

CANADIAN HISTORY READERS



D. J. DICKIE

HOW
CANADA WAS FOUND

BOOK THREE



TORONTO

J. DENT AND SONS LTD.

CURRICULUM

HOW CANADA WAS FOUND

BY

D. J. DICKIE



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PREFACE

ONE of the first difficulties of the teacher of history is to get the children to realise "a long time ago." Pictures of houses and costume, stories of ancient ways of doing things, help them to do this. In the stories of the Linton children, I have tried to put the clock back to the age of discovery.

For the rest, the simplest facts of the well-known stories have been put into words easy enough and sentences short enough for the third-year child's reading. After word drill on the hard names, the stories have all been used in the third grade as silent or as oral reading.

I am much indebted to the friends and professional photographers who have so kindly loaned their pictures for reproduction; and to Mr. G. M. Jones and Miss Genevieve Macdonald who read the proofs, and have made many valuable suggestions.

D. J. DICKIE.

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IN ENGLAND: DAVID AND ROSE MARY'S COUNTRY.

HOW CANADA WAS FOUND

CANADA was four hundred and more years old on July 1, her last birthday.

Four hundred and more years ago, they found her living all alone among the great white seas with only the Indians to take care of her.

You are in a great hurry to know WHO FOUND HER, but first I must tell you how they came to go seeking; so . . .

[Turn over.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FOUR hundred years is a long time ago. Things then were not as they are now. No trains ran from one town to another. There were no cars. Few people wrote letters, and when they did write they had to send their letters by hand because there was no Post Office. They had no public schools such as we have. Only rich boys and girls learned to read and write.

But the sun shone four hundred years ago. The winds blew and the rain fell. Flowers bloomed in the fields. Boys and girls had warm clothes and plenty to eat. They whistled and played games and helped their fathers and mothers just as you do. They were happy just as you are.

It isn't what you HAVE that makes you happy, it is what you DO.

A SONG THEY USED TO SING

SUMMER is a-coming in,
Loud sing Cuckoo!
Groweth seed, bloweth mead,
Springeth wood anew.
Sing Cuckoo!

MASTER DAVID LINTON



THIS is Master David Linton. He lived in England four hundred years ago. He is about your age. His face is like yours but his clothes are not.

He has no trousers. Men did not wear trousers four hundred years ago.

David wears a blouse that has no buttons but goes on over his head. It comes down to his hips. He has a belt round his waist to hold his blouse in.

Instead of trousers he wears very long stockings that reach up to his waist.

His shoes are made of soft leather. They have neither buttons nor laces but draw on like a pair of overstockings. They have no heels either. The toes are very long and pointed. They are pretty shoes, but I do not think they would wear as well as yours.

David's cap is like a hood. He puts it on in the morning and wears it all day. It hangs down his back when he does not need it on his head.

MISTRESS ROSE MARY LINTON

THIS is David's sister, Mistress Rose Mary Linton. She is only twelve years old, but she wears a long dress just like her mother's. All the little girls wore long dresses four hundred years ago.

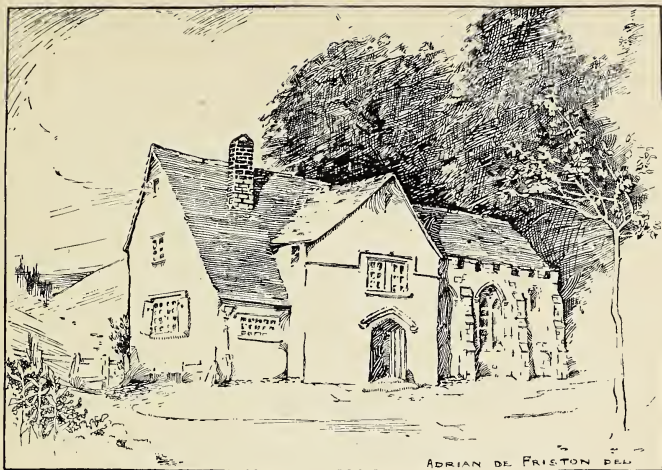
Rose Mary's skirt is full, and reaches down to her feet. She has a little waist with long sleeves, and a kerchief round her neck. Her shoes are the same as David's, but she wears a little cap made of linen instead of a hood. Rose Mary wears her cap all day long, both indoors and outside. Her dress and petticoat are of soft cloth in pretty colours. They keep her nice and warm.

When she goes out in wet weather, Rose Mary wears a thick cloak with a hood which pulls on over her cap and all.

Rose Mary cannot read, but she can make the rooms tidy and work the butter. She can knit, too, and is learning to spin.



ROSE MARY.



LINTON MANOR

DAVID AND ROSE MARY'S HOME

THIS is the children's home. It is a pretty place. The trees are tall and shady. There is a large garden behind. David and Rose Mary have fine games of play there.

Their father is a farmer, so they live in the country. Their house is built of stone. It has a very high, pointed roof, and many large windows. The windows have a great many tiny panes. Glass cost a great deal four hundred years ago. Poor people had only paper in their windows. Even rich people could only have windows made by patching small bits of glass together. These windows did not push up and down as ours do. Some of them opened outward like little doors.

Four hundred years ago people had no stoves. They

used fire-places to heat their rooms and to do all their cooking. For the winter they needed a fire-place in each room, so they had to have many large chimneys on their houses.

There were no policemen to take care of people in those days. Families had to guard themselves. All round the house and garden they built a high wall of stone to keep out thieves. At night the gate was shut and locked.

Some families dug a deep ditch outside the wall and filled it with water. This was called a moat. They had a little bridge in front of the gate to go in and out by. At night they drew up the bridge, or pushed it inside the gate. Then no one could cross the moat.

David's house had a wall but no moat.

DINNER

It is noon. Rose Mary has just called David to come in to dinner. Let us go in with him and see the inside of his house. His father will be sure to ask us to stay to dinner. There were not many inns four hundred years ago, so people always asked travellers to stay to dinner or supper.

Going in at the door, we find ourselves in the hall. The hall is not just a little room in which to hang up hats and coats. It is the largest room in the house. It is long and very high, having no ceiling but the roof. There are no bedrooms above it.

They have no wall-paper; but Rose Mary and her mother have worked pictures on cloth, and hung them on the walls. As it is summer, Rose Mary has brought in fresh branches from the trees to hang about the room. There are no carpets or rugs; but they have put rushes

and sweet grass on the floor. When we step on these it makes a pleasant smell in the air.

A long table and chairs of very thick, heavy wood stand at the farther end of the hall. Here we have our dinner. David does not sit down at the table with the others. He stands to wait upon his father and mother and their friends. He passes the food very politely. The servants also eat in the hall. They sit at a lower table near the door.

The table has a white cloth on it and there are plates, knives, and spoons, but no cups, saucers, or forks. These people have no tea, and they drink their water or wine out of mugs. They use fingers instead of forks, so there are little bowls of water and napkins upon the table, that you may wash your greasy fingers.

David stands at the end of the table and says "grace." This is what he says:

" Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks tho' they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all."

He says the "grace" both before and after dinner is eaten.

There is meat for dinner: beef, pork, and a chicken; potatoes had not been discovered then. There is a dish of turnips though, for David's father is fond of them. The bread has been made into rolls or buns. Each person has one. They have no pie; but there is a sweet pudding, and David passes round a tray with some raisins upon it. They have plenty of good things to eat.

AFTER SUPPER

IN the evening the family and servants sit close to the great fire-place in the hall. They crack nuts, tell stories, and sing songs. Mistress Linton spins, and Rose Mary has her knitting. The maids card wool. They each have two brushes of stiff wire with which they brush the wool till it is smooth. The wool at which they are working has been dyed a pretty blue colour. It is to be spun and woven into a dress for Rose Mary.

• One of the men mends his bow; another is making a broom. Brooms could not be bought in those days. Each family made their own. This man has a stout round stick about three feet long. This is the handle. He has a bundle of small branches which he strips of their leaves, lays all in line, and then ties tightly to the end of the handle. Such a broom will not sweep out dust as well as our brooms do; but it is very useful for brushing up leaves in the garden, or for sweeping out the stable. Try to make one like it for your play-house.

✧ They had neither lamps nor electric lights four hundred years ago, and candles cost a great deal. In summer, the Lintons all went to bed as soon as it was dark. In the winter, they did their evening-work by the light of the great fire.

At nine o'clock, Mistress Linton put away her spinning. One of the maids brought a candle to Master Linton. Then David and Rose Mary went, with their father and mother, to their sleeping-room. The maids went to bed in a small attic over the kitchen. The men lay down on the floor near the fire in the hall. They had no other bedroom.

WHAT THEY SANG TO THEIR BABIES
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

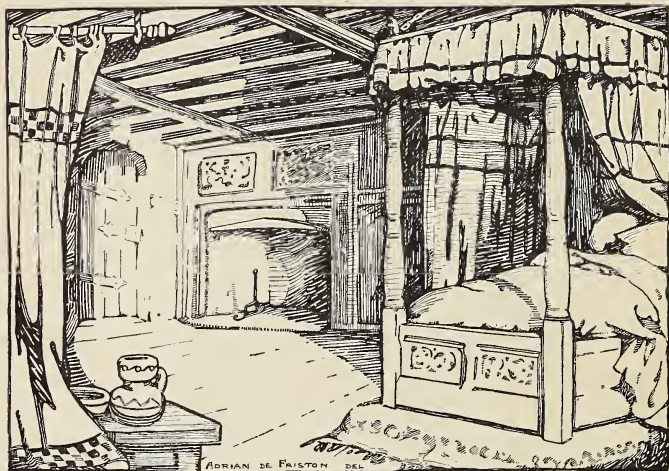
A LULLABY

LULLY, lullay, thou little tiny child;
By, by, lullay, thou little tiny child;
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too! how may we do,
For to keep this day
This poor youngling, for whom we do sing
By, by, lully, lullay?

THE SOLAR

WE will go up with the children and see what their bedroom is like. As we ate our dinner, we saw a little door in the wall behind the table, and wondered where that led to. Now we go through it, up a very narrow and



winding stair, into a small room. This room is called the Solar. It has a large fire-place, and a beautiful bay-window looking out into the garden. There are also two little windows which look into the hall, so that David's father can call down to the servants if they make a noise there, after he has gone to bed.

In the afternoons, Mistress Linton uses the solar for a sitting-room. It is the only bedroom in the house. In one corner stands a very large bed with tall posts

at the four corners, and a top. Curtains hang from the top to the floor so that, when they are drawn, you cannot see anyone who is in the bed. There is a large chest, too, where they keep their good clothes, and there is a wash-stand, but no dresser.

Beneath the solar is the cellar where they keep the vegetables, logs for the fire, the wine, and the fruit when they have any. Remember that they had no potatoes, and that fruit was very dear four hundred years ago. Sometimes, David and Rose Mary have apples or plums for a treat; but they have never heard of oranges or bananas. Often, when they are in bed and all the house is still, they can hear the rats running about in the cellar beneath them.

THE KITCHEN

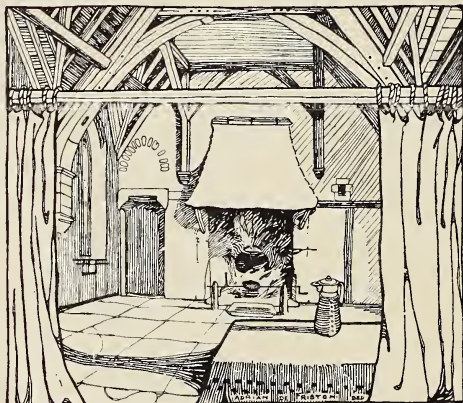
THE kitchen was at the other end of the hall from the solar. It was a large room with great, black beams in the ceiling. It had a stone floor. Some of the stones were broken, so that the floor was quite rough. When David and Rose Mary were small they often hurt themselves by falling on the kitchen floor.

The fire-place was very wide, and had a "spit" in front of it. The "spit" was a long rod made sharp at one end. They ran the "spit" through the roasts of meat which they wished to cook, and laid each end of the rod on a block of wood pushed close to the fire. So the meat cooked, but one of the maids had to keep turning the rod over and over so that the meat should not burn. Draw a picture of the "spit."

Quite at the other side of the room was the oven. It was a kind of hole in the wall with a curved roof

and an iron door. David could stand upright in it. He and Rose Mary sometimes hid there when they played hide-and-seek.

On baking days, a fire was lighted on the floor of the oven, and the iron door was closed. When the fire had burnt out and the floor, walls, and roof of the oven were very hot, the bread, cakes, and pasties, were set inside to cook.





MISTRESS LINTON.

MISTRESS LINTON

THIS is David and Rose Mary's mother. Is she not a pretty mother? Though she lived so long ago, she is almost as pretty as your mother.

She wears a dress like Rose Mary's with a long full skirt, long sleeves, a tight little waist, and a low neck. She has a strange pointed cap on her head with a long veil which hangs down behind. The little bag that hangs by her side is her pocket. She keeps her keys, her comb, her handkerchief, and, sometimes, her knitting in it.

Mistress Linton was a very busy woman. Besides Rose Mary, she had four maids to help her, but there was a great deal to do. They could not buy things four hundred years ago as we do now. They had to make everything they needed. Bread, butter, cheese, cloth, yarn, dresses, caps, baskets, brooms, sheets, blankets; everything had to be made by the family.

The women milked the cows, took care of the milk, and made the butter and cheese. They did all the cooking; and it was much harder work to cook in those days when they had only fire-places, than it is now to cook upon good stoves with handy ovens.

The women made the clothes for the family also. This was a great deal of work, for they did not buy the cloth, but made it. The wool was cut from the sheep's back, washed, and dyed the colour Mistress Linton wished. It was then carded and combed till it was smooth and fluffy. Next, it was tied to a spinning-wheel and twisted round and round till it came out a long thread.

After the yarn was made, it was woven into cloth. Weaving is something like the darning your mother does on your stockings. The threads go in and out, first over and then under one another. When the cloth had been woven, it had to be cut and sewed into clothes. It took a long time to make a blouse for David or a dress for Rose Mary, and I dare say they took better care of their clothes than you do.

Stockings, mits, caps, and hoods had to be knit. Flax had to be grown to make sheets for the bed. More wool had to be spun and woven to make blankets. They did all their own washing and ironing. You may be sure that Mistress Linton, Rose Mary, and the maids were busy from morning till night.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

God bless the Master of this house,
God bless the Mistress too,
And all the little children,
That round the table go,
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

THE BABY JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

I SING of a Maiden
That is matchless,
King of kings
To be her son she chose.

