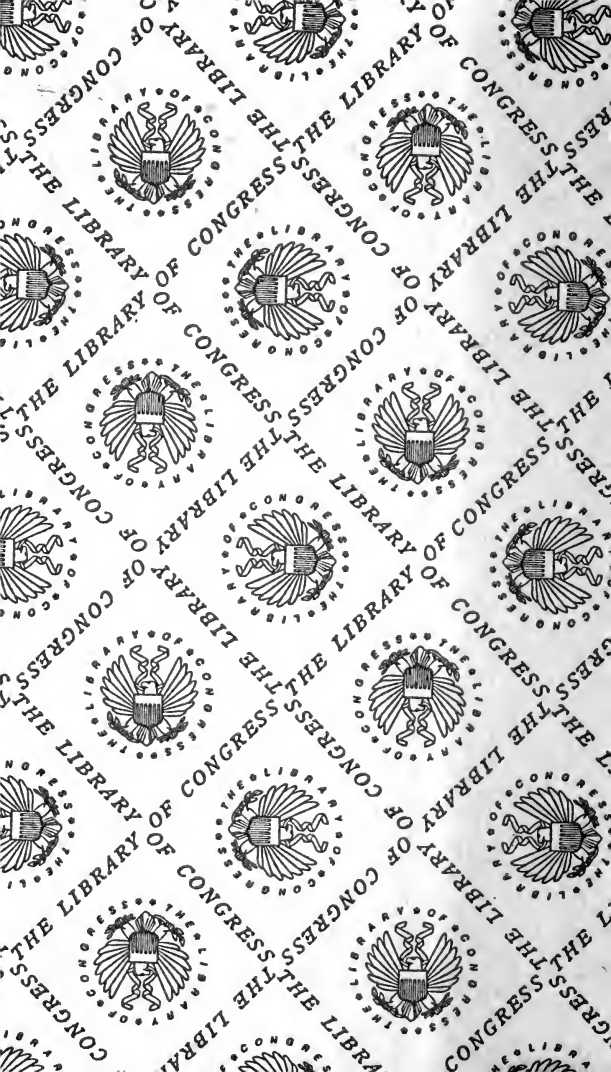


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1854











THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

AND THE

THE  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

IN VERSE,

EMBRACING THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN FROM HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE  
CITY OF DESTRUCTION TO HIS ENTRANCE INTO  
THE CELESTIAL CITY.

*c. B. ...*  
BY MRS. ELIZA EBERLE.



✓  
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*J.H.*

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JOHN J. EBERLE,

In the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

# 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 now 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 phrenzy 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 secluded 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!  
Flee from the 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 short way 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 or 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 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 with 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, I say,  
Will guide us 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 converse 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 about,  
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 knowldge 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," then Christian said,  
"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 Christain 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,  
Which on arrival they'll give to each one.  
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 Emmanuel'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 were all 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  
Forsake 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 the road ;  
But go I cannot as I would,  
See on my back this load."

Their conversation having 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-luck 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 he spake, a desperate leap  
Released him from the slough:  
Mark well, when he had gained the bank,  
'T was 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 bank  
Next to the little gate,  
And when 'twas gained to scramble out,  
He 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 there made.  
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 will 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 trav'lers 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 now he is too late:

This is the reason why this place  
Received the name it did,  
The 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 yet Despond 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 they can be seen at all,  
Men often step aside ;  
Those subject to a dizzy head,  
Get well with mud supplied.

But having entered by 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—  
And soon as he was in the house,  
It all abroad was known.

His neighbors then came flocking in,  
That they might hear him tell  
What he had met with on the way,  
And what him had befel.

Some call'd him wise for coming back,  
But others called him fool ;  
And some set up to mock at him,  
And called him timid soul.

Said one : " Had I the venture made,  
I wouldn't have been so slack,  
As, for a few hard things 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,  
 They 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,  
 With such a heavy load ;  
 I think your manner plainly tells,  
 You little know the road ?”

“A heavy load ?—Oh, 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.”

“Oh, yes, good counsel I will hear—  
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 some 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;  
I'm going therefore 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 Worldly-Wiseman : “I beshrew  
Him for his counsel given ;  
That way is the most dangerous  
That’s found this side of heaven.

This you will find, if you proceed  
As that man doth direct ;  
I see on you dirt from the slough—  
This might one 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 will, 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,  
Great 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—  
The village, sir, 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 the 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 Worldly-Wiseman Christian said :  
"Which way leads to his door—  
The door of this old honest man,  
Of which you spake 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—

'T was 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 the 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 taken

From Worldly-Wiseman some time back,

And his own way forsaken.



Just then he saw Evangelist,  
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.”

“As soon as I was through 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,  
So towards it I 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, height, 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 did 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 my great 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 stop'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 stroll,  
Dear sir, thou art now hazarding  
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 spake,  
To whom he bid thee go.

One Worldly-Wiseman—that's the man  
'T was 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 from the straight 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 quite 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 hath 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 can'st 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,  
But 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,  
They 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 is it now 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 on 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 over 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,"  
To Christian said Goodwill;  
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 enterprise.”

“But how is it that you have come,  
This journey quite alone ;

“T is said in time of dangers two  
Are far better than one!”

“Because that 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 did not rail,  
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.

Persuaded 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 doubt, 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 to late.

’T was through God’s mercy that he came,  
To wretched me again,  
Or I, instead of being here,  
Had perished with the slain.

But now I 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 tear.”

“ 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 devised.”

But Christian said: “ May there not be,  
Some winding 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, is always straight,  
Take this, sir, as a guide.”

Now in my dreams I Christian saw  
Imploring him for aid:  
"Oh, take this burden down,  
That's on my back," he said.  
As yet he was not rid of it—  
That load of ponderous 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 bade 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 bade him come in  
Till he knocked o'er and o'er;  
Last came one to the door, who said  
"What man is this, I pray,  
Who standeth knocking all this while  
And has not gone 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 enquire,  
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 standing 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, thinketh 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 shouldst meet  
With some who 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 then flew 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 sawest 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 one 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 cheerly spent.”

“This Passion,” said 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 sawest 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 now, therefore, 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 forever 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.

'T is 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 burned a fire upon 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.

"Now he that cast the 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, and yet again;  
This is the reason he so well  
The fire does maintain.

Then Christian said, "What meaneth this,  
The fire in this place?"

"'T is 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 Christain'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,  
’T was 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 come  
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, “Fearful is this case ;  
Oh God, help me to pray,  
And watch, and sober be, that I  
May not thus go astray.”

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 why 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.

'T was then I heard a voice proclaim,  
With a tremendous sound :  
Arise 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 bade 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 whereabout I stood,  
Then opened wide 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 affrighted 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 rolled away,  
Into the sepulchre it 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.  
Then Christian glad and lightsome was  
And said, with cheerful breath,  
"Rest by His sorrow I have gained,  
And life too by His death."  
He then awhile stood still to look,  
And wondered how it was  
That his great burden fell right off,  
While looking at the Cross.  
He looked therefore, and looked again,  
(As Zechariah speaks,)  
Till all the springs within his head,  
Sent water down his cheeks.  
He, while thus weeping here for joy,  
Three shining ones did see  
Who came to him, saluted him  
With, "Peace be unto thee."

The first said, "Christian, though thy sins  
Were many, all are gone."

The second stripped him of his rags,  
And put good raiment on.

The third then set a mark upon  
The forehead of this man,  
Gave him a Roll with seal on it,  
To look on as he ran.

He told him he must give it in  
At the Celestial Gate.

These shining three then went their way,  
They did no longer wait.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy,  
More happy than a king;  
His heart, now full of gratitude,  
He thus began to sing:

"Thus far did I come laden with my sins:  
Nor could ought 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 bind it to me crack?  
Blessed cross! blessed sepulchre; blessed rather be  
The man that there was put to shame for me!"

Then in my dream, I saw that he  
Went on thus 'till he came  
Quite down the hill, and here he saw  
Three men, I soon will name.

These men had fetters on their heels,  
And fast asleep they lay.  
The place where Christian saw these men  
Was little off the way.

Presumption was the name of one;  
Another Sloth, you'll see,  
And Simple was with them asleep;  
'Tis thus I've named the three.

Now Christian seeing them lie thus  
Cried to them as he passed,  
" You are like those who when on sea  
Take sleep on top the mast.

For under you is the Dead Sea,  
Unfathomably deep,  
Awake! awake! and come away,  
How dare you longer sleep.

Be willing and I'll lend you aid,  
Your iron fetters break,  
That you may from this fearful place  
Just now make your escape."

And Christian further said to them,  
" If He should come this way,  
Who like a roaring lion goes  
About to seek his pray,

" He certainly will seize on you  
While in this sleepy state ;  
A prey you'll to his teeth become,  
Arise! make your escape."

They looked on Christian and replied,  
Their thoughts they did not keep :  
Said Simple, " I no danger see ;"  
Said Sloth, " I want more sleep."

" Now every tub must stand upon  
A bottom of its own,"

Presumption said, when he replied,  
And let his thoughts be known.

When they had all made their reply,  
Then down to sleep they lay ;  
And Christian seeing all was vain,  
Alone went on his way.

But he was troubled now, to think  
That men so much oppressed,  
Should think so lightly of the love  
That he to them professed,

In offering to give them help,  
Their fetters all to break ;  
In pleading much—in trying hard  
To keep them all awake.

While Christian yet felt sorrowful  
For those who fettered lay,  
He saw two men climb o'er the wall  
On left side Narrow Way.

The name of one—Hypocrisy,  
The other, Formalist,  
They soon arrived where Christian was  
Who talked to them like this :

“ Well gentlemen from whence came you,  
And whither do you go,  
Your climbing over yonder wall  
Makes me desire to know.”

“ Vain Glory is our native place,  
’Twas there we both were born,  
We go to Zion now for praise,  
And shall no more return.”

When they had told from whence they came,  
Then he to them did say,  
“ Why came ye not in by the gate  
That heads the Narrow Way.

All those who enter not by it,  
But seek another way,  
Are surely theives and robbers too,  
Such wicked men are they.”

Said they, “ by all our countrymen,  
’Tis counted far about,  
To go for entrance at the gate,  
A great way round no doubt.

Instead of this they cut it short,  
When any wish to come,  
And climb the wall that's close at hand  
As we just now have done.”

“But will not this a trespass prove,  
And in this light be found,  
Against the Lord who rules the place,  
For which we now are bound?”

This thing no doubt will go abroad,  
It cannot be concealed,  
The violation of His law,  
His will to us revealed.”

“Thou need’st not trouble thee with this,  
For vain are all thy fears,  
For what we do there’s custom for  
Above a thousand years.”

“But will your practice stand the test,  
Which you from custom draw  
If tried by an impartial Judge,  
And sifted through the Law?”

“We think a custom that has stood  
Above a thousand years.  
Should pass for legal by the Judge—  
Of this we have no fears.

If we but get into the way,  
No matter how or where,  
If we are in, we’re in you know,  
And thou art only there,

Who came in by the Narrow Gate,  
So far about and all,  
But we are in as much, dear sir,  
Who came in o’er the wall.

Wherein has thou been wise, and chose  
A better way than we,  
Thou by the gate—we o’er the wall,  
Yet all are in you see.”

“I walk,” said Christian, “by the rule.  
My Master hath me shown,  
But I perceive you make your path,  
By fancies of your own.

You are already counted thieves  
By him who owns the way.  
I doubt your being found true men  
At last! with all you say.

You came in by yourselves, I think,  
Before he ordered you;  
So shall you by yourselves go out,  
Without his mercy too."

To this they little answer made,  
Such headstrong men were they,  
They only said "look to thyself,"  
And then went on their way.

One scarcely to another spake,  
But these two men then said  
To Christian, "Law and ordinance  
Like thee we have obeyed."

Said they, "Wherein thou differest  
From us we cannot see,  
Except the coat that's on thy back,  
Which was bestowed to thee."

Said Christian, "Law and ordinance  
Cannot save you, I'm sure,  
Since you have come in o'er the wall  
And not in by the door.

As for this coat that I have on  
My Lord did it bestow.  
The Lord of that delightful place  
To which I mean to go.

For this same purpose, it he gave,  
For this and nothing less,  
To hide, as you have said before,  
By it my nakedness.

I take it as a token of  
His kindness unto me.  
For rags was all I had before  
He gave the coat you see.

Besides this too, my comfort is  
As on my way I go,  
That when I reach the City gate,  
He me for good will know.  
Since I have on my back the coat  
He did so freely give,  
(When I was stripped of all my rags,)  
That I like him might live.  
A mark too in my forehead is;  
(Perhaps you do not see,)  
Which I received on that blessed day  
My burden fell from me.  
One gave me then a sealed roll,  
To read in day by day,  
To comfort me with its contents  
As I go on my way.  
I then was bid to give it in  
At the Celestial gate ;  
In token I shall follow it,  
And have not come too late.  
Now all these things I fear you lack,  
Your loss will then be great.  
You lack, because you came elsewhere,  
And not in by the gate."  
To these things they made no reply,  
Said nothing all the while ;  
They looked each other in the face  
With a disdainful smile.  
I saw that then they all went on,  
But Christian kept before,  
And sometimes talking to himself,  
But spake to them no more.  
Sometimes he sighed, sometimes rejoiced,  
And often read the roll.  
The shining One put in his hand  
And thus refreshed his soul.

I then beheld that all went on  
In company until  
They had arrived just at the foot  
Of Difficulty Hill.

Now at the bottom of the hill,  
There is a living spring,  
And all who climb the hill here stop,  
That they may drink therein.

At this same place there were two ways,  
Besides the one so straight,  
That came without a wind at all  
Through from the Wicket Gate.

One of these ways turned to the left,  
The other to the right;  
The Narrow Way lay up the hill,  
Up o'er its giddy height.

The hill up which the pilgrims go,  
We Difficulty call,  
Because it doth so much ascend,  
They scarce can walk at all.

Now Christian coming to the spring,  
Knelt by the water's brink,  
And just before he rose the hill,  
Refreshed him with a drink.

Then he began to climb the hill,  
Still in the Narrow Way,  
And looking up with eager eyes,  
These words was heard to say :

"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 wee."



The other two soon reached the foot  
Of Difficulty Hill,  
But seeing it so steep and high  
They said, "do this we will :  
We'll take these other ways, they meet  
Again on other side,  
And there fall in the Narrow Way ;  
Of this we're satisfied."

Now Danger and Destruction are  
The names of these two ways.  
Their very names should terrify  
The man who in them strays.

Now one the way of Danger took ;  
He thought the road was good :  
But soon he found himself astray  
And in a dreadful wood.

The other went directly on  
Destruction's way, which led  
Into a wide, uneven field,  
Which none could safely tread.

This field was full of mountains dark,  
Which did perplex him sore,  
Bewildered there, he stumbled, fell,  
And then he rose no more.

I after Christian then did look,  
To see him climb the hill,  
When I perceived from running he  
To clambering had fell.

He now was on his hands and knees,  
And near the ground his face ;  
For he could walk no other way,  
So very steep the place.

The Lord and owner of the hill,  
A pleasant Arbor made ;  
He built it half way up the hill  
For a refreshing shade.

There weary travelers could rest:  
Now Christian had got there,  
And there sat down with great delight  
To breathe refreshing air.  
He from his bosom took his roll,  
To read in for his good;  
He there reviewed the coat he got,  
While by the cross he stood.  
While looking at his roll and coat,  
Sleep stole upon him quite;  
His sleep detained him in the place  
Till it was almost night.  
And while he slept he lost his roll,  
For it fell from his hand;  
Then one soon came to wake him up,  
As you may understand.  
Now he that come to wake him up,  
Bade him "Go to the ant  
And learn of her how active she  
Provides for coming want."  
With this he started up and ran  
Along the way, until  
He reach'd the very top and height  
Of Difficulty Hill.  
Now when he had got up the hill,  
Two men towards him came;  
Mistrust and Timorous they were,  
To give each one his name.  
Said Christian, "What's the matter sirs?  
For you the wrong way go."  
Said Timorous, "For Zion we  
Were bound, if you must know.  
And when we had got up the hill,  
That very trying place,  
We found the further we went on,  
More danger we must face.

Now we have turned, are going back,"  
Poor Timorous did say;  
"Yes," said Mistrust, "For we have met  
Two lions in the way.

And this we thought, that if we came  
Near to the place they were,  
That they would make a prey of us,  
And us in pieces tear."

When they had told of what they saw,  
Then Christian to them said:  
"Where shall I go that I'll be safe?  
For you make me afraid.

If my own country I go to  
I'll surely perish there,  
For it will burn with flames of fire,  
For this will God prepare.

To the Celestial City now  
I much desire to go;  
For if I once get there, I shall  
Be always safe I know.

Now to go back is certain death,  
And forwards is its fear,  
Beyond this everlasting life—  
I will go forwards here."

Mistrust and Timorous then ran  
Still further down the hill,  
But Christian kept in Zion's way  
With a determined will.

But taking thought of what he heard  
These turnbacks to him say,  
He searched his bosom for his roll  
To read along the way.

He needed this to comfort him  
While dangers were his lot;  
But when he had his bosom searched  
Behold, he found it not.

Now Christian was in great distress,  
And knew not what to do;  
The roll had often him relieved,  
And did his strength renew.

His roll he needed as a pass  
At the Celestial Gate:  
So when he found his roll was gone  
His grief was very great.

His mind was also much perplex'd,  
He knew not what to do;  
He had no one to counsel him,  
And dangers were in view.

But suddenly he called to mind  
That he had been asleep,  
While resting in the arbor where  
The hill was very steep.

He then fell down upon his knees—  
“O Lord forgive,” he said,  
“The foolish act that I have done,”  
He thus for mercy plead.

He then went back to seek his roll;  
But words cannot express  
The sorrows of poor Christian's heart,  
So great was his distress.

He sighed and wept, himself he chid  
For such a lack of thought,  
As there to sleep where little rest  
Was all he should have sought.

The arbor was erected for  
The pilgrims to rest in,  
Who had that far got up the hill  
With weary heart and limb.

He thus went back and looked with care  
On that side and on this,  
That he perhaps his roll might find,  
Which once gave him such peace.

He went on thus until he had  
The arbor full in view ;  
But this his sorrow and his grief  
Did still the more renew.  
It brought again his sinful sleep  
A fresh into his mind ;  
He still went on bewailing it—  
He could no comfort find.  
“O, what a wretched man I am,  
In day time thus to sleep ;  
With difficulties all around,  
Awake I did not keep.  
This arbor only has been made  
The pilgrims to refresh ;  
To rest their weary spirits in,  
But I've indulged the flesh.  
I many steps have made in vain—  
With Israel 'twas thus,  
Sent back by way of the Red Sea,  
Ensamples unto us.  
And I am made to tread these steps  
With sorrow, which I might,  
Had I not then in sleep indulged,  
Have made with great delight.  
I need have gone this road but once—  
Been further on my way ;  
But I'm compelled to tread it thrice,  
And far is spent the day.  
I fear benighted I shall be—  
How time away has crept ;  
O sinful sleep! what shall I do?  
O, that I had not slept.”  
When to the arbor he had come,  
Here he sat down to weep,  
Thus to bemoan with sighs and tears  
His very sinful sleep.

Then looking down beneath the seat  
He there espied his roll :  
With trembling hand he caught it up  
And joy filled up his soul.

This—the assurance of his life  
And of his entrance too,  
When he would reach his journey's end,  
The City gate come to.

He placed it in his bosom now  
And gave to God the praise,  
For having guided him to it  
In his mysterious ways.

With tears of joy he now set out,  
His journey to pursue,  
He nimbly ran along the way—  
So run but very few.

Before he had got up the hill  
The sun was fully set.  
This brought his foolish sleep to mind,  
Made him the more regret.

Condoling with himself he said,  
“Thou sinful sleep, I'm like  
To have my journey for thy sake  
In darkest shades of night.

Without the sun I now must walk,  
No light to guide my feet.  
The noise of doleful creatures here  
Through thee, O sinful sleep.”

Now he remembered what he heard  
Mistrust and Timorous say,  
How they were frightened by the sight  
Of lions in the way.

Then Christian to himself did say,  
“Those beasts range in the night  
They seek their prey before appears  
One ray of morning light.

If they should meet me in the dark,  
While strolling here and there,  
How shall I dodge them, that they can  
Not me in pieces tear!"

While going mournfully along  
He raised his eyes and spied  
The stately palace Beautiful,  
Just by the highway side.

So in my dream I saw that he  
Made haste—no pains did spare  
That he might get if possible,  
That night a lodging there.

Before he had got very far,  
The road he narrow found ;  
This was about a furlong from  
The Porter's house and ground.

Now looking very narrowly  
Before him as he went,  
He saw two lions in the way,  
And now his heart wast faint.

Thought he, "I see the danger now  
Mistrust and Tim'rous saw,  
By which they both were driven back,  
And kept in dreadful awe."

The lions both had on their chains,  
But Christian saw them not ;  
He made as if he would go back,  
For here was death he thought.

But now the porter at the lodge,  
(Who Watchful was by name,)  
When he saw Christian make a halt,  
Showed him the lions' chain.

He then cried unto him and said,  
"Sir is thy strength so small ?  
Come, see the lions both are chained ;  
Dear sir, fear not at all.

These have been put for trial here,  
To prove the faith of some ;  
He who hath faith will show it here,  
And he who hath got none.

Keep in the middle of the path,  
No hurt shall come to thee,  
Turn neither to the right nor left,  
Whatever you may see."

I saw that he went forward now,  
But trembling as before,  
For though the lions could not harm,  
He still could hear them roar.

But doing as the porter bid,  
He thus escaped their jaws.  
He then ran to the porter's gate,  
To where the porter was.

Said Christian to the porter, " Sir,  
What house this to the right.  
Can I, a faint and weary man,  
Get lodging here to night?"

" The Lord and owner of this hill,"  
The porter to him said,  
" Hath built this house for pilgrims here,  
'T was for their safety made."

The porter asked him whence he came,  
And wither he would go.

Said Christian, " From destruction sir,  
To Zion I will go.

And seeing that the sun is set,  
It cannot long be light,  
I wish to know if I can have  
A lodging here to night."

" What is your name," the porter said,  
" 'T is Christian now," said he,  
" But it was graceless at the first,  
This I make known to thee."



"How happens it you came so late;  
The sun is fully set,  
You had all day to travel in,  
And only thus far, yet."

"I had no doubt been sooner here  
But I have been asleep  
While in the arbor on the hill;  
This did me sometime keep.

Nay, I had notwithstanding this,  
Been here much sooner still,  
But in my sleep I lost my roll,  
Which from my bosom fell.

I came without it to the brow  
Of Difficulty hill.

Then looking for it found it not,  
I said, 'go back I will.'

Back to the arbor then I went—  
The place where I had slept—  
'T was there I sought and found my roll,  
Since then I have it kept."

The porter said, "I now will call  
A Virgin of this place,  
Who will if she admires your talk,  
Treat with becoming grace."

The porter Watchful rang a bell;  
One to the door soon came;  
A damsel, grave and beautiful,  
Discretion was her name.

She, asking "why she had been called,"  
The porter to her said,  
"This man is on a journey now,  
A weary man indeed.

The city of Destruction now  
He tells me he is from,  
That he Mount Zion has in view  
For his abiding home.

He being weary and 'tis late, -  
He asked me if he might  
Put up and go no further now,  
But lodge here over night.

I told him I would call for thee,  
Who after some discourse,  
Canst do as seemeth good to thee,  
For thou dost guide the house."

She asked him then from whence he came,  
Where he designed to go ;  
Also how he got in the way ;  
These things she wished to know.

She asked him what he saw and met  
Along the way he came.  
When he had answered all these things,  
She asked to know his name.

He said that " Christian was his name,  
And that he did perceive  
This place had been for pilgrims built  
For safety and relief."

She smiled, and water in her eyes  
Did now begin to stand ;  
Then calling for the family,  
She soon had some at hand.

For she ran to the door and called,  
Then out ran two or three ;  
'T was Piety, and Prudence too,  
And also Charity.

These, after more discourse with him,  
Bade him among them come,  
And mingle with the family  
And feel himself at home.

Now many of them meeting him,  
As he came to the door,  
Said " Come thou blessed of the Lord,  
A stranger be no more.

This house on purpose has been built,  
Such ones to entertain ;  
Come in with us, dear pilgrim come,  
This night with us remain."

When he had bowed his head, he then  
Them straightway followed in ;  
Their kindness to him did not fail  
His heart at once to win.

When he sat down, they something brought,  
Of which he freely drank ;  
Then, like a christian man, he did  
Them for it kindly thank.

Then they began, most cheerfully,  
A supper to prepare—  
Proposed a profitable talk,  
In which these three should share.

Now Prudence, also Piety,  
With Christian did discourse ;  
And Charity, one of the three,  
But each one in her course.

Said Piety to Christian, "Come,  
Since we have loved you thus,  
To keep you in our house to-night,  
Awhile do talk to us,

About the things which you have met,  
What you have heard and seen,  
Along the way since you set out,  
And have a pilgrim been."

Said Christian then to Piety,  
"Since you are well disposed,  
I'll tell you things which I have not  
As yet to you disclosed."

Said Piety, "What moved you first  
To choose a pilgrim life ;  
A man like you to leave your home,  
Your family and wife?"

Said Christian, "I was driven from  
My native place through fear—  
A dreadful sound did constantly  
Keep ringing in my ear,

I feared that I should be destroyed,  
If I continued there ;

I left the place and all I had,  
Nigh driven to despair."

Said Piety, "Since you have left  
Your native place, I pray  
Tell me how came it to your mind  
To travel in this way?"

"'T was through the Providence of God,  
While I was in such fear,  
That I was led to come this way,  
In sighs, and groans, and tears.

While I was in this great distress,  
By chance one to me came,  
Who sent me to the little gate—  
Evangelist his name.

'T was well that he directed me,  
Else I had not been here ;  
For I knew not where I should go,  
So much beset with fear."

Said Piety, "You passed a house  
Of which you do not tell ;  
It is the good Interpreter's,  
The place where he doth dwell."

Said Christian, "I was in that house,  
And saw what I believe  
Will always in my mind remain,  
As long as I shall live.

Three things I shall remember well,  
They cannot from me part—  
One is, how Christ in spite of Hell,  
Keeps grace within the heart.

And how a man had sinned himself  
Beyond the reach of hope—  
Shut up in a great iron cage,  
In which day never broke.

Also, the dream of him who thought  
The Judgment Day had come ;  
When all the nations on the earth  
Must hear their final doom."

Then Piety to Christian said,  
"This doth most solemn seem ;  
Did you in person hear him tell  
All of his fearful dream ?"

Said Christian, "Yes, 't was dreadful too,  
It caused my heart to ache ;  
But I am glad I heard it all,  
It keeps my thoughts awake."

Said Piety, "Sir, was this all  
You saw or heard while there ?  
Interpreter has many things  
That's truly great and rare."

"No," Christian said ; "he took me where  
A stately palace stood ;  
In it were people clad in gold—  
The innocent and good.

He showed me too a venturous man,  
Who cut his way quite through  
The armed men who stood in front,  
Weak pilgrims to undo.

He told me how with one accord,  
Each inmate said 'come in ;  
Eternal glory,' said they all,  
'By striving thou shalt win.'

Methought this thing did make my heart  
With pleasure overflow ;  
I could have staid a year at least—  
I farther had to go."

"What saw you else," said Piety,  
"Along the pilgrim's way?  
There's many interesting sights  
I've heard old pilgrims say."

"I went but little farther on,  
When, oh! I saw," said he,  
"One in the agony of death,  
Hang bleeding on a tree.

Now when I looked on him who died,  
My burden from me fell;  
The strangest sight I ever saw,  
But blessed news to tell.

And while I yet was looking on,  
(Which I could not forbear,)  
Three shining ones then came to me,  
To do their office there.

One said my sins were all forgiven,  
One took my rags from me;  
The same gave this embroidered coat,  
Which you upon me see.

The mark that in my forehead is,  
The third one gave to me;  
He also gave this roll I have,  
Which in my hand you see."

"I have no doubt," said Piety,  
"That other things you saw;  
I love to hear about such things,  
I profit from them draw."

"The things I have already told,"  
Said Christian, "are the best;  
Yet all may interest you some,  
So I will tell the rest.

A little from the highway side,  
I saw three as I came,  
Asleep with fetters on their heels—  
These three I now will name.

Presumption was the name of one,  
Another Sloth, you'll see,  
And Simple was with them asleep ;  
Now thus I've named the three.  
I tried my best to rouse them up,  
To get those men awake,  
And though in danger sleep, they would ;  
This caused my heart to ache.  
But something more than these I saw—  
These sleepers were not all ;  
Hypocrisy and Formalist  
Came tumbling o'er the wall ;  
Pretending they were on their way  
To Zion's Holy Hill ;  
But these two men were quickly lost,  
And they are missing still.  
I told them awful was their case,  
But they would not believe ;  
Now they are lost, forever lost,  
Themselves they did deceive.  
I found it very hard to climb  
Up Difficulty Hill,  
And pass the lions in the way—  
But go, said I, I will.  
But truly had it not been for  
The porter at the gate,  
For all I know I would have fled,  
My fears were very great.  
And now my thanks ascend to God,  
That I at last am here ;  
And you I thank for lodging me,  
In this I am sincere.”  
Then Prudence asked some questions too,  
When Piety was done ;  
She wished to learn yet something more,  
Now first she asked this one :

"Now do you ever call to mind  
The country which you left?  
Your wife and children all are there,  
Of them you are bereft."

Said Christian, "Yea, I think of it,  
But truly with much shame;  
I would not now return to it,  
To tread its streets again."

For now I seek a better home,  
A heavenly one on high,  
Where no unwholesome wind can blow,  
Where none grow sick nor die."

"Dear Christian do you not possess  
Some things, (now understand,)  
Which you had been conversant with,  
While in your native land?"

"Yes, most of all my inward thoughts,  
Which long have been my grief;  
I strive to drive them all away,  
From them to find relief."

But when I would have holy thoughts,  
Some sinful ones arise,  
Which make my holy thoughts at best  
But a lame sacrifice."

"Do not such things, at least sometimes,  
Entirely pass away;  
Those things which do at other times  
Perplex you night and day?"

"Yes, but this seldom is the case,  
To me they're golden hours;  
My heart is then like parched ground,  
Refreshed by summer showers."

"Can you remember by what means,  
At times you get relief;  
Tell me, good Christian, how it is,  
Your victory's so brief."



“Yes,” Christian said, “When I think on  
What I saw at the Cross,  
And look at my embroidered coat,  
I count all else but dross ;  
And when I look into this roll,  
Which I bear on my breast,  
And think of where I soon shall go,  
I then have peaceful rest.”

“What is it makes you feel inclined,  
In this highway to go ?  
As many talk of Zion’s Hill,  
I would your motive know.”

“Why there I shall see Him alive,  
Who on the cross did die ;  
And there I shall be rid of all  
Such things that make me sigh.

I’m told that none are weary there,  
’T is one eternal rest ;  
And that I’ll have such company  
Which I enjoy the best.

I tell the truth, I love Him much  
Who died upon the tree ;  
Because it was through Him alone,  
That I have been made free.

I’m weary of my sinful frame ;  
Sweet place where none shall die,  
Where all the happy company  
Do holy, holy, cry.”

Now Charity to Christian said,  
“Are you a married man ?  
Had you a wife and family,  
To give the parting hand ?”

“I have a wife, and children too,  
My children number four ;  
But if they all will stay behind,  
’T is well I have no more.”

- “Why did you not bring them along,  
That they might with you share  
The blessings of Mount Zion's Hill,  
When you would all get there?”
- He weeping said, “I wish they had  
With mine cast in their lot;  
But they opposed my coming here,  
And they themselves would not.”
- “To them you should have plainly talked,  
And tried some way to find  
By which to point their danger out,  
If they should stay behind.”
- “I done all this, I told them all  
That God had shown to me,  
How he our city would destroy—  
That this they once would see.  
But I to them did only seem,  
Like one who meant to mock;  
Their hearts I could not melt or move  
Than I could melt a rock.”
- “And did you pray to God that he  
Would all your counsel bless?  
This matter at the Throne of Grace,  
Did you with fervor press?”
- “For them I did in earnest pray,  
This you might surely know;  
I loved my wife and children more  
Than all things else below.”
- “But did you tell them of your own  
Anxiety and fear?  
For I suppose these things to you  
Seemed very, very near.”
- “Now all of this I'm very sure,  
My countenance did tell;  
For I was weeping night and day,  
Until my eyes did swell.”

“What did they say then for themselves,  
Why they refused to come?  
I think that they had seen and heard  
Enough to move them some.”

“My wife would not give up the world,  
I think this is the truth;  
My children, they were blinded by  
The vain delights of youth.

Through one thing and another thus  
I wander now alone;  
I have a wife and family,  
But like one who has none.”

“But did you not by a vain life,  
Damp all that you could say?  
They were no doubt keen sighted too,  
And watched you day by day.”

“My life indeed, I can't commend,  
I oft indulged in sin;  
And any close observing eye  
Could see much fault therein.

Yet this I say, that I had tried  
In nothing to engage,  
That in the least would cause dislike  
Against our pilgrimage.

Yea, for this very thing they said  
That I was too precise—  
Denied myself of harmless things—  
Made too much sacrifice.

If they saw anything in me  
That hindered them to come,  
It was because I feared to sin,  
Or do my neighbor wrong.”

Said Charity, “Now think of Cain,  
Who shed his brother's blood;  
Because he was a wicked man—  
His brother truly good.

Now if thy wife and children have  
Thy counsel all withstood,  
This shows the hardness of their hearts,  
And frees thee from their blood."

Now in my dream I saw that they  
In talk the evening spent,  
Until the supper was prepared,  
Then they to supper went.

