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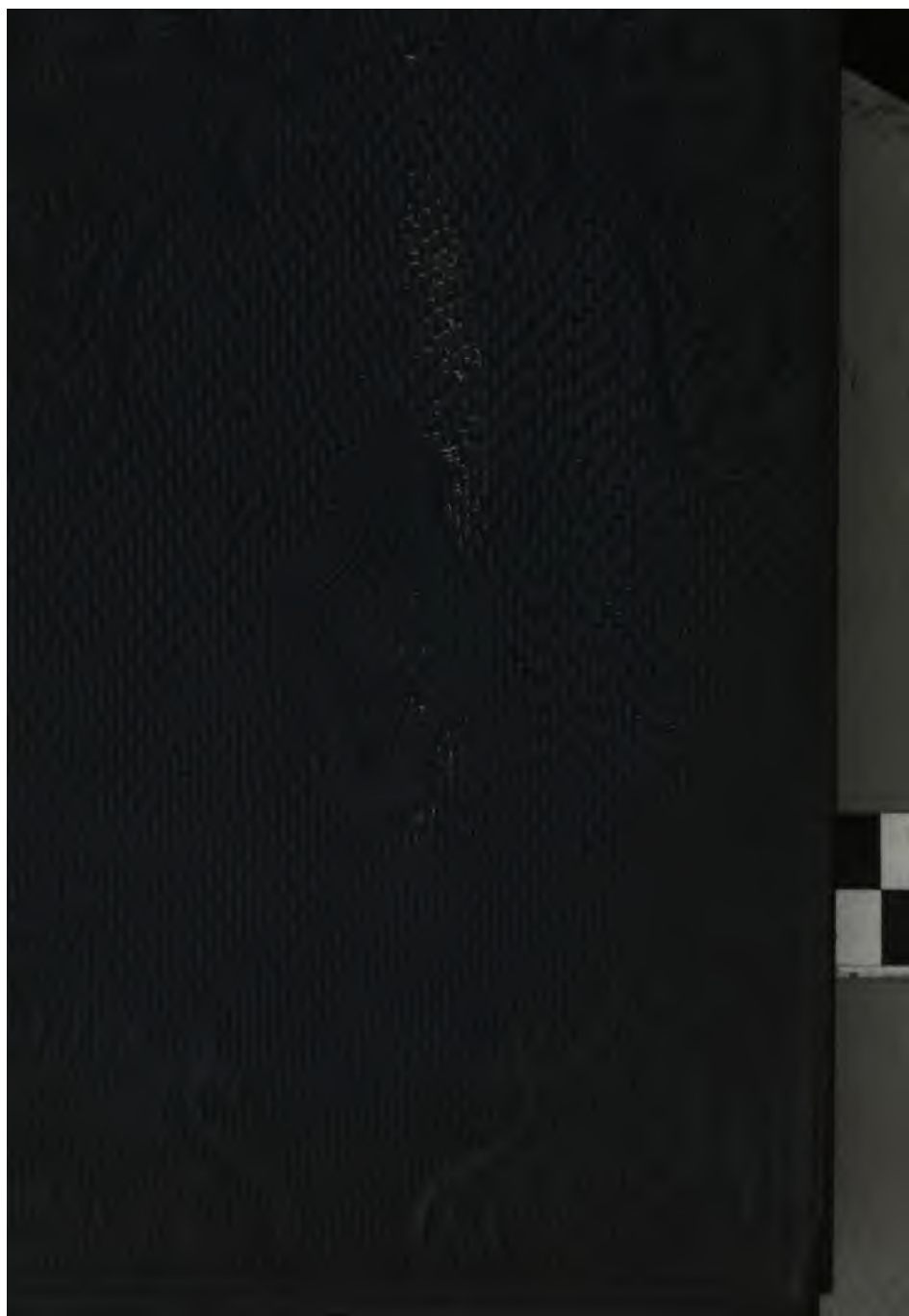
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POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THAT IMMORTAL WORK,

The Pilgrim's Progress.

BY AN OLD PILGRIM.

IN TWO PARTS.

*Bunyan*

BEING CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY FROM THE CITY OF  
DESTRUCTION TO MOUNT ZION.

WITH THE

PILGRIMAGE OF CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN



London:

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THE  
CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

---

When preaching Jesus on my native ground,  
And crowning Him upon the Gospel pole,  
His precious blood, the cure for every wound,  
The only balm to make sick sinners whole ;

Then was I taken, like my loving Lord,  
Like Him thrust in among the viler sort ;  
But God's sweet peace, and His most holy Word  
I took with me, safe lodged within my heart,

And, as I slumbered in my gloomy den,  
With conscience calm as ever infants slept,  
I saw a city and a crowd of men,  
And one among them he most sorely wept.

From head to foot most filthy rags he wore,  
With sighs and tears oft beat upon his breast,  
Made filthier still by sin's deep inward sore,  
Which night and day prevented him from rest.

