

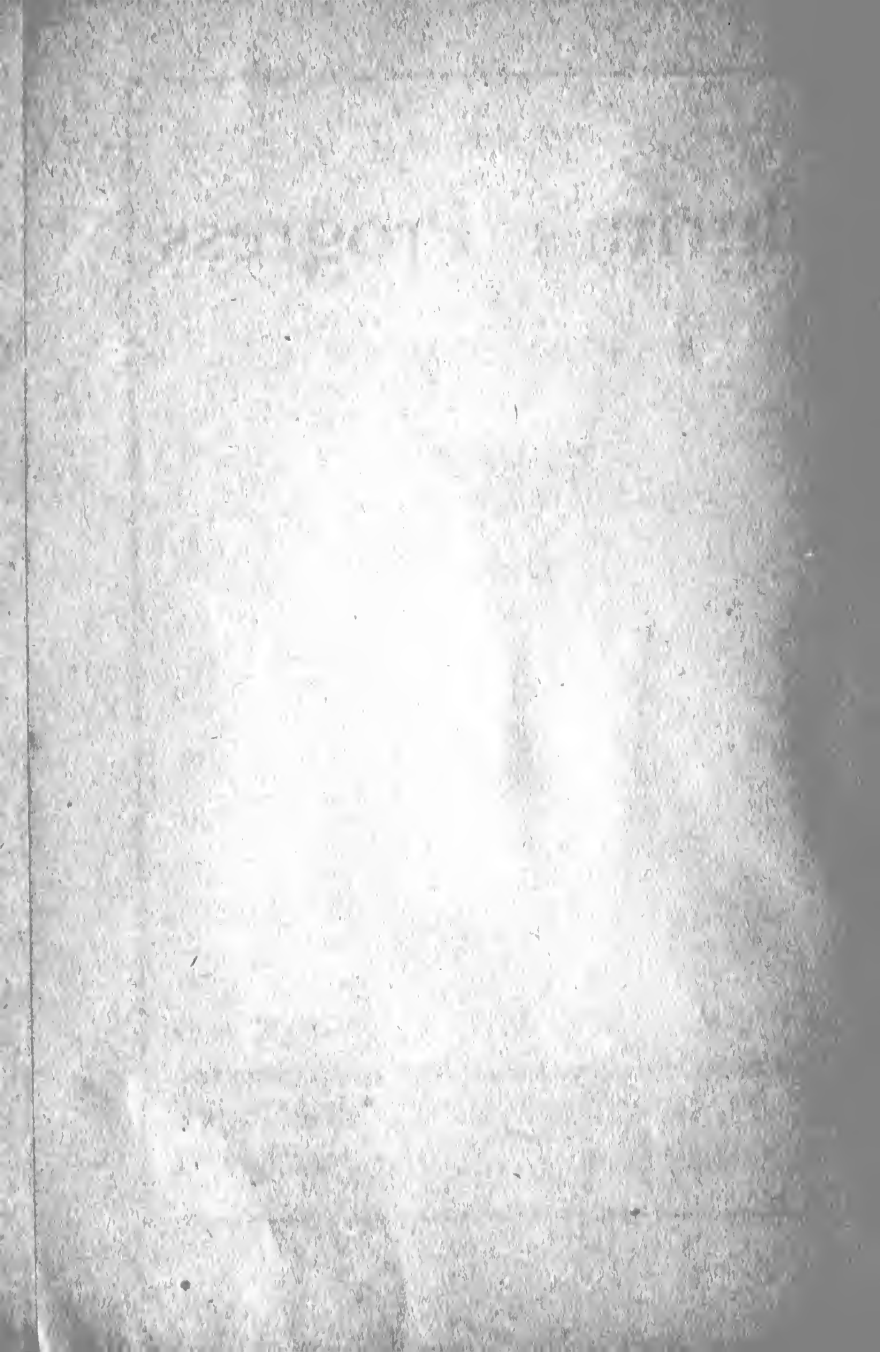
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THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
BUNYAN







