

LUCY AIKIN, JOHN BUNYAN

**THE PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS IN
WORDS OF ONE
SYLLABLE**

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in Words of One Syllable**

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Lucy Aikin

The Pilgrim's Progress in Words of One Syllable

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

In offering to the public another volume on my plan of reducing popular tales into words of One Syllable exclusively, I wish it to be clearly understood that it is intended for Adult Beginners, no less than for Children. There is a large class of persons who do not begin to acquire the art of reading till somewhat late in life, and it is for such that I think a book of this Character is peculiarly applicable.

It may be objected that my system involves the use of words which, though short, are difficult to understand and might be made more intelligible in polysyllabic language. But I have endeavored as far as possible to avoid hard and technical expressions, and I cannot but think that the mere fact of the brevity of the words must be a great attraction to beginners of all ages. By this method the labor of dividing and accentuating words is avoided: a difficulty which pupils who have only attained to the knowledge of monosyllables cannot conquer by independent effort.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the great favor with which my previous books of the same character have been received, and I am glad to hear that they have been found useful as Prizes in Schools.

I have thought it necessary to retain all the names of Persons and Places in their original form, but this is the only exception to my general rule.

PART I

As I went through the wild waste of this world, I came to a place where there was a den, and I lay down in it to sleep. While I slept I had a dream, and lo! I saw a man whose clothes were in rags and he stood with his face from his own house, with a book in his hand, and a great load on his back. I saw him read from the leaves of a book, and as he read, he wept and shook with fear; and at length he broke out with a loud cry, and said, What shall I do to save my soul?

So in this plight he went home, and as long as he could he held his peace, that his wife and babes should not see his grief. But at length he told them his mind, and thus he spoke, O my dear wife, and you my babes, I, your dear friend, am full of woe, for a load lies hard on me; and more than this, I have been told that our town will be burnt with fire, in which I, you my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall be lost, if means be not found to save us.

This sad tale struck all who heard him with awe, not that they thought what he said to them was true, but that they had fears that some weight must be on his mind; so, as night now drew near, they were in hopes that sleep might soothe his brain, and with all haste they got him to bed.

When the morn broke, they sought to know how he did? He told them, Worse and worse; and he set to talk once more in the same strain as he had done; but they took no heed of it. By and by, to drive off his fit, they spoke harsh words to him; at times they would laugh, at times they would chide, and then set him at nought. So he went to his room to pray for them, as well as to nurse his own grief. He would go, too, into the woods to read and muse, and thus for some weeks he spent his time.

Now I saw, in my dream, that one day as he took his walk in the fields with his book in his hand, he gave a groan,—for he felt as if a cloud were on his soul,—and he burst out as he was wont to do, and said, Who will save me? I saw, too, that he gave wild looks this way and that, as if he would rush off; yet he stood still, for he could not tell which way to go. At last, a man, whose name was Evangelist, came up to him and said, Why dost thou weep?

He said, Sir, I see by this book in my hand that I am to die, and that then God will judge me. Now I dread to die.

Evangelist.—Why do you fear to die, since this life is fraught with woe?

The man said, I fear lest a hard doom should wait me, and that this load on my back will make me sink down, till at last, I shall find I am in Tophet.

If this be your case, said Evangelist, why do you stand still?

But the man said, I know not where to go.

Then he gave him a scroll with these words on it, Fly from the wrath to come.

When the man read it he said, Which way must I fly?

Evangelist held out his hand to point to a gate in the wide field, and said, Do you see the Wicket Gate?

The man said, No.

Do you see that light?

He then said, I think I do.

Keep that light in your eye, quoth Evangelist, and go straight up to it; so shall you see the gate, at which, when you knock, it shall be told you what you are to do.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian—for that was his name—set off to run.

Now he had not gone far from his own door, when his wife and young ones, who saw him, gave a loud wail to beg of him to come back; but the man put his hands to his ears, and ran on with a cry of Life! Life! The friends of his wife, too, came out to see him run, and as he went, some were heard to mock him, some to use threats, and there were two who set off to fetch him back by force, the names of whom were Obstinate and Pliable. Now, by this time, the man had gone a good way off, but at last they came up to him.

Then said Christian, Friends, why are you come?

