

JOHN BUNYAN

THE PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS BY JOHN
BUNYAN EVERY CHILD
CAN READ

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Содержание

PREFACE	4
PART I	8
CHAPTER I	8
CHAPTER II	27
CHAPTER III	43
CHAPTER IV	67
CHAPTER V	80
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	94

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PREFACE

It may seem a very bold undertaking to change even a word of the book which, next to the Bible, has been read by more people, old and young, than any other book in the English language.

But, it must be remembered that, although the Pilgrim's Progress has come to be a children's book, and is read more often by young people than by those who are older, it was not in the purpose of John Bunyan to write a book for children or even for the young.

The Pilgrim's Progress was a book for men and women; and it was aimed to teach the great truths of the gospel. Hence while most of it is written in a simple style, – as all books should be written, – it contains much that a child cannot understand; not often in the story, but in the conversations and discussions between the different persons. Some of these conversations are in reality short sermons on doctrines and teachings which Bunyan believed to be of great importance. But these are beyond the minds of children and give them great trouble when the book

is read. They do not like to have them left out of the reading, thinking that they may lose something interesting. Many a young person has stumbled through the dull, doctrinal parts of the book, without understanding them; and even grown people find them in our time somewhat of a blemish upon the wonderful story, valuable as they were supposed to be in Bunyan's own time.

For many years it has been in my mind, not to re-write the Pilgrim's Progress, for that would destroy its greatest charm, but to change the words here and there to simpler ones, and to omit all the conversations and arguments concerning subjects belonging to the field of doctrine; in other words to place the story of the Pilgrim's Progress in such a form that every child ten years old can understand it. My purpose is to make it plain and interesting to children, leaving the older form of the book to be read by them when they become older.

Perhaps a short account of Bunyan's own life may add to the interest of his book. John Bunyan was born in 1628 at Elstow, a small village near Bedford, which is in the heart of England. His father was a poor man, traveling on foot from place to place mending pots and pans and the simple furniture of country kitchens, and the son followed the same trade, and was known as a "tinker." He tells us that he lived a wild life, and was especially known as one of the worst swearers in the region.

When the great Civil War broke out in England, in 1642, between King Charles the First and the Parliament, Bunyan became a soldier on the side of the Commonwealth, as the party

against the king was called. He served in the army between 1644 and 1646.

In 1648, at the age of twenty years, he married a good young woman, who led him to prayer and to a new life. But it was hard for one who had led such a life as his had been to turn to God, and it cost the young man a great struggle. It seemed to him that his past sins were like a load upon his back, just as he afterward wrote of his "pilgrim," and it was long before he found peace.

He became a member of a little Baptist society, and soon began to preach. Crowds came to hear him, drawn by his earnest spirit and his quaint striking manner. But when Charles the Second became king, no religious services were allowed except those of the Church of England, and all other meetings were forbidden. Bunyan however went on preaching, until he was sent to prison in Bedford. In Bedford jail he stayed twelve years. To find a means of living in jail, he made lace, and sold it as a support for himself and his blind daughter.

If the prison was hard for Bunyan his sufferings were made a blessing to untold millions, for while in Bedford jail he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress. This story was intended to be a parable, like many of our Saviour's teachings; that is, it put into the form of a story the life of one who turns from sin, finds salvation through Christ, and in the face of many difficulties makes his way through this world to heaven. Even a child who reads or listens to the book will see this meaning in part; and he will understand it better as he grows older.

In 1672 Bunyan was set free, and allowed to begin again his work as a Baptist minister, and he soon became one of the most popular preachers in all England. He died quite suddenly in 1688, when he was sixty years old, and is buried in an old graveyard now near the center of London, called Bunhill Fields Burial-ground. In the same ground is buried another great writer, Daniel DeFoe, whose story of "Robinson Crusoe" ranks next to the Pilgrim's Progress in the number of its readers; also Isaac Watts, the author of many hymns sung in all the churches, and Mrs. Susanna Wesley, the mother of the great John Wesley. Four people who have left a deep mark upon the world, all lie near together in this small cemetery in London.

Every child should read the Pilgrim's Progress as a story if no more than a story; should read it until he knows it by heart. And the older he grows the deeper will be the meaning that he will see in it.

Jesse Lyman Hurlbut.

PART I

CHAPTER I

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den,¹ and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and restrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "Oh my dear wife," said he, "and you my sweet children, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am told to a certainty that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow,

¹ Bedford jail, in which Bunyan was twelve years a prisoner.

both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered." At this all his family were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy or madness had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brain, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse: he also set to talking to them again; but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his madness by harsh and surly treatment of him: sometimes they would ridicule, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to sorrow over his own misery; he would also walk solitary in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.

CHRISTIAN'S DISTRESS OF MIND

Now, I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I read in the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is troubled with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.² And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to death; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest,

² Tophet here means hell.

it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, when his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

CHRISTIAN FLEES FROM THE CITY

The neighbors also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now, by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be: you dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and, dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone. Be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

Obst. "What!" said Obstinate, "and leave our friends and comforts behind us?"

Chris. "Yes," said Christian (for that was his name), "because

that all which you forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you would go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words."

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Chris. I seek a place that can never be destroyed, one that is pure, and that fadeth not away, and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be given, at the time appointed, to them that seek it with all their heart. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obst. "Tush!" said Obstinate, "away with your book; will you go back with us or no?"

Chris. "No, not I," said the other, "because I have put my hand to the plough."

Obst. Come, then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these crazy-headed fools, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my neighbor."

Obst. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

Chris. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor Pliable; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories

besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is told therein, behold, all is made by the blood of Him that made it.

Pli. "Well, neighbor Obstinate," said Pliable, "I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him. But, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?"

Chris. I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive directions about the way.

Pli. Come, then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

"And I will go back to my place," said Obstinate; "I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows."

Now, I saw in my dream, that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began:

DISCOURSES WITH PLIABLE

Chris. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, neighbor Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be

enjoyed, whither we are going.

Chris. I can better understand them with my mind than speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

Chris. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie.

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chris. There is an endless kingdom to be enjoyed, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may live in that kingdom forever.

Pli. Well said; and what else?

Chris. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the sky.

Pli. This is very pleasant; and what else?

