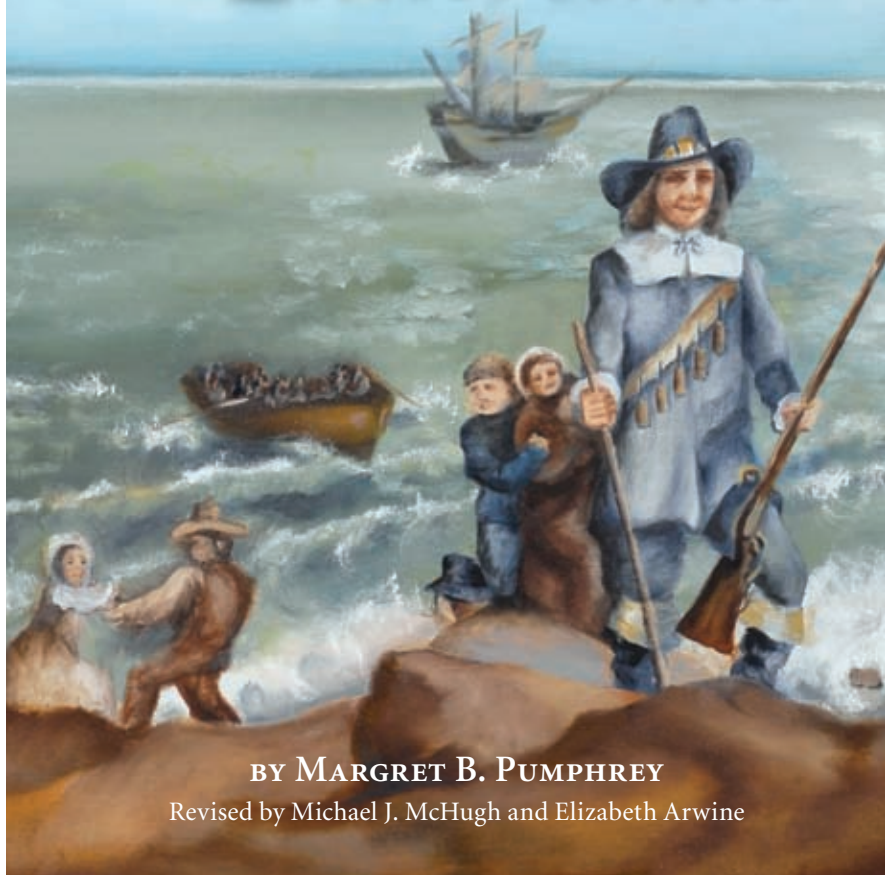


# Stories of the Pilgrims

SECOND EDITION



BY MARGRET B. PUMPHREY

Revised by Michael J. McHugh and Elizabeth Arwine

Copyright ©2007 Christian Liberty Press

C H R I S T I A N   L I B E R T Y   P R E S S

Originally published as *Pilgrim Stories*  
Copyright © 1910 by Rand McNally & Company

Copyright © 1991 by Christian Liberty Press  
*Second Edition*, Copyright © 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, without written permission from the publisher.

A publication of  
***Christian Liberty Press***  
502 West Euclid Avenue  
Arlington Heights, IL 60004  
[www.christianlibertypress.com](http://www.christianlibertypress.com)

Written by Margret B. Pumphrey  
Revised by Michael J. McHugh and Elizabeth Arwine  
Copyediting by Diane Olson  
Cover Illustration by Judy Brinkerhoff-Smith  
Cover Design and layout by Bob Fine  
Illustrations by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Printed in the United States of America



CHRISTIAN LIBERTY PRESS  
502 West Euclid Avenue  
Arlington Heights, IL 60004  
[www.christianlibertypress.com](http://www.christianlibertypress.com)