He came all so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To his mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she,
Well may such a lady
Jesus' mother be.

Fifteenth-Century Carol.

DAVID'S WORK

THE Lintons had cows, pigs, and fowl, as well as sheep. It was David's work to look after the pigs. All day they grunted about in the woods, rooting for nuts. As soon as the sun was low in the sky, David went to bring them home.

He took his dog Kip with him. He had a horn to blow as he walked along. The pigs knew that they were to come home when they heard the horn. Often they hid in the underbrush; but Kip soon found them out. David counted them and drove them, grunting and squealing, into the yard.

Then he carried to them pails of sour milk and swill. He had to carry many pails, and they were heavy. It was hard work; but David was proud of his pigs. They were fat and wore their tails curled up over their backs. When a pig's tail curls up over its back, it is healthy. David always looked at their tails to see if his pigs were doing well.

ROSE MARY'S WORK

ROSE MARY learned to cook and bake, to make the butter and cheese, to spin and knit and sew.

Besides all this she helped to take care of the fowl. There were chickens and ducks, and geese and pigeons in the fowl-yard. They made a great cackling, I can tell you, when Rose Mary came in with her bowl of grain. They clucked, and cackled, and quacked, and hissed. The pigeons whirled about in the air. They lit on Rose Mary's head. They helped themselves to the corn in the bowl. They crowded about her feet so that she hardly dared to step.

Rose Mary gathered the eggs, counted them, and packed them away. She helped to set the mother hens in the spring-time, and marked the days till the little chicks should come out. Her little balls of yellow and black fluff were just as pretty as are yours. Rose Mary made sops of bread and water for them. She and David pulled handfuls of fresh green grass, and carried it to the chicken-yard for them.

There were a great many hawks about in those days. Rose Mary often had her chicks stolen though she kept a sharp look-out. Kip helped her to watch for hawks. When he saw them circling about in the sky, he set up a great barking which brought Rose Mary running out, to drive off the enemy.

DAVID AND ROSE MARY'S FATHER



MASTER PHILIP LINTON, the children's father, was a sheep-farmer. He kept two thousand sheep. They fed in the meadows and upon the hillsides. He had five men to help him take care of them.

In early spring when the little lambs were born, Master Linton and his men were very busy. Often they were out on the hills all night taking care of the mother sheep. Then, everywhere about the place you could hear the bleating of the lambs.

Sometimes a mother sheep died. Master Linton would bring the little lonely lamb to Rose Mary and David. They fed it with milk out of a spoon and put it to sleep, wrapped in a cloth by the fire. Soon it followed them about, and became a pet lamb.

In June, the sheep were sheared. Master Linton and the men were busier than ever. The sheep were driven into a little pen. Their feet were tied together and they lay helpless on the ground. Quickly the men cut off their fleeces and let the sheep go again. They did look thin and cold when their wool was gone.

The wool was rolled up into great bundles. Mistress Linton chose some to make blankets, rugs, and clothes for the family. The rest, Master Linton put away to sell at the fair.

THE BEES

UNDER the trees by the garden wall was something else that David and Rose Mary helped to take care of. Six hives of bees stood there. The hives were made of straw and had high pointed tops. They looked like tiny straw-stacks.

All through the spring the bees flew in and out among the trees and flowers. They filled their hives with honey. On warm mornings, Rose Mary could hear them buzzing about in the garden.

Sometimes a "swarm" gathered on a branch. Then Rose Mary or David ran for the men, who came hurrying to the garden, bringing a new hive with them. They coaxed the Queen Bee into the new hive. The "swarm" went in after her. If the men did not get them quickly into the new hive, the "swarm" would fly off to the woods and build a wild hive for themselves. They would then be lost to the family.

In the autumn, the men took the honey from the hives, and left the bees a little sugar to eat instead. Sugar was very dear four hundred years ago, and the Lintons were glad to have the honey, which their bees made, to sweeten their foods.

GAMES

WITH so much work to do, you would think that David and Rose Mary had not time for play, but they had.

Rose Mary had two dolls. One was made of rags, but the other was a lady in a fine gown of blue, and a cap just like Rose Mary's own.

David had a top, a ball, and some wooden soldiers. He had a hobby-horse when he was little, but he does not play with that now.

In the evenings, they sometimes played "Hoodman Blind." This was a jolly game. The grown-ups often played with them. One person had his hood drawn down over his face. The others took their hoods in their hands and struck the blind person with them. The blindfolded person then tried to catch the one who had struck him last. It was a good deal like Blindman's Buff.

"Hot Cockles" was another game they liked to play. In this game the blindfolded person knelt down upon his knees and held out his hands behind him. The others came in turn and struck his hands. He guessed who had struck him. This is fun. Try it.

When other children came to visit David and Rose Mary, they played Hide-and-peek, Hunt-the-slipper, and sometimes "Bear-Leader." In this game, the blindfolded person was the Bear-Leader. He held a string in his hand. This string was tied round the arm of a child who went on his hands and knees. This child was the Bear. The other children had their hoods or belts in their hands, and tried to strike the Bear with them. The Bear-Leader tried to keep them from striking his Bear. The Bear, too, tried to keep out of their way, hiding behind his Leader. If anyone struck the Bear, the Leader guessed who did it. If he guessed correctly, that child became the Bear-Leader and was blindfolded.



GOING TO CHURCH

ON Sunday mornings the Lintons all went to church. They had very beautiful churches in those days. The large ones they called Cathedrals. They built them strong as well as beautiful. Many of them are still strong and beautiful after four hundred years.

Here is one in the picture. It was built of stone. They carved the stone until it looked almost like lace. The windows were made of rich, coloured glass. They had beautiful pictures in them. During the sermon, David and Rose Mary looked at the fair pictures in the windows. They liked to watch the lovely golden, green, and crimson shadows which the sunlight made on the floor, when it shone through the coloured windows.

Inside the church, the roof, the walls, and seats were of carved wood. The wood was dark with age, for, even

four hundred years ago, this church was already very old. In those days the people loved their churches. They saved their money and bought costly woods and many-coloured glass to make them beautiful. Men worked all their lives carving the wood and making the lovely pictures for the windows.

There was a fine organ in the church. There was a choir, too. They came in singing, two by two, first little boys, then larger boys, then grown men. There were no women in the choirs in those days. The organ played. The sound rolled through the church. David liked that, but Rose Mary liked the colours in the windows best.

A HYMN THEY USED TO SING FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE Lord, the Lord, my shepherd is,
And so can never I
Taste misery.

He rests me in green pastures his:
By waters still and sweet
He guides my feet.

THE ARCHERY BUTTS

THERE was no Sunday School four hundred years ago. After church, David and Rose Mary sometimes went to watch the men practise shooting with the bow and arrow.

They had very few guns in those days, and those they had were not of much use. The men shot with the bow and arrow every Sunday afternoon so that they might be ready to fight if an enemy came.



The place where they shot was called the Archery Butts. It was a long stretch of green grass with a large round target at each end. Along one side was a bench with a little roof over it. Here the men sat waiting their turn to shoot.

The grass on the butts was green and smooth. The trees were tall and shady. The neighbours came to see the men shoot. It was a pleasant place to spend Sunday afternoon.

DAVID GOES TO TOWN

WHEN David was twelve years old, he went with his father to the fair in the city to help him sell his wool. Two or three times a year a fair was held in the large towns. Perhaps you have been at a fair. They were much the same four hundred years ago as they are now. All the people who had anything to sell, and all those who wished to buy anything, came to the fair.

David's father had the great rolls of wool on a cart. When he was tired, David climbed up on the cart and rode for a bit; but Master Linton walked all the way. It took them nearly all day to drive to the town where the fair was, for the cart was heavy and Old Dobbin walked very slowly.

As they came towards the town many people passed them on the road. Some rode on horseback; some drove carts like their own; many walked. Farmers passed them; merchants, priests, beggars, and pilgrims went down the road; the way was crowded with people going to the fair.

By and by David heard a noise behind him. It sounded as if many horses were trotting upon the hard road. People shouted. As the noise came nearer, he could hear what they said. They were shouting to the travellers to get off the road. "Lord Willowby is coming." "Lord Willowby is coming." "Make way for My Lord of Willowby and his men."

Master Linton took Old Dobbin by the head and backed him off the road into the ditch. All the other people got off the road. David stood close to his father



LORD WILLOWBY.

by Dobbin's head. He had never seen a great Lord before. The trotting, rattling, and shouting were quite near now.

MY LORD WILLOWBY

HERE they came round the bend in the road. Lord Willowby rode first. He wore armour all over his body. His arms and legs were covered with little plates of steel. He wore a helmet and steel shoes. He carried a very long spear in his hand. His shield hung from his saddle-bow.

His horse, too, wore a head-piece of steel. The rest of its body was covered with a fine red blanket trimmed with fringe which hung down almost to the ground. The horse arched its neck and lifted its feet as if it were proud of its fine clothes.

Behind Lord Willowby came all his men in a long train. They wore armour, and carried flags and spears. It was a fine sight for David as they trotted by. He watched very carefully so that he might be able to tell his mother and Rose Mary all about it. They could hear the trotting of the horses and the rattling of the spears for a long time after the Lord and his men had passed.

BRAVE LORD WILLOWBY ¹

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field.

¹ If this ballad should be too hard for you, perhaps the teacher or one of the older boys or girls will read it for you.

The most courageous officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willowby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more.
And then upon dead horses
Full sadly down they set,
And drank the puddle water
They could no better get.

Then beating up their colours
The fight they did renew,
And turning to the Spaniard
A thousand more they slew.
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willowby.

Then courage, noble Britons,
And never be dismayed;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the famous fight
Of brave Lord Willowby.

Adapted from an old Ballad.



AN ANCIENT CASTLE.

THE CASTLE

DAVID and his father led Old Dobbin back into the road again, and jogged on toward the town. Master Linton told David that Lord Willowby's castle was hard-by the roadside, and promised that they should stop and eat their lunch near it, so that David might see a castle.

About noon they came to a place where there was a little wood by the side of the road. They turned in and unhitched Dobbin.

"Now, David," said Master Linton, as he got some corn out of the cart to feed Dobbin, "if you run through the wood and climb that hill, you will see Lord Willowby's castle."

David ran off at once. It was only a little wood and a little hill. In a few moments he saw Castle Willowby. It was just across a little stream and looked rather grim, David thought. It was built of great stones, and had tall towers at the corners of the wall. There were no pretty windows made of tiny panes of glass, only narrow slits for the archers to shoot through.

The water came right up to the wall, except in one place where there was a little patch of grass and the trees grew thick and green. Here was a great gate, and a small bridge to cross the stream. David thought he would not care much to go inside those high stone walls. He felt that he would much rather live in their own house at Linton Manor, though it was not nearly so large or grand, and so he told his father when he ran back to him through the woods.



THE WALLS OF YORK

THE WALLS

LATE in the afternoon they came to the gate of the city. The road was full of horses and carts and people going to the fair. They had to wait their turn to get in.

Four hundred years ago cities had high walls of stone about them to keep out foes. At the corners tall towers were built so that the soldiers might climb up and shoot down upon their enemies.

There were gates on each side of the city. You could not get in except through the gates. These were locked at sunset, so that if you came there in the night, you had to wait till the next morning to get in.

David's father knew the guard at the gate. They had to wait their turn; but when that came they were let in at once, and drove off to the inn where they were to sleep that night.



AT THE INN

THE INN

THE inn had a large back-yard with stone walls about it, and a gate. Master Linton drove Dobbin and the cart into the yard. He and David backed the cart into a corner, unhitched Dobbin, put him in the stable, and fed him. They spread a large piece of canvas over the wool on the cart. They tied the canvas fast to the wheels. They did this for fear it should rain or blow in the night. Then they went in for their supper, and very hungry and tired they were.

They went in through the kitchen of the inn. It was a large room with a roaring fire in the fire-place. The fire-place was the largest that David had ever seen. It took up most of one end of the room. Three spits stood in front of the fire; and a row of chickens, ducks, roasts, and chops were cooking upon each spit. A lad about David's age ran from one spit to the other, turning the meat over so that none of it should burn.

In the middle of the room stood a very fat man with

a flat white cap upon his head, and a very dirty apron. He shouted at his helpers who ran back and forth as fast as they could, doing what he told them.

Master Linton and David did not stop in the kitchen, but went quickly through it into the eating-room. It was a very large room with a low ceiling resting upon great black beams. Lanterns hung from the beams and gave a very dim light. The walls were black with smoke and grease. The floor was covered with dirty rushes, full of bones and scraps of food which had fallen from the tables. Three dogs nosed about eating these scraps.

A large table of heavy wood stood in the middle of the room, and there was a small table in each corner. The large table was full of men, talking, laughing, and making a great noise over their supper.

David and his father sat down in a quiet corner at one of the small tables. A friend of Master Linton's saw them, and left the big table to sit with them. The landlord soon brought them a large plate of meat and a loaf of bread. David was almost too sleepy to eat.

They had some ale to drink after supper, and the two men sat talking. Master Blunt told them that a strange merchant from Italy had set up a booth at the fair. He had figs, rock-sugar, ginger, cloves, and other spices for sale very cheap, and all the town was buying from him.

THE STREETS

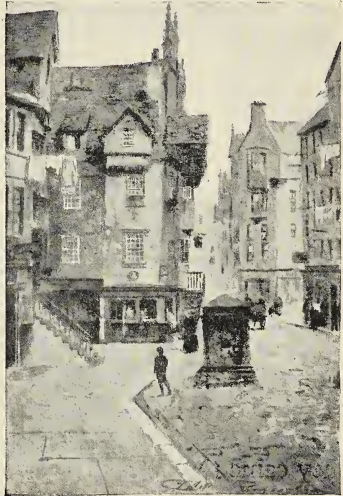
NEXT morning David was up at daylight. He had never been in the city before, and he was in a great hurry to go out and see the streets. He washed himself at the pump in the inn-yard, ate his breakfast as quickly as he could, and helped his father harness Old Dobbin to the cart.

The streets in those days were very narrow, so narrow that you had to squeeze yourself against the houses to keep from being run over when a cart went by.

They were very dirty, too, for the people threw all their garbage out of the windows into the street. This made a very bad smell. David held his nose as he went along, but the town-people were used to it, and did not seem to mind.

All this garbage in the streets was very bad for the people. There was a great deal of sickness and many people died. But they did not know any better four hundred years ago.

The houses on each side of the street were tall and dark, with little windows. Sometimes the top part of



the houses came out further than the lower part. They shaded the streets and made them dark even in the middle of the day.