THE
Pilgrim's Progress

BY JOHN BUNYAN



EDITED BY W. T. STEAD

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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PREFACE

MORE than 200 years ago a poor tinker, called John Bunyan, was clapped into jail, in Bedford, because he thought it was his duty to talk to his friends and neighbors about God. He tried to persuade men to be good, to love God, and never to do anything wrong. But he did not go to Church. He was a Baptist, and he had never had a bishop's hands laid on his head; neither had any one but God told him to preach. So he was put in prison by men who believed that to them alone had been given any right to teach, and to preach, and to persuade people to be good. If he had never tried to make men good, they would never have put him in jail, for one of the worst things in the world is the dislike many good men have to any one doing good but themselves.

Well, when poor John Bunyan was in prison, he wrote a little book, called "The Pilgrim's Progress," part of which is printed here for you to read; and this poor tinker's prison book has been more read and praised and prized all over the world than all the books which all the great and powerful people who imprisoned him were able to write. Their very names are forgotten; only their foolish, wicked blunder is remembered. But John Bunyan's simple story is being read by millions in all languages under heaven this very day. It is one of the few books in the world that are read by everybody, rich and poor, learned and simple; after the Bible, it is the most widely-circulated book in the whole world.

You will, I hope, read it and love it as others have done; and if you really enter into it, and understand it, you will find it will help you all your life through. For in this simple story there is written the story of the life which you will have to live if you are to make anything out of your life. The pilgrim whose adventures John Bunyan tells is you, as it is also your father and your sister, for it is a tale of the life of us all. We are, of course, all of us, pilgrims journeying across the land that lies between the cradle and the grave, but it is not of that pilgrimage that Bunyan writes. For that pilgrimage is made even by those who dwell in the City of Destruction, and by those whose only end in life is to eat and to drink and to play and amuse themselves.

The pilgrim in this story is the man or woman or boy or girl who wakes up to see that to live only to please himself is bad, and can only lead to destruction. That is true, as all of you will find out some day. When you find it out, you will set about trying to do better; and when you discover that it is by giving up your own way and sacrificing yourself, your time, your money, your all, if need arises, in order to help others, and you begin to do it, you have passed the wicket-gate and have begun the pilgrimage that leads you on and on till you reach the Celestial Regions. You will have adventures like Christian, Giant Despair will belabor you with his club; lions will roar at you as you toil up the hill Difficulty; and the enemy of all good, Apollyon, will attack you with many fiery darts. You will meet men like Pliable and Hopeful. You will be tempted into Bypath Meadows, and you will have to pass resolutely through Vanity Fair. And as you have to do the same things, and meet the same people, and overcome the same dangers, and attain to the same reward, you will find this story of a pilgrim, who made the journey before you, as helpful as it is interesting.

THE BIBLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

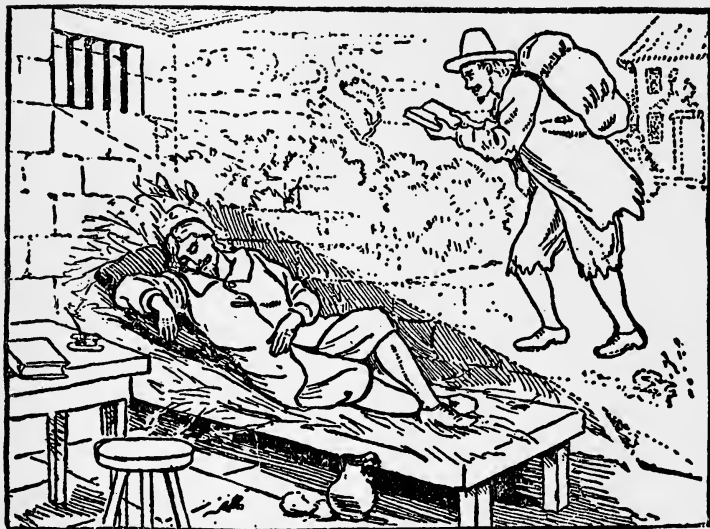
BY DR. J. H. WILSON



The Bible in the Middle East is a study of the Bible in its historical and geographical setting. It is a study of the Bible in the land of its birth, in the land of its growth, and in the land of its glory. It is a study of the Bible in the land of its birth, in the land of its growth, and in the land of its glory. It is a study of the Bible in the land of its birth, in the land of its growth, and in the land of its glory.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

OR, JOHN BUNYAN'S DREAM.