I saw around him all the mocking crowd ;  
They called him mad, besotted, foolish man,  
But he with pity in his heart o'erflowed,  
And to them all in words he thus began :



## CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

“ Oh neighbours, loving children, and dear wife,  
Within this book I read it very plain,  
There is a City of eternal life,  
But our poor city's doomed to endless flame.”

And now I saw a reverend person come  
With gentle mercy beaming in his look,  
He cried, “ Oh man, Evangelist my name,  
I'm come to read for thee thy little book.”

But still the poor man cried, “ What shall I do.”  
Still sighed and wept and looked every way,  
“ Oh that the light of day I never knew,  
Oh, who shall shield me in the Judgment Day ?”

But, cried Evangelist, “ Dost see the light,  
That brightly shines beyond yon swelling flood,  
Now keep that stedfast in thy longing sight,  
'Twill lead thee to the road marked out with blood.

“ Near to that light thou'lt find a wicket gate,  
There one will show the road thou hast to go,  
Fly for thy life before it is too late,  
'Tis heaven or hell, 'tis life or endless woe.”

But now in haste two men—Obstinate and Pliable—  
Both urge him back in anger and in wrath ;  
“ Remember, man, that dangers great and terrible,  
For ever on that road must cross thy path.

## CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

3

“Lions, fire, and flame, and evil spirits too ;  
And, if all dangers thou dost safely pass,  
There's a black river—none its depths e'er knew—  
And thousands in it have been drown'd at last.

“Ah, neighbours, the glory of yon land outweigh  
By million-fold all dangers you can name ;  
I know there's countless trials in my way,  
But Christ and crown, instead of endless flame.

“Beside, with sin I am so heavy laden ;  
Burdens upon my back, and in my breast ;  
Though all the world you'd give, my path is taken,  
By grace I'll travel to the land of rest.”

But now the deepest trial comes of all,  
His wife and children fondly round him cling,  
Urge him to give up Christ, his crown, and all ;  
Ah ! this cuts deep, it leaves a bitter sting.

And louder as they urge, he louder cries,  
My darling children and my loving wife,  
All found within this city ever dies  
Unless we take the narrow road to life.

Yet all his cries and tears seemed idle tales,  
For unbelief fast locked them in its arms,  
Earth's syren music, and its sunny vales  
Was more to them than Christ and all his charms.

But hark! there's one that seems a little moved,  
Yet not with penitence, but at the sight  
Of all those glorious things which Christian told,  
The crowns and sceptres, and the thrones of light.

“ Good Christian,” cries poor Pliable, “ I feel inclined  
To go with thee, if all these things be true ; ”  
Cries Obstinate, “ more crazy fools going out of mind,  
This mad advice poor Pliable thou'lt quickly rue.”

So Obstinate goes back, like myriads more,  
Rejects the Word with haughty proud disdain,  
Prefers the world with its false glittering store,  
To Heaven's immortal everlasting gain.

But where the treasure is each heart is set ;  
Christian, to save his soul (through Christ) from sin ;  
Poor Pliable fresh riches here to get,  
And comforts for his body there to win.

“ Come on,” he cries, “ pray quicken now your pace ;  
I long to see this country fair and fine ;  
Ah ! neighbour Pliable, you'll win the race ; ”  
Says Christian, from his burden deeply sighing.

Now Pliable then asked what shall we find,  
So Christian read to him from out his book ;  
See crowns and all things glorious to the mind,  
Come then, and for thyself now quickly look.

## THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

---

“ Brave land indeed ! ” cries Pliable in glee,  
But both forgetful in their earnest talk ;  
A miry slough they both now failed to see,  
Which lay unnoticed in their pleasant walk.

Oh ! master Christian, where have we got now ?  
What means this miry bog, I’m sinking down ;  
Is this the good road ? Ah, what a fool, I trow,  
Was I, to leave Destruction’s good old town !

“ I know not,” cries poor Christian, “ I cannot say,  
I’m sinking fast,” and here he deeply sighed,  
But still he struggled towards the good old way ;  
And Pliable tried hard to gain his side.

So Pliable goes back just like the dog  
To his own vomit ; like Esau sells his right ;  
The first dark trouble in temptation’s bog,  
He turns his back upon the crown of light.

Even his wicked townsmen call him coward,  
And Obstinate laughs at him in his sleeve,  
To see a man who was so hot and forward,  
For one small difficulty Heaven to leave.

But Pliable, and thousands like him, they believe  
 With a false faith and temporary joy ;  
 And when temptation comes, with winnowing sieve,  
 It soon discovers all their base alloy.

But, where's poor Christian?—Still amid the slough,  
 With thousand fears that he should be too late ;  
 For his great burden will not let him now  
 Have one faint glimpse of yon bright wicket gate.

He cries, " O Lord ! thy billows go o'er me ;"  
 But still he struggles towards the further ground ;  
 Shrouded in gloom, his steps he cannot see,  
 But suddenly most welcome aid is found.