There were no side-walks, and the middle of the street was seldom paved. In wet weather the mud was often so deep that the carts and horses stuck in it. Pigs wallowed in the dirt, fierce dogs snatched at the garbage. Four hundred years ago, the streets were not pleasant to walk in.

THE TOWN SQUARE¹

MASTER LINTON had to drive very slowly through these dark, dirty, crowded streets, and David was glad indeed when they reached the square where the fair was held.

In those days, most towns had a square. This was an open space in the middle of the town. The square was like the parks in our towns. Here, in the evenings, the people came out of their crowded streets to walk in the fresh sweet air, and here, on May Days and holidays, they came to dance round the May Pole and to sing.

Sometimes a tall stone cross stood in the centre of the square. As they had no newspapers in those days, the people only heard what had happened when someone told them. They liked to know what was going on as well then as we do now, however, so the town hired a bellman. The bellman walked through the streets ringing a large bell which he carried, and shouting out the news at the top of his voice. When the people heard

¹ See the picture facing page 80.

the bell, they all rushed to the window or the door to hear the news, just as they do now when they see the postman coming.

When the bellman had walked slowly all round the town, ringing his bell, and shouting out whatever had happened, he went to the square. He took up his stand beside the cross, and began again to tell over his news to all those who had time to come and listen to him.

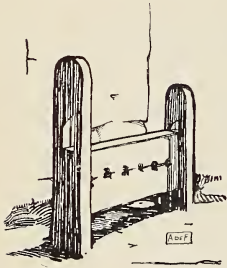
A HYMN FOR EASTER TIME

SUMMER is come and winter gone,
Now days are growing long,
And merry birdlings every one
Rejoice with song.
All for a Child
That is so mild.

That stately Child so mild of grace,
And with great glory crowned,
In bosk and bank and woody place
Hath sought me all around.
Then hath He me
I—found.

THE STOCKS

ON one side of the square David saw the town "stocks." He had often heard of them, but he had never seen them before.



The "stocks" were made of a very thick board set between two heavy posts.

Holes were cut in the board and the top half slid up and down in slots made in the posts.

When anyone did wrong, not a very great wrong, just a little one, they took him to the "stocks." They lifted up the top part of the board, set his legs in the holes, set the top part on again and locked it shut. There the wrong-doer had to sit, with his legs in this very tiresome position, until he was sorry for what he had done, or until the people felt that he had been punished enough.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRY QUEEN

COME, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green:
Come, follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard, and unespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

FOUR hundred years ago people believed that if you did your work well, the fairies would sometimes come to help you. You remember they helped the shoemaker and his wife. But, if you did your work badly, they believed that the fairies would come and pinch you in the night.

THE FAIR

AT fair-time, the square was full of booths and tents where you could buy what you needed for the year. The cloth-merchants had their booths in one row; the goldsmiths in another; the silk-merchants in another. There were booths where you could buy glass beads, scarves, caps, shoes, sweets, gingerbread animals, wax balls of perfume, roast meat, bread, and a knife to cut it with.

Men went about with baskets selling cakes, apples, tarts, toys, ribbons. The square was crowded with donkeys, oxen, dogs, geese, pigs, and people. There was a hubbub of shouts, songs, creaks, quacks, cries, and calls; a confusion of pushing, stamping, laughing, and talking.

In an open space a man had a performing bear, and the people crowding round laughed to see it dance. In one tent some men acted a little play. In another, tumblers amused the children. Farther on a man sold coloured balls for a penny each.

There was such a crowd, and so much noise, that David could hardly hear his father shout at him. They pushed through until they got Old Dobbin and the cart into the row where the wool-merchants did business. Master Linton was well known, and his wool was of fine grade. Several cloth-makers came about his cart at once, and before noon the wool was all sold.

After dinner, David and his father went to the booths, and bought a piece of fine scarlet cloth to make a cloak for Mistress Linton. David got a new flat cap with a tassel at the side. They bought a pair of shoes for Rose

Mary. They were brown, of soft Spanish leather, and had little red heels. These were a great wonder; David had never before seen shoes with heels.

Next, they sought out the booth of the stranger about whom Master Blunt had told them. He was a little dark man with large black eyes and yellow fingers, which seemed never to be still. He had a great many boxes in his booth, and he kept running from one to the other, chattering all the time in a strange language. He understood what was said to him, though, and could tell the prices and make the change sharply enough. Master Linton bought some raisins, some figs, a little ginger, and half a pound of some strange, black spice, so hot that it brought the tears into David's eyes when he tasted it. This was pepper, but David had never seen any before, and did not know the name of it.

THE APPRENTICE

At the stranger's booth Master Linton met another old friend, with whom he stayed talking a great while.

The next booth was a shoemaker's. No one was buying there just then, so the master had gone off to his dinner, leaving his apprentice in charge.

The apprentice was a boy only a little older than David. He wore a leather apron, and a flat cap on the side of his curly head. He whistled so merrily that David sidled over to his booth.

"Hello! youngster," said the apprentice.

"I'm not a youngster," said David, "I'm nearly as tall as you are."

"You are a youngster all the same," laughed the

merry apprentice; and he pulled David's hood, which had been hanging down his back, over his face. But he laughed while he did it, and though David tried to kick his legs, he laughed too. So after that they were friends.

The apprentice told David that he had not seen his mother or father for three years. He had been made apprentice to the shoemaker when he was eleven years old, and had lived with him ever since. His master was very strict with him. He slept on the floor in the kitchen. When the fire had gone out, it was often pretty cold. His mistress was a kind woman and gave him plenty to eat. He had to work hard all the week, learning to make shoes and running errands. He got up at four o'clock every morning, and took down the great wooden shutters in front of the shop. He did not put them up until dark. But, he said, he had every Sunday afternoon off to do as he liked.

His father and mother had paid a good deal of money to have him made an apprentice. They wished him to learn all he could about the trade, so he was not to have any holidays until his seven years' apprenticeship was over. Then he would take up a little house, and make and sell shoes for himself. He was a jolly lad, and he and David had a good deal of talk.

THE GUILD

FOUR hundred years ago each trade, such as the shoemaker, blacksmith, tinsmith, goldsmith, furrier, carpenter, cap-maker, formed a GUILD or society of its own.

The members held meetings, and made rules about

their work and how much they should charge for it. They also made strict rules about taking boys in to learn the trade; how much the parents should pay for them; and how long the boys should work before they might set up shops of their own.

If any member of the guild made bad shoes or tin-ware, poor harness or caps, the other members punished him. Often they put him in the stocks for people to laugh at. If he charged too much for his work, they punished him. If anyone made and sold shoes who did not belong to the guild, the guild drove him out of the town; or even had him put to death, if they caught him.

THE PRINTER

AFTER David had left the merry apprentice, he strolled round the fair, always keeping an eye on his father to see that he had not yet left off talking to his friend.

Soon he came to a small booth with no flags or ribbons or cakes about it. A tall thin man sat bent over a flat square box or frame filled with small blocks of wood. He seemed to be placing the little blocks in some certain order, for he took them out of one part of the box and put them down carefully in another. A tall boy helped him.

On a bench were laid out a number of very small black books. At least they looked very small to David, because the only books he had ever seen had been in church, and they were very large, so large and thick that one of them made quite an armful for the priest. In

those days books were as large as our big dictionaries. They had to be large, because each one of them was written out by hand on very thick paper. They cost a great deal, and only the priests and rich people had them.

David was very curious about these funny little books, so he went near to look. The tall boy came to him at once, and asked if he would like to see "a printed book." David did not know what that meant, but he said he would, and the boy gave him one to look at. He opened it and saw not writing, but PRINTED letters such as are in all books now-a-days, such as you are looking at this minute. David thought them very strange.

"Come in," said the tall boy, "and see my master printing."

So David went inside and stood near the old man, who showed him that each of the little wooden blocks had a letter carved upon it. He arranged these wooden letters into words and sentences, just as you did your letters of paste-board when you were in the primary class. When he had all the letters arranged in words and sentences making a story, he inked them well. Then he took a sheet of paper and pressed it upon the inked letters. When he lifted up the paper, there were the words and sentences of the story printed upon the paper. You could read it off quite plainly. Sheet after sheet of paper he pressed upon the inked letters. He made ten copies of the story in ten minutes.

"Why," said David, his eyes wide open with wonder, "you can make books faster than I can make whistles. May I bring my father to see this wonder?" The man said he would be glad to show the new printing-press to Master Linton, so David ran to fetch him. The printer showed them again how he arranged the letters, inked them, and pressed on the paper.

"Books will be so many and so cheap," said Master

Linton, "that everyone may have one. Everyone will learn to read."

"The day will come," said the printer, in a proud voice, "when every child will have his own book to read from."

"Surely men will be very wise then," said Master Linton.

ANOTHER PRETTY LULLABY

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THE OLD MAN

NEXT morning David and his father were up long before daylight, for they wished to get home that night, and it was a long day's drive. They were waiting with Old Dobbin and the cart beside the gate when the guard came to open it.

They drove faster than when they were coming to the fair, for the wool was sold, and though both Dávid and his father sat in the cart, Dobbin sometimes broke into a trot.

It was a very warm day, and as they went slowly up a long hill, David heard someone groaning.

"Oh, father, what is that?" he cried, for he was rather frightened.

"Someone is sick," said his father, stopping the cart, and getting down. He began to hunt about among the bushes by the roadside. Soon he found a very old man in ragged clothes, who lay with his eyes shut and his mouth open.

"He has been stricken with the heat," said Master Linton; "perhaps he was hungry, too." They backed Old Dobbin up to the place where he lay and, with a good deal of trouble, got the old man into the cart.

"We will take him to the monastery," said Master Linton, "it is not far out of our way, and the good brothers will take care of him."

THE MONASTERY

At the top of the hill, Master Linton turned Dobbin into a side road, and in about half an hour they came to a great building with walls about it. It looked a little like Lord Willowby's castle; but there were no towers, and it had no moat around it.

Master Linton drove up to the great gate, and rang a bell which hung there. A monk opened a little door in the middle of the great gate. He wore a long gown



THE CLOISTERS, NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

down to his feet, a hood or cowl on his head, and a rope round his waist. He was barefoot.

"What do you want?" asked the monk kindly.

"I have a sick man in the cart," said Master Linton. "We found him on the roadside."

"Bring him in at once," said the monk. "Ho! Ambrose; ho! Matthew, help here!"

Two other monks came running at his call, and the four men lifted the sick beggar by his ragged robe and carried him in. David followed them. He had never been in a monastery before, and he wanted to see.

Inside the wall, they crossed a large yard paved with stones. All round this courtyard was a row of tiny rooms or cells where the monks slept. On the far side stood a long hall where they ate. At one end of the hall was the chapel, where they worshipped three times each day; and at the other, the kitchen.

The monks carried the sick man through a little passage between the hall and the kitchen out into a great square garden. The garden also had a row of little sleeping-cells round it. Just in front of these cells, a kind of long veranda ran all round the square. This was called the cloisters.

In the cloisters sat many of the monks at work. Some were writing great thick books such as David had seen in church. Some were reading, some carving, some weaving. Others walked up and down the garden-paths with bent heads, saying their prayers. In one corner, a jolly-looking monk was teaching a group of little boys to read.

They carried the sick man across the garden to the far corner of the monastery. Here was the little hospital. They laid him down on a hard but clean bed; and Brother Ambrose went off to fetch Brother Simon, who was very wise about sick people.

There were few doctors four hundred years ago, but the monks knew a good deal about sickness, and did what they could to cure all the sick people brought to them.

David and Master Linton went back to the gate, where the keeper gave them a mug of ale and an oat-cake before they set out.

HOME AGAIN

WHEN they drove into the yard, just at sunset, Rose Mary ran out to meet them, waving her hand and calling:

“Oh, David! Oh, Father! Who do you think has come?”

“I don’t know; but I have seen a PRINTED book; and oh, Rose Mary! we found an old man and took him to the good brothers at the monastery; and we saw Lord Willowby; and we have got shoes for you, shoes with heels, red heels. You never saw the like. . . .”

“What are heels? Where are they? Has Father got them? But come in, come in quickly. It is our mother’s brother, our Uncle Gaston; he who lives in London at the King’s Court. He has come and will spend the night with us. He has been in France and in Italy. He has seen such wonders, and his clothes are beautiful.”

By this time, David had climbed down from the cart. One of the men came to put Old Dobbin away; David and his father hurried in to see Uncle Gaston.

UNCLE GASTON

HE was a tall thin young man with a brown face and a pleasant smile.

He wore a beautiful blouse or doublet of flowered yellow satin, and a curious ruff of white lawn around his neck. His purple silk stockings were held up by garters with great bows of ribbon at his knees. His red leather shoes had heels, and toes so long that to keep them out of the way they were fastened to his garters by little gold chains. He wore a long gold chain about his neck and a slender sword by his side.

The family sat late about the fire that night, while Uncle Gaston told them of the wonders he had seen in France and Italy; of the beautiful castles and cathedrals; of the city built on little islands in the sea where all the streets were water, and the people used boats to get about in.

The ships of this city, he said, sailed across the eastern sea, and brought back silks, jewels, and spices, bought from the camel men who brought them from far across the great desert. The merchants and sailors made a great deal of money out of the silks and spices; but going to get them was very dangerous because of the deserts, and the robbers who lived there.

A NEW IDEA

THE sailors, he said, had been trying to find a new way to the Spice Islands; a way which would not lead through the deserts, but which would take them all the way by sea.

“Learned men, you know,” said Uncle Gaston, “are beginning to think that THE WORLD IS ROUND.”

“The WORLD ROUND!” said Master Linton in great surprise. “How could that be?”

“I don’t know just how it could be,” said Uncle Gaston; “but I know the scholars think it is so; and if it be so, then the sailors can sail round it, and come to the Spice Islands that way.”

“But the people underneath would fall off, brother,” said Mistress Linton. “Surely God would not like men to say such things.”

“I do not understand it myself,” replied Uncle Gaston; “I am only telling you what I have heard them say, and what they are trying to do. To find a way to the Spice Islands by sailing WESTWARD through the sea is now the GREAT IDEA.”

All this seems very strange to you, because you have known ever since you came to school that the world is round like an orange. Four hundred years ago the people did not know this. They thought it was flat, and that, if you walked far enough upon the land, or sailed far enough upon the sea, you would fall off to land dear knows where.

How David and Rose Mary did whisper to each other that night after they were tucked up in bed! David had always meant, when he grew up, to be a sheep-farmer like his father, but that night he made up his mind to be a sailor, sailing out across the great seas to find the Spice Islands.