## Contents

The Foreword .....	vi
Preface.....	ix

### Part 1: From Old Homes to New

At Scrooby Inn .....	1
A Royal Guest .....	7
Meeting in Secret.....	13
For Conscience' Sake.....	18
Pilgrims.....	21
Away to Holland.....	26
In Holland .....	31
The Home in Amsterdam.....	38
On the Canal .....	42
The Weekly Scrubbing Day.....	46
A Little Milk Peddler.....	48
Winter in Holland.....	53
From Amsterdam to Leiden .....	57
In Leiden.....	60
A Perplexing Problem .....	63
The Sword of Miles Standish.....	68
Preparing for the Journey.....	70
Farewell to Holland.....	74
The <i>Speedwell</i> .....	77
The Voyage of the <i>Mayflower</i> .....	80
Water Babies.....	83
Land .....	88
The First Washing Day in New England.....	92
A Wild Land .....	96
A Narrow Escape.....	102
A Savage Attack.....	106
Plymouth Bay.....	110
The First Winter in Plymouth.....	116
Samoset.....	121
The Treaty of Peace .....	127
Squanto.....	133
Back to England?.....	137
The First Thanksgiving.....	141
Thanksgiving .....	151
Friends or Foes?.....	152
Tit for Tat.....	159
Massasoit and the Medicine Men.....	163
Troubles With the Indians .....	169

## Part II: Little Pilgrims and the Indians

The Indians and the Lanterns.....	175
Two Little Captives.....	183
The Candle .....	203
Two Brass Kettles.....	212
Colonial Schools.....	217
Holidays and Holy Days .....	220



## The Foreword

This book grew out of a desire on the part of a class in a primary school to read for themselves the stories that were being told them of the Pilgrims, their life in England, their sojourn in Holland, and their experiences in America.

The stories were mimeographed, simply illustrated, and used as reading lessons. It soon became evident that the children were living in these stories from day to day, feeling a personal interest in the different characters and a personal acquaintance with them. An increased interest in reading and a consequent increase in ability to read well were the most immediate results of this work.

A desire to know more of a story than these lessons gave was another valuable result. For this desire on the part of the children to see a story in its natural setting, and to know what came before and what followed after, showed that they had reached the period which is a happy time for laying a strong foundation upon which to build later work; a time in which the awakened interest in people and events should be used to establish a firm basis for future reading and study in both biography and history.

The *Pilgrim Stories*, as originally written, were read in a number of schools with the same satisfactory results. Now, carefully revised and graded in vocabulary, they are offered in book form with the hope that other pupils and teachers may use them with equal benefit and pleasure.

The author gratefully acknowledges the helpful suggestions offered by Miss Anna H. Morse, of Charleston, Illinois, and other teachers who used the stories in their original form; also her special indebtedness to Mr. W. H. Hatch, Superintendent of Schools, Oak Park, Illinois, and Mr. Orville T. Bright, District Superintendent, Chicago, to whose kind interest and encouragement the publication of these stories is largely due.

*Margret B Pumphrey*  
*From the original 1910 Edition*

## Preface

The story of the Pilgrims has delighted children for many generations. It is the inspiring story of how God raised up a tiny band of faithful Christians to establish biblical Christianity in the New World.

This story helps children to see that faith in God enables common people like the Pilgrims to triumph over persecution, hunger, and numerous hardships. Children will also gain much knowledge regarding how children lived during the early and mid-seventeenth century.

Far too many young people in America have been sheltered from the truth that our nation was originally founded upon the rock of Christian faith. It is the hope of the publisher that this reader will, in some small way, help to provide America's children with an understanding of our nation's Christian heritage.

May the Lord Jesus Christ bless all who read this book.

*The Publishers  
Arlington Heights, IL*





**T**his was a busy day at Scrooby Inn

# From Old Homes to New



## At Scrooby Inn

**I**n the little village of Scrooby in England, four hundred years ago, stood a beautiful old house. It was the largest one in the village, and its moss-covered roof and large red chimneys rose high above the cottages around it.

