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Bunyan's Pilgrim

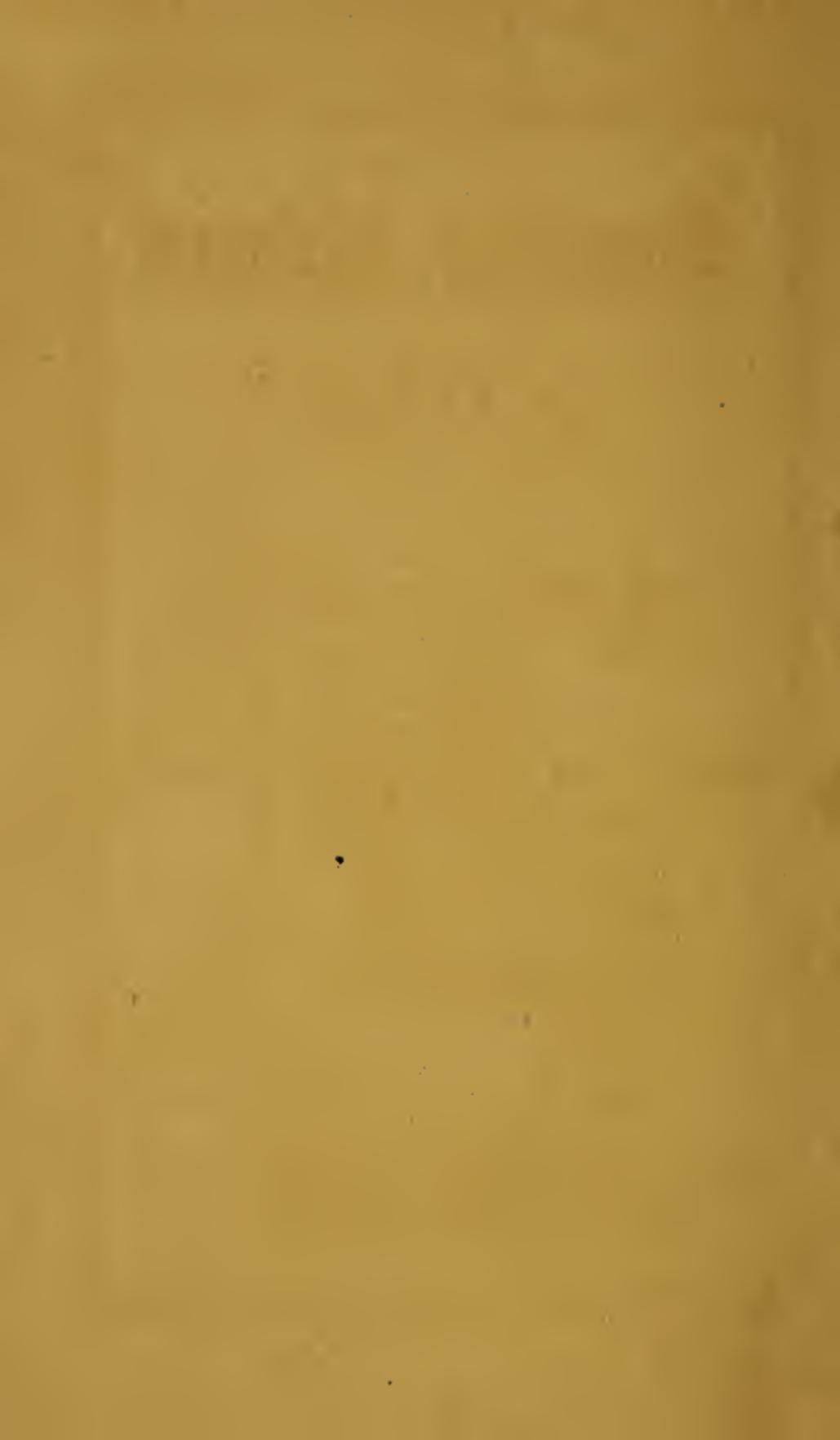
IN VERSE.

STAGE FIRST.

EXTENDING FROM HIS OUTSET TO THE DROPPING OFF
OF HIS BURDEN AT THE CROSS.

NEW YORK:
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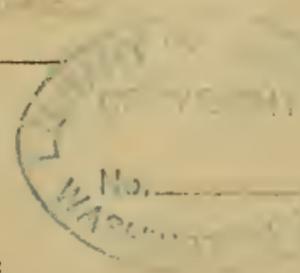
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John Bunyan

EXTENDING FROM HIS OUTSET TO THE DROPPING OFF
OF HIS BURDEN AT THE CROSS.

By Miss [unclear]



NEW YORK:
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BUNYAN'S PILGRIM

IN VERSE.

As I walked through this wilderness
To seek my crown, it seemed,
I lighted on a certain den
In which I slept and dreamed!
I saw a man all clothed in rags,
And they were filthy, too,
Not fit to come before the king,
With whom he had to do.
A burden, too, was on his back,
Which press'd him with its weight
Just like a cart beneath its sheaves—
The burden was so great.
His face was turned from his house,
And in his hands a book,
For on the things he once so loved
He now did shun to look.
I saw him reading in his book,
All trembling and afraid—
Then, with a cry of loud lament,
"What shall I do?" he said.
In this sad plight he reach'd his home—
There sought to be resign'd,
That neither wife nor child might know
The troubles of his mind.

But silence he could not endure,
And thus I heard him say :—
As he to wife and children talked
In this affecting way—
“Oh! my dear wife, with whom I live,
And children that I love,
A heavy burden lies on me
Which I cannot remove :
Moreover, I have been informed
God will this city burn—
This very place, wherein we dwell,
He will to ashes turn.
And you, my wife, and our sweet babes
His judgment will o’ertake,
Unless some unknown way be found
Whereby we may escape.”
At this his friends were sore amazed,
Not that they thought ’twas true,
But feared some frenzy ailed his brain
That would his mind undo.
And they, as night was drawing nigh,
Besought him to repose,
In the vain hope that soft’ning sleep
Would gently soothe his woes.
But sleep refused to lend her aid
In banishing his fears,
And all that long and troublous night
He spent in sighs and tears.
So, when the morning light was come,
They asked him how he was ;
He told them he was worse and worse,
And then explained the cause.
But as he talked, they harshly chid,
Their hearts had harder grown ;
They thought to drive his gloom away
By such unkindness shown.

Wherefore, he then withdrew himself
To some retired place ;
And breath'd a fervent prayer to God
To give them all his grace.
Sometimes he read, sometimes he prayed,
And sometimes walked the fields,
Still seeking for that pearl of price,
Which God to man reveals.
Now, as he read his fears increased,
His griefs, they stronger grew,
He cried, as he had done before—
“Lord, save ! what shall I do ?”
His eyes, they wandered here and there,
As if he sought to run ;
He dreamed not of that blessed path
To thee, Eternal One !
Then one, Evangelist, drew near,
“Oh ! wherefore dost thou cry ?”
He answered with a trembling heart—
“I am condemned to die !”
'Twas thus he answered, in his turn,
“This book that's in my hand
Informs me of a Judgment bar
At which I fear to stand.
My soul will not consent to death—
Judgment I cannot bear—
The thought falls heavy on my heart,
Must I be summoned there ?”
Evangelist then made reply,
“Oh ! man, dost thou suppose
That death makes man's condition worse,
Since life is full of woes ?”
He answered, “Sir, I am afraid
It will be worse with me,
Because this burden on my back
Will seal my misery.

