It brought back baskets of corn discovered buried in the sand. This seed it was that saved them from starvation later. Six months afterward (as they had purposed when they took it) they found the owners and paid them for it. Next the small boat started on a circuit of Cape Cod bay.

"The weather was very cold and it froze so hard as the spread of the sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glazed." They camped ashore in a barricade of logs. At midnight came an alarm. It was only wolves. But at dawn, after prayers and breakfast, the Indians made a furious attack. They beat them off and gained the boat. Next it began to snow and rain. Wind increased and sea roughened. The rudder broke. "It was as much as 2 men could do to steer her with a couple of oars." The storm grew worse. Night was coming on. Their mast broke in three pieces. They tried for a harbor. It proved a trap of deadly breakers. Prowling for their lives, they barely got clear. "And though it was very dark and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all night in safety."

### Promised Land at Last.

Next day on this island they kept their Sabbath. Monday they explored. Harbor, cornfields and running brooks. Here or nowhere was their Promised Land. They returned to their ship. On December 21 the Mayflower sailed into Plymouth harbor. The pilgrimage of these refugees had ended. The pilgrimage of a nation had begun.

Their settlement was a very illiad of woes. One month after they landed, pestilence broke out. In three months half their number were dead. "There was," says Governor Bradford, "but 6 or 7 sound persons, who, to their great commendations be it spoken, spared no pains, night or day, but with abundance of toyle and hazard of their own health, fetched them woode, made them fires, drest them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them; in a word, did all the homly and necessary offices for them which dainty and quiesie stomachs cannot endure to hear named; and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least." One of these good nurses was that

gruit soldier, Capt. Miles Standish. The Indians, meanwhile, skulked about and stole the colonists' farming implements. Finally came two

who could speak broken English, which they had learned from crews that came to fish off the Maine coast. One was Samoset, the other Squanto. Both remained loyal friends, Squanto acting as interpreter and pilot, teaching them how to plant corn and where to fish. Through these two red-skinned friends they met the great sachem, Massasoit, with whom they made a treaty of peace which lasted half a century.

### Additions to the Colony.

In April the Mayflower sailed for home. And now it was bare hands against the wilderness. Their first harvest seemed fairly good; beans and Indian corn to the amount of "a peck of meal a week to each person." Then in sailed the ship Fortune, adding 35 unprovided men to their number. By putting every one on half rations they would have barely enough to hold out for six months. Next, the warrior tribe of Narragansetts sent them "a bundl of arrows tyed aboute with a great snakeskin." It was declaration of war. They sent back the snakeskin with bullets in it. This gave the Narragansetts heart disease. They declined to accept the bullets and sent them back.

By May, 1622, food was exceedingly scarce. Anxiously, day after day, they scanned the blank sea horizon for a ship. The one that came was an open boat from a fishing vessel off Maine, bringing them no food, but seven more hungry mouths. Hard on the heels of this came a ship from England which unloaded 60 more men on the colony.

"Put not your trust in princes," remarks Bradford ("much less in merchants.")

### Providential Interventions.

And now begins that extraordinary series of interventions, seemingly pure chance, whereby time after time this colony, in its extremity of need is just saved from extinction. Bradford is so sure of their authorship and grows so used to them that he merely remarks: "Behold now another Providence of God." One or two or half a dozen befriendings of chance may be pure coincidence. But when these befriendings go on, month after month and year after year, seemingly in response to firm reliance that they will so come, then what are we to call them? Let us first consider the bare facts of this phenomenon.

The plight of the colony was now desperate. Actual famine impended. At this pinch in sailed a boat bearing a letter from a man and a settlement they had never so much as heard of, telling them where food could be had. They sent a boat to the place directed

and obtained enough to sustain them till the next harvest by dint of all living on one-quarter of a pound of bread a day.

The harvest of 1622, when it did come, was meager. Markets they had none, and no commodities to trade for corn from the Indians. Again the cadaverous face of famine stared them

in the eye. And, again, a seeming chance befriended them. An adventuring ship, sent to explore and trade, sailed in with a supply of English beads and knives. These the colonists obtained in return for beaver skins, and traded off to the Indians for enough corn to keep them alive for another space.

### Saved From Treachery.

Next came two befriendings of chance even more startling. The colonists hear that their friend, the great Sachem, Massasoit, is ill. They send him food, medicines and attendance. He recovers. Visited by compunction he tells his benefactors that he had been party to a conspiracy to wipe out both the Massachusetts Bay and the Plymouth settlements. As if to engrave the faith in an unseen power on the very hearts of these religious folk, at the same time comes a messenger from the Massachusetts Bay colony with the same tidings, and under the following extraordinary circumstances: he knew not one foot of the way to Plymouth, yet he reached the place. On the journey, however, he lost his direction, and this was well, for the Indians were pursuing him and had he known the trail and kept to it, he never would have reached Plymouth. Ignorance itself befriended them.

Then back came their grisly visitor, famine. Corn they had none. They were reduced to living on ground nuts, such shellfish as they could dig at low tide, what wild fowl they could shoot, and now and then a deer. When spring did come there was a drouth from May 21 to mid-July. Their crops were burning up. They appointed a day for prayer. On the afternoon of that very day, fell "sweet and gentle showers."

### True to Their Principles.

In their dealings with that ruffraff humanity which forever gravitates to frontier settlements these religionists adhered to a principle which the doubting world proclaims to be lunatic. And they proved it to be sane. Time after time they were wronged and betrayed by people whom they had befriended at grievous cost to themselves. Their betrayers would shortly come to grief, straggle back to Plymouth, beg forgiveness and fresh assistance, receive both; then turn around and betray their benefactors again, and again come to grief. Such were the episodes of the scoundrels Thomas Weston, John Lyford and John Oldham, and the untrustworthy steward, Isaac Allerton. All these and many more stabbed the colony in the back; yet the colonists always forgave the injury and recovered from the wound. It was as if they deliberately "tempted Providence"; as if they said: "We are told that God takes care of His own. Let us try it." All that human heads and hands could do they did. This done, they befriended their enemies, forgave their foes, and, for the rest, relied on Providence.—Boston Globe.

### L'ENVOI

With head bowed in prayer, I give thanks to Thee God for your promise of Eternity.

The year just passing has brought us many things for which to be thankful.

Of all the many blessings for which we are thankful, the pleasant relations we have enjoyed, and are enjoying with the large number of friends and patrons we have had the pleasure of serving, stands out most vividly before us.

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