The house stood close to the street, but behind it was a large garden where many bright flowers bloomed, and a row of tall trees cast their pleasant shade. On one side of the garden were three round ponds. For a hundred years these ponds had never failed to supply fish for the Friday dinner.

A great rosebush clung to the walls of the house. For years it had climbed and climbed, until now some of its clustering red blossoms peeped into one of the upper windows. The whole room was sweet with their **fragrance**. This old house had once been a fine palace, but now it was used as an inn where travelers might stay for the night.

In the stables beyond the garden there were some horses that belonged to the king. When his messengers carried his letters to the North Country, they always stopped here to change horses and rest for an hour.

Only a few miles from Scrooby was a famous old forest. Every child in the village knew the story of Robin Hood and his merry men who had once lived in this forest. They often played “Robin Hood”; it was the game they liked best of all.

Once a party of the king’s friends, who were going to the forest to hunt, had stayed all night at the inn. This was a time always remembered by the children of the family. They seemed never to tire of talking about the packs of hounds, the beautiful horses, and the riders in their colorful hunting dress. Then there was the dinner in the great dining hall, and best of all, the long evening when they all sat around the fireplace and listened to the stories the hunters told.

The **landlord**, William Brewster, had not been pleased to have his children hear so much about life at the king’s court, so they had been sent to bed much earlier than they wished. The next morning when they awoke, the noisy hunting party had gone. Had they really been there at all? Was it not all a bright dream?

One June morning Jonathan Brewster brought into the garden the new boat he had just finished. He was going to sail it upon the fish pond. His little sisters stood near watching the tiny boat make its first trip across the pond. Fear Brewster held in her arms a small wooden doll, very plain, but very dear to the



little mother. Jonathan wanted the doll for a passenger, but Fear would not trust her baby to the boat until she was sure it would not tip over.

The little ship had hardly touched the other side when a distant sound made the children spring to their feet and listen. Again they heard the long, clear sound of the **bugle**.

“It is the king’s messenger! Run and tell Henry to get out a fresh horse!” cried Patience. But Jonathan was already far down the path, calling the stable boy as he ran.

Patience drew the forgotten ship out of the water and ran into the house to tell her father.

There was a high stone wall around the house and garden, and, just outside the wall, a ditch filled with water. The bridge over the ditch might be drawn up so none could cross, but this was not often done.

When Master Brewster came out to unlock the great iron gate, Patience and little Fear were close at his side. They always felt afraid of the tall messenger who looked so stern and said so little, but they loved to hear the clatter of swift hoofs, and to see horse and rider dash through the gate into the yard.

They had not long to wait. Again the sound of the bugle was heard, very near this time. Another minute, and into the village street galloped the beautiful black horse bearing the king's messenger.

The stable boy ran to meet him at the gate and held the horse's head while the man sprang to the ground.

"I have a message for you, Master Brewster," the messenger said. "Queen Anne, with her knights and ladies, journeys from her home in the North. They will rest for the night in your house."

Patience waited to hear no more, but flew into the house to tell her mother this wonderful news.

"Mother! Oh, Mother!" she called. "Where is Mother?"

From room to room she ran until she found her quiet, sweet-faced mother at her spinning wheel.

"Oh, Mother, the queen is coming here to stay all night! She has ever so many knights, and ladies, and servants with her. May I help get the best bedroom

ready for the queen? The messenger has come, and he is telling father all about it.”

“What are you talking about? You are excited, Patience.”

“The child is right,” said her father, who had just come into the room. “The queen is on her way to her new home in England you know, and the party will spend the night here.”

“There is little time to prepare for royal guests, but we will make them welcome,” said Mistress Brewster quietly.

### VOCABULARY WORDS

**fragrance**—pleasant smell

**landlord**—a person who owns a building

**bugle**—a musical instrument, like a trumpet, used for military calls

### COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

1. What had this beautiful old house been before it was used as an inn for travelers?
2. Why were some of the king’s horses kept in the stables?
3. What did the children enjoy most of all about the hunting party that stayed at the inn?
4. What news did the messenger bring at the end of the story?
5. How does Patience respond to this news?



