

fallen, and they look to him, under God, for the maintenance of their religious life. It is not without reason that, in the picture of the Pilgrims' embarkation, Brewster is represented as holding the open Bible, for in his devotion to that his own great strength lay. A man of address and culture, scholarly without pedantry, and courtly without effeminacy, of approved fidelity, and of high principle, so true-hearted that he neither practised, nor would suspect, guile, and yet with a gainful wisdom which the needs of state service had taught him—he was a stay to the timid ones who needed to be enbraved for the venture by the influence of an eminent name.

We know not that he kept a written diary, but he chronicled his experience, one would think, in the names which he gave to his children—"Jonathan," "Wrestling," "Fear," "Patience," "Love;" of whom, while you would readily conceive the sexes of "Wrestling" and "Patience," it may surprise you to hear that "Fear" was the name of a daughter, and "Love" of a son. For twenty-three years he strengthened the colony by his faith and counsel, and worked on his farm and planted his orchard, thus excelling both in spiritual and natural husbandry; kept his mind bright by the sharpening contact with the best minds of others, for his library of four hundred volumes had gone with him on pilgrimage; and at length, at eighty-four years of age, with weeping friends around him, sank, mellow and beautiful, and fully ripe for the harvest, into the garner of God.

That younger man, a brave and self-respecting yeoman, embrowned with the labours of the field, but