I heard a voice, " Why man, what dost thou here,  
 Struggling so hard amid this miry clay ?"  
 " Alas ! good sir," he said, with trembling fear,  
 " Through heedless haste I've lost the heavenly way.

" My name is Help," he said, then further spoke—  
 " Here are good steps, why didst thou not take heed ?"  
 " Alas ! kind sir, burdened with Sin's hard yoke,  
 I fled with fear, and now I'm lost indeed."

" 'Tis not the King's good pleasure this should be—  
 A miry bog to pilgrims on their way ;  
 But Sin's dark guilt and filth, as you do see,  
 Make up this wretched bog, where now you lay.

SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

7

“Thousands of servants of our heavenly King  
Have tried by word and deed to mend this slough ;  
But words and deeds have all been thrown away ;  
It still remains a bog—as you feel now.”

I saw that Help then stretched out his hand  
And placed poor Christian on the solid ground ;  
With trembling joy he now could scarcely stand,  
To feel the right road he again had found.

And now I marked, as he went softly on,  
With careful steps, lest he again should fall ;  
But a few paces he had scarcely gone,  
When some one to him thus did loudly call :

“ Hail ! good fellow, whither so burdened away ?  
Why need you thus so mournfully to go ?  
You scarce can walk—come here with me, now stay.  
And let me know the cause of all your woe ? ”

“ Burdened,” cries Christian, “ yes, indeed, I am ;  
But I am sent to yon bright wicket gate ;  
Evangelist tells me, there is a Man  
Who’ll bid me welcome though I come so late.”

“ Hast thou a wife and children left at home ? ”  
“ Alas ! cried Christian, “ yes, indeed, I have ;  
Dear wife, and children too, yet seem they none,  
Because this burden makes me go so sad.”

“ And wilt thou hearken unto me poor man ?  
 If I good counsel to thee kindly give ;  
 This heavy burden I most surely can  
 Take from thy back, if in my town thou’lt live. ”

“ Ah ! sir, this very thing is what I earnest seek,  
 For day and night it keeps me on the rack ;  
 To think that I know no one—makes me weep—  
 Can take this painful burden from my back.

“ Therefore to yonder gate I strive to go—  
 Evangelist tells me I’ll surely find  
 A sweet release from all my sin and woe,  
 By One who’s ever loving, true, and kind.”

Beshrew him for his counsel, which, if you take,  
 Be sure thou’lt never reach thy journey’s end ;  
 For all upon that road their necks do break ;  
 But come with me, and thou shalt find a friend.

“ For on that road there’s dangers I’ve not named,  
 To tell thee all would make me out of breath ;  
 Most cruel tortures, fire, sword, and flame,  
 And worst of all there is most certain death.

“ But who put on thy back that heavy load ? ”  
 “ It came, kind sir, by reading in this book.”  
 “ Ah ! so I thought ; but, if such ill it bode,  
 Why art thou such a fool in it to look ?

SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

9

“But come, cheer up, for I will quick undo  
Thy heavy burden if thou’lt list to me;  
And all will come to pass, without going through  
One single trouble to gain liberty.

“My name is Worldly Wiseman, and I dwell  
In that famed country close unto thy own;  
The town of False Morality, you know it well,  
There, with your family you’ll find a home.

“There’s old Legality, in twinkling of an eye,  
He’ll ease thy wearied shoulders of its load;  
Or, if from home, there is his son Civility;  
Come quick, and let us take this pleasant road.”

“Then pray, kind sir, will you point out the way,  
And guide me safe unto this honest man;  
For all your trouble I will richly pay,  
Only remove my burden, if you can.

“Dost see yon mountain?” “Oh yes, I see it well.”  
The house was first upon the other side;  
Then Christian ran, but soon he quickly fell,  
For darkness thick, from hfm the road did hide.

Now, as he trembled with amazing fear—  
For thunders shook the ground beneath his feet—  
He saw a reverend person drawing near,  
And did Evangelist in terror meet.



Evangelist to him did quickly call,  
 And looking on him with a frowning face,—  
 “Art thou the man outside Destruction’s wall  
 I once did find in such a wretched case.”

“Oh! yes, kind sir, I am that very one.”  
 “Then, like a fool, why hast thou turned aside?”  
 Then Christian groaned “I am, indeed, undone,”  
 And speechless stood, not one more word replied

Evangelist still frowning on him said,  
 “Who was it drew thee from the way of peace?  
 Beneath this mount thou might have been struck dead—  
 Why didst thou from my heavenly counsel cease?”

“One Worldly Wiseman told me on this spot,  
 If I came here my burden I should lose.  
 Oh! silly heart hast thou so soon forgot  
 The way of life, and Christ for Law refuse.”

Then at Evangelist’s feet he fell as dead,  
 Nor said he aught but with heart-broken sigh;  
 Evangelist placed his hand upon his head,  
 And said “Fear not thou shalt not surely die.