'T will sink me lower than the grave,
Where devils clank their chains,
And bind me in that doleful cell
Where death eternal reigns.
The things of judgment and of death
Are placed before mine eye;
I feel so unprepared for them,
That these things make me cry."
"If this be thy condition, then,
Why stands't thou still?—oh, fly!--
'Tis sure destruction to remain—
Why wilt thou stay to die?"
He answered: "Darkness reigns around,
Here thorns and brambles grow—
Alas! the way is new to me,
I know not where to go!"
Evangelist gave him a roll,
With these words written on:—
"Now is the time—escape for life!
Fly from this wrath to come!"
Then read the man the parchment roll,
And with an anxious sigh
Looked steady on Evangelist,
Saying, "Whither shall I fly?"
Evangelist, then pointing to
A narrow wicket-gate,
Said, "Run, but turn to neither side,
Because the way is straight."
He said: "I cannot see the gate,
Because of yonder field;
Is this the way the Pilgrims pass
With helmet, sword and shield?"
Evangelist then asked him if
He "saw yon shining light,
Lit up for those who pass this way
To guide their steps aright?"

He answered thus: "I think I see
A gleaming from afar,
Just like a single shining spark,
Or like a rising star."
"Keep in thy eye that gleaming light--
The path it maketh straight,
And go directly up thereto,
So shalt thou see the gate;
At which, when thou hast gone and knocked,
Thy duty shall be plain,
For one will tell thee what to do
Who can these things explain."
Then in my dream I saw the man
When speaking he had done,
As one who had fresh courage took
Set out with speed to run.
Now he had run, as I perceived,
But little from his door,
When wife and children seeing him,
Cried, "give the journey o'er."
He put his fingers in his ears,
Cried "Life, eternal life!"
Ran on, looked not behind, nor heard
His children nor his wife.
The neighbors then came out to see--
Some thought the man insane:
He heeded not, but ran towards
The middle of the plain.
Some, angry, threatened--others mocked--
When two resolved this course:
"If fair will not, foul means will do--
We'll bring him back by force."
Dream as it was, I recollect--
I do remember well--
The name of one was Obstinate,
The other, Pliable.

Now, by this time, the man had got
Some distance off from them ;
But so resolved, and swift their feet,
They soon caught up to him.
The man then said, when they drew nigh,
“ Friends, wherefore are ye come ?”
“ To take you back with us,” they said—
“ Back to your native home.”
The man then said : “ This cannot be :
By no means I'll return ;
Your city is Destruction, sirs—
There also was I born.
And all that die there, I am told,
Sink lower than the grave,
Where flames of sulph'rous fire arise,
And round their spirits rave.
Oh, then, good neighbors, be content,
And go along with me ;
Your city is a fearful place,
I have been made to see.”
Said Obstinate : “ What ! leave our friends
And comforts all behind ?
I never can do this I think,
Unless I change my mind.”
“ All you forsake,” then Christian said,
(For Christian was his name,)
“ Cannot be worthy to compare
With what will be your gain.
Yes, if you'll go along with me,
You, like myself, shall share ;
I'm going where there is enough,
And also some to spare.”
Said Obstinate : “ What are the things
You leave your all to find—
The things you think outvalue all
That you must leave behind ?”

“I seek a treasure,” Christian said,
“That fadeth not away,
Laid up in heaven—not on earth,
Where all things must decay.
It surely will be given to all
Who diligently seek :
The broken heart—the contrite ones—
The penitent—the meek.
I will now, for the truth of this,
Refer you to my book,
Where you will find it written plain—
Just condescend to look.”

“Your book away,” said Obstinate :
“What for your book care I ?
Will you go back with us, or not ?—
We’re going by-and-by.”

Said Christian : “I will not go back,
Nor dare I look back now ;
I have my face set Zion-ward,
My hand put to the plough.”

Said Obstinate to Pliable :
“It’s time we start for home ;
If he will not go back with us,
We’ll let the fool alone.
Some men when they get hold upon
Something they call pleasing,
Know more, they think, than seven men,
Who can give a reason.”

Said Pliable : “Do not revile ;
If what he says be true,
He looks, no doubt, for better things
Than either I or you.
I feel inclined to go with him,
That unseen coast to explore ;
I may find solid treasures there
When landed on the shore.”

Said Obstinate to Pliable :
 " What, are there more fools still !
Who knows where he would lead you to,
 If you would do his will ?"
Said Christian : " Neighbor Pliable,
 " Come ! go along me ;
Those things that I have told you of
 You certainly shall see.
Things far more glorious you shall have
 Than eye hath seen beside ;
This is recorded in my book,
 Which is a certain guide.
The promise of these glorious things
 Has been confirmed by blood—
The precious blood of Jesus slain,
 The only son of God."
Said Pliable to Obstinate :
 " I think I will decide
To go along with this good man,
 If he will be my guide."
Said Christian : " I am not the guide ;
 Evangelist, you see,
Will guide you to that little gate
 Where pilgrims learn the way."
Then Pliable to Christian said :
 " Come ! let us travel on ;
My lot is now cast in with yours,
 Our prospects shall be one."
When Obstinate had taken leave,
 As he that played the man,
The two went talking on the plain—
 Their discourse thus began :
Said Christian unto Pliable,
 " I'm glad you make this choice,
To go with me and prove my words ;
 It makes my heart rejoice.

Had even Obstinate himself
View'd things unseen as we,
He would not thus have turned back,
And left our company."
Then Pliable to Christian said :
" Since we are here alone,
Tell me what things are in reserve
For us where we are going."
Then Christian said to Pliable :
" A subject of this kind
Cannot be spoken by my tongue,
As it is in my mind.
But you can read it in my book,
If you desire to know,
'Tis it I get my knowledge from—
To it I daily go."
Then Pliable to Christian said :
" Your book—is it all true ?
Since leaving much, I wish to have
A certainty in view."
" My friend, its true," did Christian say,
" Yes, very sure am I,
Because this book was made by One
Who will not, cannot lie.
Since it is true, as I believe
What things are written there,
That make my heart so light for joy
To think I have a share."
This question was to Christian put
By his friend Pliable ;
Now give good heed, and you shall hear,
What Christian had to tell.

He told of a kingdom where Jesus is king,
Where Death has no power—is rob'd of his sting,
A living forever for all who get there,
And glorious crowns for his subjects to wear ;

Of bright, shining garments that shine as the sun,
 With which on arrival we'll be clothed upon.
 No sorrow, nor crying, he said would be there,
 No nothing to call for a sigh or a tear.
 He said that the Seraphim, Cherubim there,
 Will dazzle our eyes to see as they are—
 That thousands and thousands have gone there before,
 And we shall behold them when we land on that shore.
 All holy and harmless the children of God,
 Made so by the merits of Jesus's blood.
 He told of the Elders, how each had a crown ;
 Of all the good Martyrs who laid their lives down,
 He said though their flesh had been burned in the flame.
 They all were together and living again.