## A Royal Guest

This was a busy day at Scrooby Inn. Before the sun had set, the large house with its fifty rooms had been made ready to receive the party. The long table in the dining hall was spread with the finest linen. In the kitchen the three big brick ovens were filled with browning bread, cakes, and other dainties. Fowls were being roasted before the open fire.

Many times that afternoon the children ran to an upper window to look for the royal guests. The sun sank lower and lower, but still they did not come.

“Perhaps they have lost their way,” said Fear.

“They will have a guide, so they cannot lose their way,” replied Jonathan, “but perhaps they have been met by robbers.”

In those days travelers were often overtaken by bands of rough men who robbed them of money and horses. So Jonathan’s words filled their hearts with **dismay**. There were three very **sober** little faces in the window.

But before the sun was quite gone, the thrilling note of a bugle was heard and those faces brightened in a moment. Out of a little **grove** far down the road appeared a company of horsemen. Nearer and nearer they came until the first rider, proudly bearing the red and gold banner of his queen, was in plain view.

Upon the shining spears and **plumed** helmets of the knights who rode behind him fell the last rays of the setting sun, making them glisten like gold.



Within the square formed by the horsemen was a splendid coach, heavily carved and richly gilded. Upon the driver's seat rode two coachmen dressed in colorful clothing of red and gray. Two footmen sat upon the high seat behind. The coach was drawn by six fine black horses, which arched their beautiful necks and daintily lifted their slender feet as they sped toward the village.

The party was soon so near that the sound of the horses' feet could be heard, and sometimes, the clearing of their silver bridles.

The news of the royal visit had spread through the town, and at every gate was a group of villagers eager to greet the queen and her party. As they rode through the street the air rang with cries of, "Long live the queen!"

The great gates of Scrooby Inn were thrown open, and a maid was sent to bring the children into the garden, where William Brewster and his entire household had gathered to receive the queen.

There was a moment of breathless waiting, then over the bridge and into the yard swept the dazzling company of knights and the splendid coach.

The footmen sprang to the ground and opened the doors. Again rang the cry, "Long live the queen!"

Jonathan waved and shouted with the rest, but little Patience was silent. As she glanced from one to another of the four ladies who stepped from the coach, a look of disappointment clouded her face. She was looking

for a lady with many strings of jewels around her bare throat, and a sparkling crown upon her head.

Patience had seen pictures of many queens; all had worn crowns and jewels. Surely there was no queen in this party. “Jonathan, where is the queen? I do not see her,” she whispered, tears of disappointment filling her eyes.

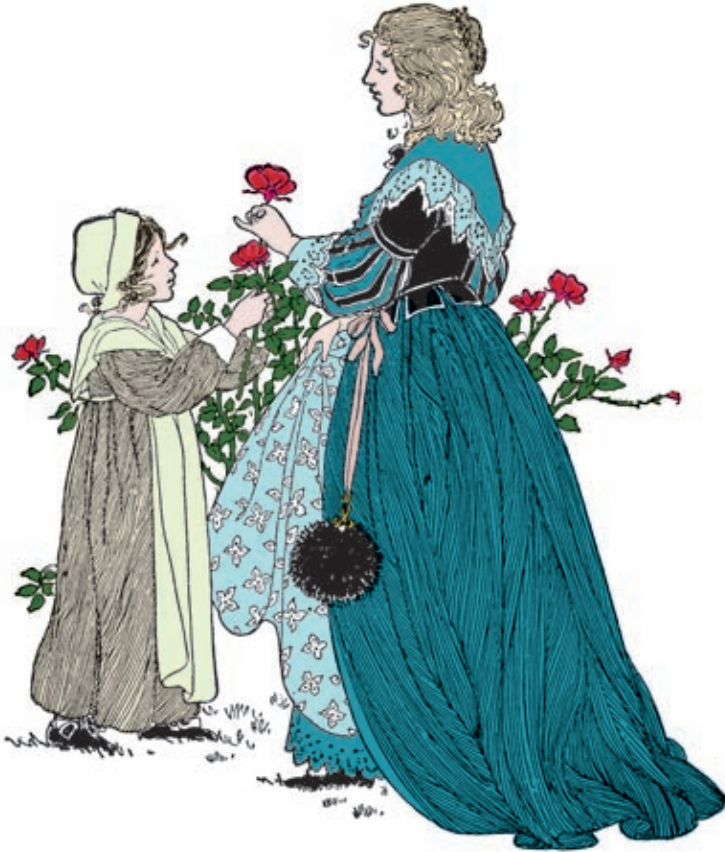
“Hush!” answered Jonathan softly. “That is she in the blue velvet gown and the hat with the long white plumes. You did not think she would wear a crown when traveling, did you?”