“All kind of sin and blasphemy’s forgiven;  
 Rejoice with trembling thou art not quite lost:  
 I’ll shew thee now again the way to heaven;  
 Keep thou straight on whatever road’s be cross’d.”

Methought then Christian rose in trembling haste—  
But oh ! what sighs, and groans, and bitter tears,  
To think that he had left the way of grace ;  
It quite o'erwhelmed him with heart-broken fears.

Just then the following words were sweetly sung ;  
They seemed to come from one just in his way ;  
And to poor Christian like an angel's song ;  
So full of comfort all his fears to lay :

Fear not, O sweetest music to the trembling heart !  
When sinking fast beneath temptation's dart ;  
When Self, and Earth, and Hell, in some dark hour,  
Triumphant cry, we have thee in our power.

Fear not, worm Jacob, listen to my word,  
I have redeemed thee—I thy suffering Lord ;  
Obeyed God's holy precepts without flaw,  
And bore the curse of His tremendous law :

Rose Conqueror o'er the mighty conquering Gravé.  
Struck off sin's chain which bound thee like a slave ;  
Proclaimed sweet liberty within thy heart ;  
Betrothed thee to Myself, no more to part.

Gave thee My Spirit and My Holy Word,  
And in thy weakness did My strength afford ;  
And in dark days how many times hast thou,  
'Mid doubts and fears cried all is over now.

When in the waves of thy corruptions tost,  
Both Self and Satan told thee all was lost ;  
Then in that hour, did I, that glorious Light,  
Put every enemy to shameful flight.

Destroyed them with a breath of my pure Word,  
Which made thee praise, crown, and adore thy Lord ;  
And when my work of grace on earth is o'er—  
And not one tear or sigh shall pain thee more :

There sing the eternal song of heavenly grace,  
And lowest bend before Thy glorious face ;  
There find Eternity too short to sing,  
The wondrous glories of thy heavenly King.

Then Christian cries, with trembling, yet with hope,  
“ Oh ! what a blessed man is here described ;  
He's sure of heaven to whom these words are spoke ;  
Would that it were but me,” he deeply sighed.

Then came a voice, “ O Christian, who can tell,  
But one day thou may'st find these words thine own ;  
Stand fast, watch, pray, and all will yet be well ;  
Some day, through grace, thou'lt gain a glorious crown.

Evangelist then gave him one kind look ;  
Bade him “ God speed,” and hasten on his way ;  
Charged him to make God's holy sacred book,  
His constant counsellor by night and day.

“Whate’er thou ask,” he said, “thou hast received,  
And this God’s holy Book will teach to thee ;  
If by free grace this firmly be believed,  
Thou’lt find the sweetest flower—humility.

“Next, thou must shun that wicked man,  
Who turned thee from the straight and narrow way ;  
Thou to destruction would’st have quickly ran,  
If sovereign grace had not hedged up thy way.

“Thou must also most firmly hate thyself,  
For giving ear to his deceitful word ;  
Choosing the world’s religion, with its pelf,  
To the pure blood of Christ, the loving Lord.

“By law of works no flesh is justified,  
It only can discover guilt and sin ;  
Under this mount thy soul had surely died,  
If thou hadst stubbornly remained therein.

“Consider then Legality’s a cheat,  
And Worldly Wiseman made thee suffer loss ;  
Should’st thou again these robbers ever meet,  
Slay them outright beneath Christ’s glorious Cross.”

Evangelist then called to heaven to ratify  
The certain truth of his most solemn word,  
And straightway thunders, lightnings, flamed on high,  
And Christian, trembling, this fearful sentence heard.

“All under the law are under the curse ;”  
 And Christian thought he now must surely die ;  
 “To have lost my soul at home could not be worse ;  
 Which way shall I escape—poor wretched I ?”

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## THE WICKET GATE.

---

So then with trembling haste and thousand fears,  
 He ventured forward towards the wicket gate ;  
 But Oh ! the inward sighs, and bitter tears.  
 Lest in the end 'twas proved he'd come too late.

But when the gate at last came to his view—  
 Oh ! what a fearful throbbing in his heart,  
 Lest he should hear those words, “I never knew  
 Such base backsliders, for ever we must part.

Above the gate these golden letters stood—  
 “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ;”  
 And Christian thought the words seemed dyed in blood,  
 So welcome, yet so solemn, seemed they to his view.

And thoughts came in his heart,—“For ever lost,  
 Unless they ope' to me this wicket gate ;  
 Venture I will—I cannot die but once,  
 And who can tell it may not be too late.”

He never spoke, nor noticed any one,  
But went straight on, for fear of hidden snares,  
Praying the Lord for help, with heartfelt groan,  
Lest some false cheat should take him unawares.

Venture I will, then loud he knocked thrice ;  
But Oh ! the hopes and fears as to his fate.  
At last a grave man, who was named Goodwill  
Cried, " Who is there ? It is not yet too late."