To bid you go back with us, said they.

But, quoth he, that can by no means be; you dwell in the City of Destruction, the place where I, too, was born. I know it to be so, and there you will die and sink down to a place which burns with fire; be wise, good friends, and come with me.

What! and leave our good, and all out kith and kin?

Yes, said Christian, for that all which you might leave is but a grain to that which I seek, and if you will go with me and hold it firm, you shall fare as well as I; for there, where I go, you will find all you want and to spare. Come with me, and prove my words.

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

Christian.—I seek those joys that fade not, which are laid up in a place of bliss—safe there for those who go in search of them. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obstinate.—Tush! Off with your book. Will you go back with us or no?

Christian.—No, not I, for I have laid my hand to the plough.

Obstinate.—Come, friend Pliable, let us turn back and leave him; there is a troop of such fools who, when they take up with a whim by the end, are more wise in their own eyes than ten men who know how to think.

Pliable.—Nay, do not scorn him; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks to are of more worth than ours: my heart leans to what he says.

Obstinate.—What! more fools still! Go back, go back, and be wise.

Christian.—Nay, but do you come with your friend Pliable; there are such things to be had as those I just spoke of, and more too. If you give no heed to me, read here in this book which comes to us from God, who could not lie.

Pliable.—Well, friend Obstinate, I think now I have come to a point; and I mean to go with this good man, and to cast my lot in with his. Then said he to Christian, Do you know the way to the place you speak of?

Christian.—I am told by a man whose name is Evangelist, to do my best to reach a gate that is in front of us, where I shall be told how to find the way.

So they went on side by side.

Obstinate.—And I will go back to my place; I will not be one of such vain folk.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable set off to cross the plain, and they spoke thus as they went:—

Christian.—Well, Pliable, how do you do now? I am glad you have a mind to go with me.

Pliable.—Come, friend Christian, since there are none but we two here, tell me more of the things of which we go in search.

Christian.—I can find them in my heart, though I know not how to speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you wish to know, this book tells us of a world that hast no bounds, and a life that has no end.

Pliable.—Well said, and what else?

Christian.—That there are crowns of light in store for us, and robes that will make us shine like the sun.

Pliable.—This, too, is good; and what else?

Christian.—That there shall be no more care nor grief for he that owns the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pliable.—And what friends shall we find there?

Christian.—There we shall be with all the saints, in robes so bright that our eyes will grow dim to look on them. There shall we meet those who in this world have stood out for the faith, and have been burnt on the stake, and thrown to wild beasts, for the love they bore to the Lord. They will not harm us, but will greet us with love, for they all walk in the sight of God.

Pliable.—But how shall we get to share all this?

Christian.—The Lord of that land saith, if we wish to gain that world we shall be free to have it.

Pliable.—Well, my good friend, glad am I to hear of these thing: come on, let us mend our pace.

Christian.—I can not go so fast as I would, for this load on my back.

Then I saw in my dream that just as they had come to an end of this talk, they drew near to a slough that was in the midst of the plain, and as they took no heed, they both fell in. The name of the slough was Despond. Here they lay for a time in the mud; and the load that Christian had on his back made him sink all the more in the mire.

Pliable.—Ah! friend Christian, where are you now?

Christian.—In truth, I do not know.

Then Pliable said to his friend, Is this the bliss of which you have told me all this while? If we have such ill speed when we first set out, what may we look for twixt this and the end of our way? And with that he got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house; then off he went, and Christian saw him no more.

So Christian was left to strive in the Slough of Despond as well as he could; yet his aim was to reach that side of the slough that was next The Wicket Gate, which at last he did, but he could not get out for the load that was on his back; till I saw in my dream that a man came to him whose name was Help.

What do you do here? said Help.

Christian.—I was bid to go this way by Evangelist, who told me to pass up to yon gate, that I might flee from the wrath to come, and on my way to it I fell in here.

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

Christian.—Fear came so hard on me that I fled the next way and fell in.

Help.—Give me your hand.

So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him on firm ground, and bade him go on his way.

Then in my dream I went up to Help and said to him, Sir, since this place is on the way from The City of Destruction to The Wicket Gate, how is it that no one mends this patch of ground, so that those who come by may not fall in the slough?