Chris. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chris. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that shall dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but all loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy women with their golden harps; there we shall see men that

by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bear to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with everlasting life as with a garment.

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to delight one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

Chris. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath written that in this book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

Chris. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

Now, I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew nigh to a very miry slough or swamp, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink into the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Ah! neighbor Christian where are you now?"

Chris. "Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

Pli. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me." And with that, he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the swamp which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he tried to struggle to that side of the slough which was farthest from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which, he did but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back; but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Chris. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going there I fell in here."

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chris. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way and fell in.

Help. Then said he, "Give me thine hand." So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon solid ground, and bade him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir,

wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this place is not mended, that poor travelers might go thither with more safety?" And he said unto me, "This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the hollow whither the scum and filth that go with the feeling of sin, do continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still, as the sinner is awakened by his lost condition, there arise in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging alarms, which all of them get together and settle in this place; and this is the reason of the badness of the ground.

"It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His laborers also have, by the direction of His Majesty's surveyors, been for about these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended; yea, and to my knowledge," said he, "here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions, of wholesome teachings, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

"True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of

their heads, step aside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are got in at the gate."

Now, I saw in my dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him a fool for risking himself with Christian; others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying "Surely since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties;" so Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence; and then they all turned their tales, and began to abuse poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

WORLDLY WISEMAN'S COUNSEL

Now, as Christian was walking solitary by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having heard about him – (for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town-talk in some other places) – Mr. Worldly

Wiseman therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by noticing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian:

World. How now, good fellow! whither away after this burdened manner?

Chris. A burdened manner indeed, as ever I think poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

World. Hast thou a wife and children?

Chris. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none.

World. Wilt thou hearken to me, if I give thee counsel?

Chris. If it be *good*, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

World. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then; nor canst thou enjoy the blessings which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chris. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

World. Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?

Chris. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

World. I curse him for his counsel! there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that into which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his advice. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me: I am older than thou: thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not. These things are certainly true, having been proved by the words of many people. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

Chris. Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

World. How camest thou by the burden at first?

Chris. By reading this book in my hand.

World. I thought so. And it has happened unto thee as unto other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy crazy thoughts, which thoughts do not only unman men, as thine I perceive have done thee, but they run them upon desperate efforts to obtain they know not what.

Chris. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

World. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Especially since (hadst thou but patience to hear me,) I could direct thee to the getting of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thyself into. Yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add that, instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

Chris. Sir, I pray, open this secret to me.

World. Why, in yonder village (the village is named Morality), there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very wise man, and a man of very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine is from their shoulders; yea, to my knowledge he hath done a great deal of good this way; aye, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place; and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man as his son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself. There, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation (as indeed I would not wish thee), thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee in this village, where there are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have at a reasonable rate; provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure there thou shalt live by honest neighbors, in credit and

good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, "If this be true which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice;" and with that, he thus further spake:

Chris. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high hill?

Chris. Yes, very well.

World. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

EVANGELIST AND CHRISTIAN

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help; but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and knew not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burnt: here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel; and with that, he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and, coming up to him,

he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian:

Evan. "What dost thou here, Christian?" said he; at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, "Art thou not the man that I found crying, without the walls of the City of Destruction?"

Chris. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evan. Did not I direct thee the way to the little wicket-gate?

Chris. "Yes, dear sir," said Christian.

Evan. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? For thou art now out of the way.

Chris. I met with a gentleman as soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

Evan. What was he?

Chris. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield: so I came hither, but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evan. What said that gentleman to you?

Chris. Why, he asked me whither I was going, and I told him.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chris. He asked me if I had a family, and I told him. But, said I, I am so laden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chris. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder gate to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would show me a better way, and short, not so hard as the way, sir, that you sent me in; which way, said he, will direct you to a gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens. So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might soon be eased of my burden. But, when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said) of danger; but I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then said Evangelist, "Stand still a little, that I may show thee the words of God." So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, "God says in his book, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.' He said, moreover, 'Now, the righteous man shall live by faith in God, but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.'" He also did thus apply them: "Thou art the man that art running into misery; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the danger of thy everlasting ruin."

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, crying, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which Evangelist caught

him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and evil words shall be forgiven unto men." "Be not faithless, but believing." Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, "Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that led thee astray, and who it was also to whom he sent thee. That man that met thee is one Worldly Wiseman; and rightly is he so called; partly because he seeks only for the things of this world (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church), and partly because he loveth that way best, for it saveth him from the Cross; and because he is of this evil temper, therefore he seeketh to turn you from my way though it is the right way.

"He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be set right by any such plan. Therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman is an enemy, and Mr. Legality is a cheat; and, for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but a fraud and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise that thou hast heard of these wicked men, but a design to rob thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee." After this, Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for proof of what he had said; and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, which made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus spoken: "As

many as are of the works of the law are under the curse."

Now, Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr. Worldly Wiseman; still calling himself a thousand fools for listening to his counsel. He also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments should have the power with him so far as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he spoke again to Evangelist, in words and sense as follows:

Chris. Sir, what think you? Is there any hope? May I now go back, and go up to the wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel; but may my sins be forgiven?

Evan. Then said Evangelist to him, "Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good will for men; only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again, lest thou perish from the way, when his anger is kindled but a little."

CHAPTER II

Then did Christian begin to go back to the right road; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God speed; so he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he give them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got in the way which he had left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel: so after a time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying:

"May I now enter here? Will He within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing His lasting praise on high."

GOODWILL OPENS THE GATE

At last there came a grave person to the gate named Goodwill, who asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he would have?

Chris. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be set free from the wrath to come; I would therefore, sir, since I am told that by this gate is the way thither, know, if you are willing to let me in.

Good. "I am willing with all my heart," said he; and, with that, he opened the gate.

So, when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, "What means that?" The other told him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub, the Evil One, is the captain; from whence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in." Then said Christian, "I rejoice and tremble." So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither.

Chris. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock, as I did; and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it.

Chris. Now I begin to reap the benefit of the trouble which I have taken.

Good. But how is it that you came alone?

Chris. Because none of my neighbors saw their danger, as I saw mine.

Good. Did any of them know you were coming?

Chris. Yes, my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also some of my neighbors stood crying

and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

Good. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

Chris. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable: but, when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back, but Pliable came with me a little way.