" I am a sinner, laden with guilt and sin,  
And to Mount Zion fain would find my way ;  
O may I enter now this gate within !  
O must I in despair for ever stay ? "

Then Goodwill opened wide the gate with joy,  
And pulled him in with gentle, loving, hand ;  
And said, " See yonder archers they employ  
To slay all pilgrims to Immanuel's land."

Then Christian said, " With trembling I rejoice ;  
And now, kind sir, will you point out the road ;  
That I may listen to no other voice,  
Than that which leads me to a Saviour's Blood."

" An open door is set before thee," said Goodwill ;  
" Ah now," said Christian, " I begin to reap  
Some joy instead of sorrow, which my heart did fill,  
For hitherto I've scarce done aught but weep."

“ But why did not thy wife and children come ;  
 Would none of all thy neighbours leave that town ?  
 They all like thee are totally undone,  
 Unless they find Immanuel’s Cross and Crown.”

“ Alas ! dear sir, my very heart does bleed,  
 That my dear wife and children would not come ;  
 But with the Lord I’ll ever, ever, plead.  
 That he may bring them to his heavenly home.

“ One neighbour came with me a little way,  
 But when we fell into Despond’s sad Slough,  
 He said, Mount Zion I might have for him,  
 For he would never leave his country now.”

Then Goodwill said, “ Alas ! poor man, that he  
 Should think so little of the heavenly crown ;  
 At the first sight of trouble thus to flee—  
 To live and die in that dark sinful town.”

“ But ah ! ” said Christian, “ I am as bad as he ;  
 He turned back, and I turned from the way ;  
 One Worldly Wiseman did entangle me ;  
 Oh ! wondrous mercy, yet I’m here to-day.”

“ Ah ! ” said Goodwill, “ and did you light on him—  
 Legality, and he with flatterer’s breath ?  
 All who do trust him die beneath their sin ;  
 He’ll promise life, but bring his victims death.

“ Ah! truly, I, poor wretch had perished there,  
If good Evangelist had not come again ;  
Oh ! yes, I do, indeed, deserve to share  
The agonies of everlasting pain.”

“ Then,” said Goodwill, “ ’Tis true, but yet, there’s room,  
Him that cometh in no wise cast we out ;  
All who desire to flee from wrath to come,  
And in good earnest for Mount Zion shout.

“ And now, my friend, dost see this narrow way ?  
This is the road that thou must surely go ;  
Straight as an arrow, clear as open day,  
And ne’er forget all crooked paths forego.

“ Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles have proved it to be good ;  
All others led down to the gates of hell ;  
This only, this, to Jesu’s precious blood ;  
Look to thy steps, and all shall yet be well.”

Then Christian quickly girded up his loins,  
And Goodwill said, “ Straight in thy road thou’lt find  
The house of the Interpreter, and he will show  
Most useful things to strengthen heart and mind.

Then bid him “ God Speed,” said he must not be late,  
Nor linger on his straight and holy way,  
Lest he do meet some foolish sinners’s fate,  
Who finds it night instead of glorious day.



THE  
**INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.**

---

To the Interpreter's house good Christian came,  
And knocked with humble boldness at the door :  
One quickly came and asked, " Pray what's thy name ?"  
" My name is Christian, a sinner very poor.

" From dark Destruction's city I am come,  
And hope by grace to reach Immanuel's land ;  
For this one night can you give me a home ?"  
With right good will, then led him by the hand.

" Now if thou hast a real desire to see  
Wise things to aid thee in thy pilgrim way ;  
In God's most holy fear, then come with me ;  
I'll make dark parables as bright as day."

Then the Interpreter did bid him look  
On everything he saw with single eye ;  
Within his hand he held a sacred book,  
Pleading with men in deepest agony.

Above his head there hung a golden crown,  
The law of truth was always on his tongue ;  
Aiming the proud sinner to bring down,  
And oft his heart with penitence he wrung.

Then to his view the cross of Christ unfurled,  
Bade him to look with living faith and live ;  
Behind his back appeared this wretched world,  
And Christian heard that precious word "forgive."

"Now," said the Interpreter, "keep this in mind,  
This picture represents a man of God,  
Some few, like him, upon thy road you'll find,  
Who in their suffering Master's steps have trod."

Then led he Christian to a stately room,  
As full of dust as ever it could hold ;  
Called to his servant, bring me here a broom,  
But what a sight did Christian now behold.

This, said the Interpreter is man's base heart,  
So often swept by God's most holy law ;  
It must have all, it will not take a part,  
Demands obedience without one single flaw.

Then called a maiden, sweet water now to pour  
Upon the dust made by the laws rough broom ;  
This laid the dust and quickly cleansed the floor,  
And made all beautiful within the room.

This, said the guide, sets forth sweet gospel grace,  
Which, when it comes within the heart with power,  
God's Holy Spirit then doth truly trace  
The likeness of King Jesus on the floor.

Two children next, good Christian did behold,  
Patience and Passion, so their names were given,  
Passion he held a sparkling bag of gold,  
But Patience waited for his all in heaven.