Said Pliable, " To hear of this
 Makes my heart overflow ;
 But how to have a share in it
 Is something yet to know."
 Said Christian, " This is in my book,
 As plain as words can speak,
 The Governor of the place hath said
 That all shall have who seek.
 This offer has been made to all
 Who have a willing mind,
 Who for the sake of things before
 Forget the things behind,"
 Then Pliable to Christian said,
 " Come, let us mend our pace ;
 How glad I am to have the hope
 Of reaching such a place."
 Then Christian said, " How glad I'd be
 To speed along this road ;
 But I can not go as I would,
 See on my back this load."
 Now when their conversation ceased,
 They somewhat heedless grew,
 And near the middle of the plain
 They both fell in a slough :

Sometime they wallowed in the slough,
Till well bedaub'd with mud,
And Christian, he began to sink
By reason of his load.
You wish to know what slough it was
They both had fallen in ;
Despond is what they call the slough,
I saw it in my dream.
Here Pliable was much perplexed
By reason of the slough ;
I heard him say with timid voice,
" Where, Christian, are we now ?"
Then Christian said to Pliable,
" I truly do not know ;"
Then Pliable offended was,
And did quite angry grow.
" Is this the happiness," said he,
" Of which I heard you speak ;
So much ill-speed at first outset
We worse things yet shall meet.
May I get out again with life,
You may possess for me
All that great country, sir, alone,
And all that in it be."
As so he spake, a desperate leap
Delivered him from the slough :
Mark well, when he had gained the bank,
'Twas next his own house now :
But whether he went somewhere else,
Or in at his own door,
Away he went—got out of sight,
Him Christian saw no more.
Christian—he was left to stumble
In the slough alone,
But still he gain'd towards the side
The farthest from his home.

His effort was to gain the side
Next to the little gate,
Which when he gained he got not out,
But had awhile to wait.
He had, as you have heard before,
A burden on his back,
This sunk him deeper in the mire
Each struggle he did make.
A man whose name was Help, drew nigh,
As I saw in my dream,
Who said, "What are you doing here,
And how have you got in."
Said Christian: "one Evangelist
Did bid me go this way,
To save me from the coming wrath
That would abide for aye.
While going to the little gate,
I somehow got afraid,
I ran this way, and tumbled in,
And this's the way I'm paid."
Help asked him "Why he had not looked,
That he the steps might find:"
He said he "looked the other way,
Fear was so close behind."
Now Christian, by the hand of Help,
Was drawn from miry clay;
Help set him on good ground again
And bad him go his way.
Then I stepped up to him whose hand
Had lifted Christian out:
I said: "This plat why not make good;
It is the only route.
No other way can travellers go
To yonder gate, I'm sure,
But over this same plat of ground—
Why not have it secure."

He said to me : "This miry slough
Can never be made good ;
For if it had been possible
Long ere this time it would.
But then this place has chanced to be
Where all the scum of sin
And filth that from conviction flow
Do constantly run in ;'
For when the sinner is awake
And sees his ruined state,
He thinks for him the die is cast,
That he is now too late :
This is the reason why this place
Received the name it did,
This spirit of despondency
The Scriptures do forbid.
Some think this place remaineth bad
By sanction of the king,
But I have seen enough myself
To know it's no such thing.
His laborers have been employed
For sixteen hundred years,
About this very patch of ground,
But Despond yet appears :
The very best materials
Have in this place been cast,
Instructions by the wagon load,
And what is it at last ?
'Tis true, the giver of the Law
Has ordered steps secure,
Well planted through the midst of it,
To make the footing sure.
But there are seasons in the year
It spews out mud and mire ;
The steps at such times can't be seen,
Although the steps are there.

Or if the steps are seen at all,
Men often step aside;
Those subject to a dizzy head,
Get well with mud supplied.
But having got in at the gate,
Through this part of the road,
The foot-man finds a sweet relief,
Because the ground is good.”
I in my dream saw Pliable
By this time had got home—
Had just got in to his own house,
Soon it abroad was known.
His neighbors they came flocking in,
That they might hear him tell
What he had met with on the way,
And what him had befell.
Some call'd him wise for coming back,
But others called him fool;
And some set up to mock at him,
They called him timid soul.
Said one: “Had I the venture made,
I would'nt have been so slack,
As, for a few hard thing at first,
To come a coward back.”
So Pliable felt quite alone,
Looked foolish in the crowd;
While all the rest were in a chat,
He scarce dare speak aloud.
He soon regained his confidence;
His case was set aside;
No time was lost, they all began
Poor Christian to deride.
Now Christian, who was in the fields,
And walking quite alone,
Espied a man, while yet far off,
Towards him coming on.

The space between them shorter grew—
At length they chanced to meet,
Just where their ways each other crossed,
And did each other greet.
The gentleman whom Christian met
While crossing o'er the way,
Was Worldly-Wiseman from the town
Of Carnal Policy
The town of Carnal Policy
Is great and flourishing,
And situated near the place
Where Christian had lived in.
This man, then, meeting Christian did
Him somewhat know, you see ;
For such a setting-out as his
Could not a secret be.
His sighs and groans—yes, every move,
Had made such public talk,
That any man along the way
Could know him by his walk.
“Pray, good-fellow, where now going,
Very heavy laden ;
Your manner, I think, does bespeak
One that has a burden ?”
“A burden'd manner ?—yes, indeed,
As ever creature had ;
I'm sure when I get rid of it,
I will be very glad.
The way I go is onward, sir,
To yonder little gate ;
I there shall be put in the way
To rid me of this weight.”
“Have you got children and a wife--
What family have you,
Of which you took your final leave,
And bid a last adieu ?”

“ I have a wife, and children too,
But them I don't enjoy ;
This heavy burden on my back
Does me so much annoy.
Methinks I am as if I had
No family at all ;
Since they will not go with me now,
I must forsake them all.”

“ Accept a word of counsel, sir,
And hearken unto me ;
I have extensive knowledge gain'd,
And I can counsel thee.”

“ Yes, good counsel I'll receive—
If good, I will give heed ;
Press'd like a cart beneath its sheaves,
Good counsel I much need.”

“ I would advise thee, with all haste,
To get rid of thy load ;
For till thou dost thou never canst
Enjoy the gift of God.”

“ Now that is what I wish to do,
But I the help yet lack ;
For no man in our country, sir,
Can take it off my back.
I cannot take it off myself—
Now this I plainly see ;
Therefore I'm going in this way
To have it done for me.”

Said Worldly-Wiseman : “ Who bid thee
Go traveling this way,
To get this burden off thy back,
As I have heard thee say ?”

“ A man,” said Christian, “ that appeared
In honor to excel ;
His name it was Evangelist,
I do remember well.”