The table was quite well supplied,  
With fat things and with wine;  
With every thing to cheer the heart  
That's of a wholesome kind.

Their table talk was all about  
The Lord of Zion's Hill;  
What he had done—why he so done—  
What he was doing still.

By what they said, I did perceive  
That he was great in war;  
That he had slain the enemy,  
Who death had in his power.

But this engagement was so hot,  
Before that one was slain,  
'T was with much danger to himself,  
He conqueror became.

Then Christian said, that I believe  
He fought through streams of blood,  
That his own country he might save—  
For their defence he stood.

Now of the household of this man  
Some said that they had seen  
And spake with him since he had died  
And in the grave had been.

They said they learned from his own lips,  
(To this they did attest:)  
That love like his could not be found  
Between the east and west.

Moreover they an instance gave  
Of what they did affirm;

'Twas that he laid his glory by  
For man, poor dying worm.

They heard him say, "Though all was his,  
He wished to have it known  
That he had no desire to dwell  
In Zion's Mount alone."

Said they, "He many pilgrims too  
Has even princes made,  
Who were by nature beggars born—  
Who through the streets had strayed."

Thus they discoursed till late at night,  
And after they had prayer  
They all retired for the night,  
And all slept sweetly there.

They had an upper chamber large;  
This was for pilgrims made;  
They laid the pilgrim in this room—  
Till morning there he stay'd.

The windows of this upper room  
Did open to sunrise,  
That they could see the break of day  
Appear in eastern skies.

They named this upper chamber Peace,  
In which the pilgrim lay:  
Now here he sweetly slept all night  
Until the break of day.

He then awoke, began to sing,  
Till all around him rang.

I will relate a verse or two  
Of what the pilgrim 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 forgiv'n,  
And dwell already the next door to heav'n?"

So in the morning all got up,  
Conversed a little more;  
They showed him then some rarities  
That they had there in store.  
They took him to the study first,  
And here they had to show  
Some records of antiquity,  
There many years ago,  
In which, as I saw in my dream,  
And I remember still,  
There was contained the pedigree  
Of him who owns the hill,  
That he was only son of him  
Who Ancient is of Days;  
Who never did begin to be,  
And who shall live always.  
Here also was a record kept  
Of acts that he had done;  
The names of many hundreds who  
Were to his service won;  
And how he had his servants placed  
In habitations strong,  
Where nothing can them harm or hurt,  
While endless years roll on.  
They read to him some worthy acts  
His servants too had done;  
The reading of this record now  
In strains like these did run:  
"Some even kingdoms have subdued,  
And righteousness have wrought;  
The violence of fire quenched,  
The mouths of lions stopt;  
Some have obtained the promises,  
And some escaped the sword,  
And out of weakness were made strong:  
For this they praised the Lord.

They even were made mighty men,  
And valiant men to fight;  
The armies of the Aliens, too,  
By faith they put to flight."

The record then was read again,  
But in another part,  
Wherein 'twas shown how kind their Lord—  
How pitiful at heart:

How willing he is to forgive  
The worst who would repent;  
That not one humble penitent  
Without a pardon went.

Now here were many histories  
Of many famous things;  
Some ancient were, some modern too,  
Some gave the lives of kings.

While in the study Christian had  
Some pleasant things to view,  
For there was great variety  
Of things both old and new.

The books contained some prophecies  
Which to the letter stood,  
Both to the dread of enemies,  
And comfort of the good.

Next day into the armory  
They Christian took to see  
The furniture which was prepared  
For pilgrims such as he.

A sword, and shield, and helmet, too;  
A breastplate, and all-prayer,  
And shoes that could not be worn out,  
Were all in order there;

Enough of each to harness out,  
For service of their Lord,  
As many men as there are stars  
Dispersed through space abroad.

He saw some engines with which some  
Had done things very great.  
A few of these, and what was done,  
I briefly will relate.

He saw the rod that Moses had ;  
The hammer and the nail  
By which Sisera had been slain  
While in the tent with Jael ;

The pitchers, trumpets, and the lamps  
By which were put to flight  
The armies of all Midian,  
Who fled at sound and sight.

Now after this the ox's goad  
Of Shamger, showed they then,  
With which at one time Shamger slew,  
They said, six hundred men.

They also showed the new jaw-bone  
Which Samson took to slay  
A thousand men, and these on heaps  
Around about him lay.

They showed to him a sling and stone  
Which good old David threw  
Upon the great Goliath's head,  
And him by it he slew ;

The sword, also, with which the Lord  
Will kill the Man of Sin,  
In that great day when he shall rise  
And show who shall be king.

They showed him many other things,  
Which gave him great delight.  
Now after this they went to rest—  
By this time it was night.

Now on the morrow he got up,  
That he might farther go,  
But they desired him to stay  
Till other things they'd show.



They said that "If the day is clear  
We'll take you out and show  
The mountains called Delectable,  
Before you farther go."  
Said they, "The sight of those, we think,  
Will to your comfort add,  
For they are nearer to your rest;  
This ought to make you glad."  
So Christian, when he thought awhile,  
Consented; and he stay'd,  
In hopes the day would be quite clear—  
He thought the truth they said.  
Now when the morning sun was up,  
They went on top the house;  
Then bid him look far as he could  
Directly to the South.  
When this he done behold he saw  
A country beautified  
With woods and vineyards, fruits and flowers,  
On every mountain side;  
All sorts of fruits, refreshing springs,  
And every thing to please.  
No mountains Christian ever saw,  
Could be compared to these.  
Then Christian asked the country's name,  
So beautiful, so grand.  
Said they, "'Tis free for pilgrims all,  
But called Emanuel's land.  
When thou art to the mountains come,  
From thence the gate is seen—  
That great Celestial City gate—  
No mountains intervene.  
The shepherds who are living there  
Will tell thee what to do—  
Which way to look, and where to stand,  
To get a pleasing view."

Now Christian thought of setting out  
His journey to pursue,  
And they were willing that he should;  
He then bade all adieu.

"Let us go in the armory  
Before you go," they said.  
When there they harnessed him complete,  
And that from feet to head;  
With that too which was fully proof,  
Lest death should be his fate.  
His friends when they had him equip'd,  
Walked with him to the gate.

He asked the porter if he saw  
A pilgrim pass that way?

"I saw a pilgrim pass along,"  
The porter then did say.

Said Christian, "Did you know the man,  
Or learn from whence he came?"  
The porter said he "knew him well,  
And Faithful was his name."

"O! yes, I know him," Christian said;  
"My own near neighbor, he;  
And from the place where I was born;  
I him would like to see."

"He has, perhaps," the porter said,  
"Got quite below the hill;  
He goes the same way you must go;  
You may o'ertake him still."

Then Christian to the porter said,  
"The Lord with thee abide,  
And bless thee much for kindness shown,  
And be thy constant guide."

Said Christian, "I must onward go,  
'Tis time, and go, I will."  
Discretion then, and Piety,  
Went with him down the hill.

Yes, Charity and Prudence too,  
(These I should not forget,)  
Went on with Christian down the hill,  
Down to the foot of it.

When he began to go down hill,  
He some hard footing found;  
He said that "coming up was hard,  
And dangerous going down."

"Humiliation," Prudence said,  
"Tis hard to enter it,  
And hard to get quite down this hill  
Without a fall or slip.

Therefore with thee we have come down,  
Because the way is hard,  
And surely thou wilt make a slip  
Unless well on thy guard."

So he began down hill to go,  
But very slow, 'tis true.  
Though slow he went, yet after all,  
He made a slip or two.

These good companions when they had  
Got down the hill that day  
Gave him some raisins, bread and wine,  
Then he went on his way.

Now in this valley Christian was  
Most truly terrified;  
For he had gone but little ways  
When a foul fiend he spied.

This foul fiend was bold Apollyon,  
Now walking o'er the field,  
That he might Christian meet to fight,  
Not fearing sword or shield.

So Christian now began to fear;  
He also looked around,  
Not knowing whether to go back,  
Or try to stand his ground.

But then he saw on second thought,  
He did some armor lack:  
Though he had much to face the foe,  
He none had for his back;  
And now, thought he, to turn my back,  
My most unguarded parts,  
Will give this fiend the better chance  
To pierce me with his darts.  
Now Christian thought to save his life  
That he must stand his ground;  
That if he did not turn his back  
He could but get a wound.  
So he went on, Apollyon met,  
Most hideous to behold,  
For he great scales had like a fish,  
And was both proud and bold.  
He had great spreading Dragon's wings,  
And feet too like a bear;  
His belly sent forth fire and smoke,  
Ascending in the air;  
His mouth was like a lion's mouth,  
When he to Christian came.  
He then began to question him  
With pride and much disdain.  
"From whence came you?" Apollyon said,  
And whither are you bound?  
From my dominions, I suppose,  
Where I the king was crowned."  
"I have but from Destruction come,  
Am now for Zion bound;  
My native place is full of wrongs;  
This to my cost I've found."  
"Then I perceive," Apollyon said,  
"By this that thou art mine.  
Of all that country I am king  
And lord, till end of time."

How is it thou hast run away  
 From me, thy prince and king?  
 Did I not hope for service yet,  
 Thee to the ground I'd bring."

"In your dominion I was born;  
 This I confess was so,  
 But all your work was very hard,  
 Your wages very low."

They were too small to live upon  
 Though work at every breath;  
 And I've been told by those who know  
 That sin is paid with death.

Therefore when I had come to years,  
 I done as others do—  
 Who first set down and count the cost—  
 I left the place and you."

No prince will lightly loose his own,  
 Nor will I yet loose thee;  
 Thy wages yet shall be made great  
 If thou wilt go with me."

"The King of Princes," Christian said,  
 "Has now a claim on me;  
 So I cannot with fairness go  
 One single step with thee."

"According to the proverb thou  
 Hast changed a bad for worse;  
 No doubt if thou persist in this  
 'Twill prove to thee a curse.

But it is ordinary, quite,  
 For those who have professed  
 To be his servants, soon to turn  
 And play the slip at last.

Forsake him now and turn to me;  
 The past shall be forgot;  
 It shall be well 'twixt me and thee—  
 Now Christian, shall it not?"

“ My confidence I’ve placed in him,  
Allegiance to him sworn :  
How can I without being hanged,  
A traitor to him turn ?”

“ The very same thou didst to me,  
Yet I can pass it by,  
If thou wilt but return to me,  
And with my wish comply.”

“ The promises I made to thee  
Have fallen to the ground ;  
The present Prince whom I now serve,  
O’er me shall wear the crown.

My present Prince can me absolve—  
Can pardon all I did  
In strict compliance with thy will—  
The things he had forbid.

Apollyon, now to speak the truth,  
I like his service best,  
And wages, servants, government,  
For these to me are blest.

Now O ! Apollyon, ’tis all in vain  
Me farther to persuade,  
For I his servant am, and he  
Shall be by me obeyed.”

“ Consider, Christian, when again  
Thou art in thy cool blood,  
What thou mayst meet with in thy way—  
Great sorrows like a flood.

Thou knowest this to be the truth—  
His servants often die  
By far the worst and shameful deaths ;  
This no one can deny :

Because they wilfully transgress  
Against my wholesome ways,  
And you may in dishonor yet  
For these things end your days.

Now you have said his service does  
Your constant love demand ;  
Yet he sees studied cruelty,  
But saves not from its hand.  
But I, how many times have I,  
Delivered like a God,  
Those who were crushed beneath its hand ;  
And all by power or fraud.  
Now all that I've for others done  
I'll, Christian, do for thee,  
If thou forsake both him and his,  
And follow only me.”  
“ His not affording present help  
Is but their love to try,  
That they may to the end endure,  
And in his service die.  
As for their ill and shameful end,  
In this he has design ;  
When he and all his angles come,  
They shall in glory shine.”  
“ Thou, Christian hast,” Apollyon said,  
“ To him unfaithful been ;  
How canst thou then expect to have  
Full wages paid by him.”  
“ Wherein, Apollyon, have I been  
Unfaithful to my king,  
That you with so much confidence  
This accusation bring.”  
“ In fainting at thy first outset,  
And being well nigh choked,  
While passing through the Slough Despond—  
Thy Prince was then provoked.  
Thou didst attempt to take wrong ways,  
Thy burden to undo,  
Instead of waiting 'till thy Prince  
Had it from thee withdrew :

And thou didst take a sinful sleep  
And many good things loose ;  
The favors of thy boasted Prince  
In this thou didst abuse.

And when thou didst the lions see,  
Then courage didst thou lack ;  
Almost persuaded then thou wast  
To go a coward back.

When of thy journey thou dost talk,  
Of what was seen and heard,  
Vain-glorious thoughts begin to rise,  
And these displease thy Lord."

"All this is true ; indeed, much more ;  
But my Prince can forgive,  
For he is very merciful,  
And bids the erring live.

I had these same infirmities  
While in thy country too ;  
And there I loved and cherished them,  
As many others do.

But I have since lamented them,  
And pardon have obtained ;  
My Prince does pity and forgive,  
And I his love have gained."

Apollyon in a dreadful rage  
Broke out, and thus did say :

"With all my heart I hate your Prince,  
And all who him obey.

I have not been so much deceived,  
I knew thee at first sight,  
And I on purpose have come out  
With thee just now to fight."

"Beware, Apollyon, what you do,  
I'm in the King's highway ;  
The King's highway of holiness ;  
Take heed then what you say."



Apollyon in a dreadful rage,  
When Christian this did say,  
Spread out himself, and straddled quite  
Across the pilgrim's way.

Now while he in this posture stood,  
He thus to Christian said :  
"Now in this matter I've no fear,  
I'm not at all afraid."

Apollyon said "prepare to die,"  
No farther thou shalt stroll ;  
I swear by my infernal den,  
That here I'll spill thy soul."

A flaming dart at Christian's breast,  
Apollyon straightway threw ;  
But Christian held a shield with which  
He caught it as it flew.

Now Christian meant to stand his ground,  
To fight he did prepare ;  
He saw 'twas time for him to stir,  
And conquer satan there.

Apollyon made at Christian then—  
Threw darts as thick as hail ;  
And for awhile it did appear,  
Apollyon must prevail.

With these Apollyon wounded him—  
His foot, his head, his hand ;  
And Christian gave a little back,  
Scarce able now to stand.

Apollyon followed on his work,  
With all his skill and might ;  
But Christian got his courage up,  
And manfully did fight.

This combat lasted half a day,  
Till Christian was nigh spent ;  
As one may know his many wounds  
Would make him weak and faint.

Apollyon seeing now a chance,  
Close up to Christian ran,  
Then wrestled with him till he fell,  
And sword flew from his hand.

Apollyon then to Christian said,  
"I'm sure I'll have thee now!"  
With that he pressed him nigh to death:  
Here Christian's faith did bow.

While he was drawing now to strike,  
(Apollyon here I mean,)  
Good Christian got his sword again,  
And thus said to the fiend:

"Rejoice not, O my enemy,  
My weakness dont despise;  
You may in battle make me fall,  
But then I shall arise."

With that he gave a deadly thrust,  
Which made the fiend move back  
As one who had a mortal wound—  
This made his courage slack.

Now Christian seeing what was done,  
Again made at him thus:  
"Indeed we're more than conquerors  
Through him who loved us."

With that Apollyon spread his wings,  
And sped him far away.  
So Christian saw the fiend no more—  
Thus ended this affray.

None can imagine for themselves,  
Unless they had been there,  
The dreadful noise Apollyon made,  
Which seemed to rend the air:

Because he like a dragon spake,  
With loud and hideous roar  
Which brought forth sighs from Christian's heart,  
He never felt before.

Till he had with his two edged sword  
 Made bold Apollyon fly,  
 One cheerful look he did not give,  
 For grief was in his eye.

But when he saw the wound he gave  
 The fiend fierce and vile,  
 He could not help but upward look,  
 And give a cheerful smile.

But O! it was a dreadful sight—  
 The like I never saw—

The fiend had superhuman strength,  
 Which made me stand in awe.

Now when the battle was all o'er,  
 Good Christian smiled and said,  
 I will give thanks to him who hath  
 In trouble been my aid.

He saved me from Apollyon's wrath,  
 And from the lion's jaws ;  
 A song of praise I'll sing to him  
 Who my great helper was :

“ Great Beelzebub, the Captain of the 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 Michael helped me, and I,  
 By dint of sword did quickly make him fly ;  
 Therefore to him let me give lasting praise  
 And thanks, and bless his holy name always.”

Then came a hand to him which brought  
 Leaves from the tree of life :  
 These Christian took, laid on his wounds,  
 Received when in the strife.

Soon as he had these leaves applied  
 His wounds were healed and well ;  
 The healing virtues of these leaves  
 'Tis marvelous to tell.

He now sat down to eat some bread,  
And drink a little wine,  
Which had been given him before  
To cheer his drooping mind.

So when he had himself refreshed  
And more fatigue could stand,  
He ventured on his journey then,  
With sword drawn in his hand.

"Another enemy," said he,  
"Perhaps may be at hand ;  
I therefore will myself prepare,  
That I may him withstand."

No more affronts did Christian meet  
Till through the valley quite,  
By this foul fiend, for he had been  
By Christian put to flight.

Now at the place this valley ends  
Another doth begin ;  
The Valley of the Shades of Death,  
And he must go therein.

No other way could Christian go  
To the Celestial gate,  
But through the very midst of it,  
Because the way was straight.

This valley, does the Prophet say,  
A solitary place—  
A land of deserts, pits, and drought—  
It is a wilderness.

A land where death's own shadow is,  
Where no man passeth through,  
But he who is a christian man,  
With glory in his view.

On this lone land no man has dwelt,  
Nor pitched a tent thereon ;  
Yet all the pilgrims passed through it  
Who have to Zion gone.

Now Christian was put to it worse,  
(If worse indeed could be,)  
Than with Apollyon in the fight:  
Now this you soon will see.

Now Christian had the borders reached  
Of death's own shadow then;  
Here met him two fast running back—  
Two frightened looking men.

Now these were children of the men  
Who brought the evil news  
To Moses, of the goodly land—  
That land they did abuse.

Then Christian spake and said to them,  
"Where are you going to."  
"Back! back!" they said "and you'll do so,  
If life is prized by you."

"What is the matter," Christian said.  
The men made this reply:  
"We were both going as you are,  
But saw that we must die.

We were almost past coming back,  
Far as we dare we went;  
Had we a little farther gone,  
Our lives would have been spent."

"What have you met with, sirs," said he,  
"From which you both have fled?  
What is there in this valley, now,  
So very much to dread?"

"The Valley of the Shades of Death,  
We had almost got in;  
But by good luck, we looked before,  
And danger have we seen."

"What have you seen," then Christian said,  
That gave you such a fright!"

"The valley is itself as dark,"  
Said they, "as darkest night.

We satyrs saw—hobgoblins too,  
And dragons of the pit ;  
We also heard loud howls and yells,  
We never can forget :

Like people groaning under most  
Unutterable pain,  
Who there sat bound in iron chains—  
Affliction there did reign.

Confusion over it doth hang,  
Like great and lowering clouds ;  
And o'er it Death spreads his wings—  
Deep gloom this place enshrouds.

Yes, in a word, to say the best,  
'T is dreadful, every whit ;  
No order there—confusion though,  
And doleful things in it."

Said Christian, "I can not perceive  
As yet, from what you say,  
But that if I my haven gain,  
I sure must go this way."

"Be it thy way, 't will not be ours—  
Go in it all that can."

They parted then, but Christian went  
His way with sword in hand.

Lest he should meet with an assault,  
He kept his armour on ;  
And in his hand he held his sword,  
And had it ready drawn.

Now in my dream, as far as I  
Could see this valley reach,  
I plainly saw on right of it,  
A deep and dangerous ditch.

Now in this ditch, O! sad to tell,  
The blind have led the blind ;  
And both at last have perished there—  
They could no footing find.

There was a very dangerous quag,  
Along on the left hand ;  
If ever good men fall therein,  
They find no place to stand.

Into that quag King David fell,  
And would, I have no doubt,  
While he was in, been smothered,  
Had not God helped him out.

The path was very narrow here,  
Where Christian shunned the ditch ;  
(It being dark,) he then was like  
Into the quag to pitch.

And when he strived to shun the quag,  
Without the greatest care  
He would get quite too near the ditch,  
And like to fall in there.

Thus he went on with bitter sighs,  
For with his dangers all,  
The pathway was so very dark  
He scarce could see at all.

Now oft times when he raised his foot,  
He dare not set it down :  
Not knowing what it would be on,  
For this was dangerous ground.

About the middle of the vale,  
I saw the mouth of Hell ;  
Close by the wayside, too, it was,  
O, wonderful to tell.

Now Christian thought, " what shall I do ?"  
He saw the smoke and flame ;  
The sparks flew out, he noises heard,  
These in abundance came.

These things cared not for Christian's sword,  
As did Apollyon bold ;  
So he was forced to sheath his sword—  
Another weapon hold.

No other weapon did he wield,  
While he contended there,  
But that which all the pilgrims use,  
The weapon called All-Prayer.

Now in my hearing thus he cried,  
While flames did toward him roll—  
“O Lord, I do beseech of thee,  
Deliver now my soul.”

But he went on a great while thus—  
The flames did still arise,  
And towards him I saw them reach,  
This made him agonize.

Sometimes he dreadful noises heard,  
And rushings to and fro ;  
He feared he would be trodden down,  
If he should farther go.

Or even he to pieces torn,  
By things that might there be :  
The valley was now wholly dark,  
That Christian could not see.

These frightful sights were by him seen,  
These dreadful noises heard,  
For many miles along the way—  
No wonder Christian feared.

Now coming to a place, he heard  
A gang of fiends, he thought ;  
He thought they all to meet him came,  
So here awhile he stopt.

Thought he, “ What is the best to do ?  
Shall I go back or not ? ”

Sometimes of going back again,  
He had a distant thought.

But then he thought, “ I may have come  
Half way the valley through ;  
And I have vanquished many things,  
Passed many dangers too.



The danger now of going back,  
Is worse, for what I know,  
Than all the dangers I shall meet,  
If I still onward go."

So he resolved to go straight on—  
The fiends seemed drawing near;  
And when they came almost to him,  
He cried out: "Even here,  
There is a power, O ye fiends,  
Can scatter you abroad;  
I shall walk in the strength of him,  
Who is the Lord my God."

They then went back, no farther came,  
But all dispersed and fled—  
That Christian heard no more of them,  
No more had them to dread.

Poor Christian so confounded was,  
His voice he did not know;  
When you have heard what I shall tell,  
You'll see 't was even so.

Just when he had got near the mouth  
Of that great burning pit,  
A wicked one behind him came,  
And to him softly slip'd.

He whispered in poor Christian's ear,  
Blasphemies every kind;  
Which Christian thought, no doubt, must be  
The thoughts of his own mind.

This grieved good Christian more than all  
The things he met before—  
To think that he should blaspheme Him  
He did so much adore.

Now Christian could not help this thing,  
And hence was not to blame;  
For he knew not to stop his ears,  
Nor yet from whence they came.

When he had traveled many days,  
Disconsolate, afraid,  
He thought he heard a human voice  
In front of him, which said:  
"Though I walk through the Valley, and  
The Shadow too, of Death,  
I'll fear no ill, for thou art here,  
I'll lean upon thy breast."

Now he was glad, and reasoned thus:  
"Some who fear God are here  
With me in this dark valley, now,  
I need not greatly fear.

Yes, God is with them, even here,  
In presence, and in grace;  
Why not with me? though here unseen,  
For dark is this bad place.

I hope that I shall overtake  
These people by-and-by;  
I will go on, though I should fail,  
I am resolved to try."

Had Christian not then called aloud,  
The foremost had not known,  
That any one was in the valley,  
Save him alone.

Now by-and-by the day did break,  
Then he no longer mourned;  
Said Christian, "he death's shadow hath  
Into the morning turned."

He stood awhile and here looked back,  
When morning light had come,  
To see the many dangers he  
Had been delivered from.

For he could see now very well,  
The dreadful quag and ditch,  
In which the blind have led the blind,  
Till both in them did pitch.

The narrow path he plainly saw,  
And how he kept in it ;  
The hobgoblins, the satyrs too—  
And dragons of the pit.

These were far off, for after day  
Did break, they came not nigh ;  
But Christian now could see them all,  
With his discerning eye.

“He bringeth darkness out to light,  
The shadow too of death.”

According to the written word,  
A seeing eye he hath.

Now this did Christian much effect,  
To see by light of day,  
What he had been delivered from,  
While in that gloomy way.

He did not fear them as before,  
Though here he saw them all ;  
For now he had the light of day,  
He therefore feared no fall.

The first part of this valley, which  
He had been in before,  
Was dangerous, the part to come,  
Had dangers many more.

For from the place where he now stood,  
Unto the valley's end,  
'Twas all along set full of snares  
With which he must contend.

Gins, nets, pitfalls, deep holes, and pits,  
And shelvings down were there ;  
To sum it up in fewer words,  
There were all kinds of snare.

Had now it been as dark as when  
The first part he was in,  
Had he possessed a thousand souls,  
They all had ruined been.

But Christian here was favored much,  
The sun had just arose,  
Along the valley spread his light,  
The dangers did expose.

"I shall have light along my way,"  
Said Christian, for I know  
"His candle shineth on my head,  
While I through dangers go."

'Twas by this light that Christian came  
Quite to the valley's end ;  
It failed him not, but all the way  
His pathway did attend.

Now at the valley's end, I saw  
Some ashes, blood, and bones;  
And mangled bodies of good men  
Who had been killed with stones.

These were the bones of pilgrims here,  
Now bleaching on the ground ;  
Their ashes too, were in this place,  
And scattered all around.

While musing how these things came here,  
Before me I espied  
The caves of two great giants, who  
Had dwelt there in great pride.

'Twas here that Pope and Pagan dwelt,  
Whose tyranny and power,  
Put holy men to cruel deaths—  
Made wild beasts them devour.

But Christian passed this very place,  
No trouble him befel ;  
I was somewhat amazed to see  
Him pass along so well.

But Pagan I have since found out,  
Died many years ago ;  
The other he is yet alive,  
But some think scarcely so.

Because by reason of his age,  
 And brushes he's come through,  
 He somewhat crazy has become—  
 His joints are stiffened too.

So now he can do little more,  
 Than sit about his cave,  
 And grin at pilgrims as they pass,  
 Or like a madman rave.

He often bites his nails, because  
 He cannot at them come,  
 As once he could in olden time,  
 When he was brisk and young.

So Christian still kept on his way,  
 Knew not what thoughts to have,  
 Of this old man who looked so grim,  
 And sat about his cave.

Especially as he had spoken,  
 Though he could nothing do;  
 He said, "you pilgrims will not mend  
 Till more are burned of you."

But still good Christian held his peace,  
 Looked sober and sedate;  
 And still went on, no hurt received,  
 And sang what I relate:

O world of wonders! (I can say no less.)  
 That I should be preserved in that distress  
 That I have met with here; O 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:  
 Yea, 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.

As Christian now went on his way,  
 He came to an ascent;  
 Which had on purpose been cast up,  
 And all to this intent:

That pilgrims might by standing here,  
Look forward on the way.

Upon this place did Christian go  
Without the least delay.

He looking forward Faithful saw,  
On way to Zion too :

Then Christian called aloud to him,  
"Ho, stay, I'll go with you."

Then Faithful did behind him look,  
And Christian called again :

"Ho, stay till I come up to you—  
A short time there remain."

But Faithful answered Christian, "no ;  
No time to stay I find,

For the avenger, sir, of blood,  
Is just now close behind."

At this was Christian somewhat moved—  
Put to his strength—run fast,

And quickly up to Faithful came,  
And him out ran at last.

So he that had been last was first,  
And now the first was last ;

And Christian now did vainly smile,  
That he had him surpassed.

Not taking heed unto his feet,  
He stumbled and he fell,

But could not rise without the help  
Of him he did excel.

Then in my dream I saw that they  
Did lovingly engage

In conversation on the way,  
About their pilgrimage.

Now Christian in this way began :  
"My friend beloved, most dear,

I'm glad that I've o'ertaken you,  
It does me so much cheer.

I'm glad that God has tempered us  
In such a way that we  
Can be companions in this path,  
So sweet to thee and me."

Said Faithful, "I had thought, dear friend,  
Your comp'ny to have had  
Quite from our town, but you kept on,  
And left me 'lone and sad."

"How long," said Christian, "did you stay  
In that most fearful place,  
Before you went on pilgrimage,  
And this way set your face?"

"I staid," said Faithful, "till I could  
In peace no longer stay.  
The talk was such that I through fear  
Was moved to come away.

Soon after you the city left,  
The talk was all around,  
That fire would from Heaven come,  
And burn it to the ground."

"What! did your neighbors talk so, friend?  
And yet had no desire  
To leave a place they all believed  
Would soon be burned with fire!"

"Yes, Christian, it was for awhile  
In every body's mouth;  
Then little else was spoken of  
But this, from house to house."

"What! no one leave the place but you!  
The danger to escape;  
And it in every body's mouth,  
The City's awful fate?"

"I do not think with all they said,  
They thought it would be true;  
Amidst this very talk, they spake  
Deridingly of you:

And also of your journey, which  
They called your pilgrimage ;  
They looked upon you as a fool,  
In such a work to engage.  
But I believed, and do so still,  
That fire shall consume  
The place in which we both have lived—  
That this will be its doom.  
I therefore have that city left,  
And thus far I am come ;  
This judgment will not me o'ertake,  
If I get safely home.”  
“ And have you heard no talk at all,  
Of neighbor Pliable ?  
Who once set out on pilgrimage,  
As you have heard me tell.”  
“ Yes, Christian, he was seen, they say,  
Part way to follow you ;  
Till you had both got to Despond—  
There he fell in the Slough.  
To have this known or get abroad,  
Would now his feelings hurt ;  
But I am sure he was bedaubed  
With just that kind of dirt.”  
“ What said his neighbors then to him,  
About his pilgrimage ;  
His being well bedaubed with mud—  
Returning in a rage ?”  
“ This Pliable, since he went back,  
Has in derision been,  
By people of all sorts, who have  
Since then the traitor seen.  
Since he has left the city and  
Returned to it again,  
He now is worse, full seven times,  
Than he before had been.”



"But why should they be set against  
The way he last has taken,  
Since they despise the very way  
That he has just forsaken?"

"They say—'O hang him, turncoat he,  
He's not what he professed;  
Such cowardice cannot be found,  
Between the east and west.'

I think that God, his enemies  
Hath stirred up, as we say,  
To make a proverb of this man—  
From God he turned away."

"Did you, friend Faithful, talk to him,  
Before you left the place?"

"No, to this man I did not speak,  
I now will state the case:

I met him once when in the streets—  
From me he turned away,  
And walked upon the other side,  
And nothing did he say.

Like one ashamed of what he'd done,  
He kept a downcast eye;  
I nothing said to him at all,  
But only passed him by."

"I had good hopes for that same man  
At my own first outset;  
But O, I fear he perish will,  
In that great city yet.

Just like the proverbs, and how true,  
It happened unto him;

'The dog has to his vomit turned,  
And licked it up again.'

Also, 'The sow that has been washed,  
Has wallowed in the mire;'

She soon forgot how clean she was,  
When filth was her desire."

“Yes, Christian, these are my fears too,  
But then I cannot see,  
How any one can hinder what  
His dreadful end will be.”

“Well, Faithful, let us leave this man,  
For what ourselves concern ;  
What have you met with on the way ?  
This I would like to learn.

For if you have with nothing met,  
It may be written down  
As one great wonder of the age,  
Not often to be found.”

“Well, I’ve escaped that Slough, which you  
Got into, I perceive,  
And got up to the gate without  
That danger; this believe.

But then I met with one, dear sir,  
Who would have ruined me,  
Had I consented to her wish—  
This you can plainly see.”

“T was well that you escaped her net;  
Your’s was like Joseph’s case,  
Who fled and left her to her shame,  
Supported by God’s grace.

That good man Joseph, spoken of,  
While he was in the strife,  
Was driven closely to his wits,  
And like to lose his life.”

“What, Faithful, did she say to you,  
That she might you allure,  
And turn you from the path of peace,  
And make your ruin sure ?”

“I cannot think but that you know  
The flattering tongue she had,  
When she persuaded me to come  
To her and be as bad.

She used all kinds of flattering words,  
That she could then invent,  
And promising that I should have  
All manner of content."

"She did not promise that content,  
Which a good conscience gives  
To those who shun forbidden paths,  
And do in virtue live."

"You know, good Christian, what I mean,  
That of a carnal kind ;  
Content of vile unchastity,  
Which sinners seek to find."

"Thank God that you have her escaped,  
God's mercy, O, how rich ;  
Let those who are of God abhorred,  
Fall in her dangerous ditch."

"I know not, Christian, that I did  
Her wholly then escape ;  
For what I know, she may have done  
Me harm some way or shape."

"I hope that you did not at all,  
With her request comply—  
The wishes of her evil heart,  
Good man, then gratify."

"O, no, to her I did not yield,  
For I remembered well  
An ancient writing, which thus reads—  
'Her steps take hold of hell.'

So I shut up my eyes, that she  
Might not with looks bewitch ;  
And by her false and flattering face,  
Get me plunged in the ditch.

Then she offended, railed on me,  
She many things did say ;  
But I, without returning words,  
Left her and went my way."

“Have you met with but one assault,  
The whole way as you came?  
I wish to know your trials all,  
Perhaps I've seen the same.”

“When I had just got to the foot  
Of Difficulty Hill,  
I met with quite an aged man,  
Who treated me quite ill.

The old man asked me who I was,  
And where about to go:  
Said I, for Zion I am bound,  
If you desire to know.

‘Thou lookest like an honest man,’  
The old man to me said,  
‘And wilt thou be content to stay  
With me for wages paid?’

I asked the old man where he dwelt,  
And what his name might be;  
‘Adam the First, sir, is my name,  
My town's Deceit,’ said he.