All worldly men will have their riches now,  
But Christians wait till Christ shall come again ;  
So to each passing vanity they bow,  
But Patience suffers on in silent pain.

Then said Christian, "Patience is the man for me ;  
For though he gets his glorious riches last,  
He keeps them, yes, for ever, through eternity,  
But Passion loves all that in time is passed."

Then, said the Interpreter, "come see another sight,"  
Within a wall there stood a goodly fire,  
One trying with water to put out its light,  
But yet in spite of all it blazed the higher.

Amazed, the Pilgrim stood, and viewed this scene,  
For how it was maintained did not appear :  
"Pray sir, what does this great wonder mean ?"  
"My friend, I'll soon reveal it, just come here."

Then taking Christian round behind the wall,  
He saw a man pour oil upon the fire ;  
"Now," said the the Interpreter, "you know it all,  
And see the cause why it still flameth higher.

“This fire—it represents God’s mighty grace,  
The devil tries all ways to put it out ;  
But Christ with holy oil maintains the case  
Of every true believer without doubt.”

Next, Christian heard sweet music, and beheld  
A stately Palace rising to the skies.  
Each door and entrance armed men safe held,  
Most glorious it appeared in Christian’s eyes.

A mighty crowd around this Palace stand,  
But none dare venture to obtain a sight ;  
The glittering armour and the sword in hand  
Drove them all back with cowardly affright.

But one there was, a bold and fearless man,  
With sword unsheathed unto the Palace came,  
Not drawing back but eagerly he ran,  
And cried, “Pray sir, at once put down my name.”

Then did the armed men fall on him sore,  
But he with naked sword rushed boldly on,  
Cutting his way, and soon pass’d through the door  
Then came a pleasant voice, “welcome my son.”

Then Christian cried, “my journey I must go,  
With you good sir, I cannot longer stay ;”  
“But,” said his friend, “there’s one thing more I’ll show,  
As it may prove a warning on thy way.”

## THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

He led the Christian to a room quite dark,  
Where sat a man within an iron cage;  
Then, said the Interpreter "now mind and hark  
To what he speaks in his despair's sad rage."

The bitterest sighs came from the man's sad breast;  
Despair seemed graven on his wrinkled brow;  
O wretched one, for me no hope nor rest,  
The door of mercy shut against me now.

Christian then spoke, "I pray thee, who art thou?  
Why thus despairing while the Gospel's free?  
O wretched one, I once was what I am not now,  
Shut up in black despair, as you do see.

"I once seemed fair to gain the heavenly crown,  
In others eyes, as well as in my own,  
But in earth's lusts I quickly settled down,  
Nor heeded ought, though God and conscience frowned.

Then, said good Christian, "Can'st thou not repent?  
The Son of God is pitiful indeed;  
Why dost thou not in penitence relent?  
Why dost thou not in Godly sorrow grieve?"

"Alas! I have despised that glorious One,  
Trampled upon his blood, put him to shame;  
And when earth's riches, honours I had won,  
In word and deed I then denied his name.

“ No, I cannot ; no, I cannot now repent,  
My heart is harder than the flinty stone ;  
A thousand worlds could not make me relent,  
Nor raise one sigh, one penitential groan.

“ I grieved the spirit to leave me to my fate,  
I tempted Satan, who quickly came to me ;  
The things I thought I loved, I now do hate,  
And hell's my portion through eternity.”

Then Christian cried, “ most fearful, fearful this,  
The Lord keep me in watchfulness and prayer ;  
Warm in my heart, the home of heavenly bliss,  
That I may shun the ways which bring despair.”

Then said the Interpreter, “ Oh let this ever be  
An everlasting caution to thy soul ;  
Not with licentious sinful liberty,  
But God's most holy fear thy life control.”

Then said good Christian, “ Is it not full time  
For me to speed me on my heavenly road ;  
Yet one thing more, 'twill serve thee when thou'rt dying,  
And quicken thee in all the ways of God.”

Then Christian saw a man, who from his bed  
Rose up as from a dream in dread affright ;  
He cried, “ I see the living and the dead,  
All trembling stand before God's piercing sight.

"I see this world consumed, as by fire,  
I hear the trumpets call o'er sea and land ;"  
Then Christian said, " Be this my heart's desire,  
In Jesus Christ in that great day to stand."

Then Christian rose, prepared to go his way,  
Blessing the Interpreter for all his sights so good ;  
Who told him to keep them in his heart by night and day  
Then he would see with joy the face of God.

Then came again that sweet and solemn voice,  
Which once before so cheered his broken heart ;  
Then Christian said, " I do indeed rejoice,  
To hear such comfort while with sin I smart."

This was the hymn, " Oh ! poor and needy soul,  
Dost thou need Jesus thy sad cause to plead ;  
Then let him all thy heart and life control,  
And he'll supply thy soul and body's need.

