







AS I SLEPT I DREAMED A DREAM.

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THE  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY  
JOHN BUNYAN  
" "

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

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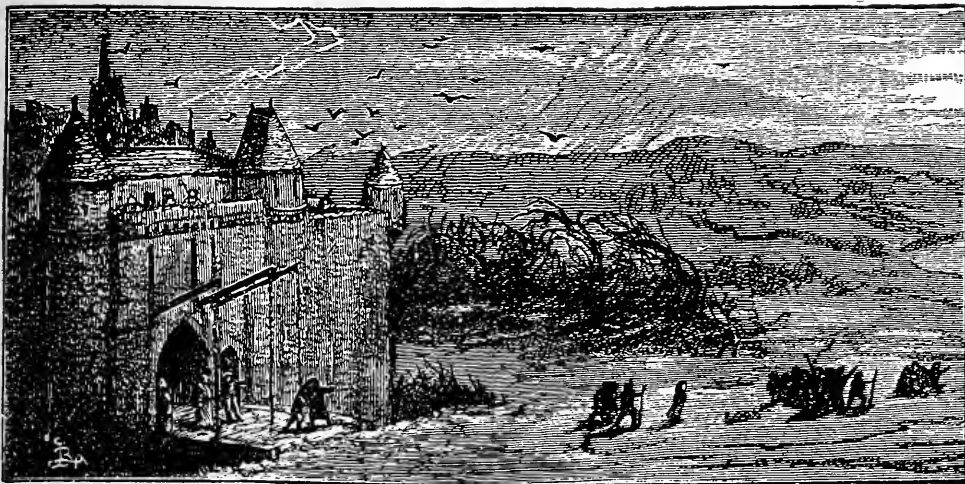
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## THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

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AS I went through the wild waste of this world, I came to a place where there was a den, and I lay down in it to sleep. While I slept, I had a dream, and lo! I saw a man whose clothes were in rags, and he stood with his face from his own house, with a book in his hand, and a great load on his back.

I saw him read, from the leaves of a book.

and as he read he wept and shook with fear; and at length he broke out with a loud cry, and said, What shall I do to save my soul!

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

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

But the night was as bad to him as the day, for he spent it in sighs and tears, and not in sleep.

When the morn broke, they sought to know

how he did. He told them, Worse and worse ;



A MAN WHOSE CLOTHES WERE IN RAGS.

and he set to talk once more in the same strain

as he had done ; but they took no heed of it. By and by, to drive off his fit, they spoke harsh words to him ; at times they would laugh, at times they would chide, and then set him at nought. So he went to his room to pray for them, as well as to nurse his own grief. He would go, too, in the woods to read and muse, and thus for some weeks he spent his time.

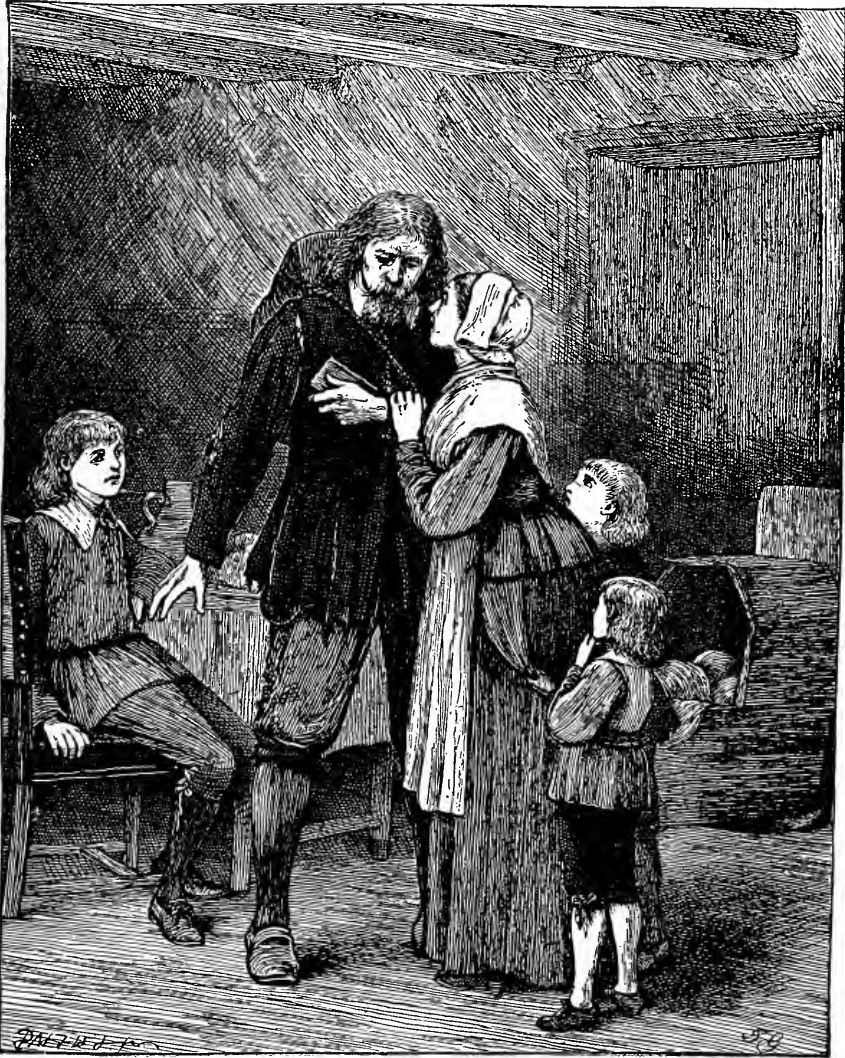
Now I saw, in my dream, that one day, as he took his walk in the fields with his book in his hand, he gave a groan—for he felt as if a cloud were on his soul—and he burst out as he was wont to do, and said, Who will save me? I saw, too, that he gave wild looks this way and that, as if he would rush off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

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

E-VAN-GEL-IST. Why do you fear to die, since this life is so full of ills?

The man said, I fear lest a hard doom should

wait me, and that this load on my back will



HE SPOKE TO HIS WIFE AND BABES.

make me sink down, till at last, I shall find I am

in Hell. Sir, if I be not fit for the jail, I am not fit to meet the Judge, nor that to which he will doom me, and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

If this be your case, said E-van-gel-ist why do you stand still?

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

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

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

E-van-gel-ist held out his hand to point to a gate in a wide field, and said, Do you see the Wicket Gate?

The man said, No.

Do you see that bright light?

He then said, I think I do.

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

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

Now he had not gone far from his own door,

when his wife and young ones, who saw him, gave a loud wail to beg of him to come back; but the man put his hands to his ears, and ran on with a cry of, Life! Life! Life that shall not end! So he did not look back, but fled to the midst of the plain.

The friends of his wife, too, came out to see him run, and as he went, some were heard to mock him, some to

use threats, and there were two who set off to fetch him back by force, the names of whom were Ob-sti-nate and Pli-a-ble. Now, by this time,



HE TRIED TO PRAY.

the man had gone a good way off, but at last they came up to him.

Then said Chris-tian, Friends, why are you come?

To urge you to go back with us, said they.

But said he, That can by no means be; you dwell in The City of De-struction, the place where I, too, was born. I know it to be so, and there you will die and sink down to a place which burns with fire;



OB-STI-NATE.

be wise, good friends, and come with me.

What! and leave our goods, and all our kith and kin, our friends and our joys?



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

OB-STI-NATE. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

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



PLI-A-BLE.

OB-STI-NATE. Tush! Off with your book. Will you go back with us or no?

CHRIS-TIAN. No, not I, for I have laid my hand to the plow.

OB-STI-NATE. Come, friend Pli-a-ble, let us turn back and leave him; there is a troop of such mad, vain fools who, when they take up with a whim by the end, are more wise in their own eyes than ten men of good sound sense, who know how to think.

PLI-A-BLE. Nay, do not scorn him; if what the good Chris-tian says is true, the things he looks to are of more worth than ours: my heart leans to what he says.

OB-STI-NATE. What! more fools still! Go back with me, go back, and be wise.

CHRIS-TIAN. Nay, but do you come with your friend Pli-a-ble; there are such things to be had as those I just spoke of, and more, too. If you give no heed to me, read here in this book which comes to us from God, and proves the truth of it all.

PLI-A-BLE. Well, friend Ob-sti-nate, I think now I have come to a point; and I mean to go with this good man, and to cast my lot in with his. Then said he to Chris-tian, Do you know the way to the place you speak of?

CHRIS-TIAN. I am told by a man whose name

is E-van-gel-ist, to do my best to reach a gate that is in front of us, where I shall be told how to find the way.

So they went on side by side.

OB-STI-NATE. And I will go back to my place; I will not be one of such vain folk.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Ob-sti-nate was gone back, Chris-tian and Pli-a-ble set off to cross the plain, and they spoke thus as they went :

CHRIS-TIAN. Well, Pli-a-ble, how do you do now? I am glad you have a mind to go with me.

PLI-A-BLE. Come, friend Chris-tian, since there are none but we two here, tell me more of the things of which we go in search, and how we are to get them?

CHRIS-TIAN. I can find them in my heart, though I know not how to speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you wish to know, this book tells us we are to dwell with a King whose realm has no ends, and there we shall live as long as he lives.

PLI-A-BLE. Well said, and what else?

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

PLI-A-BLE. This, too, is good; and what else?

CHRIS-TIAN. That there shall be no more care nor grief, nor pain; for he that owns the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

PLI-A-BLE. And what friends shall we find there?

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

PLI-A-BLE. But how shall we get to share all this?

CHRIS-TIAN. The Lord of that land saith, if we wish to gain that world we shall be free to have it.

PLI-A-BLE. Well, my good friend, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

CHRIS-TIAN. I can not go so fast as I would, for this load on my back.

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

PLI-A-BLE. Ah! friend Chris-tian, where are you now?

CHRIS-TIAN. In truth, I do not know.

Then Pli-a-ble got in a rage and said to his friend, Is this the bliss of which you told me all this while? If we have such ill speed when we first set out, what may we look for 'twixt this and the end of our way? And then he gave a slunge or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house; then off he went, and Chris-tian saw him no more.

So Chris-tian was left to sprawl in the Slough of De-spond as well as he could; yet his aim was

to reach that side of the slough that was next the gate, which at last he did, but he could not get out for the load that was on his back; till I saw in my dream that a man came to him whose name was Help.

What do you do here! said Help.

CHRIS-TIAN. I was bid to go this way by E-van-gel-ist, who told me to pass up to that far-off gate, that I might flee from the wrath to come; and on my way to it I fell in here.

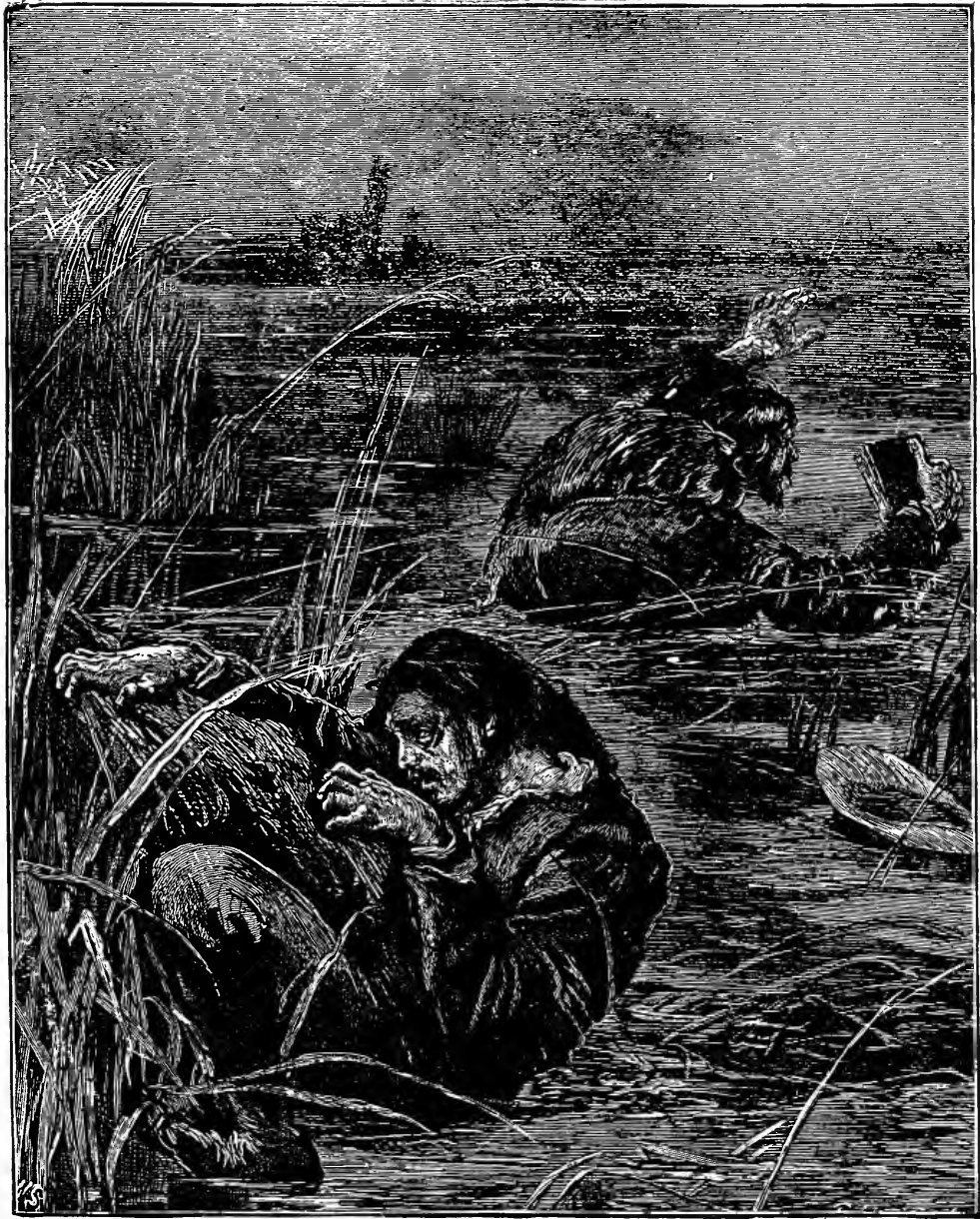
HELP. But why did you not look for the steps?

CHRIS-TIAN. Fear came so hard on me that I fled the next way and fell in.

Then said Help. Give me your hand.

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

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



CHRIS-TIAN IN THE SLOUGH.

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

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Pli-a-ble had gone back to his house once more, and that his friends came to see him; some said how wise it was to come home, and some that he was a fool to have gone. Some, too, were found to make sport of his want of pluck, and they said, Well, had I set out, I would not have been so base as to come back for a slough in the road. So Pli-a-ble was left to sneak off; but at last he got more heart, and then all were heard to turn



their taunts, and laugh at poor Chris-tian. Thus much for Pli-a-ble.

Now as Chris-tian went on his way he saw a



WORLD-LY WISE-MAN.

man come through the field to meet him, whose name was Mr. World-ly Wise-man, and he dwelt in the town of Car-nal Pol-i-cy, which was near

that whence Chris-tian came. He had heard some news of Chris-tian ; for his flight from the City of De-struc-tion had made much noise, and was now the talk far and near. So he said, How now, good Sir, where do you go with such a load on your back?

CHRIS-TIAN. In truth, it is a load ; and if you ask me where I go, I must tell you, Sir, I must go to The Wick-et Gate in front of me, for there I shall be put in a way to get quit of my load.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Have you not a wife and babes?

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

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Will you hear me if I speak my mind to you?

CHRIS-TIAN. If what you say be good, I will, for I stand much in need of help.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. I would urge you then, with all speed, to get rid of your load ; for your mind will not be at rest till then.

CHRIS-TIAN. That is just what I seek to do. But there is no man in our land who can take it off

me; so I shall go on this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of it.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Who bade you come this way to be rid of it?

CHRIS-TIAN. One that I took to be a wise and good man; his name is E-van-gel-ist.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Hark at what I say: there is not a worse way in the world than that on which he has sent you, and that you will find if you take him for your guide. In this short time you have met with bad luck, for I see the mud of the Slough of De-spond is on your coat. Hear me, for I have seen more of the world than you: in the way you go, you will meet with pain, woe, thirst, the sword, too—in a word, death! Take no heed of what E-van-gel-ist tells you.

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

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. How did you come by it at first.

CHRIS-TIAN. By what I read out of this book in my hand.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Like more weak men I know, who aim at things too high for them, you have lost heart, and run in the dark at great risk, to gain you know not what.

CHRIS-TIAN. I know what I would gain; it is ease for my great load.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. But why will you seek for ease thus, when I could put you in the way to gain it where there would be no risk. The cure is at hand; in place of loss of life and limb thou shalt meet with peace and joy.

CHRIS-TIAN. Pray, sir, tell what that way is.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Well, in yon town, which you can see from hence—the name of which is Mor-al-i-ty—there dwells a man whose name is Le-gal-i-ty, a wise man and a man of some rank, who has skill to help men off with such loads as yours from their backs. I know he has done a great deal of good in that way; ay, and he has the skill to cure those who, from the loads they bear, are not quite sound in their wits. To him, as I said, you may go and get help. His house is but a mile from this place, and should he not be at home, he has a

son whose name is Ci-vil-i-ty, who can do it just as well as his sire. There, I say, you may go to get rid of your load. I would not have you go back to your old home, but you can send for your wife and babes, and you will find that food there is cheap and good and what will please thee best is, there thou shalt live by good friends, and be much thought of.

So at last Chris-tian made up his mind. If this be true it is the best thing I can do. So he said, Sir, which is my way to this good man's house?

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. Do you see that hill?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, I do.

WORLD-LY WISE-MAN. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come to is his.

So Chris-tian went out of his way to find Legal-i-ty's house to seek for help. But, lo, when he had got close up to the hill, it was so steep and high that he had fears lest it should fall on his head; so he stood still, as he knew not what to do. His load, too, grew more hard to bear than when he was on the right road. Then came flames of fire out of the hill, that made him

quake for fear lest he should be burned. And now it was a great grief to him that he had lent his ear to World-ly Wise-man; and it was well that he just then saw E-van-gel-ist come to meet him; though at the sight of him he felt a deep blush creep on his face for shame. So E-van-gel-ist drew near, and when he came up to him, he said, what a sad look, What dost thou here, Chris-tian?

To these words Chris-tian knew not what to say, so he stood quite mute. Then E-van-gel-ist went on thus: Art not thou the man that I heard cry in The City of De-struc-tion?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

E-VAN-GEL-IST. Did not I point out to thee the way to the Wick-et Gate?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, you did, sir.

E-VAN-GEL-IST. How is it, then, that thou hast so soon gone out of the way?

CHRIS-TIAN. When I had got out of the Slough of De-spond I met a man who told me that in a town near, I might find one who could take off my load.

E-VAN-GEL-IST. What was he?

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

E-VAN-GEL-IST. What said the man to thee?

When E-van-gel-ist had heard from Christian all that took place, he said, Stand still awhile, that I may show thee the words of God.

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

Then Chris-tian fell down at his feet as dead, and said, Woe is me! Woe is me!

At the sight of which, E-van-gel-ist caught him by the right hand, and said, He will blot out all thy sins. Faith hopes all things.

Then did Chris-tian find some peace, and stood up.

E-VAN-GEL-IST. I pray thee give more heed to

the things that I shall tell thee of. The Lord says, Strive to go in at the strait gate, the gate to which I send thee, for strait is the gate that leads to life, and few there be that find it. Why didst thou set at nought the words of God, for the sake of World-ly Wise-man? That is, in truth, the right name for such as he. The Lord hath told thee that he who will save his life, shall lose it. He to whom thou was sent for ease, Le-gal-ity by name, could not set thee free; no man yet has got rid of his load through him; he could but show thee the way to woe, for by the deeds of law no man can be rid of his load. So that World-ly Wise-man and his friend Le-gal-ity are false; and as for his son Ci-vil-ity, he could not help thee.

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



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

Then did Chris-tian make a move to go back, and E-van-gel-ist gave him a kiss and one smile, and bade him God speed.

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

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

CHRIS-TIAN. I come from The City of Destruction with a load of Sins on my back; but I am on my way to Mount Zi-on, that I may be free from the wrath to come; and as I have been

told that my way is through this gate, I would know, Sir, if you will let me in?



HE GAVE HIM A PULL.