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

* Bedford Jail, in which the author was a prisoner for conscience' sake.



I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry?

He answered, Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I must die, and come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

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

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evan-

gelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), Do you see yonder wicket-gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw it in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man ran on, crying, Life! life! eternal life! So he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run, and as he ran some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and amongst those that did so there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, how-





ever, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbors, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be: you dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later you will sink lower than the grave; be content, good neighbors, and go along with me!

What! said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!

Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that all is not worthy to be compared with a little of that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words.

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

I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; and it is laid up in heaven. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

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

No, not I, said Christian, because I have laid my hand to the plough.

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

Then said Pliable, Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours: my heart inclines me to go with my neighbor. Come, good neighbor Christian, let us be going. Then they went both together.





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

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

Then said Pliable, 'Ah, neighbor Christian, where are you now?

Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may

we expect between this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me! And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

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

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





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

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

Then said he, Give me thine hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

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

Sir, here is a traveler, who would speak with the master of the house.

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

Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; and I was

told that if I called here you would show me excellent things, such as would be helpful to me on my journey.

Then said the Interpreter, Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him.

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

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet; the which he





took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

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

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

Nay, you may add another, said the Interpreter, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last.

Then I perceive it is not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

You say truth: for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.

Now said Christian, Let me go hence. Nay, stay, said the Interpreter, until I have showed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go thy way. So he took him by the hand again,





and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage.

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

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

What wast thou once?

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

Well, but what art thou now? asked Christian.

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

But how camest thou into this condition?

I left off to watch and be sober, said the man; I sinned against the light of the word, and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit; and have so hardened my heart that I cannot repent.

For what did you bring yourself in this condition? asked Christian.

For the lusts, pleasures and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight: but now every one of those things also bites me, and gnaws me, like a burning worm.

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

Well, said Christian, this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of





this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?

Well, said the Interpreter, keep all things so in thy mind, that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the city. So Christian went on his way.

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

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the

bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and he went forward with a merry heart. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing.

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus, until he saw, a little out of way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon





their heels. The name of the one was Simple, of another Sloth, and of the third Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the dead sea is under you, a gulf that hath no bottom: awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons. With that, they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, I see no danger; Sloth said, Yet a little more sleep; and Presumption said, Every tub must stand upon its own bottom. And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Yet was he troubled to think, that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them, both by awakening of them, counseling of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons.

Thus he went on his way, till, lifting up his eyes, he beheld a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

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

Then I saw that he went on trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his





hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the Porter was. Then said Christian to the Porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The Porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The Porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

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

What is your name?

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

Well, said the Porter, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful the Porter rang a bell, at the sound of which came

out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The Porter answered, This man is on a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night: so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her.

After a little pause she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on





purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house.

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

Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains; which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a

great distance, he saw a most pleasant, mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers, also with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did, and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being therefore thus accoutred walked out with his friends to the gate; and there he asked the Porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the Porter answered, Yes.

Pray, did you know him? said Christian.

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

Oh, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my





near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

He is got by this time below the hill, said the Porter.

Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase for the kindness thou hast showed to me.

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

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

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: whose name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back, or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore he resolved to venture, and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster





was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride; he had wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he came up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Whence come you, and whither are you bound?

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

By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects, said Apollyon: for all that country is mine, and I am the prince

and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope that thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther. And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail.





This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give

back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away that Christian saw him no more.

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

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life, which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given to him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for, he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand.