I asked him what his work would be,  
What wages he would give  
To such an honest man as I,  
If I should with him live.

‘My work,’ said he, ‘is vain delights,  
And these my wages are—  
Thou shalt a long time with me live,  
At last shall be my heir.’

I asked him then what house he kept,  
And who his servants were;  
Said he, ‘My servants I beget,  
But thou shalt be an heir.’

Said he, ‘My house hath rich supplies,  
And when I spread my board,  
’T is filled with all the dainty things  
That this world can afford.’

Said I, how many children sir,  
Are you a father to ?  
'I have three daughters,' he replied,  
'Children I have few.

The Lust of Flesh, the Lust of Eye,  
The other Pride of Life ;  
Of these, sir, if you please, you can  
Take one to be your wife.'

I asked the old man then, how long  
His house might be my home ;  
He said as long as he would live,  
I need not from it roam."

Then Christian unto Faithful said :  
"Since I have heard the past,  
On what did you and he conclude ?  
On what decide at last?"

"At first I felt inclined to go  
With him," said Faithful, "there ;  
His words were all so flattering—  
He spake so very fair :

But in his forehead I could read,  
While talking with the man,  
'Put off the old man with his deeds ;'  
This put me to a stand."

When Faithful had related this,  
"How then?" did Christian say,  
"Did you receive those warning lines,  
And put the man away?"

"This burning hot came to my mind—  
'Twas flattery you gave,  
And when you get me to your house,  
You'll sell me for a slave.

I bid the old man hold his peace,  
I talked with him no more,  
For this my settled purpose was  
To go not nigh his door.

He said that I should nothing gain,  
By this, upon the whole:  
One he would send to make my way  
Quite bitter to my soul.

I turned myself to go away,  
But as I turned about,  
He caught my flesh with such a twitch,  
I thought he tore some out.

He pulled me backward, by the strength  
Of his unyielding hand,  
Which made me cry, O wretched man!  
How can I him withstand?

So I went on my way again,  
From thence, right up the hill,  
But when I had got half way up,  
More trouble I found still.

For when I looked behind myself,  
I saw one coming nigh;  
As swift as wind itself he came,  
But did not pass me by.

He overtook me just about  
The place the arbor stands;  
Twas but a word, and then a blow,  
I met with from his hands.

For down he knocked me, quick as thought,  
And there I lay for dead,  
But when I had revived again,  
Why serve me so, I said?"

'Because you secretly incline  
To Adam the First,' said he;  
With that he struck me on the breast  
Which much prostrated me.

He knocked me down, I backward fell:  
When to myself I came,  
I mercy cried, he showed me none—  
He knocked me down again.

Said he : 'How to be merciful  
Is something I don't know ;  
It is not in my reach at all—  
I can no mercy show.'

He would have made an end of me,  
While he was with me there,  
Had not one came and said to him,  
That he should now forbear."

Said Christian : "Who bade him forbear,  
Who could no mercy show ;  
But struck at once with all his might,  
And gave blow after blow ?"

Then Faithful said : "I knew him not,  
Until I had espied  
The holes that were in both his hands—  
And also in his side.

Then I concluded this can be  
None other than our Lord ;  
I then went safely up the hill,  
And holy peace enjoyed."

"'T was Moses overtook you, friend,"  
Said Christian, "And you saw  
He spareth none, no mercy shows,  
To those who break his law."

"I knew it well," then Faithful said ;  
"He oft met me before,  
While I securely dwelt at home,  
Though nigh destruction's door.

He said that he my house would burn—  
The shelter o'er my head,  
If I staid there ; but I alarmed,  
Have from that dwelling fled."

Said Christian : "Did you see the house  
That stands on top the hill,  
On the same side you Moses met,  
Sir, tell me if you will?"

"Yes," Faithful said, "I saw the house—  
I saw the lions too ;  
It being noon they were asleep,  
So they made no ado.

Because I had before me still,  
At least half of the day,  
I thought I would go down the hill  
Without the least delay."

"The porter told me," Christian said,  
"He saw you pass that way ;  
I wish you had called at the house,  
And there made some delay :

For rarities they would have shown,  
Before you came away ;  
Of these I'm sure you'd often think,  
Until your dying day.

The Valley of Humility,  
Pray tell me while in it,  
Was you alone? Was no one there  
With whom you chanced to meet?"

"Yes," Faithful said, "I met a man,  
One Discontent by name,  
Who talked with me, and wished me to  
Go back with him again.

He gave this as a reason why  
He let his courage fail ;  
That honor never could be found,  
Within that gloomy Vale.

He also said, ' And more than this,  
You cannot make amends ;  
And you will grieve, if not offend,  
The feelings of your friends.

Such friends as Arrogance, said he,  
And such as Self-Conceit ;  
With Pride, who in the market place,  
Doth seek the great to greet.'



He said that these, Vain Glory too,  
Would soon my foes be made,  
If I would like a fool go in,  
And through this Valley wade."

Then Christian unto Faithful said :  
"How did you answer him?  
To Discontent how did you speak,  
Concerning all these kin ?

"I said, according to the flesh,  
They all to me are kin ;  
But they and I at variance are,  
Since I've a pilgrim been.

For I have been disowned by them,  
And they disowned by me ;  
So now my very lineage  
Are not my friends, you see.

I also said that he did not  
This subject understand ;  
That honor and humility,  
Do join each others hands.

I told this man that I would go  
To honor through this vale ;  
That this is so, do wise men say,  
Whose judgment cannot fail."

Now after Faithful had thus talked,  
Then Christian spake himself,  
And asked him if while he was there,  
He met with something else.

"Yes," Faithful said, "I met a man  
That went by name of Shame ;  
But I am sure that this was not  
A very proper name."

Then Christian unto Faithful said :  
"Why, what said Shame to you ?  
He has his word to say to all,  
Who pass that valley through."

“Religion he objected to,”  
Said Faithful; “called it low,  
As mean and sneaking kind of work,  
As man could into go.  
A tender conscience, too, he said,  
Was an unmanly thing;  
This watching all our words and ways,  
Must bondage with it bring.  
Said he: ‘Brave spirits of the times  
Do not walk by this rule;  
Not using all our liberty,  
Deserves great ridicule.’  
And this objection too, he brought—  
‘Not many rich nor wise,  
Of my opinion could be found—  
Not so deceived their eyes.  
Not any such until they were  
Persuaded to be fools;  
A voluntary fondness then  
They all had for my rules.  
Such men,’ he said, ‘would venture loss  
Of all a man has got,  
For something future they expect,  
But no one else knows what.’  
The base and low estate of those  
Who bear the pilgrim name,  
In every country where they live,  
He said, was a great shame.  
Their ignorance of sciences,  
He thought was great disgrace:  
Now this he threw with confidence  
And boldness, in my face.  
In many other things than this,  
He held me at that rate;  
In many things that I do not  
At full length now relate.

As that it was a shame for one  
To sit and mourn and groan,  
Till he had heard a sermon through,  
And then go sighing home.

He said for me to go and ask  
My neighbor to forgive  
A little petty fault of mine,  
Was shamefully to live.

Or if I stole my neighbor's goods,  
And them restore again,  
He said was plainly owning it,  
And this too, was a shame.

He also said religion made  
Us strangers to the great;  
Made us to own the baser sort,  
Respect their low estate.

Because the pilgrims all belong  
To one fraternity,  
And is not this itself a shame?  
A wretched thing, said he."

Then Christian unto Faithful said:  
"What did you then reply?  
With such a man one scarcely knows,  
Which way is best to try."

Then answered Faithful: "What to say  
At first, I did not know;  
Shame brought the blood up in my face,  
He put me to it so.

His arguments nigh beat me off,  
But this their weight destroyed:  
'What highly is esteemed of men,  
Is hated by the Lord.'

I thought again—that Shame tells me  
What men are; but the Lord,  
What He is, it doth never tell,  
Nor what is in his word.

I thought this too,—the day of doom  
Will not give death or life,  
According to the spirits of  
This world, who make strife.  
But according to the wisdom,  
And law of the Most High,  
The whole of Adam's fallen race  
Will ever live, or die.  
Again, I thought within myself,  
What God says is the best ;  
Though all men in the world deny,  
His word will bear the test.  
Now seeing God does his religion  
First and last prefer—  
And seeing that a tender conscience  
He likewise does prefer—  
And seeing they are wisest who  
Are fools for Heaven's sake—  
The poor are rich who love the Lord,  
More rich than gold can make.  
The richest men who hate the Lord,  
Are poor indeed, for such  
No peace of mind can ever have,  
Though they lord over much.  
So Shame, depart, thou enemy  
Of my salvation, go ;  
Shall I thee entertain, against  
My Lord and Sovereign? No.  
If now I am ashamed of him,  
His servants and his ways,  
Can I when he to judgment comes,  
Look shameless in his face ?  
Can I the blessing of his smile—  
His praise 'well done' expect,  
If I should through the fear of Shame,  
His ways shun or reject ?

This Shame a bold faced villain was—  
 Him have I tried to shun ;  
 But still I had his company,  
 When I my best had done.  
 He would be always hunting me,  
 And whispering in my ear,  
 Through some of my infirmities—  
 Which more or less appear.  
 But then at last I told him this—  
 Your efforts are in vain ;  
 For I most glory see in things  
 Which you the most disdain.  
 Though he was so importunate—  
 At hand in every thing,  
 I did at last get rid of him,  
 I then 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.  
 O let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then  
 Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men.’”

And now to Faithful Christian said :  
 “Dear brother, I am glad  
 You did withstand this villain so—  
 True courage you have had.  
 I think with you that he has not  
 A very proper name ;  
 So bold is he that in the streets,  
 He would put us to shame.  
 He tries to make us feel ashamed  
 Of what is truly good ;  
 And this he has been bold to do,  
 In every case he could.

If he had in him any shame,  
He would not long persist  
In doing boldly what he does—  
But we must him resist.

But notwithstanding all he says,  
The fool he doth promote,  
And no one else; from Solomon  
I do this sentence quote."

"I think," said Faithful, "we must cry  
For help to save from Shame;  
We'll cry to him who has declared  
We must be valiant men."

Then Christian said: "Your words are good,  
But did you meet no one  
Till you had gone the valley through,  
Except this Shame alone?"

Then Faithful said: "I met with none  
Till I had traveled through  
The Valley of the Shade of Death,  
And through this valley too.

The sun did very brightly shine  
Upon this dangerous way;  
And thus I had, while coming through,  
The light of perfect day."

Said Christian: "It fared well with you—  
With me, though, not so well;  
For when I in the valley came,  
I met a fiend of Hell.

Apollyon was the fiend I met,  
And hour after hour  
I had with him my way to fight,  
For fearful was his power.

He threw me down, and as I fell,  
My sword dropt from my hand;  
He said that he was sure of me—  
I was at his command.

I looked for nothing less than death,  
When he had got me down,  
And pressed me with his mighty strength  
Upon the solid ground.

But unto God I made a cry,  
From him an answer came ;  
He from from my troubles set me free,  
For this I praise his name.

The Valley of the Shade of Death,  
I after this went in ;  
Had no more light till half way through,  
Than if no light had been.

Yes, more than once, I thought that I  
Would surely perish there ;  
But good for me, day broke at last,  
And ended my despair.

The Sun arose, O blessed sight ;  
I journeyed, after this,  
Throughout the whole remaining part,  
In quietness and peace."

Now in my dream I also saw,  
While they were walking on,  
That Faithful looking to one side,  
Beheld a certain one.

The man he saw was Talkative ;  
Though at a distance, he  
Was walking on one side of them—  
This I could plainly see.

This man was tall, and comely too,  
More at a distance though  
Than when he was at hand ;  
Some people are, you know.

Now Faithful did address himself  
To Talkative like this :  
"Friend, whither are you going now ?  
To Heaven, the land of bliss !"

"I'm on my journey now," said he,  
"To that most blissful place."

Thus he replied with quite an air,  
Hope beaming in his face.

Said Faithful: "This is very well,  
We'll have your company."

"I'm glad of this," said Talkative,  
"I'll your companion be."

"Come on," said Faithful, "let us go,  
And sweetly spend our time  
In the most profitable talk;  
Our thoughts will be sublime."

"To talk of what is good, dear sir,  
Is quite acceptable,  
With you or any person else—  
This is the truth I tell."

He also said: "I'm glad to meet  
With those who thus incline  
To something good, for very few  
Care thus to spend their time.

But many when they travel, choose  
Unprofitable themes;  
Now this has been a grief to me,  
But joy to them, it seems."

Said Faithful: "This we should lament;  
At home and when abroad,  
What is more worthy of our tongues,  
Than themes of Heaven and God."

Said Talkative: "I like you well.  
It pleasant is my friend,  
To talk of what pertains to God,  
To this we will attend.

What things so pleasant, (if a man  
In wonders takes delight,)  
As talk about the mysteries  
Of which the Prophets write.



To such a man, who loves to talk  
Of miracles and signs,  
Where sees he them more sweetly found,  
Than in the Scripture lines?"

Said Faithful: "That is very true,  
But this should be our aim;  
When we converse on things divine,  
To profit by the same."

"That my thought is," said Talkative;  
"By talk like this we gain  
The knowledge of such things as this,  
That earthly things are vain.

Through talk like this, our minds are fixed  
Upon the things above;  
Such talk, no doubt, does often tend  
To stir us up in love.

Now in this one important thing,  
We often see its worth;  
Where some by it are brought to see  
Their need of the new birth.

A conversation of this kind,  
Will often bring to view  
The insufficiency of works,  
And all that man can do.

The need of righteousness divine,  
Which far exceeds our own—  
The righteousness of Jesus Christ,  
The Father's only Son.

Besides, the time, in company  
With Christians, rightly spent,  
Will learn us what it is to pray,  
To suffer and repent.

And more than this—a man may learn  
What promises there are,  
And gospel consolations, which  
Earth's joys outweigh by far.

By this a man may also learn  
False notions to refute ;  
And how to teach the ignorant—  
Bring truth to end dispute."

Said Faithful, "all that you have said  
I must believe is true ;  
And glad I am to hear these things,  
Which I have heard from you."

"Alas!" said Talkative, "I fear  
For want of this, so few  
Do understand the need of faith,  
And grace, to make us new :

And of the way that leads to life,  
They ignorant remain,  
Expecting through the law itself,  
The kingdom to obtain."

Said Faithful, "by your leave I'll say,  
That heavenly knowledge of  
These precious things, that you have named,  
Is the free gift of God :

These truths and subjects which you've named,  
I'm sure none can be made  
To understand, by talk alone,  
Though much is heard and said."

"All this I know," said Talkative ;  
"We nothing can receive,  
Except it's given us from heaven—  
This firmly I believe.

This is of grace, and not of works,  
This, Scripture plainly show,  
And none on earth can shake my faith,  
For this is surely so."

"Well then," said Faithful, "what one thing  
Shall we discourse upon ?  
As for the subject, I leave you  
To make a choice of one."

"Just what you please," said Talkative,  
"I'll talk of heaven or earth—  
Of sacred things, of things profane—  
Which ever you wish first.

And I can talk of moral things—  
Things past or things to come,  
And foreign things I will describe,  
Or talk of things at home.

I will discourse on any thing,  
By which the time to spend,  
That will to us a pleasure prove,  
And profit in the end."

Now Faithful was somewhat amazed,  
And thus to Christian talked :  
"Sir, what a brave companion this  
With whom awhile I've walked.

A good companion he will be,  
And this I will engage,  
That he is very excellent  
To go on pilgrimage."

To Faithful, then good Christian said,  
With quite a modest smile,  
"This man you are so taken with,  
Does with his tongue beguile.

Yes, twenty men that know him not  
He slyly can deceive,  
And not a word fall from his lips  
But they will all believe."

"Do you know him?" then Faithful asked,  
"Whom you suspicion so?"

"I better know him," Christian said,  
Than he himself doth know."

Said Faithful, "if you know this man,  
Pray, sir, what can he be?  
The knowledge which you have of him,  
Communicate to me."

To this did Christian thus reply,  
"He dwels in our town ;  
His name, I've learned, is Talkative,  
He aimeth at renown.

It's strange that you, a stranger are  
To one that dwelleth here,  
But when I think our town is large,  
This does not strange appear.

"Whose son is he?" did Faithful ask :  
Said Christian, "you shall know—  
He is the son of one Say-well,  
And dwells in Prating-row.

Now, notwithstanding his fine tongue,  
So oily and so mellow,  
When he is rightly understood,  
He is a sorry fellow."

Said Faithful, "well, he seems to be  
A very pretty man :"

But Christian said, "to them he is,  
Who see not through his plan.

Now he indeed is best abroad,  
At home looks bad enough ;  
He always at a distance shines—  
When near he shows the rough.

Your saying that he pretty is,  
Recalls now to my mind,  
What I have seen in painter's work,  
Where colors are combined.

Some pictures, at a distance seen,  
Do beautiful appear ;  
But very common is the sight,  
If seen when one is near."

Then Faithful thus to Christian said,  
"I think you do but jest,  
Because a smile upon your face  
This moment seems to rest."

Then Christian answered, "jest you say ?

But I say God forbid

That in this matter I should jest,

If even smile I did.

And God forbid that any man

I falsly should accuse—

My heart will not consent to this,

Thus others to abuse.

But this much I can say of him,

It suits him very well

To be in any company,

Or any story tell.

Just as this man has talked with you,

You'll never find him fail,

To talk the same in brandy shops,

And when he's full of ale.

The more that brandy stirs his brain,

The more these things his mouth ;

Religion is not in his heart,

No altar in his house.

All that he hath is in his tongne ;

With this he makes a noise,

That other men may say of him,

How much that man enjoys."

Then Faithful unto Christian said,

"How much was I deceived—

That he was quite a holy man,

Sincerely I believed."

"Deceived !" said Christian, "that you are,

And right upon this spot.

You have the proverb of such men—

'They say but they do not.'

Here is a truth, I hope you will

Remember from this hour—

The kingdom never is in word,

It only is in power.

He talketh much of prayer and faith,  
Repentance and new birth ;  
He knows not but to talk of them,  
He never feels their worth.

I know what I have said of him  
Is true, yes every word :  
I have been in his family,  
Where I have seen and heard.

I have observed him every where,  
And noted his behavior ;  
No more religion in his house,  
Than in an egg is savor.

He does not pray, nor any sign  
Of penitence you'll find.  
The brute does better serve the Lord,  
According to his kind.

This man is to the cause of Christ,  
A sore reproach and shame  
Religion he gives here and there,  
A deep and lasting stain.

A good word it can hardly have,  
Wherever he is known ;  
It will be lightly spoken of,  
Through him all over town.

The common people who know him,  
A proverb have—like some,  
'He is a perfect saint abroad,  
A devil though at home.'

His family all find it so—  
They know him as a churl—  
A greater railer, worse to please,  
Does not disgrace the world.

And all who dealings have with him,  
Find such a crouding work,  
That they had better, for themselves,  
Have dealings with a Turk.

This Talkative, if possible,  
Will manage to defraud,  
Beguile and over-reach a man,  
Not fearing man nor God.

Besides, his sons he bringeth up  
To follow in his steps;  
If one is conscientious,  
This out of him he gets.

If he a tenderness perceives,  
Of conscience in his child,  
He then it fool and blockhead calls—  
'Tis thus by him reviled.

And that he may discourage him,  
He does not him employ  
In things of honor or of trust.  
Now so he treats his boy.

'Tis my opinion that this man  
Has, by his wicked life,  
Made many stumble, fall and sin,  
And mock the Christian's strife.

Unless the Lord upon this man,  
Repentance doth bestow,  
I fear that many more, through him,  
Will down to ruin go."

"Well now," said Faithful, "I am bound,  
Dear brother, to believe,  
From what you say about this man,  
That he means to deceive.

And not alone because you said  
That Talkative you know—  
But your reports are Christian-like,  
It therefore must be so."

Said Christian, "had I known this man,  
No better than did you  
At first, I might have taken quite  
A charitable view :

Or had I this report received,  
From enemies of God  
I would have thought it slander was,  
To injure him abroad.

But all these things and many more,  
I know him guilty of ;  
Yes many things as bad as these,  
I know that I can prove.

Besides, good men are all ashamed  
With him their time to spend ;  
And neither do they call this man  
A brother or a friend.

His very name, where he is known,  
Upon them brings a blush,  
For he has fellowship with those,  
Who would religion crush."

Said Faithful then, "to do and say  
Is not one thing, but two ;  
It is one thing to talk about,  
Another thing to do.

Now this distinction, after this,  
I think I shall observe,  
For only they who say and do,  
The Christian name deserve."

Said Christian, "yes, they are two things ;  
The difference as great  
As that 'twixt body and the soul,  
When they are separate.

For as the body, when the soul  
Is absent, is but dead,  
Of saying when it is alone,  
The same may well be said.

The soul of pure religion, in  
The sacred writer's view,  
Is not a multitude of words—  
It's for a man to do.



This is religion undefiled  
Before the Father God—  
To visit where afflictions are,  
At home and when abroad.  
To seek the helpless widow's cot,  
And see that she has bread,  
And clothing for her little ones :  
Whose father now is dead.  
To keep himself before the world,  
That heaven's foes cannot  
Point out, in his profession, one  
Dark or disgraceful spot.  
This, Talkative does not perceive,  
But thinks, upon the whole,  
To hear and say is Christian live—  
He thus deceives his soul.  
Though hearing in its place, is good,  
'Tis but to sow the seed  
And talk alone will never prove,  
That there is fruit indeed.  
And let us well assure ourselves,  
That on the day of doom,  
We shall be judged according to  
The fruit, and not the bloom.  
It will not then be said to men,  
Did you believe or hear ?  
But did you do as well as say,  
And dry the mourner's tear ?  
According to this very rule,  
When the last day shall come,  
The sons of men shall all be judged,  
And hear their final doom.  
The Saviour has the end of time,  
To harvest time compared ;  
In harvest men save but the fruit—  
The chaff is then not spared.

That work will do where faith is not,  
I do not mean to say,  
For Talkative will need them both,  
On that important day.”

“This brings to mind,” then Faithful said,  
“How Moses doth describe  
The beast that’s clean—it chews the cud—  
The hoof it doth divide.  
Not that it doth divide the hoof,  
Or chew the cud alone,  
But chews the cud, and hoof divides—  
By this clean beasts are known.  
The hare doth only chew the cud,  
He doth not part the hoof;  
This shows that he’s an unclean beast—  
The clean will do them both.  
The hare resembles Talkative,  
Who on the world doth chew,  
But parteth not with sinner’s ways—  
He must be unclean too.”

Said Christian, “you, for what I know,  
Do give the gospel sense  
Of all those texts, at least I shall  
Receive it so from hence.  
And I will add another thing:  
Paul calleth some—alas!  
Of those who are great talkers too,  
But empty sounding brass.  
That is (as in another place  
He doth these things expound,)  
They are like things inanimate,  
But yet can give a sound:  
Things without life—(by life he means  
True faith and gospel grace,)  
They consequently never can,  
In heaven, have a place,

Among those who the children are  
Of everlasting life.  
And though they talked as angels can;  
They shuned the Christian strife."  
Said Faithful, "love his company  
At first I truly did,  
But now I loathe it just as much,  
And would of him get rid."  
Then Christian said, "take my advice—  
I'll tell you what to do,  
And you will find him just as glad  
To get away from you,  
Unless the Lord will change his heart,  
And make it wholly right;  
The company of Christian men,  
Would then be his delight."  
Now, Faithful, his friend Christian asked,  
"What would you have me do,  
To make him leave my company?  
Now this I ask of you."  
"Why go to him," good Christian said,  
"And then with him discourse  
About religion and its power,  
For these things have their force.  
And ask him plainly when he has  
Of your discourse approved,  
If it is in his heart and house,  
And conversation loved."  
So Faithful forward stepped again,  
To Talkative began:  
"Come now, what cheer? how is it now?  
Shall we now talk again?"  
Said Talkative, "I thank you sir,  
We should have had I thought,  
Much talk between us by this time,  
But somehow we have not."

Then Faithful said, "well if you will,  
Let us fall to it now ;

And since the question I must state,  
Then let me ask you how

The saving grace of God in man,  
Doth make itself appear ;

So one can know that in his heart,  
He doth God love and fear?"

Now Talkative made this reply,

" Our talk, sir, I perceive,  
Will be about the power of things,  
I'll tell what I believe.

And very willing am I now,  
To answer you in brief ;

How grace doth make itself appear,  
Where it affords relief.

First, let me say this of the heart,  
The grace of God is in ;

It maketh then a great outcry  
Against all kinds of sin."

Said Faithful, "you should rather say,  
When grace in man begins,

It doth incline him to abhor,  
And to forsake his sins."

Said Talkative, " what difference  
Is there indeed, between

One crying out against a sin,  
And his abhorring sin?"

Said Faithful, " Oh! a difference  
There is, and very great ;

A man may cry against his sins,  
And yet sin never hate ?

Through policy this very cry  
Against it he may raise ;

But it he never will abhor,  
Without the power of grace.

Yea, many I have heard so cry,  
Loud like a trumpet's blast,  
Against it from the pulpit, too,  
And yet they held it fast ;

Who could abide it well enough,  
In either house or heart ;  
Could threaten it most fearfully,  
And still not with it part.

So Joseph's mistress cried aloud,  
In order to deceive ;  
But would have acted wickedly,  
With Joseph, I believe.

Some crying out against their sins,  
Reminds me all the while,  
Of how a mother cries against  
Her little infant child.

She calls it bad or naughty child,  
And all such names as this ;  
Soon after that she tenderly  
Gives it a hug and kiss "

Said Talkative, " you try to catch  
My words, as I perceive ;  
But I shall notwithstanding this,  
Speak just as I believe."

Said Faithful: " No, not I, indeed,  
I'm sure you wrong me quite ;  
I do not try to catch your words,  
But wish to set things right.

But what is now the second thing  
That will most clearly prove,  
That in the heart of every one,  
The grace of God doth move?"

" Great knowledge of the mysteries,  
Which in the Gospel lie,  
I hold to be a certain sign,"  
Was Talkative's reply.

“This sign,” said Faithful, “should be first,  
If true, as you believe ;  
But first or last, it too is false,  
It many does deceive.

Great knowledge one may have obtained,  
Great mysteries unfold ;  
And yet no grace be in his soul,  
His heart be dead and cold.

Yea, if a man all knowledge hath,  
He may be nothing still ;  
For he is not a child of God,  
Who does not do his will.

When Christ had his disciples asked,  
‘Are these things known to you ?’  
And they had answered ‘Yes,’ he said  
‘You’re bless’d if them you do.’

The merely knowing all these things,  
The blessing is not on ;  
But to the doing of the same,  
The blessing doth belong.

Because there is a knowledge which  
No doing doth attend ;  
And that will do a man no good,  
When time with him shall end.

He that his master’s will doth know,  
Refusing then to do,  
Will beaten be with many stripes—  
The ignorant with few.

A man may like an angel know,  
Yet not a christian be ;  
Your second sign must therefore fail—  
Now this is plain to me.

Indeed to know doth boasters please,  
Who do their souls defraud ;  
But when we practice what we know,  
’T is pleasing unto God.

Not that the heart can be as good,  
When knowledge is not there;  
Without some knowledge, it is nought,  
And cannot wisdom share.

There are two sorts of knowledge, sir;  
One works with faith and love,  
The other kind doth speculate,  
And comes not from above.

But that which works in faith and love,  
Will cause a man to do  
As well as know the will of God,  
And that be heart work too.

The first will serve the talker well,  
His purpose suits, we see;  
The other christians all must have,  
If they contented be.

'O give me understanding, Lord,  
And I shall keep thy law;  
Yea, shall observe it with my heart—  
Of Thee I stand in awe."

Said Talkative: "I think again  
My words to catch you try;  
Your aim is more to puzzle me,  
Than me to edify."

Then Faithful said: "Well, if you please,  
Another sign propound;  
By which the work of grace is known,  
Where it is truly found."

To Faithful Talkative replied:  
"Not I, for well I see  
From what you have already said,  
That we cannot agree."

Then Faithful said: "If you do not,  
Will you give me the leave  
To dwell still more upon this point?  
And I a sign will give."

Now Talkative made this reply :  
    " This liberty I'll give,  
That you may speak and I will hear ;  
    What sign have you to give ?"  
" A work of grace," then Faithful said,  
    Itself is sure to show  
To him that doth the work possess,  
    Or others may it know.  
To him that hath it thus, it gives  
    Conviction of his sin ;  
It shows his nature, how defiled,  
    What unbelief he 's in.  
For which he is condemned to die,  
    And surely will be damned,  
Unless through faith in Christ he finds  
    A pardon at God's hand.  
This very sight and sense of things,  
    Doth give him shame for sin ;  
It worketh sorrow in his heart,  
    That he so vile hath been.  
He finds the Saviour of the world,  
    In his own heart revealed ;  
He feels that he has need of him,  
    To be for heaven sealed.  
For him he feeleth hungerings,  
    And thirstings, in his soul ;  
To which the promise doth belong,  
    That he shall be made whole.  
He now according to his faith,  
    The Saviour will enjoy ;  
If faith be weak, his peace in Christ  
    'T will very much annoy.  
And so his love for holiness—  
    His wish to know him more,  
And serve him better in this world,  
    Whom angels do adore.



Although, I say, a gracious work,  
To him, itself displays,  
It is not always that such know  
That they possess this grace.  
Because that his corruption now,  
And reason so abased,  
Make his weak mind misjudge this thing,  
And much he misconstrues.  
Therefore in him that hath this work,  
His judgment must be sound ;  
Before he can with steadiness,  
Believe he grace hath found.  
This work to others may be known,  
By what he doth confess,  
Concerning his experience,  
And faith in Christ possessed.  
And by a life that will not his  
Confession give a lie ;  
A life of holiness in heart,  
And in his family.  
A conduct too, that holy is,  
Before his fellow men ;  
This has a tendency to teach  
The man, to hate his sin.  
And to abhor himself for it  
In secret, where no eye  
Can see him, but the eye of God ;  
Who every where is nigh.  
It tends to teach that he should in  
His family, suppress  
All kinds of sin, and in the world,  
Promote true holiness.  
And this not all by talk alone,  
As hypocrits may do ;  
But show the power in God's word,  
By his submission too.

And now my brief description of  
The work of grace you have;  
And also how it may be known,  
I have not failed to give.

If to my statements you object,  
As being quite unsound;  
Object: if not, then give me leave  
A question to propound."

"Nay," Talkative then said to him,  
Your second question give;  
My part is not now to object,  
Your second question give."

Then Faithful said to Talkative,  
"I ask you from my heart,  
Of the description that I gave,  
Do you feel the first part?

And doth your life or daily walk  
Still testify the same?

Or standeth your religion, all  
In word or tongue and name?

Are tongue religion, and a name,  
All that you feel you need?

And not religion of the heart,  
Which is in word and deed.

If you incline to answer me,  
I pray that you refrain

From saying aught, but what you know  
Will meet with God's amen.

And also nothing more I pray,  
Do thou presume to bring;

Than what your conscience very well,  
Can justify you in.

Not he who doth himself commend,  
Will always be approved;

But one commended by the Lord,  
The same the Lord will love.

Besides, to say I'm thus and thus,  
And always holy I,  
Adds greatly to my wickedness,  
If all this is a lie.

Now Talkative began to blush,  
When this was to him said ;  
But soon recovering himself,  
He this reply then made :

“ You come now to experience,  
To conscience and to God ;  
To him I see you will appeal,  
To justify your word.

Now such discourse, when we began,  
I little did expect ;  
Such questions as you have proposed,  
I'll totally reject.

I feel not bound to answer you,  
And this must you suffice ;  
Unless you take upon yourself,  
The task to chatechise.

Pray, sir, will you now tell me why,  
Such questions you propose ;  
And why you press me hard to speak,  
And answer such as those.”

“ Because you willing were to talk,  
For so you said yourself ;  
I also knew you notions had,  
And had but little else.

Besides, to tell you all the truth,  
This I have heard of you—  
That your religion lies in talk :  
You say but do not do.

That your behavior too, is such  
That an observing eye  
Can see at once your actions give  
What you profess the lie.

They say of you, you are a spot  
Where godly persons are,  
And that religion doth the worse,  
For your behavior fare.  
That some already stumbled have,  
Who saw your wicked ways,  
And more they fear will be destroyed;  
Now this may be the case.  
Together with such things as these  
Will your religion stand?—  
Uncleanness, swearing, lying, too,  
And drunkards at your hand;  
And love of gain, an ale-house too,  
And company that's vain.  
Now all is true that I have said,  
With you I have been plain.  
There is a proverb sometimes used,  
That women of ill-fame  
Are a reproach to woman-kind,  
And are a burning shame.  
This proverb may be said of you:  
'He has become a shame  
To all professors in the land,  
Where any know his name.'"  
Then Talkative to Faithful said:  
"Since I have seen your plan,  
I set you down a pevish, cross,  
And melancholy man.  
One ready to take up report,  
And judge in haste like you,  
For conversation is not fit,  
So I bid you adieu."  
Then up came Christian, and he said:  
"Dear Faithful, I you told  
How matters stood with Talkative,  
Who talked so loud and bold.

What I had said has come to pass,  
And you can plainly see  
Your words and his deceitful lusts,  
Will not at all agree.

And rather than his wicked life  
In any way reform,  
He would forsake your company ;  
I'm glad that he is gone.

I said he's gone ; well let him go,  
The loss is but his own ;  
Should he continue as he is,  
To us it can be none.

A blot to us he would have been,  
And the Apostle says :  
'From such do thou withdraw thyself,  
Partake not of their ways.'

Then Faithful said : "I'm glad we had  
This short discourse with him ;  
He after this perhaps will see  
That I his good did mean.

With him I have quite plainly dealt,  
As in the sight of God ;  
If after all he perisheth,  
It clears me of his blood."