GOOD-WILL.  
With all my heart.

So he flung back the gate. But just as Chris-tian went in he gave him a pull.

Then said Chris-tian: What means that? Good-will told him that a short way from this gate there was a strong fort, of which Beel-ze-bub was the chief,

and that from thence he and the rest that dwelt there shot darts at those that came up to the gate to try if they could kill them ere they got in.

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

CHRIS-TIAN.  
E-van-gel-ist bade me come and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

GOOD-WILL.  
The door is thrown back wide for you to come in.

CHRIS-TIAN.  
Now I seem to reap the good of all the risks I have met with on the way.

GOOD-WILL. But how is it that no one comes with you?



BEEL-ZE-BUB SHOTS DARTS.

CHRIS-TIAN. None of my friends saw that there was cause of fear, as I did.

GOOD-WILL. Did they know of your flight?

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

GOOD-WILL. But did none of them come out to beg of you to go back?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, both Ob-sti-nate and Pli-a-ble came, but when they found that I would not yield, Ob-sti-nate went home, but Pli-a-ble came with me as far as the Slough of De-spond.

GOOD-WILL. Why did he not come through it?

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

Sir, said Chris-tian, there is not much to choose twixt him and me.

Then he told Good-will how he had been led from the straight path by Mr. World-ly Wise-man.

GOOD-WILL. Oh, did he light on you? What? He would have had you seek for ease at the hands of Mr. Le-gal-ity. They are, in truth both of them cheats. And did you take heed of what he said?

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

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

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

GOOD-WILL. My friend, there are not a few that lead down to it, and these paths are wide; yet by this you may judge the right from the

wrong—the right are straight and are by no means wide.

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

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

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

CHRIS-TIAN. I have come to see the good man of the house.

So in a short time In-ter-pre-ter came to him and said, What would you have?

CHRIS-TIAN. Sir, I am come from the City

of De-struc-tion, and am on my way to Mount Zi-on. I was told by the man that stands at the gate, that if I came here you would show me good things that would help me.

Then In-ter-pre-ter took Chris-tian to a room, and bade his man bring a light, and there he saw on the wall the print of one who had a grave face, whose eyes were cast up to the sky, and the best of books was in His hand, the law of truth was on His lips, and the world was at His back. He stood as if He would plead for men, and a crown of gold hung near His head.

CHRIS-TIAN. What does this mean?

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

Then he took him to a large room that was full of dust, for it had not been swept since it was made; and In-ter-pre-ter told his man to sweep it. Now when he did so, such clouds of

dust flew up, that it made Chris-tian choke. Then said In-ter-pre-ter to a maid that stood by, Make the floor moist that the dust may not rise; and when she had done this, it was swept with ease.

Then said Chris-tian, What means this?

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

I saw in my dream that the In-ter-pre-ter led him by the hand to a room where sat two small boys, each in his chair. Their names were Pas-sion and Pa-tience. Pas-sion was ill at ease, but



Pa-tience was sweet and calm. Then said Chris-tian, Why is Pas-sion so ill at ease? Their lord would have him wait for his best things till the first of next year, but he would have all now; but Pa-tience knows how to wait. Then one brought Pas-sion a bag of good things, and spread them out at his feet. Pas-sion took them up with joy and a laugh of scorn for Pa-tience. But I saw that in a short time he had made way with them all, and all he had left was rags. Then said Chris-tian, Make this more clear to me. These lads are types: Pas-sion of the men of this world, and Pa-tience of the men of that which is to come. For, as you saw, Pas-sion will have all now, that is, in this world, so the men of this world must have all their good things now. They can not wait till next year, that is, till the next world, for their share of good. The old saw, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is of more weight with them than all God's proofs of the good of the world to come. But as he soon made way with all, and had not a thing left but rags, so will it be with all such men at the end of this world. So Pas-sion, who had his good things first, has

not so much cause to laugh at Pa-tience, as Pa-tience, who had his best things last, will have to laugh at Pas-sion.

First must give place to last, since last must have his time to come; but last does not have to give place at all, for there is no more to come. He, then, who has his part first, must have a time in which to spend it; but he who has his part last, will have it as long as God shall live. Then, I see, said Chris-tian, it is not best to wish for things that now are, but wait for things which are to come. You say truth; for the things that are seen are for brief time, but the things that are not seen are for the life which shall have no end.

Then I saw in my dream that In-ter-pre-ter led Chris-tian to a place where there was a fire by a wall, and one stood by it and all the time wet it to quench it, yet the flame rose more high and hot. This fire, said the In-ter-pre-ter, is the work of grace in the heart; he that wets it to put it out is Sa-tan; but you shall see why the fire burns more high and hot in spite of him. So he took him to the back of the wall, where he

saw a man with a jar in his hand, from which he cast oil on the fire all the time, but by stealth. This is Christ, said the In-ter-pre-ter, who with the oil of his grace feeds the work in the heart; so that in spite of all Satan can do, the souls of his saints still keep the grace. And as the man stood back of the wall to feed the fire, this is to teach thee that it is hard for those who are tried to see how this work of grace is fed in the soul.

Then the In-ter-pre-ter led Chris-tian to a place where was a King's House, fair to see. This sight made Chris-tian glad. He saw, too, some who stood on the top of it in robes of gold. Then said Chris-tian, May we go in?

The In-ter-pre-ter led him up to the door, where stood a host of men whose wish it was to go in, but they durst not. Near the door there sat a man at a desk, with a book and his ink, to take the names of those who should go in. He saw, too, that in the door stood mail clad men, to keep it, who sought to do all the hurt they could to those who went in. Chris-tian knew not what to make of this. At last, when all men shrank

back for fear of the men at arms, Chris-tian saw a brave man come up to him who sat there to write and say, Set down my name, sir, and when this was done he saw the man draw his sword, put a casque on his head, and rush on the men at arms in the door, who struck at him with all their might. But the man did not at all lose heart, but cut and thrust with fierce blows. So when he had made and got not a few wounds, he at last cut his way through the midst of all who tried to keep him out, and made his way in, at which a sweet voice was heard from those who stood on the house top which sang :

Come in ! Come in !

Grace, Peace and Joy thou now shalt win !

So he went in, and was clad with such robes as they. Then Chris-tian said, with a smile, I think I know what this means ! But when he would have gone on, the In-ter-pre-ter said, Nay, stay till I have shown thee more.

Then the In-ter-pre-ter led Chris-tian by the hand to a dark room, where sat a man in a cage of steel. Now the man was a sad sight to look on. He sat with his eyes cast down to the

ground, his hands in tight clasp, and his sighs



WHERE SAT A MAN IN A CAGE OF STEEL.

were such as would break the heart. When

Chris-tian was told to talk with the man he said to him, What art thou? I am not what I was once. What wert thou once? I was once a saint, in my own eyes, and in the eyes of all who saw me. I was, as I thought, sure to reach Mount Zi-on, and had much joy in this thought. Well, what art thou now? I am a man from whom hope has fled, and I am so shut up in this cage of steel that I can not get out; Oh, no, I can not! What brought you here? I did not watch and pray; I laid the reins on the neck of my lusts; I went on in sin in spite of the light of the Word and the grace of God. Grace strives with me no more; Sa-tan came at my call. God has left me, and I have made my heart so hard that now I can not try to do right. Then Chris-tian said to the In-ter-pre-ter, Is there no hope for such a man as this? he bade him ask him. So said Christian, Is there no hope but that you must be kept in this cage? No; none at all. Why, the Son of God is full of grace: I have put him once more to the cross. My scorn has been on him and his grace and his blood. I have shut me out from all his words of good hope,

and threats are all that are left for me—sure threats of wrath to come.

For what did you bring this fate on yourself? For the lusts, joys, and gains of this world, in which I thought I could find great good, but now each one of them bites me like a worm of fire.

But can you not now turn.

No, God hath shut me up in this cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. Oh, the life that shall not end! how shall I bear with what I must meet with in that life? Then said In-ter-pre-ter to Chris-tian, Keep this man's woe in mind for thy own good. This is a dread sight, said Chris-tian. God help me to watch and pray, that I may shun the cause of this man's woe. But is it not time for me to go on my way, sir? Wait till I show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go.

Then In-ter-pre-ter took Chris-tian by the hand and led him to a room where was a man who, as he rose from his bed and put on his clothes, shook with fear. Why does this man shake thus? said Chris-tian. The In-ter-pre-

ter bade him tell Chris-tian the cause, so he said, This night, when I slept, I had a dream, and the skies grew black, and did so roar and flash with fire that I was full of fear. Then I saw the clouds rack in a strange way and heard the great sound of a trump, and saw a man who sat on a cloud, and with him were the hosts of God. These all were in a flame of fire, and the skies were in a flame as well. Then I heard a voice say, Rise, ye dead, and come to meet the Judge. And with that the rocks rent, the graves gave up their dead. Some of them were most glad, and some cried to the rocks to hide them. Then I saw the man that sat on the cloud take the book and bid the world draw near. Yet, by means of a fierce flame that went to and fro in front of him, a space was kept which they could not pass, as it is with the judge and the men at the bar in a court. Then I heard it said to the hosts who were with Him who sat on the cloud, Bind the tares and the chaff and cast them in the lake of fire. And with that I saw the pit yawn near where I stood, and out of the mouth of it came smoke and coals of fire, with sounds of woe.



Then it was said to the same hosts, Bring my wheat to the store-house, and I saw not a few caught up to the clouds, but I was left. I sought to hide, but could not, for the man that sat on the cloud still kept his eye on me. My sins all came to mind, and the voice of God in my soul set home my guilt. Then I woke from my sleep.

But what was there in this sight which

made you fear so much? I thought the day had come when I must meet the Judge, and I was not fit for it. But my great fright was that when some



OUT CAME SMOKE AND FIRE.

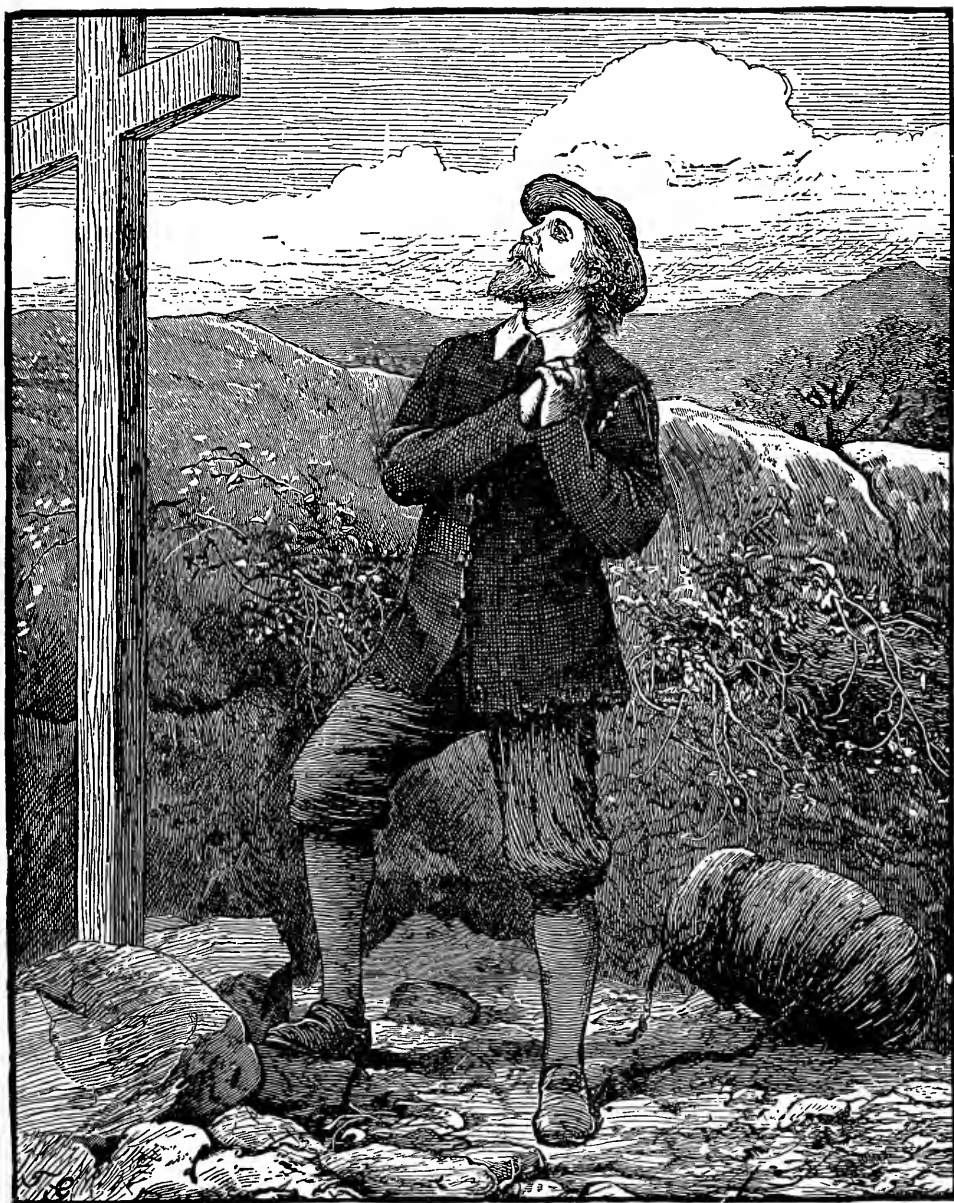
were caught up on high, I was left on the brink of the pit. My sins, too, hurt me, and I thought the Judge kept his eye on me, and there was wrath in his gaze.

Then the In-ter-pre-ter bade Chris-tian keep these things in mind, so that they might be as a goad to prick him on in the way he must go, and as he set out once more on his way, he said, The Lord be with thee, good Chris-tian, to guide thee in the way that leads to Mount Zi-on.

Now, said Chris-tian, let me go hence.

Well, said In-ter-pre-ter, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be a goad in thy sides: and may faith guide thee!

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



HIS LOAD SLID FROM HIS BACK.

Then was Chris-tian glad, and said with a gay heart: He gives me rest by his grief, and life by his death. Yet he stood still for a while, for he was struck with awe to think that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his load. Three or four times did he look on the cross and the tomb, and the tears rose to his eyes. As he stood thus and wept, lo, three Bright Ones came to him, and one of them said: Peace be to thee! thou hast grace from thy sins. And one came up to him to strip him of his rags and put a new robe on him, while the third set a mark on his face, and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and give it in at Mount Zi-on; and then they left him.

Chris-tian gave three leaps for joy, and sang as he went: Ah, what a place is this! Here did the strings crack that bound my load to me. Blest cross! Blest tomb! Nay, blest is the Lord that was put to shame for me!

He went on thus till he came to a vale where he saw three men who were in a sound sleep, with chains on their feet. The name of one was Sim-ple, one Sloth, and the third Pre-sump-tion.



THE THREE SHINING ONES.

As Chris-tian saw them lie in this case, he went to wake them, and said: You are like those that

sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is at your feet. Wake, rise, and come with me. Trust me, and I will help you off with your chains. With that they cast their eyes up to look at him, and Sim-ple said, I see no cause for fear, and sloth, I would fain take more sleep. Pre-sump-tion said, Let each man look to his own. And so they



FOR-MAL-IST.

lay down to sleep once more, and Chris-tian went on his way.

Then I saw in my dream that two men

leaped from the top of the wall and made great haste to come up to him. Their names were For-mal-ist and Hy-poc-risy.

CHRIS-TIAN.  
Sirs, whence come you, and where do you go?

FOR-MAL-IST  
and HY-POC-RISY.  
We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are on our way to Mount Zi-on for praise.

CHRIS-TIAN.  
Why came you not in at the gate? Know you not that he that comes not in at the door, but climbs up to get in, the same is a thief?



HY-POC-RISY.

They told him that to go through the gate was too far round, and that the best way was to

make a short cut of it, and climb the wall as they had done.

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

They told Chris-tian that he had no need for care on that score, for long use had made it law, and they could prove that it had been so for years.

CHRIS-TIAN. But are you quite sure that your mode will stand a suit at law?

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

CHRIS-TIAN. I walk by the rule of my Lord, but you walk by the rule of your own lusts. The Lord of the way will count you as thieves, and you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in with no aid from him, and shall go out with no grace from him. To this,



they just bade him look at home. The three went on, each in his own way, with not much talk, save that the two men told Christian that they did not doubt that they should keep all the laws as well as he. We do not see, then, said they, where we are not like thee, save in that coat on thy back, which, we doubt not, some friend gave thee to hide thy shame. Laws will not save you who come not in by the door; and as for this coat on my back, the Lord of the place which I seek gave it to me, as you say, to hide my shame; for I had nought but rags. And so, as I go on, I cheer my heart with the thought that when I come to the gate of the New Je-ru-sa-lem the Lord will know me by his coat, which I have on my back. It was his free gift in the day when he took from me my rags. I have, too, a mark on my brow, which you may not have seen, which one of my Lord's friends put there the day that my load fell from my back. He gave me, too, a scroll with his seal, to cheer me as I go on the way, and this I was told to give in at the gate, to make sure that I can go in. You have none of these things, for you did not

come in at the gate. This made the men laugh, but they said not a word.

Then they all went on, but Chris-tian kept in front, and had no more talk but with his own heart, and was glad and said by turns. He read much in his scroll, and this gave him strength.

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

Now when Chris-tian got as far as the Spring of Life he drank of it, and then went up the hill. But when the two men saw that it was steep and high, and that there were three ways to choose from, one of them took the path the name of which is Dan-ger, and lost his way in a great wood, and one of them went by the road of De-struc-tion, which led him to a wide field full of dark rocks, where he fell, and rose no more. I then saw Chris-tian go up the hill, where at first

I could see him run, then walk, and then go on his hands and knees, so steep was it.

Now half way up was a cave made by the Lord of the hill, that those who came by might rest there. So here Chris-tian sat down, and took out the scroll and read it, till at last he fell off in a deep sleep which kept him there till it was dusk; and while he slept his scroll



HE FELL AND ROSE NO MORE.

fell from his hand. At length a man came up to him and woke him, and said: Go to the ant, thou man of sloth, and learn of her to be wise.

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



HE FELL IN A DEEP SLEEP.

When he had got near to the top of the hill, two men ran up to meet him, whose names were Tim-or-ous and Mis-trust, to whom Chris-tian said, Sirs, what ails you? You run the wrong way.

Tim-or-ous said that Zi-on was the hill they meant to climb, but that

when they had got half way they found they met with more and more risk, so that great fear came on them, and all they could do was to turn back.



MIS-TRUST.

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

CHRIS-TIAN. You fill me with fear. Where must I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own town (De-struc-tion) I am sure to loose my life, but if I can get to The Ce-les-tial City, there shall I be safe. To turn back is death; to go on is fear of death, but when I come there, a life of bliss that knows no end. I will go on yet.

So Mis-trust and Tim-or-ous ran down the hill and Chris-tian went on his way. Yet he thought once more of what he had heard from the men, and then he felt in his cloak for his scroll, that he might read it and find some peace. He felt for it but found it not.

Then was Chris-tian in great grief, and knew not what to do for the want of that which was to be his pass to Mount Zi-on. At last, thought he: I slept in the cave by the side of the hill. So he fell down on his knees to pray that God would give him grace for this act; and then went back to look for his scroll. But as he went,



TIM-OR-OUS.

what tongue can tell the grief of Chris-tian's heart? Oh, fool that I am! said he, to sleep in the day time; so to give way to the flesh as to use for ease that rest which the Lord of the hill had made but for the help of the soul!

Thus, then, with tears and sighs, he went back, and with much care did he look on this side and on that for his scroll. At length he came near to the cave where he had sat and slept. How far, thought Chris-tian, have I gone in vain! Such as the lot of the Jews for their sin; they were sent back by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with grief which I might have trod with joy, had it not been for this sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice which I need not to have trod but once; yea, now too I am like to be lost in the night, for the day is well nigh spent. O that I had not slept!

Now by this time he had come to the cave once more, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last as he cast a sad glance at the foot of the bench, he saw his scroll, which he



caught up with haste, and put in his cloak. Words are too weak to tell the joy of Christian when he had got back his scroll. He laid it up in the breast of his coat, and gave thanks to God. With what a light step did he now climb the hill! But, ere he got to the top, the sun went down on Christian, and he soon saw that two wild beasts stood in his way. Ah, thought he, these beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I fly from them? I see now the cause of all those fears that drove Mis-trust and Tim-or-ous back.