" Dost thou need wisdom, solid wisdom too,  
Wise as a Serpent, harmless as a dove ;  
Such wisdom the world by wisdom never knew,  
It comes from Jesus, from his throne above.

" Dost thou need righteousness which none can sell,  
Then as a leper must thou ever stand,  
No other righteousness will save from hell,  
Than that wrought out by Jesus's suffering hand.

“Dost thou want holiness, without, within,  
His Spirit and his Word to dwell with thee ;  
A nature new, to hate, forsake all sin,  
To give the inward, outward purity.

“Dost thou want full redemption from all sin,  
A soul and body like unto his own ;  
Ah ! this thou canst not have till thou art within  
The pearly gates and see Him on His throne.

“If these thy wants, then hear thy loving Lord,  
Both heaven and earth shall sooner pass away  
Than one true promise of his faithful word,  
To land thee safely in the realms of day.

“There shall full praise employ thy ransomed tongue,  
Which sin so often silenced here below ;  
No fear nor doubt to mar that glorious song,  
But one eternal ceaseless anthem flow.

“The burden of that glorious song must be  
‘Worthy the Lamb’ shall echo through all heaven,  
Worthy the Lamb who gave his life for thee ;  
Worthy the Lamb who has thy sins forgiven.”



THE  
**CROSS AND THE CONTRAST.**

---

I saw two walls did fence poor Christian's way,  
Salvation were their names ; on either side  
O'er the road there shone a glorious ray,  
Illuming the Cross, where Jesus Christ once died.

And just below this cross an open grave,  
But who the wondrous joy can ever tell ;  
For Christian cried, " I'm saved, for ever saved ;"  
And as he looked his mighty burden fell.

Fell from his back and rolled into the grave,  
There it was lost unto my wondering view ;  
While Christian cried again, " I'm saved, I'm saved,"  
And grateful tears his heart and eyes bedew.

Oh what full praises fell from Christian's tongue,  
While from angels harps sweet music fell,  
This was the burden of that glorious song,  
Christ, Christ, has saved another soul from hell.

Then Christian gave three leaps with holy mirth,  
His heart and lips most sweetly too did sing  
Of Bethlehem s stable and its wondrous birth,  
Of Jesus as his Prophet, Priest, and King.

And as he gazed upon his suffering Lord,  
Again the grateful tears coursed down his cheek,  
With godly sorrow his own ways abhorred,  
The more he gazed upon the Lamb so meek.

There, as he stood with broken contrite heart,  
Three shining ones with wondrous glory came ;  
Sweet peace by word and deed they did impart,  
From Graceless unto Christian changed his name.

The first said, "Soon, thy sins be all forgiv'n ;"  
The second took his filthy rags away,  
Gave in exchange bright robes made fit for Heaven,  
Dy'd in his own heart's blood on Calvary.

The third, upon his forehead set a mark,  
Gave him a roll seal'd with his own true seal ;  
Oh ! what a change from sin and guilt so dark,  
To true forgiveness felt in his heart so real.

Now Christian's joy was better felt than told,  
He stood through Christ a glorious son of God ;  
For Father, Son, and Spirit did unfold  
The living way which all true sons have trod.

Oh ! what a change, here was a slave set free,  
An Heir of hell now made an Heir of heaven ;  
All his dark sins lost in his wondrous sea  
Of Calvary's blood for ever now forgiven.

“ Thus far did I come, laden with my sin,  
 Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,  
 Till I came here ; what a place is this,  
 Must here be the beginning of my bliss.

“ Must here the burden fall off from my back,  
 Must here the strings that bound it to me, crack :  
 Blest cross ! Blest sepulchre ! blest rather be  
 The Man that there was put to shame for me.”

In praise and prayer good Christian then knelt down.  
 This was his song, “ Let Jesus wear the crown.”

Yes ! let Jesus wear the crown, but where in heaven or earth  
 Is there a crown that's worthy of his high, yet lowly birth ;  
 Angels may search in vain the glorious mines of heaven,  
 And the brightest crown a sinner finds, is when his sin's  
 forgiven.

Oh ! then he finds a crown wove by his grateful heart,  
 And in love's sweet obedience, from Christ would never part ;  
 Four jewels deck this wondrous crown, given by Jesu's hand,  
 Faith, hope, and love, and godly fear form one rich jewelled  
 band.

And the holy incense that shall rise before this mighty king,  
 And the sweetest incense, a sinner saved, in earth or heaven  
 can bring,

Is the incense of a broken heart by sovereign love set free,  
 Which through Christ Jesus perfume all heaven throughout  
 eternity.

Oh! with what happy steps did Christian run,  
Singing and praying along the narrow way ;  
Once a bond slave, but now a free born son,  
His sin and guilt changed into a glorious day.

But Christian had not run so very far,  
Before he saw three men fast locked in sleep ;  
This sight upon his feelings much did jar,  
Presumption, Sloth, and Simple thus to meet.