Good. But why did he not come through?

Chris. We indeed came both together until we came to the Slough of Despond, into the which we also suddenly fell. And then was my neighbor Pliable discouraged, and would not venture farther. Wherefore, getting out again on the side next his own house, he told me I should win the brave country alone for him: so he went his way, and I came mine; he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

Good. Then said Goodwill, "Alas, poor man! is the heavenly glory of so little worth with him, that he counteth it not worth running the risk of a few difficulties to obtain it?"

Chris. "Truly," said Christian, "I have said the truth of Pliable; and if I should also say the truth of myself, it will appear there is not betterment betwixt him and myself. 'Tis true, he went on back to his own house; but I also turned aside to go into the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the words of one Mr. Worldly Wiseman."

Good. Oh! did he light upon you? What! he would have had you seek for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality! They are both of

them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

Chris. Yes, as far as I durst. I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head: wherefore there I was forced to stop.

Good. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

Chris. Why, truly, I do not know what had become of me there, had not Evangelist happily met me again as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit indeed for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord. But, oh! what a favor this is to me, that yet I am to enter here!

Good. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they come hither; they in no wise are cast out. And therefore, good Christian, come a little with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee: dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the men of old, prophets, Christ and His apostles, and it is as straight as a rule can make it: this is the way thou must go.

Chris. "But," said Christian, "are there no turnings nor windings by which a stranger may lose his way?"

Good. "Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide; but thus thou mayest distinguish the

right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow."

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian asked him further if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back. For as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

He told him, "As to thy burden, be content to bear it until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to turn again to his journey.

So the other told him that as soon as he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God speed.

House of the Interpreter

Then he went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

Chris. Sir, here is a traveler who was bid by a friend of the good man of this house to call here for his benefit; I would therefore speak with the master of the house.

So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

Chris. "Sir," said Christian, "I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate at the head of this way, that, if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be helpful to me on my journey."

Inter. Then said the Interpreter, "Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee." So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him; so he led him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it: it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.

Chris. Then said Christian, "What meaneth this?"

Inter. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand. He can say, in the words of the apostle Paul, "Though ye have ten thousand teachers in Christ, yet have you not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have been your father through the Gospel." And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men. And whereas thou seest the world is cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head; that is to show thee that,

slighting and despising the things that are in the world, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath chosen to be thy guide, in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in thy way; wherefore take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlor, that was full of dust, because never swept; the which after he had looked at it a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now, when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a girl that stood by, "Bring hither water, and sprinkle the room;" the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with ease.

Chris. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

Inter. The Interpreter answered, "This parlor is the heart of a man that was never made pure by the sweet grace of the Gospel. The dust is his sin, and inward evils that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that, as soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did fly so about that the room could not by him be cleansed, but that

thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, for it doth not give power to overcome. Again, as thou sawest the girl sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with ease; this is to show thee, that when the Gospel comes, in the sweet and gracious power thereof, to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the maiden lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean through the faith of it, and, consequently, fit for the King of Glory to dwell in."

I saw moreover in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and led him into a little room where sat two little children, each one in his own chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. The Christian asked, "What is the reason of the discontent of Passion?" The Interpreter answered, "The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of next year; but he will have all now. Patience is willing to wait."

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet; the which he took up, and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but awhile, and he had wasted all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

Chris. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "Explain this

matter more fully to me."

Inter. So he said, "These two lads are pictures: Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come: for, as here thou seest, Passion will have all now, this year, that is to say in this world; so are the men of this world; they must have all their good things now; they cannot stay till the next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is of more weight with them than all the words in the Bible of the good of the world to come. But, as thou sawest that he had quickly wasted all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags, so will it be with all such men at the end of this world."

Chris. Then said Christian, "Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the glory of his when the other has nothing but rags."

Inter. Nay, you may add another; this, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience because he had his good things at first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last; for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come; but last gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed: he, therefore, that hath his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion last, must have it lastingly.

Chris. Then I see it is not best to covet things that are now,

but to wait for things to come.

Inter. You say truth; "for the things that are seen soon pass away, but the things that are not seen endure forever."

Then I saw in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Chris. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

Inter. The Interpreter answered, "This fire is the work of God that is wrought in the heart: he that casts water upon it to extinguish and put it out, is the devil; but, in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that." So then he led him about to the other side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast, but secretly, into the fire.

Chris. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

Inter. The Interpreter answered, "This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of His grace, helps the work already begun in the heart; by the means of which notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of His people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to keep up the fire; this is to teach thee, that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is kept alive in the soul."

I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly

delighted. He saw also upon the top thereof certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, "May we go in thither?"

Then the Interpreter took him and led him up toward the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; he saw also that in the doorway stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, "Set down my name, sir: " the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put a helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So that, after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all and pressed forward into the palace; at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying:

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in, and was clothed in such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, "I think verily I know the meaning of this."

"Now," said Christian, "let me go hence." "Nay, stay," said the Interpreter, "until I have showed thee a little more; and after that thou shalt go on thy way." So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage.

Now, the man, to look on, seemed very sad. He sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together; and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, "What means this?" At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man.

Then said Christian to the man, "What art thou?" The man answered, "I am what I was not once."

Chris. What wast thou once?

Man. The man said, "I was once a fair and flourishing Christian, both in mine own eyes, and also in the eyes of others; I was once, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City, and had even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither."

Chris. Well, but what art thou now?

Man. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out. Oh, *now* I cannot!

Chris. But how camest thou in this condition?

Man. I left off to watch and be sober. I gave free reins to sin; I

sinned against the light of the Word and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and He is gone; I tempted the devil, and he has come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and He has left me; I have so hardened my heart that I *cannot* turn.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "But are there no hopes for such a man as this?" "Ask him," said the Interpreter.

Chris. Then said Christian, "Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?"

Man. No, none at all.

Chris. Why? the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

Man. I have crucified Him to myself afresh. I have despised His person. I have despised His holiness; I have counted His blood an unholy thing; I have shown contempt to the Spirit of mercy. Therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises of God, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings of certain judgment and fiery anger, which shall devour me as an enemy.

Chris. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

Man. For the desires, pleasures, and gains of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight; but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me, like a burning worm.

Chris. But canst thou not now turn again to God?