Still Christian went on, and while he thought thus on his sad lot, he cast up his eyes and saw a great house in front of him, the name of which was Beau-ti-ful, and it stood just by the side of the high road. So he made haste and went on in the hope that he could rest there a while. The name of the man who kept the lodge of that house was Watch-ful, and when he saw that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, he came out to him and said: Is thy strength so small? Fear not the two wild beasts, for they are bound

by chains, and are put here to try the faith of those that have it, and to find out those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no harm shall come to thee.

Then I saw, in my dream, that still he went on in great dread of the wild beasts, but did as Watch-ful bade him, and though he heard them roar, yet they did him no harm; but when he had gone by them he went on with joy, till he came and stood in front of the lodge where Watch-ful dwelt.

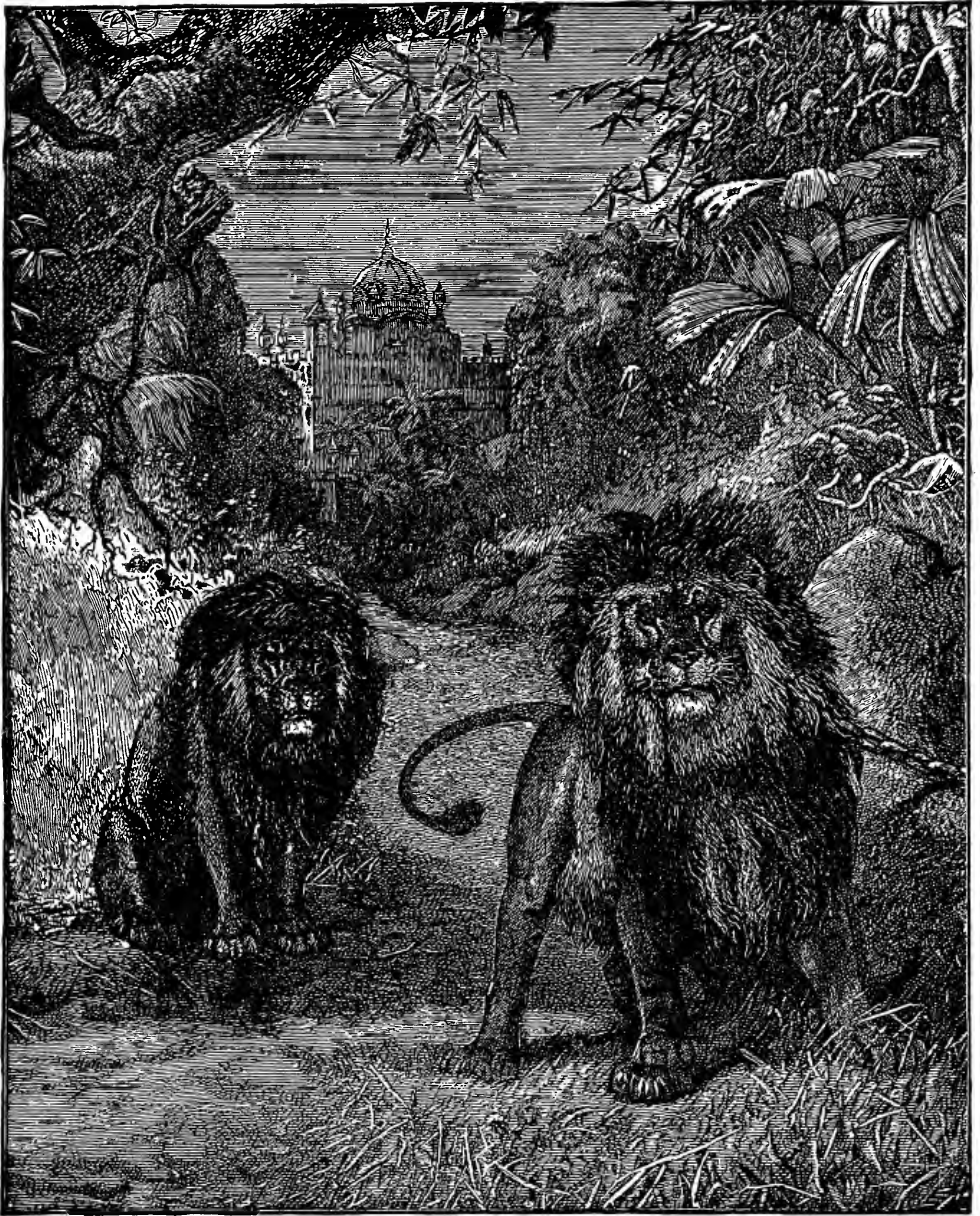
CHRIS-TIAN. Sir, what house is this? May I rest here to-night?

WATCH-FUL. This house was built by the Lord of the Hill to give aid to those who climb up it for the good cause. Tell me, whence come you?

CHRIS-TIAN. I am come from the Town of De-struc-tion, and am on my way to Mount Zi-on; but the day is far spent, and I would, with your leave, pass the night here.

WATCH-FUL. What is your name?

CHRIS-TIAN. My name is now Chris-tian, but at first it was Grace-less.



THEY ARE BOUND BY CHAINS.

WATCH-FUL. How is it you came so late?  
The sun is set.

Chris-tian then told him how he had slept, and  
lost his roll.



WATCH-FUL.

WATCH-FUL. Well, I will call one that lives here, who, if she like your talk, will let you come in, for these are the rules of the house. So he rang a bell, at the sound of which there came out at the door a grave and fair maid, whose name was Dis-

cre-tion. When Watch-ful told her why Chris-tian had come there, she said : What is your name?

It is Chris-tian, said he, and I much wish to rest here to-night, and the more so for I see this place was built by the Lord of the Hill, to screen those from harm who come to it.

So she gave a smile, but the tears stood in her eyes; and in a short time she said: I will call forth two or three more of our house; and then she ran to the door and brought in Prudence, Pi-e-ty and Char-i-ty, who met him and said: Come in, thou blest of the Lord: this house was built by the King of the Hill for such as you. Then Chris-tian bent down his head, and went with them to the house.

PI-E-TY. Come, good Chris-tian, since our love prompts us to take you in to rest, let us talk with you of all that you have seen on your way.

CHRIS-TIAN. With a right good will, and I am glad that you should ask it of me.

PRU-DENCE. And, first, say what is it that makes you wish so much to go to Mount Zi-on?

CHRIS-TIAN. Why there I hope to see Him that did die on the Cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day grieve and

vex me. There, they say, is no death; and there I shall dwell with such as love the Lord.

CHAR-I-TY. Have you a wife and babes?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, I have.

CHAR-I-TY. And why did you not bring them with you?

Chris-tian then wept, and said: O, how glad should I have been to do so! but they would not come with me, nor have me leave them.

CHAR-I-TY. And did you pray to God to put it in their hearts to go with you?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, and that with much warmth, for you may think how dear they were to me.

Thus did Chris-tian talk with these friends till it grew dark, and then he took his rest in a large room, the name of which was Peace; there he slept till break of day, and then he sang a hymn.

They told him that he should not leave till they had shown him all the rare things that were in that place. There were to be seen the rod of Mo-ses, the nail with which Ja-el slew Sis-er-a, the lamps with which Gid-eon put to flight the host of Mid-ian, and the ox goad with which Sham-gar slew his foes. And they brought out

the jaw bone of an ass with which Sam-son did



CHRIS-TIAN TALKS WITH DIS-CRE-TION, PRU-DENCE, PI-E-TY AND CHAR-I-TY.

such great feats, and the sling and stone with

which Da-vid slew Go-liath of Gath, and some more things, which Chris-tian saw with joy. This done, they went to their rest.

Then I saw in my dream that Chris-tian rose to take his leave of Dis-cre-tion, and of Pru-dence, Pi-e-ty, and Char-i-ty, but they said that he must stay till the next day, that they might show him the De-lec-ta-ble Moun-tains, so they took him to the top of the house, and bade him look to the South, which he did, and lo, a great way off, he saw a rich land, full of hills, woods, vines, shrubs, and streams.

What is the name of this land? said Chris-tian.

Then they told him it was Im-man-uel's Land. And, said they, It is as much meant for you, and the like of you, as this hill is; and when you reach the place, there you may see the gate of The Ce-les-tial Ci-ty. Then they gave him a sword, and put on him a coat of mail, which was proof from head to foot, lest he should meet some foe in the way; and they went with him down the hill. Watch-ful told him that a man had just gone by who said his name was Faith-ful.

Oh! said Chris-tian, I know him; his home



was near mine; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he has gone?

He is by this time at the foot of the hill.

Then said Chris-tian, The Lord be with thee, kind Watch-ful, and do good to thee for what thou hast done for me.

Of a truth, said Chris-tian, it is as great a toil to come down the hill as it was to go up.

PRU-DENCE. So it is, for it is a hard thing for a man to go down to The Vale of Hu-mil-i-a-tion, as thou dost now, and for this cause have we come with you to the foot of the hill. So, though he went with great care, yet he caught a slip or two.

Then in my dream I saw that when they had got to the foot of the hill, these good friends of Chris-tian's gave him a loaf of bread, a flask of wine, and a bunch of dry grapes; and then they left him to go on his way.

But now in this Vale of Hu-mil-i-a-tion poor Chris-tian was hard put to it, for he had not gone far, ere he saw a foe come in the field to meet him, whose name was A-poll-yon. Then did Chris-tian fear, and he cast in his mind if he

would go back or stand his ground. But Christian thought that as he had no coat of mail on his back, to turn round might give A-poll-yon a chance to pierce it with his darts. So he stood his ground, for, thought he, if but to save my life were all I had in view, still the best way would be to stand.

Now the fiend was foul to look on; he had scales like a fish, and these are his pride; he had great wings, and feet like a bear, and out of him came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of the king of beasts.

So he went on, and A-poll-yon met him with looks of scorn.

A-POLL-YON. Whence come you, and to what place are you bound?

CHRIS-TIAN. I am come from The City of De-struc-tion, which is the place of all sin, and I am on my way to Zi-on.

A-POLL-YON. By this I see you are mine, for of all that land I am the Prince. How is it, then, that you have left your king? Were it not that I have a hope that you may do me more good, I would strike you to the ground with one blow.

CHRIS-TIAN. I was born in your realm, it is true, but you drove us too hard, and your wage was such as no man could live on.

A-POLL-YON. No prince likes to lose his men nor will I as yet lose you ; so if you will come back, what my realm yields I will give you.

CHRIS-TIAN. But I am bound by vows to the King of Kings ; and how can I, to be true, go back with you ?

A-POLL-YON. You have made a change, it seems, from bad to worse ; but why not give Him the slip, and come back with me ?

CHRIS-TIAN. I gave Him my faith, and swore to be true to Him : how can I go back from this ?

A-POLL-YON. You did the same to me, and yet I will pass by all, if you will but turn and go back.

When I swore faith to thee I was not of age, and what is more, the Prince whose flag is now my boast, can clear me of that oath, and of all which I did to please thee. And to speak truth, O thou prince of death, I like his work, his pay,

his friends, his land the best: so urge me no more. I am his, and shall go with him.

But think, while thou art in cool blood, what thou must meet with in this way of thy choice. Most of those who serve him come to an ill end for the wrong which they do me and my ways. What hosts of them have met a death of shame! How canst thou count it best to serve him when he has not once come from the place where he is to save those who serve him from their foes; while, as all the world knows, I am sure to save from him and his by force or fraud, all who serve me, though in his lands, and so will I save thee.

He does not come at once to save them, that he may try their love, and see if they will cleave to him to the end, and as for the ill end to which thou hast said they come, that is most to their praise. They do not look for much ease now, but wait for their crown, and they shall have it when their Prince comes in all his pomp, with the hosts of God.

Thou hast been false to him so soon, and how dost thou think he will give thee a crown?

Where have I been false to him, O A-poll-yon?

Thou didst faint at the first start, when thou wert in the Gulf of De-spond. Thou didst try wrong ways to be rid of thy load, and didst not wait till thy Prince should take it off. Thou didst sleep, and lost thy choice things. The sight of the wild beasts made thee long to go back; and in all thy talk of what thou hast seen and heard on the way, thou art, at heart, vain and dost seek praise.

All this is true, and much more, which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve is full of grace, and will show it to me. But these weak traits were mine when I was yet in thy land; there I got them, and they made me groan and mourn till I sought and found peace with my Prince.

Then A-poll-yon broke out in great rage, and said: I am a foe to this Prince; I hate him, his laws, his friends. I have come out to fight thee.

Then said Chris-tian, A-poll-yon, take care what you do, for I am on the king's high way; so take heed.

A-POLL-YON. I am void of fear, and to prove that I mean what I say, here on this spot I will put thee to death. With that he threw a dart of fire at his breast, but Chris-tian had a shield on his arm, with which he caught it. Then did Chris-tian draw his sword, for he saw it was time to stir; and A-poll-yon as fast made at him, and threw darts as thick as hail; with which in spite of all that Chris-tian could do, A-poll-yon gave him wounds in his head, hand, and foot.

This made Chris-tian pause in the fight for a time, but A-poll-yon still came on, and Chris-tian once more took heart. They fought for half a day, till Chris-tian, weak from his wounds, was well nigh spent in strength. When A-poll-yon saw this, he threw him down with great force; on which Chris-tian's sword fell out of his hand. Then said A-poll-yon, I am sure of thee now.

But while he strove to make an end of Chris-tian, that good man put out his hand in haste to feel for his sword, and caught it. Boast not, oh A-poll-yon! said he, and with that he struck him a blow which made his foe reel back as one that had had his last wound. Then he spread out his

wings and fled, so that Chris-tian for a time saw him no more.

When the fight was at an end Chris-tian gave thanks to Him who gave him might to win.

Then there came to him a hand which held some of the leaves of the tree of life; some of them Chris-tian took, and as soon as he had put them to his wounds, he saw them heal up at once.

He sat down in that place to eat bread and drink from the flask which the maids gave him, and then set out once more on his



CHRIS-TIAN GAVE THANKS.

way, with his sword drawn in his hand, lest more foes might be near. But A-poll-yon met him no more in this vale.

Now near this place was the Val-ley of the Shad-ow of Death, and Chris-tian must needs go through it to get to Mount Zi-on. It was a land of drought and full of pits, a land that none but such as Chris-tian could pass through, and where no man dwelt. So that here he was worse put to it than in his fight with A-poll-yon, which by and by we shall see.

As he drew near the Shad-ow of Death he met with two men to whom Chris-tian thus spoke:—To what place do you go?

MEN. Back! Back! and we would have you do the same if you prize life and peace.

CHRIS-TIAN. But why?

MEN. We went on as far as we durst.

CHRIS-TIAN. What then have you seen?

MEN. Seen! why the vale which is dark as pitch; but by dint of good luck we caught sight of what lay in front of it, ere we came up. We saw there ghosts and imps and fiends of the pit; we heard there howls and yells of men in great



pain, who sat bound in woe and chains; and Death broods it with his wings day and night.

CHRIS-TIAN. I see not yet, by what you have told me, but that this is my way to Zi-on.

MEN. Be it thy way then; we will not choose it for ours.

So they took their leave, and Chris-tian went on, but still with his drawn sword in his hand, for fear lest he should meet once more with a foe.

I saw them in my dream that so far as this vale went, there was on the right hand a deep ditch; that ditch to which the blind have led the blind as long as the world has been made. And lo, on the left hand there was a quag, in which if a man fall, he will find no firm ground for his foot to stand on.

Here the path of Chris-tian was a mere line, and so good Chris-tian was the more put it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he would hit the quag, and when he sought to flee from the quag, he had to use great care lest he should fall in the ditch.

Thus he went on, and I heard him sigh; for,

still more to vex him, the path was here so dark that when he would lift his foot to go on, he knew not where or on what he should set it next.

Near the midst of the vale was the mouth of hell as I saw, and it stood close to the way side.

Now what shall I do, thought Chris-tian, and such a mass of flame and smoke came out with sparks, and such a dread din—things that did not care for Chris-tian's sword, as A-poll-yon had done—that he had to put up his sword and take the new arms, All-Prayer by name.

So I heard him cry, O Lord, save my soul!

Thus he went on a great while, and the flames leapt at him, and he heard sad wails, and a rush of feet, which ran to and fro, so that he thought they would tear him in shreds, or tread him down, like the mire in the streets.

For miles and miles he saw and heard these dread things, and, at last, when he thought he heard a band of fiends, who were on their way to meet him, he stood still to think what he had best do.

At times he had half a thought he would go back; but then he knew that he might be half way through the vale. He thought, too, of all that he had gone through, and that it might be worse to go back than to go on. So he made up his mind to go on, but the fiends drew near.

But when they had come at him, as it were, he cried out with all his might, I will walk in the strength of the Lord God. So they gave back.

One thing I must not let slip. I saw that now poor Chris-tian was in such a state that he did not know his own voice; and this is how I found it out. Just when he had come to the mouth of the pit, one of the imps crept up by stealth to hiss vile things in his ear, which Chris-tian thought came from his own mind. This was worst of all to Chris-tian—that he should have such base thoughts of Him for whom his love had been so great. He did not wish to do it; but he had not the wit to stop his ears, or to know from whence these vile words came.

At last he thought he heard the voice of a man in front of him, who said, Though I walk

through the Val-ley of the Shad-ow of Death, I will fear no ill, for thou art with me.

Then was he glad, for he was sure that some of God's saints must be in this place as well as he, and that God was with them, and why not with me, too, said he, though I can not see him in this dark place? and he had the hope that he might come up with them soon.

So he went on, and cried to him whose voice he had heard, but the man did not dare speak to Chris-tian for fear that the call was not that of a friend. By-and-by day broke, and Chris-tian said, He doth turn the night of death to day.

By the light of day he could see more of the risks he had run; the ditch on this side and the quag on that, and what a mere thread the path was. He saw, too, the ghosts, and imps, and fiends of the pit, but all were far off, for when day broke they did not come near him.

The sun now rose, and this was a great help to Chris-tian, for the rest of the way was worse than the first, if that could be.

All the way to the end was set so full of snares, traps, gins and nets here, and pits, deep



ONE OF THE IMPS HISS IN HIS EAR.

holes, and land slides there, that if it had now been dark as at first, had he had scores of souls they might all have been lost; but as I said just now, the sun rose. Then Chris-tian said: His sun shines on my head, and by his light I go through the gloom. In this light he came to the end of the vale. Here there lay blood and bones, the dust and torn flesh of men who had gone this way in old times.

While I thought what the cause might be, I spied near me a cave where Giant Pope and Giant Pagan dwelt in old times, by whom these men had been put to death. But Chris-tian went by with not much harm. I knew not why till I heard that Pagan has been dead this long time, and Pope, though he still lives, yet through great age, and the hard rubs he got in his youth, has so lost his wits and is so stiff in the joints, that all he can do is to sit in his cave's mouth and grin at those who pass by, and bite his nails in rage that he cannot get at them.

So I saw that Chris-tian went on, yet at the sight of the old man at the mouth of the cave he knew not what to think, and all the more

when, though he could not reach him, yet he cried, You will not mend till we burn more of you! But Chris-tian held his peace and set a good face on it, and so went by and caught no hurt.

Now as Chris-tian went on, he found there was a rise in the road, which had been thrown up that the path might be clear to those who were bound for Zi-on. Up this road Chris-tian went, and saw his old friend Faith-ful a short way off.

Then said Chris-tian: Ha, my friend, are you here? Stay, and I will join you; but he said, No; I flee for my life, and the sword of wrath drives me on.

At this Chris-tian put to all his strength, and soon got up with Faith-ful and ran by him; so the last was first. Then Chris-tian's face wore a vain smile at the thought that he had got the start of his friend; but as he did not take heed to his steps, all at once his foot caught and he fell, and could not rise till Faith-ful came to help him.

Then I saw that they went on side by side;

in love, and had sweet talk of all they had met on the way.

How long did you stay in the town of Destruction when you knew I had set out? said Christian.

As long as I durst, for there was great talk when you had gone that our town would soon burn to the ground with fire from on high.

Why, then, did no one come with you?

Though there was much talk of it, yet I doubt if they had true faith that these things would be so, for I heard them make sport of you and your course; but I was sure that this would be the end of our town, and so I fled.

What did they say of Pli-a-ble?

I heard that he went with you till he came to the Slough of Despond, where some say he fell in; he did not like to have it known; but I am sure he had much of that kind of dirt on him.

What did they say to him?

All sorts of men scorn him, and few will set him at work. He is far worse than if he had not left the town at all.