But before I tell you whether he did or not, I must tell you a little more about the city with the streets all of water.



VENICE.

VENICE

VENICE is a beautiful city in Italy. It stands upon a hundred tiny islands in the sea.

Long, long ago, the Venetians lived upon the land. They farmed their fields, gathered the fruit from their trees, and were happy.

Behind the farms rose the tall mountains and, in the mountains, lived savage men. It was cold in the mountains. The savage men looked down upon the fields and orchards, and wished they had them for their own. At last they gathered an army, came down upon the Venetians, and drove them from their farms.

The Venetians fled away with their wives and their children. They had no time to take any of their goods. They had no time to take any food. They fled away in the night.

At dawn they came to the sea-shore. The sea spread out in front of them, and the savage men shouted behind. Then the Venetians took all the boats they could find. They put their wives and little children into them, and rowed quickly out to the hundred islands. Their enemies could not follow them, for there were no boats left. Besides, the savage men had the farms, and that was all they wanted.

The poor Venetians came to the hundred tiny islands. They were cold and hungry. They felt very sad because of the beautiful farms left behind. But they were brave men, brave women, brave boys and girls. They did not waste time in crying. They set to work.

First they built huts to live in. The islands were not

suitable for farming, so they took their boats and went out to fish in the sea. They caught a great many fine fish. By-and-by their enemies on the land were glad to buy some of their fish. Other Venetians made salt and sold that.

Soon they began to grow rich. They built better houses, and fine bridges from one island to another. Because they were thankful that God had saved them from their enemies, they built a very beautiful cathedral. They built larger ships, and in these large ships they sailed across the sea to Asia. There they met the caravans.



THE CARAVANS

A CARAVAN is a line of camels with great packs on their backs. They come across the great deserts from the eastern side of Asia. The men put the packs upon camels instead of upon horses, because the camels have broad flat feet, and can walk across the sand of the desert without sinking into it. Camels can go for days and days without eating or drinking. They are much the best animals to carry loads across the desert.

If a man has two or three camels, he drives the first one, and the others follow behind. There are robbers in the desert, so twenty or thirty merchants travel together, driving their camels in a long line. The man who knows the road puts his camel at the head of the line, and leads the way. They carry plenty of dates and

corn to eat, and water, for drinking, in bags of skin. So they cross the desert. It takes them many days.

In their packs the merchants used to bring things rich and strange—pearls and perfume; cloves, and amber, and silk; pepper, rubies, sweetmeats, shawls, rugs, and jewels of gold. No wonder they were afraid of thieves.

The caravans came down to the shore of the sea. Here the ships of the Venetians met them. The Venetians bought their treasures, and carried them home to Venice. Western people, who wanted silks, or spice, or jewels, came to Venice to buy them. The city became very rich and great.

MARCO POLO

MARCO POLO was a noble Venetian. His father and uncle were merchants. Every year they sent their ships to Asia to trade with the caravans. When Marco was a small boy his father went to Asia and stayed there three years trading. When he came home, he told Marco many strange stories about all that he had seen. He brought home many treasures. Marco made up his mind that he would go to seek treasure in Asia and in India, as soon as he was old enough.

When he was grown up he did go. He travelled with the caravans eastward, and ever eastward. At last he came to the court of the Great Khan of China. Marco was a very clever young man. The Khan liked him. He made him governor of a city.

Marco worked for the Khan five years. He visited countries where no western man had ever been before. He brought back with him great stores of treasure.

Soon after his return, Marco was captured by the

Genoese, who kept him in prison for a year. While there, he wrote a book telling of all the wonders that he had seen in Asia. He told about the Chinese and the strange things they do. He told about Japan, of which no one had ever heard before. He told of the great riches of India.

At first the people did not believe Marco Polo. They said he had made his story up; but, one after another, men went to see those countries, and returned to say that Polo had not told half their wonders.

THE END OF THAT STORY

Now the Venetians were selfish as well as rich. They would not let any other country trade with the caravans. They charged great prices for their goods.

The western countries, Spain, Portugal, France, and England, grew tired of this. They wanted the silks and spices, but they did not want to pay so much for them. They had read Marco Polo's book and knew about China and India. They wished to trade with these countries for themselves.

Venice and the Turks held the land road to Asia. "Well," said the western nations, "we will go by sea. It is cheaper to carry goods by sea in any case."

So the sailors of Portugal, Spain, and England began to sail south and west across the unknown ocean, seeking a way to India and China by sea.

THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was walking mine alone
Atween a water and a wall,
There I spied a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scant a palm in length,
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Atween his brows there was a span,
And atween his shoulders there was three.

He has taken and thrown a muckle stone,
And he flung it as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace Wight,
I couldn't lift it to my knee.

O wee wee man, but ye be strong,
O tell me where your dwelling be.
My dwelling's down by yon bonny bower;
Fair lady, will ye come and see?

On we lept and away we rode,
Till we came to a bonny hall;
The roof was o' the beaten gold,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW STORY

ERIC THE RED

THE sailors had already heard of a land on the other side of the ocean to the westward.

Many years before this there lived in Iceland a very bold sailor called Eric the Red. He had a hot temper which he did not try to control. When anyone made him angry, he flew at them as if he had been a bear instead of a man. At last, in his rage, he killed a man.

After that people would not put up with him any longer. They told him he must take his temper to some other land. Eric then put all his goods into his ship; and, taking with him his family and a few of his friends, he sailed away to Greenland.

In those days no one lived in Greenland. The mountains stood close to the sea. The land was stony. No trees grew there and very little grass. It was not at all a "green" land; but Eric called it that because he wished to make people think it was a fine country.

Among the friends who went to Greenland with Eric the Red was an old man called Herjulf. Herjulf had a son, Bjorn, a sailor, who, every other winter, used to come to visit his father.

That year, when Bjorn came to Iceland for the winter, they told him that his father had gone with Eric to live in Greenland.

"I mean to spend the winter with my father," said Bjorn; and turning his ship westward, he sailed away toward Greenland. It was already winter on the sea,

and Bjorn met many fogs. The winds blew them far to the south of Greenland. They did not know where they were.

By-and-by the sun came out, and they found that they were sailing along a beautiful shore. The land came down to the water in pleasant fields. Tall trees with bright red leaves grew everywhere.

"I mean to spend the winter with my father," said Bjorn, "and this is not Greenland." So he turned northward and sailed past that country without stopping. By-and-by they came to Greenland.



LEIF THE LUCKY

WHEN Bjorn got home he told his father and friends all about the beautiful land he had seen across the sea WESTWARD. He told them about the great trees that grew there. There were no trees in Greenland, and the people needed wood to build houses. Eric the Red and Herjulf were too old now to sail strange seas; but Leif the Lucky, Eric's son, was a strong young man and a bold sailor. He said he would go.

In the spring-time Leif bought Bjorn's ship, and sailed away toward the sunset. The weather was warm and bright. They met no storms at all, but soon came to the beautiful land.

The trees were very tall and fine, but the leaves were green now for it was summer. The fields were full of flowers, the rivers full of fish. The vines grew everywhere, though the grapes were not yet ripe.

Leif and his men thought they had never seen so beautiful a country. Vineland, they called it. They drew their ship up into a creek, built cabins for themselves, and stayed all that winter.

They worked hard every day. Some cut down trees and split them into logs. Others fished and dried or froze the fish. Others gathered the grapes and made wine from them. By spring they had a ship-load of good things to take back with them to Greenland. As soon as the fine weather came again, they sailed home. Leif's brother, sister, and other friends made several voyages to Vineland to bring back wood and wine; but Leif himself never went back there again.

He told his sons about the beautiful land on the other side of the sea, westward. They told their children, and so the story grew. By-and-by people forgot that it was a true story. They heard, in songs and stories, how Leif the Lucky had found a beautiful land across the western sea, but no one believed it.



THE VIKING.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was a little boy who lived with his father and mother in Genoa. (Find Genoa on your globe.) Christopher's father was a wool-merchant, but his uncle and his cousin were sailors.

Christopher loved the sea. He had two brothers and a sister. They were content to play in the garden or the street; but Christopher, whenever his mother would let him, ran off to the wharves, and sat watching the ships sail in and out.

When his uncle and cousin were at home from sea, he spent all his time at their house listening to the wonderful stories they told of strange countries, rich treasures, and fights with pirates.

One day, when Christopher was fourteen years old, he went over to see his uncle. He found him very busy. A king was fighting for his crown, and Christopher's uncle was to be the captain of one of his ships. The men were gathering up weapons and food. His aunt was packing their clothes. Everyone was too busy to talk to young Christopher.

At last Christopher's uncle came in quite out of breath. He sat down in his great chair and wiped his hot face with his handkerchief.

"We shall miss the tide and we are still wanting two men and a cabin-boy," he said crossly. "Why people have to fall sick at such a time I can't see. Pietro's boy was to sail with us, and now he is sick of a fever, drat him!"

"Won't you take me, Uncle?" said Christopher, who

had been waiting all the afternoon, half-afraid to ask. "Please take me. See! I am almost as tall as a man, and my arm is strong." He bent his arm to show the muscle.

"Take you!" said his uncle, looking up in great surprise. "Um! Well, you might do at that. You know a bit about ships already. You could run errands and help the cook, hey? But your mother would never let you go."

"Yes, she would, Uncle. I'm sure she would. I'll run and ask her," shouted Christopher, already out of the door.

At first Mistress Columbus said, "No, indeed, you may not go," very sharply. When Christopher coaxed her, she cried, and said he would be drowned, or killed; and asked what she would do without her boy.

But Christopher kissed her and coaxed hard. He said he would soon be home again. His uncle was to be gone only two months. He promised to keep well out of the fight. His father, too, begged for him, because he said that Christopher was now a well-grown lad, and should begin to make himself useful.

In two hours Christopher was back at his uncle's house with his clean clothes tied in a handkerchief. He was so excited that he could not keep still, but ran about the house getting in everyone's way. They went down to the wharf in the afternoon, and set sail that very night.

What a trip that was for young Columbus! He loved to watch the sun shining on the blue water. He loved to feel the ship swing under his feet as the big waves struck her. They met an enemy ship and had a bit of a fight, but soon got the better of her and came safely home again. During the battle Christopher carried food to the men who dared not leave the side of the ship. He

made himself so useful that his uncle was very pleased, and gave him a piece of gold for his own.

On that voyage Christopher made up his mind to be a sailor. Whenever he could, he worked about the ships at the wharves. He studied hard at his geography, and learned to make maps of the land and charts of the sea. He read every book about sailing that he could find.

COLUMBUS BECOMES A CAPTAIN

COLUMBUS was now a young man. He was tall, with fair hair and a freckled face. He was a very quiet man and did not often talk unless people asked him about the sea. He loved God and always tried to do what was right. He said that if ever he found a new country and great riches he would give most of the money to God.

When Columbus was past twenty years old he became captain of a ship. Genoa was then at war with Venice. Columbo, the cousin of Columbus, a very daring young man, heard that four Venetian galleys, richly laden, were expected from the north. He set out to take them; Columbus went with him. Near Lisbon, the cousins fell in with the galleys. They threw grappling irons aboard them, the men fought hand to hand; it was a desperate battle.

Columbus had grappled his ship to a great galley which took fire. Columbus could not get his ship loose. Soon both vessels blazed up. The men threw themselves into the sea. Columbus, who was an expert swimmer, caught an oar and managed to reach the land.

COLUMBUS HAS A GREAT IDEA

AFTER this adventure, Columbus went to Portugal, where he made his living by drawing maps and charts. Here he married a lady whose father, now dead, had been a great sailor. He had left many maps of his voyages, which Columbus studied carefully.

Portugal is a country on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, and here Columbus found everyone talking about finding the way to Asia by sea. Strange stories of lands beyond the ocean floated about. Columbus listened to them all. He talked with old seamen; he read Marco Polo's book again and again; he wrote letters to great scholars; he dreamed over his father-in-law's maps. At last, he made up his mind.

"The world is round," said Columbus, "and Asia is on the other side of the world. As Asia is very large, and the Atlantic Ocean is not very wide, the best way to go to Asia is to sail ROUND THE WORLD." This was the GREAT IDEA.

Columbus was now sure that he could find Asia. He drew maps and charts to show just how to do it. He needed ships and men to make the voyage. As ships are very expensive, he thought he would ask the King to give him some.

Columbus went first to the King of Portugal. He told the King that the world was round, and showed maps to prove that he would sail round it, and so come to Asia and the Spice Islands. He said that he hoped to find very rich countries.

The King was much interested. He asked Columbus



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA.

many questions. Then he called in his wise men. Columbus began at the beginning and told them his story. He told the wise men what he had planned. "Why," said the wise men, "the man is mad." And they sent him away.

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

COLUMBUS'S wife was now dead, so he took his son and went to Spain. A friend of his told Queen Isabella about him, and she invited him to the Court. Here Columbus told his story again. The King and Queen listened to him with great interest, but they were busy with a war just then, and could not help him.

Columbus waited five years, but still the war went on. His brother went to England and France to ask for ships to make the great voyage, but no one would give him any.

Meantime, Diaz, a sailor from Portugal, had sailed round the south end of Africa, and everyone now thought that would be the best way to go to Asia. Still Columbus would not give up his great idea. He believed it would be shorter to cross the ocean westward.

At last he would not wait any longer in Spain. "I will go to France," he said. "Perhaps the French king will help me." So he set out for France.

One day, tired and hungry, he came with his little boy to a monastery gate. Juan Perez, the good prior, took them in and fed them. When he heard Columbus' story he was very much excited.

"This is indeed a great idea," said he. "Spain must have the good of it." That very night he wrote to the Queen, who had been his friend, and begged her not to let Columbus take his great idea away from Spain.

Again the Queen sent for Columbus, and back to Court he went again. After a great deal of talking and planning, the Queen ordered three ships with men and provisions for his great voyage to be given Columbus by the people of the port of Palos.

MY LITTLE NUT-TREE

I HAD a little nut-tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nut-meg
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut-tree.





COLUMBUS SETS OUT

COLUMBUS went down to Palos in the spring. The Queen's order that the townspeople should give him three ships, with men and provisions for his voyage, was read aloud from the porch of the church. But when the people of Palos heard that Columbus wished to sail out over the unknown sea, they were afraid. No ships were given. The Queen sent another order; Columbus talked and begged, but no one would give him ships or go upon the voyage. At last, the Pinzon brothers, bold sailors of Palos, stepped forward. They said they would give Columbus a ship, and make the voyage with him. Two other ships were then promised.