Then Christian said : "You have done well,  
You plainly spake your mind ;  
Such faithful dealings now-a-days  
Is very hard to find ;

That makes religion so to stink,  
With many as it doth ;  
The christian and the hypocrite,  
They class together both.

There are so many talking fools  
Whose all is but in word,  
Who are debauched and vain in life,  
And all their days have erred ;

And these associating with  
The people of the Lord,  
Do puzzle people of the world,  
Who speak their thoughts abroad.  
Such blemish Christianity—  
Grieve who are sincere ;  
I wish all saints would deal with such,  
As you with this one here.  
They either would conform themselves  
More to religion then,  
Or else the company of Saints  
Would be too hot for them."

Then did Faithful say :

"How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes!  
How bravely doth he speak! How he presumes  
To drive down all before him! But so soon  
As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon  
That's past the full, into the wane he goes;  
And so with all but he that heart-work knows."

Thus they went on, still talking of  
The things which they had seen ;  
The way they made quite easy thus,  
Which tedious would have been.  
For they went through a wilderness,  
And such a place at best  
Doth make the weary pilgrim sigh,  
And long for home and rest.  
Now Faithful, when this wilderness  
They had almost got through,  
Did cast his eye a little back  
And saw a man he knew.  
Then Faithful to his brother said :  
"O! who doth yonder come?"  
Said Christian: "Friend Evangelist,  
Who me much good hath done."

"Yes," Faithful said, "'T is my friend too,—  
How much could I relate ;

'T was he who set me in the way  
That lead's to Zion's gate."

Evangelist then to them came,  
Thus them saluted he :

"Peace be with you, ye much beloved,  
May peace your helper be."

"O welcome, welcome," Christian said,  
"Evangelist the kind ;

Thy countenance, the sight of it  
Brings thy good deeds to mind.

Thy former kindness comes to mind,  
A friend you by me stood ;

Much labor didst thou undergo  
For my eternal good."

"Yes, welcome, O a thousand times,"  
Then Faithful to him said ;

Thy presence, sweet Evangelist,  
Will us poor pilgrims aid."

Then said Evangelist to them :

"How hath it fared with you ?

What have you met since I've been gone ?  
What your behavior, too ?"

They told him all they had passed through,  
To him they told their case ;

How, and with what trials, they  
Had reached their present place.

Evangelist said : "Glad am I,

Not that you trials had,

But that you gained the victory ;  
For this I'm truly glad.

You have through many weaknesses  
Continued in the way,

Since I was present with you last  
Until this very day.

Right glad I am of this same thing,  
For your sake, and for mine ;  
Since I have sowed you have reaped—  
There's joy in harvest time.

The day is coming, yes, my friends,  
True as you hear my voice,  
When he who sowed, and they who reaped,  
Together shall rejoice.

That is if you hold on your way,  
As doth the perfect saint ;  
For in due time they all shall reap,  
Who run but never faint.

A crown is held before you now,  
One incorruptible ;  
So run that you may it obtain,  
You'll be rewarded well.

For some there be who have gone far,  
This golden crown to gain ;  
But some one else did them excel,  
And did that crown obtain.

Hold fast to what you now possess,  
Lay not your courage down ;  
Cast every weight at once aside,  
Let no man take your crown.

You're in gun-shot of Satan yet,  
Then feel not too secure ;  
One drop of blood you have not shed  
In strife with him, I'm sure.

The kingdom keep before your mind,  
And steadfastly believe  
In him who is invisible,  
That you by faith may live.

Look forward to that other world,  
Let nothing on this side  
Entangle you to damp your zeal—  
Unmovable abide.



And earnestly I this would urge,  
To your own hearts look well,  
And to its lusts which oft arise,  
For these lead down to Hell.

The human heart deceitful is,  
And that above all things;  
It's desperately wicked, too,  
So much to sin it clings.

And set your faces like a flint,  
Whatever may betide;  
For all the power in heaven and earth  
You now have on your side."

"Thanks for your exhortation, friend,"  
Did Christian to him say;  
"But we would have you farther speak,  
To help us on our way.

Now this we wish, because we know  
That you a prophet be;  
And can foretell us things to come,  
Which we cannot foresee.

And thou canst tell us how we can  
Those evils overcome."  
To this request they both agreed—  
Evangelist spake on.

"My sons," said he, "you both have heard  
In words of Gospel truth,  
That trials do the saints abide;  
This you have heard from youth.

Through tribulations deep, you must  
The kingdom enter in;  
There tears shall all be wiped away,  
And all effects of sin.

In every city where you go,  
Let who will be your guide,  
Bonds and afflictions wait for you—  
For all such men abide.

Therefore you cannot now expect  
Without them long to go,  
For you will meet them in some way—  
You're pilgrims yet you know.

Now something of the truth of this  
You have already found;  
Because your own experiences  
With such things do abound.

And now expect immediately,  
To meet with something more;  
The journey of the wilderness  
You have almost got o'er.

Into a town you soon must come,  
That by-and-by you'll see,  
Where there are many enemies,  
Who waiting for you be.

By these you shall be hard beset,  
They will my words fulfil;  
For they will use their utmost strength  
You both while there to kill.

This testimony which you hold,  
If you proclaim it good,  
Be sure that one or both of you  
Will seal it with your blood.

But be ye faithful unto death,  
Through this important strife;  
The king will place upon your heads  
A crown of endless life.

He that there shall die, though his death  
Will be unnatural,  
His pains be great—be very great,  
For him it will be well.

For he will have the better of  
His fellow in the end,  
Because he'll reach the city first,  
Where nothing doth offend—

Escaping many miseries  
The other yet will meet,  
Before he doth his journey end—  
To walk the golden street.  
But when you are come to the town  
And find this true, do then  
Remember me, your faithful friend,  
And quit yourselves like men.  
Commit the keeping of your souls  
To God in doing well;  
He is your Father, and you he 'll keep,  
In spite of earth and hell.”  
Then in my dream I saw that they  
The wilderness got through ;  
Before them then a town they saw,  
With steeples full in view.  
The name of it is Vanity ;  
In it there is a Fair,  
Called Vanity—like name of town,  
It's held throughout the year.  
It bears the name of Vanity,  
Because the town, you see,  
Where it is kept, is lighter still  
Than empty vanity.  
Another reason for this name,  
(There many reasons be,)  
All that is sold or cometh there  
Is also vanity.  
As is the saying of the wise,  
“ All 's vanity that come ;”  
This Fair is no new business there,  
As is supposed by some.  
This thing of ancient standing is,  
I 'll show its origin ;  
All that have ears now let them hear,  
And now I will begin—

Almost five thousand years ago,  
Some pilgrims then there were  
To the Celestial City bound,  
As these two persons are.  
Then Legion and Beelzebub,  
And bold Apollyon, too,  
With those who their companions were,  
In all a hellish crew,  
Perceiving by a certain path  
The pilgrims made, that they  
Must pass directly through this place,  
For it lay on their way,  
Contrived here to set up a Fair,  
Wherein there should be sold  
All sorts of vanity and vice,  
That were both new and old.  
And that this fair should be kept up,  
From day to day all year;  
And that such merchandise as these  
Should be the traffic here:  
Such things as houses, lands and trades,  
And titles here they sell;  
Yes, kingdoms, countries, pleasures, lusts,  
All such are saleable.  
Delights of all sorts, whores and bawds,  
Wives, husbands, children too;  
And masters, servants, lives and blood,  
And souls too not a few.  
Delightful pearls and precious stones,  
And gold and silver ware,  
With ornaments of every kind,  
Are selling at this Fair.  
Moreover, at this very place,  
At all times may be seen  
Cheats, jugglings, games, plays, fools and knaves,  
And rogues, and all things mean.

Here may be seen, for nothing, too,  
Thefts, murders, and such crimes,  
False swearing and adulteries,  
For here they all combine.

And as it is in other fairs  
Where fewer do attend,  
There are streets and rows, with proper names,  
Where men the wares do vend.

So you can know the proper place  
Before you leave the ground:  
The country, kingdom, or the place  
These wares are soonest found.

The British Row, the German Row,  
Italian and the French,  
Where many of their vanities  
Are sold right at the bench.

But as in other fairs we find  
They have some leading ware,  
The ware of Rome—her merchandize  
Is foremost in this fair.

Now as I said, no other way  
For pilgrims do I know  
But through the town of this same Fair—  
Through it they all must go.

He that will to the city go,  
And not go through this town,  
Must leave the world, because in it  
No other way is found.

The Prince of princes did when here,  
Himself go through this town;  
(And that upon a *fair-day*, too,)  
When to his country bound.

Yea, and 't is true, Beelzebub,  
Chief lord of this same fair,  
Invited him these vanities  
To buy, and have a share.

And would have made him lord of it,  
If he had just got down  
And done him solemn reverence,  
As he went through the town.  
Beelzebub knew that he was  
A prince of honor great ;  
He therefore took him through the streets,  
As I shall here relate :  
And showed him in a little time  
All lands below the sun,  
That he might thus, if possible,  
Allure that Blessed One ;  
To cheapen and to buy while there,  
Their vanities and vice.  
But his mind filled with better things,  
Loved not their merchandize.  
He left the town of Vanity,  
Nor spent a farthing there ;  
Though he was taken through the streets,  
And passed through all the fair.  
Now thus we see this fair is old,  
'T is not a thing that's new ;  
And pilgrims, as I said before,  
Have always this went through.  
So did these men ; but now behold,  
When they had reached the fair,  
The people in the town were moved,  
Yes, all who purchased there,  
And all was in a hubbub now,  
They flocked around these men ;  
And that for many reasons, too,  
Which I shall now explain.  
These pilgrim men were clothed upon  
With raiment of such kind,  
As was diverse from what was worn  
By traders there, we find.

The people of the fair, therefore,  
Made gazing stocks of them ;  
Some called them fools, some bedlamites,  
And some outlandish men.

And as they wondered at their dress,  
So did they at their speech ;  
For few could understand their words,  
Or could their meaning reach.

These men did Canaan's language speak,  
But they who kept the fair  
Could not such language understand,  
For of this world they are.

But what amused these merchant-men,  
And not a little, too,  
Was the pilgrims' thinking lightly of  
The wares there held to view.

They would not look upon those wares,  
Were not disposed to buy ;  
If any thing was offered them,  
They stopt their ears to cry—

“ Lord from beholding vanities,  
Turn thou mine eyes away ;”  
With this they cast an upward glance,  
As if they meant to say—

Farewell, ye vain delights of earth,  
By us beloved no more ;  
Our traffic is in Heaven above,  
For us 't is kept in store.

One merchant here chanced mockingly  
To say this unto them,  
(Beholding how reserved they were,)  
“ What will you buy, good men ?”

They raised their eyes upon the man,  
With grave and steady look ;  
Said they, “ we buy the truth, dear sir,  
All else we overlook.”

At this some took occasion now  
Them to despise the more ;  
Some mocking, others taunting them,  
Things seemed worse than before.  
Some spake reproachfully of them,  
And some to vent their spite  
Would call to others in their rage,  
These pilgrims here to smite.  
At last things came to a hubbub  
And great stir in the fair ;  
No order could be had at all,  
'T was all confusion there.  
Now word was brought immediately  
To him who rules the fair ;  
So he came down and authorized  
Some friends of his then there,  
To take these men, examine them  
About this great uproar ;  
Through whom the fair was like to be  
Entirely turned o'er.  
The men they took, examined them :  
Those who set on their case  
Asked them why in such garb they came,  
Unusual in this place.  
From whence they came and whither bound ?  
The truth they then unfurled.  
Their answer was, " We pilgrims are,  
And strangers in this world."  
They said : " To their own country, sirs,  
That they were going then ;  
And that it was a heavenly one,  
The New Jerusalem."  
They said : " We no occasion gave  
For townsmen to abuse,  
Or for the merchants in the fair  
Ourselves thus to misuse,



To stop us in a journey now,  
Important to such men  
Who pilgrims are." And more they said  
To those unfeeling men.

They said: "We no occasion gave,  
Except 't was this reply  
When asked to purchase vanities,  
We said the truth we buy."

But they who had been authorized  
Them to examine, thought  
That they were bedlamites, or mad—  
Be better they could not.

Or else if any thing besides,  
'T was very like they were  
Some persons who had come to make  
Confusion in the fair.

Therefore they took them and them beat,  
With dirt besmeared them then,  
And put them both into a cage—  
A spectacle to men.

Now in the cage these pilgrims lay,  
The objects of their sport;  
They treated them with great contempt,  
Though men of good report.

The great one of the fair did laugh  
At all that them befel;  
Their grief did not his heart subdue,  
It pleased him very well.

The pilgrims very patient were,  
No hearts to rail they had;  
Instead of railing they did bless,  
And gave good words for bad.

When any done them injuries,  
'T was kindness they returned;  
For they could love these wicked men  
Whose hearts with anger burned.

At this, some more observing men  
Than others in the fair,  
Men who were not so prejudiced,  
Began to check some there.  
Also to blame the baser sort  
For their abuses, when  
They were returned with kindness still,  
By these afflicted men.  
These baser sort in angry mood  
Let fly at them again,  
And said they were as bad themselves  
As both the pilgrim men.  
And telling them confederates  
With these they seemed to be ;  
That they should be partakers too,  
Of these men's misery.  
The others then made this reply :  
"These both are quiet men  
For any thing that we can see,  
Why should we harm them then ?  
These poor and injured men," they said,  
"In no man's hurt engage ;  
But some trade in this fair of ours,  
Who more deserve the cage."  
Thus after many words had passed  
On both sides there that day,  
(The pilgrims acting wisely still  
Throughout the whole affray,)  
They fell to blows among themselves,  
And done each other harm ;  
So that the managers again  
Began to take alarm.  
These two poor men were brought again  
To judgment, and when there,  
Were charged with being guilty of  
The riot in the fair.

They now put irons on these men,  
And beat them grievously ;  
And led them up and down the fair  
The rest to terrify.

As an example, thus they led  
In heavy chains these men,  
Lest some should speak in their behalf,  
Or join themselves to them.

But Christian now, and Faithful too,  
Behaved more wisely here ;  
They meekly bore reproach and shame  
To keep their conscience clear.

Their patience through their sufferings,  
Won to their side while there,  
(Though few compared with all the rest,)  
Quite many in the fair.

This put the other party yet  
Into a greater rage ;  
They thought to put these men to death,  
Instead of in the cage.

They therefore said, " That neither cage  
Nor irons now should serve ;  
For they 've deluded many men,  
And death they do deserve."

They then were both remanded back  
Into the cage again,  
Till further orders could be had  
What should be done with them.

These two poor pilgrims in the cage  
Not only had been cast,  
But had their feet put in the stocks,  
And cruelly made fast.

Now in this place they called to mind  
Evangelist, their friend ;  
The evils he had told them of  
That would their path attend.

They were the more confirmed in all  
Their sufferings and ways,  
By what he said would happen them  
In these, their pilgrim days.

They comforted each other now,  
Reminding them of this,  
Whose lot it was to suffer first,  
The profit should be his.

Now each of them wished secretly  
That he the first might be,  
To suffer death in that great place,  
That he might glory see.

Committed they themselves to him,  
Who rolls the planets round;  
Submitting to his holy will;  
In this content they found.

A time was set for these two men  
Their trial to attend;  
And then by all their enemies  
They were to be condemned.

And when the time for this had come,  
They were to judgment brought;  
Before their enemies arraigned,  
Who their destruction sought.

The judge who sat upon their case  
Lord Hategood was by name,  
And their indictments differed some—  
The substance was the same.

The charges that were brought were these,  
As near as I can tell;  
("Tis sad to speak of all the things  
Which these two men befel,)

"That both these men were enemies—  
Disturbers of their trade;  
Had made commotions in the town—  
Divisions too, had made.

Had won a party to themselves—  
To notions of their own ;  
They showed contempt unto the law  
Which governs our town.”

This was the answer Faithful made,  
When put on trial there,  
Concerning all the hot affray  
Which turned up in the fair :

“Now this is all that I have done,  
I'll tell though I should die ;  
I sat myself against the foes  
Of Him who rules on high.

As for disturbance I make none,  
I am a man of peace ;  
The people who were won to us  
Were only such as these.

Men who beheld our innocence,  
(We blessed when they would curse ;)  
Your honor sees that they are turned  
To better from the worse.

As to the king you talk of now—  
A foe to the Most High—  
Beelzebub, his angels too,  
Now these I do defy.”

This proclamation then was made :

“All who have aught to say  
Against the prisoner at the bar,  
Appear without delay ;

And here give in your evidence,  
All that you have to bring,  
Against this pilgrim prisoner  
And for the lord your king.”

Soon Superstition and Pickthank,  
And Envy too, were there ;  
These three were questioned if they knew  
The prisoner at the bar ;

And what against him they could say  
Now for the lord their king.  
He knew they would if they could,  
This man in guilty bring.

Then stood forth Envy; what he said  
Was all to this effect:

"My lord, this man I long have known,  
And as you might expect,

I can attest upon my oath  
Before this honored bench,  
That he's an enemy to our king,  
Whatever his pretence."

"Hold," said the judge; "Give him his oath."

So Envy now was sworn;  
Then he proceeding, said: "This man  
A long time I have known.

He is, although his name is fair,  
One of the vilest men  
That ever to our country came,  
I care not how or when.

He will not people or the prince,  
Or laws the least regard;  
He cleaves to customs of his own,  
And ours he discards.

But what is worse than this itself,  
He labors to possess  
Men with disloyal notions here,  
Which he calls holiness.

And I myself have heard him say,  
That Christianity  
Is opposite to all the rules  
Of this town Vanity.

That they could not be reconciled,  
They being so diverse,  
Our ways and Christianity.  
Hear this, what could be worse?

Now by these sayings, he my lord,  
Not only doth condemn  
Our doings, which are laudable,  
But *us* in doing them."

The judge then said: "Our time we need,  
So now make no delay;  
Another witness must be called,  
Or hast *thou* more to say?"

"My lord I could say more than this—  
Much more I could report;  
But I would not be tedious  
To any in the court.

But after other gentlemen  
Their testimony bring,  
If there be wanting something more  
To bring him guilty in,

My testimony I'll enlarge  
Against him, all I can;  
And I will swear to any thing  
That will condemn the man."

So Envy, after this was said,  
Was bidden to stand by;  
But this he did reluctantly,  
Though he made no reply.

Then Superstition next was called,  
And asked what he could bring  
As evidence against this man,  
And for their lord the king.

Then he was sworn and thus began:  
"My lord I little know  
About the pilgrim at the bar,  
And I am glad that it's so.

However, this I know of him,  
That he a pest must be;  
Now this I judge from what he said  
The other day, to me.

"T was here in town I talked with him,  
And then I heard him say,  
'That our religion all was nought,  
From God it led astray.'  
Which saying, now your lordship knows,  
(For what can be more plain?)  
Conveys this meaning, that we all  
Do worship still in vain;  
And that we yet are in our sins—  
Shall finally be lost;  
Now this is what I have to say  
Against him, at the most."  
Then Pickthank was the next one sworn,  
And he had this to say  
Against the prisoner at the bar,  
And for his lord that day:  
"My lord and all who hear me speak,  
This fellow long I've known;  
Have heard him say things that ought not  
Be said, but let alone.  
Our noble prince Beelzebub,  
This fellow hath railed on;  
Hath spoken too contemptibly  
Of all his friends. Hear on:  
Such friends as Lord Luxurious,  
Lord Carnel-Delight, also;  
Desire of Vain-Glory, and  
Lord Lechery, you know.  
And Lord Old-Man is one of them,  
Sir Having-Greedy too;  
And all of our nobility,  
Which number not a few.  
He also said 'If all the men  
That in this place are found,  
Had minds like his, such noble men  
Could not live in our town."



Besides he hath not been afraid,  
My lord, to rail on you ;  
Though you 're appointed as his judge,  
He called you villain too.

By many vilifying terms,  
All such as could be found,  
He hath bespattered nearly all  
The gentry of our town."

When Pickthank now had told his tale,  
Which with the judge went far,  
The judge his speech directed to  
The prisoner at the bar.

"Thou renegade and heretic,  
And traitor too," said he,  
"Hast thou heard what these gentlemen  
Have testified of thee?"

Poor Faithful after hearing much  
That came, he knew not whence,  
Said to the judge, "May I now speak  
A word in my defence?"

"Sirrah, sirrah," then said the judge,  
"How canst thou show thy face,  
Thou dost deserve just now to die  
Right in this very place.

But that all men our gentleness  
To thee may see this day,  
Let us all hear, thou renegade,  
What thou hast now to say."

Then Faithful said in answer to  
What Envy had to say :

"I never have said ought but this,  
That caused this whole affray ;

Whatever people, rule, or laws  
Against God's word there be,  
Are altogether opposite  
To Christianity.

If I have said amiss in this,  
Convince me that I err ;  
And here before you I'll recant,  
Before one foot I stir.

As to the second witness sworn,  
About the charge he made,  
(Now Superstition was his name,)  
'T was only this I said :

That in the worship of our God  
A faith divine must be ;  
That such a faith cannot exist,  
(Now this you all can see,)

Without a revelation of  
His will, which is divine ;  
For faith that rests on aught besides,  
Is human faith you 'll find.

This profitable cannot be  
To us, in christian strife ;  
He only who hath faith divine  
Can have eternal life.

As to what Mr. Pickthank said,  
I now will plainly say,  
(Avoiding terms, for it was said  
I railed on men to-day,)

If he who 's prince of this great town,  
With all the rabblement  
Who are attendants of the prince,  
Were into hell now sent,

A fitter place for them 't would be,  
Than in this town to be,  
Or any place within the world.  
Have mercy, Lord, on me."

The judge then to the jury called,  
Who all the while had stood  
To hear and to observe the whole,  
And find out all they could.

“Ye gentlemen of jury hear :  
This man you look upon  
Has been the cause of all this noise  
And uproar in the town.

These worthy witnesses you have  
All very plainly heard ;  
And his reply—what he confessed,  
You have heard every word.

With you it lies to hang this man—  
The whole you can withdraw ;  
But yet I think it meet for me  
To teach you in our law.

There was an act made in the days  
Of Pharaoh, called the Great ;  
(He was a servant to our prince,  
This history doth relate,)

That any whose religion was  
Contrary to his own,  
Should have their males immediately  
Into the river thrown.

Lest they should grow and multiply,  
And be too strong for him ;  
He thought it best to drown their males,  
So he had some thrown in.

Nebuchadnezzar, in his day,  
An act like this had passed,  
That all who would not bow before  
His image, should be cast

Into a furnace seven times  
As hot as usually,  
If to his golden image they  
Refused to bend their knee.

And in the days of Darius,  
An act existed then  
To cast the first who prayed to God  
Into the lion's den.

The substance of these laws you see  
This rebel he hath broken,  
In thought, and deed, and in the words  
That he has often spoken.

The law of Pharaoh we know well  
Was made for this intent,  
Not crime to punish that was done,  
But evil to prevent.

But here a crime apparent is,  
Our prince he did defy ;  
And for the treason he confessed  
He now deserves to die."

Then did the jury all go out,  
Twelve men did it compose ;  
In it was Blindman, Malice too,  
And Nogood, three of those.

Yes, Mr. Lovelust, he was there,  
And Mr. Liveloose too ;  
And Mr. Heady, and Highmind  
Were in the jury too.

But I will not omit to state  
That Enmity was there ;  
And Cruelty, another man,  
Did in this company share.

And Implacable, he was there,  
One ready at a call ;  
Hatelight and Mr. Liar too,  
I now have named them all.

Now every one of these twelve men,  
A private verdict gave  
Among themselves, which was that they  
His life could never save.

Unanimously, afterwards,  
They did conclude to bring  
Him guilty in before the judge ;  
They did this very thing.

The foreman, Mr. Blindman, said  
To all the rest: "I see  
This pilgrim is a heretic,  
Now this is clear to me."

Then Mr. Nogood said: "Away  
With this man from the earth;  
Away with such a man as he,  
His life is nothing worth."

Next Mr. Malice to them said:  
"His very looks I hate;  
I cannot pity such a man,  
Whatever be his fate."

Then Mr. Lovelust spoke and said:  
"Him I cannot endure;  
I never could up to this day,  
I never will I'm sure."

"Nor I," then Mr. Liveloose said:  
"My ways he doth condemn;  
Them he is always speaking of,  
And finding fault with them."

"O hang him! hang him!" Heady said:  
"At once with him be done;  
This stubborn fellow should no more  
Be left at large to run."

"A sorry scrub he is indeed,"  
Said Highmind when he spake;  
"He condescends as I would not,  
To men of low estate."

"My heart doth rise against this man,"  
Said Mr. Enmity;  
"What satisfaction I would feel,  
If he destroyed should be."

Then Mr. Liar said: "I know  
This man a rogue to be;  
With all his cloak of Godliness,  
He can't impose on me."

Then spoke out Mr. Cruelty :

“ Hang this vile wretch, I would,  
Though simple hanging by itself  
For this man is too good.”

Said Hatelight : “ Let us him despatch  
Out of the way, and then  
He will not worry and perplex  
The minds of better men.”

Then Mr. Implacable said :  
“ If I the world should gain  
By being reconciled to him,  
His foe I would remain.

Now come my friends, let us forthwith  
With our united breath,  
Bring this man in a criminal  
As worthy now of death.”

Now this they did—they took him to  
The place from whence he came,  
To suffer the most cruel death  
They could invent for pain.

They therefore brought their victim out,  
Whose innocence they saw ;  
And treated him most cruelly,  
According to their law.

And first of all, they scourged the man,  
Then him they buffeted ;  
And next they lanced his flesh with knives,  
And stoned him almost dead.

They took their swords and pricked his flesh,  
And none did him befriend ;  
At last they burnt him at the stake,  
Now this was Faithful's end.

And now I saw (delightful thought !)  
Behind the multitude ;  
A chariot and some horses too,  
These there for Faithful stood.

Now Faithful, when his enemies  
Had finished burning him ;  
Was taken to the chariot,  
And there was taken in.

Then straightway he was carried up,  
With songs and trumpet sound ;  
Until he reached the Heavenly Gate,  
With glory he was crowned.

Now as for Christian, him they gave  
A little respite still ;  
He was to prison taken back,  
Yet subject to their will.

But he who overrules all things,  
Whom wind and wave obey ;  
Restrained their rage, that he escaped,  
And journeyed on his way.

And as he went he sang, saying,—

“ Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest  
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,  
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,  
Are crying out under their hellish plights:  
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive ;  
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.”

Now in my dream, I Christian saw,  
And he was not alone ;  
One Hopeful was along with him,  
He was to Christian known.

This man a pilgrim had become,  
While he was at the fair ;  
He Christian and good Faithful saw,  
When they were also there.

He saw how much they both endured,  
Reviling not again ;  
This made him think they had a hope  
Of joy beyond their pain.

This Hopeful made a covenant  
With Christian, and he said :  
"I will be thy companion now,  
In place of him who's dead."  
In testimony to the truth,  
Did Faithful dare to die ;  
But Hopeful from his ashes springs,  
His place to occupy.  
Now Hopeful also Christian told,  
That many in the fair  
Would take their time and follow on,  
Though now they traders were.  
I saw that quickly after they  
Out of the fair had got,  
They met one By-ends on the way,  
They seemed to know him not.  
"What countryman," they said to him,  
"How far go you this way ?"  
"The town of Fairspeech I am from,"  
Did By-ends to them say.  
"To the Celestial City, sirs,  
I go," said he to them ;  
And other things he said to them,  
But told them not his name.  
"The town of Fairspeech!" Christian said,  
"Does any good live there ?"  
"O, yes, I hope so," By-ends said ;  
"That good is also there."  
"What shall I call you," Christian said,  
I know from whence you came ;  
And though you have talked some with us,  
You have not told your name."  
"I am a stranger," By-ends said,  
"To you, and you to me ;  
If you are going in this way,  
I'll have your company."



Of it I will be very glad,  
Time will seem quicker spent:  
And if this way you are not going,  
Then I must be content."

"This town of Fairspeech," Christian said,  
"If I remember, is,  
As people say, a wealthy place;  
Now you of course know this."

"Yes," By-ends said, "I'll you assure,  
It is a place of wealth;  
And many rich now dwelling there,  
Are kindred to myself."

"That you have kindred in that town,  
I'm glad you this have told;  
Who are your kindred?" Christian said,  
"If I may be so bold."

Then Mr. By-ends thus replied—  
"Almost the town throughout:  
My Lord Timeserver, Lord Fairspeech;  
Also Lord Turnabout.

From ancestors of Lord Fairspeech,  
The town derived its name—  
The town in their day so was called,  
And now its called the same.

And Mr. Smoothman also is  
A kinsman, near, of mine;  
And Mr. Facing-both-ways, too,  
Is in my family line.

And Mr. Anything, I claim,  
Our parson Two-tongues, too,  
All these I say are kin to me,  
And what I say is true.

To tell you plainly all the truth,  
A gentleman I am;  
Of no mean quality at all,  
This for myself I claim.

Yet, great-grand father I am told,  
Was but a waterman ;  
Who looked one way, another rowed,  
And I have done the same.

This occupation I was taught,  
It has come good to me ;  
For most of my estate I got,  
By this same work you see."

Then Christian said, "let me ask this,  
Are you a married man ?  
I have myself a family,  
But they are not at hand."

"I have a wife, the man replied,  
A virtuous woman too ;  
Her mother, Lady Feigning was,  
Who was excelled by few.

My wife has, therefore, come you see,  
From something pretty high ;  
The family from whence she sprang,  
To honor had an eye.

She is arrived to such a pitch  
Of breeding, that she knows  
How she should act before a prince,  
Or any where she goes.

'Tis true, that in religion,  
With the strict we differ some ;  
But is in but two small points,  
Not hard to overcome.

The first point is, we never strive  
Against the wind or tide ;  
We hate to hear men talk, how they  
So many storms outride.

The other point: we're zealous for  
Religion, when it goes  
With silver slippers on its feet,  
And corresponding cloths.

We love to walk the streets with it,  
As if we all loved God;  
If but the sun doth gayly shine,  
And others it applaud."

Now Christian stepped a little off,  
And then to hopeful said:  
That "this is By-ends of Fairspeech,  
Of this I am afraid.

And if it is, a greater knave  
In all these parts is not,  
Than is this man, whose company  
We both just now have got."

Said Hopeful, "ask him—he should not  
Ashamed be of his name;  
He ought to tell us who he is,  
He told us whence he came."

Then Christian stepped up to the man,  
With him awhile did walk;  
And said, "you know more than most men,  
If judged by what you talk.

And if I now am not deceived,  
Of you I have a guess;  
Are you not By-ends of Fairspeech?  
Is not this your address?"

He answered him, "By-ends is not  
My proper name at all;  
'Tis but a nickname given me,  
My foes my name thus call.

This I must be content to bear,  
As a reproach and shame;  
As other good men have to do,  
This only is a name."

Said Christian, "did you never give  
Occasion for this name?  
'Tis strange that men should call you so,  
If you are not to blame."

"No, never, never!" By-ends said:  
"They gave to me this name  
Because I judged well of the times,  
How money I could gain.

But if things thus are cast on me,  
To humble me they tend;  
And I should count them blessings too,  
And bear them to the end.

But let not the malicious ones,  
Reproaches on me load:  
If I have judgment of the times,  
And turn things to my good."

"I thought," said Christian, "that you were  
The man of whom I heard;  
I'll tell you what I think of you,  
Depend upon my word.

I think this name belongs to you,  
More properly indeed,  
Than you are willing we should think;  
Though well for self you plead."

"What you imagine I can't help,"  
By-ends to Christian said:

"You'll find me still good company,  
If your companion made."

"Now if you keep our company,  
Self ease must be denied:  
For none can keep along with us,  
Who face not wind and tide.

"Now this," said Christian, "you will not  
Fall in with, I perceive;  
For this is no part of your creed,  
In this you don't believe.

Religion you must own in rags,  
Or you'll offend my God;  
As well as when you see his feet,  
With silver slippers shod.

And stand by it in irons bound—

Opposed by human laws;

As well as when it walks the streets,

With every man's applause."

Said By-ends, "lording o'er my faith,

With me will never do:

But leave me to my liberty,

And let me go with you."

Said Christian, "not a single step,

Unless you will be bound

To do those things, as well as we,

Which I shall now propound."

Then By-ends said, "I never shall

My principles desert;

Since they do me a profit yield,

And never do me hurt.

If I can not go with you now,

How strange this thing will be;

I'll do as I had done, before

You had come up to me.

Yes, even by myself I'll go,

And that from day to day;

Till some glad of my company,

O'ertake me on the way."

Then in my dream, I saw that they

Did By-ends now forsake;

Before him kept their distance too—

Did better progress make.

But one of them when looking back,

Cast eyes upon three men,

Who all were By-ends following,

And not far from him then.

And now behold as they came up,

Things happened this way now;

By-ends stooped very gracefully,

And made a pretty bow.

These men he was acquainted with,  
Things very pleasant went ;  
For they returned a bow to him—  
Returned the compliment.

The names of these, were Hold-the-world,  
Good Mr. Money-love,  
With Mr. Save-all ; men that he  
Before knew something of.

For they in their minority,  
In the same school had been ;  
And taught by Mr. Gripeman there,  
A master in Love-gain.

Which is indeed a market town,  
Of not a little worth ;  
'Tis in the county Coveting,  
A county in the north.

This master taught these four, the art  
Of getting gain, they say,  
By cozenage, or flattery,  
Or lying, any way—

By violence, by putting on  
A sanctimonious guise,  
As if they were real christians then,  
When this would them suffice.

These had attained the art so well,  
Of getting, that they could  
Each teach a school for this, as well  
As Gripeman, if they would.