Help.—This slough is such a place as no one can mend. It is the spot to which doth run the scum and filth that wait on sin, and that is why men call it the Slough of Despond. When the man of sin wakes up to a sense of his own lost state, doubts and fears rise up in his soul, and all of them drain down and sink in this place: and it is this that makes the ground so bad. True there are good and sound steps in the midst of the slough, but at times it is hard to see them; or if they be seen, men's heads are so dull that they step on one side, and fall in the mire. But the ground is good when they have once got in at the gate.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable had gone back to his house once more, and that his friends came to see him: some said how wise it was to come home, and some that he was a fool to have gone. Some, too, were found to mock him, who said—Well, had I set out, I would not have been so base as to come back for a slough in the road. So Pliable was left to sneak off; but at last he got more heart, and then all were heard to turn their taunts, and laugh at poor Christian. Thus much for Pliable.

Now as Christian went on his way he saw a man come through the field to meet him, whose name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, which was near that whence Christian came. He had heard some news of Christian; for his flight from The City of Destruction had made much noise, and was now the talk far and near. So he said, How now, good Sir, where do you go with such a load on your back?

Christian.—In truth, it is a load; and if you ask me where I go, I must tell you, Sir, I must go the The Wicket Gate in front of me, for there I shall be put in a way to get quit of my load.

Worldly Wiseman.—Have you not a wife and babes?

Christian.—Yes, but with this load I do not seem to care for them as I did; and, in truth, I feel as if I had none.

Worldly Wiseman.—Will you hear me if I speak my mind to you?

Christian.—If what you say be good, I will, for I stand much in need of help.

Worldly Wiseman.—I would urge you then, with all speed, to get rid of your load; for you will not be at rest till then.

Christian.—That is just what I seek to do. But there is no man in our land who can take it off me.

Worldly Wiseman.—Who bade you go this way to be rid of it?

Christian.—One that I took to be a great and true man; his name is Evangelist.

Worldly Wiseman.—Hark at what I say: there is no worse way in the world than that which he has sent you, and that you will find if you take him for your guide. In this short time you have met with bad luck, for I see the mud of the Slough of Despond is on your coat. Hear me, for I have seen more of the world than you; in the way you go, you will meet with pain, woe, thirst, the sword too,—in a word, death! Take no heed of what Evangelist tells you.

Christian.—Why, Sir, this load on my back is worse to me than all those things which you speak of; nay, I care not what I meet with in the way, if I can but get rid of my load.

Worldly Wiseman.—How did you come by it at first?

Christian.—Why, I read this book.

Worldly Wiseman.—Like more weak men I know, who aim at things too high for them you have lost heart, and run in the dark at great risk, to gain you know not what.

Christian.—I know what I would gain, it is ease for my load.

Worldly Wiseman.—But why will you seek for ease thus, when I could put you in the way to aid it where there would be no risk; and the cure is at hand.

Christian.—Pray, Sir, tell me what that way is.

Worldly Wiseman.—Well, in yon town, which you can see from hence—the name of which is Morality—there dwells a man whose name is Legality, a wise man, and a man of some rank, who has skill to help men off with such loads as yours from their backs; I know he has done a great deal for good in that way; aye, and he has the skill to cure those who, from the loads they bear, are not quite sound in their wits. To him as I said, you may go and get help. His house is but a mile from this place, and should he not be at home, he has a son whose name is Civility, who can do it just as well as his sire. There, I say, you may go to get rid of your load. I would not have you go back to your old home, but you can send for your wife and babes, and you will find that food there is cheap and good.

Now was Christian brought to a stand; but by and by he said, Sir, which is my way to this good man's house?

Worldly Wiseman.—Do you see that hill?

Christian.—Yes, I do.

Worldly Wiseman.—By that hill you must go, and the first house you come to is his.

So Christian went out of his way to find Mr. Legality's house to seek for help.

But, lo, when he had got close up to the hill, it was so steep and high that he had fear lest it should fall on his head; so he stood still, for he knew not what to do. His load, too, was of more weight to him than when he was on the right road. Then came flames of fire out of the hill, that made him quake for fear lest he should be burnt. And now it was a great grief to him that he had lent his ear to Worldly Wiseman; and it was well that he just then saw Evangelist come to meet him; though at the sight of him he felt a deep blush on his face for shame. So Evangelist drew near, and when he came up to him, he said, with a sad look; What dost thou here, Christian?