Still many things went wrong. The three ships were there, but they had to be made ready to sail. They were all very small ships with small sails. One of them had a roof or deck over the whole ship, but the other two had only a little roof at the front and at the back. Their names were the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*.

The men knew that as soon as the ships were ready, they would have to sail away. Many of them did not want to go, so they made as much trouble for Columbus as ever they could. They put poor boards into the ships so that the work had to be done all over again; they dropped their tools overboard into the sea; they pretended to be sick and unable to work. At last they ran away into the woods and could not be found. Columbus was at his wits' end.

At last, however, all was ready. The ships were fitted, the sails set, the food stored away, the men on board. One morning in August, Columbus and his three little ships sailed out to sea on the greatest voyage that ever was sailed in the world.

When they had sailed three days, the *Pinta's* rudder was found broken. Martin Pinzon, her captain, managed to tie it up with a rope. But a ship cannot sail without its rudder, so Columbus was obliged to put in to the Canary Islands. Here he hoped to get another ship. As he could not, he had to wait until the *Pinta* could be mended. It was nearly a month before all was made ready and they were able to sail out again toward the west.

They did not see any more land. They sailed on and on and on. Columbus kept the ships steering straight towards the west. He did not know what he might find, but he felt sure that in the end he would come to the Spice Islands, to China, or to India. The weather was warm and pleasant. The sea was smooth. Clear stars shone down on them every night. It was neither too hot nor too cold. The wind was very gentle, but it blew always right behind them, driving them steadily forward into the west.

The days went by and the weeks. The men began to be afraid. One of them thought of something.

“Look,” he said, “at this wind. It blows always from the east to the west. We shall never be able to get home to Spain again.”

Then they all began to be afraid, and to cry out to Columbus to take them home again. Columbus talked kindly to them. He said they were quite safe; that God would take care of them. Each night when all were asleep he changed the number of miles on the chart which showed how far they had gone. He did not want



VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS, DA GAMA, AND MAGELLAN

the men to think they were as far from home as they were. He thought if they knew how far away they were, they would be so frightened they would, perhaps, kill him, turn the ships round, and go home.

Still the days and weeks passed, and still they sailed on and on and on. Still the days were warm and pleasant. Still the wind blew behind them. Columbus was not afraid, but he began to be worried. They had now sailed much farther than he thought they would have to go to bring them to India.

Several times they saw what they thought was land. But when they sailed up to it, they found it to be only a cloud. This happened again and again. The men said a wicked witch was coaxing them across the sea and that, by and by, they would come to the end of the world and fall into her power. They grew more and more

frightened. They would not listen to Columbus when he tried to tell them about the new lands and the great riches they would find. They made a plot to kill him, turn the ships round, and sail home again.

Columbus was worried, but he kept cool. He talked to the men whenever they would listen to him. He pointed out to them the land birds flying about and the weeds floating by. He let them go swimming in the sea every morning to amuse them. He reminded them that the Queen had promised a pension to the first man who should see land.

THE RIDDLING KNIGHT

THERE were three sisters fair and bright,
Jennifer, Gentle, and Rosemarie,
And they three loved one valiant knight—
As the dow flies over the mulberry-tree.

The eldest sister let him in,
And barr'd the door with a silver pin.

The second sister made his bed,
And placed soft pillows under his head.

The youngest sister that same night
Resolved to wed with this valiant knight.

“And if you can answer questions three,
O then, fair maid, I'll wed wi' thee.”

“O what is louder nor a horn?
Or what is sharper nor a thorn?”

O what is heavier than lead?
Or what is better nor the bread?

O what is longer nor the way?
Or what is deeper nor the sea?——”

“O shame is louder nor a horn,
And hunger is sharper nor a thorn.

O sin is heavier nor lead,
And the blessing's better nor the bread.

O the wind is longer nor the way,
And love is deeper nor the sea.”

“You have answered aright my questions three,
Jennifer, Gentle, and Rosemarie;
And now, fair maid, I'll wed wi' thee,
As the dow flies over the mulberry-tree.”



A LIGHT! A LIGHT!

AT last, one afternoon, after six weeks of sailing, the men in the *Nina* were leaning over the side of the ship, talking. Suddenly, one of them said, "Look at that, mates! What is it?" The others looked. It was a green branch with fresh berries on it. They shouted aloud for joy. All the men in the ship came running to look at the branch. The *Pinta* took up a floating cane and a pole carved by the hand of man. They knew now that they must be near some land.

How happy they all were! How they cheered and sang! They thanked Columbus for not turning back when they had asked him to do so. They said he was the bravest and wisest man in all the world.

About ten o'clock that night Columbus was walking on the deck. He was alone, as the men had gone down to get some food. Away off in the west he saw a light. It moved backward and forward as if someone were carrying a candle. Columbus called one of his friends. "What do you see there?" he asked. "A light! a light!" shouted the friend. All the men came swarming up on the deck cheering, and looking.

The land was first seen by a sailor called Triana. At two o'clock in the morning, he saw the moonlight shining brightly on a fair shore.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

THE NEW LAND

EARLY Friday morning, on October 12, 1492, Columbus first saw the New World. It was a level island beautiful with trees and flowers. In and out among the trees they could see dark-skinned people running.

Columbus dressed himself in his very best clothes. He put on his scarlet cloak and the gold chain which Queen Isabella had given him. He took his sword in one hand, and the flag of Spain in the other, and stepped into the small boat. His men rowed him to the land.

When they reached the shore, Columbus stepped out of the boat and knelt down on the sand. He kissed the earth and thanked God, who had brought them safely over so many miles of sea. The men knelt with him; they wept as they prayed. Then Columbus stood up. He planted the flag in the sand and, lifting his sword

in his right hand, he took possession of that island and all the lands near for Queen Isabella.

The dark-skinned natives had been watching from behind the trees. They had never seen white men before; they had never seen ships with sails. They thought Columbus and his men were gods who had come down from heaven, riding upon the clouds.

At first they were afraid, but soon they came slipping out from among the trees, creeping nearer and nearer. Columbus and his men coaxed them to come to them. They offered them many pretty things such as ribbons, little bells, glass beads, bits of brass and silk. The natives shouted with joy at these gifts. They knelt on the sand and touched Columbus. They felt his white hands and fingered his scarlet cloak. Columbus spoke very gently to them so as not to frighten them.

Meantime the men had been looking about the island. It was very beautiful. They said they had never seen so beautiful a place, nor breathed such pleasant air. They set out two and two in all directions to see what they could find. The more they saw, the more pleased they were with the new land. Columbus supposed it to be India, so they called the natives "Indians."

Columbus stayed some months. He sailed about and discovered many other beautiful islands. The *Pinta* sailed off by herself to look for gold, which worried Columbus very much. The *Santa Maria* was wrecked on one of the islands. Columbus had the men build a fort out of the wreck and left thirty-nine men to hold the land for him.

On January 4, Columbus set sail for home, and three days later he met the *Pinta*, whereat he was very glad. On the way home the winds were strong against them, and they met a great storm. After a very hard voyage, they reached Portugal. The wise men were

jealous of Columbus and his great discovery. They plotted harm against him; but the King honoured him and let him go.

At last they reached Palos. Word went round the town that Columbus and his ships were coming, and everyone ran down to the shore. The people cheered and waved their hats. The wives and mothers of the men who had sailed with Columbus wept for joy to see their men come back again. Many a night they had cried themselves to sleep thinking they would never see their loved ones again, and now here they were. They cried and shouted and waved by turns.

The men were glad to be at home, you may be sure. They could hardly wait till the ships came up to the wharf. They leaned over the sides and waved to their friends on shore. What a chatter there was at the landing! Everyone talked at once.

There was a great feast in the little town that night. The men talked and talked, and the people were never tired of asking them questions. They had been on the most dangerous voyage ever sailed in the world, and had come safely home again. They had seen what no one else had seen, and were there to tell of it. What glory! They showed the strange fruits and flowers they had brought; they brought out the gold the natives had given them. They showed the six natives who had come back with them in the ship. That was a night indeed!

COLUMBUS AT COURT AGAIN

THE next day Columbus set off to the Court where the King and Queen Isabella were waiting eagerly to hear his story.

As he and his men drew near the city, crowds of people met them. They had heard that Columbus had returned from across the sea, and they came out to cheer him. The King and Queen sent a noble lord to meet him and bring him to them. So that all the people might see and hear, they had arranged the throne in an open space in the city. Here they sat under a beautiful canopy of crimson velvet and gold, with all their nobles and captains about them.

Columbus and his men formed a procession. First walked the six dark-skinned natives they had brought with them. Next went a number of sailors carrying live parrots, stuffed birds, fruits, and flowers from the far-off islands. Next came Columbus dressed in scarlet, and riding on a white horse. Last came his men, followed by many of the greatest nobles in the land.

When Columbus rode up to the throne, the King and Queen stood up to greet him as if he had been another king. When he knelt down to kiss their hands, they raised him up and set him beside them. The King then thanked Columbus for the rich countries he had found for them, and asked him to tell his story.

Columbus told the King and Queen that these natives were Indians and that he had found India. He thought he had. He did not yet know that he had found America. He did not know that many thousands of miles of sea

and land, that all America and all the Pacific Ocean still lay between him and India. In those days, the people thought the world was much smaller than it really is, and they rejoiced with Columbus. How much more excited must they have been, when they found out that Columbus had found, not India, but a whole New World of which no one had ever heard before.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE FAIR SHORES OF THE NEW WORLD

COLUMBUS MAKES A THIRD VOYAGE

AFTER that Columbus made several voyages to the New World. He had now no trouble in getting ships, men, and money. His trouble was to get away with little enough, for everyone wanted to go, or to send some beads or ribbons to buy gold and jewels from the Indians. On his second voyage, Columbus had seventeen ships with pigs, goats, horses, seed grain, and all kinds of vegetables to plant in the new land.

On his third voyage, Columbus crossed the ocean farther south than he had sailed before. It was very hot. The seams of the ship opened, the provisions spoiled, the men became ill. At last, when only one cask of water remained in each ship, they saw three mountains rising out of the sea, and sailing near, discovered the island of Trinidad.

As Columbus coasted along the shore of the island, he saw land far away in the south. Sailing on, he came at last to this land, which they called Paria. There they found many pearls.

For a time, Columbus thought that this was another island. But, as they sailed along, they could see, far away inland, high mountains; and they passed the mouth of a very great river. "An island could not have a river as large as that," thought Columbus. "Such a river must flow through a great continent." At last, Columbus knew that he had discovered a continent, though he still thought that it was Asia.

HOW DIEGO MENDEZ GOT FOOD FOR COLUMBUS

ON his fourth voyage, Columbus had been sailing about till his ships were in bad shape, and his food nearly gone. The wooden ships were full of holes made by the worm—teredo—which lives in that climate. They leaked so badly it seemed as if they must sink. One ship was very bad. They took all the men and goods out of her, and let her go. The other two ships were almost as bad. It took all hands with the use of pumps, kettles, and pans to draw off the water that came in through the holes made by the worms.

They sailed for thirty-five days and then found themselves near the island of Jamaica. The two ships were getting worse every day, so they drove them on shore, and made of them two cabins, thatched with straw, in which they took up their dwelling. They were in great danger, for the natives tried to set fire to their cabins and to kill them. Here, Diego Mendez, the friend of Columbus, gave out the last ration of wine and biscuit.

Next day, he took his sword in his hand and three men with him, and went out into the woods to find food; for Diego was determined that Columbus should not starve.

It pleased God to bring them to the camp of some friendly natives who gave them food. Diego made a bargain with them to bake cassava bread for Columbus and his men, and to bring the bread with what fish

they could catch to the cabins each day. He said he would pay them with blue beads, combs, knives, hawk-bells, and fish-hooks.

Diego also bought from the native chief a very good canoe, and gave him in exchange a brass helmet which he carried in a bag, and one of the two shirts he had with him. The chief sent six natives with Diego to carry the canoe and food.

When Diego reached the cabins, Columbus embraced him and thanked God for saving his men. They were very glad indeed to get the food as there was not a loaf in the camp. Every day, after that, the natives brought them food.

HOW DIEGO SAVED COLUMBUS AND HIS MEN

By and by the natives tired of bringing food. They told Columbus they had now plenty of beads and knives, and that they would not bring any more food. Columbus told them that God would be angry if they did not. He said if they would look at the moon that night they would see it turn dark. This would show that God was angry with them.

That night there was an eclipse of the moon. When the natives saw the shadow come upon it, they were very much frightened. They threw themselves down and prayed. They said if God would spare them they would always bring plenty of food to Columbus.

Meantime Columbus had asked Diego if he would take his canoe and row over to Hispaniola where the Spaniards were, and send a ship to fetch him and his men off. Diego said that it would be very, very dangerous to cross that stormy sea in a small canoe, but, if all



THE TOWN SQUARE.

the men thought that was the best thing to do, and if no one else would go, he would.

Columbus now called all his men together, and asked them what they thought. All said that it seemed the only way to save them, but no one would go out to sea in the canoe. Diego then arose in the meeting.

"My lord," he said, "I have but one life to lose and I am willing to lose it for your sake. I trust in God that He will bring me safely to the Spanish city."

"Well did I know," said Columbus, "that you were the only man brave enough to undertake this trip." But a sailor and some Indians did go with him.

Then Diego nailed some boards over part of his canoe to keep the sea from coming in, fixed a mast in it, took some food, and they set out. When they came to the end of the island, they found the sea quite calm; so, after they had said their prayers, they pushed off. They were at sea five days and four nights, and Diego did not lay the oar out of his hand.

At last they reached Hispaniola. The Governor would not give them a ship, but within a few months vessels arrived from Spain. Diego bought one of them, filled it with food, and sent it back to Jamaica.

Meantime, Columbus, who was very ill, had been deserted by one party of his men, and attacked by another. The brave Bartholomew, Columbus' brother, fought with the rebels and drove them off. All were glad indeed when the ship arrived to take them home.

A LITTLE STORY THEY USED TO SING
ABOUT JESUS' MOTHER FOUR HUNDRED
YEARS AGO

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

JOSEPH was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary,
In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard good,
Where were cherries and berries
As red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard green,
Where were cherries and berries
As thick as might be seen.

Then bowed down the highest tree
Unto Jesus' mother's hand:
Then she cried, "See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command."

"O, eat your cherries, Mary,
O, eat your cherries now;
O, eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

Adapted from the Old Ballad.

JOHN CABOT

WHEN Columbus came home from his first great voyage, news of the beautiful islands he had found spread quickly into all parts of the Old World. Sailors everywhere wished to sail out across the western ocean to see what they could find.