But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

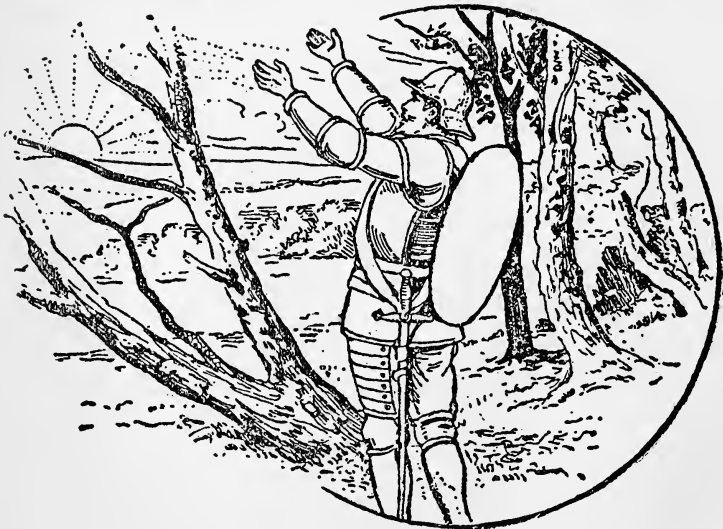
Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the Shadow of Death."

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on my right hand a very deep ditch; the pathway was here also exceedingly narrow; and therefore Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one side, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also if he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly; for besides the danger al-

ready mentioned, the pathway was here so dark, that ofttimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Then was he glad; because he found that some one who feared God was in the valley, besides himself; and he perceived that God was with them, even in that dark and dismal place; and also he hoped to have company by-and-by. Then he called to him that was before; and presently the day broke; and Christian said, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them: up there, therefore, Christian went; and look-





ing forward, he saw Faithful before him upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, Ho, ho, so-ho; stay, and I will be your companion. At that Faithful looked behind him; to whom Christian cried again, Stay, stay, till I come up to you.

Then I saw in my dream, they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had befallen them by the way.

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

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

I am going to that same place.

That is well, said Faithful; then I hope we may have your good company?

With a very good will will I be your companion, replied Talkative.

Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable. What is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?

What you will, said Talkative. I will talk of things heavenly, or of things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home; things more essential, or things circumstantial; provided that all be done to our profit.

Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him, but softly: What a brave companion have we got! Surely, this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.





At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with this tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not.

Do you know him then? asked Faithful.

Know him? Yes, better than he knows himself.

Pray, what is he?

His name is Talkative, replied Christian; he dwelleth in our town. God forbid that I should jest (though I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth. Religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith. He is the very stain, reproach, and

shame of religion to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him. Thus say the common people that know him, "A saint abroad, and a devil at home." His poor family finds it so; he is such a churl, such a railer at, and so unreasonable with, his servants, that they neither know how to do for nor speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him say, It is better to deal with a Turk than with him, for fairer dealings they shall have at their hands. This Talkative (if it be possible) will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them. For my part, I am of opinion, that he has, by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevents not, the ruin of many more. Talkative thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian, and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life.





And let us assure ourselves, that men shall be judged according to fruits. It will not be said then, Did you believe? but, Were you doers, or talkers only? and accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest, and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. The Soul of Religion is the practical part: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Well, I was not so fond of his company at first, but I am sick of it now, said Faithful.

You shall find that he will soon be sick of your company, too. Shortly afterwards Talkative bade them adieu.

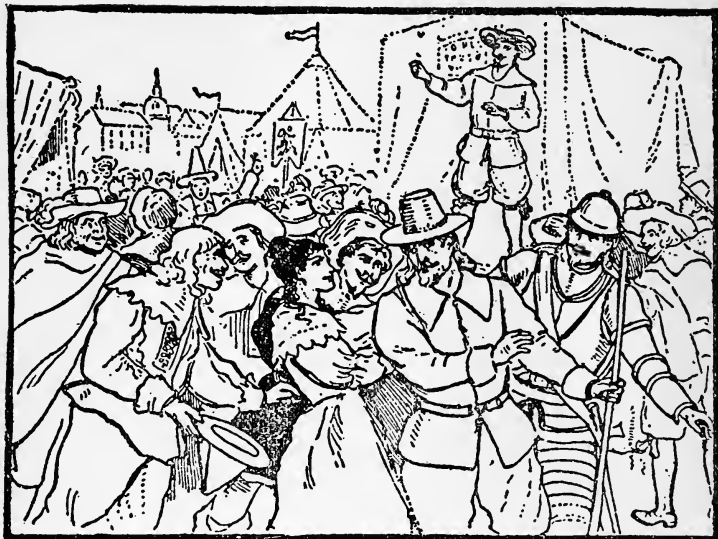
Then I saw in my dream, that they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the