Said Wordly-Wiseman : " I beshrew
 Him for his counsel given ;
 That way is the most dangerous
 That's found on this side heaven.
 That you will find, if you proceed
 As this man doth direct ;
 I see on you dirt from the slough—
 This might I well expect."
 " But that deep slough is only where
 Their sorrows do begin,
 Who venture on this snareful way
 That thou art walking in.
 Hear me, an older man than thou—
 Hear what thou yet mayst meet :
 Pain, hunger, perils, nakedness,
 And no chance for retreat.
 These things are true—they've been confirmed
 By many witnesses ;
 Swords, death and darkness may, no doubt,
 Reward your carelessness."
 " Why, sir, this burden on my back,
 It me more terrifies
 Than all the dangers of the way
 You've placed before mine eyes."
 " How camest thou by this great load,
 To get it on at first ?—
 Of all that man is subject to,
 This burden is the worst."
 " Why, sir, I came by it at first
 By reading in my book—
 This book I carry in my hand—
 When in it I did look."
 Said Worldly-Wiseman : " So I thought ;
 Poor men of feeble mind
 By looking after things too high,
 Will difficulties find,

Which do not only men unman,
As thine I see have done,
But to obtain they know not what,
They desperate ventures run.”
“ Said Christian : “ I know what I seek—
'Tis that I might obtain
Ease from my heavy burden, that
I may have rest again.”
Said Worldly-Wiseman : “ Why seek ease
In such a way as this,
Where dangers lurk in every path,
And where no safety is.
That, too, when I can point you out
The way to ease and friends—
A way at hand of pleasantness,
Which danger ne'er attends.”
“ Why, sir, this secret keep not back,
But open it to me,
That I may get this burden off,
And I'll give thanks to thee.”
“ Hear me. In yonder village lives
One named Legality—
That village there in which he lives
Is called Morality.
This man maintains a noble name,
Also, he hath the skill
Of taking burdens off like thine,
Both when and where he will,
Yea, to my knowledge he hath done
No small amount of good,
By taking burdens off from men
Who pass along the road.
Besides, he hath got skill to cure
Those somewhat crazy grown,
Who have, by reason of their load,
Been badly overdone.

To him thou mayst in safety go ;
I'll venture this to say,
He will extend his help to thee,
And that without delay.
About one mile from where we stand,
He and his son both dwell ;
If he is not at home himself,
His son will do as well.
When there, no doubt, thy burden can
From thee be taken down ;
Thy wife and children, too, be brought
To dwell with thee in town.
If thou back to thy native place
Dost not desire to go—
And I would not, by any means,
Advise thee to do so.
There's houses standing empty there,
And one that you can get ;
I know that for a small amount
These houses can be let.
Provisions, too, are kept on hand,
The people are well clad,
And better neighbors to live by
No man has ever had.”
Now Christian halted for awhile,
But soon he did decide—
“ If all be true that this man saith,
His word shall be my guide.”
To Wordly-Wiseman Christian said :
“ Which way leadeth to his door—
The door of this old honest man,
Of which you spoke before ?”
To Christian Worldly-Wiseman said :
“ Do you see yonder hill ?”
“ Yes,” Christian then to Wiseman said,
“ I see it very well.”

Said Worldly-Wiseman : " By that hill
You go to where he lives,
And the first house to which you come
When by the hill, is his."
So Christian to Legality's
Did turn his face to go,
In search of help, but left his path,
As I'll hereafter show.
But now behold when Christian had
This great hill got hard by,
Its sides did hang quite o'er the way—
'Twas also very high.
Now Christian was afraid to walk,
So overcome with dread,
Lest this high hill with all its rocks
Should fall down on his head.
Wherefore, awhile he there stood still,
His burden greater grew
Than it had been while in his way—
He knew not what to do.
Also, great flames of fire did flash
From all sides of the hill,
Which made him fear he should be burnt
Where he was standing still.
Here he began to quake with fear,
And did so much perspire,
That he was wet from head to foot
While looking on the fire.
Now he did very sorry get
That he had counsel took
From Wordly-Wiseman some time back,
And his own way forsook.
Just then he saw Évangelist,
Which filled him so with shame,
From holding down his head to blush
He could no way refrain.

Evangelist came meeting him ;
As nigh he did advance,
He looked on Christian where he was
With dreadful countenance.
Evangelist began with him
To reason on the way—
“What, Christian, are you doing here ?”
Evangelist did say.
No answer did poor Christian make :
He did not say a word,
But stood before him speechless now,
As if he had not heard.
Now to investigate his case
Evangelist began :
“I found one crying in the street—
Sir, art not thou the man ?
The city of Destruction, sir,
I then was passing by ;
I found a man without the walls
Who like a child did cry.”
Said Christian to Evangelist :
“That weeping man was I—
This heavy burden on my back
Was what then made me cry.”
Evangelist to Christian said :
“You’ll find the way is straight ;
Did I not put thee in the way
To find the little gate ?”
Said Christian to Evangelist :
“I must confess you did ;
My conscience says bring out the truth,
Try not to keep it hid.”
To Christian said Evangelist :
“How didst thou get astray,
So quickly get thee turned aside ?—
Thou art not in the way.”

“ Soon as I had got o’er the slough,”
Poor Christian to him said,
“ A gentleman I chanced to meet
Who did me thus persuade :
That in the village I might find
A very skillful man,
That soon could take my burden off,
And so I towards it ran.”
To him Evangelist then said :
“ This stranger, who is he
Who hath persuaded thee aside—
This man ! what can he be ?”
Said Christian, “ Like a gentleman
To me he did appear,
Talked much to me, got me to yield,
I therefore now am here.
But when I saw this awful hill,
Position, hight, and all,
I suddenly came to a stand
Lest it should on me fall.”
Evangelist then asked him what
That gentleman had said
When in the way he met with him,
And how he was betrayed.
Then Christian said, “ He asked me where
I had set out to go ;
I frankly broke my mind to him,
And gave him all to know.”
Evangelist to Christian said,
“ What did he ask thee next ?
I think there’s been no little talk,
Thou seemest so perplexed.”
Said Christian, “ Then he asked me if
I had a family.
I told him that I had, but they
No comfort were to me ;

Because (said I) this burden does
My comfort so destroy,
That I cannot, my family,
As formerly, enjoy."
"Now, Christian," said Evangelist,
"What farther did he say ?
That all my kind directions thou
So soon didst cast away."
Said Christian, "He looked pityful,
And then with me did plead,
That I would get my burden off,
And get it off with speed.
Ease from my burden, I told him,
Is what I long have sought,
With sighs and groans and bitter tears,
But I have found it not.
I said, I'll go to yonder gate
With all my burden on,
If there I fail to hear of help
I'll be the only one.
But this man said that he to me
A better way could show,
Than that rough way you set me in,
And bid me onward go.
This way, said he, will lead you to
A house where one doth dwell,
Who can take burdens off like thine,
And do it very well.
Then I believed in what he said
And left your way for his,
With hopes to get my burden off,
But I have done amiss.
But when I came unto this place
And saw how things are here,
I stop'd ; I knew not what to do ;
I stopp'd, compell'd by fear."

Evangelist to Christian said,
“Do thou awhile stand still,
I'll show to thee the work of God
Before we leave the hill.”
So he to hear Evangelist
Before him trembling stood.
He knew those words would blast his hopes,
Or bring about his good.
Evangelist began to speak,
And thus I heard him say—
“Refuse not him that speaketh now,
Nor dare to disobey ;
For if they have made no escape
Who have refused him,
Who spake to them while here on earth,
What danger are we in ;
If we presume to turn away
From him that speaks from heaven ;
For this must be a greater sin,
And may not be forgiven.
Now by their faith the just shall live,
By faith and not by sight ;
But in the man that draweth back
The Lord hath no delight.”
Evangelist to Christian now
Those words did thus apply:
“Thou art beginning to reject
The words of the Most High :
And from the only way of peace
Thou hast begun to strole.
Dear sir, thou art now hazzarding
The welfare of thy soul.”
Then Christian down before his feet,
Like one whose life was gone,
And as he fell cried, “Wo is me,
For I'm a man undone.”