Well, when they had as I have said,  
Their salutations passed ;  
Then Money-love to By-ends said:  
“ What men walk there so fast ? ”

Now Christiain whom By-ends forsook,  
And Hopeful, were the two  
That they saw walking on before,  
For they were yet in view.

“Sirs, they are two far countrymen,  
Who after their own mode,”  
Said By-ends, “are on pilgrimage,  
Upon this very road.”

“Alas! why did they not remain,”  
Said Money-love: “that we,  
Who also are on pilgrimage,  
Might have their company?”

For they and we, and you I hope,  
Yes, this I will engage,  
Are all now bound for the same place—  
We’re all on pilgrimage.”

“That’s very true,” then By-ends said,  
“But they, I now must own,  
So rigid are, and love so much  
The notions of their own,

And also set so lightly by  
Opinions others hold,  
That even the most godly men—  
Let them be young or old—

If they in judgment do not join  
With them in every thing,  
They cast them from their company—  
Reproaches on them bring.”

Said Mr. Save-all: “That is bad,  
But then we read of such;  
And I have seen such men before,  
Who’re righteous overmuch.

Such rigidness will often lead  
To judge and to condemn  
All but themselves, if they do not  
Straight way fall in with them.

How far are you and they apart?”  
Save-all to By-ends said;

“This you no doubt have ascertained  
By what they to you said.”

Said By-ends: "They are so head-strong,  
That they always conclude  
It is their duty to rush on,  
All weathers, bad or good.

But this is not the way with me,  
Nor shall they be my guide ;  
I am for having things go well—  
I wait for wind and tide.

They are for hazarding their all,  
That they may please the Lord ;  
But I take care to save my life,  
Depend upon my word ;

And my estate, which is to me  
The next thing to my life.  
They are for holding all their views,  
Though thus they cause much strife.

But I am for religion, if  
It suits the times, and when  
My safety is not jeopardized  
By irreligious men.

And they are for religion when  
In rags—its credit gone ;  
But I am for it when it walks  
With silver slippers on :

When it does not oppose the world,  
And my own country's laws ;  
But when it walks the public streets,  
With every man's applause."

"O now," said Mr. Hold-the-world,  
"Good By-ends, hold there, still ;  
I think for my part he's a fool  
Who can, if he but will,

Keep all he has, (and very few  
Have more than they can use,)  
But yet bestows to this and that,  
And much in this way lose.



Let us be wise as serpents are ;  
Sunshine is best for hay ;  
The bee lies still, she works not when  
There is a wintry day.

She only doth bestir herself  
When work doth pleasure yield ;  
Not in the snow, but in the flower  
That decorates the field.

God sends us sometimes clouds and rain,  
He makes the sun to shine ;  
If they like fools bad weather take,  
Let us then take the fine.

For me I like religion best,  
When men can clearly see  
That God his blessing on it sends,  
And that abundantly.

Can any one a moment think  
Who lets his reason play,  
That we the good things God bestows  
Should ever give away ?

No! Reason teaches us itself  
Good care of them to take,  
And make the best of them ourselves—  
Enjoy them for his sake.

Now Abraham and Solomon  
Rich in religion grew ;  
And why not we as well as they,  
Be rich and godly too ?

And Job, who was a righteous man,  
Did not say give we must ;  
But this he said: 'The good man shall  
His gold lay up like dust.'

He was not such a man as these  
Before us on the road ;  
For he says men may lay up gold ;  
They say cast it abroad."

Then Mr. Save-all spake and said :

“ I think we all agree  
So words we need not multiply ;  
“ T is clear enough to me .”

“ No need of words ,” said Money-love,  
“ For he who disbelieves  
In reason, and in Scripture too,  
His freedom never sees.

He neither knows his liberty,  
Nor his own safety seeks.  
The scriptures we have on our side,  
The same our reason speaks.”

Then Mr. By-ends spake and said :

“ My brethren, since you see  
We all are on a pilgrimage,  
Let us diverted be,

From things that in themselves are bad,  
And cast a gloom around ;  
So now my brethren give me leave,  
This question to propound :

Suppose a man, a minister,  
Or tradesman, if you please,  
Could not obtain some earthly gain  
Without a course like this :

He must become quite zealous, in  
Appearance at the least,  
In some religious points, which he  
Can make appear a feast :

May he not use in innocence  
This means his end to gain,  
And still be a right honest man,  
If wealth he thus obtain ?”

Now Mr. Money-love replied :

“ Your question I perceive—  
I clearly see the drift of it ;  
And by my company's leave,

I will endeavor now to shape  
An answer unto you.  
I'll first speak of a minister,  
And see his matter through.  
Now sir, suppose a minister,  
A very worthy man,  
Receives so small a salary  
That scarcely live he can ;  
But has in view a larger one,  
More fat and plump, you see ;  
And has an opportunity  
Of getting it, if he  
Will then become more studious,  
And show more preaching fire ;  
Put on a zeal to suits the folks,  
If zeal they do require.  
And, (if the people of the place  
Require it of him,)  
Change some of his old principles—  
I see no harm therein.  
I see no reason why a man  
Who has a call, may not  
Do all of this, and more besides,  
If hard has been his lot.  
He still may be an honest man,  
For lawful it must be  
When one can scarcely make ends meet,  
To get more salary ;  
Since it has been before him set  
By Providence ; and then  
He need not shrink for conscience' sake,  
But get it if he can.  
Besides, his great desire for  
That benefice will make  
The preacher far more studious,  
And zealous for its sake.

'T will make of him a better man ;  
Make him improve his parts,  
Which is, according to God's mind,  
The searcher of our hearts.

Now as for his complying with  
The temper of his flock,  
And laying by some principles  
Which might their feelings shock,

This argueth that he is of  
A self-denying mind ;  
Of sweet deportment, winning too,  
And also very kind.

So he is made a fitter man  
The sacred desk to fill ;  
For he that may be moved upon,  
Will others cause to feel.

I then conclude, a minister  
Who changes small for great,  
Should not be judged as covetous  
For changing at this rate ;

But rather, since he thus improves  
In parts and industry,  
We ought to judge him better now  
Than he was formerly ;

And count him one who doth pursue  
His calling as he should ;  
And we should well consider too,  
That he can do more good.

Now to the other man we come,  
The tradesman spoken of ;  
Suppose he does not prosper well,  
His business don't improve,

But by embracing piety,  
His market he can mend ;  
Perhaps may get a wealthy wife—  
One who will him befriend ;

Or more and better customers,  
To buy things from his shop ;  
If piety will do all this,  
Why then embrace it not ?

For my part, I no reason see  
Why this may not be done ;  
For surely it a virtue is,  
If pious we become.

It matters not what were the means  
If we the end have gained ;  
Religion is the best of good  
That man has e'er obtained.

Nor is it an unlawful thing  
To get a wealthy wife ;  
Or to increase one's customers,  
To help us on in life.

Besides, the man who gets these things  
By first becoming good,  
Gets good things of the virtuous,  
And it is right he should.

By this he has a good wife got—  
More customers we find ;  
And all by getting piety,  
Thus all was well designed."

This answer made by Money-love,  
To him we By-ends call,  
Did meet with very great applause,  
Because it pleased them well.

Wherefore they did conclude at last,  
That it upon the whole,  
Was wholesome and advantageous,  
And cheering to the soul.

And now because they thought that none  
Could gainsay this at all,  
And as they knew that those ahead  
Were still within their call,

They to each other this proposed,  
To which they all agreed,  
With this great question to assault  
Those Israelites indeed.

The rather this, because those men  
This By-ends had opposed  
Sometime before, when he his views  
To them in part disclosed.

They now called after those two men  
Before them on the road,  
Who stopped till they had all come up—  
A short time there they stood.

These four companions had agreed  
That By-ends should not speak,  
But Hold-the-world should be the man  
An answer for to seek.

For they supposed an answer might  
Be better had through him,  
Because when they did By-ends leave,  
They were severe with him.

So when they all together came,  
A short salute went round ;  
Then Mr. Hold-the-world straightway  
This question did propound.

To Hopeful and to Christian now,  
Old Hold-the-world did say :  
"This question answer if you can,  
And that without delay."

"One in religion but a babe,"  
Said Christian, " may reply  
To many thousand questions, such  
As you ask he and I.

For if 'tis an unlawful thing  
To follow Christ for loaves,  
Then abominable it must be  
To act the part of those

Who make of him a stalking horse,  
(And of religion too,)  
To get the world and it enjoy—  
No higher end in view.  
Nor do we any other find  
Than heathens, hypocrites,  
And devils, witches and the like,  
Who to your views submit.  
First, heathens ; for when Hamor and  
When Shechem were inclined  
To Jacob's daughter, cattle too,  
They thus made up their minds :  
In order to possess those things,  
(Yes, this way they devised,)  
To do as Jacob's people did,  
That is, be circumcised.  
They said, 'let every male of us  
Be circumcised as they ;  
Shall not their cattle then be ours,  
And all their things straightway ?'  
Their daughters and their cattle were.  
What they sought to obtain ;  
And their religion thus they made  
A stalking horse for gain.  
Those hypocrites, the Pharisees,  
So used religion too ;  
Long prayers they made for mere pretence,  
Mere gain they had in view.  
That widows' houses they might get,  
No doubt was their intent ;  
But their damnation will be great,  
To hell they will be sent.  
The devil, Judas, used his tongue  
To speak against all sin ;  
But this religion he put on  
That money he might win.

But he was cast away, yea lost,  
In heaven he does not dwell;  
His portion is with hypocrites—  
The miseries of hell.

And Simon, who a wizard was,  
Had his religion too;  
He wished to have the Holy Ghost,  
But money was in view.

This sentence fell from Peter's mouth,  
(For he no money sought :)  
'Thy money perish and thyself,  
With Christ thou hast no lot.'

Now this to me is very plain,  
That one who doth for gain  
Take up religion, also will  
For it cast off the same.

Now Judas money had in view  
When pious he became;  
His master—his religion too,  
He sold for worldly gain.

If I should answer as you wish—  
Such answer to accept  
Is heathenish and devilish,  
And ill reward you 'll get."

These men upon each other looked,  
But they made no reply;  
In Christian's answer Hopeful joined,  
You know the reason why.

The men were all quite silent now;  
By-ends and company  
Then staggered slowly on the way,  
They wished behind to be;

That Christian and good Hopeful might  
Outgo them on the way.

Now Christian to friend Hopeful spake,  
These words I heard him say :



“ If these men cannot stand before  
The sentence of mere men,  
What can they do when God himself  
Shall sentence pass on them ?

If vessels of mere clay will cause  
Such men thus to retire,  
What will they do when they shall be  
Rebuked by flames of fire ?”

Now Christian and good Hopeful too,  
Outwent these men again ;  
And on their way, they came up to  
A little narrow plain.

This little plain by name is Ease—  
There they had much content ;  
But as it was a narrow place,  
Soon over it they went.

Now at the further side of it  
There was a little hill ;  
’T was Lucre called in olden times,  
And Lucre it is still.

A silver mine was in that hill,  
Which some turned in to see  
Who walked along that way ; because  
It was a rarity.

But going too near the mouth of it  
A sight of it to gain,  
The ground beneath their feet gave way,  
And many thus were slain.

Some have been maimed when at the mine,  
(The ground would oft give way,)  
They never were themselves again,  
Not to their dying day.

Now in my dream I saw a man  
A little off the road,  
Over against the silver mine—  
’T was Demas who there stood.

He like a gentleman stood there  
The passers by to call  
Aside, to see the silver mine,  
Which was to him his all.

When Christian and his fellow passed,  
This Demas cried out: "Ho!  
Come, turn aside ye travelers,  
A thing to you I'll show."

"What thing is so deserving, as  
To turn us from our way  
In which we now are going, sir!"  
Did Christian to him say.

"A silver mine," then Demas said,  
"Some here are digging now;  
If you will come, a little pains  
Will rich supply allow."

Said Hopeful, unsuspectingly,  
"Come, let us go and see."  
But Christian said: "I've heard of it,  
That will not do for me;  
For many have been slain, they say,  
While in the silver mine;  
Besides, that treasure is a snare  
To those who do it find.

For it so much takes up their time,  
And doth their thoughts engage,  
That it a hindrance becomes  
To those on pilgrimage.

Then Christian unto Demas called,  
And thus I heard him say:  
"Is not this place a dangerous one  
To pilgrims on this way?"

"Not very dangerous," Demas said,  
"Except to careless men;  
If things they do not manage well,  
'T is somewhat dang'rous then."

But then he blushed when he this said,  
For very well he knew  
That nearly all do perish there—  
Escape do but a few.

To Hopeful, Christian now did speak,  
These words I heard him say:  
"Let us not move a step aside,  
But still keep on our way."

Said Hopeful: "When By-ends comes up,  
If he be called as we,  
I'll warrant you he will turn in  
The silver mine to see."

Then Christian said: "No doubt of this;  
His principles are such  
That they will lead him on that way—  
The mine will please him much.

A hundred chances now to one  
That By-ends will be slain;  
For he will into dangers rush  
In hopes of getting gain."

To Christian Demas called again,  
"Come, will you not?" said he;  
"Come over to the silver mine,  
Now only for to see."

Then Christian roundly answered thus:  
"Thou Demas art," I say,  
"An enemy to the right ways  
Of him who owns this way.

Thou hast already been condemned  
For having turned aside,  
By one of his own judges, sir,  
Will this not damp thy pride?

Why seekest thou to lead us in  
Such condemnation too,  
By calling us to turn aside,  
And dig for wealth as you?

Moreover, if we turn aside  
To seek mere worldly gain,  
Our Lord the King will hear thereof,  
And put us both to shame.

But otherwise 'twill be with us  
If we keep on the way ;  
With boldness then we can appear  
Before him on that day."

Then Demas said that he was one  
Of their fraternity ;  
That if they would but stay awhile  
They'd have his company.

Then Christian said : " What is thy name ?  
We both have taken thee  
To be one Demas ; now tell us  
If we mistaken be."

" Yes," Demas said, " that is my name,  
You now know who I am ;  
And though I'm in this silver mine,  
I'm a son of Abraham."

" I know you well," then Christian said ;  
Of Judas you'r a son,  
Gehazi your grand-father was,  
To this tribe you belong.

These were your fathers, and you have  
In the same footsteps trod ;  
Thou usest now a devilish prank  
To lead us off the road.

Thy father was a traitor hanged,  
How sad, sir, was his lot ;  
And to escape this same disgrace,  
Thou now deservest not.

Assure thyself that when we come  
Before the Lord our King,  
Thy bad behavior in this place  
Before him we will bring."

These pilgrims then went on their way;  
But By-ends then came on,  
Together with the company  
That did to him belong.

As soon as Demas saw these men,  
He then began to call:  
They straightway went to see the mine—  
They halted not at all.

Now whether they fell in the pit  
While looking o'er the brink,  
Or whether they went down to dig,  
(Which some perhaps may think,)  
Or whether they were smothered, by  
The damps that oft arise  
In mines like this, I cannot tell—  
This others may surmise;  
But this much I am certain of,  
That from that very day  
They never have been seen at all  
By any in the way."

Then sang Christian :

"By-ends and silver Demas both agree;  
One calls, the other runs, that he may be  
A sharer in his lucre: so these two  
Take up in this world, and no farther go.

I saw just on the other side  
Of this same narrow plain,  
A place where stood a monument,  
To it the pilgrims came.

This monument with marks of age,  
Stood by the highway side;  
The form thereof concerned them both,  
Soon as they it espied.

The form of it seemed very strange;  
To them it did appear  
As if a woman was transformed  
Into a pillar here.

They stood and looked—they looked awhile,  
But could not for a time  
Tell what they ought to make of it,  
The sight was so sublime.  
But Hopeful then at last espied  
A writing on its head,  
Which was in an unusual hand,  
By him could not be read.  
For he but a little learning had—  
With Christian 'twas not so;  
He therefore called to Christian now,  
This writing he did show.  
So Christian came, the letters viewed,  
Together them he laid;  
“Remember Lot's wife,” here is seen,  
To Hopeful Christian said.  
Now when the writing had been read,  
Then both of them discerned  
That this the pillar was of salt  
To which Lot's wife was turned,  
For covetously looking back  
While she for safety fled  
From Sodom: where her neighbors all  
Were numbered with the dead.  
This sudden and amazing sight  
Did them occasion give  
For this discourse, which I'll relate;  
Now hear this all who live:  
Said Christian: “Ah, my brother, 'tis  
A seasonable sight;  
It opportunely came to us,  
That we might act aright.  
'Twas seen just after Demas had  
Called us to come and view  
The hill which is called Lucre hill—  
The mine of silver too.

Now had we yielded to his call,  
As thou didst wish to do—  
Had we gone over to the mine,  
We had for aught I know,  
Been served just like this woman was—  
A warning to all such  
Who may pass by on pilgrimage,  
Yet love the world too much.”

“I’m sorry for my foolishness,  
And wonder,” Hopeful said,  
“That I am not a monument  
Like Lot’s wife here was made.

Wherein is now the difference  
Between her sir, and mine?  
She looked back; the mine to see  
Was truly my design.

Let grace forever be adored—  
Let shame be in my mind,  
That ever to such worldly things  
My heart has been inclined.”

Said Christian: “Let us notice here  
The dreadful fate of some,  
That it may prove a help to us  
In time that is to come.

This woman did escape ’tis true,  
One judgment when she fled;  
With Sodom she was not destroyed,  
But yet she soon was dead.

Another judgment her destroyed,  
(She made a sinful halt;)  
And she was turned quite suddenly  
From flesh to solid salt.”

Said Hopeful: “True, this woman may  
To us a caution be;  
And an example too, that we  
Her sin may always flee.”

Yes, an example of what will  
In judgment overtake  
All those who will not cautious be,  
But gods of silver make.

So Dathan and Abiram too,  
And Korah with the men,  
Two hundred, yes, and fifty more,  
Who perished in their sin,  
Have all been made a sign for us—  
Examples to beware;  
For they were swallowed in the earth—  
See what God's judgments are.

But now above all spoken of,  
I wonder at this thing;  
How Demas and his company  
Their minds to this can bring—  
So confidently there to stand,  
And for such treasures look;  
For which this woman was made salt,  
(We read this in The Book.)

She did not step one foot aside  
Out of the proper way;  
She only *turned* to see the place  
From which she came away.

Now how can they still seek for wealth,  
While this is plain in sight?  
This shows how much they love the world—  
That gain is their delight.

But then 'tis strange that this can be  
When for this very thing,  
To be a warning to all such  
God did this judgment bring.

They cannot help but see this form,  
If they lift up their eyes;  
Now how they can so careless be  
Doth fill me with surprise."



"It is a wonder," Christian said,  
"But this to us is plain,  
That desperate have their hearts become—  
They fondly love such gain.

I cannot tell who to compare  
These men so fitly to  
As pocket-thieves, who steal before  
A judge who is in view.

Or to such men who purses cut,  
Where criminals are hung;  
Yes, to such men as these, I think,  
That Demas doth belong.

'Tis said of all the Sodomites  
That they were sinners great;  
Indeed we this can plainly see  
If we look at their fate.

Now this did aggravate the sins  
Of every Sodomite;  
Because they sinned before the Lord,  
That is, in his eye-sight.

Yes, notwithstanding that the Lord  
Had kindness to them shown;  
For Sodom was like Eden once,  
With good things overgrown.

They thus provoked to jealousy  
The Lord, who gave them breath;  
He therefore sent the hottest fire—  
Which burned them all to death.

Now this conclusion natural is,  
That such as live in sin  
Despite examples that are set,  
As Lot's own wife has been,  
To caution them to take good heed  
And not turn from the way,  
Shall the severest sentence have  
In the great Judgment Day."

"Now doubtless you do speak the truth,"  
To Christian Hopeful said ;

"But what a mercy that you and I  
Were not examples made.

This gives us new occasion now  
To thank the Lord, and fear ;  
And not forget the wife of Lot,  
Long as we sojourn here."

They went their way and soon came to  
A river smooth and broad ;  
Which David, who was king, did call  
The river of our God.

But John called it the river  
And the water too of life ;  
Their way lay just upon its bank  
When they had left Lot's wife.

Here Christian and his fellow walked  
Indeed with great delight ;  
And they, too, of the water drank,  
Which cheered their spirits quite.

Besides, upon this river's banks  
On either side were trees ;  
Green trees that bear all kinds of fruit,  
And they ate of the leaves.

They did not eat these leaves for food,  
But this was their intent ;  
That should they, traveling, heat their blood,  
These would disease prevent.

This river had on either side  
A meadow always green ;  
With lilies they were beautified—  
These all the year were seen.

Now they lay down and safely slept  
On this delightful bank ;  
When they awoke they gathered fruit,  
And of the waters drank.

They then again lay down to sleep,  
Did so some nights and days ;  
While here they sang in gratitude  
This lovely song of praise :

“ Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,  
To comfort pilgrims by the high way side !  
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,  
Yield dainties for them ; and he who can tell  
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,  
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.”

So when they were disposed to go—  
Their journey to pursue,  
They ate and drank, departed hence,  
And passed through scenes quite new.

I noticed too, while in my dream,  
They had not journeyed far,  
Before this river and the way  
Both separated were.

Although this was but for a time,  
These pilgrims sorry grew ;  
Because the river pleasant was,  
This road did not seem so.

The way that from the river led  
Was very rough they found ;  
Besides, their feet quite tender were  
Through walking on the ground.

Their souls became quite weary too,  
Discouraged I may say,  
By reason of their tender feet  
And roughness of the way.

Now as they went along they wished  
A better way to find ;  
Oft thinking of the river banks,  
Which they had left behind.

Now on the left hand of the road,  
And just before them too,  
There was a meadow, smooth and long—  
Of this they had a view :

And to get over into it,  
There was a little stile ;  
Now By-Path-Meadow was its name :  
They walked in it awhile.

Now Christian to his fellow said,  
That "if this meadow doth  
Lie any where along our way,  
Let us go in it, both."

Then Christian went up to the stile,  
That he might plainly see ;  
And now, behold, he saw a path,  
Just as he wished 't might be.

And though this path was o'er the fence,  
Said Christian, " Well I know  
This path will be the easiest,  
Come Hopeful let us go."

" How if this easy path should lead  
Both you and I astray ;  
Would we not into trouble get ?"  
Did Hopeful to him say.

" That is not likely," Christian said,  
" 'Tis close by the way side ;"  
So he persuaded Hopeful now,  
Who did in him confide.

Yes, Hopeful after reasoning  
With Christian for awhile,  
Made up his mind to follow him—  
They both went over the stile.

Now when they had got over it,  
And got into the path,  
They found it easy for their feet  
Upon the meadow grass.

And now when they before them looked,  
They saw one on the way,  
Who was by name Vain Confidence,  
There walking just as they.

So they called after him, and asked  
Him whither that way led.  
"It leads to the Celestial Gate,"  
Vain Confidence then said.  
"Look," Christian said; "You see by this  
That we both yet are right;  
Did I not tell you so before?  
I then was certain quite."  
So they both followed after him;  
He kept before them too:  
But now behold the night came on,  
And very dark it grew;  
So that these two who were behind,  
Lost sight of him before;  
He fell, and was to pieces dashed,  
They never saw him more.  
The prince of all this meadow ground  
A pit has in it made,  
To catch vain glorious fools withal,  
Who have not him obeyed.  
Vain Confidence fell in this pit,  
Because there was no light;  
And when he to the bottom came,  
Was dashed to pieces quite.  
Christian and Hopeful to him called,  
For they had heard him fall;  
But they no answer got from him,  
They heard a groan, that's all.  
Then Hopeful said: "Where are we now?"  
Then Christian silent was;  
Mistrusting they were off the way—  
Of this he was the cause.  
To thunder it had now began,  
Also began to rain;  
It lightened too, most fearfully,  
The waters rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned within himself,

And did to Christian say :

“ O that I had not followed thee,  
And kept right on the way.”

Then Christian said : “ Who would have thought

This path could us have led  
Out of the way, unto this pit ?

Vain Confidence is dead.”

“ Well brother, at the very first,”

His fellow Hopeful said,

When I the gentle caution gave,  
Of this I was afraid.

I would have spoken plainer still ;

The reason I did not

I am a younger man than thou,

And did not think I ought.”

“ Good brother,” then did Christian say,

“ Offended do not be ;

I sorry am that from the way

I have persuaded thee.

And that I have by this same act

Brought thee in danger great ;

For had we fallen in the pit,

Death would have been our fate.

My brother, pray forgive me this,

I heartily repent ;

This I have done in ignorance,

Without a bad intent.”

“ Be comforted,” then Hopeful said ;

“ My brother, I forgive ;

That this will work yet for our good,

I also new believe.”

“ That I have met one merciful,”

Said Christian, “ I am glad ;

But we must not stand longer here,

Let us go back,” he said.

“Good brother, let me go before,”  
To Christian, Hopeful said ;  
But Christian would not have it so,  
For him he felt afraid.

“If there are dangers,” Christian said,  
“Let me be first therein ;  
And as we both are off the way,  
To turn we must begin.”

“Your mind is troubled,” Hopeful said,  
“And first you shall not go ;  
For that may lead you wrong again,  
For any thing we know.”

And now for their encouragement,  
A voice they heard to say :  
“Thine heart let it be turned again  
Towards the King’s highway.

Yes, even in the very way  
Thou wentest, turn again ;  
Without delay retrace thy steps :”  
To this they said amen.

The waters then had risen so,  
The floods did so much rage,  
That it was dangerous going back,  
Unless they did assuage.

Thought I to keep the way while in,  
Is easier by far  
Than it is to return again,  
When out of it we are.

Yet still they ventured to go back,  
But ’t was so dark around—  
The floods so high—that both of them  
Were very nearly drowned.

The tossing floods—the beating rain—  
The absence too, of light,  
Perplexed them so that they did not  
Get to the stile that night.

A little shelter though they found ;  
Too worn to keep awake,  
They sat and slept beneath it then,  
Until the day did break.

Not very far from this same place,  
(The shelter where they were,)  
Behold now Doubting Castle was—  
Also Giant Despair.

He owned this castle, and the grounds  
On which these pilgrims lay ;  
And getting up his fields to walk,  
Soon as appeared the day,

He came to where the shelter was—  
Christian and Hopeful found ;  
But they were yet asleep—that too  
Upon the Giant's ground.

Then with a grim and surly voice,  
He bid these men awake ;  
Said he : "These grounds belong to me,  
Why here your lodgings make ?

From whence came you who have set foot  
On what belongs to me ?

For strangers, I should rather think  
You have been making free."

"Well, Giant, we both pilgrims are,"  
The men to him did say ;

"We thought at first this was the path,  
But we have lost our way."

The Giant said : "This very night  
You have transgressed, I see,  
Upon my ground—upon my walks,  
You now must go with me."

So they were forced to go with him—  
He stronger was than they ;  
And knowing they were in a fault,  
They little had to say.



Before him he then drove these men  
Unto his castle, where  
There was a stinking dungeon, dark;  
He put them both in there.  
And here they lay from Wednesday morn  
Till Saturday at night ;  
They had no bread—not even drink—  
Nor yet one spark of light.  
And none to ask them how they did—  
Two poor afflicted men ;  
Their friends and their acquaintances,  
Were all far off from them.  
Now double sorrow Christian had,  
How could it be any less?  
For they through his unguarded haste,  
Were brought to this distress.  
This Giant Despair had a wife  
Who's name was Diffidence,  
To whom when he had gone to bed,  
He told all these events.  
He told her that two prisoners  
He had obtained at last ;  
That he had them for trespases  
Into his dungeon cast.  
He asked her then what she thought best  
For him to do with them ;  
She then asked him what these men were,  
Where bound, from whence they came?  
Then she unto the Giant said :  
“ When morning light has come,  
Arise in haste—these pilgrims beat,  
And mercy show them none.”  
So when the Giant had got up  
A cudgel he prepared ;  
It was a greivous crab tree one,  
And it he little spared.

For he into the dungeon went,  
Then fell to rating them  
As if they were but dogs at best;  
Not treating them like men.

They gave him not an angry word,  
To do this they were loth;  
Yet he beat them most dreadfully—  
Not only one but both.

He beat them so that help themselves  
They scarcely could at all;  
They lay quite helpless on the floor  
Where he had made them fall.

This done, he left them to themselves,  
Each other to condole;  
But all that day was spent to them  
In bitterness of soul.

Next night his wife, called Diffidence,  
Then spake about them more,  
And learning they were yet alive,  
She then did him implore,

To counsel them that they had best  
Their lives now take away;  
So Giant went to see these men  
As soon as it was day.

He still was in that surly mood  
That he was in before;  
And seeing that the stripes he gave  
Had made them very sore,

He told them as it certain was  
They there their days must spend;  
The better way with them would be  
Of life to make an end,

With poison, halter, or a knife;  
“Why wish to live,” said he,  
“A life of so much bitterness,  
As you shall have by me?”

But they with him to let them go,  
Did piteously plead;  
At this he gave an angry look,  
And rushed at them with speed.  
And would himself have made an end  
Of both these pilgrim men,  
If he had not fell in a fit,  
Which came upon him then.  
Sometimes he fell into great fits,  
When clear the sun did shine;  
He'd lose the power of his hands,  
Which lasted for a time.  
As he had done before with them,  
He quickly withdrew;  
And left them there to meditate  
About what they should do.  
Then did the prisoners consult  
Between themselves while there;  
"Would it be best to take," said they,  
"The counsel of Despair?"  
"Now brother Hopeful," Christian said,  
"O pray what shall we do?  
The life we live in this dark place  
Is misery, you know.  
Myself I cannot well decide  
What is for us the best;  
To live, or die and go to where  
The weary are at rest.  
Strangling and death my soul doth choose;  
This dungeon of Despair  
I long to leave, and seek the grave,  
And be a sleeper there.  
You from the mouth of Giant heard  
What he would have us do;  
Shall we be guided by his word?  
My brother, I ask you."

Then Hopeful said : " Our present state,  
It cannot be denied,  
Is dreadful, and I'd welcome death  
Before I'd thus abide.

But let us now consider this,  
That Zion's Lord hath said  
Thou shalt no murder do at all ;  
His word how hast thou read ?

If we to shed our neighbors blood,  
Have thus forbidden been,  
To take away the life we have,  
Must be as great a sin.

For one may have another slain,  
Who but the body slew ;  
But then the man who kills himself  
Kills soul and body too.

My brother, thou dost talk of ease,  
Found in the grave I know ;  
But dost thou not forget that Hell,  
Where all who murder go !

No murderer, the Scripture saith  
Hath got eternal life ;  
The giant doth not hold the Law,  
So let this end the strife.

Ourselves are not the only ones,  
As I do understand,  
That have been taken at his will,  
But they escaped his hands.

Who knows but God who made the world,  
And spread the starry sky,  
May cause this giant to grow sick—  
To waste away and die.

Or that he may forget sometime  
To lock the dungeon door,  
Or he may soon fall in a fit,  
As was the case before.

His limbs will then become to him,  
Of very little use ;  
If this should ever come to pass  
We'll slip from his abuse.

For my part I have this resolved,  
(This safety doth demand,)  
To pluck up heart and try my best,  
To free me from his hand.

I was a fool that I did not  
Try this to do before ;  
But brother let us patient be,  
And for a while endure.

The time may come that will afford,  
A merciful release ;  
Then let us not be murderers,  
But wait the day of peace."

With these words, Hopeful comforted  
His brother's burdened mind ;  
Though in the dark they spent that day,  
And no release could find.

Well now about the close of day,  
The Giant went again,  
Down in the dungeon for to see,  
If they themselves had slain.

The prisoners he found were there,  
Alive, but that was all ;  
For they had neither eat nor drank,  
And scarce could breathe at all.

By reason of the wounds he made,  
These men were very low ;  
No food he gave them all the while,  
This made them weaker grow.

I say he found them still alive,  
This threw him in a rage ;  
"Worse you shall fare than e'er before,"  
Said he, "I will engage."

Because they both had set aside,  
The counsel which he gave,  
In not destroying there their lives,  
He got into this rage.

They trembled greatly at his words,  
One fell into a swoon ;  
'Twas Christian ; he revived again,  
And talked again quite soon.

With Hopeful, Christian soon began  
This question to discuss ;  
" His counsel shall we take or not ?  
Which will be best for us ? "

Now Christian felt again inclined  
To take his counsel yet,  
As if he in the silent grave  
Would all his griefs forget.

" My brother," Hopeful then replied,  
" Rememberest thou not  
How valient thou wast heretofore ?  
Or hast thou this forgot ?

Apollyon could not conquer thee,  
Nor all that thou did'st hear,  
Or see, while in the vale of Death ;  
Though dreadful things appeared.

Through what amazements, terrors too,  
Hast thou already gone ?  
And now art thou naught else but fear ?  
What are you now become ?

Thou see'st I am with thee here,  
A weaker man than thou ;  
As well as thou, I've wounded been,  
And bread I have none now.

No water have I had to drink,  
The day's to me as night ;  
For I am now as well as you,  
Cut off from seeing light.

More patience let us exercise,  
Let's do the best we can ;  
Think how thou did'st when at the fair  
So bravely act the man.

Thou wast not then afraid of chains,  
Or cage, or bloody death,  
But stood a witness for the truth,  
And praised it with thy breath.

So let us now avoid that shame,  
That doth not us become,  
Who have put on the Christian name,  
Let us adorn it some."

The night had now returned again,  
The Giant went to bed ;  
His wife then talked to him again,  
And thus to him she said :

"What news now from the prisoners?  
Did they your counsel take?  
This is a thing I'd like to know,  
An explanation make."

To this the Giant then replied :  
"What sturdy rogues these two ;  
They'd rather bear with anything  
Before they that would do."

His wife then gave him this advice,  
"To-morrow take these men  
Away into the castle yard,  
And there show unto them,

The skulls and bones of all those men,  
Which thou before hast slain ;  
Make them believe that in a week,  
Their fate will be the same."