FAITH-FUL CAME TO HELP HIM.

But why should they do so, since they, too, scorn the way which he has left?

Oh, they say hang him! he is a turn-coat; he was false to his vows.

Did you talk with him?

I met him once in the streets, but he made off, as if in shame at what he had done; so I did not speak to him.

I had great hopes of that man when I first set out, but now I fear he will be lost.

Then Faith-ful told Chris-tian that he had met, on the way, Wan-ton, and Ad-am the first, and Shame, and they had all tried in vain to draw him from the right path. But he said that the sun had shone on him all through the Valley of the Shad-ow of Death.

As they now had to pass through a place of dearth, they would no doubt have found the way long had it not been that they could talk of what they had seen on the road. But when they were near at the end of this plain, Faith-ful cast a glance back by chance, and saw E-van-gel-ist on their track.

It is my good friend, said Chris-tian.

Aye, and my good friend, too; said Faith-ful, for it was he who set me on the way to the gate.

When he came up to them, he said, Peace be with you, dear friends, and peace be to those who help you.

Right glad am I to see thee, my good E-van-gel-ist, said Chris-tian; the sight of thy face brings to mind all thy kind words and deeds for my good.

And I am more than glad, said Faith-ful; how good it is, O sweet E-van-gel-ist, that we poor souls, can walk with thee.

Then said E-van-gel-ist, What fare have you had, my friends, since we last met? What have you met with, and how have you stood your ground? So Chris-tian and Faith-ful told him all.

Right glad am I, said E-van-gel-ist, not that you have been so tried, but that you have won through it all, and are yet in the way. I am glad for my own sake, and yours, for I have sown and you reap, and you shall reap yet more if you faint not. The crown is held out to you, and it is one which will not fade. So run, that ye may win it.

Some set out to win it, and when they have gone far for it, some one comes and takes it from them; hold fast what you have; let no man take your crown.

You are not yet out of gun-shot of Sa-tan.

Look well to your own heart, and its lusts.

Let your face be like a flint, and you will have all might in earth and the world to come on your side.

Then, with thanks for these words, they sought to learn more from E-van-gel-ist.

Since he could see things to come, they would have him tell them what should fall to their lot on the way, and how they could best meet it.

My sons, said he, you have read in God's word that the way to Mount Zi-on lies through much pain and gloom. You have found this to be true so soon, and you will know more of it as you go on.

You will soon come in sight of a town, and when you reach it foes will set on you, who will strain hard to kill you.

Be sure that one, or both of you, shall there seal the faith you hold with blood; but be brave

and true till death, and the King will give you a crown of life.

The one who shall die there, though his death will be strange and his pain great, shall have the best of it. He will reach Mount Zi-on first, and will get rid of much woe, which his friend must meet with in the rest of his way. But when you reach the town, and these things come to pass, then think of your friend, and quit you like men, and trust your souls to God.

In course of time the road they took brought them to a town, the name of which is Van-ity, where there is a fair kept through the whole year, and all that is bought or sold there is vain and void of worth. There, too, are to be seen at all times, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues. Yet he that will go to Mount Zi-on must needs pass through this fair.

As soon as Chris-tian and Faith-ful came to the town, they made a great stir. A crowd drew round them, and some said they had lost their wits, to dress and speak as they did, and to set no store by the choice goods for sale in Van-ity Fair. When Chris-tian spoke, his words drew

from these folks fierce taunts and jeers, and soon the noise and stir grew to such a height that the chief man of the fair sent his friends to take up these two strange men, and he bade them tell him whence they came, and what they did there in such a garb. Chris-tian and Faith-ful told them all ; but those who sat to judge the case thought that they must be mad, or else that they had come to stir up strife at the fair ; so they beat them with sticks and put them in a cage, that they might be a sight for all the men at the fair. There they lay for some time, the butt of scorn and rage to all who went by, and the lord of the fair made sport of all that was done to them. But the men were meek, and gave good words for bad, and kind deeds for blows, so that some of those who saw them (who were not so bad at heart, or whose eyes were more sharp than the rest) found fault with the more base for their ill use of them. At which these bad men let fly their rage at those who thus plead for them, and said they were of the same sort as the men in the cage, and ought to share their fate.

But, said they, these men seem to be men of



VAN-ITY FAIR.

peace, and to mean no harm, and there are not a few who trade at our fair who have more need to be put in the cage, and to be sent to jail, too, than these men.

When there had been much talk like this on both sides (through all of which Chris-tian and Faith-ful bore up like wise, true men), they fell to blows, and much harm came of it.

Then were these two poor men made to bear all the blame of this broil.

They beat them, put them in chains and led them up and down the fair, so that none might dare plead for them or join them.

But Chris-tian and Faith-ful bore all this spite so well that it won to their side some of the men of the fair.

This made their foes rage the more, so that they swore the pair should die.

So they put them in the cage once more and made their feet fast in the stocks.

All this brought to mind what E-van-gel-ist had said would be their fate, and that this lot would be best who should be put to death, so the wish of each was that he might be the one to





LORD HATE-GOOD.

die. But they left the choice to God, who rules all things, and their souls were full of peace. At the set time they were brought to court.

The name of the judge was Lord Hate-Good.

The charge brought was that they were foes to trade, and had hurt it; that they were the cause of broils in the town, and had won some to their own bad way, in spite of the laws of their prince.

Faith-ful said to the Judge: I am a man of peace, and did but wage war on Sin. As for the prince they speak of, since he is Beel-ze-bub, I hold him in scorn.

Those who took Faith-ful's part were won by the force of plain truth and right in his words; but the Judge said, Let those speak who know aught of this man.

So three men, whose names were En-vy, Su-per-sti-tion, and Pick-thank, stood forth and swore to speak the truth, and tell what they knew of Faith-ful. En-vy said: My lord, this man cares naught for kings or laws, but seeks to spread his own views, and to teach men what he

calls faith. I heard him say but now that the ways of our town of Van-ity are vile. And does he not in that speak ill of us?

Then Su-per-sti-tion said: My lord, I know not much of this man, and have no wish to know more; but of this I am sure, that he is a bad man, for he says that our creeds are vain.

Pick-thank was then bid to say what he knew, and his speech ran thus:

—My lord, I have known this knave for a long time, and have heard him say things that ought not to be said. He rails at our great Prince Beel-ze-bub, and says that if all men were of his



EN-VY.

mind, that prince should no more hold sway. More than this, he hath been heard to rail on you, my lord, who are now his judge.

Then said the Judge to Faith-ful: Thou base man! Hast thou heard what these good folk have said of thee?

FAITH-FUL. May I speak a few words in my own cause?

JUDGE. Wretch that thou art, thou hast no right to live, but shouldst be slain on the spot; yet, that all men may see how well we treat thee, let us hear, vile wretch, what thou hast to say.

FAITH-FUL. I say, then, to En-vy, that all laws and modes of life in which men heed not the Word of God are full of sin. As to the charge of Su-per-sti-tion, I would urge that nought can save us if we do not the will of God. To Pick-thank, I say that men should flee from the Prince of this town and his friends, as from the wrath to come. And so, I pray the Lord to help me.

Then the Judge, to sum up the case, spoke thus: You see this man who has made such a stir in our town. You have heard what these

good men have said of him, which he owns to be true. It rests now with you to save his life or hang him. But you see that he scorns our faith, and owns to base acts for which he ought to die the death.

Then the twelve went out.

The twelve men who had Faith-ful's life in their hands spoke in a low tone thus: This man is full of schisms, said Blind-man. Out of the world with him, said No-good. I hate the mere look of him, said Mal-ice. From the first I could not bear



SU-PER-STI-TION.

him, said Love-ease. Nor I, for he would be sure to blame my ways, said Live-loose. Hang him, hang him! said Heady. A low wretch! said High-mind. I long to crush him, said En-mi-ty. He is a rogue, said Li-ar. Death is too good for him, said Cru-el-ty. Let us kill him, that he may be out of the way, said Hate-light. Then said Im-plac-able: Not to gain all the world would I make peace with him, so let us doom him to death. And so they did, and in a short time he was led back to the place from whence he came, there to be put to the worst death that could be thought of; for the scourge, the sword, and the stake brought Faith-ful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood not far from the mob, steeds of light to wait for Faith-ful, and as soon as his foes had done their worst with him, they bore him up through the clouds, with sound of trump, to the Gate of the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

But as for Chris-tian, he was led back to his cell, and there staid for a time.

But He who rules all things brought it to pass



THE JURY.

that Chris-tian, for that time, got free from them and went his way.

Now I saw in my dream that Chris-tian did not go forth with no friend at his side.

One Hope-ful—made such by the words and deeds of Faith-ful and Chris-tian in Van-ity Fair—told him that he would go with him.

He said, too, that not a few of the men of the fair would do the same thing in time.

Then Chris-tian and Hope-ful went on till they came to a fair stream, which Da-vid calls the Riv-er of God, but John the Riv-er of Life.

Now their way lay just on the bank of this stream, and here they found good cheer.

They drank from the stream, which gave them new life.

On its banks, on each side, were green trees, with all kinds of fruits; and they ate the leaves to cool their blood, and heal all their ails.

On each side of the stream was a field all in sweet bloom, and it was green all the year long.

In this field they lay down and slept, for here they were safe.



When they woke, they ate once more of the fruit of the trees, and drank from the stream, and then lay down to sleep.

So they did for some days and nights, and then they ate and drank, and set out once more on the way, for they were not yet at its end.

Now I saw in my dream that they had not gone far when their path left the bank of the stream for a time, at which they were sad, yet durst not go out of the way.



BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Now the way grew rough, and their feet were sore from their long march, and their souls were much cast down from these things.

Now on the left hand of the road was Bypass Mead-ow, a fair green field with a path through it, and a stile. Come, good Hope-ful, said Chris-tian, let us walk on the grass.

HOPE-FUL. But what if this path should lead us wrong?

CHRIS-TIAN. How can it? Look, doth it not go side by side with it?

So they set off through the field. But they had not gone far when they saw in front of them a man, Vain-con-fi-dence by name, who told them that the path led to The Great Gate. So the man went first; but lo, the night came on, and it grew so dark that they lost sight of their guide, who, as he did not see the path in front of him, fell in a deep pit, and was heard of no more.

Where are we now? said Hope-ful.

Then was Chris-tian mute, as he thought he had led his friend out of the way. And now light was seen to flash from the sky, and rain came down in streams.

HOPE-FUL (with a groan). Oh, that I had kept on my way!

CHRIS-TIAN. Who could have thought that this path should lead us out of our way?

HOPE-FUL. I had my fears from the first, and so gave you a hint. I should have been more plain with you had I been as old as you.

CHRIS-TIAN. Good Hope-ful, be at peace with me. It is a great grief to me that I have brought you out of the way. Trust me, that I did not mean it.

HOPE-FUL. I do, my friend, and I have faith that this shall be for our good.



PICK-THANK.

CHRIS-TIAN. I am glad I have such a kind friend with me ; but we must not stand here ; let us try to get back.

But, good friend, let me go first, said Hope-ful.

CHRIS-TIAN. No, if you please, let me go first, so if there be risk, I may meet it first, for by my fault we have both gone out of the way.

No, said Hope-ful, you shall not go first, for your mind is not at rest, and you may lead us wrong once more. But, good Chris-tian, let me go first.

Then they heard a voice say : Set thine heart to the high way, the way thou hast been ; turn once more. But by this time the stream was deep from the rain that fell, and to get back did not seem safe ; yet they went back, though it was so dark and the stream ran so high that once or twice it was like to drown them. Nor could they, with all their skill, get back that night. So they found a screen from the rain, and there they slept till break of day.

Now, not far from the place where they lay was Doubt-ing Cas-tle, the lord of which was

Gi-ant De-spair; and it was on his ground that they now slept. There Gi-ant De-spair found them, and with a gruff voice he bade them wake. Whence are you? said he; and what brought you here? They told him that they had lost the path. Then said Gi-ant De-spair: You have no right to force your way in here; the ground on which you lie is mine:



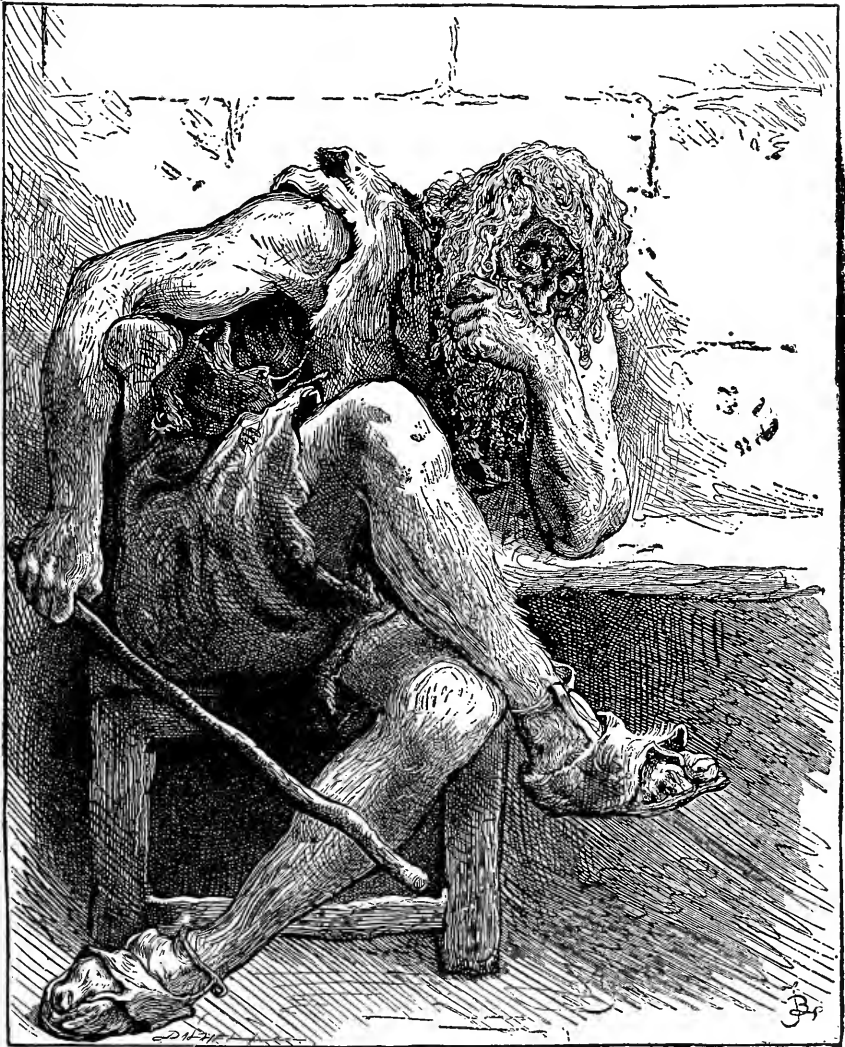
VAIN-CON-FI-DENCE.

They had not much to say, as they knew they were in fault. So Gi-ant De-spair drove them on, and put them in a dark and foul cell in a

strong hold. Here they were kept for three days, and they had no light nor food, nor a drop to drink all that time, and no one to ask them how they did. They were in a sad state, and far from all friends. But Chris-tian's grief was made twice as great by the thought it had all come through his wrong course. Now Gi-ant De-spair had a wife, whose name was Dif-fidence, and he told her what he had done. Then said he, What will be the best way to treat them? Beat them well, said the wife. So when he rose he took a stout stick from a crab tree, and went down to the cell where poor Chris-tian and Hope-ful lay, and beat them as if they had been dogs, so that they could not turn on the floor; and they spent all that day in sighs and tears.

The next day he came once more, and found them sore from the stripes, and said that since there was no chance for them to be let out of the cell, their best way would be to put an end to their own lives: For why should you wish to live, said he, with all this woe? But they told him they did hope he would let them go.

With that he sprang up with a fierce look, and



GI-ANT DE-SPAIR.

no doubt would have made an end of them, but

that he fell in a fit for a time, and lost the use of his hand; so he drew back, and left them to think of what he had said.

CHRIS-TIAN. Friend, what shall we do? The life that we now lead is worse than death. For my part I know not which is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand, as I feel that the grave would be less sad to me than this cell. Shall we let Gi-ant De-spair rule us?

HOPE-FUL. In good truth our case is a sad one, and to die would be more sweet to me than to live here; yet let us bear in mind that the Lord of that land to which we go hath said: Thou shalt not kill. And by this act we kill our souls as well. My friend Chris-tian, you talk of ease in the grave, but can a man go to bliss who takes his own life? All the law is not in the hands of Gi-ant De-spair.

Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause him to die, or lose the use of his limbs as he did at first. I have made up my mind to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try to get out of this strait. Fool that I was not to do so when first he came to the cell. But let us not put an



end to our own lives, for a good time may come yet.

By these words did Hope-ful soothe his friend, and change the tone of Christian's mind.

Well, at night the Gi-ant went down to the cell to see if life was still in them, and in good truth that life was in them was all that could be said, for from their wounds and want of food they did no more than just breathe. When Gi-ant De-spair found they were not dead, he fell in a great rage, and said that it should be worse with them than if they had not been born.

At this they shook with fear, and Chris-tian fell down in a swoon; but when he came to, Hope-ful said, My friend, call to mind how strong in faith you have been till now. Say, could A-poll-yon hurt you, or all that you heard, or saw, or felt in the Val-ley of the Shad-ow of Death? Look at the fears, the griefs, the woes that you have gone through. And now to be cast down! I, too, am in this cell, far more weak a man than you, and Gi-ant De-spair dealt his blows at me as well as you, and keeps me from food and light. Let us both (if but to shun the

shame) bear up as well as we can, and wait the Lord's will.

When night came on, the wife of Gi-ant De-spair said to him: Well, will the two men yield?

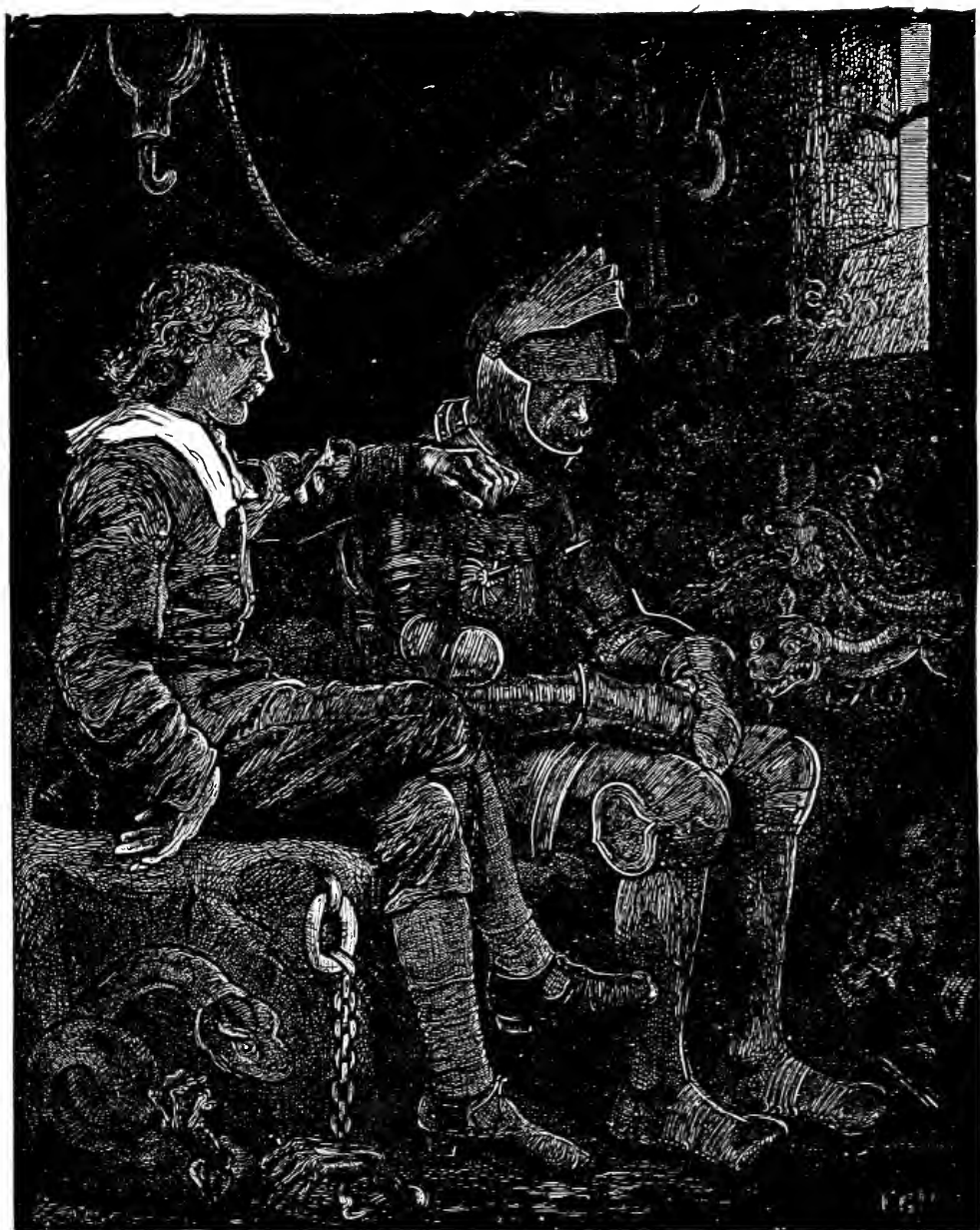
To which he said: No, they have stone hearts; they choose to stand firm, and will not put an end to their lives.