Evangelist then caught his hand,
And said to him, "Believe!"
And told him, too, what numerous sins
The Saviour can forgive.
Then Christian did somewhat revive,
But trembled as at first,
While thus Evangelist to him
The words of God rehearsed.
To Christian said Evangelist,
As he did still proceed—
"To those things I shall tell thee of
Give thou more earnest heed.
Now who it was deluded thee,
Dear Christian I will show;
Also the man whose praise he spoke,
To whom he bid thee go.
One Worldly-Wiseman—that's the man
'Twas thy bad luck to meet;
He loves the doctrine of this world—
He's tare among the wheat.
To him the doctrine of the world
Is gold without the dross,
It suits his carnal mind the best—
It saves him from the cross.
This man, in spiritual things
Doth never take delight,
But seeketh to pervert my ways,
Although my ways are right.
Three things in this man's counsel thou
Must utterly abhor,—
His turning thee out of the way,
Thus causing thee to err :
His laboring the cross to make
So odious to thee :
His setting thee in that broad way
That leads to misery :

Thou must abhor his turning thee
Out of the better way ;
Also thine own consenting to
My words to disobey.
For this alone is to reject
The counsel of the Lord ;
Do therefore not be governed by
This Worldly-Wiseman's word.
The Lord says strive to enter in,
And that at the straight gate ;
The gate that I shall send thee to,
For that alone is straight.
Straight is the gate that leads to life—
And very few are they
Who enter by that narrow gate,
But thousands go astray.
Now from this little wicket gate,
And from the way thereto,
This man hath turned thee away,
This soon would thee undo.
His striving to make thee reject
The Cross, thou must abhor ;
It must be prized above the things
That in all Egypt are.
Besides the King of Glory saith—
Now on his word rely—
That he who seeks his life to save,
The same shall surely die.
He that will love his friends or life
In preference to me—
Them not comparatively hate,
Can't my disciple be.
This doctrine, too, thou must abhor,
That that shall be thy death,
Without which, Bible truth doth say,
• Eternal life none hath.

Thou, too, must hate his setting thee
Into the way of death :—
His sending thee to whom he did
Was but deceitful breath.
The man to whom thou hast been sent,
Legality by name,
Is son to the bond-woman who
In bondage doth remain.
The children are in bondage too,
And she in mystery ;
This very mountain Sinai is,
That nigh had fell on thee.
Now, if her children and herself
In bondage still must be,
How canst thou, then, with reason hope,
By them to be made free.
Therefore Legality cannot
Set men from burdens free ;
There's not a man he has relieved,
Nor will there ever be.
Now ye cannot be justified,
By working for the Law ;
For by its deeds no living man
His burden can withdraw,
For this Wiseman an alien is,
Legality 's a cheat ;—
As for his son, Civility,
He's but a hypocrite.
There's nothing now in all the noise
These sottish men have made,
Rut a design to ruin thee,
In all that they have said :
By turning thee out of the way
In which I thee had set ;
Now think how foolish thou hast been,
Thus taken in their net."

Evangelist then called aloud
To heaven to confirm
What he had said, that Christian might
Another lesson learn.
And now came words and fire forth
From the great towering hill,
Beneath which this poor Christian stood—
This caused his blood to chill.
These words Evangelist pronounced,
“All who work for the Law
Are under the most fearful curse,
Can hence no comfort draw :
For curs'd are they, it written is,
All who continue not
In all things written in the Law
To do them every jot.”
Now, Christian looked for certain death,
Began to cry and fret ;
He even cursed the time in which
He Worldly-Wiseman met.
He said, “How foolish I have been,
To hearken to his voice—
Whose arguments flow from the flesh ;
I've made a foolish choice.”
He said then to Evangelist—
“What think you of my state ?
May I go back, sir, even now,
Up to the wicket gate ?
Shall I not be abandoned there ?
For this sent back with shame ?
I'm sorry I this counsel took—
I am, no doubt, to blame.
But may I be forgiven yet ?
Or is my sin too great ?
Is mercy yet in store for me ?
Or have I come too late ?”

Then said Evangelist to him—
 “Thy sin thou did'st increase,
By leaving for forbidden paths,
 The only way of peace.
Yet go to him that's at the gate,
 He freely will forgive ;
He has much mercy for such ones—
 He can their faults forgive.
But now take heed unto thyself,
 No more to go astray ;
Lest when his wrath begins to burn,
 Thou perish from the way.”
Then Christian did address himself,
 His journey back to take.
Evangelist gave him a kiss,
 Said, “Speed thee to the gate.”
So he went on with haste, nor spake
 To any by the way ;
If questions were proposed to him,
 He said not yea nor nay.
He went like one that all the while
 Treads on forbidden ground ;
Nor could he feel himself secure,
 Till he the right way found.
The time soon came when Christian reached
 The much desired gate,
To see his duty, when once there,
 He had not long to wait.
For o'er it was written, “Knock !
 I'll open unto thee.”
He knocked, and knocked, and knocked again,
 And thus I heard him say—

“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.”

Came to the gate a grave-faced man,
Who was Goodwill, by name,
He ask'd "Who's here? what would he have?
Also from whence he came?"
Said Christian, "I'm a burdened man,
And one that's prone to sin.
Since this way leads to Zion's gate,
I pray thee let me in.
My native city I have left,
Her dreadful end to shun;
My face I have set Zionward,
I fear the wrath to come."
"I'll let you in with all my heart,"
Goodwill to Christian said.
Then open wide he threw the gate,
That leads to Zion's hill.
When Christian was just going in,
The other to him said—
As he gave him a gentle pull—
"There's something yet ahead;
A little distance from this place,
There is a castle strong,
The captain's name is Beelzebub,
To him it doth belong.
Now he and they that with him are,
Shoot arrows not a few;
To kill all those who reach the gate,
Before they get quite through.
Now I rejoice and tremble too,
Said Christian, when he thought
Of passing where Beelzebub,
With other men had fought.
Then said the man who kept the gate,
To Christian when safe in;
"Who hath directed thee this way?
Pray who so wise hath been?"

Said Christian, " One Evangelist,
Bid me come here and knock,
Said you would tell me what to do,
So now I'll hear you talk."
" I see your face is Zionward,
And now to such as those ;
An open door is ever set,
No man on earth can close !"
" Now, I begin to reap, said he,
The benefits that rise,
From running into hazards, sir,
In this great enterprize."
" But how is it that you have come,
This journey quite alone ;
'Tis said in time of dangers two,
Are better far than one !"
" Because as I my danger saw,
But neighbors saw not theirs ;
I'm here to shape my way alone,
And so with me it fares."
" That you had thoughts of coming here,
Did any of them know ?
Have you warn'd them that they will meet,
A dreadful overthrow ?"
" Yes, at the first my wife saw me,
My children they did grieve ;
But with my fingers in my ears,
I took a final leave.
On every side I was opposed,
My neighbors cried return !
My wife would not come with me here,
So she is left to mourn."
" Did no one follow after you,
That they might you persuade,
In some way to return with them,
When they their plea had made ?"