John Cabot was a clever Venetian sailor who, at this time, lived in England. When he heard what Columbus had done, he made up his mind to be the next to go.

He got leave from King Henry of England to trade with any people whom he might find. He bought a small ship called the *Matthew*, and, in the spring of 1497, with his three sons and eighteen men, he sailed away into the west.

They were sailing much farther north than Columbus. The weather was cold, and the seas stormy. In spite of this, Cabot and his men sailed bravely on for fifty-two days. Each day Cabot stood at the prow of his ship watching for the land, and each night the sun went down into a stormy sea.

At last one night they heard a strange moaning sound. It kept up all night. The men were afraid. In the morning when Cabot went on deck, the fog seemed to be lifting. Soon it drifted away, and there, not far off, was land. It was a rocky shore, but behind the rocks lay the meadows deep in rich grass starred with flowers, for it was June.

Cabot stood still for a long time, and looked and looked and looked. And well he might look, for that rocky coast was the shore of the NEW WORLD, and Cabot was the first white man who ever saw it. Even



Norman McLeod, Sydney

IN CAPE BRETON

Columbus had only seen the islands and had never, as yet, set foot upon the mainland.

That afternoon Cabot and his men went ashore and planted the royal flag of England upon a hill. Cabot took the country for King Henry. He called it NEW-FOUND-LAND. Like Columbus, he thought he had reached China or India. He did not know that he was just at the edge of CANADA. If only he had sailed just a little farther west he would have found our country, but he did not know that. He turned his ship north, and sailed along the shore hoping to find people with whom to trade.

As they went farther north it grew colder. The shores were high and rocky. There were no more trees and flowers. The winds blew coldly to the ship from that country. Though it was summer, ice lurked in those seas. Cabot could see no spices or jewels anywhere about; but the water swarmed with fish, so they began to fish.

When they came again to England they told the merchants that NEW-FOUND-LAND was a fine fishing-country, but that it was not much good for trading. So, for a long time after that, all the merchants sent their sailors to the south to look for gold and spice. The fishermen told one another about the new fishing grounds. They came in their little boats every spring and, fishing all summer, went home with full cargoes in the autumn. They always went home in the autumn.

Canada was nearly found that time, but not quite. She lived on alone for a little while longer with only the Indians to take care of her.

HOW THE NEW WORLD WAS CHRISTENED

AMERIGO VESPUCCI was a clever little boy who lived in Florence about the same time that Columbus was a little boy in Genoa. His father was poor, so his uncle, a monk, said that he would take Amerigo and put him to school in the monastery. Though he was clever, Amerigo did not study very hard the books they gave him. He did not like Latin, and forgot his lessons while he drew ships on the edge of his paper.

When he grew up he became a merchant and went to Spain to live. He was in Spain when Columbus returned from his great voyage. Amerigo was so excited over the stories of the New World told by Columbus and his men, that he at once made ready to sail with them the next time they went out.

Amerigo did sail after that on several voyages to the New World. He saw the beautiful islands which Columbus had found. He found other islands for

himself. He sailed many hundreds of miles along the coast of the New World.

He wrote letters to a prince, who was his friend, telling him about the New World and his adventures in it. One of his letters was printed in 1505, upon one of the new printing-presses which David saw at the fair. They made a great many copies of Amerigo's letter. Everywhere the people read it eagerly.

The people who had read the letter began calling the New World "AMERICA" after the man who had written the story about it. This was not quite fair. The New World should have been called after Columbus, the man who found it. Amerigo and Columbus were friends in their old age, so, perhaps, Columbus did not care. At any rate so it was. The people who read the letter talked about "America." Soon everyone called the New World "AMERICA."



BALBOA FINDS THE OTHER SIDE OF AMERICA

BALBOA was the son of a poor but noble Spaniard. He was a wild lad in his youth, and gave his father and mother some trouble. When a chance came to him to sail on a voyage to the New World, they were glad to let him go.

He took up a farm in Hispaniola, but he was not a good farmer. He had poor crops and got into debt. At last he had so many debts that the people he owed said they would put him in prison.

When Balboa heard that, he made up his mind to escape. In the harbour was a ship about to sail still farther west to the mainland. In the night, when all were asleep, Balboa crept on board this ship, and hid himself in an empty barrel which stood in a corner. When the ship was well out to sea, he came out of the barrel. It was too late to send him back to shore, so the sailors let him go with them.

The ship sailed to Darien, a town on the mainland. There, a great deal of quarrelling went on. The men fought over every little thing. Balboa was a friendly fellow. He went in among them, and after a little while he got them to be friends. The people were pleased with the way he stopped the fighting. Everyone liked him. Soon he rose to be Governor of the town.

Balboa ruled the town well. He had the fields cultivated, and tried to get the men to grow their own food. He made friends with the Indian tribes near, and they told him of a GREAT BLUE WATER on the other side of the mountains.

Now an enemy had told evil tales of Balboa to the King. Balboa found out that the King meant to order him home to Spain. "If I could just discover the GREAT BLUE WATER," thought Balboa, "the King would be pleased with me." So with a few men he set out.

At first there was a kind of path and they got on quickly. Then, for many miles, they had to tramp through woods. Often the trees were so thick that they had to stop and cut a road through. Soon the Indians began to lead them up into hills. Then they came to mountains. It was very hard to get through, but they struggled along. Some of the men became ill, others were tired out and turned back; but Balboa and a few of his friends kept on climbing through the thick forest.

As they came near the top of the mountain the trees were thinner. It was much easier to walk. The Indians said they would soon be able to see the Great Blue Water.

Next morning they came out into a fine open space. "From that shoulder," said the Indians, pointing a little way forward, "you can see it." Balboa made the men stand still. Alone, he went forward to the shoulder of the mountain, and there it was, the Great Blue Water, lying just in front and far below them. It lay as still as could be. No great waves moved upon it; only little waves danced in the sunshine. It was very beautiful and very peaceful. After their long and weary climb, the men could hardly look at it enough. "The Pacific," they called it, "The Peaceful," because it was so still, and seemed to rest them with its beauty.

So Balboa learned that this part of America was quite narrow; and that on the other side of it was a great ocean. He wondered whether or not the Spice Islands, India, and China might be on the far side of "The Pacific."

When Balboa and his men came back to Darien with their story of the Great Blue Water which they had called "The Pacific," the people hailed them with joy. Everyone shook hands with Balboa, and told him how proud they were of him. Everyone talked about what might be on the other side of that ocean. Balboa had brought back some pearls which the Indians had found upon the shore. Everyone in the little town was eager to go out through the woods and over the mountains to see the Pacific, and to look for pearls upon its shore.

Everyone was pleased and happy except the new Governor whom the King had sent over to rule the town. He was angry because Balboa had all this glory. He felt that he was the Governor, and that the people should not make feasts for anyone but himself. He hated Balboa.

Balboa tried in every way to please the Governor. He did just as he was ordered. He even married the Governor's daughter, but it was all of no use. The Governor hated him. He sent word to the King that Balboa was a rebel, and soon after had him put to death.



MAY MARGERY OF LYNTON

MAY MARGERY of Lynton
Is brighter than the day;
Her eye is like the sun in heaven—
Was ne'er so sweet a May.

May Margery has learnt a tune
To which her soul is set—
The voices of all happy things
Are in its cadence met—
The voices of all happy things
In earth, and air, and sea,
Make music in the little breast
Of sweet May Margery.

And has May Margery a heart?
Nay, child, God give thee grace!
He made it for thee years ago,
And keeps it in a place—
The heart of gold that shall be thine—
But who shall have the key
That opens it—Ah, who? ah, who?
Ah, who, May Margery?

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

FOUR hundred years ago the people believed many strange things. They believed that somewhere in the world was a spring of water which was so clear and beautiful that if any old persons drank of it, they would at once become young and strong again. This spring was called the Fountain of Youth. In those old days, many and many a man spent his life seeking for it.

After Columbus discovered America, all the people began to say that the Fountain of Youth would surely be found in the New World. There was a great deal of talk about it. Balboa and his men kept a sharp lookout for it when they were tramping through the new land.

Ponce de Leon, when he was a young lad, sailed with Columbus. He felt sure that the Fountain of Youth must be in America. He had often heard the Indians talking of a land full of lakes and rivers in the north, and he thought, "Very likely the Fountain of Youth is in the north."

With three ships, he set out to find the wonderful spring. He sailed about among the islands for a long time. They stopped and searched in every island, but found no Spring of Youth.

By and by they came to a low-lying shore which none of them had ever seen before. It was covered with trees and vines thick with flowers. The perfume of the blossoms reached them from the land. They called it Florida.

Ponce de Leon landed, and set up the flag of Spain, but the Indians came about them like hornets and drove them off.

DE SOTO

DE SOTO did not believe in the Fountain of Youth; but he had heard that far in the middle of America stood a great city built all of pure gold. It was called Eldorado. He thought it must be somewhere in Florida where Ponce de Leon had sought for the Fountain of Youth.

De Soto bought seven ships, and took with him six hundred men. When they came to Florida they left their ships behind them, and set out through the country to seek Eldorado. The woods were so thick they could not ride; each man had to walk and lead his horse. They tramped on for days and days. It was a weary trip.

They met many Indians. Sometimes the Indians were kind to them; sometimes they fought with them. De Soto asked each tribe about the golden city, Eldorado, but none of them had seen it.

At last they came to a great river—wide, swift, and muddy. The Indians called it “Mississippi.” They set up their tents upon its banks. The Indians brought them corn and fruit, and they killed their horses for meat.

De Soto felt sure that, by this time, the Indians would have burned the ships they had left behind on the coast; so they built a barge. As soon as it was ready, De Soto and eight men began to row down to the sea. In a few days they came back again; the river was so furious that they could not get on at all.

De Soto now fell into great dumps because he could not row down to the sea. He became ill, and, as there was no doctor there, he died. Afterwards, his men did manage to reach the sea; and so came safely to Spain again.

CORTES

CORTES was another young man who came from Spain to seek a Golden City in the New World. As he sailed along the shore, he found an old Indian who was dying. Cortes took him into his ship and did what he could for him. The old man said that he came from a beautiful city far away in the middle of America. He said that his chief had hills of gold and mountains of silver.

Cortes made up his mind that he would go to see this rich chief. He landed, and sent four of his men to carry gifts to Chief Montezuma. The Indians there thought that Cortes was a God come down from heaven to help them. They knelt before him and brought him many gifts.

By and by the men who had been sent to Montezuma came back carrying rich treasures of gold and jewels. They brought collars and bracelets of gold, robes of bright feathers, curtains and coverlets of many-coloured cotton, a helmet full of gold dust, and two gold and silver plates as large as waggon wheels. The men said that Montezuma sent these gifts to Cortes with his best wishes, but that he did not want them to come any nearer to his city. He wished them to go home again at once.

But Cortes did not mean to go home. Making friends of the natives, he and his men went slowly through the land till they came to Montezuma's city. It stood in the middle of a great salt lake. There were three roads of stone leading across the lake to the city. Many of the streets were water, and the people went about in canoes.

The houses were very large and had flat roofs with gardens growing upon them.

The people dressed in cotton, with fur cloaks in winter. The men wore long cloaks, and great sashes round their waists. The women wore skirts of bright-coloured cloth trimmed with fringe. There were no stores, but the city had two markets. Every five days a fair was held, and all the people went to the markets to buy what they needed.

Cortes and his men stayed some time with Montezuma. Then one day a Mexican killed one of the white men. Cortes took Montezuma prisoner. They had a long war. Montezuma was killed. Many of the Indians fled away into the woods. At last Cortes and his men won the fight. They took the city.

Cortes was now the ruler of the city of Mexico. He and his men cleared away all the rubbish, and began to build new houses. The Indians came back again. Cortes let them do just as they liked. Many families came from Spain to live there. Soon the city of Mexico looked just like a Spanish town.

Cortes was now getting to be an old man. He had found great treasures and taken a great country for Spain, but, as ever, wicked men told the King lies about him. To set the matter right, Cortes and his son went to Spain to see the King. The King would not see him.

The poor old man waited three years in Spain trying to see the King to tell him the truth. At last he gave it up and set out to go back to his city in the New World. But his wars and his journeys, his years and sorrows, were too much for him. He died in Spain.

HOW THEY FOUND A WAY TO INDIA AT LAST

WHILE Columbus and all his Spanish friends had been sailing westward, the men of Portugal had been sailing south. They were trying to find a way around the south end of Africa.

The King of Portugal was much interested in finding a way, and he thought he would pray about it. He went into his room and, kneeling down, asked God to point out to him a man that would find the way to India. As he was praying, a tall sailor walked across the garden under his window. The King felt as if God were telling him that this was the man. He asked his name. It was Vasco da Gama. The King asked da Gama if he would take a ship, and try to find the way to India. Da Gama said he would be glad to do that. The King had ships made ready, and da Gama set sail southward.

At first it was very hot; then, as they sailed on and on, it grew cooler. They could see the land on the left hand most of the time. Sometimes they put in to shore to get fresh water or to look for fruit.

At last, one morning, when the sun came up, da Gama could not see the shore upon the left hand. He steered the ship toward the left. Still they could see no land. "We have come to the south end of Africa," said da Gama, and he turned the ship toward the east. Sure enough, they soon saw the shore north of them. Now, for a time, they met such great storms that they expected daily to be wrecked. They called the south end of Africa the Cape of Storms. Soon the

land began to fall away from their left hand again. Da Gama turned the ship toward the north. As they sailed northward, it grew warmer, and they knew they had sailed round the south end of Africa.

By and by they came to an island. When the natives saw them approaching, they told their King, and he came out in a small boat to meet da Gama. He wore a bright green satin robe, and carried a red satin umbrella. He was very kind to da Gama and his men, and told them that if they wished to reach India they must sail east as well as north.

So da Gama steered the ship toward the east, and they sailed for twenty-three days without seeing any land. At last they came to India. They sailed along the shore until they came to a great city. As their ship sailed up to the land, the people of that country came down to meet them. They were led before the King.

This King was much grander than the first. He lay on a green velvet couch in a great hall of marble. He wore a gold cap and had huge diamonds in his ears. On his great toe was a ruby of price, and his girdle dazzled the eyes.

“And why have you come to my country?” asked the King.

“We are seeking Christians, emeralds, and spice,” said da Gama.

“Well,” said the King, “that is lucky. We have plenty of emeralds and spices, but I fear we have no Christians.”

“We will bring some to your Majesty the very next time we come,” said the polite da Gama.

“Do so,” said the King. “In the meantime we can trade in spices and jewels.”