Man. God no longer invites me to come to Him. His Word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, Himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me

out. O eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity?

Inter. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee."

THE DREAM OF THE JUDGMENT

Chris. "Well," said Christian, "this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray, that I may shun the cause of this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?"

Inter. Tarry till I show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and, as he put on his clothing, he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, "Why doth this man thus tremble?" The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began, and said, "This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold, the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful manner, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a Man sitting upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven; they were all in flaming fire; also the heavens were in a burning flame. I heard then a great voice saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.'

And with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth: some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some thought to hide themselves under the mountains. Then I saw the Man that sat upon the cloud open the book and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame that issued out and came before Him, a certain distance betwixt Him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar. I heard it also called out to them that stood around on the Man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake. And, with that, the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke and coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my wheat into the garner.' And, with that, I saw many caught up and carried away into the clouds; but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not; for the Man that sat upon the cloud still kept His eye upon me; my sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did accuse me on every side. Upon this I awakened from my sleep."

Chris. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

Man. Why I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it. But this affrighted me most, that the angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of hell opened her mouth just where I stood. My conscience, too, troubled me; and, as I thought, the judge had always His eye upon me, showing anger in His countenance.

Inter. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Hast thou considered these things?"

Chris. Yes; and they put me in hope and fear.

Inter. Well, keep all things so in thy mind, that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, "The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee into the way that leads to the city."

So Christian went on his way, saying:

"Here have I seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful; things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand:
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they showed me where; and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee."

CHAPTER III

Now, I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall that was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a tomb. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the tomb, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the water down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with a change of garments; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he

ran, and that he should give it in at the heavenly gate; so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on, singing:

"Thus far did I come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither; what a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that was there put to shame for me!"

SIMPLE, SLOTH, PRESUMPTION

I saw then in my dream that he went on thus, even until he came to the bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of one was Simple, of another Sloth, and of the third Presumption.

Christian, then, seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if perhaps he might awake them, and cried, "You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast; for the deep sea is under you, a gulf that hath no bottom: awake, therefore, and come away; be willing, also, and I will help you off with your irons." He also told them, "If he that goeth about like a roaring lion comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth." With that they looked

upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, "I see no danger." Sloth said, "Yet a little more sleep." And Presumption said, "Every tub must stand upon his own bottom." And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

FORMALIST AND HYPOCRISY

Yet was he troubled to think that men in that danger should so little care for the kindness of him that so offered to help them, both by awakening of them, advising them, and offering to help them off with their irons. And, as he was troubled thereabout, he espied two men come tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him. The name of one was Formalist, and the name of the other was Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus began talking with them:

Chris. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

Form. and Hyp. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Zion.

Chris. Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know ye not that it is written, "He that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber?"

Form. and Hyp. They said that to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that therefore their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall as they had done.

Chris. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to disobey His will?

Form. and Hyp. They told him, that as for that, he needed not trouble his head thereabout; for what they did they had custom for, and could show, if need were, testimony that could prove it for more than a thousand years.

Chris. "But," said Christian, "will it stand a trial at law?"

Form. and Hyp. They told him that custom, it being of so long standing as above a thousand years, would doubtless now be admitted as a thing according to law by a fair judge. "And besides," said they, "if we get into the way, what matter is it which way we may get in? If we are in, we are in: thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall: wherein, now, is thy condition better than ours?"

Chris. I walk by the rule of my Master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already by the Lord of the way; therefore I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves without His word, and shall go out by yourselves without His mercy.

To this they made him but little answer; only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on every man in his way, without much talking one with another; save that these two men told Christian, that, as to law and rules, they doubted not but that they should as carefully do them as he. "Therefore," said they, "we see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat which

is on thy back, which was, as we believe given thee by some of thy neighbors to hide the shame of thy nakedness."

Chris. By laws and rules you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given to me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of His kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go. Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have His coat on my back; a coat that He gave me freely in the day that He stripped me of my rags. I have moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which perhaps you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate friends fixed there the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go in the way; I was also bid to give it in at the heavenly gate, in token of my certain going in after it; all which things, I doubt, you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other, and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

THE HILL OF DIFFICULTY

I beheld then that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways, besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of that going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying:

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up, heart, let's neither faint nor fear.
Better, though *difficult*, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though *easy*, where the end is woe."

The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now, the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger,

which led him into a great wood; and the other took directly up the way to destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travelers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him; then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;³ consider her ways, and be wise." And, with that, Christian suddenly started up, and sped on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

TIMOROUS AND MISTRUST

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came

³ Idle one.

two men running amain: the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way." Timorous answered, that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place: "but," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

Chris. Then said Christian, "You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there: I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward." So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But, thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to comfort him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be greatly troubled, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all

the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he blamed himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbor where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on, bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, "O wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the day-time; that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge myself, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh which the Lord of the hill hath builded only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I taken in vain! Thus it happened to Israel; for their sin they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over which I needed not to have trod but once; yea, also, now I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh that I had not slept!"

CHRISTIAN RECOVERS HIS ROLL

Now, by this time he was come to the arbor again, where for awhile he sat down and wept; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll, the which he, with trembling and haste, caught up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had got his roll again? for this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, giving thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the folly of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he began again to condole with himself, "Oh, thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey. I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep." Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him, of how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, "These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I avoid them? how should I escape being torn in pieces?" Thus he went on his way. But, while he was thus bewailing his

unhappy mistake, he lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

WATCHFUL THE PORTER

So I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward, that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the Porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers by which Mistrust and Timorous were driven back. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains). Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the Porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried out unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for the trial of faith where it is, and for the finding out of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on trembling for fear of the lions; but, taking good heed to the words of the Porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the Porter was. Then said Christian to the Porter, "Sir, what house is this? and

may I lodge here to-night?"

The Porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and He built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." The Porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

Chris. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but, because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

Port. What is your name?

Chris. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless.

Port. But how doth it happen that you come so late? The sun is set.

Chris. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am, I slept in the arbor that stands on the hill-side. Nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that in my sleep I lost my roll, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then, feeling for it and finding it not, I was forced with sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it; and now I am come.

Port. Well, I will call out one of the women of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house.