Then she said: At dawn of day take them to the yard, and show them the graves where all those whom you have put to death have been thrown, and make use of threats this time.

So Gi-ant De-spair took them to this place, and said: These men were like you, and they were caught on my grounds as you were, and when I saw fit I tore them in shreds. In ten days' time you shall be thrown in here if you do not yield. Go; get you down to your den once more. With that he beat them all the way back, and there they lay the whole day in a sad plight.

Now, when night was come, the wife said to the Gi-ant: I fear much that these men live on in hopes to pick the lock of the cell and get free.

Do you think so, my dear? quoth Gi-ant De-spair; then at sun rise I will search them.



LET US BOTH BEAR UP AS WELL AS WE CAN.

Now, on that night, as Chris-tian and Hope-ful lay in the den, they fell on their knees to pray, and knelt till the day broke; when Chris-tian gave a start, and said: Fool that I am thus to lie in this dark den when I might walk at large! I have a key in my pouch, the name of which is Prom-ise, that, I feel sure, will turn the lock of all the doors in Doubt-ing Cas-tle.

Then said Hope-ful: That is good news; pluck it from thy breast, and let us try it.

So Chris-tian put it in the lock, when the bolt sprang back, the door flew wide, and Chris-tian and Hope-ful both came out. When they got to the yard door the key did just as well; but the lock of the last strong gate of Doubt-ing Castle was of bars of steel, and it went hard, yet it did turn at last, though the hinge gave so loud a creak that it woke up Gi-ant De-spair, who sprang up to catch them. But just then he felt his limbs fail, for a fit came on him, so that he could by no means reach their cell.

Chris-tian and Hope-ful now fled back to the high way, and were safe out of his grounds. When they sat down to rest on a stile, they said

they would warn those who might chance to come on this road. So they cut these words on a post. This stile leads to Doubt-ing Cas-tle, which is kept by Gi-ant De-spair, who loves not the King of the Ce-les-tial Coun-try, and seeks to slay those who are on their way to his land.

Not a few who went that way read these words and gave heed to them.

Then they came to The De-lect-a-ble Moun-tains, which the Lord of the Hill owns. Here they saw fruit trees, vines, shrubs, woods, and streams, and drank and ate of the grapes. Now there were men at the tops of these hills who kept watch on their flocks, and as they stood by the high way, Chris-tian and Hope-ful leaned on their staves to rest, while thus they spoke to the men, Who owns these De-lect-a-ble Moun-tains, and whose are the sheep that feed on them?

MEN. These hills are Im-man-uel's, and the sheep are His too, and He laid down his life for them.

CHRIS-TIAN. Is this the way to his home?

MEN. You are in the right road.

CHRIS-TIAN. How far is it?

MEN. Too far for all but those that shall get there, in good truth.

CHRIS-TIAN. Is the way safe?

MEN. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; but the men of sin shall fall there.

CHRIS-TIAN. Is there a place of rest for those that faint on the road?

MEN. The Lord of these Hills gave us a charge to help those that came here, should they be known to us or not; so the good things of the place are yours.

I then saw in my dream that the men said: Whence come you, and by what means have you got so far? For but few of those that set out come here to show their face on these hills.

So when Chris-tian and Hope-ful told their tale, the men cast a kind glance at them, and said: With joy we greet you on The De-lect-a-ble Moun-tains!

Their names were Knowl-edge, Ex-pe-rience Watch-ful, and Sin-cere, and they led Chris-tian and Hope-ful by the hand to their tents, and bade them eat of that which was there, and they soon went to their rest for the night.

When the morn broke, the men woke up Chris-tian and Hope-ful, and took them to a spot whence they saw a bright view on all sides. Then they went with them to the top of a high hill, the name of which was Er-ror; it was steep on the far off side, and they bade them look down to the foot of it. So Chris-tian and Hope-ful cast their eyes down, and saw there some men who had lost their lives by a fall from the top; men who had been made to err, for they had put their trust in false guides.

Have you not heard of them? said the men.

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes, I have.

MEN. These are they, and to this day they have not been put in a tomb, but are left here to warn men to take good heed how they come too near the brink of this hill.

Then I saw that they had led them to the top of Mount Cau-tion, and bade them look far off. From that stile, said they, there goes a path to Doubt-ing Cas-tle, which is kept by Gi-ant De-spair, and the men whom you see there came as you do now, till they got up to that stile; and, as the right way was rough to walk in, they

chose to go through a field, and there Giant De-spair took them, and shut them up in Doubting Cas-tle, where they were kept in a den for a while, till he at last sent them out quite blind, and there they are still. At this Chris-tian gave a look at Hope-ful, and they both burst out with sobs and tears, but yet said not a word.

Then the four men took them up a high hill, the name of which was Clear, that they might see the gates of The Ce-les-tial City, with the aid of a glass to look through, but their hands shook, so they could not see well.

When Chris-tian and Hope-ful thought they would move on, one of the men gave them a note of the way, and the next (Ex-pe-rience by name) bade them take heed that they slept not on The En-chanted Ground, and the fourth bade them God speed. Now it was that I woke from my dream.

Then I slept, and dreamt once more, and saw Chris-tian and Hope-ful go down near the foot of these hills, where lies the land of Con-ceit, which joins the way to Mount Zi-on, by a small lane. Here they met a brisk lad, whose name



was Ig-nor-ance, to whom Chris-tian said : Whence come you, and to what place do you go ?

IG-NOR-ANCE. Sir, I was born in the land that lies off there on the left, and I wish to go to The Ce-les-tial City.

CHRIS-TIAN. How do you think to get in at the gate ?

IG-NOR-ANCE. Just as the rest of the world do ?

CHRIS-TIAN. But what have you to show at that gate to pass you through it ?

IG-NOR-ANCE. I know my Lord's will, and I have led a good life ; I pay for all that I have, I



IG-NOR-ANCE.

give tithes, and give alms, and have left my own land for that to which I now go.

CHRIS-TIAN. But you came not in at the gate that is at the head of this way, you came in through a small lane; so that I fear, though you may think well of all you have done, that when the time shall come, you will have this laid at your charge, that you are a thief—and so you will not get in.

IG-NOR-ANCE. Well, I know you not; do you keep to your own creed, and I will keep to mine, and I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is far from our land, and I do not think that there is a man in all our parts who does so much as know the way to it, and I see not what need there is that he should, since we have, as you see, a fine green lane at the next turn that comes down from our part of the world.

Chris-tian said in a low tone of voice to Hopeful: There is more hope of a fool than of him.

HOPE-FUL. Let us pass on if you will, and talk to him by and by, when, may be, he can bear it.

So they went on, and Ig-nor-ance trod in their steps a short way from them, till they saw a road branch off from the one they were in, and they knew not which of the two to take.

As they stood to think of it, a man whose skin was black, but who was clad in a white robe, came to them and said; Why do you stand here? They told him that they were on their way to Mount Zi-on, but knew not which of the two roads to take.



SO THEY WENT ON.

Come with me, then, said the man, for it is there that I mean to go.

So they went with him, though it was clear that the road must have made a bend, for they found they would soon turn their backs on Mount Zi-on.

Ere long, Chris-tian and Hope-ful were both caught in a net, and knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were. So there they sat down and wept.

CHRIS-TIAN. Did not one of the four men who kept guard on their sheep tell us to take heed lest Flat-ter-er should spread a net for our feet?

HOPE-FUL. Those men, too, gave us a note of the way, but we have not read it, and so have not kept in the right path. Thus they lay in the net to weep and wail.

At last they saw a Bright One come up to them with a whip of fine cord in his hand, who said: What do you here? Whence come you?

They told him that their wish was to go to Zi-on, but that they had been led out of the way

by a black man with a white cloak on, who, as he was bound for the same place, said he would show them the road.

Then said he : It is Flat-ter-er, a false man, who has put on the garb of a Bright One for a time.

So he rent the net and let the men out. Then he bade them come with him, that he might set them in the right way once more. He said : Where were you last night?

Quoth they : With the men who kept watch on their sheep on The De-lect-a-ble Moun-tains.

Then he said : But when you were at a stand why did you not read your note?

They told him they had not thought of it.

Now I saw in my dream that he bade them lie down, and whip them sore, to teach them the good way in which they should walk ; and he said : Those whom I love I serve thus.

So they gave him thanks for what he had taught them, and went on the right way up the hill with a song of joy.

At length they came to a land the air of which made men sleep, and here the lids of

Hope-ful's eyes dropt, and he said: Let us lie down here and take a nap.

CHRIS-TIAN. By no means, lest if we sleep we wake no more.

HOPE-FUL. Nay, friend Chris-tian, sleep is sweet to the man who has spent the day in toil.

CHRIS-TIAN. Do you not call to mind that one of the men who kept watch on the sheep bade us to take care of the En-chanted Ground? He meant by that that we should take heed not to sleep; so let us not sleep, but watch.

HOPE-FUL. I see I am in fault.

CHRIS-TIAN. Now then, to keep sleep from our eyes I will ask you, as we go, to tell me how you came at first to do as you do now?

HOPE-FUL. Do you mean how came I first to look to the good of my soul?

CHRIS-TIAN. Yes.

HOPE-FUL. For a long time the things that were seen and sold at Van-ity Fair were a great joy to me.

CHRIS-TIAN. What things do you speak of?

HOPE-FUL. All the goods of this life; such as lies, oaths, drink; in a word, love of self and

all that tends to kill the soul. But I heard from you and Faith-ful that the end of these things is death.

Thus did they talk as they went on their way.

But I saw in my dream that by this time Christian and Hope-ful had got through The Enchanted Ground, and had come to the land of Beu-lah, where the air is sweet; and as their way lay through this land, they made no haste to quit it, for here they heard the birds sing all day long, and the sun shone day and night; the Val-ley of Death was on the left, and it was out of the reach of Gi-ant De-spair; nor could they from this place so much as see Doubt-ing Cas-tle.

Now were they in sight of Zi-on, and here some of the Bright Ones came to meet them. Here, too, they heard the voice of those who dwelt in Zi-on, and had a good view of this land of bliss, which was built of rare gems of all hues, and the streets were laid with gold. So that the rays of light which shone on Chris-tian were too bright for him to bear, and he fell sick: and Hope-ful had a fit of the same kind. So they lay by for

a time, and wept, for their joy was too much for them.

At length, step by step, they drew near to Zi-on, and saw that the gates were flung back.

A man stood in the way, to whom Christian and Hope-ful said: Whose vines and crops are these?

He told them they were the King's, and were put there to give joy to those who should go on the road. So he bade them eat what fruit they chose, and took them to see the King's walks; where they slept.

Now I saw in my dream that they spoke more in their sleep than they had done all the rest of the way, and I could but muse at this. But the man said: Why do you muse at it? The juice from the grapes of this vine is so sweet as to cause the lips of them that sleep to speak.

I then saw that when they woke, they would fain go up to Zi-on; but as I said, the sun threw off such bright rays from the Mount, which was built of pure gold, that they could not, as yet, look on it, save through a glass made for that end.



Now as they went, they met with two men in white robes, and the face of each shone bright as the light. These men said: Whence come you? And when they had been told they said: You have but one thing more to do, which is a hard one, and then you are in Zi-on.

Chris-tian and Hope-ful did then beg of the two men to go with them; which they did. But, said they, It is by your own faith that you must gain it.

Now 'twixt them and the gate was a fierce stream which was broad and deep; it had no bridge, and the mere sight of it did so stun Chris-tian and Hope-ful that they could not move.

But the men who went with them said: You can not come to the gate but through this stream.

Is there no way but this one to the gate? said poor Chris-tian.

Yes, quoth they, but there have been but two men, to wit, E-noch and E-li-jah, who have trod that path since the world was made.

When Chris-tian and Hope-ful cast their eyes in the stream once more, they felt their hearts

sink with fear, and gave a look this way and that in much dread of the waves. Yet through it lay the way to Zi-on. Is the stream all of one depth? said Chris-tian. He was told that it was not, yet that in that there was no help, for he would find the stream more or less deep, as he had faith in the King of the place. So they set foot in the stream, but Chris-tian gave a loud cry to his good friend Hope-ful, and said: The waves close round my head, and I sink. Then said Hope-ful: Be of good cheer; my feet feel the bed of the stream, and it is good.

But Chris-tian said: Ah, Hope-ful, the pains of death have got hold of me; I shall not reach the land that I long for. And with that a cloud came on his sight, so that he could not see.

Hope-ful had much to do to keep Chris-tian's head out of the stream; nay, at times he had quite sunk, and then in a while he would rise up half dead.

Then said Hope-ful; My friend, all this is sent to try if you will call to mind all that God has done for you, and live on Him in your heart.

At these words Hope-ful saw that Chris-tian

was in deep thought; so he said to him; Be of good cheer, Christ will make thee whole.

Then Christian broke out with a loud voice: Oh, I see Him, and He speaks to me and says: When you pass through the deep streams, I will be with you.

And now they both got strength, and the stream was as still as a stone, so that Christian felt the bed of it with his feet, and he could walk through it. Thus they got to the right bank, where the two men in bright robes stood to wait



THEY CROSS THE STREAM.

for them, and their clothes were left in the stream.

Now you must bear in mind that Zi-on was on a steep hill, yet did Chris-tian and Hope-ful go up with ease and great speed, for they had these two men to lead them by the arms.

The hill stood in the sky, for the base of it was there. So in sweet talk they went up through the air. The Bright Ones told them of the bliss of the place, which they said was such as no tongue could tell, and that there they would see the Tree of Life, and eat of the fruits of it.

When you come there, said they, white robes will be put on you, and your talk from day to day shall be with the King for all time. There you shall not see such things as you saw on earth, to wit, care and want, and woe and death. You now go to be with A-bra-ham, I-saac, and Ja-cob.

CHRIS-TIAN and HOPE-FUL. What must we do there?

They said: You will have rest for all your toil, and joy for all your grief. You will reap what you have sown—the fruit of all the tears



CHRIS-TIAN BROKE OUT IN A LOUD VOICE, OH ! I SEE HIM.

you shed for the King by the way. In that place you will wear crowns of gold, and have at all

times a sight of Him who sits on the throne. There you shall serve Him with love, with shouts of joy and with songs of praise.

Now, while they thus drew up to the gate, lo, a host of saints came to meet them, to whom the two Bright Ones said: These are men who



SHOUTS OF PRAISE.

felt love for our Lord when they were in the world, and left all for His name; and He sent us to bring them far on their way, that they

might go in and look on their Lord with joy.

Then the whole host with great shouts came round on all sides (as it were, to guard them); so that it would seem to Chris-tian and Hope-ful as if all Zi-on had come down to meet them.

Now, when Chris-tian and Hope-ful went in at the gate a great change took place in them, and they were clad in robes that shone like gold. There were bright hosts that came with harps and crowns, and they said to them; Come, ye, in the joy of the Lord. And then I heard all the bells in Zi-on ring.

Now, just as the gates were flung back for the men to pass in, I had a sight of Zi-on, which shone like the sun; the ground was of gold, and those who dwelt there had love in their looks, crowns on their heads, and palms in their hands, and with one voice they sent forth shouts of praise.

But the gates were now once more shut, and I could but wish that I, too, had gone in to share this bliss. Then I woke, and lo, it was a dream.



AND LO, IT WAS A DREAM.





## PART II.

ONCE more I had a dream, and it was this: Chris-ti-an-a, the wife of Chris-tian, had been on her knees to pray, and as she rose, she heard a loud knock at the door. If you come in God's name, said she, come in.

Then I thought in my dream that a form, clad in robes as white as snow, threw back the door, and said: Peace be to this house. At a sight so new to her, Chris-ti-an-a at first grew pale with fear, but in a short time took heart and

told him she would fain know whence he came and why. So he said his name was Se-cret, and that he dwelt with those that are on high.

Then said her guest : Chris-ti-an-a, here is a note for thee, which I have brought from Christian. So she took it, broke the seal, and read these words, which were in gold : To her who was my dear wife. The King would have you do as I have done, for that was the way to come to his land, and to dwell with him in joy. When Chris-ti-an-a read this, she shed tears, and said to him who brought the note : Sir, will you take me and my sons with you, that we, too, may bow down to this king ?

But he said : Chris-ti-an-a, joy is born of grief ; care must come first, then bliss. To reach the land where I dwell thou must go through toils, as well as scorn and taunts. But take the road that leads up to the field gate which stands in the head of the way ; and I wish you all good speed. I would have thee wear this note in thy breast, that it may be read by thee till thou hast got it by rote, but thou must give it up at the last gate that leads to Mount Zi-on.

Then Chris-ti-an-a spoke to her boys, and said: My sons, I have of late been sad at the death of Chris-tian, your dear sire. But I feel sure now that it is well with him, and that he dwells in the land of life and peace. I have, too, felt deep grief at the thoughts of my own state and yours; for we were wrong to let our hearts grow cold, and turn a deaf ear to him in the time of his woe, and hold back from him when he fled from this City of De-struc-tion.

The thought of these things would kill me,



CHRIS-TI-AN-A SHED TEARS.

were it not for a dream which I had last night, and for what a guest who came here at dawn has told me. So come, my dear ones, let us make our way at once to the gate that leads to The Ce-les-tial City, that we may see your sire and be there with him and his friends.

Then her first two sons burst out in tears of joy that Chris-ti-an-a's heart was set that way.

Now while they put all things right to go, two friends of Chris-ti-an-a's came up to her house, and gave a knock at the door. To them she said: If you come in God's name, come in. Those who stood at the door did not know what to think of this, for these were new words on Chris-ti-an-a's lips. But they went in, and found that she was on the eve of flight from the town.

Pray what do you mean by this? I mean to leave my home, said she to Mrs. Tim-or-ous—for that was the name of one of these friends.

TIM-OR-OUS. To what end, pray tell me?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. To go to my dear Chris-tian. And with that she wept.

TIM-OR-OUS. Nay, can it be so? Who or what has brought you to this state of mind?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Oh, my friend, if you did but know as much as I do, I doubt not that you would be glad to go with me.

TIM-OR-OUS. Pray what new lore have you got hold of that draws your mind from your friends, and tempts you to go no one knows where?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I dreamt last night that I saw Chris-tian. Oh, that my soul were with him now! The Prince of the place has sent for me, through one who came to meet me at sun rise, and brought me this note to bid me go there; do read it, I pray you.

TIM-OR-OUS. Ah, how mad to run such risk! You have heard, I am sure, from our friend Obstin-ate, what Chris-tian met with on the way, for he went with him; yea, and Pli-a-ble too, till they, like wise men, came back through fear. You heard how he met with the beasts of prey and A-poll-yon, what he saw in the Val-ley of the Shad-ow of Death, and more still that makes my hair stand on end to hear of; think, too, of these four sweet boys who are your own flesh and bone; and, though you should be so rash as to

wish to go, yet for their sake, I pray you keep at home.

But Chris-ti-an-a said: Tempt me not. I have now a chance to put my hand to get gain, and in truth I should be a fool if I had not the heart to grasp it. And these toils and snares that you tell me of shall not keep me back; no, they serve but to show me that I am in the right. Care must first be felt, then joy. So since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and tempt me no more.

Then Tim-or-ous said to Mer-cy (who had come with her): Let us leave her in her own hands, since she scorns all our words.