So they did.

When da Gama and his men reached home again, the people of Portugal received them with great joy

and pride. They, and they only, had found the way to India by sea. It was a great discovery. They sold their jewels and spices at a good price. The King gave da Gama a pension.

HOW MAGELLAN FOUND THE SOUTH END OF AMERICA

MAGELLAN was a young man who had sailed with da Gama to India. He had been a good sailor and very loyal to da Gama, and he thought the King should reward him by giving him a ship of his own. The King did not do this, so Magellan, in a huff, went off to the King of Spain.

“They know how to treat sailors in Spain,” he said.

He told the King of Spain that da Gama had found the Spice Islands and India by sailing south around Africa.

“And I am very sure,” he said, “that I could reach them just as well by sailing around the south end of America.”

This pleased the King of Spain. Much of America belonged to Spain because Columbus had found it for her. They had found much gold and many jewels in America, but they had not found any spices.

“Balboa has just found the other side of America,” said the King; “there is a great blue ocean there. Perhaps it will lead you to the Spice Islands.”

“I am sure it will,” said Magellan. So the King gave him a ship and he sailed away. They crossed the ocean, steering their ships toward the south-west. They sailed

on for days and days. It grew colder and colder. It was very stormy, but Magellan was used to that. He would not turn back.

At last they saw a stretch of water leading away westward. Magellan steered his ship into it. Now the storms were worse than ever. It seemed as if the ocean did not wish them to find out its secret. The ships were tossed about, and almost lost. The men were nearly frozen as they worked at the sails.

They kept bravely on though, and by and by they sailed out from that narrow strait of stormy water into the beautiful Pacific. They were very glad to be safely through that strait, you may be sure. Magellan called it after his own name, "The Strait of Magellan." (Find it on the globe.)

Magellan now turned his ship towards the northwest, hoping to come to India. They sailed for weeks and weeks this time before they saw any land. At last they came to an island. They went on shore, but the natives were very fierce and fought with them. Magellan was killed.

His men took the ship on toward India. They reached it, and then sailing south of Africa came safely home again. They had been gone two whole years, and had sailed all the way ROUND THE WORLD. It was the first time that had ever been done. People would never again be able to say that the world was flat.¹

¹ Trace Magellan's Voyage on the map on page 69.



As I sat under a sycamore tree,
A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph they bare
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy our Lord was born.

And all the bells on earth did ring,
On earth did ring, on earth did ring:
"Welcome be thou, Heaven's King,
On Christ's Sunday at morn!"

Old Ballad.

HOW JACQUES CARTIER FOUND CANADA

DURING all these years in which the Spanish sailors had been finding so many new lands, the French sailors had only sailed near home. They were great fishermen, the French, and did not care much about spices. Still, they did not like to see Spain get all the New World. They wanted some of it for France.

Jacques Cartier was a fine sailor and a brave man beside. He lived at St. Malo in France. He had often sailed nearly as far as America when out fishing.

Cartier had heard how Cabot had tried to sail round the north end of America to India. He thought to himself: "The Spice Islands and India ARE on the other side of America. Da Gama found them there. Balboa has found the Pacific which leads to them. Magellan has found the way round the south end of America. There MUST be a way round the north end of America. I, Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, am the man to find that way."

He told his plan to the King of France. The King was glad to help him because he wanted a share of America. He gave Cartier two ships with sixty-one men in each. Cartier made each man swear to behave himself faithfully in the service of the King. And so they sailed away to see what they could find.

Cartier sailed quickly across the ocean, and came to the bare and rocky shore which Cabot had found. He sailed along, close to the shore, watching every creek, till he came to a narrow strait. He steered his ship into



Ross Robertson Collection.

JACQUES CARTIER.

this strait and soon sailed out into blue and quiet water. For some days they sailed on, passing many capes and bays. Then Cartier turned his ships toward the south-west.

When they got up in the morning, right ahead of them lay an island. Cartier and his men looked out very proudly over the new land they had found.

It was a beautiful land. A long curving beach lay in front of them. The little waves ran gayly up on the white sand. The trees waved their branches. The flowers sent their perfume over the water to them. It was a very beautiful land and it lay there smiling in the morning sunshine as if it were glad to see Cartier.

THAT SMILING LAND WAS CANADA. Our country was found at last. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo found her.

They sailed past the island and came to a good haven in the mainland. Here they went ashore, and very glad they were to walk about after long days on the ship. It was very warm, but the trees made a pleasant shade. They found wild corn and small peas as thick as if they had been sown in a garden. There were white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, white and red roses, with many other flowers of a very sweet and pleasant smell. There were also many goodly meadows full of grass, and lakes wherein great plenty of salmon were found. They named this bay "Chaleurs."

They had not been long on shore before the Indians came out of the woods to watch them. They brought some pieces of meat partly cooked and, placing them on bits of wood, laid them near Cartier and his men. Then they ran back and watched. Cartier sent two men with hatchets, knives, beads and other trinkets to coax them to come near. Soon they came in clusters, bringing with them skins to trade for the hatchets and knives.



Canadian National Railways
THE BAY CHALEURS

CARTIER SETS UP A CROSS

ON July 24, 1534, at Gaspé, Cartier had the men make a fair high cross of the height of thirty feet. Upon it they hung a shield painted with three flowers. At the top they carved the words:

VIVE LE ROI DE FRANCE

They set the cross upright in the ground, the Indians watching all the time. So soon as it was up, they all together kneeled down with their hands toward heaven, giving thanks to God for the new land they had found. The cross was for a sign that Cartier had taken the land for the King of France.

The Indians did not understand Cartier's speech, but they knew what the cross was for. They did not

like it. The chief with his three sons went out in their canoe, and came near to Cartier who was in the ship. The chief told him that the land was his, and he did not want the cross put there.

Cartier told him that the cross would be a guide to him when he came again next summer. He begged the chief to let him take two of his sons to France with him. He said that he would be sure to bring them back the next summer, and that he would also bring plenty of hatchets and knives for them all. The chief was pleased with this and let them go.

Then Cartier dressed the two boys up in shirts and coloured coats, with red caps. They were very proud of themselves in these clothes. Each of the other Indians was given a hatchet and two knives. They brought Cartier some fish to eat on his trip home, and said that they would not take down the cross while he was gone. So Cartier sailed home again for that time.





THE BROAD ST. LAWRENCE

Bayer, Charlottetown

CARTIER FINDS THE GREAT RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

TRUE to his word, Cartier came sailing back to Canada the next summer. The Indians who had been in France could now speak French. They told him that there was a great river flowing into the bay not far off. They said the river came from the west. Many Indians lived up the river, they said, and some of them were bad Indians.

Cartier was still looking for a passage through to China. As he found none, he sailed off toward the west and soon came to the river of which his Indians had told him. It was very wide and beautiful. He called it the St. Lawrence, because he found it on St. Lawrence's Day.

They sailed up the river till it began to grow narrower. Very high cliffs rose up on both sides. Here they found

a safe harbour beside a little island and drew their ships in to the shore.

There was an Indian village near, called STADACONA; it was as goodly a plot of ground as the men had ever seen, very fruitful and full of goodly trees, as oaks, elms, ashes, walnut-trees, maple-trees.

To them there came the Indians with their chief Donnacona. The chief made them a long speech which they could not understand, but they could see that he meant kindly by them. The women and children danced and sang for joy to see these white men whom they took for gods. Cartier gave them many trinkets, knives, beads, and small looking-glasses, "whereat they were marvellous glad." The Frenchmen could hear them singing and shouting as they went home to their village.

The next day Cartier had the sailors bring the two large ships up to the shore and tie them there. The small ship they left out in the river, as they wished to use it for sailing about. The Indians came about them all the time they were at work, touching their arms, their faces and their clothes.

The Indians told Cartier that there was another Indian village farther up the river. They said that the river grew wider beyond that village. They said it grew very wide and went on and on. They did not know where it came from. Cartier was very much interested in this story. He thought that the river might lead him to India and the Spice Islands. He made up his mind that he would sail up the river at once. His Indians promised to go with him.

But Donnacona did not wish Cartier to go up the river. He and his friends talked it over, and decided that they would neither go themselves nor let Cartier go. Next day they tried to coax Cartier to stay

with them at Stadacona. Cartier would not listen to them.

Next, they tried to frighten him in this way. They dressed three men as devils. They wrapped them in dogs' skins, white and black. They blacked their faces and put horns on their heads. Then they hid these men in one of their canoes. As Cartier and his men were getting their boat out into the stream to sail westward up the river, the canoe with the make-believe devils in it came rushing out at them. The Indians then came and, taking the three devil-men to the shore, they began to ask them many questions in their own language.

After a time the Indians who spoke French came paddling out to Cartier. They told him that the devils had been sent to warn them against going up the river. They said that it was a very dangerous river; and that there was so much snow and ice up there that everyone who went there would die. But Cartier told them that God, who had brought him safely across the sea, would take care of him on the river, and so they set out.



THIS IS THE WAY IN CANADA

ACTION SONG

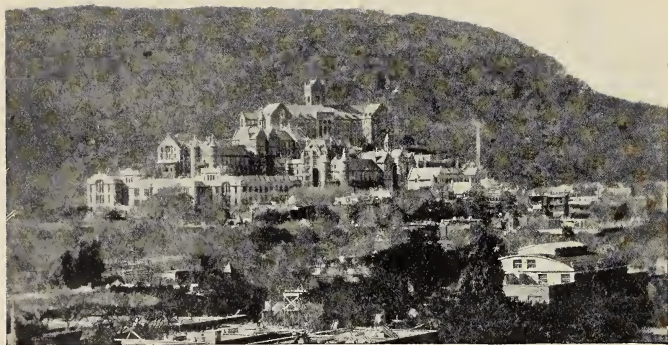
This is the way we plough the ground
In Canada, in Canada,
This is the way we plough the ground
In our countree.

This is the way we sow the seed
In Canada, in Canada,
This is the way we sow the seed
In our countree.

This is the way the grain grows tall
In Canada, in Canada,
This is the way the grain grows tall
In our countree.

This is the way we reap the grain
In Canada, in Canada,
This is the way we reap the grain
In our countree.

This is the way we thresh the grain
In Canada, in Canada,
This is the way we thresh the grain
In our countree.



MOUNT ROYAL

Canadian Pacific Railway

HOW CARTIER CAME TO HOCHELAGA AT LAST

ONE OF HIS MEN TELLS THE STORY

As soon as we were come near to Hochelaga, there came to meet us about a thousand persons, men, women, and children, who afterwards did as friendly and merrily entertain us as any father would do his child which he had not seen for a long time.

The men danced upon one side of us, the women on another, and likewise the children on another. After that they brought us great store of fish and of their bread made of millet. They cast them into our boat so thick that you would have thought it to fall from heaven.

Then did our Captain with many of his company go on shore. So soon as ever we were a-land, they came



Canadian National Railways.

QUEBEC: THE FORTRESS CLIFF.

clustering about us, making much of us. They brought their young children in their arms only to have our Captain touch them.

Seeing their loving-kindness, the Captain caused all the women orderly to be set in rows, and gave them beads made of tin and other small trifles. To the men he gave knives. Then he returned to the boat for supper, and so passed that night, while all the people stood on the shore dancing and singing in the light of the great fires they had made.

Next day, very early in the morning, the Captain arrayed himself very gorgeously and caused all his company to be set in order to go and see the town and a certain mountain which is near it. With the Captain went five gentlemen and twenty sailors, leaving the rest to guard the boat. We took with us three men of Hochelaga to bring us to the place.

All along as we went we found the way as well beaten as can be. It is the fairest and best country that can possibly be seen, full of as goodly great oaks as are in any wood in France, under which the ground was all covered with fair acorns. When we had gone a little farther we began to find goodly and large fields, full of such corn as the country yields, as great or somewhat bigger than small peas.

In the midst of those fields is the city of Hochelaga, placed near to a great mountain on the top of which you may see very far. We named it Mount Royal. The city of Hochelaga is round and compassed with a wall of timber. It has but one gate which is shut with piles, stakes and bars. There are in the city about fifty houses built all of wood. In the midst of every house is a great court, in the middle whereof they make their fire.

As soon as we were come near the city, a great number of the people came out to meet us, and brought us into

the midst of the town. The women spread large square mats for us to sit on. Then came ten men bearing their king on a stag's skin on their shoulders, for he was sick. They signed to Cartier to touch the king, thinking that Cartier was God come down to heal them. Cartier felt very sorry for these poor people who knew nothing of the real God. He touched the king as they wished, and then many others brought their sick friends to be touched. When he had touched them all, he read out of the Bible to them and made a prayer for them. Then the Frenchmen went back to their boat. Soon after they sailed back to Stadacona.

WHO CALLS?

Who calls?

The Red man, poor and sick,
He calls.

Who comes?

The White man, rich and strong,
He comes.

Who watches?

To see that pity reigns,
God watches.

HOW CARTIER AND HIS MEN SPENT THE WINTER IN CANADA

By the time they got back to Stadacona it was beginning to turn cold. Winter was coming on. The river began to freeze over. His men had built a stout little fort, for Cartier meant to stay at Stadacona until spring.

It was a very cold winter. Cartier and his men were not used to cold weather, for it is not very cold in France. Many of the men fell sick with scurvy, which comes from eating too much salt meat. Twenty-five of them died. They might all have died had not a kind old Indian told them that if they would strip the bark from a tree, which he showed them, and make tea of it, it would cure them. They did this, and a few of them were saved alive.

They had had enough of Canada for that time though. As soon as the ice went out of the river in the spring they got their ships ready to sail home again. Cartier wished to take some of the Indians with him, but he knew they would not go willingly. Then he did a very mean thing. He invited them to come on board his ship to a farewell feast. When they came, he ordered his men to take Donnacona and five other chiefs, who were carried to France.

You would think that Cartier would have been ashamed to come back to Canada after he had behaved so meanly to the Indians who had been so kind to him. Perhaps he was, for he did not come back for six years. Then he came bringing men, stock, ploughs, and seed to begin farming. The Indians asked for their chiefs, who had all died in France. Cartier told them that

Donnacona was dead, but that the other chiefs liked France and did not want to come back to Canada. The Indians did not believe this, and after that they did not trust Cartier.

The men cleared away some of the great trees and tried to plough a little of the land, but it was hard work. The winter was very cold. They fell sick again. This time the Indians did not come to help them. They would not even bring them any food. So in the spring Cartier sailed home again.

He was now too old to go sailing about the stormy seas. He made up his mind to leave that for younger men. He went home to his old manor-house near St. Malo and there lived quietly till he died.