“Yes, Obstinate and Pliable,
But they could not prevail!
Then Obstinate gave me the back,
And then began to rail.
But Pliable from Obstinate,
Did differ now you see;
He went not back, he railed not,
But came some way with me.”

“Since Pliable left Obstinate,
To come so far with you;
Where is he now, why has he fail'd,
To come the journey through?”

“We came together, he and I,
While all was going well;
But on the way there is a slough,
And into it we fell.
Here my poor neighbor Pliable
Let all his courage fail,
Got out but next to his own house,
And thus began to rail:
“Now this brave place you may possess,
And that also for me,
And I'll go back to what I have,
And leave it all to thee.
So Pliable forsook me too,
As I do here relate;
Went railing back to Obstinate,
While I came to this gate.”

Then Goodwill said: “Alas, poor man,
Is glory in his eyes,
Celestial glory little worth,
By him esteemed no prize?
That he will not in view of it,
Small difficulties bear;
When he might soon, yes very soon,
Celestial glory share!”

Said Christian, "I of Pliable,
Have spoken truth indeed,
But might have spoken of myself,
And much the same have said.
True, he went back to his own house,
And that with railing breath,
But I also have turn'd aside,
To go the way of death.
Pursuaded by the arguments
Of one whose words are fair,
One carnal Worldly-Wiseman, sir,
A man of talent rare."
So Worldly-Wiseman talked to you,
He'd have you seek for ease;
From old Legality, the cheat
The rogue, sir, if you please.
No don't, they both are cunning cheats,
And men must be awake;
Since he his counsel gives so free,
Did you his counsel take?"
"Far as I dare, Legality,
I went to find him out;
Till fearing that the hill would fall,
On all the place about.
That hill or mountain near his house,
Did fill me so with dread,
I saw no way that it could fail
To fall upon my head."
"That mountain has its thousands slain,
And may its thousands more,
'Tis well that you have made escape,
It was from death's dark door."
"Why, truly, I can scarcely tell
What might have been my fate,
Had not Evangelist met me
Before it was too late.

It was God's mercy that he came,
To wretched me again,
Or I, instead of being here,
Had perished with the slain.
But now I'm come, such as I am,
Deserving more of death,
Than conversation with my Lord,
Whose honor I address.
But what a favor this to me,
That I'm admitted here,
And find a hearty welcome, too,
That drives away all fear."
"All that will come, can enter here,
They need not stand in doubt,
Though sinners once of crimson dye,
We no wise cast them out.
Therefore, good Christian, come with me,
I'll teach thee of the way,
The narrow way that leads aright,
All others lead astray.
It was cast up by Patriarchs,
By Prophets and by Christ;
The straightest and the safest way,
That ever was divided."
But Christian said: "May there not be,
Some windings in the way,
By which a stranger may get off,
And some how go astray."
"Yes, many ways fall in with this,
The crooked and the wide;
The right way, though, as one is straight,
Take this, sir, as a guide.
Now, in my dreams I Christian saw
Imploring him for aid:
"Oh, take this heavy burden down,
That's on my back," he said.

As yet he was not rid of it—
That load of pond'rous weight ;
Nor could he get it off alone,
The burden was so great.
Said Goodwill, " Be content to bear
Thy burden in this case—
It will fall off thy back itself,
When at the proper place."
Then Christian girded up his loins,
Gave hand, and bid farewell,
When Goodwill showed him from the gate
Where one great man did dwell.
He said : " Go to the door, and knock,
That good man's always there,
And being an Interpreter,
He shows things great and rare."
Then Christian, after taking leave,
Made haste to reach the door :
When there, no one bid him come in
Till he knocked o'er and o'er ;
Last came one to the door, who said s
" What man is this, I pray,
Who standeth knocking all this while
And has not went his way."
" Kind sir, I am a traveller,
Bid call awhile with you,
And with the master of the house
To have an interview :
By one of his acquaintances
I have been bid to call,
That I may profit by this man
Throughout my journey all."
The master of the house was called,
Who did of him inquire
From whence he came—what he would have,
And what was his desire."

“The city of Destruction, sir,”
Said Christian, “I am from,
And going to Mount Zion, now,
For my abiding home.
Your neighbor, yonder, at the gate,
That heads the way, you see,
Told me to call—that you could show
Things that would profit me.”
“Come in,” said the Interpreter,
“Come in, that I may show
Things that will be a help to thee
Thy toilsome journey through.”
Commanded he his man to bring
A light without delay;
So Christian followed after him—
The master led the way.
He took him to a private room--
His man unlocked the door,
Then Christian saw some things, no doubt,
He never saw before.
While sitting in the room, he saw
A picture on the wall,
The likeness of a quite grave man,
Eyes lifted up withal.
Its eyes were raised like one that looks
Far up above his head,
The best of books was in its hand
That man has ever read.
The law of truth was on its lips,
A law that could be read,
The world was placed behind its back—
A crown above its head.
It stood erect upon its feet,
As if with men it plead,
To him, “This silent orator
Was eloquent,” he said.

Said he to the Interpreter,
 " What meaneth what I've seen ;
This picture hanging on the wall,
 Must truly something mean ?" "
The man this picture represents
 Is of a thousand, one ;
For few look up to things above,
 And few shall wear the crown.
Whereas thou see'st in its hand,
 The best of books doth lie :
The law of truth, too, on its lips,
 Also its upward eye,
It is to show his work is this
 To know and to unfold
Dark things to sinners, which have been
 Dark things to some of old.
Whereas thou seest him stand up,
 As if with man to plead,
This aids in confirmation of
 What I before have said.
The world is cast behind his back,
 Above him hangs a crown,
These show this world is not his home
 He seeketh not renown.
He, thinking light of present things,
 For love to serve his Lord,
Great glory in the world to come
 Shall be his large reward
" Now," said the good Interpreter,
 " The first of all beside,
I've showed the picture of the man
 Whom thou must take as guide.
No other has been authorized
 By Zion's Lord and King,
Through places dark and difficult
 He can thee safely bring.

Wherefore to what I thee have showed
Take thou most earnest heed,
All treasure up within thy heart
Against the day of need :
Lest in thy journey thou should meet
With some that may pretend
To lead thee right; when oh! their path
In misery shall end."

Interpreter then took his hand,
And led him where was kept
A large and dusty parlor that
Had never yet been swept.
When Christian had reviewed awhile,

A man was call'd to sweep ;
The dust did fly about so much
He scarce his breath could keep.

To a young damsel who stood by
Interpreter then said :

"Bring water here, and sprinkle on,
And let the dust be laid."

When this was brought and sprinkled on,
Though all was dust before,
The room was cleansed with perfect ease,
Wall, ceiling, and the floor.

Then Christian said : "What meaneth this—
The parlor I have seen,

So full of dust, and never swept,
This, too, must something mean."

"This represents the heart of man
Unsanctified from sin :

The dust that flies about the room
What evils lurk within.

The Law began to sweep at first,
Which made the dust to fly ;

The Gospel brought the water in
Which made it all to lie.