town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity, as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new erected business, but a thing of ancient standing.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.





'And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons: For,

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.

Secondly, 'And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but

they that kept the fair were the men of this world. So that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." At that, there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. Therefore they took them





and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the great ones of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they wished for the death of these two men.

Faithful was, therefore, brought out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones; then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake.

Thus came Faithful to his end. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was ordered to be sent to prison; so he there remained for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone; for there was one whose name was Hopeful (being so made by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behavior, in their sufferings at the fair), who joined himself unto him, and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to bear testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage.

Then Christian and Hopeful journeyed onward till they came at a delicate plain, called Ease, where they went with much content. but that plain was but narrow. so they were





quickly got over it. Now at the farther side of that plain was a little hill, called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain: some also had been maimed there, and could not, to their dying day, be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas (gentleman-like) to call to passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow, Ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing.

What thing so deserving as to turn us out of the way? asked Christian.

Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure, replied Demas. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Then, said Hopeful, let us go see.

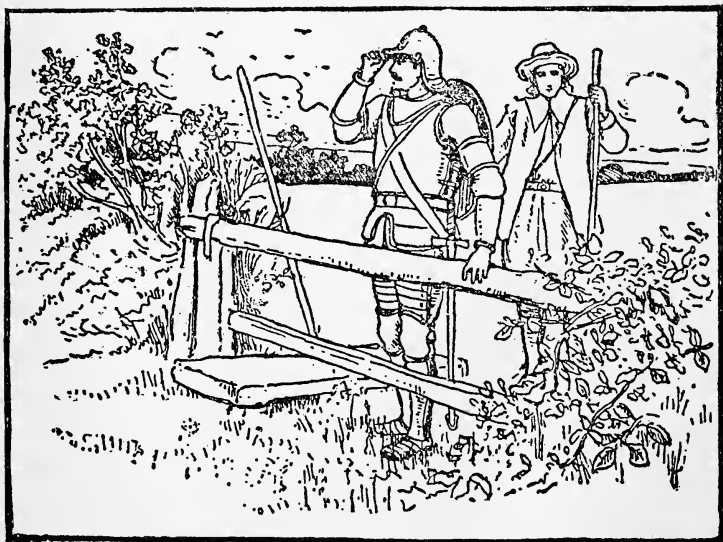
Not I, said Christian; I have heard of this place before now, and how many have there been slain; and, besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage.

Then Christian called to Demas, saying, Is not the place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?

Not very dangerous, except to those that are careless, said Demas; but withal, he blushed as he spake.

Then said Christian to Hopeful, Let us not stir a step, but keep on our way.

Still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let's go over into it. Then





he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

But how if this path should lead us out of the way? asked Hopeful.

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the way-side? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and, withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said to the Celestial gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold the night came on, and

it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made by the prince of those grounds to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh that I had kept on my way!

Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way? said Christian.





I was afraid on't at the very first, replied Hopeful; and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoke plainer, but that you are older than I.