So Watchful the Porter rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful young woman, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The Porter answered, "This man is on a journey from the City

of Destruction to Mount Zion; but, being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I told him I would call for thee, who, after speaking with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house."

PIETY, PRUDENCE, CHARITY

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with on the way; and he told her. And at last she asked his name. So he said, "It is Christian; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and safety of pilgrims." So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause, she said, "I will call forth two or three of my family." So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him brought him in to the family; and many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in." Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So, when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and agreed together, that, until supper was ready, some of them should talk with Christian, for the best use of the time; and they appointed Piety, Prudence, and Charity to

talk with him; and thus they began:

Piety. Come, good Christian since we have been so loving to you to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

Chris. With a very good will, and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

Piety. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

CHRISTIAN'S ADVENTURES

Chris. I was driven out of my native country by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears; to wit, that certain destruction did await me, if I abode in that place where I was.

Piety. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

Chris. It was as God would have it; for, when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so set me in the way that hath led me directly to this house.

Piety. But did you not come by the house of the Interpreter?

Chris. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live, especially three things;

to wit, how Christ, in despite of Satan, the Evil One maintains His work of grace in the heart; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

Piety. Why? did you hear him tell his dream?

Chris. Yes, and a dreadful one it was, I thought it made my heart ache as he was telling of it; but yet I am glad I heard of it.

Piety. Was that all you saw at the house of the Interpreter?

Chris. No; he took me, and had me where he showed me a stately palace; and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man, and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out; and how he was bid to come in and win eternal glory. Methought those things did delight my heart. I would have stayed at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew I had farther to go.

Piety. And what saw you else in the way?

Chris. Saw? Why, I went but a little farther, and I saw One, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon a tree; and the very sight of Him made my burden fall off my back; for I groaned under a very heavy burden, and then it fell down from off me. It was a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before; yea, and while I stood looking up (for then I could not forbear looking), three Shining Ones came to me. One of them told me that my sins were forgiven me; another stripped me of my rags, and gave me this brodered coat which you see; and the third set the mark which you see in my forehead, and gave me this sealed

roll. (And, with that, he plucked it out of his bosom.)

Piety. But you saw more than this, did you not?

Chris. The things that I have told you were the best; yet some other matters I saw; as namely I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep, a little out of the way as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could wake them? I also saw Formalist and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion; but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them, but they would not believe. But, above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard to come by the lions' mouths; and truly, if it had not been for the good man the Porter, that stands at the gate, I do not know but that, after all, I might have gone back again; but now I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

Pru. Do you think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

Chris. Yes, but with much shame and detestation. Truly, if I had been mindful of that country from whence I came out, I might have had an opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, a heavenly one.

Pru. Do you not yet bear away with you in your thoughts some of the things that you did in the former time?

Chris. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and sinful thoughts, with which all my countrymen, as well as

myself, were delighted. But now all those things are my grief; and, might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing that which is best, that which is worst is with me.

Pru. Do you not find sometimes as if those things were overcome, which at other times are your trouble?

Chris. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

Pru. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances, at times, as if they were overcome?

Chris. Yes; when I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my brodered coat, that will do it; also when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

Pru. And what makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?

Chris. Why, there I hope to see Him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all these things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me. There, they say, there is no death; and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell you the truth, I love Him because I was by Him eased of my burden; and I am weary of my inward sickness. I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, "Holy, holy, holy!"

CHARITY TALKS WITH CHRISTIAN

Char. Then said Charity to Christian, "Have you a family? are you a married man?"

Chris. I have a wife and four small children.

Char. And why did you not bring them along with you?

Chris. Then Christian wept, and said, "Oh, how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly against my going on pilgrimage."

Char. But you should have talked to them, and endeavored to have shown them the danger of staying behind.

Chris. So I did, and told them also what God had shown to me of the destruction of our city; but I seemed to them as one that mocked, and they believed me not.

Char. And did you pray to God that He would bless your words to them?

Chris. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children are very dear unto me.

Char. But did you tell them of your own sorrow and fear of destruction? for I suppose that you could see your destruction before you.

Chris. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the fear of the judgment that did hang over our heads: but all was not enough to prevail with them to come with me.

Char. But what could they say for themselves why they came not?

Chris. Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so, what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

Char. But did you not, with your vain life, hinder all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

Chris. Indeed, I cannot commend my life, for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein. I know also, that a man, by his actions may soon overthrow what, by proofs or persuasion, he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things (for their sakes) in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say that, if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbor.

Char. Indeed, Cain hated his brother because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous; and, if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby show themselves to be resolutely opposed to good: thou hast freed thy soul from their blood.

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together till supper was ready. So, when they had made ready, they sat down

to meat. Now, the table was furnished with fat things, and wine that was well refined; and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill; as, namely, about what He had done, and wherefore He did what He did, and why He had builded that house; and by what they said, I perceived that He had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of death, but not without great danger to Himself, which made me love Him the more.

For, as they said, and as I believe (said Christian), He did it with the loss of much blood. But that which puts the glory of grace into all He did, was, that He did it out of pure love to this country. And, besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had seen and spoken with Him since He did die on the cross; and they have declared that they had it from His own lips, that He is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west. They moreover gave an instance of what they affirmed; and that was, He had stripped Himself of His glory, that He might do this for the poor; and that they had heard Him say and affirm that He would not dwell in the mountains of Zion alone. They said, moreover, that He had made many pilgrims princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their home had been the dunghill.

Thus they talked together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising. The

name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang:

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are,
Thus to provide that I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven?"

THE VIRGINS READ TO CHRISTIAN

So in the morning they all got up; and after some more talking together, they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first they took him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest age; in which, as I remember in my dream, they showed him first the history of the Lord of the hill, that He was the son of the Ancient of Days, and had lived from the beginning. Here also were more fully written the acts that He had done, and the names of many hundreds that He had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such houses that could neither by length of days nor decays of nature be destroyed.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of His servants had done; as, how they had conquered kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the

sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the enemies.