So when the morning did appear,  
This great Giant Despair  
Took them out to the castle yard,  
And showed them what was there.

Said he: "These once were pilgrims too,  
Who chanced this way to come;  
And who had trespassed on my grounds,  
As you two rogues have done.

And when my majesty thought fit,  
I them in pieces tore;  
And so within ten days at most  
You two will be no more.

Now get you down into your den,  
Go quickly down I say;"  
He then severely beat them both,  
While they were on the way.

On Saturday they lay all day,  
In a most wretched state;  
One would have thought, that ere this time  
Death would have been their fate.

So when the Giant and his wife,  
Had gone to bed again,  
They to each other talked awhile  
About these pilgrim men.

Then Giant said he wondered much,  
That all the blows he gave,  
And counsel too, had not yet caused  
These men to seek the grave.

To him his wife made this reply:  
Said she, "I fear these men  
Do live in hope that some may come,  
And give relief to them.

Or that about them are picklocks,  
Or something of that shape;  
Through which they do indulge the hope,  
That they may yet escape."

The Giant in a tone somewhat  
Expressive of some fear,  
Replied to Diffidence, his wife,  
"Dost thou think so my dear.



Now just as soon as day has dawned,  
I'll to the dungeon go,  
And search them both from head to foot,  
Then I will surely know."

Well, Saturday about midnight  
These men began to pray,  
And so continued fervently,  
Till almost break of day.

A little now before day break,  
Good Christian half amazed,  
Broke out with an excited voice,  
"I am a fool!" he said,

"This stinking dungeon to live in,  
When I have here a key ;  
A key called Promise, by which I can  
Obtain my liberty.

This key will open any lock  
The Giant calls his own—  
The firmest lock that ever was,  
In Doubting Castle known."

"Good news, my brother, that's good news,"  
Aloud did Hopeful cry ;  
Then from thy bosom pluck it out,  
And now the key do try."

Then from his bosom Christian did  
The key of Promise take ;  
With it he tried the dungeon door—  
The bolt at once gave back.

With ease the door wide open flew,  
The pilgrims both came out ;  
Their hearts were light and joyful now,  
They now could go about.

He opened then the outward door—  
The Castle yard went through ;  
He opened too the Iron gate  
Which must be opened too.

But this lock opened very hard,  
Yet opened it he did ;  
The gate they then wide open thrust,  
Made their escape with speed.  
But this gate made a cracking noise,  
As it was open threw ;  
This woke the sleeping Giant up,  
Who rose them to pursue.  
But while he was pursuing them,  
His limbs began to fail,  
His fits had taken him again,  
He now could only rail.  
So they went on until they came  
Into the King's highway,  
Which lies beyond the Giant's ground,  
Then safe enough were they.  
When they had crossed the stile again,  
They to each other said :  
To warn all those who come this way,  
A plan should now be laid.  
That all of By-Path-Meadow may  
Forever be aware,  
And not fall in the hands of him,  
Who's called Giant Despair.  
So they concluded to erect  
A pillar, and engrave  
This sentence on the face of it,  
Their fellow men to save.  
"The path that crosses o'er this stile,  
Is known to be the way  
To Doubting Castle, where good men  
Have in a dungeon lay.  
This Castle doth a Giant keep,  
And he is always there ;  
Yes, he that owns this Castle is  
The Giant of Despair.

This Giant doth the King despise,  
Of that celestial place,  
Where pilgrims rest from all their toil,  
Who have been saved by grace.

This Giant doth such pilgrims seek,  
That he may them destroy,  
Before they reach that happy place  
Where God they can enjoy."

Now many that came after them,  
Did halt a while and read ;  
By which this danger they escaped,  
Which danger was indeed.

Hopeful and Christian then sang as follows:—

"Out of the way we went, and then we found  
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground :  
And let them that come after have a care,  
Lest they, for trespassing, his pris'ners are,  
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair."

So they went on until they came  
Unto a mountain range,  
Which has the name Delectable ;  
Here are things new and strange.

The owner of this mountain is  
The Lord who owns the hill,  
Of which we spoke some time ago,  
If you remember still.

They up into the mountains went,  
That they might their behold  
The gardens, orchards, vineyards too,  
And beauties yet untold.

They fountains saw—of these they drank ;  
They washed themselves there, too ;  
And freely ate of all the fruit  
Which in the vineyards grew.

Now shady groves and pastures green  
Did clothe these mountain tops ;  
And there were also shepherds there,  
To guard and feed their flocks.

I saw that all the shepherds stood  
Close by the highway side ;  
The pilgrims straightway to them went,  
Soon as they them espied.

And now they leaned upon their staffs,  
(As pilgrims in the way  
Do when they stop to speak with one,)  
And thus I heard them say :

" Whose mountains (now so beautiful,  
And pleasant too,) are these ?  
And whose the sheep that feed on them ?  
Sirs, tell us if you please."

" These mountains are Emmanuel's land,"  
The shepherds to them said ;

" His city can be seen from them,  
These sheep his own were made.

He laid his own life down for them,  
When he the purchase made ;  
They know his voice and follow him,  
Through sunshine and through shade."

Said Christian : " To that city now  
Our journey we pursue ;  
Good shepherds, are we in the way  
That will lead us thereto ?"

" Just in the way," the shepherds said ;  
They asked, " To it how far ?"

The shepherds said, " Too far indeed  
For those who get not there."

" Is this way safe or dangerous ?"  
Said Christian, " pray tell me."

The shepherds said : " 'Tis safe for those  
For whom 'tis safe to be.

But they who will transgressors be,  
Shall surely fall therein ;  
And hard falls too shall all such get,  
By reason of their sin."

"Is there relief for pilgrims here,"  
Then Christian to them said,  
"When they are faint, and weary too,  
And hunger for some bread?"

"The Lord, to whom these mounts belong,"  
The shepherds then replied,  
"Hath given us this solemn charge,  
To which we will abide:

That strangers we to entertain  
Must not forgetful be ;  
For some his angels may thus feed,  
And unawares may we."

Now when the shepherds had perceived  
These were wayfaring men,  
They thought it prudent that they should  
Put questions now to them.

They answered as their custom was—  
As pilgrims ought to do ;  
They asked : "How did you find the way ?  
Good men from whence came you ?

By what means have you in the way  
Made out to persevere ?  
But very few of those who start  
Do show their faces here."

But when the shepherds had all heard  
The answers which they made,  
They looked on them quite lovingly,  
And thus to them they said :

"These mountains which so pleasant are,  
To these we welcome you ?  
We wish you may enjoy yourselves,  
And profit by us too."

These shepherds, who these names did bear,  
Experience, Sincere,  
And Knowledge, yes and Watchful too,  
The pilgrims to endear,  
Took them like brethren by the hand,  
And to their tents them led ;  
Made them partake of just such things  
As they at present had.

"That we may more acquainted be,  
We would that you should stay  
Awhile with us—enjoy yourselves,"  
The shepherds then did say.

The pilgrims to the shepherds said :  
"To stay we are inclined ;  
For rest we need, and it has now  
Grown very late we find."

Now when the morning light had come,  
The shepherds called them up  
To walk with them a little while,  
Upon the mountain top.

Hopeful and Christian then went forth—  
The shepherds were their guide ;  
All had a pleasant prospect now,  
And that on every side.

The shepherds to each other said,  
"Shall we some wonders show  
These pilgrims now to edify?"  
They said, "This will we do."

And first they took the pilgrims up  
On top of Error hill :  
The farthest side was very steep,  
They saw it very well.

They bade the pilgrims to look down  
Then from this awful height ;  
They looked, and saw the whole way down,  
But O ! what met their sight ?

Men who had fallen from the top,  
And dreadful was their fall;  
For they were all to pieces dashed,  
Not one alive at all.

Then Christian said: "What meaneth this?  
What were we shown this for?"

The shepherds said: "Have you not heard  
That some were made to err,

By heark'ning to Hymenæus,  
And one Philetus too,  
Who of the resurrection held  
An anti-scriptural view?"

To this the pilgrims answered yes.

The shepherds then did say:

"Those whom you at the bottom see,  
Were all such men as they.

They have continued to this day  
Unburied; there they lie  
That others seeing them may fear,  
And never climb too high.

That they before they go too far,  
May stop awhile to think  
What danger there's in rushing on,  
To near this mountain's brink."

Soon after this they took them on  
Another mountain's top;  
The name of this is Caution hill—  
They here awhile did stop.

The shepherds bid them look far off,  
Which when they did, they saw  
(They thought,) some men among the tombs,  
Which filled their minds with awe.

They too perceived the men were blind—  
Upon the tombs they'd fall;  
And could not find their way out from  
Among the tombs at all.

Then Christian said : " What meaneth this ? "

The shepherds then did say :  
" Did you not see a stile below,  
On left side of the way ? "

The pilgrims answered : " Yes, we did. "

The shepherds said : " It leads  
To Doubting Castle, by a path  
Which goes through grassy meads ;

And these men (pointing to the men  
Who were among the tombs,)  
Came to the stile on pilgrimage,  
But they too much presumed.

Because the right way there was rough,  
They crossed the stile that's there—  
Walked in the meadows ; there they met  
The Giant of Despair.

He to his dungeon took these men,  
Regardless of their sighs ;  
And after they were there awhile,  
He cut out all their eyes,  
And led them off among the tombs,  
Where wandering are they,  
E'er since their eyes were taken out  
Unto this present day.

In them this scripture is fulfilled—  
The words the wise man said :  
' He that wandereth off the way,  
Shall dwell among the dead. ' "

The pilgrims on each other looked,  
And both fell into tears ;  
They nothing to the shepherds said,  
But thought of former fears.

The shepherds now took them away,  
To show them something more,  
Which was below a little hill ;  
In it they saw a door.



The shepherds opened wide the door—  
The pilgrims then looked in ;  
But smoke and darkness now was all  
That could by them be seen.

But then a rumbling noise they heard—  
Like fire this did sound ;  
A cry of some tormented too,  
They heard beneath the ground.

The scent of brimstone, too, they thought,  
They smelt while they were there ;  
This they supposed come from the pit,  
And rose into the air.

Then Christian said : " What doth this mean ?  
Good shepherds, can you tell ?"  
They answered him : " This is indeed  
A by-way down to Hell.

A way that hypocrites go in—  
Such who their birth-right sell ;  
As Esau, and like Judas ; such  
As do their Master sell.

All such as Alexander, who  
The Gospel do blaspheme ;  
As Ananias, Sapphira, too,  
Who lie for a good name."

Then Hopeful to the shepherds said :  
" These all I do perceive  
Had on a *show* of pilgrimage,  
Which many has deceived."

" Indeed they had," the shepherds said,  
" Held it a long time too ;  
They had a *show* of piety,  
But then it was not true."

" How far," said Hopeful, " might they go  
As pilgrims in their day ;  
Since they were, notwithstanding this,  
Destroyed and cast away ?"

“Some farther, others not so far,”  
(The shepherds then replied ;)  
“Some had just to these mountains come,  
Some farther had arrived.”

The pilgrims to each other said :  
“Now we have need to cry  
To him who’s strong to give us strength,  
Or we may fail and die.”

“Yes,” said the shepherds, “and you will  
Have need to use it too,  
When you have got it, for much strength  
You’ll need to take you through.”

Christian and Hopeful now desired  
Their journey to pursue ;  
The shepherds said : “That you should go  
Is our desire too.”

To show these pilgrims something more,  
The shepherds did intend ;  
So all of them together walked  
Towards the mountain’s end.

One shepherd to another said :  
“Let us to these men show  
The gates—the great Celestial gates,  
To which they mean to go.

If they have only skill to look,  
(For some skill they will need,)  
Through our great perspective glass,  
These they can see indeed.”

The pilgrims now accepted this,  
That quite lovingly too ;  
So they all went upon the hill  
Called Clear, to take a view.

The shepherds gave to them the glass,  
Through which a view to take ;  
They tried to look, but now their hands  
Near all the time did shake.

"T was the remembrance of the things  
The shepherds showed them last,  
That caused their hands so much to shake—  
They scarce could use the glass.

But yet they thought they something saw,  
Like the Celestial gate—  
Some glory also of the place—  
This did them much elate.

Then they went away and sang :

" Thus by the shepherds secrets are reveal'd,  
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd :  
Come to the shepherds, then, if you would see  
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be."

Now when they were about to go,  
(No longer would they stay,)  
One of the shepherds gave to them  
A note to teach the way.

Of flatterers another bid  
The pilgrims to beware ;  
The third said : " The enchanted ground  
Take heed, and sleep not there."

The fourth then bid the men " God speed."  
How real things did seem ;  
But I awoke, I nothing saw,  
I found it all a dream.

Again I slept, and dreamed again  
I saw these men, and they  
Were going down the mountain side,  
Along the King's highway.

These pilgrims then were bidding fair  
The City to get to ;  
For they did press towards it now  
As if the way they knew.

Not far below these mountains lies  
The country of Conceit ;  
Into the King's highway there comes  
A crooked lane from it.

Now here these pilgrims met a lad,  
And very brisk he was;  
But Ignorance was his true name,  
And from Conceit he was.

Said Christian: "May I ask of you  
The place from whence you came,  
And where you now are going to,  
And also what's your name?"

"Sir, I was in that country born,  
That to our left doth lie;  
To the Celestial City now,  
I'll get there by-and-by."

Then Christian said: "How do you think  
To get admittance there?  
You may some difficulty find  
Of which you're not aware."

Then Ignorance made this reply:  
"As other good men do,  
I now am going to the gate,  
Expecting to get through."

Then Christian said: "But what have you  
When at the gate, to show  
That they may open it to you?  
Now this you ought to know."

Said Ignorance: "I know his will—  
Have a good liver been;  
I pay to every man his own,  
I'm sure I can get in.

I pay my tithes, and alms I give,  
I pray, and also fast;  
I left my country there to go,  
I shall get there at last."

"Thou didst not enter by the gate  
That heads the narrow way;  
Thou camest through that crooked lane,"  
Did Christian to him say.

“I therefore fear, (however much  
Thou art self justified,)  
That when the reckoning day shall come,  
This charge thou must abide:

That ‘thou a thief and robber art,  
And thou hast lived in sin ;’  
Away thou shalt be driven then,  
Instead of getting in.”

“Well, gentlemen,” said Ignorance,  
“You strangers are to me ;  
Your own religion follow now,  
Whatever that may be ;

And I will try to follow mine,  
I hope all will be well.

That wicket gate that heads the way,  
Of which I heard you tell,

I’m sure that all the world doth know,  
Is very far away

From the great country of Conceit,  
I know the truth I say.

I cannot think that any man  
In all our parts, doth know  
The way that leadeth to that gate,  
And just as well ’t is so ;

Since we have such a pleasant lane—  
It’s green too, I can say—

That comes down from our country, sir,  
And leads into this way.”

When Christian saw that this brisk lad  
Was wise in self-conceit,

He softly spake in Hopeful’s ear,  
“With such we often meet.

More hope I can have for a fool,  
Than I can have of him ;

For fools will sometimes take advice,  
When counseled they have been.

We read, 'When he that is a fool  
Doth walk along the way,  
His wisdom faileth him, and he  
"I am a fool," will say.'

What, shall we farther talk with him,  
Or shall we him outgo,  
And leave him to think of what we've said?  
Now this him good might do.

We afterwards might stop for him,  
If it is best we should ;  
In this way we may by degrees,  
Do Ignorance some good."

Then said Hopeful :

"Let Ignorance a little while now muse  
On what is said, and let him not refuse  
Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain  
Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.  
God saith, those that no understanding have,  
(Although he made them,) them he will not save."

Then Hopeful farther added this :

"I think it is not best  
To say all to this man at once,  
But leave his mind to rest.

We can talk to him by-and-by—  
A word say here and there ;  
No more we'll leave upon his mind  
Than he can safely bear."

So they went on ; and Ignorance  
Did follow after them ;  
When they had passed him a short ways,  
They entered a dark lane.

Now in this lane they met a man  
Whom seven devils had bound  
With seven cords, all very strong ;  
They tied him all around.

These devils now were taking him  
 To that place in the hill,  
 Which had been shown to these good men—  
 This they remembered still.

Now Christian trembled very much,  
 And so did Hopeful too;  
 Yet Christian tried to see the man,  
 For him he thought he knew.

He thought it was one Turn-away  
 These devils had thus bound,  
 Who once dwelt in Apostacy,  
 A very ancient town.

But Christian did not see his face,  
 He so much hung his head;  
 Just like a thief that had been caught,  
 To them he nothing said.

But Hopeful turned to see the man,  
 When he had past them gone;  
 He saw a paper on his back,  
 With this inscription on:

“Wanton professor, and damnable apostate.”

Then Christian to his fellow said:  
 “I now call to my mind  
 What I’ve been told of a good man  
 Who here did trouble find.

This good man’s name was Little-Faith;  
 And I also did hear  
 That he was quite a timid man—  
 His home was in Sincere.

The thing I think of now is this:  
 Where enters in this lane,  
 There comes right down from Broadway-Gate,  
 A lane called Dead-Man’s-Lane;

So called because of murders that  
Are commonly done there—  
More frequently than any one  
Is apt to be aware.

This Little-Faith, as we are now,  
Was then on pilgrimage;  
He chanced to sit down there and sleep,  
But rogues did him outrage.

For down the lane from Broadway-Gate,  
Three sturdy rogues then came;  
Faint-Heart and Guilt, and too Mistrust—  
Three brothers—so they're named.

Now they espying Little-Faith,  
All galloped up with speed;  
Now this good man had just awaked  
Out of his sleep, indeed.

And he was too just getting up,  
His journey to pursue;  
But all these rogues came up to him,  
And much alarmed him too.

They then commanded him to stop,  
Or we'll do so and so;  
Poor Little-Faith looked very pale,  
He could not fight nor go.

Then Faint-Heart said: "Give up thy purse!"  
But this he did refuse;  
For Little-Faith was very loth  
His money now to lose.

Another one ran up to him—  
Mistrust was this one's name—  
And in his pocket thrust his hand,  
And out some silver came.

"Thieves! Thieves!" did Little-Faith cry out,  
To make himself be heard;  
But very soon his mouth was stopped—  
He feared to say a word.



The other rogue, called Guilt, came up  
And struck him on the head,  
(With a great club he had with him,)  
Till he was almost dead.

Now while this Little-Faith there laid,  
Still groaning in his blood,  
The thieves stood by until they heard  
Some others in the road ;

And fearing now that it might be  
Great-Grace from Confidence,  
They in a hurry fled away—  
They'd done a great offence.

But Little-Faith revived again,  
And then without delay,  
He raised himself and tried his best  
To scramble on the way."

Said Hopeful: "Did they take from him  
All that he ever had?"

"No, where his jewels were concealed,  
They searched not," Christian said.

"But I was told that this good man  
Did suffer from the loss  
Of so much spending money, which  
These thieves had come across.

A few odd pence he had left,  
But it is true, my friend,  
That he had scarce enough to bring  
Him to his journey's end.

He was obliged to beg his way,  
(So some one did me tell,)  
To keep himself alive, for he  
Would not his jewels sell.

And though he beg'd from time to time,  
He went (as oft we say,)  
With many a hungry belly too,  
The balance of the way."

"Is it not strange," then Hopeful said,  
"That his certificate

Was left to him, which was to gain  
Admittance at the gate?"

"It is a wonder," Christian said,  
"That all the rogues should miss  
In all their plunderings, a thing  
So valuable as this.

They missed it not by any strength,  
Or cunning art of his,  
For he was then so much dismayed  
And frightened by the thieves,  
That he had neither strength nor skill  
To hide things, as I said ;  
So it was more by Providence  
Than his endeavors made."

Said Hopeful : " It must comfort him  
To have his jewels yet ;  
No doubt he very thankful was  
That these they did not get."

Then Christian said : " It might have been  
Great comfort to the man,  
Had he but used it as he should,  
And as he first began.

But they that me this story told,  
Of this thing then did say,  
That he made little use of it  
While he was on the way.

A great part of his journey now  
He did it quite forget ;  
His mind was so much taken up  
With that which he had met.

Besides, when it at any time  
His mind would come into  
And comfort him, thoughts of his loss  
Would hide it from his view."

“Alas, poor man!” then Hopeful said,  
“This must have been, indeed,  
Great grief to him, thus losing it  
When he did money need.”

Then Christian did to Hopeful say :

“A grief would it not be  
To you or I, if we ’d been robbed,  
And wounded too, as he ?

He was a stranger in that place—  
He thought not of a thief ;  
I wonder that he lives at all,  
And did not die of grief.

I was informed that after this  
Along the way he strewed  
Complaints, most bitter, doleful ones,  
Of how his matters stood.

To every one he overtook,  
He would the story tell ;  
To those too, who came up to him,  
Upon this theme he ’d dwell.

Where he was robbed, how it was done,  
Who all were in the strife ;  
What he had lost, how wounded too,  
Scarce getting off with life.”

“It is a wonder,” Hopeful said,  
“That he did not then sell  
Some of his jewels on the way,  
Although he loved them well.”

“Thou talkest like one on whose head  
Remaineth yet the shell,”

Did Christian then to Hopeful say ;  
“To whom would he them sell ?

No man in all that country, where  
He met with this abuse,  
His jewels could appreciate,  
Or understand their use.

Nor did he want for that relief  
That could from thence be found ;  
And if he sold his jewels there,  
It would his hope confound.  
For when at the Celestial Gate,  
(This Little-Faith well knew,)  
That if his jewels all were gone,  
He never could go through.  
That would have been far worse for him,  
As you and I believe,  
Than if he'd met while on his way,  
Ten thousand of such thieves.”  
“My brother, why art thou so tart ?”  
To Christian, Hopeful said.  
“Esau his birth-right sold, you know,  
With it for pottage paid.  
The greatest jewel Esau had  
Indeed, was his birth-right ;  
If he might sell, why not this man  
Have then an equal right ?”  
“Esau his birth-right sold indeed,  
So many others do,”  
Said Christian ; “But by doing so  
They forfeit blessings too.  
And then there is a difference  
Between these two, you know ;  
Esau's birth-right was typical,  
Faith's jewels were not so.  
And Esau's belly was his god,  
But Little-Faith's was not ;  
Esau would gratify his flesh,  
Hence he the pottage bought.  
Faith's wants did not lie in the flesh,  
With Esau 't was not so ;  
For he could nothing further see  
Than fleshy lusts would go.

All this is clear enough to me,  
And I will tell you why;  
He said: 'This birth-right profits not,  
I am about to die.'

But Little-Faith, though 't was his lot  
To have but little faith,  
Was by it kept from many lusts  
Which hurtful are, One saith.

His jewels he was made to see,  
And prize too much to sell  
To gratify the appetite,  
As Esau, you know well.

You nowhere read of Esau's faith,  
Of little or of much;  
No wonder then his flesh bore sway—  
This is the case with such.

His birth-right, yes, his soul and all,  
Those who 've no faith will sell,  
To any one who'll buy of them,  
Yes, to the devil of hell.

It is with such as with the ass,  
(As I have heard some say,)  
'In her occasions she will not  
At all be turned away.'

For when their minds upon their lusts  
Have once been fully set,  
Whatever be the cost, their lusts  
Will then indulgence get.

But Little-Faith, you see, was of  
Another temper quite—  
His mind was set on things divine,  
In these he took delight.

His livelihood was from above,—  
Now therefore to what end  
Would one of such a temper sell  
His jewels, now my friend?

Would such a man sell all for naught?  
Will any man, I pray,  
One penny give that he may buy  
A belly full of hay?  
Can you persuade the turtle dove  
On carrion to live—  
To relish it just like the crow,  
And it for food receive?  
Though faithless ones for carnal lusts  
Will freely pawn or sell  
All they possess, and give themselves  
To boot, and call it well.  
But they who have true faith, indeed,  
Though little, won't do so;  
Here, brother, is thy great mistake  
"Which I have tried to show."  
Said Hopeful, "I acknowledge it,  
But you have been severe  
In talking to me on this point—  
I angry was quite near."  
"Why make thee angry?" Christian said,  
"I did but thee compare  
To some birds of the brisker sort  
More sly than others are,  
Which with the shell upon their heads  
Untrodden paths will run;  
But now pass by that trifling thing—  
Let our debate go on."  
"But these three fellows, Hopeful said,  
Were cowards I perceive,  
Then ran when sound of feet they heard—  
This shows it I believe.  
Why did not Little-Faith pluck up  
Far greater courage then?  
Methinks he might have stood one brush,  
At least, with these three men."

Then answered Christian, "That they are  
Great cowards some have said,  
But few who have a trial had  
Have found them much afraid.

Now Little-Faith did not possess  
Great courage as do some:  
And now, my brother, I perceive  
That you would soon be done.

You seem to speak of just one brush  
And after that to yield ;  
Now this is not great courage, sir,  
So soon to quit the field."

Said Christian : " Verily since this  
Is all thy stomach's height,  
When they are such a distance off,  
How would they thee afright,

Should they appear to thee as when  
With Little-Faith they fought ?  
You'd then very timid feel  
And take a second thought.

Now think again, these thieves are all,  
Indeed, but journeymen,  
The King of the infernal pit  
Is at the head of them.

If him they need, he to their aid  
Is always sure to come ;  
His voice is like a lion's roar,  
And this much hurt has done.

I have myself been in the place  
That Little-Faith was in ;  
And now to say the least of it,  
It was a dreadful thing.

These three notorious villains once  
Did set themselves on me,  
And I beginning, Christian like,  
Them to resist, you see,

They did but call—their master came ;  
This did me so dismay,  
That for one penny I would then  
Have given my life away.

But as the Lord would have it then  
I had proof armor on ;  
But with it all I found it hard  
To put true courage on.

In such a combat, none can tell  
What things may him attend,  
But those who have been in that place  
And saw how things did end.”

“ Well, but they ran when they supposed  
That Great Grace was close by—  
If they were not afraid, why run ?”  
Did Hopeful now reply.

Said Christian, “ They have often fled,  
They and their mother too,  
When Great-Grace hath but just appeared  
Among the hellish crew.

Great-Grace is the King's Champion—  
A difference there is  
Between this one and Little-Faith—  
I think you must see this.

Now the King's subjects are not all  
His champions you see,  
For when they're tried, they fail to do  
Such feats of war as he.

Now is it meet to think a child—  
A little child should slay  
Goliath, should just as David did ?”  
To this what can you say ?

Or that the strength that's in an ox  
Should, too, be in a wren ?  
If not, then there's a difference  
Between believing men.



Now some are weak and some are strong,  
And some great faith possess ;  
Some little have ; this man was one,  
And this he did confess."

"I would," said Hopeful, "it had been  
(For their sakes) this Great-Grace ;  
I wish these thieves had set on him  
Instead of Little-Faith."

Said Christian : "If it had been he  
His hands might have been filled,  
Though he wields weapons with much skill  
And has his many killed.

I know he can do well enough  
In fighting out his way,  
Long as he has them at sword's po'nt,  
This I can safely say.

But if they do within this get  
Faint-heart, Mistrust, or Guilt,  
It will no doubt go hard, but they  
His heels may upward tilt ;

And when a man is down you know  
He can but little do,  
Yes, even Great-Grace may thus fall ;  
Now what I've said is true.

Whoever looks on Grace's face  
There scars and cuts may see,  
And this confirms the truth of what  
I just have said to thee.

Yea, I once heard that he had said  
When in a dreadful strife,  
'Things fared with us in such a way  
That we despaired of life.'

How did such rogues in ancient times  
Make David groan and roar !  
They so afflicted that great man  
That he felt very sore.

Yea, Heman, Hezekiah too,  
Though champions they were,  
Were forced, when such did them assault,  
Themselves much to bestir.

Yet notwithstanding, they both had  
Their coats well brushed by them  
Before their conflicts were all o'er,  
With such ungodly men.

And Peter the Apostle once  
Did try what he could do,  
But yet with all his energy  
They handled him hard too.

They even made him feel afraid  
Of but a wicked girl,  
When he denied his having known  
The Saviour of the world.

Besides their king is very nigh,  
A whistle will him bring,  
So when they are put to the worst  
They help get from their king.

'The sword of him that doth contend  
With this one,' is said,  
'Will never hold, nor dart, nor spear'—  
Of these he's not afraid.

'The iron doth esteem as straw  
And bass as rotten wood,  
The arrow will not make him fly  
And sling stones never could.

As stubble he doth count the dart,  
The shaking of a spear  
Doth make him laugh; he feareth not;  
What can a man do here?

'Tis true, if one could have Job's horse  
At every turn to ride,  
And courage, too, along with him,  
And skill this horse to guide,

He might do things quite notable,  
For such a horse is he.  
"His neck it is with thunder clothed,  
He fears no enemy.  
The glory of his nostrils, too,  
Is terrible indeed,  
And in his strength he doth rejoice,  
And also in his speed.  
He goeth out armed men to meet  
And doth but mock at fear,  
Is not affrighted nor turned back  
By either sword or spear.  
The quiver rattleth 'gainst him much,  
The glittering spear, the shield,  
The ground with rage he swalloweth,  
To fear he will not yield.  
This horse will not believe that he  
Doth hear the trumpet's sound,  
He saith among the trumpet's, Ha!  
Cares not for all around.  
He smells the battle though far off,  
The thunderings he doth hear  
Of Captains, and their shoutings too,  
As if these all were near."  
As footmen such as you and I  
Let us desire not  
To come across an enemy,  
So wish we never ought.  
And when we hear of others who  
In battle have been foiled,  
Let us not vaunt as if we could  
The enemy have spoiled.  
Such commonly do fare the worst  
When they are fully tried;  
Take Peter, whom I named before,  
In this case as a guide.

He once unto the Saviour said,  
‘Thee I will not forsake  
Though every other person should ;  
For thee my life I’ll stake.’  
But who was more than Peter foiled,  
Or more run down than he,  
By just such men as robbed our friend  
Of whom I spake to thee ?  
Now as such robberies are done  
Upon the king’s highway,  
There are two things that we should do  
And that without delay.  
First, we should have good harness on  
And with us take a shield ;  
For want of this one could not make  
The Leviathan yield.  
If this be wanting, then indeed  
He fears us not at all.  
Now, therefore, he who skill possessed  
Gave this advice to all :  
‘Above all take the shield of faith  
Wherewith ye shall succeed  
In quenching all the fiery darts  
Of wicked ones indeed.’  
And we should also ask the king  
To send us a convoy,  
Or come himself and give his aid  
Our enemies to destroy.  
Now this king David made rejoice  
When in the Vale of Death,  
And others may rejoice in it—  
Yes, in their dying breath.  
And Moses would have rather died  
When he the highway trod  
Than to proceed one step without  
The helping hand of God.

Now, O! my brother, if the Lord  
 Along with us will go,  
 We need not fear ten thousand foes  
 Whatever they may do.

But those who boast their mighty strength  
 And seek not help from God,  
 Will surely fall, with all their strength—  
 'Tis so with all the proud.

In such affrays I've been myself,  
 And though I'm yet alive,  
 I cannot boast my native strength,  
 Through God I still survive.

Glad shall I be if I no more  
 In such affrays will get,  
 Though I much fear that we've not gone  
 Beyond all danger yet.

Now since the lion and the bear  
 Have not devoured me,  
 I hope that God will lend his aid  
 When other foes I see."

Then Christian sang :

"Poor L'ttle-Faith ! hast been among the thieves?  
 Wast robb'd? Remember this, whoso believes,  
 And get more faith ; then shall you victors be  
 Over ten thousand, else scarce over three."

So they went on and Ignorance  
 Came after these two men,  
 For he would be a pilgrim too,  
 He Heaven wished to gain.

Now soon they came up to a place  
 Where much perplexed were they,  
 For there they saw a way that came  
 Direct into their way.

It seemed withal to lie as straight  
 As that which they should go,  
 But which of these they ought to take  
 These pilgrims did not know.

They saw that both these roads were straight,  
They seemed so much alike;  
That here they both stood still awhile  
To think which way was right.

While standing here they saw a man  
Who was quite black in flesh,  
And who was clothed with a light robe;  
This man did them address:

"Well, gentlemen, why stand you here?"  
They this reply did make:  
"To Zion we would go if we  
Did know which way to take."

Now this the black man to them said:  
"Come on and follow me,  
'Tis there that I am going too,  
I will your leader be."

They took this man to be their guide,  
He led them in the way  
Which by degrees did turn and turn  
And led them both astray.

For soon their backs were turned towards  
The place where they would go,  
But still they followed after him  
Not knowing this was so.

But by-and-by, before they had  
Perceived their danger yet,  
He led the pilgrims both within  
The compass of a net.

In this they were entangled so  
They knew not what to do;  
The white robe now fell off the man,  
His blackness came to view.

The pilgrims saw then where they were—  
Some time they crying lay,  
For they could not themselves get out,  
So helpless now were they.

Then Christian to his fellow said:  
“I now do plainly see  
That I have in an error been,  
Now hard it is with me.  
Did not the Shepards tell us both  
‘Of flatterers beware?’  
We careless were and now we’re caught;  
How sad is this affair.  
This maketh true the Scripture words  
Which I will now repeat:  
‘He that his neighbour flattereth  
A net spreads for his feet.’”  
Then Hopeful said: “They also gave  
A note to teach the way,  
But we forgot therein to read  
And so we’ve gone astray.  
We have not kept ourselves, indeed,  
From the destroyer’s path—  
Here David was more wise than we  
For this he plainly saith:  
‘Concerning all the works of men  
I by thy words have kept  
Myself from the destroyer’s path.’  
At this the pilgrims wept.  
And thus they did bewail themselves  
While in the net they lay,  
Lamenting that they did neglect  
The note that taught the way.  
At last they spied a Shining One  
Whose glory was most grand,  
Towards them coming with a whip  
Of small cords in his hand.  
Now when this one had reached the place  
Where these two pilgrims were,  
He asked them whence they came and what  
They then were doing there.