But Mer-cy thought that if her friend Chris-ti-an-a must be gone, she would go part of the way with her to help her. She took some thought, too, of her own soul, for what Chris-ti-an-a had said had laid hold on her mind, and she felt she must have some talk with this friend; and if she found that truth and life were in her words, she would join her with all her heart.

So Mer-cy said to Tim-or-ous: I came with

you to see Chris-ti-an-a, and since on this day she takes leave of the town, I think the least I can do would be to walk a short way with her, to help her on. But the rest she kept from Tim-or-ous.

TIM-OR-OUS. Well, I see you have a mind to play the fool too; but take heed in good time, and be wise.

So Mrs. Tim-or-ous went to her own house; and Chris-ti-an-a, with her four boys, and Mer-cy, went on their way.

Mer-cy, said Chris-ti-an-a, I take this as a great



SAID TIM-OR-OUS: YOU PLAY THE FOOL TOO.

boon that you should set foot out of doors to start me on my way.

Then said young Mer-cy (for she was quite young): If I thought it would be good to join you, I would not go back at all to the town.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Well, Mer-cy, cast your lot in with mine; I know what will be the end of our toils. Chris-tian is where he would not fail to be for all the gold in the mines of Spain. Nor shall you be sent back, though there be no one but I to ask it for you; for the King who has sent for me and my boys is One who turns not from those who seek Him. If you like I will hire you, and you shall go as my maid, and yet shall share all things with me, so that you do but go.

MER-CY. But how can I be sure that I shall be let in? If I thought I should have help from Him from whom all help comes, I would make no pause, but would go at once, let the way be as rough as it might.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Well, Mer-cy, I will tell you what I would have you do. Go with me as far as to the field gate, and there I will ask; and if no hopes should be held out to you by him who



keeps the gate, you can go back to your home.

MER-CY. Well, I will go with you, and the Lord grant that my lot may be cast to dwell in the land for which my heart yearns.

Chris-ti-an-a then felt glad that she had a friend to join her, and that that friend should have so great a care for her soul.

So they went on their way; but the face of Mer-cy wore so sad a mien that Chris-ti-an-a said to her: What ails you? Why do you weep?

MER-CY. Oh, who could but weep to think of the state of my poor friends near and dear to me, in our bad town?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. You feel for your friends as my good Chris-tian did for me when he left me, for it went to his heart to find that I would not see these things in the same light as he did. And now you, I, and these dear boys, reap the fruits of all his woes. I hope, Mer-cy, these tears of yours will not be shed in vain, for He who could not lie, has said that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Now when Chris-ti-an-a came up to the Slough

of De-spond, she and her sons made a stand, and Chris-ti-an-a told them that this was the place in which her dear Chris-tian fell. But Mer-cy said, Come, let us risk it; all we have to do is to keep the steps well in view.

Chris-ti-an-a made a slip or two in the mud; but at last they got through the slough, and then they heard a voice say to them, Blest is she who hath faith, for those things which were told her of the Lord shall come to pass.

So now they went on once more, and Mer-cy said: Had I as good grounds to hope to get in at the gate as you have, I think no Slough of De-spond would keep me back.

Well, said Chris-ti-an-a, you know your sore, and I know mine, and hard toil will it be for both of us to get to the end of the way; for how can we think that they who set out on a scheme of so much bliss, should steer clear of frights and fears on their way to that bright bourn which it is their aim to reach?

When they came to the gate, it took them some time to make out a plan of what they should say to him who stood there; and as Mer-cy was not so

old as her friend, she said that it must rest with Chris-ti-an-a to speak for all of them. So she gave a knock, and then (like Chris-tian) two more; but no one came.

Now they heard the fierce bark of a dog, which made them shake with fear, nor did they dare for a while to knock a third time, lest the dog should fly at them. So they were put to their wits'



COME, LET US RISK IT.

end to know what to do: to knock they did not dare, for fear of the dog; to go back they did not dare, lest he who kept the gate should see them

as they went, and might not like it. At last they gave a knock four times as loud as the first.

Then he who stood at the gate said: Who is there? The dog was heard to bark no more, and the gate swung wide for them to come in.

Chris-ti-an-a sank on her knees, and said: Let not our Lord be wroth that we have made this loud noise at his gate.

At this he said: Whence come you, and what is it that you would have?

Quoth Chris-ti-an-a: We are come from the town whence Chris-tian came, to beg to be let in at this gate, that we may go on our way to Mount Zi-on. I was once the wife of Chris-tian, who now is in the land of bliss.

With that, he who kept the gate threw up his arms and said: What! is she on her road to Mount Zi-on who, but a short time since, did hate the life of that place?

Then Chris-ti-an-a bent her head, and said: Yes, and so are these my dear sons.

So he took her by the hand and led her in; and when her four sons had gone through, he

shut the gate. This done, he said to a man who was near: Sound the horn for joy.

But now that Chris-ti-an-a was safe through the gate with her boys, she thought it time to speak a word for Mer-cy, who was shut out; so she said: My Lord, I have a friend who stands at the gate, who has come here with the same trust that I did. One whose heart is sad to think that she comes, it may be, when she is not sent for; while I had word from Chris-tian's King to come.

The time did so lag with poor Mer-cy while she stood to be let in, that though it was but a short space, yet through fear and doubt did it seem to her like an hour at least; and Chris-ti-an-a could not say more for Mer-cy to him who kept the gate for the knocks, which came so fast, and were at last so loud, that they made Chris-ti-an-a start.

Then said he: Who is there?

Quoth Chris-ti-an-a: It is my friend.

So he threw back the gate to look out, but Mer-cy was in a swoon, from the fear that she should not be let in.

Then he took her by the hand, and said: Fear not; stand firm on thy feet, and tell me whence thou art come, and for what end?

MER-CY. I do not come as my friend Chris-ti-an-a does, for I was not sent for by the King, and I fear I am too bold. Yet if there is a grace to share, I pray thee let me share it.

Then he took her once more by the hand and led her in, and said: All may come in who put their trust in me, let the means be what they may that brought them here.

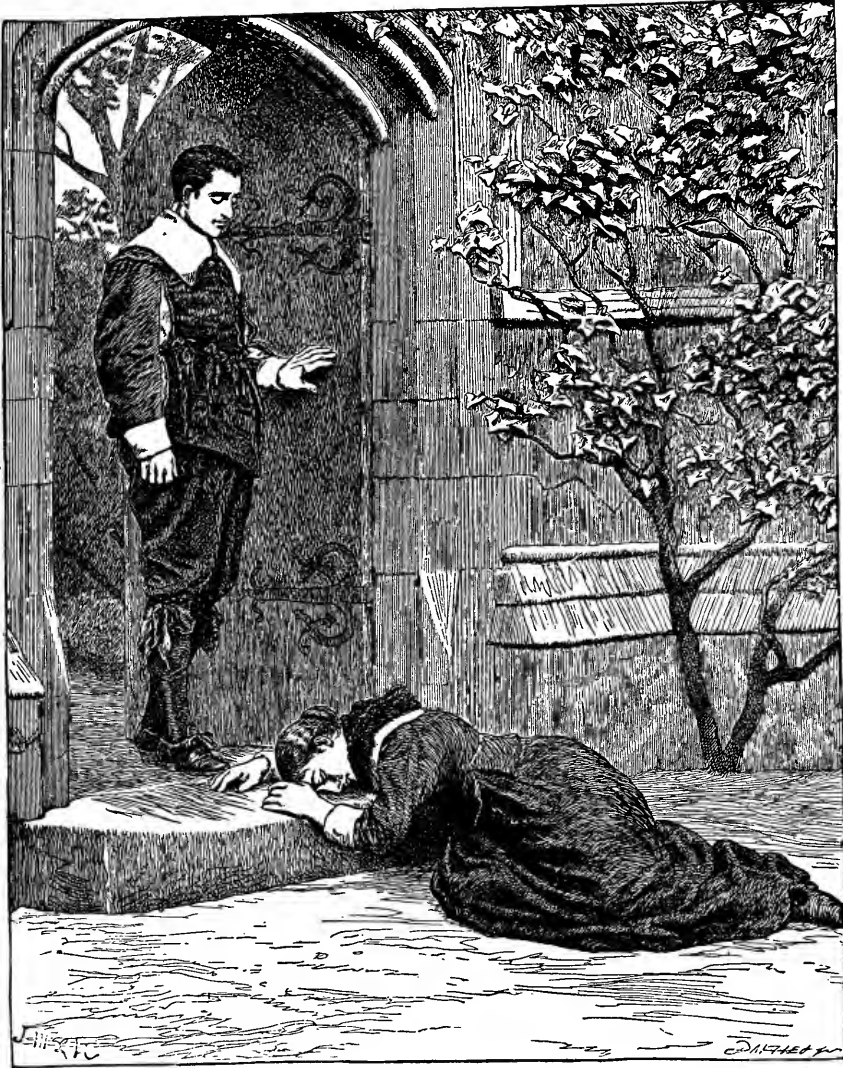
Then he told those that stood by to bring her some myrrh, and in a while she got well.

Now I saw in my dream that he spoke good words to Mer-cy, Chris-ti-an-a, and her boys, so as to make glad their hearts. And he took them up to the top of the gate, where he left them for a while, and Chris-ti-an-a said: Oh my dear friend, how glad am I that we have all got in!

MER-CY. So you may well be; but I most of all have cause for joy.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I thought at one time as I stood at the gate, and none came to me, that all our pains had been lost.

MER-CY. But my worst fears came on when I



MER-CY WAS IN A SWOON.

saw him who kept the gate grant you your

wish, and take no heed of me. And this brought to my mind the two who ground at the same mill, and how I was the one who was left; and I found it hard not to cry out, I am lost! I am lost!

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I thought you would have come in by rude force.

MER-CY. Ah me! You saw that the door was shut on me, and that a fierce hound was not far off. Who, with so faint a heart as mine, would not give loud knocks with all her might? But pray, what said my Lord at this rude noise? Was he not wroth with me?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. When he heard your loud thumps at the door he gave a smile; and to my mind, what you did would seem to please him well. But it is hard to guess why he keeps such a dog. Had I known of it, I fear I should not have had the wish to come. But now we are in we are safe, and I am glad with all my heart.

One of Chris-ti-an-a's boys said: Pray ask to have a chain put on the dog, for it will bite us when we go hence.

Then he who kept the gate came down to



them once more, and Mer-cy fell with her face to the ground, and said: Oh let me bless and praise the Lord with my lips!

So he said to her: Peace be to thee; stand up.

But she would not rise till she had heard from him why he kept so fierce a dog in the yard. He told her he did not own the dog, but that it was shut up in the grounds of one who dwelt near. In truth, said he; it is kept from no good will to me or mine, but to cause those who come here to turn back from my gate by the sound of its voice. But hadst thou known more of me thou wouldst not have felt fear of a dog. The poor man who goes from door to door will, for the sake of alms, run the risk of a bite from a cur; and shall a dog keep thee from me?

MER-CY. I spoke of what I knew not; but, Lord, I know that thou dost all things well.

Then Chris-ti-an-a rose as if she would go on her way. So he fed them, and set them in the right path, as he had done to Chris-tian. And as they went, Chris-ti-an-a sang a hymn: We turn our tears to joy, and our fears to faith.

They had not gone far when they saw some

fruit trees, the boughs of which hung from the top of a wall that was built round the grounds of him who kept the fierce hound, and at times those that came that way would eat them to their cost. So as they were ripe, Chris-ti-an-a's boys threw down and ate some of them; though Chris-ti-an-a chid them for it, and said: That fruit is not ours. But she knew not then whose it was. Still the boys would eat of it.

Now when they had gone but a bow shot from the place, they saw two men, who with bold looks came fast down the hill to meet them. With that, Chris-ti-an-a and her friend Mer-cy drew down their veils, and so kept on their way, and the boys went on first. Then the men came up to them, but Chris-ti-an-a said: Stand back, or go by in peace, as you should. Yet they took no more heed of her words than if they had been deaf.

Chris-ti-an-a, who did not like their looks, said: We are in haste, and can not stay; our work is a work of life and death. With that, she and the rest made a fresh move to pass, but the men would not let them. So with one voice they

all set up a loud cry. Now, as they were not far



STILL THE BOYS WOULD EAT.

from the field gate, they were heard from that

place, and of those in the lodge came out in haste to catch these bad men; when they soon leaped the wall, and got safe to the grounds where the dog was kept.

RE-LIEV-ER. How was it that when you were at the gate you did not ask him who stood there to take you on your way, and guard you from harm? Had you done so you would have gone through these frights, for he would have been sure to grant you your wish.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Ah, Sir, the joy we felt when we were let in, drove from our thoughts all fears to come. And how could we think that such bad men could lurk in such a place as that? True, it would have been well for us if we had thought to ask him; but since our Lord knew it would be for our good, how came it to pass that he did not send some one with us?

RE-LIEV-ER. You did not ask. When the want of a thing is felt, that which we wish for is worth all the more.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Shall we go back to my Lord and tell him we wish we had been more wise, and ask for a guard?

RE-LIEV-ER. Go back you need not, for in no place where you go will you find a want at all.

When he had said this he took his leave, and the rest went on their way.

MER-CY. What a blank is here? I made sure we had been past all risk, and that we should see no more care.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Your youth may plead for you, my friend, and screen you from blame; but as for me, my fault is so much the worse, in so far as I knew what would take place ere I came out of my door.

MER-CY. But how could you know this ere you set out?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Why, I will tell you. One night as I lay in bed, I had a dream, in which I saw the whole scene as it took place just now.

By this time Chris-ti-an-a, Mer-cy, and the four boys had come to the house of In-ter-pre-ter. Now when they drew near to the door they heard the sound of Chris-ti-an-a's name; for the news of her flight had made a great stir; but they knew not that she stood at the door. At last she gave a knock, as she had done at the gate, when

there came to the door a young maid, In-no-cent by name.

IN-NO-CENT. With whom would you speak in this place?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. As we heard that this is a place of rest for those that go by the way, we pray that we may be let in, for the day, as you see, is far spent, and we are loth to go on to-night.

IN-NO-CENT. Pray what is your name, that I may tell it to my Lord?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. My name is Chris-ti-an-a; I was the wife of Chris-tian, who some time since came by this way, and these are his four sons.

In-no-cent then ran in, and said to those there: Can you guess who is at the door? There are Chris-ti-an-a, her boys and her friend.

So they leaped for joy, and went to tell it to their Lord, who came to the door and said: Art thou that Chris-ti-an-a whom Chris-tian left in the town of De-struc-tion, when he set out for Mount Zi-on?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I am she, and my heart was so hard as to slight his woes, and leave him to

make his way as he could; and these are his four sons. But I, too, am come, for I feel sure that no way is right but this.

IN-TER-PRE-TER. But why do you stand at the door? Come in, it was but just now that we spoke of you, for we heard that you were on your way. Come, my dear boys, come in; come, my sweet maid, come in. So he took them to the house,



IN-NO-CENT.

and bade them sit down and rest. All in the house wore a smile of joy to think that Chris-ti-

an-a was on her way to Mount Zi-on, and they were glad to see the young ones walk in God's ways, and gave them a kind clasp of the hand to show their good will. They said soft words, too, to Mer-cy, and bade them all be at their ease.

To fill up the time till they would sup, In-ter-pre-ter took them to see all those things that had been shown to Chris-tian. This done, they were led to a room in which stood a man with a prong in his hand, who could look no way but down on the ground, and he had a muck-rake in his hand; and there stood one with a crown in his hand, which he said he would give him for his prong: yet the first man did not look up, but went on to rake the straws, dust, and sticks which lay on the floor.

Then said Chris-ti-an-a: I think I know what this means. It is a sketch of a man of this world, is it not, good Sir?

IN-TER-PRE-TER. Thou art right, and his prong shows that his mind is of the earth, and that he thinks life in the next world is a mere song; take note that he does not so much as



look up; and straws, sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things to live for.

At that Chris-ti-an-a and Mer-cy wept, and said: Ah, yes, it is too true!

In-ter-pre-ter then took them to a room where were a hen and her chicks, and bade them look well at them for a while. So one of the chicks went to the trough to drink, and each time she drank would she lift up her head and her eyes to the sky.

See, said he, what this bird does, and learn of her to know whence all good comes, and to give to the Lord who dwells on high, the praise and thanks for it. Look once more, and see all the ways that the hen has with her young brood. There is her call that goes on all day long; and there is a call that comes but now and then; she has a third call to shield them with her wings; and her fourth is a sharp cry, which she gives when she spies a foe.

Now, said he, set her ways by the side of your King's, and the ways of these chicks by the side of those who love to do His will, and then

you will see what I mean. For He has a way to walk in with His Saints. By the call that comes all day He gives nought; by a call that is rare He is sure to have some good to give; then there is a call, too, for those that would come to His wings, which He spreads out to shield them; and He has a cry to warn men from those who might hurt their souls. I choose scenes from real life, as they are not too hard for you to grasp, when I fit them to your own case; and it is the love I have for your souls that prompts me show you these things.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Pray let us see some more.

IN-TER-PRE-TER then took them to his field, which was sown with wheat and corn: but when they came to look, the ears were cut off, and there was nought but the straw left.

IN-TER-PRE-TER. What shall we do with the crop?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Burn some, and use the rest to dress the ground with.

IN-TER-PRE-TER. Fruit, you see, is the thing you look for, and for want of that you cast off

the whole crop. Take heed that in this you do not seal your own doom: for by fruit I mean works.

The In-ter-pre-ter then took them to his grounds once more, and then they saw a tree, and though its heart was all dead and gone, yet it grew and had leaves.

What means this? said Mer-cy.

This tree, fair to look at, but dead in its heart, is like not a few in the fields of God, who, with their mouths speak in praise of God, but will not do a thing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart is just fit for Sa-tan to build fires with.

Now when they came back to the house the meal was not yet spread, so did Chris-ti-an-a beg of In-ter-pre-ter to show or tell them some more things.

IN-TER-PRE-TER. So much the more strong a man's health is, so much the more prone is he to sin. The more fat the sow is, the more she loves the mire. It is not so hard to sit up a night or two, as to watch for a whole year; just as it is not

so hard to start well as it is to hold out to the end. One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will kill a man's soul. If a man would live well, let him keep his last day in mind.

Now when Chris-ti-an-a, Mer-cy, and the boys had all a good night's rest, they rose with the sun, and made a move to leave; but In-ter-pre-ter told them to wait a while. For, said he, you must go hence in due form, such is the rule of the house.

Then he told In-no-cent to take them to the bath, and there wash the dust from them. This done, they came forth fresh and strong, and as In-ter-pre-ter said: Fair as the moon.

Next he told those near him to bring the seal, and when it was brought he set his mark on them, that they might be known in each place where they went.

Then said In-ter-pre-ter: Bring clothes for them. And they were clad in robes as white as snow, so that it made each start to see the rest shine with so bright a light.

In-ter-pre-ter then sent for one of his men whose name was Great-heart, and bade that he

should be clad in a coat of mail, with sword and



GREAT-HEART.

shield, and that he should take them to a house,

the name of which was Beau-ti-ful, where they would rest.

Then In-ter-pre-ter took his leave of them, with a good wish for each. So they went on their way, and thus they sang:—

“ O move me, Lord, to watch and pray,  
From sin my heart to clear ;  
To take my cross up day by day,  
And serve the Lord with Fear.”

They next came to the place where Chris-tian's load had been lost in the tomb. Here they made a pause, and gave thanks to Him who laid down His life to save theirs. So now they went up the hill, which was so steep that the toil made Chris-ti-an-a pant for breath.

How can we doubt, said she, that they who love rest more than their souls would choose some way on which they could go with more ease than this?

Then Mer-cy said: Come what may, I must rest for a while.

And James, who was the least of the boys, gave way to tears.

Come, Come! said Great-heart, sit not down

here; for there is a seat near us put there by the Prince. With this he took the young child by the hand, and led him to it; and they were all glad to sit down, and to be out of the heat of the sun's rays.

Then said Mer-cy: How sweet is rest to them that work! And how good is the Prince to place this seat here that such as we may rest! Of this spot I have heard much, but let us take heed that we sleep not, for that cost poor Chris-tian dear.

Then, said Great-heart: Well, my brave boys, how do you do? What think you of this hill?

Sir, said James, this hill beats me out of heart! And I see now that what I have been told is true, the land of bliss is up steps; but still, Sir, it is worse to go down hill to death than up hill to life.

You are a good boy, said Great-heart. That is well said.