Then they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the day brake; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and

what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty, and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked





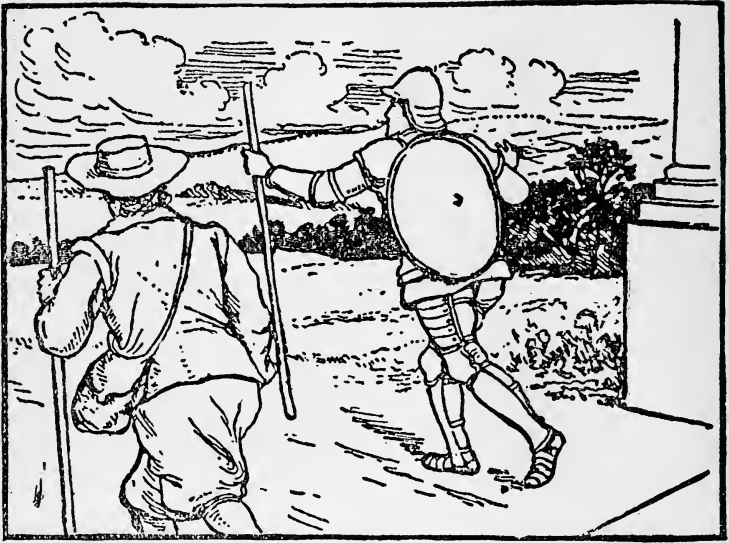
him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counseled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night Diffidence, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. When morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had

given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing life is attended with so much bitterness? After this he withdrew, and left them as before to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Indeed our present condition is dreadful, said Hopeful; and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet let us consider, the Lord of the country.





to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," thus we are forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands.

On Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Then Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I to lie in this dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian

and Hopeful both came out. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of the Giant's jurisdiction.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive what they should do at that place to prevent other pilgrims from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they erected there a pillar, and upon the side of it engraved this sentence: "Over this stile lies Doubting Castle, kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy His holy pilgrims." Many therefore read what was here written, and escaped the danger.

They then went forward till they came to the Delectable Mountains, up which they climbed that they might behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there were, on the tops of these





mountains, Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway-side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staffs (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these, and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

These mountains are Immanuel's land, and they are within sight of His city; and the sheep also are His, said a Shepherd.

Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary, and faint in the way? asked Christian.

The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers, therefore the good of this place is before you, replied the Shepherd.

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of what was

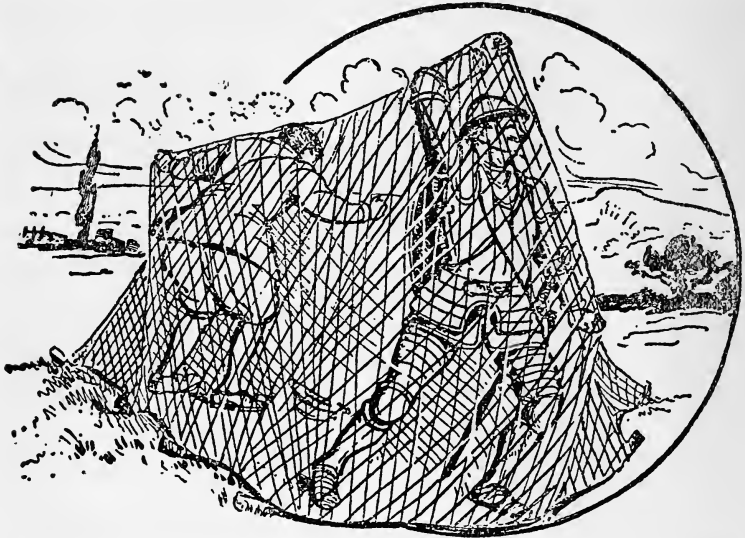
ready. They said moreover, We would that you should stay here awhile, to be acquainted with us, and to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They then told them that they were content to stay. So they went to bed, for it was very late.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains. So they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bid them beware of the Flatterer. The third bid them take heed that they sleep not upon the Enchanted Ground. And the fourth bid them God-speed.