Whereas thou saw'st that when the first
Began to sweep, that he
Did raise the dust about the room
Which came nigh choaking thee.
This is to show the Law, instead
Of cleansing thee from sin,
Doth but revive it in the soul,
And put more strength therein :
The Law discovers and forbids
All kinds of sin, 'tis true,
But in its power lieth not
The weakest to subdue.
The damsel who the water brought,
And laid the dust to rest,
Is like the blessed Gospel to
The sorrow-stricken breast ;
Its living waters purify,
And lay the passions still ;
It makes the heart a fount of joy
Which living waters fill.
By it the heart is purified
That once was full of sin,
And made a habitation for
The everlasting King.”
He took him in another room,
And this he saw, when there,
Two little children, as they sat,
Each in his little chair.
Now Passion discontented was,
Was often heard complain ;
But Patience was a quiet child—
This gave to him his name.
“ What aileth Passion,” Christian said,
“ That makes him discontent ;
The younger child is not like him,
Its time is cheerily spent.”

“ This Passion,” said the Interpreter,
Wants all his best things now ;
His gov'nor wishes him to wait,
And will not this allow :
He wishes them to wait, he says :
Till enters in next year ;
Patience is willing and resigned,
But Passion will not hear.”
I saw one come to Passion then
Who had a bag of treasure,
And pour it down at Passion's feet,
Who took it up with pleasure.
Laughing as he took it up,
That Patience had to wait ;
But soon he lavish'd all away,
Made poverty his fate.
They all had gone, his treasures all
Themselves made wings to fly ;
I saw him last all clothed in rags,
And with a downcast eye.
Said Christian to Interpreter,
“ Expound this unto me,
What meaneth those two little lads
In this small room I see !”
Said he, “ these lads are figures, and
This, Passion, is to show,
The feelings of those men whose hearts
Are set on things below.
This, Patience, is to represent
Those who with patience wait,
For their best things beyond this world,
And in a future state.
I represent the present things
Now by the present year,
The future by the year to come,
Which is as yet not here.

Like Passion some their portion want
Now in the present year,
They say this waiting till the next
May cost us very dear.
With them this proverb is beloved,
No better they could wish—
Give me the bird that's in the hand,
For two that's in the bush.
Whereas thou saw'st how that he,
Soon wasted all his store,
Had nothing left at all but rags
Of all he had before.
So will it fare with all such men,
That have their good things now,
When this vain world has past away,
Their all with it must go.”
Said Christian, “ Patience has, I think,
Made much the wisest choice,
His things are incorruptible,
In which he doth rejoice.
'Tis wise to wait with patience till
He shall be clothed upon,
With a white robe of righteousness,
And with a golden crown.
But foolish Passion shall have rags,
A monument of shame,
For he has spent his substance all
Fast as it to him came.”
Now Passion did at Patience laugh
Because he waiteth long,
But Patience shall at Passion laugh,
Whose things were first, but gone.
First must give place to last you see,
For none comes after last ;
Therefore, none other can succeed,
Because all else is past.

He that will have his portion first,
Will drink his fountain dry ;
He that will have his portion last,
Will have it lastingly.
It therefore, now, of Dives is said,
" Thy good things thou hast had ;
Thou had'st them all in thy life time—
How softly was't thou clad ?
But Lazarus—poor outcast man—
Had only evil things,
But now he dwells with Seraphim,
And with the King of Kings.
And thou dost from thy doleful cell,
For water plead and cry ;
Thy tongue shall be for ever parched,
Thy worm shall never die."
Then Christian said, " I now perceive,
It is not best like some,
To covet things that present are,
But wait for things to come.
'Tis true, that things which now are seen,
Will soon have passed away,
But future things, yet out of sight,
Will last through endless day.
Though this be so, yet present things
And fleshy appetite,
Are to each other neighbors near,
Therefore they do unite.
But things to come, and carnal sense,
Are strangers far apart,
And always so will they remain,
Nor can be one in heart."
Now, in my dream, Interpreter,
Led Christian to a place
Where burn'd a fire on the wall,
And rapid spread the blaze.

One stood by casting water on,
The fire to subdue ;
But to accomplish this he failed,
The flame still hotter grew.
He that stood casting water on,
To make the flame subside,
Is Satan—that old enemy—
His work shall not abide.
Whereas thou seest that the flame
Still upward doth ascend,
I'll show thee why the enemy
Can't bring it to an end.
Interpreter led Christian then
Away quite round the wall,
There stood a man who had with him
A vessel full of oil.
This oil he secretly cast in,
Again, yet and again ;
This is the reason he so well
The fire did maintain.
Then Christian said, " What meaneth this,
The fire in this place ?"
" 'Tis Christ," Interpreter then said,
" Christ with the oil of grace.
With this he doth maintain the work,
When in the heart begun,
In spite of Satan's utmost rage,
His people shall o'ercome.
In that thou sawest him conceal'd,
Who kept the fire doth show,
How grace is kept within the soul,
This tempted scarcely know."
I also saw Interpreter
Of Christian's hand take hold,
And lead him to a pleasant place—
A palace to behold.

The palace it was beautiful,
It Christian did delight,
When up thereto he had arrived,
Where all was plain in sight.
He saw also upon the top—
Most beauteous to behold—
Some persons walking all about
Arrayed in shining gold.
Then Christian asked Interpreter,
“ May we go in this place ?”
Interpreter then took his hand
And led him on apace.
When Christian, by Interpreter,
Was to the palace brought,
A company of men was there
To enter, but dare not.
Now at this place there sat a man,
A short space from the door,
This man sat at a table side,
His ink-horn stood before.
He had a book to take the name
Of every happy guest,
Who had a right to enter in
And live among the blest.
He also saw in the door-way,
That men in armor stood,
To battle all that would go in,
To wound them all they could.
Now Christian was somewhat amazed,
He saw the men alarmed ;
And starting back for fear of those,
Who kept the door-way armed.
But soon he saw a man come up,
With a determined look,
Who said to him that sat to write,
“ Set my name in the book.”

So when his name was written down,
He forthwith drew his sword,
Then put a helmet on his head,
The armed men rushed toward.
When up to them he came, they laid
On him with deadly force,
But he with courage unimpaired,
Pursued an onward course.
Now he began to cut and hack,
And that most fiercely too,
Determined none should keep him out,
The crowd he would go through.
When he had given many wounds,
And often wounded been,
He cut his way through all the crowd,
The palace entered in.
At this a very pleasant voice
Was in the palace heard,
And all who walk'd about the top
In the sweet chorus shared.

“ Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win.”

He then went in, and there was clothed
In garments such as they.
“ I think I know what this doth mean,”
Did Christian smile and say.
“ Now let me go,” then Christian said ;
Interpreter said “ Stay,
I wish to show thee something more,
Then thou shalt go thy way.”
Into a room where all was dark,
He then did Christian take,
There sat one in an iron cage ;
This made his heart to ache.