They then read again in another part of the records of the house, where it was shown how willing their Lord was to receive into His favor any even any, though they in time past had done great wrongs to His person and rule. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view; as of things both ancient and modern, together with prophecies and foretellings of things that surely come to pass, both to the dread and wonder of enemies, and the comfort and happiness of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and led him into the armory, where they showed him all manner of weapons which their Lord had provided for pilgrims; as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also showed him some of the things with which some of His servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath, and the sword also with which their

Lord will kill the Man of Sin, in the day that He shall rise up to the battle. They showed him, besides, many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream that on the morrow he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; "and then," said they, "we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains;" which they said would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was. So he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they led him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very lovely to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; "and it is as common," said they, "as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear."

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. "But first," said they, "let us go again into the armory." So they did; and when he came there, they dressed him from head to foot with armor of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being, therefore, thus armed, walked out with his friends to the gate; and there he asked the

Porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the Porter answered, "Yes."

Chris. "Pray, did you know him?" said he.

Port. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

Chris. "Oh," said Christian, "I know him, he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?"

Port. He has got by this time below the hill.

Chris. "Well," said Christian, "good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase for the kindness thou has shown to me!"

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together repeating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so far so as I can see, it is dangerous going down." "Yes," said Prudence, "so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore," said they, "are we come out to accompany thee down the hill." So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went his way.

CHAPTER IV

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with darts; therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand. So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now, the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride; he had wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him:

APOLLYON STAYS CHRISTIAN

Apollyon. Whence come you, and whither are you bound?

Chris. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and God of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope that thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chris. I was indeed born in your kingdom; but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; for the wages of sin is death; therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other thoughtful persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but, since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back, and what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

Chris. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "changed a bad for a worse;" but it is common for those that have called themselves His servants, after awhile to give Him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chris. I have given Him my faith, and sworn my service to Him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apol. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Chris. What I promised thee was in my youth, and besides, I

count that the Prince under whose banner I now stand is able to set me free, yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my service with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak the truth, I like His service, His wages, His servants, His government, His company, and country, better than thine; therefore leave off to persuade me further: I am His servant, and I will follow Him.

Apol. Consider again when thou art in cold blood, what thou art likely to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part His servants come to an ill end, because they are disobedient against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And besides, thou countest His service better than mine; whereas He never came yet from the place where He is, to deliver any that served Him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from Him and His, though taken by them! And so I will deliver thee.

Chris. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to Him to the end; and, as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account. For, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it when their prince comes in His and the glory of the angels.

Apol. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to Him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of Him?

Chris. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to Him?

Apol. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice things. Thou wast almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast seen and heard, thou art inwardly desirous of glory to thyself in all that thou sayest or doest.

Chris. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy own country; for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apol. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate His person, His laws, and people. I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

CHRISTIAN THE CONQUEROR

Chris. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness: therefore take heed to yourself.

Apol. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul." And, with that, he threw a

flaming dart at his breast; but Christian held a shield in his hand, with which he caught, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Apollyon draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail, by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and, with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now." And, with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise;" and, with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And, with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings,

and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight: he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

CHRISTIAN GIVES THANKS

Chris. So, when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion; to Him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying:

"Great Satan, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out: and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage;
But blessed angels helped me; and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly:
Therefore to God let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless His holy name always."

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the

tree of life; the which Christian took, and laid upon the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given to him a little before: so, being refreshed, he went forth on his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, "For," he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other harm from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Now, at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death, a land that no man" but a Christian "passeth through, and where no man dwelt."

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as in the story you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:

Chris. Whither are you going?

Men. They said, "Back, back! and we would have you to do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you."

Chris. "Why, what's the matter?" said Christian.

Men. "Matter!" said they: "we were going that way as you are

going, and went as far as we durst: and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee."

Chris. "But what have you met with?" said Christian.

Men. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

Chris. "But what have you seen?" said Christian.

Men. Seen! why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch: we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons; and over that hung the discouraging clouds of confusion; Death also does always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Chris. Then said Christian, "I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven."

Men. Be it thy way, we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be attacked.

I saw then in my dream, as far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, or marsh, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on: into that

quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt there been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out.

The pathway was here also exceedingly narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch, on the one hand he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly, for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that ofttimes, when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

A COMPANY OF FIENDS

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called "All-Prayer." So he cried in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him; also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was

seen, and those dreadful noises were heard by him, for several miles together, and, coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half-way through the valley. He remembered, also, how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than going forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But, when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God." So they gave back, and came no farther.

VALLEY OF SHADOW OF DEATH

One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it: just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many wicked words to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything he had met with before, even to think that he should now speak evil of Him that he had so much loved before. Yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the wisdom either to stop his ears, or to know from whence those

wicked words came.

When Christian had traveled in this sorrowful condition some considerable time he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."

Then he was glad, and that for these reasons:

First, – Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, – For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the kindness that attends this place, I cannot perceive it?

Thirdly, – For that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by-and-by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by-and-by the day broke. Then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

Now, morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what dangers he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way which led betwixt them both. Also now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were shown to him according to that which is written, "He showeth deep things

out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death."

Now was Christian much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them much before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them plain to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was if possible far more dangerous; for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings down there, that, had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away. But, as I said just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by His light I go through darkness."

POPE AND PAGAN

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now, I saw in my dream that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and, while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, POPE and PAGAN, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny,

the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and, as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come to them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, "You will never mend till more of you be burned." But he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by and caught no hurt. Then sang Christian:

"O, world of wonders (I can say no less),
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here! Oh, blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in;
Yes, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been caught, entangled, and cast down;
But, since I live, let Jesus wear the crown."

CHAPTER V

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them: up there, therefore, Christian went; and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, "Ho, ho! so-ho! stay, and I will be your companion." At that Faithful looked behind him; to whom Christian cried, "Stay, stay, till I come up to you." But Faithful answered, "No, I am upon my life, and the avenger of blood is behind me."

CHRISTIAN JOINS FAITHFUL

At this Christian was somewhat moved; and putting to all his strength, he quickly got up with Faithful, and did also overrun him: so the last was first. Then did Christian boastfully smile, because he had gotten the start of his brother; but, not taking good heed to his feet, he suddenly stumbled and fell, and could not rise again until Faithful came up to help him.

Then I saw in my dream, they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet talk together of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage; and thus Christian began:

Chris. My honored and well-beloved brother Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you, and that God has so tempered our spirits that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

Faith. I had thought, dear friend, to have had your company quite from our town; but you did get the start of me, wherefore I was forced to come thus much of the way alone.

