

THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



HOW far? Up to the topmost top of the "delectable mountain," whence this latter-day Christian could take a bird's-eye-view, so to speak, of the city Elysian? Alas! no. He is not so progressive as that, leastways he has n't got there yet; but here is, in point blank, the truth, because this Pilgrim, no less than John Bunyan's, is an honest man, he inherits from the Father of his Country, the incapacity of telling a lie, even in print. He is an ex-Ottawa College man, and doesn't that stand for Truth and Valor and everything manly? He is no less characterized by a scrupulous, though tardy fidelity in keeping his promises.

Now, when the ever hungry 'Owl,' some weeks ago, in accents most pathetic, if not melodious, appealed to the scattered alumni for food, in the form of letters, personal recollections, etc., in fact communications of all kinds, I agreed with myself that I was in honor bound to fill up a page or so of the watty magazine classically known as the "Owl." Then I held council with my vanity—my presumption and my common-sense—as to the form my contribution should take: vanity, said: "Autobiography"; presumption emphatically declared in favor of an elaborate treatise on all the great "Questions of the Day"; common-sense silenced these two counsellors, and suggested, "A letter, a plain simple talking letter," *she* said—(I take it for granted, no one questions the gender of common-sense)—says *she*, "when your grave will be grass-grown, and your monumental slab be moss-grown, when twenty generations of 'forget-me-nots' have bloomed and withered over your bones, then, some lineal descendant may give the world the story of your *faits et gestes*. *Mémoires* should not precede their author." Common-sense was equally eloquent on the subject of the "Treatise," I can hear her now, whispering, "long prefaces are about as interesting as autobiographies, in fact they are bores," so, for fear of being confounded with my preface, let me proceed at once. To where? why to 'Pilgrim-land' *i.e.* to Ply-

mouth, Mass., that's where I am now. Business brought me here. Pleasure—such pleasure as is consistent with the title of this 'bit-o-writin'—keeps me here, a few days longer, than *canonically* necessary. I'm all right, since "business went before pleasure."

Yes, I have looked on the Rock stamped 1620! I've evoked all my Hibernian-American enthusiasm, to say nothing of my spirit of veneration, and the result is I've had a "jolly time" among all these relics, for relics they are, if I understand the word, that is, if we can use the word outside of religious limits. There's no denying that stone out there was the corner stone of a great nation; true, there are four corners at least, to an enduring structure, and the other three can be easily found by the fair-minded student of American History. Now you don't expect me to go on as a tourist in Europe might do—nor do you expect me, I am sure, to make out the design of this quaint old town. Like every other town, it has grown and changed. The poetical pilgrim likes to think of it, as the late Bard of Cambridge describes it, a town of "seven houses." 1620 is a long time ago, according to the New World standard of time, and in these two hundred and sixty-nine years the little village has, in spite of the straight-laced principles of its founders, yielded to the varying factions of architecture. Yes, even Plymouth has to-day its concrete pavements, its terra-cotta and olive green-houses; yet there is a certain look of ancientness about the place that prevents the visitor from using too strong language anent the craze for the fantastic in house building, and the great number of "way-back" people your correspondent met every time he sauntered forth, reconciled him to the inevitable modernness of the other people and things around the hotels and R. R. station. For instance, I fancied I could account for some of the withering remarks of our "kith and kin from beyond the sea" who have written books on America. As I have no "fortune to make nor to mend," I shall not yield to the desire of setting down my impressions in an octavo, gilt top, etc., besides I'm not from beyond the sea—but a New Englander of Celtic origin—so, not given to