The man was sad to look upon—
He sat with downcast eyes,
His hands together folded were,
He made heart-melting sighs.
“What meaneth this?” then Christian said;
“Why is he in this place?”
“Ask him,” said the Interpreter,
“And learn his wretched case.”
So Christian said: “Man, what art thou?”
Then answered this poor man:
“I am not, sir, what I was once;
I’ll tell thee what I am.
I once a bold professor was,
And flourished in my eyes,
And others thought they saw in me
A fitness for the skies.
For the celestial city once
I thought that I bid fair,
And even had most joyful thoughts
About my getting there.”
“What art thou now?” then Christian said:
“If once so very fair.”
“I am a man,” he sighing said,
“Shut up in keen despair;
Like as this iron cage, it doth
Encompass me about;
I am shut in on every side,
And never can get out.”
“How camest thou,” then Christian said,
Into this dreadful state;
Shut up as in this iron cage,
Thy misery so great.”
“I ceased to watch and sober be,
And to my lusts gave way;
I sinned against a loving God,
’Twas thus I am astray.

His precious word I did resist,
Its light would not receive ;
His holy spirit, it has fled—
I did that spirit grieve.
I've tempted Satan, and he's came
To keep me in this cage ;
The holy God I have provoked
To leave me to his rage.
The most heart-melting truths I hear
Will not make me relent :
I have so hardened my poor heart,
I never can repent.”
Said Christian to Interpreter,
“ For such a man as this
Is there no hope, that after all
He may attain to peace.”
“ Ask him,” said the Interpreter,
Then Christian asked the man :
“ Is there no hope but in despair ;
Must thou always remain ?”
“ No hope at all,” then said the man ;
This iron cage you see
Is such that not one ray of hope
Can ever dawn on me.”
Said Christian : “ Why, the Son of God
Is pitiful and kind,
Look up to him—his mercy plead,
And leave thy fears behind,”
“ I've crucified,” then said the man
The son of God afresh ;
I have his person, too, despised—
Disdained his righteousness.
I too have looked upon his blood
As an unholy thing ;
Against the spirit of his grace
Did all my malice bring.

By this, of all the promises
I am shut out, you see,
So nothing now at all remains
But threatenings to me—
Dreadful threatenings—fearful ones,
Of judgment just at hand,
And fiery indignation which
I can no way withstand.”
“For what,” said Christian, “did you bring
Yourself to this despair—
I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Oh man! be where you are.”
Said he: “The pleasures of this world
I thought I should enjoy;
And promised to myself delight.
With nothing to annoy:
But now those things I once so loved
Each bite me in their turn
And do my very vitals gnaw
As would a living worm.”
“But canst thou not repent and turn—”
Then Christian kindly said.
“The Lord repentance hath withheld,”
The wo-worn prisoner pled.
“His word gives no encouragement
That will my fears assuage;
His own strong hand hath shut me up
In this great iron cage.
Not all the men that dwell on earth
Can ever set me free;
Eternity, Eternity,
Oh! dread Eternity!
How shall I grapple with the pain
That is awaiting me—
The vengeance of an angry God
Throughout eternity.”

Interpreter to Christian said,
“ Let this man’s misery,
An everlasting caution to
Thyself, oh Christian, be.”
Said Christian to Interpreter,
“ I on my way must go;”
“ Nay tarry,” said Interpreter,
“ Till one thing more I show.”
He then took Christian by the hand,
Him to a chamber led,
Where he beheld a man who was
Just rising out of bed.
And as he put his garments on,
He shook and trembled so,
That Christian asked Interpreter,
The reason for to show.
Interpreter then bid him tell
To Christian why he shook,
Why he did shake and tremble so
Soon as he had awoke.
So he began—to Christian said,
“ While in my sleep I dreamed,
The heavens grew exceeding black,
Like midnight gloom it seem’d.
The lightnings blaz’d, the thunders roll’d,
Which filled my soul with dread ;
The clouds did rack unusually,
That passed above my head.
With this I heard a trumpet sound,
The blast was long and loud,
I saw one coming down the skies,
And seated on a cloud.
Attended by the heavenly host,
All in a burning flame,
The heavens too lit up with fire,
Before them as they came.

'Twas then I heard a voice proclaim,
With a tremendous sound,
Rise ye dead, to judgment come,
Ye nations under ground.
The solid rocks asunder rent,
The graves gave up their dead,
Some looking up rejoiced aloud,
While others shook with dread.
Some in the anguish of their souls,
Sought for a place to hide,
Beneath the ruins of the world,
They were so terrified.
The man who sat upon the cloud,
Then bid the world draw near,
Then from his book their sentence read,
That each his doom might hear.
Yet for the flames that issued forth,
And did the throne surround,
None any nearer could approach,
Than his appointed bound.
Like as our earthly judges have,
Where waiting prisoners are,
A distance separating them,
From prisoners at the bar.
Said he to those attendants who
Did round about him wait,
Cast ye the stubble, tares and chaff,
Into the Burning Lake.
With this just whereabouts I stood,
Then opened up the pit—
Great smoke and coals of fire with noise,
Burst from the mouth of it.
He said to those who burned the tares,
Go gather up my wheat,
It safe into my garner store,
The time has come to reap.

With this I many saw caught up,
Away into the clouds ;
But I, for one, was left behind,
Among the weeping crowds.
I also sought myself to hide,
But I could not, for he
That sat upon the clouds of Heaven,
Still kept his eye on me.
My sins came to my guilty mind,
My guilty conscience spake,
This ended all my fearful dream,
For then I came awake.”
“ But what was it,” then Christian said,
“ That gave you such a fright,
That put you in an agony,
While gazing on the sight ?”
“ What put me in this agony,”
The man to Christian said,
“ I thought the Judgment Day was come,
My peace with God not made.
But this afrighted me the most,
When I began to find,
The angels gathered several,
But me they left behind.
Also, the pit of hell her mouth,
Did open where I stood,
My conscience then did me accuse,
I knew I was not good.
And as I thought, the judge’s eyes
Were always fixed on me,
I thought I indignation in
His countenance could see.”
Interpreter to Christian said,
“ Of all that thou hast seen,
Hast thou well pondered in thy heart,
To know what they may mean ?”
“ Said Christian, “ Yes, so that they have
Put me in hope and fear,
The dark side lays my spirits low,
The bright side doth me cheer.”
“ Remember,” said Interpreter,
“ Those things I did thee show,
Let them like goads, still prick thy sides,
That thou may’st onward go.”

Now he began to gird his loins,
 His journey to pursue,
 The other said "The Comforter,
 Good Christian, be with you—
 To guide you to the city safe,
 Be with you on the way."
 Then Christian ventured out again,
 And thus I heard him say—

"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 show'd me here, and let me be,
 Thankful, O Good Interpreter to thee."

Now in my dream I saw the way
 That Christian pass'd, and all
 The highway fenced on either side,
 Salvation was its wall.
 Up this way burden'd Christian ran
 With difficulty great,
 Because the burden on his back
 Was of distressing weight.
 He ran till he came where there was
 Somewhat ascending ground,
 Erected on that very spot,
 A wooden cross he found.
 Below the cross, not far from it,
 Was a sepulchre too,
 Of these I had, while in my dream,
 A very pleasant view.
 I saw when Christian had come here,
 His burden roll'd away,
 It into the sepulchre fell,
 Below the cross to stay.
 This burden which no strength on earth
 Could free him from before,
 Fell off when at the cross and grave,
 And then was seen no more.

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