In naughty wise the country to defile;
Or that you seek good people to beguile
With things unwarrantable—send for me,
And I will testify you pilgrims be;
Yea, I will testify that only you
My Pilgrims are, and that alone will do.

OBJECTION II.

But yet, perhaps, I may inquire for him
Of those who wish him damned life and limb:
What shall I do, when I at such a door
For Pilgrims ask, and they shall rage the more?

ANSWER.

Fright not thyself, my Book, for such bugbears
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears.
My Pilgrim's book has travell'd sea and land,
Yet could I never come to understand
That it was slighted, or turn'd out of door,
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.

In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a friend, a brother.

In Holland, too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.
Highlanders and wild Irish can agree
My Pilgrims should familiar with them be.

'Tis in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,
As to be trimm'd, new clothed, and deck'd with gems,
That it might shew its features and its limbs.
Yet more, so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.

If you draw nearer home, it will appear
My Pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear.
City and country will him entertain
With, Welcome, Pilgrim; yea, they can't refrain