Chris. How long did you stay in the City of Destruction before you set out after me on your pilgrimage?

WHAT WAS SAID IN THE CITY

Faith. Till I could stay no longer; for there was great talk, presently after you were gone out, that our city would, in a short time, with fire from heaven, be burned down to the ground.

Chris. What! did your neighbors talk so?

Faith. Yes, it was for a while in everybody's mouth.

Chris. What! and did no more of them but you come out to escape the danger?

Faith. Though there was, as I said, a great talk thereabout, yet I do not think they did firmly believe it. For, in the heat of the talking I heard some of them deridingly speak of you, and of your desperate journey; for so they called this your pilgrimage. But I did believe, and do still, that the end of our city will be with fire and brimstone from above; and therefore I have made my escape.

Chris. Did you hear no talk of neighbor Pliable?

Faith. Yes, Christian; I heard that he followed you till he came to the Slough of Despond, where, as some said, he fell in; but he would not be known to have so done; but I am sure he was

soundly bedabbled with that kind of dirt.

Chris. And what said the neighbors to him?

Faith. He hath, since his going back, been held greatly in derision, and that among all sorts of people: some do mock and despise him, and scarce any will set him on work. He is now seven times worse than if he had never gone out of the city.

Chris. But why should they be set so against him, since they also despise the way that he forsook?

Faith. "Oh," they say, "hang him; he is a turncoat! he was not true to his profession!" I think God has stirred up even his enemies to hiss at him and laugh at him, because he hath forsaken the way.

Chris. Had you no talk with him before you came out?

Faith. I met him once in the streets, but he leered away on the other side, as one ashamed of what he had done; so I spake not to him.

Chris. Well, at my first setting out, I had hopes of that man, but now I fear he will perish in the overthrow of the city. For it has happened to him according to the true proverb, "The dog is turned to his vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Faith. These are my fears of him too; but who can hinder that which will be?

Chris. "Well, neighbor Faithful," said Christian, "let us leave him, and talk of things that more immediately concern ourselves. Tell me now what you have met with in the way as you came;

for I know you have met with some things, or else it may be writ for a wonder."

Faith. I escaped the slough that I perceive you fell into, and got up to the gate without that danger; only I met with one whose name was Wanton, that had like to have done me a mischief.

Chris. It was well you escaped her net: Joseph was hard put to it by her, and he escaped her as you did; but it had like to have cost him his life. But what did she do to you?

Faith. You cannot think (but that you know something) what a flattering tongue she had; she lay at me hard to turn aside with her, promising me all manner of enjoyment.

Chris. Nay, she did not promise you the enjoyment of a good conscience.

Faith. You know what I mean – not the enjoyment of the soul, but of the body.

Chris. Thank God you have escaped her: the abhorred of the Lord shall fall into her ditch.

Faith. Nay, I know not whether I did wholly escape her or no.

Chris. Why, I suppose you did not consent to her desires?

Faith. No, not to defile myself; for I remembered an old writing that I had seen which saith, "Her steps take hold of hell." So I shut mine eyes, because I would not be bewitched with her looks. Then she railed on me, and I went my way.

Chris. Did you meet with no other assault as you came?

FAITHFUL AND ADAM THE FIRST

Faith. When I came to the foot of the hill called Difficulty, I met with a very aged man, who asked me what I was and whither bound. I told him that I was a pilgrim, going to the Celestial City. Then said the old man, "Thou lookest like an honest fellow: wilt thou be content to dwell with me, for the wages that I shall give thee?" Then I asked him his name, and where he dwelt. He said his name was Adam the First, and that he dwelt in the town of Deceit. I asked him then what was his work, and what the wages that he would give. He told me that his work was many delights; and his wages, that I should be his heir at last. I further asked him what house he kept, and what other servants he had. So he told me that his house was filled with all the dainties of the world, and that his servants were his own children. Then I asked him how many children he had. He said that he had but three daughters, the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life, and that I should marry them if I would. Then I asked, how long time he would have me live with him? And he told me, As long as he lived himself.

Chris. Well, and what conclusion came the old man and you to at last?

Faith. Why, at first I found myself somewhat inclinable to go with the man, for I thought he spake very fair; but looking in his forehead, as I talked with him, I saw there written, "Put off the

old man with his deeds."

Chris. And how then?

Faith. Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got home to his house he would sell me for a slave. So I bid him forbear, for I would not come near the door of his house. Then he reviled me, and told me that he would send such a one after me that should make my way bitter to my soul. So I turned to go away from him; but, just as I turned myself to go thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself: this made me cry, "O wretched man!" So I went on my way up the hill. Now, when I had got about half-way up, I looked behind me, and saw one coming after me, swift as the wind; so he overtook me just about the place where the settle stands.

Chris. "Just there," said Christian, "did I sit down to rest me; but being overcome with sleep, I there lost this roll out of my bosom."

Faith. But, good brother, hear me out. So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow; for down he knocked me, and laid me for dead. But, when I was a little come to myself again, I asked him wherefore he served me so. He said, because of my secret inclining to Adam the First. And, with that, he struck me another deadly blow on the breast, and beat me down backwards; so I lay at his feet as dead as before. So, when I came to myself again, I cried him mercy; but he said, "I know not how

to show mercy;" and, with that, he knocked me down again. He had doubtless made an end of me, but that One came by, and bid him forbear.

Chris. Who was that that bid him forbear?

Faith. I did not know him at first; but, as He went by, I perceived the holes in His hands and His side; then I concluded that He was our Lord. So I went up the hill.

Chris. That man that overtook you was Moses. He spareth none, neither knoweth he how to show mercy to those that disobey his law.

Faith. I know it very well: it was not the first time that he has met with me. It was he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home, and that told me he would burn my house over my head if I stayed there.

Chris. But did not you see the house that stood there, on the top of that hill on the side of which Moses met you?

Faith. Yes, and the lions too, before I came at it. But, for the lions, I think they were asleep, for it was about noon; and because I had so much of the day before me I passed by the Porter, and came down the hill.

Chris. He told me, indeed, that he saw you go by; but I wished you had called at the house, for they would have showed you so many rarities, that you would scarce have forgot them to the day of your death. But pray tell me, did you meet nobody in the Valley of Humility?