At this Mer-cy could but smile, and it made James blush.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Come, will you not drink out of this flask, and eat some fruit, while we sit here

to rest? For In-ter-pre-ter put these in my hand as I came out of his door.

Now when they had sat there a while, their guide said to them: The day runs on, and if you think well of it, let us now go on our way.

So they all set out, the boys first, then the rest; but they had not gone far when Chris-tian-a found she had left the flask, so she sent James back to fetch it.

MER-CY. I think this is the place where Chris-tian lost his scroll. How was this, Sir?

GREAT-HEART. We may trace it to two things; one is sleep, and one is that you cease to think of that which you cease to want, and when you lose sight of a boon you lose sight of Him who grants it, and the joy of it will end in tears.

By and by they came to a small mound with a post on it, where these words were cut, Let him who sees this post take heed of his heart and his tongue that they be not false. Then they went on till they came up to two large beats of prey.

Now Great-heart was a strong man so he



had no fear; but their fierce looks made the boys start, and they all clung round Great-heart.

How now, my boys! You march on first, as brave as can be, when there is no cause for fear; but when a test of your strength comes you shrink.

Now when Great-heart drew his sword to force a way there came up one Gi-ant Grim, who said, in a gruff voice. What right have you to come here?

GREAT-HEART. These friends of mine are on their way to Mount Zi-on, and this is the road they shall go, in spite of thee and the wild beasts.

GRIM. This is not their way, nor shall they go on it. I am come forth to stop them, and to that end will back the wild beasts.

Now, to say truth, so fierce were these beasts, and so grim the looks of him who had charge of them; that the road was grown with weeds and grass from want of use. And still Grim bade them turn; for, said he, you shall not pass.

But their guide came up, and struck so hard

at him with his sword as to force him to fall back.

GI-ANT GRIM. Will you slay me on my own ground?

GREAT-HEART. It is the king's high way on which we stand, and in his way it is that you have put these beasts. But these who are in my charge, though weak, shall hold on in spite of all. And with that he dwelt him a blow that brought him to the ground ; so Giant Grim was slain.

Then Great-heart said: Come now with me, and you shall take no harm from the two beasts. So they went by, but shook from head to foot at the mere sight of their teeth and claws.

At length they came in sight of the lodge, to which they soon went up, but made the more haste to get there as it grew dusk. So when they were come to the gate the guide gave a knock, and the man at the lodge said in a loud voice: Who is there?

GREAT-HEART. It is I.

WATCH-FUL. How now, Great-heart? What has brought you here at so late an hour? Then Great-heart told him that he had come with some friends on their way to Zi-on.



GI-ANT GRIM.

WATCH-FUL. Will you go in and stay till the day dawns?

GREAT-HEART. No, I will go back to my Lord to-night.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Ah, Sir, I know not how we can part with you, for it is to your stout heart that we owe our lives. You have fought for us, you have taught us what is right, and your faith and your love have known no bounds.

MER-CY. O that we could have you for our guide all the rest of the way! For how can such weak folk as we are hold out in a path fraught with toils and snares if we have no friend to take us?

JAMES. Pray, Sir, keep with us and help us, when the way we go is so hard to find.

GREAT-HEART. As my Lord wills, so must I do; If he send me to join you once more, I shall be glad to wait on you. But it was here that you were in fault at first, for when he bade me come thus far with you, if you had said, We beg of you to let him go quite through with us, he would have let me do so. But now I must

go back ; and so, good Chris-ti-an-a, Mer-cy, and my brave boys, fare ye all well.

Then did Watch-ful, who kept the lodge, ask Chris-ti-an-a whence she had come, and who her friends were.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I come from the City of De-struc-tion, and I was the wife of one Chris-tian, who is dead.

Then Watch-ful rang the bell, as at such times he is wont, and there came to the door a maid, to whom he said : Go, make it known that Chris-ti-an-a, the wife of Chris-tian, and her four boys are come on their way to Mount Zi-on.

So she went in and told all this. And, oh, what shouts of joy were sent forth when those words fell from her mouth ! So all came with haste to Watch-ful ; for Chris-ti-an-a still stood at the door.

Some of the most grave then said to her : Chris-ti-an-a, come in, thou wife of that good man ; come in, thou blest one ; come in, with all that are with thee.

So she went in, and the rest with her. They then bade them sit down in a large room, where

the chief of the house came to see them and to cheer up his guests. Then he gave each of them a kiss. But as it was late, and Chris-ti-an-a and the rest were faint with the great fright they had had, they would fain have gone to rest.

Nay, said those of the house, take first some meat ; for as Watch-ful had heard that they were on their way, a lamb had been slain for them. When the meal had come to an end, and they had sung a psalm, Chris-ti-an-a said : If we may be so bold as to chose, let us be in that room which was Chris-tian's when he was here.

So they took them there, but ere she went to sleep Chris-ti-an-a said : I did not think when my poor Chris-tian set off with his load on his back that I should do the same thing.

MER-CY. No, nor did you think then that you should rest in the same room as he had done.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. And less still to see his dear face once more who was dead and gone, and to praise the Lord the King with him ; and yet now I think I shall.

MER-CY. Do you not hear a noise ?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Hark! as far as I can make out, the sounds we hear come from the lute, the pipe, and the horn.

MER-CY. Sweet sounds in the house, sweet sounds in the air, sweet sounds in the heart, for joy that we are here!

Thus did Chris-ti-an-a and Mer-cy chat a while, and they then slept.

Now at dawn when they woke up, Chris-ti-an-a said to Mer-cy, What was it that made you laugh in your sleep last night? Were you in a dream?

MER-CY. Yes, and a sweet dream it was. But are you sure that I did laugh?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Yes, you gave a laugh as if from your heart of hearts. Do pray, Mer-cy, tell it to me.

MER-CY. I dreamt that I lay in some lone wood to weep and wail, for that my heart should be so hard a one. Now I had not been there long when I thought there were some who had come to hear me speak in my sleep; but I went on with my moans. At this they said with a laugh, that I was a fool.

Then I saw a Bright One with wings come up to me, who said: Mer-cy, what ails you? And when he heard the cause of my grief, he said: Peace be to thee. He then came up to wipe off my tears, and had me clad in robes of gold, and put a chain on my neck, and a crown on my head. Then he took me by the hand and said: Mer-cy, come this way. So he went up with me till we came to a gate, at which he gave a knock, and then he took me to a throne on which one sat. The place was bright as the stars, nay, more like the sun. And I thought that I saw Chris-tian there. So I woke from my dream. But did I laugh?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Laugh! Yes, and so you might, to see how well off you were! For you must give me leave to tell you, that as you find the first part true, so you will find the last.

MER-CY. Well, I am glad of my dream, for I hope ere long to see it come to pass, so as to make me laugh once more.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I think it is now high time to rise, and to know what we must do.

MER-CY. Pray, if they should ask us to stay,



let us by all means do so; for I should much like to know more of these maids. I think Pru-dence, Pi-e-ty, and Char-i-ty have, each of them, a most choice mien.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. We shall see what they will do.

So they came down.

Then said Pru-dence and Pi-e-ty: If you will stay here, you shall have what the house will yield.

CHAR-I-TY. Yes, and that with a good will. So they were there some time, much to their good.



IN SOME LONE WOOD TO WEEP.

PRU-DENCE. Chris-ti-an-a, I give you all praise, for you have brought your boys up well. With James I have had a long chat; he is a good boy, and has learned much that will bring peace to his mind while he lives on this earth, and in the world to come it will cause him to see the face of Him who sits on the throne. For my own part, I will teach all your sons. At the same time, said she to them, you must still give heed to all that Chris-ti-an-a can teach you; but more than all, you must read the Book of God's Word, which sent your dear sire on his way to the land of bliss.

By the time that Chris-ti-an-a and the rest had been in this place a week, a man, Brisk by name, came to woo Mer-cy, with the wish to wed her. Now Mer-cy was fair to look on, and her mind was at all times set on work and the care of those round her. She would knit hose for the poor, and give to all those things of which they stood in need.

She will make me a good house wife, thought Brisk.

Mer-cy one day said to those of the house;

Will you tell me what you think of Brisk?



MR. BRISK.

They then told her that the young man would

seem to have a great sense of the love of God, but that they had fears it did not reach his soul, which they thought did cleave too much to this world.

Nay then, said Mer-cy, I will look no more on him, for I will not have a clog to my soul.

PRU-DENCE. If you go on as you have set out, and work so hard for the poor, he will soon cool.

So the next time he came, he found her at her work.

What still at it? said he.

MER-CY. Yes.

BRISK. How much can you earn in the day?

MER-CY. I work at these things for the good of those for whom I do them; and more than this, to do the will of Him who was slain on the cross for me.

With that his face fell, and he came no more to see her.

PRU-DENCE. Did I not tell you that Brisk would soon flee from you? Yea, he may seem to love Mer-cy, but Mer-cy and he could not tread the same road of life side by side.

Now Mat-thew, the son of Chris-ti-an-a, fell sick, so they sent to Dr. Skill to cure him. Then said he : Tell me what he eats.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Well, there is no food here but what is good and pure.

SKILL. This boy has in him a crude mass of food, which if I do not use the means to get rid of, he will die.

Sam-u-el said to Chris-ti-an-a, What was it that you saw Mat-thew pick up and eat when he came from the gate which is at the head of this way?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. It was some of the fruit that grows there ; I chid him for it.

SKILL. I felt sure that it was some bad food ; now that fruit hurts more than all, for it is the fruit from Beel-ze-bub's grounds. Did no one warn you of it? Some fall down dead when they eat it.

Then Chris-ti-an-a wept and said : What shall I do for my son? Pray, Sir, try your best to cure him, let it cost what it may.

Then Skill gave strange drugs to him, which he would not take. . So Chris-ti-an-a put one of

them to the tip of her tongue. Oh Mat-thew, said she, it is sweet, sweet as balsam, if you love me, if you love Mer-cy, if you love your life, do take it.

So in time he did, and he felt grief for his sin. He quite lost the pain, so that with a staff he could walk, and went from room to room to talk with Mer-cy, Pru-dence, Pi-e-ty, and Char-i-ty.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. Pray, Sir, what else are these pills good for?

SKILL. They are good for all those that go on their way to Mount Zi-on.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I pray of you to make me up a large box full of them, for if I can get these, I will take none else.

SKILL. I make no doubt that if a man will but use them as he should, he could not die. But, good Chris-ti-an-a, these pills will be of no use if you do not give them as I have done, and that is, in a glass of grief for the sins of those who take them. So he gave some to Chris-ti-an-a and the rest of her boys, and to Mer-cy; he bade Mat-thew, too, keep a

good look out that he ate no more green plums:



DR. SKILL.

then he gave him a kiss, and went his way.

Now, as they had spent some time here, they made a move to go. Then Jo-seph, who was Chris-ti-an-a's third son, said to her: You were to send to the house of In-ter-pre-ter to beg of him to grant that Great-heart should go with us as our guide.

Good boy! said Chris-ti-an-a, I had not thought of it.

So she wrote a note, and In-ter-pre-ter said to the man who brought it: Go, tell them that I will send him.

Great-heart soon came, and he said to Chris-ti-an-a and Mer-cy: My Lord has sent you some wine and burnt corn, and to the boys figs and dry grapes.

They then set off, and Pru-dence and Pi-e-ty with them. But first Chris-ti-an-a took leave of Watch-ful, who kept the gate, and put a small coin in his hand while she gave him her thanks for all that he had done for her and her dear boys. She then said to him; Have you seen men go by since we have been here?

WATCH-FUL. Yes, I have, and there has been a great theft on this high way: but the thieves were caught.



Then Chris-ti-an-a and Mer-cy said they felt great fear to go on that road.

MAT-THEW. Fear not, as long as we have Great-heart with us to be our guide.

I now saw in my dream that they went on till they came to the brow of the hill, when Pi-e-ty said : O, I must go back and fetch that which I meant to give to Chris-ti-an-a and Mer-cy, and it was a list of all those things which they had seen at the house where we live. On these, said she, I beg of you to look from time to time, and call them to mind for your good.

So back she ran. While she was gone Chris-ti-an-a thought she heard, in a grove not far off, a strange, sweet note, with words much like these :

Through all my life Thy grace has been  
 So frank and free to me ;  
 That in Thy House and near Thy heart  
 My home for aye shall be.

And then she heard a like voice take up the strain and sing :

For why? The Lord our God is good ;  
 His grace long as His Throne shall last :  
 His truth at all times firm has stood,  
 And shall from age to age stand fast.

While Chris-ti-an-a was in doubt whose these strange notes could be, Pru-dence said: They are wood birds. They sing these notes in the spring, when all things bloom, and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I love to go out to hear them, and we at times have them tame in our house. They cheer us when our hearts sink, and give a charm to the woods and groves.

By this time Pi-e-ty had come back, and said to Chris-ti-an-a: I have brought thee a plan of all those things which thou hast seen at our house, so that thou canst keep them fresh in thy mind.

They now went down the hill to the Vale of Hu-mil-i-a-tion. It was a steep hill, and their feet slid as they went on; but they took great care, and when they had got to the foot of it, Pi-e-ty said to Chris-ti-an-a: This is the vale where Chris-tian met with A-poll-yon, and where they had that fierce fight which I know you must have heard of. But be of good cheer, as long as we have Great-heart to guide us, there is naught here that will hurt us, save those sights that spring from our own fears.

And as to A-poll-yon, the good folk of the town, who tell us that such a thing fell out in such a place, to the hurt of such a one, think that some foul fiend haunts that place, when lo! it is from the fruit of their own ill deeds that such things do fall on them. For they that make slips must look for frights. And hence it is that this vale has so bad a name.

JAMES. See, there is a post with words on it, I will go and read them.

So he went, and found that these words were cut on it: Let the slips which Chris-tian met with ere he came here, and the fights he had in this place, warn all those who come to the Vale of Hu-mil-i-a-tion.

GREAT-HEART. It is not so hard to go up as down this hill, and that can be said of but few hills in this part of the world. But we will leave the good man, he is at rest, and he had a brave fight with the foe; let Him who dwells on high grant that we fare no worse when our strength comes to be put to the test. This vale brings forth much fruit.

Now, as they went on, they met a boy who

was clad in mean clothes and kept watch on some sheep. He had a fine fresh face and as he sat on a bank he sang a song.

Hark, said Great-heart, to the words of that boy's song.

So they gave ear to it.

He that is down need fear no fall,  
 He that is low, no pride ;  
 The meek and true of heart he shall  
 Have God to be his guide.

My heart's at rest with what I have,  
 Small though it be, or much ;  
 And Lord, a heart at rest I crave,  
 For Thou wilt save all such.

Much goods to such a dead weight is  
 Who go from stage to stage ;  
 Here a few crumbs and there full bliss,  
 Is best from age to age.

Then said Great-heart: Do you hear him? I dare say this boy leads as gay a life as he that is clad in silk, and that he wears more of that plant which they call heart's ease.

SAM-U-EL. Ask Great-heart in what part of this vale it was that A-poll-yon came to fight Chris-tian?

GREAT-HEART. The fight took place at that part of the plain which has the name of Forgetful Green. That is the worst place in all these parts, and if those who go on their way meet with a shock, it is when they lose sight of the good which they have at the hand of Him who dwells on high.

MER-CY. I think I feel as well in this place as I have done in all the rest of our way. This vale has a sweet grace, and just suits my mind ; for I love to be in such a spot as this, where there are no coach wheels to make a din. Here one may think a while what he is, whence he came, and for what the King has made him ; here one may muse and pray.

Just then they thought that the ground they trod on shook. But the guide bade them be of good cheer, and look well to their feet, lest by chance they should meet with some snare.

Then James felt sick, but I think the cause of it was fear, and Chris-ti-an-a gave him some of the wine which the In-ter-pre-ter had put in her hands, and three of the pills which Skill had made up, and the boy soon got well.

They then went on a while, and Chris-ti-an-a said: What is that thing on the road? A thing of such a shape I have not seen in all my life!

Jo-seph said: What is it?

A vile thing, child; a vile thing! said she.

JO-SEPH. But what is it like?

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. It is like—I can't tell what. Just then it was far off, now it is nigh.

GREAT-HEART. Well, well, let them that have the most fear keep close to me.

Then it went out of sight of all of them.

But they had not gone far when Mer-cy cast a look back, and saw, as she thought, a great beast come fast up to them with a loud roar.

This noise made them all quail with fright, save their guide, who fell back and put the rest in front of him. But when the brute saw that Great-heart meant to fight him, he drew back and was seen no more.

Now they had not left the spot long when a great mist fell on them, so that they could not see.

Then they cried, What can we do now?

Their guide told them not to fear, but to

stand still, and see what an end he would put to this too.

Then said Chris-ti-an-a to Mer-cy: Now I see what my poor dear Chris-tian went through; I have heard much of this place. Poor man, he went here in the dead of the night, and no one with him; but who can tell what the Val-ley of the Shad-ow of Death should mean, till they come to see it? To be here fills my breast with awe!

GREAT-HEART. It seems now as if the earth and its bars were round us. I would not boast, but I trust we shall still make our way. Come, let us pray for light to Him that can give it.

So did they weep and pray. And God sent light so they could cross the pit. And as the path was now more smooth, they went straight on.

MER-CY. To be here is not so sweet as it was at The Gate, or at the In-ter-pre-ter's, or at the house where we were last.

Oh, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through this place as it is to dwell here for all time; for aught I know we have to go this way

that our last home may seem to us the more blest.

GREAT-HEART. Well said, Sam-u-el; thou dost now speak like a man.

SAM-U-EL. Why, if I do in truth get out of this place, I think I shall prize that which is light and good more than I have done all my life.

GREAT-HEART. We shall be out by and by. So on they went.

JO-SEPH. Can we not see to the end of this vale yet?

GREAT-HEART. Look to your feet, for you will soon be where the snares are.

So they took good heed.

GREAT-HEART. Men come here and bring no guide with them; hence it is they die from the snares they meet with in the way. Poor Christian! it is strange he should have got out of this place, and been safe. But God dwelt in his soul, and he had a stout heart of his own, or else he could not have done it.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. I wish that there were some inn here where we could all take rest.





OLD HON-EST.

Well, said Old Hon-est—one whom they had just met—there is such a place not far off.

So there they went, and the host, whose name was Gai-us, said: Come in, for my house was built for none but such as you.

GREAT-HEART. Good Gai-us, let us sup. What have you for us to eat? We have gone through great toils, and stand much in want of food.

GAI-US. It is too late for us to go out and seek food; but of such as we have you shall eat.

The meal was then spread, and near the end of the feast all sat round the board to crack nuts when Old Hon-est said to Gai-us: Tell me what this verse means?

A man there was, and some did count him mad;  
The more that this man gave the more he had.

Then all the youths gave a guess as to what Gai-us would say to it; so he sat still a while, and then said:

He that gives his goods to the poor,  
Shall have as much and ten times more.

JO-SEPH. I did not think, Sir, that you would have found it out.

GAI-US. Ah! I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and I find I gain by it.

Then Sam-u-el said in a low tone to Chris-ti-an-a: This is a good man's house; let us make a long stay, and why should not Mat-thew wed Mer-cy here?

When Gai-us heard this, he said: With all my heart, child. And he gave Mer-cy to Mat-thew to be his wife.



GAI-US.

By this time Chris-ti-an-a's son James had come of age, and Gai-us gave Phe-be (who was his

child) to be his wife. They spent ten days more at the house of Gai-us, and then took their leave. But on the last day he made them a feast, of which they all ate and drank.

GREAT-HEART. Now, Gai-us, the hour has come that we must be gone; so tell me what I owe you for this long stay at your inn, for we have been here some years.

GAI-US. At my house no one pays; for the Good Sa-ma-ri-tan told me that I was to look to him for all the charge I was at.

They now took leave of him and went on their way, when they met with all kinds of frights and fears, till they came to a place which bore the name of Van-ity Fair.

Great-heart told them that he knew one Mna-son, a good old man in that town, at whose house they could all lodge. So they went to his house, and he was glad to see them, and sent for some of the good men of the town to come and see his guests.

So Mna-son gave a stamp with his foot, at which Grace came up, and he sent her to

fetch some of his friends who were in the house, and they all sat down to a meal.

Then said Mna-son, as he held out his hand to point to Chris-ti-an-a: My friends, I have guests here who are on their way to Zi-on. But who do you think this is? This is the wife of Chris-tian, whom (with his friend Faith-ful) the men of this town did treat so ill.



