

THE LIGHT AND THE GLORY FOR CHILDREN

That first winter in Plymouth was hard. Although the weather was bitter cold, the Pilgrims worked on their town. They cut down trees and stacked heavy logs. They trudged through the snow and slept on the damp ground. The work was difficult, and they were not physically strong. Three months at sea had left them weak. Many became sick and died. At one point, two or three people were dying each day. By winter's end, the Pilgrims had lost fifty-one people—half their number!

But these people were not like other settlers. The harder things got, the more they prayed and trusted God. Satan could not break their spirits. He could not get them to give in to despair and self-pity. They knew their Heavenly Father would see them through. . . . and He did.

Winter passed and the Pilgrims welcomed spring. One day in March, the men gathered in the common house while Miles Standish demonstrated military tactics. Suddenly, they heard a shout, "Indian coming!" Indian coming? Surely he meant *Indians* coming. Captain Standish shook his head and looked out the window. He saw a tall, well-built Indian walking up the main road toward the common house. The men inside hurried to the door where the Indian stopped.

"Welcome!" he suddenly boomed, in a deep voice.

The startled Pilgrims could not say a word. This Indian spoke English! Finally, they managed to reply, "Welcome."

Everyone gathered around the stranger as he spoke.

"My name is Samoset," the Indian said. "I am from the Algonquin tribe to the north. I love to travel. I came here with Captain Thomas Dermer, the English sea captain who is exploring this area for the Council for New England."

FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

"Yes," Bradford broke in. "We're applying to the Council for a patent for this land."

"Tell us, Samoset, how did you learn English?" Brewster inquired.

"From fishing captains who put in to the Maine shore," the Indian answered.

"What can you tell us about the other Indians?" Winslow asked.

Samoset then related a story which caused everyone to thank God. Until 1617, a large, hostile tribe, named the Patuxets, had lived in the territory. These Indians hated the white man. Four years before the Pilgrims' arrival, a strange disease had killed every man, woman, and child in the tribe. Neighboring tribes shunned the area now, convinced that some supernatural spirit had destroyed the Patuxets.

"So the Patuxets cleared the land!" exclaimed Bradford.

"Yes," answered Samoset. "I'm now staying with the Wampanoags who live fifty miles from here. Their chief, Massasoit, rules over a number of small tribes in the area."

"But who attacked us on the beach?" Standish asked.

"That must have been the Nausets. A few years ago, a captain named Thomas Hunt stole some Nauset warriors and sold them as slaves. The Nausets hate the white man now."

Samoset stopped. "It's late. I'll sleep here and return to Massasoit in the morning."

The Pilgrims kept a silent watch on the Indian through the night. He did not bother anyone. The next morning they gave him gifts to take to Massasoit.

The following Thursday, Samoset returned. This time, another Indian who spoke English accompanied him. But this Indian was a Patuxet!

THE LIGHT AND THE GLORY FOR CHILDREN

The Pilgrims listened as this new visitor, named Squanto, told his story. In 1605, Squanto had been captured and taken to England. Nine years later, he escaped and returned to his village with an English fishing expedition. But Captain Hunt tricked him and nineteen other Patuxets to go onto his ship. The captain then sailed across the bay to kidnap the Nausets. Hunt took all the captive Indians to Spain where he sold them as slaves. Squanto was sold to Spanish monks, who took him back to their monastery and taught him about Jesus. God was preparing the Indian for the role he would play at Plymouth.

Before long, Squanto was able to return to London. In 1619, he sailed for home with Captain Dermer. Dermer picked up Samoset in Maine and dropped both of them off at Plymouth.

"When I learned that my people were dead," Squanto continued, "I went to Massasoit, who has shown me much kindness."

Surprisingly, Chief Massasoit and sixty painted warriors soon appeared at the settlement. The Pilgrims treated them royally. They blew a trumpet and beat a drum in honor of his arrival. They ushered the chief into one of the unfinished houses where they drank a toast to him. They gave him gifts. All of this pleased the chief greatly. By the time he left, he and the Pilgrims had entered into a peace treaty.

God was taking care of His children. Massasoit was a man of peace, who welcomed the Pilgrims to Cape Cod. Like Powhatan, Massasoit was probably one of the only Indian chiefs on the northeast coast of America who would have done this. But, unlike the settlers at Jamestown, the Pilgrims did not make trouble. They treated Massasoit and his warriors with respect. They showed them the love of Christ.

To make a home in the wilderness, the Pilgrims needed a few basic tools. Can you unscramble the words and match them to their picture?

oeh _ _ _ _

kicp _ _ _ _ _

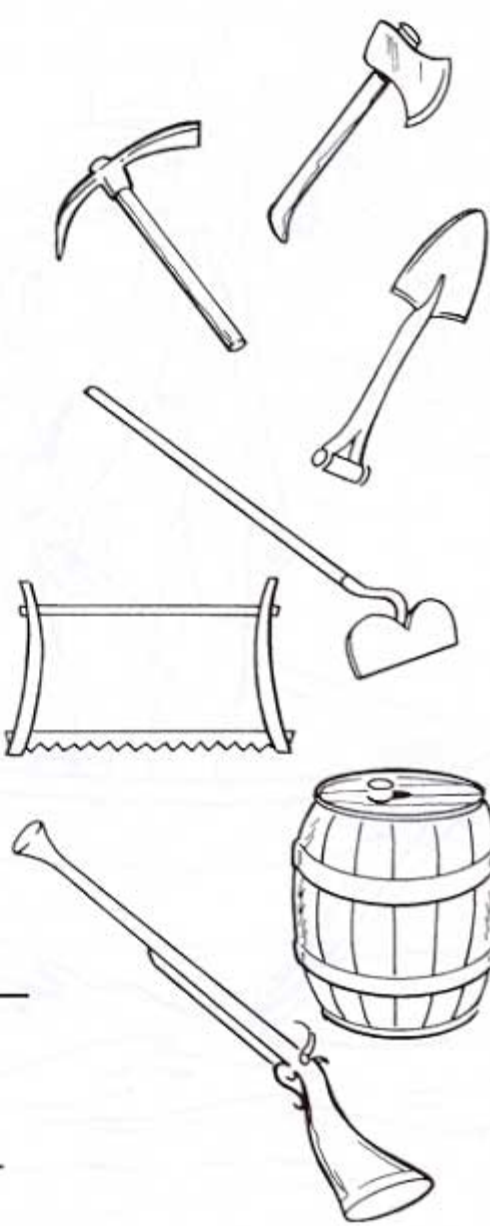
xea _ _ _ _

asw _ _ _ _

depas _ _ _ _ _

tuskem _ _ _ _ _

larreb _ _ _ _ _



Answers on page 70