To these words Christian knew not what to say, so he stood quite mute. Then Evangelist went on thus: Art not thou the man that I heard cry in The City of Destruction?

Christian.—Yes, dear Sir, I am the man.

Evangelist.—Did not I point out to thee the way to the Wicket Gate?

Christian.—Yes, you did, Sir.

Evangelist.—How is it, then, that thou hast so soon gone out of the way?

Christian.—When I had got out of the Slough of Despond I met a man who told me that in a town near, I might find one who could take off my load.

Evangelist.—What was he?

Christian.—He had fair looks, and said much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came here. But when I saw this hill, and how steep it was, I made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evangelist.—What said the man to thee?

When Evangelist had heard from Christian all that took place, he said: Stand still a while, that I may show thee the words of God.

So Evangelist went on to read, 'Now the just shall live by faith, but if a man draw back, my soul shall have no joy in him.' Is not this the case with thee? said he: Hast not thou drawn back thy feet from the way of peace, to thine own cost; and dost thou not spurn the most high God?

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, and said: Woe is me! Woe is me!

At the sight of which, Evangelist caught him by the right hand, and said: Faith hopes all things.

Then did Christian find some peace, and stood up.

Evangelist.—I pray thee give more heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. The Lord says, 'Strive to go in at the strait gate, the gate to which I send thee, for strait is the gate that leads to life, and few there be that find it.' Why didst thou set at nought the words of God, for the sake of Mr. Worldly Wiseman? That is, in truth, the right name for such as he. The Lord hath told thee that he who will save his life shall lose it.' He to whom thou wast sent for ease, Legality by name, could not set thee free; no man yet has got rid of his load through him; he could but show thee the way to woe, for by the deeds of the law no man can be rid of his load. So that Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his friend Mr. Legality are false guides; and as for his son Civility, he could not help thee.

Now Christian, in great dread, could think of nought but death, and sent forth a sad cry in grief that he had gone from the right way. Then he spoke once more to Evangelist in these words:—Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back, and strive to reach The Wicket Gate? I grieve that I gave ear to this man's voice; but may my sin find grace?

Evangelist.—Thy sin is great, for thou hast gone from the way that is good, to tread in false paths, yet will the man at the gate let thee through, for he has love and good will for all men; but take heed that thou turn not to the right hand or to the left.

Then did Christian make a move to go back, and Evangelist gave him a kiss and one smile, and bade him God speed.

So he went on with haste, nor did he speak on the road; and could by no means feel safe till he was in the path which he had left. In time, he got up to the gate. And as he saw by the words which he read on it, that those who would knock could go in, he gave two or three knocks, and said: May I go in here?

At last there came a great man to the gate, whose name was Good-will, and he said: Who is there; whence come you, and what would you have?

Christian.—I come from The City of Destruction with a load of Sins on my back; but I am on my way to Mount Zion, that I may be free from the wrath to come; and as I have been told that my way is through this gate, I would know, Sir, if you will let me in?

Good-will.—With all my heart.

So he flung back the gate. But just as Christian went in, he gave him a pull.

Then said Christian: What means that? Good-will told him that a short way from this gate there was a strong fort, of which Beelzebub was the chief, and that from thence he and the rest that dwelt there shot darts at those that came up to the gate to try if they could kill them ere they got in.

Then said Christian: I come in with joy and with fear. So when he had gone in, the man at the gate said: Who sent you here?

Christian.—Evangelist bade me come and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good-will.—The door is thrown back wide for you to come in, and no man can shut it.

Christian.—Now I seem to reap the good of all the risks I have met with on the way.

Good-will.—But how is it that no one comes with you?

Christian.—None of my friends saw that there was cause of fear, as I did.

Good-will.—Did they know of your flight?

Christian.—Yes, my wife and young ones saw me go, and I heard their cries as they ran out to try and stop me. Some of my friends, too, would have had me come home, but I put my hands to my ears, and so came on my way.

Good-will.—But did none of them come out to beg of you to go back?