Perhaps the lady may have heard something for she looked down at the children and smiled. As Patience looked into the kind, beautiful face, her disappointment melted away and she forgave the queen for not wearing her jewels.

Jonathan and Patience and Fear saw very little of the queen and her company that night, for Mistress Brewster believed that children should be neither seen nor heard when there were strangers at the inn.

It seemed very hard to go to bed at the usual time when there were knights and a real queen in the house. They were sure they could not go to sleep; but when Mistress Brewster went to their beds half an hour later, all three were in a dreamland of kings and queens, knights and ladies, castles and deep forests.

Patience wakened very early the next morning. She dressed quickly and went down to the garden to gather fresh flowers for the breakfast table. Yet, early as she was, someone was there before her. A lady was bend-



ing over a bush of beautiful roses; when she turned, Patience saw it was the queen.

The child bowed in the quaint, pretty way her mother had taught her. She was wondering whether she ought to go back into the house, when the lady smiled and said, "I am admiring your roses. How fresh and pretty they are with the dew still on them!"

"This bush is my very own," said Patience, as she gathered some blossoms for the lady. "I call these the

Bradford roses because William Bradford gave the bush to me.”

“And who is William Bradford?”

“Oh, he is a young friend of Father’s. He does not live in Scrooby, but he comes here to church every Sunday, and so do Master Chilton and his family and ever so many others. We have a large chapel in our house right over the dining room. Nearly everyone in Scrooby comes here to church, and some people come as far as twenty miles.”

“I noticed a beautiful church as we rode through the village yesterday,” the lady said. “I should think you would all go there.”

“That is King James’s church,” answered Patience. “If we go there we have to worship just as he wishes us to. Father thinks the king’s way is not right. Almost everyone around here says the king’s way is not right, so we do not go to his church.”

“King James would not like to hear that,” said the queen gently, “and it would not be safe for you to talk to every stranger so freely.”

Poor little Patience! What had she said! Suddenly she remembered that she had been telling a very great secret. Her face turned as red as the roses, and her eyes filled with tears.

“Never mind, little one,” said the queen kindly. “Your secret is safe with me. Let us forget all about it.”

Then she talked to the child about the flowers, and Patience took her to see the lilies which grew in one of the ponds in the garden.

An hour later, three children stood at the gate of Scrooby Inn, watching a gilded coach and a company of horsemen disappear down the road.

Soon the coach was gone and the last glistening spear was lost to sight. Although she never saw her again, Patience always remembered the beautiful queen who shared their secret.

### VOCABULARY WORDS

**dismay**—fear

**sober**—serious

**grove**—woods

**plumed**—having feathers

**gilded**—covered in gold

**coachmen**—men who drive a coach

**footmen**—servants

**coach**—a horse-drawn carriage

### COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

1. When the queen first arrived, why didn't Patience recognize her?
2. What secret did Patience tell the queen by mistake?
3. What do you think could happen if King James finds out Patience's secret?