Said they: "We are poor pilgrims, sir,  
Who were in Zion's way,  
A black man who was clothed in white  
Hath led us both astray.

The black man bid us follow him,  
We thought the man was true,  
He said: 'I will your leader be,  
There I am going too.'

"He was the Flatterer," then said  
The one who shone so bright:  
"A false Apostle in the form  
Of an angel of light."

The Shining One then rent the net  
And set the pilgrims free,  
At the same time he said to them,  
"Come on and follow me,

That I may put you in the way  
Which you have left for this,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
The only way of peace."

So he led both the pilgrims back  
And set them in the way  
From which the Flatterer did lead  
Them craftily astray.

The Shining One then asked them where  
The last night they did lie;  
"We with the shepherds spent the night,"  
These pilgrims made reply.

He asked them then if they had not  
A note of all the way—  
A note that showed them where to go?  
To this they answered, yea.

"Did you," said he, "when at a stand,  
Pluck out and read your note?"  
They answer "no." He asked them "why?"  
They answered, "we forgot."



The Shining One then further asked:

“Did not the shepherds say,  
‘Beware of the vile Flatterer,  
As you go on your way?’”

“Yes, but imagine we did not  
That such a man was he;  
He was a pleasant spoken man,  
We thought it could not be.”

Now in my dream I saw that he  
Then bade them down to lie;  
When this they did, he chastised them,  
Quite sorely too, and why?

To teach them of the way wherein  
They afterwards should walk;  
And as he laid on them the whip,  
I heard him this way talk:

“As many as I love, dear friends,  
I chasten and rebuke;  
Be zealous therefore, and repent;”  
This counsel they both took.

This done, he bid them go their way,  
And take more earnest heed  
To all the shepherds did direct;  
All will be well indeed.

They thanked him for his kindness now,  
And then went softly on;  
They now were in the right way too,  
And now they sang this song:

“Come hither, you that walk along the way,  
See how the pilgrims fare that go astray:  
They caught are in an entangled net,  
’Cause they good counsel lightly did forget:  
’Tis true they rescued were; but yet you see,  
They ’re scourged to boot: let this your caution be.”

Now after this they one perceived  
Far off upon the way;  
To meet them now he softly came;  
And then did Christian say:  
"Now Hopeful yonder is a man  
Whose back's to Zion turned,  
And he is coming to meet us  
If rightly I've discerned."  
"Yes," Hopeful said, "I see the man,  
And let us now take heed  
Lest he should prove a Flatterer  
As one before him did."  
He still drew nearer and at last  
He to the pilgrims came,  
He asked them whither they were bound:  
Now Atheist was his name.  
Then Christian answered this strange man,  
"We to Mount Zion go."  
Then Atheist aloud did laugh  
Because they answered so.  
"Why do you laugh?" then Christian said,  
"What doth your laughter mean?  
There's nothing here at which to laugh  
In what you've heard or seen."  
"I laugh," said Atheist, "to see  
How ignorant you are,  
To take a journey of that kind  
So tedious and so far.  
And yet it very likely is  
That you will nothing gain,  
But weariness is all you'll get  
To pay you for your pains."  
"Why, man," said Christian, "do you think  
We shall not be received?"  
Said Atheist: "There's no such place,  
In this you are deceived."

"Why, sir, there is," then Christian said,  
"Such in the world to come."

"I heard of that," said Atheist,  
"When I was yet at home ;

In my own country this I heard,  
I then set out to see,  
And have been seeking twenty years—  
No Zion yet I see."

"We both have heard and do believe  
That place is to be found,"  
Said Christian now to Atheist,  
As he maintained his ground.

"Now had not I," said Atheist,  
"At first believed all this,  
I never would have come so far  
To seek what I might miss.

If such a place had been I would  
Have found it long ago,  
For I have further gone in search  
Than you have: this I know.

I now am going back again  
To things I cast away  
When I set out to seek this place—  
Near to my heart they lay."

Then Christian unto Hopeful said:  
"Companion, is it true  
What this man Atheist doth say?  
How does it seem to you?"

"This is one of the Flatterers,"  
Said Hopeful, "Now take heed—  
Remember what it cost us once  
For hearing such, indeed.

What! no Mount Zion? Did we not  
The gates of it once see  
When we were on the mountain top  
Where the good Shepherds be?

And also are we not to walk  
By faith and not by sight?  
Let us go on, he with the whip  
Again may set us right.

This lesson me you should have taught—  
'My son, cease thou to hear  
Instruction that will make thee from  
The words of knowledge err.'

I say, my brother, cease to hear  
This man who's but a strole,  
And let us both believe unto  
The saving of the soul."

Said Christian: "I did not at all  
The question put to thee  
Because I doubted thy belief—  
I would thy firmness see.

I only wished to prove thy heart  
So honest and so true,  
I did suppose thy faith was firm,  
I wished to prove it too.

As for this Atheist I know  
His eyes have blinded been  
By Him who's God of this vain world  
Or else he would have seen.

Let you and I go on our way,  
The truth we both believe,  
No lie is of the truth we know  
For truth cannot deceive."

"I do rejoice," said Hopeful, "in  
God's glory now this day."  
And now they turned from Atheist,  
Who laughing went his way.

Now in my dream I saw that they  
Went on until they came  
Into a country where the air  
Them almost overcame.

This air doth naturally tend  
To make one drowsy grow,  
At least if they be strangers there,  
And many find it so.

Now Hopeful here began to be  
Quite dull and wished to sleep,  
And he to Christian said, "I can't  
My eyes now open keep—

Let us lie down." He farther said,  
"One nap let us now take  
For I do feel so drowsy now  
I cannot keep awake."

"It will not do," then Christian said,  
"While here, a nap to take;  
If here we now should fall asleep  
We never more may wake."

Said Hopeful: "Sleep is sweet indeed,  
You know, to laboring men—  
We may by it be quite refreshed  
And go much better then."

"Do you remember," Christian said,  
"One Shepherd said beware  
Of the Enchanted Ground! He meant  
We should not sleep while there.

Let us not sleep as others do  
But watch and sober be,  
No time to sleep have we while here  
For watch and pray ought we."

"Much in a fault," did Hopeful say,  
"Myself I now must own,  
I would have run the risk of death  
Had I been here alone.

The wise man saith and it is true,  
'Two better are than one;'  
Thy company my mercy was  
And your reward shall come."

Then Christian unto Hopeful said :

“ Lest we should drowsy grow,  
Let us discourse on something good  
’Twill wake us up you know.”

“ With all my heart,” did Hopeful say.

Said Christian: “ Where begin?”

“ Where God began with us,” replied  
Good Hopeful unto him.

“ Do you begin now if you please,”

Hopeful to Christian said.

“ I will, but first I ’ll sing this song,”

Was the reply he made :

“ When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,  
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together;  
Yea, let them learn of them in any wise,  
Thus to keep ope their drowsy, slumb’ring eyes.  
Saints’ fellowship, if it be managed well,  
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.”

Then Christian did begin and said :

“ A question I ’ll ask you—

How come you at the first to think  
Of doing as you do?”

“ Now this you mean,” did Hopeful say,

“ If you I’ve understood,

How I was led to think upon

My soul’s eternal good?”

“ ’Tis this I mean,” said Christian then,

“ How you were led to think

Of your condition when secure,

You stood on ruin’s brink?”

Said Hopeful: “ I continued long

In vain delights to share—

In all those things that could be seen

And sold at our Fair.

These things I long delighted in,  
 But then I would have found,  
 Had I continued in them still,  
 Myself in ruin drowned."

"What things were they," then Christian said,  
 "In which you did delight,  
 And which, had you persisted in,  
 Would you have ruined quite?"

"All the vain treasures of the world,  
 I once delighted in ;  
 I revelled, drank, yea, lied and swore—  
 Done most all kinds of sin.

But by hearing and reflecting,  
 On things that are divine,  
 (Which things I heard from your own mouth,  
 And Faithful's in his time,

Who at the Fair was put to death,  
 Because he served the Lord.)  
 (I noticed his behaviour there ;  
 He spake no evil word.)

I found at last that all these things,  
 In death would surely end ;  
 And for these things the wrath of God  
 Will on such men descend."

Said Christian, "Did you presently,  
 Beneath conviction fall?"

"No," Hopeful said, "I wished not then,  
 To see my sins at all.

Nor the damnation that awaits  
 Those who such things commit ;  
 I strove conviction still to shun—  
 I would not cherish it.

But when my mind began to be,  
 Awakened by the word,  
 I shut my eyes against the light,  
 My ears to what I heard."

Said Christian, "Why did you oppose  
God's Spirit, when with you  
It strove, that it your stubborn heart,  
Might soften and renew?"

Said Hopeful, "One cause must have been,  
I knew not it was He;  
I little thought his Spirit then,  
Was striving with poor me.

I never thought that it was by  
Awakening for sin,  
That God doth in a sinner's heart,  
The work of grace begin.

Another cause: sin to my flesh,  
Was very sweet indeed;  
To leave it I was very loth,  
On it my soul did feed.

I did not know how I could with  
My old companions part;  
Their presence and their actions too,  
Lay very near my heart.

The hours of my conviction did  
So dreadful to me seem,  
That I was loth to think of them,  
I wished they had not been.

Said Christian, "Then it seems you could  
Your troubles lay aside?"

"Yes, but they returned again,"  
Hopeful then replied.

"And then they were as troublesome—  
Nay, worse now than before;  
The oftener they returned again,  
They troubled me the more."

Said Christian, "What was it that brought  
Your sins to mind again?"

Said Hopeful, "Very many things,  
I some of them will name.



If I a righteous man would meet,  
While walking in the streets,  
Or if I heard the Bible read,  
These things my heart would reach.

Or if I but began to feel,  
An aching in my head ;  
Or heard that one was taken sick,  
Or that some one was dead.

And this, too, brought my sins to mind,  
The *sudden* death of some ;  
But more especially the thought,  
I must to Judgment come."

Then Christian said, "Could you with ease,  
Get off the guilt of sin,  
When you by any of these ways  
Had thus convicted been ?"

"O no, not I ; my conscience was  
Still harder wrought upon ;  
And if I thought of sinning more—  
More torment would come on.

Then Christian said, "What did you then,  
If sin you dare not do ?  
Your mind was turned against them now,  
As I have learned from you."

"I thought," said Hopeful, "I must try  
From hence, my life to mend ;  
Or else, thought I, I'm sure to be  
Eternally condemned."

Then Christian asked him if he did  
Endeavor to amend,  
When he had such a view of what  
Would be his final end.

"I fled not only from my sins—  
From my companions too,  
Who practiced sin as I once did—  
I tried to live anew.

Religious duties I performed,  
Read, prayed, and wept for sin ;  
The truth I to my neighbor spake,  
'Twas thus I did begin.

These things I did and many more,  
(My efforts then were great,)  
Yes, many things too tedious  
At present to relate."

Said Christian : " Did you think yourself  
All well, when so you done ?"

Said Hopeful : " For awhile I did,  
But trouble soon came on."

Said Christian : " Since you were reformed,  
What brought your troubles on ?"

Said Hopeful : " Sayings of this kind,  
I then would think upon :

" As filthy rags our righteousness,"

" By works no man can be,  
Before the Lord now justified ;"  
These sayings troubled me.

" When ye have done all that ye can,  
In trying to obey,

Ye are unprofitable still ;"  
These things the Scriptures say.

And many other sayings, which  
In meaning are the same,

For many sayings of this kind,  
The Scriptures do contain.

Then with myself I reasoned thus :  
If all our righteousness,

Is like mere filthy rags,  
And if the keeping of the law,

Doth no man justify ; and if when we  
Have done all that's in our power,

Unprofitable and worthless still we be  
Then it is vain to think of heaven by the law.

I further thought, if I should run  
A hundred pounds in debt,  
But afterwards should strictly pay,  
For every thing I get;  
Yet if the debt be in the book,  
And found uncrossed at last,  
The merchant can demand his pay,  
And me in prison cast,  
Until I've paid the whole amount  
Of what is yet behind.  
But while in prison this to do,  
No one a way can find.”  
“But how did you now to yourself,”  
Said Christian, “this apply,  
To make it any use to you,  
Or teach yourself thereby?”  
Said Hopeful, “To myself I thought  
A great way I have run,  
Into God's debt; upon his book  
My sins have greatly grown;  
And that my reformation will,  
The old score never pay.  
I thought, that though I had reformed,  
I yet must find a way,  
Through which I can be freed from that  
Damnation I have brought  
Myself in danger of by sins,  
That I before had wrought.”  
“The application,” Christian said,  
Is very good indeed.  
But pray go on, your story tell,  
I'll hear as you proceed.”  
“Another source of trouble is,  
Since I reformed have been,  
If I look closely to my ways,  
I still perceive new sin.

Yes, sin I find will mix itself,  
With the best deeds I do ;  
So of myself, I now am forced  
To take this humbling view ;  
That in one day I've sinned enough,  
To send my soul to Hell,  
Though all my former life had been  
In every moment well."

He further said : " I did not know  
What step I ought to take,  
Until my mind with all its cares,  
I unto Faithful broke.

With him I was acquainted well ;  
He said to me, unless  
I found a man who never sinned,  
And get his righteousness,

My own, nor yet the righteousness  
Of all the world beside,  
Could save me from the wrath of God  
However much I tried."

" And did you think he spake the truth,"  
Then Christian to him said ;  
" When he your best performances,  
So very worthless made ?"

Then Hopeful said : " Had he said so,  
When all with me seemed right—  
When I was suited with my works,  
I'd thought him foolish quite.

But since my own infirmities,  
I have been made to see ;  
And sins which cleave to my best works,  
I think the same as he."

" But did you think, when he at first  
Suggested it to you,  
That such a man was to be found—  
Had you such one in view—

A man of whom it might be said,  
In justice, too, indeed ;  
In all his life, one sin was not  
In word, nor thought, nor deed."

"His words at first seemed strange to me,  
But then more talk with him,  
Did me convince that such a one,  
Once in the world had been."

"Did you ask him," then Christian said,  
"What man this was, and how  
You must be justified by him,  
Your only Saviour now?"

Said Hopeful : "Yes he told then,  
'Twas Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
Who liveth and doth intercede  
At the right hand of God.

Said he, "You can now by this man  
Be freely justified,  
By trusting to what he hath done,  
When he was crucified.

To what he done while in the flesh,  
His perfect righteousness ;  
His death and suff'rings on the cross,  
(How great was his distress!)"

Now after Faithful had thus said,  
To Faithful then said I,  
How can that man's righteousness  
Another justify?"

"Because He is the Mighty God,"  
He then to me replied ;  
"Not for himself hath he done this,  
For such as you he died ;  
That if thou dost believe in Him,  
His merits shall be thine ;  
Thy sins shall all be laid to him,  
The sacrifice divine."

But to believing on him then,  
Objections I did raise;  
I thought that he not willing was,  
A man like me to save."

Said Christian: "What did Faithful say  
To your objections now?"

"He bid me go to him and see,  
What mercy he would show."

To Faithful then, I made reply,  
Presumption this would be,  
For sinful man to go to him—  
At least it would for me."

Said Faithful: "No, for you have been  
Invited there to come;  
Ten thousand worse than you have gone,  
And yet he cast out none."

He then gave me a book, which he  
Said Jesus did indite;  
That I might take encouragement,  
To come with freedom quite.

He said concerning this same book,  
When speaking of its worth,  
One jot, or title shall not fail—  
Though fail both heaven and earth.

I asked him then "what I must do,  
If I to Jesus come?"

"Entreat the Father on your knees,  
Reveal to me the Son.

With all thy heart and soul," said he,  
"Bring in thy worthy plea;  
O Father, show to me thy Son,  
For He hath died for me."

"I asked him further, how I must  
The Son of God entreat?"

Said he: "Just go and thou shalt find  
Him on a mercy seat;

Where He sits all the rolling year,  
To pardon and forgive;  
To bid the doubting soul believe—  
The dying sinner live.”

“I told him, that I knew not what  
To say when there I came.”

Said he: “Say thou to this effect:  
With faith in Jesus’ name:

O God, I am a sinful man,  
Be merciful to me;  
Make me to know, and trust thy Son  
While here I plead with thee.

For if his perfect righteousness,  
Had never been I know,  
(Or if I have not faith in it,)  
I must to ruin go.

Lord, I have heard how merciful,  
And gracious, too, thou art;  
And that thy Son thou hast ordained,  
Salvation to impart.

And also, that thou willing art,  
The Saviour to bestow,  
Upon a sinner such as I,  
Though I have grieved thee so.

This opportunity, Lord, take  
To show thy mercy, then,  
In saving my poor soul through Christ,  
My prayer hear. Amen.”

“Now did you do as he told you?”  
Christian to Hopeful said;

He answered: “Many times I have  
In this same manner prayed.”

Said Christian: “Did the Father then  
Reveal the Son to you;

I mean, that you could have of him,  
A spiritual view?”

"No," Hopeful said ; " Not at the first,  
Nor second, nor third time ;  
I saw not at the fifth or sixth,  
That vision so divine."

Said Christian : " What did you do then ?  
Did you not now despair,  
And think you might as well give up,  
And also leave off prayer ?"

" Yes, and a hundred times twice told,"  
Said Hopeful, " I thus thought,  
But still I did not give up all ;  
This I desired not."

" What was the reason," Christian said,  
That so you did not do ?"

" Because," said Hopeful, " I believed  
What Faithful said was true.

To wit : " The righteousness of Christ  
Alone could reach my case ;"  
I thought if I must die, I shall  
Die at the throne of grace.

For if I do leave off I will  
Be very sure to die ;  
An answer to my plea may come—  
At least I still can try.

Withal this came into my mind,  
" Wait, though it tarry long ;  
It will be sure to come at last ;"  
I saw, to doubt was wrong.

So I continued praying still ;  
I did not leave the throne,  
Until the Father showed to me,  
In love, his only Son."

Said Christian : " How was he at last  
To your poor soul revealed,  
Who seemed to be so very long,  
In darkest clouds concealed ?"



“I did not see him,” Hopeful said,  
“With these material eyes ;  
But with my understanding though,  
And to my great surprise.  
One day when I was very sad,  
Much sadder than before ;  
From seeing that my sins did now  
Amount to many score ;  
And looking now for for nothing but  
A place at last in Hell,  
Yes, while I was so very sad,  
I saw, how good to tell,  
I thought, my Jesus looking down,  
From Heaven, then on me,  
Saying, “Believe in Jesus Christ,  
And saved thou then shalt be.”  
But I replied, thou knowest, Lord,  
My sins are very great.”  
Said he: “My grace will reach your case,  
Whatever be your state.”  
What is believing, Lord? I said ;  
I then saw for the first  
What this doth mean, ‘he that believes  
On me, shall never thirst.’  
‘And he that cometh unto me,  
Shall hunger not again ;’  
I saw that coming, and believing,  
In substance are the same ;  
And that all who come to him,  
With all their heart indeed ;  
Preferring him to all things else—  
Such ones in truth believe.  
I further asked, ‘may such a one,  
Oh Lord, as sinful me,  
Who has against thee sinned so much,  
Be owned, and saved by thee?’

I heard the Saviour in reply,  
Say, "Sinner do not doubt,  
For him that cometh unto me  
In nowise I'll cast out."

I further asked, "Lord how must I  
Consider now of thee;  
That I may come, and that my faith,  
Be as it ought to be?"

"Christ Jesus came into the world"—  
He then to me replied;  
"To seek and save poor sinful men,  
It was for this he died.

And of the law he is the end,  
Of righteousness to all,  
Who truly do believe in him,  
E'en if their faith be small.

To make atonement for our sins,  
Did Jesus come to die;  
And from the dead he rose again,  
That he might justify.

He loved us and he washed us too,  
In his own precious blood;  
He is the mediator too,  
Between us and our God.

He ever liveth, that he may  
For sinners intercede;  
Before the throne he standeth now,  
His precious blood to plead."

From all I gathered that I must,  
For righteousness now look  
To his own person;—for our sins,  
He hath upon him took;

And to the law he hath for sins,  
Full satisfaction made;  
All its requirements fulfilled,  
His blood our debt has paid.

Yes, this was shed for all who will  
With thankful hearts receive,  
The labors of his dying love,  
And in his name believe.

And now my heart was full of joy,  
Mine eyes were full of tears ;  
Of love were my affections full,  
And gone were all my fears.

This love brought Jesus near my heart,  
His people and his ways ;  
I felt his people now were mine,  
My heart was filled with praise."

"How clear this revelation was,  
Of Jesus Christ to you,"  
Then Christian said : "but tell me more—  
How it affected you."

"It made me see that all the world,  
In condemnation is ;  
Yes, notwithstanding all it has,  
Of good or righteousness.

It made me see that God himself,  
So holy and so just,  
Can thus the sinner justify,  
That cometh, though the worst.

It also made me feel ashamed,  
That I so vile had been ;  
And it confounded me, for then  
My ignorance was seen.

For I had never thought there was,  
No, never once before,  
Such beauty, and such loveliness,  
In him whom I adore.

It made me love a holy life,  
I something wished to do,  
In honor to the name of Christ,  
And for his people too.

I thought had I a hundred times  
My body full of blood;  
I would delight to spill it all,  
In honor of my God."

I saw that Hopeful looking back,  
Did Ignorance espy  
Upon the road; to follow them,  
Poor man, he seemed to try.

"Look," Hopeful now to Christian said,  
"How very far behind  
Yon youngster loitereth along,  
He this way seems inclined."

Said Christian: "Yes, I see him too,  
But then he careth not,  
To have our company at all—  
At least, this is my thought."

"I trow," said Hopeful, "it would not  
Have hurt the lad at all,  
Had he kept pace with us before;  
But he behind would fall."

Said Christian: "He thinks otherwise,  
This I will warrant you;  
Although what you have said of him,  
Indeed, is very true."

"I think he doth," did Hopeful say,  
"But let us wait for him."  
Now this they did, and Ignorance  
At last came up to them.

Then Christian said to Ignorance:  
"Come, come, man come away,  
Why do you loiter so behind?  
What need of such delay?"

Said Ignorance: "I pleasure take  
In walking quite alone;  
Much more than in such company  
That I have lately known."

Christian to Hopeful softly said :

“Did I not tell you so ?

He cares not for our company—

His actions this doth show.

And since we now are walking in

A solitary place,

Let us now talk the time away

On this important case.”

Then he, addressing Ignorance,

Said: “Sir, how do you do ?

Pray tell me, man, how does it stand

Between your God and you ?”

Said Ignorance: “I hope all’s well ;

My mind is much upon

Religious things, which comfort me,

While I am walking on.”

“Pray what good thoughts do you still have,”

Said Christian, “as you walk ?”

“I think of God and heaven,” he said,

“Of these I sometimes talk.”

“The devils and damned souls do, too,”

Said Christian, “think on God.”

“But I desire as well as think,

As I walk on this road.”

Said Christian: “Many wish for heaven

Who never will get there ;

The sluggard he desires too,

But nothing doth he share.”

“I think of them,” said Ignorance,

“For them I leave my all.”

“I doubt that,” Christian then replied,

“That matter’s not so small ;

To leave all for an unseen world—

On God cast all our care,

Is harder to be done, indeed,

Than many are aware.

But why," said Christian, "Or by what  
Art thou persuaded thus;  
That thou hast left thy all for Heaven?  
Now this explain to us."

Said Ignorance: "'Tis no guess work,  
I have left all I know;  
For I can feel it in my heart,  
Which tells me this is so."

Said Christian in reply to him:  
"The wise man doth say this,  
'He that doth trust in his own heart  
Is but a fool,'—hear this."

Said Ignorance: "An evil heart,  
Trust in we never should;  
But such an one as mine, why not?  
For mine I know is good."

Then Christian said: "How dost thou prove  
Thy heart indeed is right?  
A Holy God may see thy heart,  
In quite another light."

Said Ignorance: "My heart doth say,  
'There is a Heaven for thee;  
This comforts me, with the bright hope,  
That I that Heaven shall see."

"That may be its deceitfulness,"  
Said Christian, "for man's heart,  
Is such that it may comfort him,  
When none it should impart."

"But then," said Ignorance, "my heart  
And life do so agree,  
That I a hope well grounded have,  
Deceived I cannot be."

Said Christian: "Who hath told thee that  
Thy heart and life agree?  
Perhaps thou dost not see thyself,  
As others do thee see."

Then Ignorance to Christian said:

“My heart, if you must know,  
Hath been my teacher in this thing—  
’Tis it that tells me so.”

“Except the word of God, for thee  
Is witness in this case,  
All other testimony should  
Be here allowed no place.”

“Is not a heart that has good thoughts,  
To be considered good?  
A life that is as God commands,  
Is such a life not good?”

“Yes,” Christian said, “that heart is good,  
That hath good thoughts, ’tis true;  
That life that is as God commands,  
We own a good life too.

’Tis one thing to possess these things,  
Another, so too think.  
If we possess them, all is well,  
If not, on ruin’s brink.”

Said Ignorance: “What count you then,  
Good thoughts and good life too;  
According to all God’s commands?  
This I would learn of you.”

“There are good thoughts of many kinds,  
Respecting many things;”

Said Christian: “Some respect ourselves,  
And some the King of kings.”

“What are good thoughts,” said Ignorance,  
“That do ourselves respect?”

“Such thoughts as with God’s word agree,”  
He said, “we can’t reject.”

Said Ignorance: “When do our thoughts  
Of self, with that agree?”

You seem to think that I am not,  
What I profess to be.”

Said Christian : " When we judgment pass,  
Upon ourselves the same  
As that passed by the word of God ;  
Now this I'm sure is plain.

Now to explain myself to thee :  
The word of God doth say,  
Of persons yet unchanged by grace,  
Unrighteous still are they.

In other words, the Scriptures do  
Of all such persons say,  
There's none that doeth good at all,  
They all have gone astray.

It saith of man who is unchanged,  
That such a heart has he,  
Which doth imagine evil things—  
And that continually.

That man's imagination hath  
Been evil from his youth ;  
Now though this doctrine may seem hard,  
Yet God doth speak the truth.

Now when we of ourselves think thus,  
And all this truly see,  
Such thoughts as these are good, for they  
With God's word do agree."

Then Ignorance replied again  
To Christian, and he said :  
" I never will believe my heart  
To be so very bad."

Said Christian : " Then in all thy life,  
Thou hast not had one thought  
About thyself, that God would own  
As good ; and so I thought.

So hear me as I now proceed—  
The word doth judgment pass  
Upon our hearts and ways alike ;  
It weighs the pilgrim's path.



Our thoughts and lives if we compare,  
With God's word as we should,  
And find they both agree with it,  
We then may call them good."

Said Ignorance: "Your meaning now  
Make out, that I may know  
What doctrine, sir, you mean to teach,  
Or what you wish to show."

To Ignorance then Christian said:  
" 'Tis God's own word that says,  
That man unchanged does no good thing,  
His ways are crooked ways.

Instead of good they are perverse,  
The word of him doth say;  
By nature he doth not at all,  
Walk in the better way.

Instead of having walked therein,  
The way they have not known;  
Man's natural depravity,  
By this is clearly shown.

Now when thou thinkest on thy ways,  
With humble, broken heart,  
And seest them in the light of truth  
The Scriptures do impart,

'Tis then thy thoughts of self are right,  
Because, as thou canst see,  
They do with what God's word declares,  
In all these things agree."

Said Ignorance: "What do you call  
Good thoughts concerning God?"

Then Christian said: "Those thoughts are good,  
That with his word accord.

When we think of him, what the word  
Doth make him out to be,  
So that our thoughts, and his own word  
Concerning him, agree—

His attributes and all, by which  
He maketh himself known,  
Of which I cannot now at large,  
Discourse with thee upon.

To speak of God, with reference  
To us, His creatures men ;  
'Tis right to think He knows our hearts,  
Much better than we can.

We have right thoughts of God, I say,  
When we believe that He  
Can see much sin in us, where we  
Ourselves not any see.

Yes, when we think He knows our thoughts—  
Our inmost thoughts that rise,  
And that our heart, with all its depths,  
Is open to His eyes.

Our thoughts are right when we believe,  
Our righteousness doth stink  
Within God's nostrils, when of ourselves,  
We do the highest think ;

And that he therefore can't abide,  
To see a sinful worm,  
Before Him stand in confidence,  
When He good deeds perform."

"Why, dost thou think I'm such a fool,"  
Did Ignorance reply ;

"As for to think that God can see  
No farther, sir, than I ?

Or that I up to God would in  
My best performance come?  
I am not so self righteous, sir,  
In what I do, as some."

"How dost thou in this matter think?"  
Then Christian to him said.

"I think I must believe in Christ,"  
Was the reply he made.

“How, think thou must believe in Christ,  
When yet thou seest not,  
Thy need of him who hath alone  
To man salvation brought.

Thou dost not see original,  
Nor actual sin in thee ;  
But hast such an opinion of  
Thyself, I plainly see,

And of thy good performances,  
As proves thee now to be,  
A man that hath thy need of Christ  
Been never made to see—

Of righteousness which he imputes,  
Lost man to justify ;  
How canst thou then say ‘I believe,’  
Or that, ‘To him I fly?’ ”

To Christian, Ignorance replied :

“I well enough believe,  
Although I do not see my sins,  
As you do them perceive.”

Said Christian : “Pray, what are thy views,  
Or how dost thou believe ?  
Be careful now, that thou in this  
Dost not thyself deceive.”

“I do believe,” said Ignorance,  
“That Christ for sinners died ;  
And that I shall before my God,  
Be freely justified.

Through his acceptance of my own  
Obedience to the law ;  
(’Tis here I place my confidence,  
From this I comfort draw.)

Or thus Christ makes my duties all  
Acceptable to God ;  
He to the Father offers them,  
As washed in his own blood.”

“ To this confession of thy faith,  
Let me an answer give,”  
Did Christian say, “ for I cannot  
Thy faith as sound, receive.  
Thy faith is all fantastical,  
For it is not described,  
In any part of God’s own word ;  
It therefore can’t abide.  
Thy faith is false, because it doth  
Not rest in Christ alone  
For righteousness, but goes about  
To justify thy own.  
This faith doth not make Jesus Christ,  
To justify the man ;  
But only justify his deeds—  
But this is not the plan.  
For justify thy actions thus,  
Just for thy actions sake,  
Christ never will—thy faith is false,  
And great is thy mistake.  
This faith deceitful is indeed ;  
Poor man, it will leave thee.  
When God doth thee to judgment bring,  
In endless misery.  
For true and justifying faith,  
Doth not make one in awe,  
To seek for safety, or for peace,  
By flying to the law :  
But to the righteousness of Christ,  
For refuge it doth fly ;  
Which righteousness is not designed  
Good deeds to justify—  
To make thine own obedience,  
Owned and approved of God ;  
But Christ’s obedience God accepts,  
Because he shed his blood.

This is the righteousness, I say,  
True faith lays hold upon ;  
'Tis here the soul a refuge finds,  
When all false hopes are gone."

"What, have us trust," said Ignorance,  
"To what Christ once hath done,  
In his own person, without us?  
You have in error run.

Why, this conceit would give loose reins  
To all our lusts, dear sir ;  
Then we might live just as we please—  
For what need us deter.

What matter is it how we live,  
If justified from sin,  
By Christ's own righteousness alone,  
If we have faith therein ?"

Said Christian : "Ignorance 's thy name,  
And as thy name, so thou—  
The answer, does this prove to me,  
Which thou hast given now.

Now justifying righteousness,  
What that is, I must say,  
Thou knowest not more than a babe ;  
Thy words do this display.

And thou art ignorant how thou,  
Through faith in it, may'st shun  
The wrath of the Almighty God,  
Which on the vile will come.

Yea, thou art also ignorant,  
Of what effect it hath ;  
When we in Christ's own righteousness,  
Possess a saving faith,

Which is to bow the stubborn heart—  
Surrender it to God ;  
To give a love to Christ—His ways—  
His people and His word.

"'Tis not as thou in ignorance  
Imagin'st, at all,

We shall not to our lusts give way,  
But strive against them all."

"This question ask," said Hopeful then,  
"To you hath Jesus been  
Revealed from Heaven, so that you  
His loveliness hath seen?"

"Now," Ignorance then made reply,  
"I see that you believe,  
In revelations from the Lord—  
That men such do receive.

I do believe that what both you,  
And all your company  
Say of this matter, is the fruit  
Of brains that crazy be."

"Why man," said Hopeful, "Christ in God  
Is so completely hid,  
From what our nature apprehends,  
We revelations need."

"That's your faith," Ignorance replied,  
"It in nowise is mine;  
Yet mine, I doubt not is as good,  
In every point as thine.

Although I have not in my head  
Admitted to be true,  
So many whimsies of this kind,  
As are received by you."

Said Christian: "Give me leave I pray,  
To put a word in here;  
You speak too lightly of this thing,  
Poor Ignorance, I fear.

For this I boldly do affirm,  
As Hopeful just hath done,  
That no man can know Jesus Christ—  
God's own Eternal Son—

But by a revelation from  
 The Father to the soul,  
 Which seems to speak within the heart—  
 'T is Jesus makes thee whole.

Yea, faith that layeth hold on Christ  
 Must by the power of God  
 Be wrought within the human heart—  
 Now so doth say his word.

The working of this faith I see  
 Thou never yet hast known ;  
 Then be awakened, Ignorance,  
 Thy ignorance now own.

O, try to see thy wretchedness—  
 In haste to Jesus fly ;  
 Look to the merits of his blood,  
 Thy soul to justify.

This righteousness which he imputes  
 By virtue of his blood,  
 Indeed is righteousness divine,  
 For he himself is God.

Now flee to it and thou shalt be  
 From condemnation free ;  
 Repent ! for he hath said, ' my grace  
 Sufficient is for thee.'

