

John Alden, with the repetition of his pet philosophical maxim, viz: "if you want your business well done, do it yourself," and then sent said, John who was blessed with a susceptible heart, to woo "the fairest maiden of Plymouth," for him the said Miles. The story of Priscilla, the fair spinster is well known to you all, I presume—so spare me particulars, suffice it to say, she was equal to the occasion—indeed to the two occasions; (*vide* Longfellow's version of this Pioneer romance any time out of study hours.)

The aforementioned statue is 150 feet high; and seems as well poised as Miles must have been every time he stood up to assert himself. The mitigated wrinkles of the valiant man's face have a soothing effect on the beholder, who, in spite of himself, loves the man, who generously "played possum" long enough to give his rival a chance of check-mating him—he was as magnanimous, in matters of sentiment as unrelenting in war. Peace to his ashes! and may his statue never "take a tumble"! Peace also to the soul of John Alden—the successful man! Peace to the sweet Priscilla, whose hands never rested till they were folded in death! Peace to the short lived Rose Standish! Peace to them all! The infirmity that has awakened my latent sympathies for all these goodly people is one, the absence of which, "puts man above or below humanity." These sturdy ancestors of ours stand somewhere between these two extremes, and my optimistic soul says most men do. This act of faith, I repeated, without words, as I stood wrapt in pleasurable contemplation of "The national monument," labelled "*Faith*." Faith, it is "a thing of beauty," this chiselled personation of the power that alone can help us go through the ordeal of life unflinchingly. I looked for *Hope* but there was none, I mean in stone. As for the "greatest of the three," I trust you all have a generous endowment of it and to this charity I commend these vagaries.

I had indeed purposed doing something worthy of the respectable title I presumed to give my venture. I am quite determined, that should my evil genius ever drive me to inflict a new dose on the "reading world," the name thereof will be the last thing written. To some one, whose bump of veneration is of *normal* size than mine, whose aesthetic and ascetic views are less hazy than mine, must I transfer this honor of bringing out a new edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Such a man, thanks to the rarer atmosphere of your Northern clime, must be easily found among your Ottawa contributors. To him, I unreservedly transfer all "rights" and "privileges."

Yours Meekly,

PEREGRINATOR, 85.

P.S. It strikes me dear OWL that some of your readers may have a sceptical tendency not in matters of salvation, but in matters *Owl*ish, and they may yield to the wierd thought that this pilgrimage is a fabricated affair, like the "foreign correspondences" of some of our American papers. I haven't heard tell that Canadian editors have yet adopted this easy way of getting news from afar. Perhaps some of said sceptics declare with a big interrogation point (in brackets) that the "*couleur locale*" in Peregrinator's yarn is simply *ravishing*. Well, let me say to these naughty readers, they may write to the genial pastor of Plymouth and ask him, if he did not harbor the author of this letter for a week or so—about four weeks ago? Furthermore, let the slow-to-believe write to the fossilized sentinel at the door of the *Musée* and ask him if he can ever forget a hazel-eyed auburn-haired cheery-voiced Irish-American, who duly paid his "quarter" each time he crossed the threshold of "Pilgrim Hall" during that week! And if all this doesn't suffice then all Peregrinator can do is to comfort the sceptics with the assurance, they will hear from him no more.

P.