Christian.—Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable came, but when they found that I would not yield, Obstinate went home, but Pliable came with me as far as the Slough of Despond.

Good-will.—Why did he not come through it?

When Christian told him the rest, he said: Ah, poor man! Is a world of bliss such a small thing to him, that he did not think it worth while to run a few risks to gain it?

Sir, said Christian, there is not much to choose twixt him and me. Then he told Good-will how he had been led from the straight path by Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

Good-will.—Oh, did he light on you? What! He would have had you seek for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality. They are, in truth, both of them cheats. And did you take heed of what he said?

Christian then told him all. But now that I am come, said he, I am more fit for death, than to stand and talk to my Lord. But oh, the joy it is to me to be here!

Good-will.—We keep none out that knock at this gate, let them have done what they may ere they came here; for they are 'in no wise cast out.' So, good Christian, come with me, and I will teach you the way you must go. Look in front. That is the way which was laid down by Christ and the wise men of old, and it is as straight as a rule can make it.

Christian.—But is there no turn or bend by which one who knows not the road might lose his way?

Good-will.—My friend, there are not a few that lead down to it, and these paths are wide: yet by this you may judge the right from the wrong—the right are straight and are by no means wide.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian said: Could you not help me off with this load on my back?—for as yet he had not got rid of it. He was told: As to your load, you must bear it till you come to the place of Deliverance, for there it will fall from your back.

Then Christian would have set off on the road; but Good-will said: Stop a while and let me tell you that when you have gone through the gate you will see the house of Mr. Interpreter, at whose door you must knock, and he will show you good things. Then Christian took leave of his friend, who bade him God speed.

He now went on till he came to the house at the door of which he was to knock; this he did two or three times. At last one came to the door and said: Who is there?

Christian.—I have come to see the good man of the house.

So in a short time Mr. Interpreter came to him and said: What would you have?

Christian.—Sir, I am come from The City of Destruction, and am on my way to Mount Zion. I was told by the man that stands at the gate, that if I came here you would show me good things that would help me.

Then Interpreter took Christian to a room, and bade his man bring a light, and there he saw on the wall the print of one who had a grave face, whose eyes were cast up to the sky, and the best of

books was in His hand, the law of truth was on His lips, and the world was at His back. He stood as if He would plead for men, and a crown of gold hung near his head.

Christian.—What does this mean?

Interpreter.—I have shown you this print first, for this is He who is to be your sole guide when you can not find your way to the land to which you go; so take good heed to what I have shown you, lest you meet with some who would feign to lead you right; but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him to a large room that was full of dust, for it had not been swept; and Interpreter told his man to sweep it. Now when he did so, such clouds of dust flew up, that it made Christian choke.

Then said Interpreter to a maid that stood by; Make the floor moist that the dust may not rise; and when she had done this, it was swept with ease.

Christian.—What means this?

Interpreter.—This room is the heart of that man who knows not the grace of God. The dust is his first sin and the vice that is in him. He that swept first is the Law, but she who made the floor moist is The Book which tells Good News to Man. Now as soon as you saw the first of these sweep, the dust did so fly that the room could not be made clean by him; this is to show you that the law as it works does not cleanse the heart from sin, but gives strength to sin, so as to rouse it up in the soul.

Then you next saw the maid come in to lay the dust; so is sin made clean and laid low by faith in The Book.

Now, said Christian, let me go hence.

Well, said Interpreter, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be a goad in thy sides; and may faith guide thee!

Then I saw in my dream that the high way which Christian was to tread, had a wall on each side, and the name of that wall was Salvation. Up this high way did Christian run, but with great toil for the load on his back. He ran thus till he drew near to a place on which stood a cross, and at the foot of it a tomb. Just as Christian came up to the cross, his load slid from his back, close to the mouth of the tomb, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad, and said with a gay heart: He gives me rest by his grief, and life by his death.

Yet he stood still for a while, for he was struck with awe to think that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his load. Three or four times did he look on the cross and the tomb, and the tears rose to his eyes. As he stood thus and wept, lo, three Bright Ones came to him, and one of them said: Peace be to thee! thou hast grace from thy sins. And one came up to him to strip him of his rags and put a new robe on him, while the third set a mark on his face, and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he bade him look on as he went, and give it at The Celestial Gate; and then they left him.