" You go so fast," said Ignorance,  
 " For me 't is all in vain  
 To try at keeping pace with you,  
 So I'll behind remain."

Then they said :

" Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,  
 To slight good counsel ten times given thee ?  
 And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know,  
 Ere long, the evil of thy doing so.  
 Remember, man, in time ; stoop, do not fear :  
 Good counsel, taken well, saves ; therefore hear :  
 But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be  
 The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee."

Then Christian did address himself  
To Hopeful, speaking thus:  
"Well, come, good Hopeful, I perceive,  
Walk by ourselves we must."

Now, in my dream I saw that they  
Went on apace before,  
And Ignorance came after them,  
The best he could, once more.

To his companion Christian said,  
"This man I pity much;  
It will go ill with him at last:  
It ever doth with such."

"Alas!" said Hopeful, "in our town  
Are such, and not a few;  
Whole families, and, yes, whole streets,  
And that of pilgrims, too.

Now, if there are so many there,  
How many, would you guess,  
Must be where Ignorance was born?  
They surely are no less."

Then Christian answered in this way:  
"We in the word do read  
That he hath blinded such as he,  
Lest they should see indeed;

But now, since we are by ourselves,  
Of such men, what think you?  
Have they convictions at no time,  
Of sin have they no view?

Do they not sometimes fear that they  
Are in a dangerous state,  
In which they may perhaps remain  
Till death shall seal their fate?"

"Do you that answer," Hopeful said,  
"Good Christian, if you can;  
I leave it now to you, because  
You are the older man."



Then Christian said, "I think they do,  
But they don't comprehend  
The nature of such things as these—  
And that for good they tend.  
And, therefore, they great efforts make  
To stifle and subdue  
All thoughts that would conviction bring,  
If they were listened to.

Themselves they do presumptuously  
Still flatter in their ways;  
The way their sinful hearts incline,  
They follow all their days."

"I do believe," then Hopeful said,  
"That fear in every age  
Hath done much good in causing men  
To go on pilgrimage."

Said Christian: "without doubt it hath,  
If right: for, saith the word,  
That wisdom doth in us begin  
When we first fear the Lord."

Then Hopeful unto Christian said:  
"How will you it describe,  
Right fear? for all fear can't be right,  
This cannot be denied."

Then Christian said, "we may observe,  
Right fear will thus begin;  
We feel it first when we do see  
The sinfulness of sin.

It drives the soul to lay fast hold  
On Christ, and cry 'Lord, save;  
I feel there is an awful Hell  
That lies beyond the grave.'

It doth beget within the soul  
Great reverence for God;  
Of things that do pertain to him—  
His holy ways and word.

It also tender makes the heart—  
Makes it afraid, at all  
To turn, to either right or left,  
To sins however small—

To things that do dishonor God,  
That peace of soul will break;  
The spirit grieve, or cause the foe  
Reproachfully to speak."

Then Hopeful said in his reply:  
"All true, thy views are sound;  
Are we now, Christian, almost past  
This dull Enchanted Ground?"

Said Christian, "Why, of this discourse  
Do you now weary grow?"

"No, verily," did Hopeful say,  
"But where we are, I'd know."

Then Christian said, "we have not now  
Above two miles to go,  
Till past all the Enchanted Ground,  
Which we have dreaded so;

But to our subject of discourse  
Let us return again;  
This matter of great moment is  
Which I wish to explain.

I say the ignorant are so,  
That they do not discern  
Convictions to be for their good,  
So slow are they to learn.

Convictions that put them in fear  
They will not hearken to,  
But strive against them all they can,  
That they may them subdue."

"How do they seek to stifle them?"  
Hopeful to Christian said:

"For such convictions I have found  
Are not so easy stayed."

“They think,” said Christian, “that their fears  
Are by the Devil wrought,  
Though they, indeed, are all of God,  
To them in mercy brought.

And, thinking so, they them resist,  
Because that this they know,  
All that is by the Devil wrought,  
Will be their overthrow.

They also fear these fears do tend  
Their hope and faith to spoil,  
When they, poor men, alas, possess  
No saving faith at all.

And, therefore, they against such fears  
Their hearts do harden quite;  
They do presume they ought not fear,  
So all such fears they slight.

Presumptuous confidence they have;  
They see those fears will take  
From them their old self-holiness;  
So they resistance make.”

And now to Christian Hopeful said:  
“Of this I something know:—  
Before I knew myself, it was  
With me, dear brother, so.”

Said Christian, “well, we now will leave  
Our neighbor Ignorance;  
Another question fall upon,  
And profit draw from hence.

One Temporary, Christian said,  
Sir, did you ever know?  
He once resided in your parts,  
About ten years ago.

He was (and we do often find  
This very class of men)  
A very forward person in  
Things of religion then.”

Said Hopeful, "know him? yes I did:  
He dwelt in Graceless town,  
About two miles from Honesty,  
Next door to Turnback's home."

Said Christian, "true, I recollect,  
I once that town was in;  
He dwelt beneath the self-same roof,  
Or else next door to him.

That man was once awakened, too—  
To some extent did view  
The sins which had defiled his soul:—  
The wages to them due."

"I am of your mind," Hopeful said,  
We dwelt three miles apart;  
He oft times came to me in tears,  
And with a troubled heart.

I truly pitied that poor man,  
But had some hope for him:  
But I now see, not all that cry  
'Lord, Lord,' shall enter in."

Said Christian, "this man told me once,  
That he would soon engage  
In the good work of setting out,  
As we, on pilgrimage.

But on a sudden, with Save-Self,  
This man acquainted grew;  
A stranger he became to me,  
All on a sudden, too."

Said Hopeful, "since we have this talk,  
Let us inquire why  
Such men do suddenly backslide,  
And their convictions die?"

Said Christian, this may prove indeed  
A profitable theme;  
But I will now expect of you  
This discourse to begin."

“Well, then,” said Hopeful, “I presume,  
Four reasons there must be  
For such a sudden turning back  
Of all such men as he.

One reason : though the consciences  
Of such men are awaked,  
But yet their minds remain unchanged,  
So they no progress make.

And, therefore, when the power of guilt  
Doth wear away from them,  
That which caused their righteousness  
Will also leave them then.

And so they naturally turn  
To their old course again,  
And often to their dying day  
They careless do remain.

Just like the dog made sick by food :  
Long as that sickness lasts,  
All that his stomach doth contain,  
He from his stomach casts.

Not that with his free will he doth  
Cast up his food at all,  
But as it much distresses him,  
He’s forced to cast up all.

But when he feels no longer sick—  
His stomach free from pain—  
He to his vomit turns about,  
And licks it up again.

And so we find what’s written true—  
The dog again is turned  
To his own vomit—licks it up—  
A thing he once so spurned.

And thus, I say, those hot for heaven  
Because that hell they fear,  
Will soon lose all their righteousness,  
When hell seems not so near.

So then it comes to pass, that when  
Their sense of guilt is gone,  
And also fear, their zeal for heaven  
Doth with these pass along.

Another reason: They have fears  
That do outmaster them;  
I speak now of the slavish fears  
They have of other men.

'The fear of man,' the wise man's words  
Most plainly do declare,  
Is dangerous, because it doth  
Upon us bring a snare.

So then, though they are hot for heaven  
Long as the flames of hell  
Are raging hot about their ears;  
When that subsides, farewell

To all their thoughts of things above,  
For they take second thought,  
And then think this—that they'll be wise,  
Their all to hazard not:

That they will not the hazard run  
Of losing all they have,  
And bringing troubles on themselves,  
Which they as well can save.

And now in with the world again,  
They do consent to fall;  
And all their thoughts are fixed on it,  
And it is now their all.

The shame the world doth cast upon  
Religion, I will say,  
Doth prove to them a stumbling block,  
And doth stop up their way.

And they are proud and haughty too;  
Religion in their eye  
Appareth low—contemptible,  
And so they pass it by.

And therefore when their sense of hell  
And wrath to come is gone,  
They to their former sinful course  
Immediately return.

A sense of guilt and thoughts that do  
Their minds with terror fill,  
Are grievous to them ; they wish not  
To see what once they 'll feel.

And now because they shun the thoughts  
Of terror and of guilt,  
When their alarming fears are gone,  
Which have indeed been built  
Upon the terror and the wrath  
Of God, whose eyes are pure,  
Their hearts they harden wilfully,  
And make their ruin sure."

Said Christian : " Brother Hopeful, you  
Have told this matter well ;  
The bottom of it is for want  
Of change of mind and will.

And therefore of this class of men,  
I think that I may say,  
They're like the felon when draws near  
His final sentence day.

When he doth stand before the judge,  
He quakes and trembles too,  
And seems as if he did repent ;  
But then he has in view

The halter and the pain of death ;  
'T is not that he detests  
The vile offence that brought him there—  
But fear disturbs his breast.

The truth of this is evident ;  
Let this man but be free  
And he will still remain a thief—  
A rogue, at liberty.

Whereas, if this man's mind were changed  
He would do otherwise ;  
He then would act from principle ;  
Such conduct would despise."

Said Hopeful : " I have shown to you  
The reason some backslide ;  
Do you the manner show to me,  
Your views now open wide."

Said Christian : " Yes, I willingly  
Will show you how 't is done ;  
They draw their thoughts away from God,  
And judgment that will come.

Then by degrees they lay aside  
What private duties are ;  
As curbing lusts, and watchfulness—  
Repentance—closet prayer.

And soon they altogether shun  
The place where christians meet ;  
Because that christian fellowship  
No more to them is sweet.

To'ards public duty they grow cold,  
Love not to hear or read ;  
Grow cold to godly conference,  
And all such like indeed.

They then begin to find much fault  
With some who godly are ;  
And that too very dev'lishly,  
For their good names they mar.

And all this, too, that it may seem  
That they have good excuse  
For casting their religion off—  
They say its of no use.

And they associate themselves  
With carnal, wanton men ;  
Yes, they will seek such company,  
And much delight in them.



They also yield to secret sins,  
Are glad if they can see  
Such things in one who is esteemed  
A righteous man to be.

That they may for example have  
Such men, to make them bold  
In the unrighteous deeds they do—  
Which are both new and old.

Then after this they do begin  
With little sins to play ;  
Not when alone—but openly,  
For now so bold are they.

Now being hardened, what men think  
They do not seem to care ;  
And now they do show openly  
What wicked men they are.

Thus being launched again into  
The gulf of misery,  
Unless a miracle of grace  
Prevent, they'll ruined be."

Now in my dream I saw that they  
Had passed the Enchanted Ground,  
And in the land of Beulah were—  
This they delightful found.

Now in this land they were refreshed,  
Its air was very sweet ;  
Their way lay through this pleasant land—  
Sweet sounds their ears did greet.

Here every day they saw sweet flowers—  
The birds most sweetly sang ;  
They also heard the turtle's voice  
Sound over all the land.

Now here the sun doth not go down,  
And here there is no night ;  
A candle in their houses they  
Do never need to light.

This was beyond the Valley of  
The very Shade of Death ;  
They seemed to praise the Lord while here,  
With almost every breath.

This also was beyond the reach  
Of Giant called Despair ;  
His Doubting Castle they could not  
So much as see from here.

But they could have from here, indeed,  
A most delightful view  
Of that great City which they both  
Were on a journey to.

Here some of the inhabitants  
The holy pilgrims met ;  
They knew them, though they never had  
Been in the City yet.

Now in this land the Shining Ones  
Are often seen to walk ;  
For it on heaven's borders is—  
And here they sweetly talk.

Between the bride and bridegroom here,  
The contract was renewed ;  
Her everlasting dwelling place  
The bride with rapture viewed.

Now as the bridegroom doth rejoice  
When present with his bride,  
So did their God rejoice o'er them,  
In him they did confide.

Here was no want of corn and wine,  
For in this place had they  
Abundance of what they had sought,  
While pilgrims on the way.

Now from the city voices came,  
Which sounded loudly here :  
"Speak ye to Zion's daughter ; say  
Salvation draweth near.

Behold with him is his reward ;  
To give to every one  
That hath a faithful servant been,  
A mansion near his throne.”

Now all this land's inhabitants  
Did say with one accord,  
“These are the holy people—yea,  
Redeemed too of the Lord.

Now they had more rejoicing here,  
While walking in this land,  
Than in the parts that were remote,  
The prospect was so grand.

And drawing near the city, which  
They now were going to,  
These pilgrims had a splendid, yea,  
A still more perfect view.

Of glittering pearls and precious stones,  
Was this great city reared ;  
The streets thereof are paved with gold,  
And glorious it appeared.

Its natural glory was so great,  
(The sunbeams on it shone  
In splendor on the golden streets,  
Each pearl and precious stone,)

That Christian at the sight of it  
Fell sick with pure desire  
That he might very soon get there,  
To love and to admire.

And Hopeful of the same disease  
Had here a fit or two ;  
And here they lay and cried to all  
Who passed within their view:—

“If you do my beloved see,  
Tell Him I'm sick of love ;  
I long to be in his embrace,  
And dwell with him above.”

But being soon somewhat revived,  
They rose from where they lay ;  
They bore their sickness better now,  
And they went on their way.

They came yet nearer, and more near,  
Until they came up where  
Were orchards, vineyards, gardens, too,  
And all was pleasant there.

I saw that all the gates thereof  
Were so arranged that they  
From all these places opened wide,  
Into the King's highway.

As they up to these places came,  
They to the gard'ner said :  
'Whose goodly gardens and vineyards!  
For whom have they been made!'

He answered, 'they are all the Kings ;  
For his delight they are,  
And for the solace of all such,  
Who 're pilgrims from afar.'

The gardener took the pilgrims then  
Into the vineyards all,  
And bid them there refresh themselves  
With dainties great and small.

The walks and arbors of the King's,  
Where he delights to be,  
He showed to them, and here they slept—  
They had full liberty.

Now, I perceived, that in their sleep,  
These pilgrims talked much more  
Than they in all their journey had,  
Which they had come before.

While I was musing thereabout,  
The gard'ner said to me,  
"Why do you at this matter muse?  
'Tis nothing strange to me ;

It is the nature of these grapes  
To go down just so sweet,  
That they will cause the lips of them  
That are asleep, to speak."

I also saw, when they awoke,  
They both set out anew  
To go up to the city, which  
They had so long in view.

But now the sun upon it shone,  
It they could not behold  
With open face, for it was all  
Of pure and shining gold.

But here they had an instrument  
That was on purpose made  
The brilliant city to behold;  
Their vision it would aid.

I saw that as the pilgrims went,  
They came across two men,  
(Whose faces shone as doth the light,)  
Who spake, and said to them :

"Now tell us, men, from whence came you?"  
The pilgrims straightway told  
These men, whose faces shone as light,  
Whose garments were pure gold.

They asked them too, where they had lodged,  
With what things they had met—  
What pleasures they had on the way—  
What dangers them beset?

When they had told these Shining Ones  
All things about the way,  
"But two things more you have to meet,"  
Did these men to them say;

"Two difficulties more to meet,  
Till you the city gain,  
Where pilgrims from their labors rest—  
From sorrow, toil and pain."

The pilgrims then asked these two men,  
Along with them to go;  
"We will" said they, "but your own faith  
Must gain that place for you."

So in my dream, I saw that they  
All kept in company,  
Till they so near the city were,  
That they the gate could see.

I saw between them and the gate,  
A river very deep;  
No bridge at all was over it,  
Yet they must forward keep.

The pilgrims at the sight of this,  
Were greatly stunned indeed;  
But then the men who with them went,  
Their steps aright to lead,  
Said, "you must through these waters go,  
Good pilgrims, soon or late,  
If ever you the city gain—  
Or even reach the gate."

The pilgrims to the Shining Ones,  
Now in their strait did say:  
"To the Celestial City gate,  
Is there no other way?"

To which they answered, "yes there is,  
But none this path have trod,  
Save Enoch and Elijah, since  
The heavens were spread abroad.

No mortal man has since these two,  
That other pathway found;  
And none shall ever go that way,  
Till the last trump shall sound."

The pilgrims, to despond in mind,  
By this time did begin;  
They also looked this way and that—  
Afraid to venture in.

But no way could be found by them,  
By which they might escape;  
The river they must now go through  
To reach the city gate.

The pilgrims then said to these men,  
"Since we must through this go,  
Is this great water of one depth?"  
To which they answered, "No."

Yet they could not the the pilgrims help,  
In that most trying place;  
But said, "You'll find the depth to be  
According to your faith;

For if your faith is very weak,  
In him who is the King  
Of that blest place to which you go,  
It will the deeper seem."

The pilgrims after hearing this,  
Did then begin to wade;  
But Christian soon began to sink,  
And crying out he said:

"My good friend Hopeful, here I sink  
In waters deep you see;  
The billows do go o'er my head—  
The waves go over me."

Then Hopeful unto Christian said:  
"My brother have good cheer,  
I feel the bottom, it is good,  
We nothing have to fear."

"But ah! my friend," said Christian then,  
"Death's sorrows are no doubt  
Upon me, and do compass me,  
Like floods all round about.

That land I once did hope to see,  
Where milk and honey flow;  
I think of it, I must despair,  
To it I'll never go."

And now great darkness fell on him,  
And also horror, too;  
So that he could not see at all—  
He knew not what to do.

And also, in a measure, here  
His senses now were gone,  
That he could not now orderly,  
Past comforts talk upon;

For he remembered little now,  
The comforts he had seen,  
Which proved refreshing to his soul,  
While he was journeying.

But all his words still brought to view  
The horror of his mind,  
Lest he should in the river die,  
And Heaven never find.

Here also, they who stood by him,  
At this time did perceive,  
That he about his former sins  
Did not a little grieve.

The sins that were committed, both  
Before and ever since,  
He did with a determined will  
His pilgrimage commence.

It was observed, that he sometimes,  
Would apparitions see,  
Of hobgoblins, and all such things,  
That evil spirits be.

For he would every now and then,  
Some apparition name,  
By which it might be clearly seen,  
His thoughts were on the same.

As Christian had so many fears,  
Hopeful had much to do  
To keep his brother's head above,  
While they were going through.



Sometimes he would be quite gone down,  
The waves closed o'er his head ;  
Then in a while would rise again,  
When he was almost dead.

Then Hopeful would, to comfort him,  
Say, "brother now I see  
The gate, and men who're waiting there  
To welcome you and me."

But Christian would make this reply :  
"They're waiting there for *you*,  
For you have Hopeful been e'er since  
The first of you I knew."

"Good brother you have also been  
Kept up by hope," said he,  
Through all your pilgrimage thus far,  
And now in good hopes be."

Then he replied, "If I was right,  
The Lord would now be near—  
He would not leave me so alone,  
In this deep water here ;

But for my sins he hath brought me  
Into a dreadful snare ;  
To reap such fruit as I deserve,  
He's left me thus to fare."

Then Hopeful said, "My brother, dear,  
You think not of that text,  
Where it is of the wicked said,  
'No bands are in their death,

But all their strength remaineth firm—  
Great troubles seize not them ;  
They are not plagued e'en at their last,  
As are some righteous men.'"

"These troubles," Hopeful said to him,  
"Which you are passing through  
In these deep waters, are not signs  
That God's forsaken you.

But to this end they have been sent,  
That they your faith might try;  
To see if you would call to mind,  
His help in days gone by—  
And live upon him in distress,  
When waves around you roll;  
The same as when his presence did  
A feast prove to your soul.”

Now I perceived that Christian was,  
Awhile in quite a muse;  
Then Hopeful said, “ Christ makes thee whole,  
His mercy don't refuse.”

Then Christian spake in a loud voice,  
“ This Jesus Christ I see;  
He tells me ‘ when thou passeth through  
The waves, I'll be with thee,  
And through the rivers, they shall not  
At all thee overflow ;’  
For I control both wind and wave,  
And I will with thee go.”

These pilgrims then fresh courage took,  
They no more felt alone;  
And after this the enemy  
Was still as is a stone.

And Christian presently found ground,  
That he could stand upon ;  
The river now was shallow, till  
They over it had gone.

And now upon the river bank,  
But on the other side ;  
They saw the same two shining men,  
There waiting them to guide.

The pilgrims both had waded through,  
And coming up the shore,  
The shining men saluted them—  
(Now safe for evermore—)

“ We ministering spirits are  
To minister sent forth,  
To those who shall salvation have,  
And who 're redeemed from earth.”

And now the pilgrims went with these,  
Who on the bank did wait ;  
(They were quite lovely company,)  
Towards the city gate.

Now you must note, the city on  
A mighty hill did stand ;  
But up the pilgrims went with ease,  
They had a helping hand.

Their mortal garments they had not,  
For these they left behind ;  
They in the river left them all—  
Yes, all of mortal kind.

They therefore went up here with ease,  
Agility and speed ;  
Though the celestial city did  
The clouds in height exceed.

Yes, its foundation did exceed  
The highest clouds in height ;  
To it they went up through the air,  
And that with great delight.

They talked, too, sweetly as they went,  
Glad that their journey's end  
Was just at hand, and that there did  
Such company attend.

Their talk with these two shining ones,  
While going up through space,  
Was now about the beauty and  
The glory of the place.

The shining ones then said to them,  
“ You for yourselves can see  
Its beauties inexpressible ;  
There you will happy be.

There is Mount Zion, which is called  
The New Jerusalem ;  
And angels without number, too,  
And spirits of just men.

Now very soon you both shall reach,  
The Paradise of God ;  
There you shall see the tree of life,  
And eat its wholesome food.

The fruits, the tree of life doth yield,  
You shall eat of when there ;  
And this fruit will forever last—  
With none will it compare.

When you get there, robes white as light  
Shall your apparel be ;  
You with the King, shall walk and talk,  
Throughout eternity.

There you shall never see again,  
Such things as you have seen,  
When you were pilgrims on the earth,  
Where you have strangers been.

Sickness and sorrow pain and death,  
You never more shall see ;  
The former things are passed away,  
For all eternity.

You soon shall be with Abraham,  
And Isaac, too, at home ;  
With Jacob, and the prophets, too,  
Saved from the wrath to come.

Men who've been taken home to God,  
To their eternal rest ;  
Each walking in true righteousness,  
And all forever blest."

The men then asked, "what must we do,  
When we are dwelling there?"  
To them this answer then was made :  
"You golden crowns shall wear ;

A rich reward you shall receive,  
For all your toil and pain ;  
Joy for your sorrow—and for loss,  
Eternal life you'll gain.

You there must reap what you have sown—  
The fruits of all your prayers,  
And tears and sufferings for the King ;  
There you'll be free from cares.

Yes, in that place you shall enjoy,  
And see the HOLY ONE ;  
You there shall see him as he is,  
His glory look upon.

HIM, you shall serve continually,  
With shouting and with praise ;  
And with thanksgiving, whom you strived,  
To serve in earthly days,

But with much difficulty too,  
Because the flesh was weak ;  
Though you a willing spirit had,  
Obedient to keep.

Your eyes shall there behold his face,  
Your ears shall hear his voice ;  
The voice of the ALMIGHTY ONE,  
That makes all heaven rejoice.

There you shall all your friends enjoy,  
That have before you gone ;  
And all that follow you to God—  
You shall see every one.

With majesty you shall be clothed—  
Equipage you shall have,  
All fit to ride out with the King,  
Who you from Hell did save.

When he shall come with trumpet sound,  
And in the clouds appear—  
Shall come as on the wings of wind,  
To bid the world draw near—

You too shall come, and then when he  
Sits on the judgment throne,  
You shall sit by him till the doom  
Of all men shall be known.

And when he shall pass sentence on  
Those who have of their choice  
Been workers of iniquity,  
In this you'll have a voice.

It will not matter what they are,  
Angels or mere men ;  
For all were his and your foes too ;  
With him you shall condemn.

When he to Zion shall return—  
The city enter in,  
With sound of trumpet, you shall go  
And ever be with him."

Now while they thus were drawing nigh,  
To the celestial gate.

Some of the heavenly host came out,  
The pilgrims now to meet—

To whom the shining ones did say,  
Who with the pilgrims came ;  
"These are the men who loved the Lord—  
Lest all, to bear his name.

And he hath sent us after them,  
That we might bring them home ;  
So we have brought them on their way,  
And they have thus far come,

That they may enter in and see,  
Their blest Redeemer's face,  
Who bought their pardon with his blood,  
And saved them by his grace."

The heavenly host then gave a shout,  
Said "praise the great I AM ;  
For blest are they who are the called,  
T' the supper of the Lamb—

The marriage supper of the Lamb;  
That they may drink and eat,  
And follow him where e'er he goes,  
To walk each golden street."

There came to meet them trumpeters,  
All sent out by the King;  
With garments white, and sounds so sweet,  
They made the heavens ring.

These trumpeters did now salute  
The pilgrims as they came,  
With many thousand welcomes from  
This world of sin and shame.

Now this they did with many shouts,  
And with the trumpets, sound;  
And then they compassed them about,  
On every side, all round.

Some went before and some behind,  
Some on the left and right,  
That they might guide them safely up  
To everlasting light.

Their trumpets sounded all the while,  
And that most sweetly too;  
This sight was very glorious—  
Like heaven seemed the view.

Now thus they all together went,  
And with the joyful sounds,  
These trumpeters would gestures make,  
To show their joy around.

By looks and gestures they would show,  
To both these pilgrim men,  
That they were glad to see them there—  
That they rejoiced in them.

It seemed as if they were in Heaven,  
Though they were not yet there;  
For they the lovely angels saw—  
Their music they did hear.

Here also they the city saw,  
For plainly 'twas in view ;  
They thought they heard the bells all ring,  
To welcome them thereto.

But this sweet thought did crown their joys,  
That they should always dwell  
With such delightful company,  
And never say, farewell.

Oh! by what tongue or pen, can all  
Their raptures be expressed !  
For now they came up to the gate,  
To be forever blessed.

Now over it this writing was,  
In letters of pure gold :—  
(Which when they read, they felt in heart  
What tongue hath never told,)

“They blessed are—forever blest,  
Who His commandments do,  
That they may see the Tree of Life,  
And have a right thereto.”

The shining men then bid them call  
At the celestial gate ;  
They called, and some looked over then,  
To see who there did wait.

They who looked over from above,  
Were known to be these three—  
Elijah, Moses, Enoch too,  
Who all in glory be.

To them 'twas said, “these pilgrims are  
Both from Destruction come ;  
The love they bear to Christ our King,  
Hath brought them both therefrom.”

And then the pilgrims each gave in  
His own certificate,  
Which at the first he had received,  
To hand in at the gate.



And now both these were carried in  
Unto the King, and when  
He read these two certificates,  
He said, "where are the men?"

This answer He received: that they  
Both stood without the gate.  
Then he commanded that they should  
Not any longer wait.

"Now open wide the city gate,"  
Thus spake the Mighty King;  
"That all the righteous ones who keep  
The truth, may enter in."

I then perceived that these two men,  
Did enter through the gate;  
No more had they to stand without,  
And for admittance wait.

And lo! as they did enter in,  
They both transfigured were;  
And raiment that did shine like gold,  
Was put upon them there.

Some also met them, having crowns,  
And harps to give to them;  
The harps they gave to praise withal—  
The crowns to honor them.

And now the city bells I heard,  
For joy they rang again;  
A voice said, "enter into the  
Joy of your Lord, good men."

I also heard the men themselves,  
Sing with loud voice this song:  
'All blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Unto our Lord belong.

To Him that sitteth on the throne,  
Doth all this praise belong,  
And to the Lamb for evermore;"  
They sweetly sang this song.

Just as the gates were open wide,  
For these two pilgrim men,  
That I might see the holy place,  
I looked in after them.

Behold the city, like the sun  
In all its glory, shone;  
The streets were also paved with gold,  
And many walked thereon.

I saw that crowns were on their heads,  
And harps were in their hands  
Of purest gold, to praise withal,  
And in their hands were palms.

And there were also some with wings,  
Who to each other said :  
"Holy, holy, is the Lord,"  
This constantly they said.

Now after this the gates were shut,  
And when I this had seen,  
I wished that I had been there too,  
And with them taken in.

While I was gazing on these things,  
I backwards cast a glance,  
And saw one at the river side ;  
Now this was Ignorance.

But he soon gained the other side,  
He little trouble found,  
Compared with what the others did,  
For they were almost drowned.

For now it happened that a man  
Was there ; it was Vain-Hope ;  
He was a ferry-man by trade—  
He helped him with his boat.

So he, as others that I saw,  
Did now the hill ascend,  
To go up to the city gate,  
But he had not a friend.

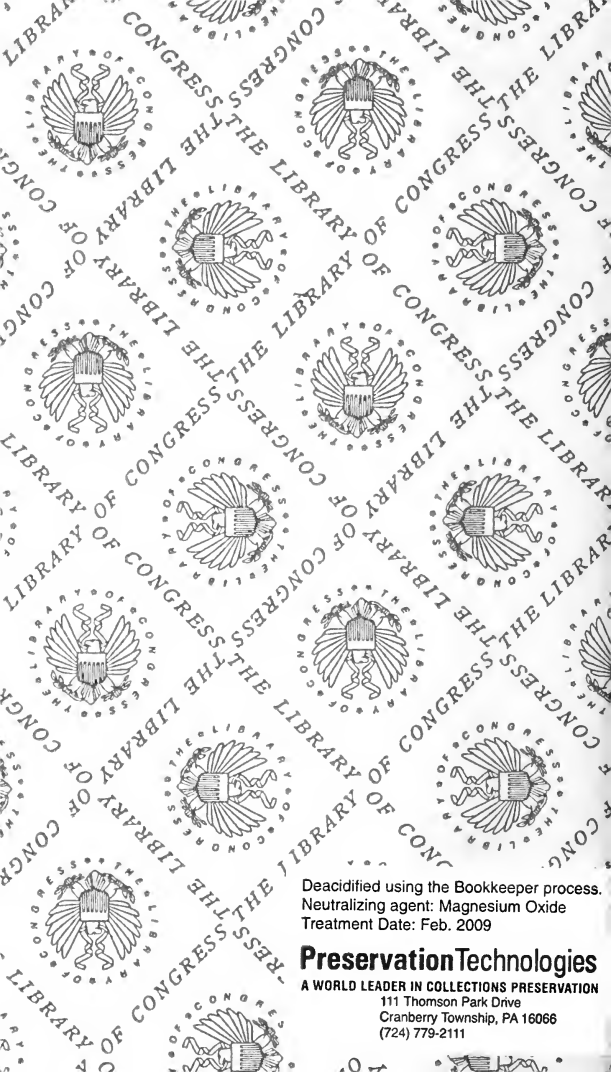
None with the least encouragement,  
Came out this man to meet ;  
No shining ones to guide him home,  
To walk the golden street.  
When he up to the gate had come,  
The writing he could see  
Above the gate ; now he supposed,  
That very quickly he  
Would find admittance at the gate,  
Into the Holy Place.  
Now at the gate he stood and knocked,  
But awful was his case ;  
For he was questioned by the men,  
Who overlooked the gate,  
From whence he came, what he would have,  
And what he had to state.  
He answered, " I have ate and drank,  
In presence of the King ;  
And he in our streets hath taught,  
This is the word I bring."  
They asked for his certificate,  
That they might have it shown,  
To see if he might enter in ;  
But Ignorance had none.  
" Have you got no certificate ?"  
Said they, and this he heard,  
But he was so confounded that  
He answered not a word.  
They told the King, but he would not  
Come down the man to see,  
But did command the shining ones,  
Who his attendants be,  
To go and take poor Ignorance,  
And bind him foot and hand,  
And take him from the city gate—  
Yes, this did he command.

They then took this poor Ignorance—  
Him carried through the air,  
Unto the door on side the hill,  
And put the man in there.

And now I saw there was a way,  
To Hell from Heaven's gate,  
As well as from the city, which  
Destruction doth await.

So I awoke, and behold—IT WAS A DREAM.



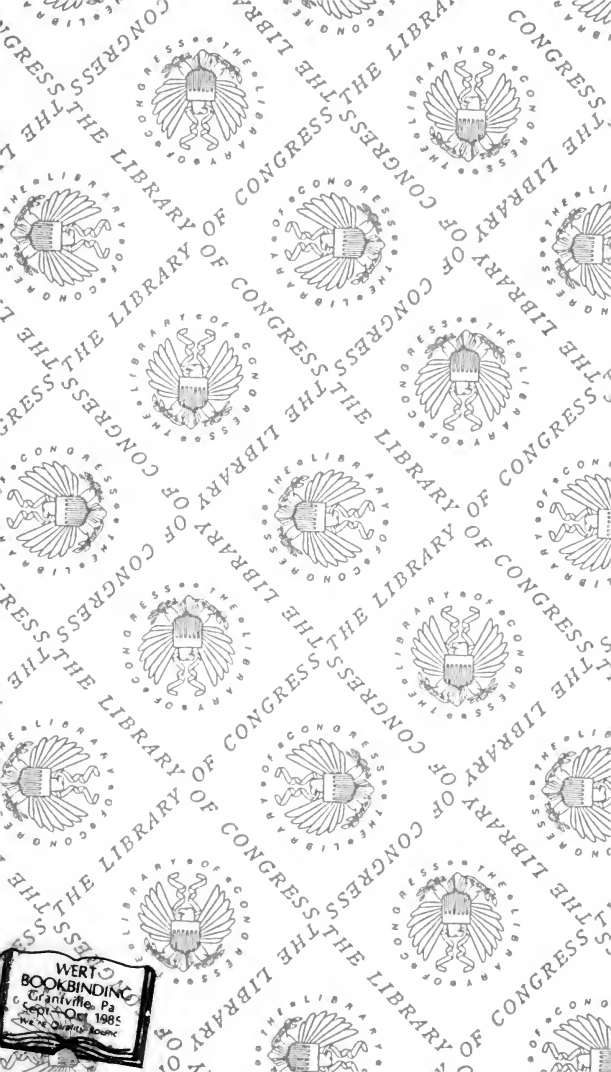


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