AT ST. MALO

HE told them of a river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hoche-
laga's height;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada the key;—
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from the
perils over sea.

From *Jacques Cartier*, by D'ARCY M'GEE.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

WHEN they heard in England how Cartier had found Canada, they remembered that Cabot had long ago taken the land near there for the King of England. They thought Cartier might be taking some of their land. They thought they had better go to see about it.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was a brave English sailor. He was a wise man, too. He said that if the English wished to keep New-found-land, they had better build a town there to guard it. He said he would go and build the town; and he sent out word all through the country, asking those who wished to come and help him.

Now you can guess who heard that word and came to sail with Sir Humphrey. David Linton had, by this time, grown to be a man. He was helping his father take care of the sheep. He had often wished to go sailing over the western ocean as he had planned to do when he was a boy, but he had never had a chance. At last his time had come. He walked all the way to Bristol, where Sir Humphrey was, to ask if he might go to New-found-land with the ships. David was a fine strong young man and Sir Humphrey was glad to have him.

Everyone was very busy getting ready for the voyage. Five ships were to go; two large ones, the *Delight* and the *Raleigh*, and three little ones, the *Golden Hind*, the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*. David sailed in the *Golden Hind*, which was very lucky for him as you shall hear.

Sir Humphrey took with him carpenters, masons,

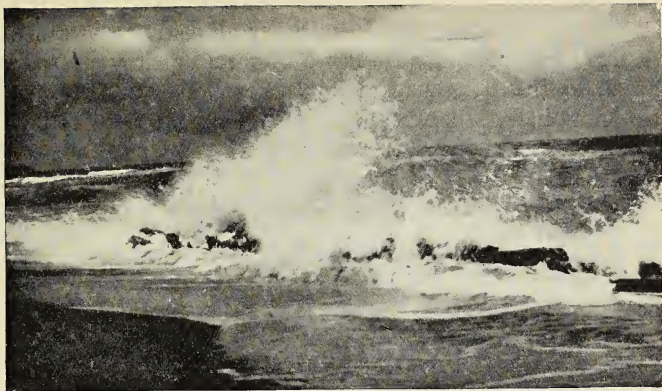
blacksmiths, and many other men to build the town in New-found-land. He put into his ships plenty of red cloth, ribbons, small bells, hobby-horses, and looking-glasses for the Indians.

So they sailed away from England on a Tuesday morning. It was a bright morning, but a thunderstorm came up that night. On Thursday, the men in the *Raleigh* sent word to Sir Humphrey that many of them were sick. They turned their ship round and sailed home again. The other four ships sailed on into the west.

They sailed westward for seven weeks and all that time either fog, or mist, or rain fell upon them, or the great winds blew and tossed them about on the sea. They were glad to see the land at last.

THE "SWALLOW"

THE men in the *Swallow* had eaten all their food and worn out all their clothes. As they sailed near the land, they met a fishing-boat. They asked if they might go on board to beg some food. As soon as they were on the fishing-boat, they snatched everything they saw. They took the sails and oars, as well as all the food and clothes they could find. The poor fishermen were left with nothing at all. The sailors put all the goods into a small row-boat, jumped in themselves, and began to row back to the *Swallow*. As they rowed a great wave came upon their little boat and overturned it. The poor fishermen whom they had robbed drew four of them out of the sea, but all the others were drowned. One almost feels like saying "Serves them right."



INCOMING TIDE

Waldren, New Glasgow

NEW-FOUND-LAND

WHEN Sir Humphrey with his four ships reached the land they sailed into a large harbour where there were many French boats. Sir Humphrey sent word to them, asking them to bring him fresh food and water as his was all gone.

The captains of the fishing-boats brought him many good things. Some brought fish: salmon, trout, and lobster. Others brought wine, oil, marmalades, and biscuits.

Next day Sir Humphrey went on shore. It was a fine country. The grass was green. The ground was thick with roses. The raspberries were ripe everywhere. The men picked and ate them all day long.

Sir Humphrey called all the fishing-captains and his own men about him, and read aloud to them the letter sent out by the Queen. The letter said that Sir Humphrey was to take for her all that land;

that Sir Humphrey was to be the ruler there; and that all the others must obey him. They all said they would. A turf was cut and given to Sir Humphrey to take home to the Queen as a sign that NEW-FOUND-LAND was now hers. Then Sir Humphrey set up a tall pillar of wood with the Queen's name and mark upon it.

THE "DELIGHT"

SIR HUMPHREY now sailed away to the south to look about before he built the town. It was rough sailing, and many of the men were sick. At last he thought they had better put all the sick men on one ship and send that one back to England. They did that. The *Swallow* took all those who were ill on board, and sailed off by herself for England. Sir Humphrey had now only three ships.

He sailed away for eight days with the wind blowing hard against him all the time. The *Delight* was the largest ship, so she sailed first, while the *Golden Hind* and the little *Squirrel* came behind.

One evening the wind went down, and the sun shone out warm and bright; but they found themselves in the midst of sand and rocks. The two little ships got away, but the big *Delight* stuck on a sand-bank. The others tried to tie a line to her and haul her off, but they dared not sail too near the sand lest they be stuck themselves. Then the night came down and hid her from them. In the morning she was nowhere to be seen.

The men in the *Delight* had a small boat tied behind their ship, and as she went down sixteen of them jumped into this small boat. They had no food, and there was only one oar in the boat. The men gave them-

selves up for lost, but Captain Richard Clark told them they were only a little way from land and with luck might reach it yet.

After seven days' floating about in the sea, they came to the land. They had had no food or water all that time, and were so weak they could hardly climb out of the boat. The stronger ones helped the weaker ones over the side of it, and they all lay down by a little brook that flowed near there, and drank as much as ever they wished.

When they felt better they walked along the shore and through the woods to find some food. They found plenty of raspberries and wild peas. How they feasted upon these! Then they caught some fish and cooked a fine dinner.

As soon as they were able, they went into their boat again, and rowed along the shore till they met a Spanish ship which was sailing in those waters. The Spanish captain was a kind man who took them to Spain with him, from whence they came safely to England again.



THE LITTLE "SQUIRREL"

AFTER this "heavy chance," the men begged Sir Humphrey not to try to build the town that year, but to set sail for England at once. He did not wish to go home yet, but he had now only two small ships, and winter was near. Food, too, was growing scarce, so he gave in to the men and steered for England.

The men tried to coax Sir Humphrey to come into the *Golden Hind*, which was the larger of the two little ships, and somewhat more comfortable than the *Squirrel*, but he would not. He said that he did not wish to be any more comfortable than his men. He said his men had stood by him all these months, and now he meant to stand by them till they were safely at home again.

As they sailed eastward a storm came up. The great waves ran up into hills above the little ships. As the *Golden Hind* sailed near the little *Squirrel*, the men saw Sir Humphrey sitting in the stern with his Bible on his knee. The men were in great fear, but he kept calling to them above the noise of the storm,

"Do not fear, we are as near to Heaven on the sea as on the land."

Soon a great hill of water fell down on the little *Squirrel* and buried her for ever beneath the waves. With her went down the good Sir Humphrey and all his men.

Of all those five tall ships, only the *Golden Hind* came again to England. So now you see why it was lucky that David sailed in the *Golden Hind*.



MARTIN FROBISHER

BRITAIN had a Queen then—Good Queen Bess. She was a wise woman and very proud of her country. She wished Britain to grow to be a great country, so she helped the sailors and the merchants in every way she could.

At this time, in Britain, there was a great company of merchants who traded in spices, silks, and jewels, which they brought from the far east of Asia. This company traded only with India, China, and the Spice Islands. They were called the East India Company.

There were now two ways to sail to the far east of Asia, to India, China, and the Spice Islands. Men could sail there by going round the south end of Africa—Vasco da Gama had shown them that way; or they could go by crossing the western ocean and sailing round the south end of America—Magellan had found that way.

Now Britain is a northern country, and both these ways were very long ones for her sailors and merchants.

They wished very much to find a shorter way. The East India Company was a rich company and said it would pay well any man who should find a short way to Asia and the Spice Islands.

Martin Frobisher was a brave English sailor, who had sailed much in the northern seas. He said to himself, as Cartier had done, "If there is a way round the south end of America, there must be one round the north end, too; I shall find that way."

Good Queen Bess helped him to get two ships, and he sailed out to the north-east. It was very cold though it had been summer when they left England. The captain of the other ship became afraid and soon turned back. Frobisher went on alone.

He sailed till he came to the coast of America, the shore which Cabot had found so long ago. The rocks were high and cold, but Frobisher was not afraid. He turned his little ship northward and sailed on.

The ice came about them in great blocks and bergs. It towered up like castles in the water. Often they sailed on for a whole day and, in the evening, found that the way was blocked by a great cake of ice. Then they had to turn round and find another way.

Much of the time they could see the land as they sailed along. Sometimes they went on shore for fresh water. They met many natives, but they were quiet people and did them no harm. Frobisher gave them beads and knives. The natives brought them fish and seal-skins, and once a large black stone with yellow specks in it, which Frobisher put in his pocket and forgot about.

At last they thought they had found the way through the ice. It seemed to open out in front of them. They sailed along for days and days. It was growing colder for the summer was passing, but the sun shone, and the

ice did not bother them. They were very happy and looked out each day, hoping to see China.

But alas! it was not to be. They were still very far from China. They were only sailing along the north shore of Canada. The days grew colder. Snow began to fall. The ice closed in. They could find no way to go forward so they had to turn back. It took them a long time to reach home, for they often lost the way in the ice, but they did get back to England at last.

After they were safe at home again, and had told all about their voyage, Frobisher one day brought out of his pocket the black stone. He showed it to a scholar. The scholar looked at it very carefully. He tried it in many ways. Then he said, "These yellow specks are gold."

Then there was great excitement. Everyone wanted to sail out to the north shore of Canada to find more of the black stones with gold in them.



JOHN DAVIS

JOHN DAVIS was the next to go. He did not care so much about the gold as he did about finding the way through the ice to China. But the sailors who went with him were all looking for gold, you may be sure.

Davis had two ships, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*. They were stout little ships and sailed bravely away into the ice. At first, Davis had better luck than Frobisher. It was fine warm weather, and the ice did not bother them. Perhaps the ice mountains were afraid of the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*.

Davis sailed out three summers one after the other. Each summer he sailed a little farther than he had gone the summer before. He made friends with the Eskimos, who told him that there was clear water away to the west, if only the ice did not shut him in.

Davis saw great white bears, walrus, and many seals. He came to a land that was level and beautiful. The fields were covered with moss, and green grass, and many many flowers. That was the very far north of Canada, where the Eskimos still live.

At last the ice came about Davis again. A wall of it loomed up in front eight feet thick and as high as a mountain. He was very sad at this. Tears stood in his eyes as he looked at that wall of ice. But it was no use. They could not cut through it. They could not find a way round it. Davis had to give it up. He turned the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine* about and sailed home again to Britain.

HENRY HUDSON

DAVIS was now too old to sail into the icy seas, but he often talked about his voyages to a young friend of his, Henry Hudson. Hudson had sailed across the ocean many times. He had found a great river and much new land in the middle of America. He knew his way about very well.

Hudson talked it all over with Davis. They thought that this time Hudson should try it by sailing straight north. He said he would sail **RIGHT OVER THE NORTH POLE**. In this way he hoped to get round the ice which had stopped Davis.

Hudson took his little son with him. He sailed first to Iceland, the old home of Leif the Lucky. He and his men had a fine time there for a few weeks. They had hot baths in the warm pools and plenty of fowl to eat. Then they sailed on to Greenland, where Eric the Red had lived. They did not stop here but sailed straight on north.

At first it was all clear sailing along what seemed to be a very wide river with high banks on both sides. Then they got into a nest of islands. They turned this way and that. They sailed round and round, but they could find no way out to the north or west.

They had now been out three months. Winter was coming on. The ice began to come about them. Hudson turned his ship south, and now another danger met them. They sailed and sailed, backwards and forwards, but they could not find their way out towards home either.

After sailing for some days they came to a low shore

with only a few poor bushes growing upon it. They did not know it, but this was part of Canada—the shore of what we now call Hudson's Bay. (Find Hudson's Bay upon the map.) It is in the north of Canada and very cold in winter.

Hudson said it was now too late to sail home to England. He said they must spend the winter in this lonely place. The men were very angry. They thought Hudson should have known his way home. Some of them thought he did know it and was staying here to please himself.

They went on shore and built small shacks for themselves. There was plenty of driftwood on the shore. They knew they should not be cold, but they feared they could not find much to eat.

Indeed it was a long hard winter. At first the men fished, then they had to live upon the partridges they could kill. Sometimes they got a deer or a moose. Hudson was very strict about their flour and sugar. He let each of the men have only a little. They were hungry much of the time, and this made them ill.

At last the spring came round again. The blessed sun shone hotter and hotter. The ice melted. The men fished again. They were glad indeed, for they were very tired of fowl. They were still very angry with Hudson for not taking them home to England before the cold weather came on, but they did not say anything to him.



By kind permission of The Hon. John Collier

HOW HUDSON DIED

Now there was in the ship a wicked man named Richard Greene. He and many of the other men hated Hudson because he had not taken them home in time, and because he had been very strict with them about the sugar and flour.

When June came and the ice thawed so that the ship might sail home again, these men did a very wicked thing. They said to each other, "There is very little food in the ship. It is not enough for all. We will put Hudson, his son, and the sick men, in the small boat and leave them here. Then there will be enough food to last the rest of us till we get home."

It is hard to think that men could do so wicked a

thing, but they did it. They put all the sick men in the boat. Then they took Hudson, his son, and the carpenter, who was his friend, with one or two other good men who would not do this thing; they tied their hands and pushed them into the little boat. They gave them a gun and some shot that they might shoot fowl, but they left them nothing else. Then they cut the little boat's rope and let it fall away from the ship. The ship sailed out into the clear water and left the little boat far behind. When they last saw them, Hudson had his hands free of the ropes and was untying the others.

AND THAT WAS THE LAST THAT ANYONE EVER SAW OF HENRY HUDSON. He and his men died together on the shore of that great Canadian bay which they had found.

The wicked men in the big ship did not come to any good, you may be sure. They had very little food, and many of them died of hunger before they got to England. Those who reached home were ever after looked upon as shameful men by all the people. No one would ever have anything to do with them. No doubt they often wished that they had died with poor Hudson in Canada.



O CANADA!

O CANADA! Our Home and Native Land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western Sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North, strong and free!
O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western Sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland,
Our True North, strong and free!
O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

STANLEY WEIR.

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