Christian gave three leaps for joy, and sang as he went: Ah, what a place is this! Blest cross! Blest tomb! Nay, blest is the Lord that was put to shame for me!

He went on thus till he came to a vale where he saw three men who were in a sound sleep, with chains on their feet. The name of one was Simple, one Sloth, and the third Presumption. As Christian saw them lie in this case, he went to wake them, and said: You are like those that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is at your feet. Wake, rise, and come with me. Trust me, and I will help you off with your chains. With that they cast their eyes up to look at him, and Simple said: I would fain take more sleep. Presumption said: Let each man look to his own. And so they lay down to sleep once more.

Then I saw in my dream that two men leapt from the top of the wall and made great haste to come up to him. Their names were Formalist and Hypocrisy.

Christian.—Sirs, whence come you, and where do you go?

Formalist and Hypocrisy.—We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are on our way to Mount Zion for praise.

Christian.—Why came you not in at the Gate? Know you not that he that comes not in at the door, but climbs up to get in, the same is a thief?

They told him that to go through the gate was too far round; that the best way was to make a short cut of it, and climb the wall, as they had done.

Christian.—But what will the Lord of the town to which we are bound think of it, if we go not in the way of his will?

They told Christian that he had no need for care on that score, for long use had made it law, and they could prove that it had been so for years. Christian.—But are you quite sure that your mode will stand a suit at law?

Yes, said they, no doubt of it. And if we get in the road at all, pray what are the odds? If we are in, we are in; you are but in the way, who come in at the gate, and we too are in the way that choose to climb the wall. Is not our case as good as yours?

Christian.—I walk by the rule of my Lord, but you walk by the rule of your own lusts. The Lord of the way will count you as thieves, and you will not be found true men in the end.

I saw then that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill of Difficulty, where there was a spring. There were in the same place two more ways, one on the left hand and one on the right; but the path that Christian was told to take went straight up the hill, and its name is Difficulty, and he saw that the way of life lay there.

Now when Christian got as far as the Spring of Life he drank of it, and then went up the hill. But when the two men saw that it was steep and high, and that there were three ways to choose from, one of them took the path the name of which is Danger, and lost his way in a great wood, and one of them went by the road of Destruction, which led him to a wide field full of dark rocks, where he fell, and rose no more. I then saw Christian go up the hill, where at first I could see him run, then walk, and then go on his hands and knees, so steep was it. Now half way up was a cave made by the Lord of that hill, that those who came by might rest there. So here Christian sat down, and took out the scroll and read it, till at last he fell off in a deep sleep which kept him there till it was dusk; and while he slept his scroll fell from his hand. At length a man came up to him and woke him, and said: Go to the ant, thou man of sloth, and learn of her to be wise.

At this Christian gave a start, and sped on his way, and went at a quick pace.

When he had got near to the top of the hill, two men ran up to meet him, whose names were Timorous and Mistrust, to whom Christian said, Sirs, what ails you? You run the wrong way.

Timorous said that Zion was the hill they meant to climb, but that when they had got half way they found that they met with more and more risk, so that great fear came on them, and all they could do was to turn back.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just in front of us there lay two beasts of prey in our path; we knew not if they slept or not, but we thought that they would fall on us and tear our limbs.

Christian.—You rouse my fears. Where must I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own town (Destruction) I am sure to lose my life, but if I can get to The Celestial City, there shall I be safe. To turn back is death; to go on is fear of death, but when I come there, a life of bliss that knows no end. I will go on yet.

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill and Christian went on his way. Yet he thought once more of what he had heard from the men, and then he felt in his cloak for his scroll, that he might read it and find some peace. He felt for it but found it not. Then was Christian in great grief, and knew not what to do for the want of that which was to be his pass to The Celestial City. At last, thought he: I slept in the cave by the side of the hill. So he fell down on his knees to pray that God would give him grace for this act; and then went back to look for his scroll. But as he went, what tongue can tell the grief of Christian's heart? Oh, fool that I am! said he, to sleep in the day time; so to give way to the flesh as to use for ease that rest which the Lord of the hill had made but for the help of the soul!

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