MER-CY AND MAT-THEW.

Well, said they, who would have thought to meet Chris-ti-an-a at this place! May The King

whom you love and serve bring you where he is, in peace!

They then told her that the blood of Faith-ful had lain like a load on their hearts; and that since they had burnt him no more men had been sent to the Stake at Van-ity Fair. In those days, said they, good men could not walk the streets, but now they can shew their heads.

Chris-ti-an-a and her sons and Mer-cy made this place their home for some years, and in course of time Mna-son who had a wife and two girls, gave his first born, whose name was Grace, to Sam-u-el to wife, and Mar-tha to Jos-eph.

Now, one day, a huge snake came out of the woods and slew some of the folk of the town. None of these were so bold as to dare to face him, but all fled when they heard that he came near, for he took off the babes by scores.

But Great-heart and the rest of the men who were at Mna-son's house, made up their minds to kill this snake, and so rid the town of him. So they went forth to meet him, and at first the snake did not seem to heed them; but as they were strong men at arms, they drove him back.

Then they lay in wait for him, and fell on him, till at last they knew he must die of his wounds. By this deed Great-heart and the rest won the good will of the whole town.

At last the time came when they must go on their way. When they had bade their friends good by, they soon came to the place where Faith-ful was put to death. There they made a stand, that they might thank God, who gave him strength to bear his cross so well.

Great-heart went first as their guide; and I saw in my dream that they came to the stream on this side of the De-lect-a-ble Moun-tains, where fine trees grew on each bank, the leaves of which were good for the health, and the fields were green all the year round; and here they might lie down and be safe. Here, too, there were folds for sheep, and a house was built in which to rear the lambs, and there was One who kept watch on them, who would take them in his arms and lay them on his breast.

Now Chris-ti-an-a bade the four young wives place their babes by the side of this stream, so that they might lack nought in time to come:

For, said she, if they should stray or be lost, he will bring them back; he will give strength to the sick, and here they shall not want meat, drink, or clothes. So they left their young ones to him.

When they went to By-Path Mead-ow they sat on the stile to which Chris-tian had gone with Hope-ful, when Gi-ant De-spair shut the two up in Doubt-ing Cas-tle. They sat down to think what would be the best thing to do, now that they were so strong a force, and had such a man as Great-heart to guide them; to wit, if it would not be well to pull down Doubt-ing Cas-tle and should there be poor souls shut up there who were on their way to The Ce-les-tial City, to set them free. One said this thing, and one said that; at last quoth Great-heart: We are told in the book of God's Word, that we are to fight the good fight. And, I pray, with whom should we fight if not with Gi-ant De-spair? So who will go with me? I will said Old Hon-est.

Chris-ti-an-a's four sons said so will we, too: for they were young and strong. So they left their wives and went.

When they gave their knock at the gate,



Gi-ant De-spair and his wife came to them.

GI-ANT DE-SPAIR. Who and what is he that he is so bold as to come to the gate of Gi-ant De-spair.

GREAT-HEART. It is I, a guide to those who are on their way to Zi-on. And I charge thee to throw wide thy gates and stand forth, for I am come to slay thee and pull down thy house.

GI-ANT DE-SPAIR. What, shall such as Great-heart make me fear? No.

So he put a cap of steel on his head, and with a breast plate of fire, and a club in his hand, he came out to fight his foes.

Then these six men made up to him, and they fought for their lives, till De-spair was brought to the ground and put to death by Great-heart. Next they fell on his house, but it took six days to pull it down. They found there De-spond-en-cy, who was at the point of death from want of food, and one Miss Much-afraid, his child, and set them free.

Then they all went on to The De-lec-ta-ble Moun-tains. They made friends with the men

that kept watch on their flocks, who were as kind to them as they had been to Chris-tian and Hope-ful.



DE-SPOND-EN-CY.

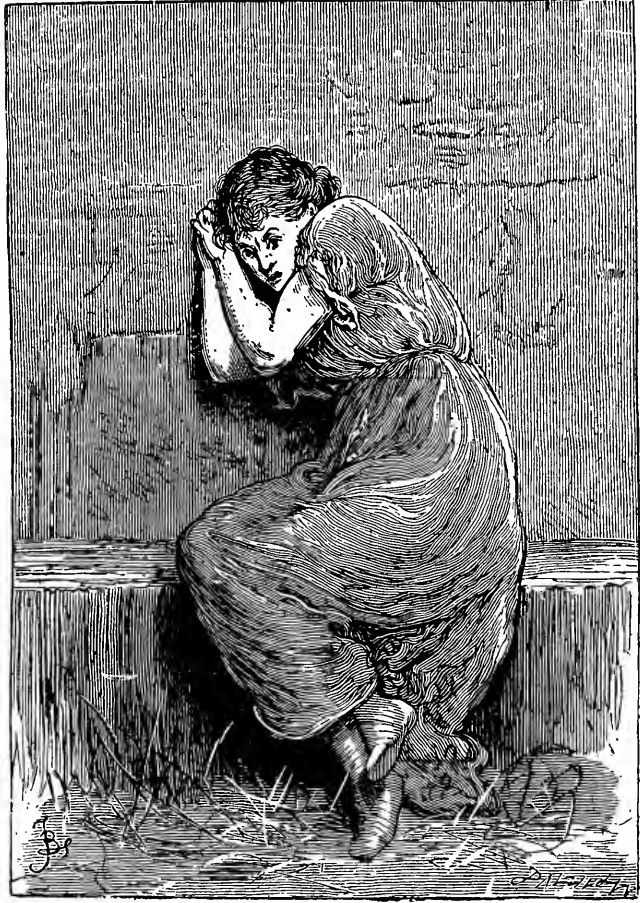
You have brought a good train with you, said they. Pray, where did you find them?

So their guide told them how it had come to pass.

When they had a night of rest, they all went out to see some of the sights of the place. First they saw those

that were shown Chris-tian. Then their hosts took them to Mount Mar-vel, from whence they saw a man who threw the hills to and fro with

words. This, they said, was the son of Great-grace, and he is set there to teach all how to toss out of their path, by faith, all things which stand in their way. Next they went to Mount In-no-cence, and there they saw a man clad all in white. Two men, Pre-ju-dice and Ill-will, cast dirt on him all the time, but it all fell off, and his robe was as clear as if no dirt had been cast on it.



MUCH-AFRAID.

This, said their hosts, is God-ly-man, and this robe is a sign of his pure life. They who throw dirt, are those who hate his good deeds,

but as you see, the dirt will not stick, so God will cause that their pure life shall break forth as the light.

Then they took them to Mount Char-i-ty, where was a man with a roll of cloth, from which he cut coats and clothes for the poor who stood near him, but his roll of cloth grew not at all the less.

This shows, said they, that he who has a heart to give to the poor, shall not want things to give.

They next took them where they saw Fool and Want-wit, who tried to wash a black man white; but the more they did so, the more black he grew.

So it was with the vile, they said, all means to get a good name for such make them but the worse.

When they went back to the house, Mer-cy saw a glass in one room which she felt as if she must have for her own, so Chris-ti-an-a went to their hosts to know if they would sell it.

Now that glass was a rare one. Turn it this way and it would show a man's own face, and

turn it that way and it would show the face of our dear Prince. Some say that they have seen in that glass the crown of thorns on his head, and the holes in his hands, his feet and his side. It will show him, too, just as one cares to see him—in life or dead, in earth or in bliss; as he came to the cross, or shall come to reign.

This glass they gave to

Mer-cy, gave gifts to the rest of the young wives, and much praise to their mates, for what they had done to Gi-ant De-spair with Great-heart.



PRE-JU-DICE.

They put strings of pearls on the necks of Chris-ti-an-a and the four young dames, rings in their ears and gems on their heads, and so they went on.

As they went, they met in the way a man with his sword drawn and his face all blood stains.

Who art thou? said Great-heart.

My name is Va-li-ant-for-truth. I was on my way to Mount Zi-on, three men met me and tried to turn me back, and they fought me. We fought, three to one, for three hours. They have some marks of mine, and have left their marks on me. They have but just gone, as they heard your steps.

Thou hast been most brave to fight such odds, said Great-heart; let me see thy sword. He took it in his hand, and said, Ha! It is a right Je-ru-sa-lem blade!

It is so. If a man have one of these blades, and a hand to wield it, and skill to use it, he may meet I care not whom. Its edge will not blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, soul and all.

But you fought a great while. It is strange you were not worn out.

I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand, and then it was as if the sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran from my hands I fought the best.

Thou hast done well. Come and go with us, said Great-heart. They made his wound clean, and gave him of their best.

Va-li-ant-for-truth was right glad to see Chris-ti-an-a and her sons, for it was through what he had heard of Chris-tian's course, and the joy which he had found at last, that he had set out.



ILL-WILL.

By and by they got to The Enchant-ed Ground, where the air makes men sleep. Now they had not gone far, when a thick mist fell on them, so that for a while they could not see; and as they could not walk by sight, they kept near their guide by the help of words. But one fell in a bush, while one stuck fast in the mud, and some of the young ones lost their shoes in the mire. Oh, I am down! said one. Where are you? cries the next; while a third said: I am held fast in this bush.

Then they came to a bench, Sloth-ful's Friend by name which had shrubs and plants round it, to screen those who sat there from the sun. But Chris-ti-an-a and the rest gave such good heed to what their guide told them, that though they were worn out with toil, yet there was not one of them that had so much as a wish to stop there; for they knew that it would be death to sleep but for a short time on The Enchant-ed Ground.

Now as it was still dark, their guide struck a light that he might look at his map (the book of God's Word); and had he not done so, they would have been lost, for just at the end of the road was



a pit, full of mud, and no one can tell how deep.



VA-LI-ANT-FOR-TRUTH.

Then thought I: Who is there but would

have one of these maps or books in which he may look when he is in doubt, and knows not which way he should take?

They soon came to a bench, on which sat two men, Heed-less and Too-bold; and Chris-ti-an-a and the rest shook their heads, for they saw that these men were in a bad case. They knew not what they ought to do: to go on and leave them in their sleep, or to try and wake them. Now the guide who knew them both, spoke to them by name; but not a sound could be heard from their lips. So Great-heart at last shook them, and did all he could to wake them.

One of the two, whose name was Heed-less, said: Nay, I will pay you when I get in my debts.

At this the guide shook his head.

Then Too-bold spoke out: I will fight as long as I can hold my sword.

When he had said this all who stood round gave a laugh.

CHRIS-TI-AN-A. What does that mean?

GREAT-HEART. They talk in their sleep. If you strike or shake them, they will still talk in the

same way, for their sleep is like that of the mast of a ship, when the waves of the sea beat on him.

Then did Chris-ti-an-a, Mer-cy, and their train go on with fear, and they sought from their guide a light for the rest of the way.

But as the poor babes' cries were loud for want of rest, all fell on their knees to pray for help. And, by the time that they had gone but a short way, a wind sprang up which drove off the fog: so, now that the air was clear, they made their way.

Then they came to the land of Beu-lah, where the sun shines night and day. Here they took some rest, and ate of the fruit that hung from the boughs round them. But all the sleep that they could wish for in such a land as this was but for short space of time; for the bells rang to such sweet tunes, and such a blaze of lights burst on their eyes, that they soon rose to walk to and fro on this bright way.

And now they heard shouts rise up, for there was a noise in the town that a post was come from Mount Zi-on with words of great joy for Chris-ti-an-a, the wife of Chris-tian. So search

was made for her, and the house was found in which she was.

Then the post put a note in her hands, the words of which were: Hail, good Chris-ti-an-a! I bring thee word that the Lord calls for thee, and waits for thee to stand near His throne in robes of white, in ten days' time.

When he who brought the note had read it to her, he gave her a sign that they were words of truth and love, and said he had come to bid her make haste to be gone. The sign was a shaft with a sharp point, which was to tell her that at the time the note spoke of she must die.

Chris-ti-an-a heard with joy that her toils would soon be at an end, and that she should once more live with her dear Chris-tian.

She then sent for her sons and their wives to come to her. To these she gave words of good cheer. She told them how glad she was to have them near her at such a time. She sought, too, to make her own death, now close at hand, of use to them, from this time up to the hour when they should each of them have to quit this world. Her hope was that it might help to guide them

on their path; that the Faith which she had taught them to cling to, would have sunk deep in their



I COME LORD, TO BE WITH THEE.

hearts; and that all their works should spring from love to God. She could but pray that they would bear these words in mind, and put their

whole trust in Him who had borne their sins on the Cross.

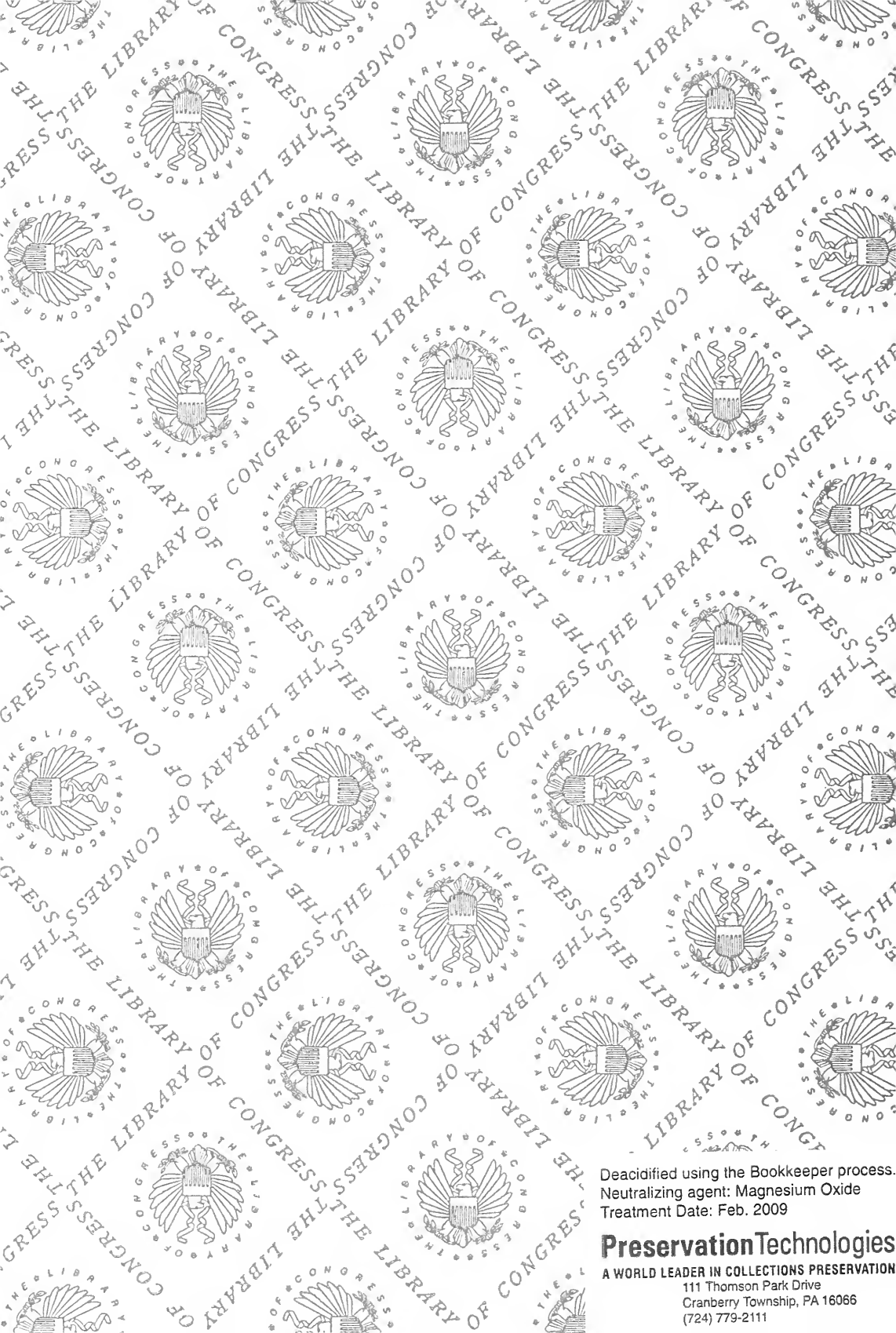
When the day came that she must go forth to the world of love and truth, the road was full of those who would fain see her start on her way; and the last words that she was heard to say were: I come, Lord, to be with Thee.

As for Chris-ti-an-a's four sons and their wives, I did not stay where I was till they went through the flood.

Since I left, I have heard that they yet live, and give strength to the church where they are.

THE END.





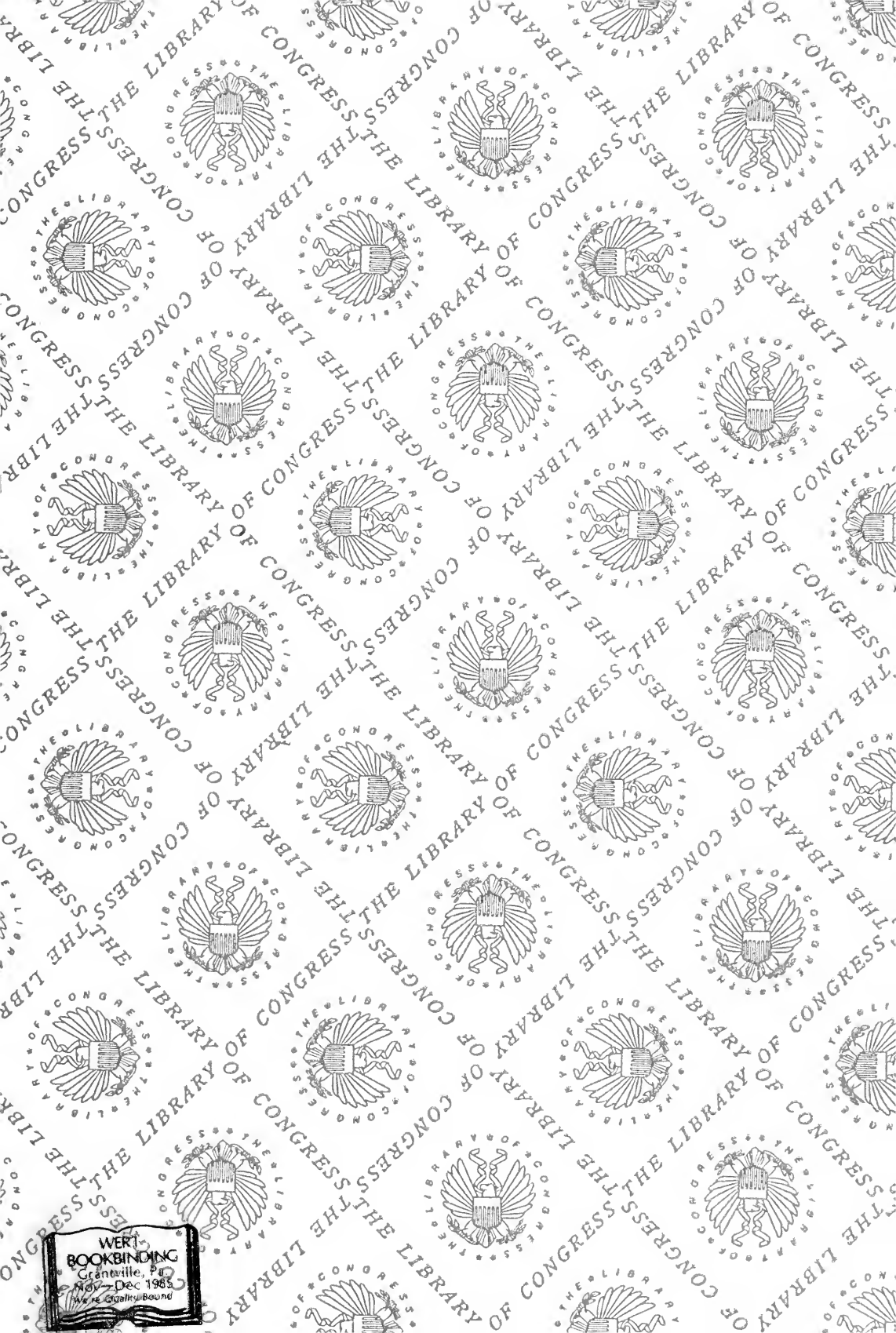
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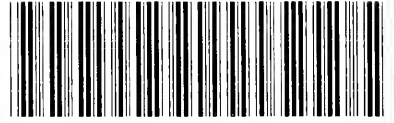
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