Faith. Yes, I met with one Discontent, who would willingly

have persuaded me to go back again with him: his reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honor. He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disoblige all my friends, as Pride, Arrogancy, Self-Conceit, Worldly-Glory, with others, who he knew, as he said, would be very much offended if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

Chris. Well, and how did you answer him?

Faith. I told him that, although all these that he named might claim kindred of me, and that rightly (for, indeed, they were my relations according to the flesh), yet, since I became a pilgrim, they have disowned me, as I also have rejected them; and therefore they were to me now no more than if they had never been of my lineage. I told him, moreover, that as to this valley, he had quite misrepresented the thing; for before honor is humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall. "Therefore," said I, "I had rather go through this valley to the honor that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worthy of our affections."

Chris. Met you with nothing else in that valley?

SHAME A BOLD VILLAIN

Faith. Yes, I met with Shame; but, of all the men that I met with in my pilgrimage, he I think, bears the wrong name. The others would take "No" for an answer, at least after some words of denial; but this bold-faced Shame would never have done.

Chris. Why, what did he say to you?

Faith. What? why, he objected against religion itself. He said it was a pitiful, low, sneaking business for a man to mind religion. He said that a tender conscience was an unmanly thing; and that for a man to watch over his words and ways, so as to tie up himself from that liberty that the brave spirits of the times accustom themselves unto, would make him the ridicule of all the people in our time. He objected also, that but a few of the mighty, rich, or wise were ever of my opinion; nor any of them neither, before they were persuaded to be fools, to venture the loss of all for nobody else knows what. He, moreover, objected the base and low estate and condition of those that were chiefly the pilgrims of the times in which they lived; also their ignorance, and want of understanding in all worldly knowledge. Yea, he did hold me to it at that rate also, about a great many more things than here I relate; as, that it was a shame to sit whining and mourning under a sermon, and a shame to come sighing and groaning home; that it was a shame to ask my neighbor forgiveness for petty faults, or to give back what I had taken from any. He said also that religion made a man grow strange to the great, because of a few vices (which he called by finer names), and because religion made him own and respect the base, who were of the same religious company; "and is not this," said he, "a shame?"

Chris. And what did you say to him?

Faith. Say? I could not tell what to say at first. Yea, he put me so to it that my blood came up in my face; even this Shame

fetched it up, and had almost beat me quite off. But at last I began to consider that that which is highly esteemed among men is had in abomination with God. And I thought again, This Shame tells me what men are, but it tells me nothing what God, or the Word of God is. And I thought, moreover, that at the day of doom we shall not be doomed to death or life according to the spirits of the world, but according to the wisdom and law of the Highest. Therefore, thought I, what God says is best – is best, though all the men in the world are against it. Seeing, then, that God prefers His religion; seeing God prefers a tender conscience; seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest, and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates Him; Shame, depart! thou art an enemy to my salvation. Shall I listen to thee against my sovereign Lord? how, then, shall I look Him in the face at His coming? Should I now be ashamed of His way and servants how can I expect the blessing? But, indeed, this Shame was a bold villain: I could scarce shake him out of my company; yea, he would be haunting of me, and continually whispering me in the ear with some one or other of the weak things that attend religion. But at last I told him it was in vain to attempt further in this business; for those things that he despised, in those did I see most glory; and so, at last, I got past this persistent one. And when I had shaken him off, then I began to sing,

"The trials that those men do meet withal,

That are obedient to the heavenly call,
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
And come, and come, and come again afresh;
That now, or some time else, we by them may
Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
Oh, let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then,
Be vigilant and quit themselves like men!"

Chris. I am glad, my brother, that thou didst withstand this villain so bravely: for of all, as thou sayest, I think he has the wrong name; for he is so bold as to follow us in the streets, and to attempt to put us to shame before all men; that is, to make us ashamed of that which is good. But, if he was not himself bold, he would never attempt to do as he does. But let us still resist him; for, notwithstanding all his bold words, he promoteth the fool, and none else. "The wise shall inherit glory," said Solomon; "but shame shall be the promotion of fools."

Faith. I think we must cry to Him for help against Shame who would have us to be valiant for truth upon the earth.

Chris. You say true. But did you meet nobody else in that valley?

Faith. No, not I; for I had sunshine all the rest of the way through that, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Chris. It was well for you! I am sure it fared far otherwise with me. I had for a long season, as soon almost as I entered into that valley, a dreadful combat with that foul fiend Apollyon; yea, I thought verily he would have killed me, especially when

he got me down, and crushed me under him, as if he would have crushed me to pieces. For, as he threw me, my sword flew out of my hand; nay, he told me he was sure of me; and I cried to God, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles. Then I entered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had no light for almost half the way through it. I thought I should have been killed there over and over: but at last day broke, and the sun rose, and I went through that which was behind with far more ease and quiet.

TALKATIVE OVERTAKEN

Moreover, I saw in my dream that, as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative walking at a distance beside them; for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk. He was a tall man, and something better looking at a distance than near at hand. To this man Faithful spoke himself in this manner:

Faith. Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?

Talk. I am going to that same place.

Faith. That is well; then I hope we may have your good company.

Talk. With a very good will, will I be your companion.

Faith. Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in talking of things that are profitable.

Talk. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you or with any other; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to so good a work; for, to speak the truth, there are but few who care thus to spend their time as they are in their travels, but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit; and this has been a trouble to me.

Faith. That is, indeed, a thing to be lamented; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth, as are the things of the God of heaven?

Talk. I like you wonderfully well, for your saying is full of the truth; and I will add, What thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God? What things so pleasant? that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful. For instance, if a man doth delight to talk of the history or the mystery of things, or if a man doth love to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things written so delightful, or so sweetly penned, as in the Holy Scripture?

Faith. That's true; but to be profited by such things in our talk should be that which we design.

TALKATIVE SELF-DECEIVED

Talk. That is it that I said; for to talk of such things is most profitable; for, by so doing, a man may get knowledge of many things; as of the folly of earthly things, and the benefit of things above. Besides, by this a man may learn what it is to turn from sin,

to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like; by this, also, a man may learn what are the great promises and comforts of the Gospel, to his own enjoyment. Further, by this a man may learn to answer false opinions, to prove the truth, and also to teach the ignorant.

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