They then went on till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself into their way, and seemed withal to lie



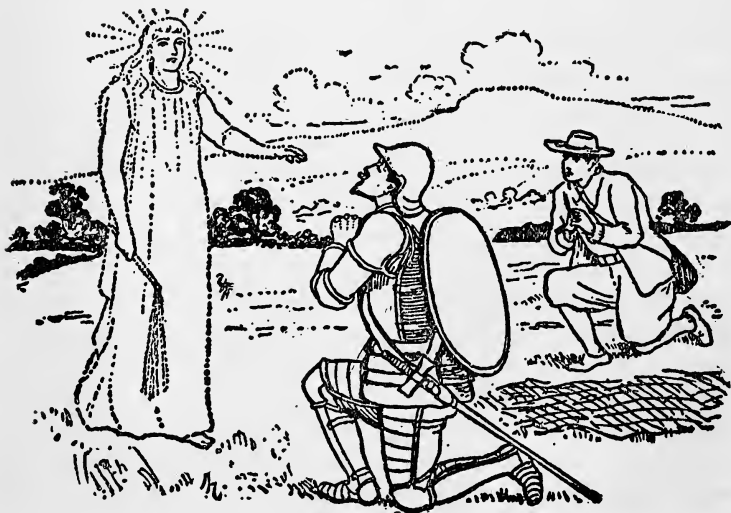


as straight as the way which they should go; and here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them; therefore here they stood still to consider. And as they were thinking about the way, behold a man black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there. They answered, they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take. Follow me, said the man; it is thither that I am going. So they followed him in the way that but now came into the road, which by degrees turned, and turned them so from the city that they desired to go to, that in a little time their faces were turned away from it, yet they followed him. But by-and-by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were. Wherefore there

they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

Then said Christian to his fellow, Now do I see myself in an error. Did not the Shepherds bid us beware of the Flatterer? As is the saying of the wise man, so we have found it this day: "A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet."

Thus they lay bewailing themselves in the net. At last they espied a Shining One coming toward them with a whip of small cords in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they did there. They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white, who bid us, said they, follow him, for he was going thither too. Then said he with the whip, It is Flatterer, a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light. So he rent the net and let the men out. Then said he to





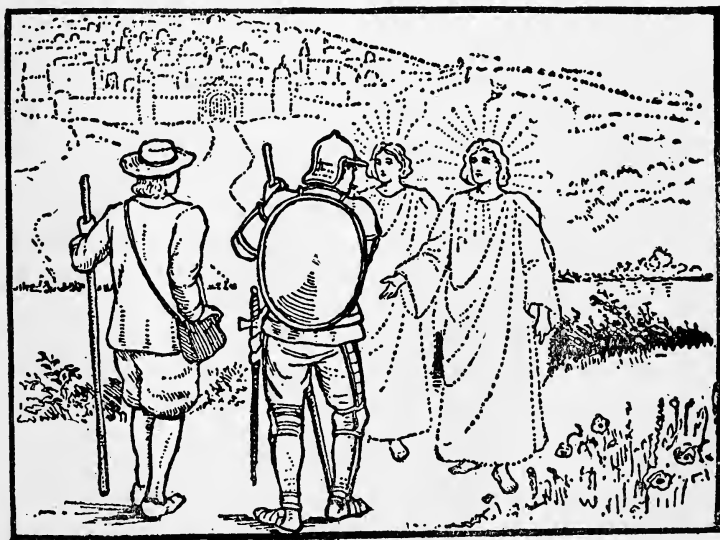
them, Follow me, that I may set you in your way again. So he led them back to the way which they had left to follow the Flatterer. He asked, moreover, if the Shepherds did not bid them beware of the Flatterer? They answered, Yes; but we did not imagine, said they, that this fine-spoken man had been he.

Then I saw in my dream, that he commanded them to lie down; which, when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk; and as he chastised them, he said, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent." This done, he bid them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way singing.

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the

way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of the Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the City, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold.





But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men, in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them.

Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in the deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me."

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother: I feel

the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. But presently they both took courage, and began to find ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along toward the gate.

Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms: they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though





they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed.

They were now on their way to the Paradise of God, wherein is the tree of life. There, said the men, you shall meet again the friends that are gone thither before you, and shall with joy receive every one that shall follow after you.

Now while they were thus drawing toward the gate, behold, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation (said He) that keepeth truth may enter in."

I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of our Lord."

Then I awoke, and behold it was a dream.





AUG 7 1908



