

Bradford gave him on a Friday, when, out of respect to his guest's religion, the table was set with fish alone. It would be interesting to know whom Bradford summoned to share with him and his visitor this frugal repast in that December day of 1650. Whom could he have selected to discuss with him the momentous question which Dreuilletes had proposed? Bradford could hardly have failed to send across the bay to the Duxbury shore to summon that chief of his counselors when matters of war were in question, the fiery little Pilgrim soldier, Myles Standish. It does no violence to probability to imagine this group, after the governor's hospitable table had been left, strolling up the path that led directly from the governor's house to the Burial Hill that overtopped the village. Here, on the bulwarks of the timber fort which crowned the eminence, we can picture them as they continued their talk.

It was a suggestive knot of men indeed. Bradford steadily, from the day when he signed the compact of self-government in the cabin of the "Mayflower," had grown gray in the service of the little colony; and now that Winthrop of Massachusetts was dead, there was no one in New England territory more revered than he, — a grave, learned man, and one who knew the traditions and purposes of the Pilgrim Church from its earliest days in the Yorkshire fields. Let us behold him here upon the ramparted roof of the fort, sweeping his hand over the country which lay spread