They lay a little just out of the road,  
And fetters on their heels were closely bound ;  
Surely these men have much forgotten God,  
Thus to be sleeping on Immanuel's ground.

Then Christian said, " In love I try to awake,  
Who knows but yet the way be brought aright ;"  
Then gave he all of them a desperate shake,  
And cried, " awake and work while it is light.

" Be willing, I'll take the fetters from your feet,  
If Satan as a lion should come by ;  
If you the roaring lion thus should meet,  
Destroyed you'd be, arise my friends and fly."

But Christian's words fell like an idle dream,  
For Simple said, " I see no danger near ;"  
Sloth from his slumber, good Christian could not win,  
Presumption said, " there's not the slightest fear."

Then laid they down again in sounder sleep,  
 And Christian trembling went upon his way ;  
 I fear these men, destruction soon will meet,  
 For they prefer dark night to glorious day,

Thus Christian musing on these men's sad fall,  
 Which made him hasten, not linger on his way,  
 Two men came jumping over the left wall,  
 Then Christian cried, " Friends, or enemies, come say."

Hypocrisy and Formalist their name,  
 Then with good Christian both began to speak ;  
 From the country of Vain-Glory we both came,  
 And now for praise, Mount Zion we would seek.

" But why did you not come in at the gate,  
 The only entrance to this heavenly way ;  
 I fear you'll meet the thief and robber's fate,  
 Who chose their own and not the Saviour's sway."

Then cried the men, " We do not know the gate,  
 It is too far about, our townsmen say ;  
 So we a short cut made as it was late,  
 And here we are safe in the heavenly way."

But Christian said, " Will not the mighty Lord  
 Of glorious Zion, to which we all seem bound ;  
 Declare that you have trespassed 'gainst his Word,  
 And call you thieves upon his holy ground.

“Oh!” cried they both together, “we are right,  
For we have custom more than thousand years;  
Safe at our journey’s end we shall alight,  
Of that, good friend, we have no doubt or fears.”

“Alas! poor men, you are following your vain will,  
But I am walking by my master’s rules;  
You are in the road by your own wicked skill,  
But at the end both will be counted fools.”

“Why, man, we are in the way as well as thou,  
What difference then between ourselves and thee?  
And as for laws and ordinances I trow  
Thou dost not keep them much more strict than we.”

“Laws will not save you from wrath’s devouring flood,  
You’re counted thieves already by my Lord;  
You came not through the gate marked by his blood,  
Your fancy guides you, not God’s Holy Word.”

“Well!” said they both, “we are on the very tract,  
Except that thou hast got a fine new coat;  
We do suppose to save thy naked back,  
Thy neighbours have so kindly bought.”

“To save my nakedness it was indeed,  
And given me by my dear suffering Lord;  
He took my rags and there in my sad need,  
He clothed me thus according to his word.”

Then did they laugh outright at what he said,  
 Both looked upon him with supreme disdain ;  
 But Christian in his book had often read,  
 That true disciples must bear scorn and pain.

So now they left him with contemptuous smile,  
 But he found comfort in the sacred book ;  
 Assured that faith was nothing without trial,  
 It taught him to his Lord for strength to look.



## THE HILL DIFFICULTY.



So all passed on until they reached a hill,  
 Both difficult and steep it seemed to be,  
 So rugged that with fear their minds did fill,  
 But yet the road was straight as all could see.

Just at the foot there flowed a noble spring,  
 And Christian said, " This is the road I ll go ;  
 'Tis laid down plain by Christ my heavenly King,  
 That sufferings for his sake I am to know."

Then stooping down, he quenched his parched thirst,  
 And breathed a prayer unto his loving Lord ;  
 The first is last, the last shall soon be first,  
 Came in his mind from God's most Holy Word.

Then, as I looked again two other ways,  
Both crooked led on either side the hill ;  
And as the sun went down with its last rays,  
Each chose his path according to their will.

Christian remembered the right road was steep,  
So boldly marched forward up the hill ;  
The others said, "no doubt the roads will meet,"  
For timid fears their coward minds did fill.

The crooked path, God's Word did rightly call  
Destruction to all travellers found thereon ;  
But though poor Christian got here many a fall,  
Straight up the hill God's lamp most brightly shone.

But oftimes was obliged upon his knees  
To scramble up, it was so steep and high ;  
Rugged rocks, rough places, thorns, and broken trees,  
It brought from Christian many a heartfelt sigh.

But forward still, not once did he look back,  
At last he came unto an harbour fair ;  
And now for rest poor Christian was not slack,  
For by his Lord 'twas placed for pilgrims there.

Then taking out his roll he mused thereon,  
And self came creeping up in drowsy sleep ;  
Pleased with his garments, which so brightly shone,  
For this sad folly he soon must sorely weep.



“Go to the ant thou sluggard,” a voice now cried,  
Which roused him from his slumbers with rough hand ;  
“Oh ! fool to sleep the first time I am tried,  
Oh, let me hasten to my Father’s land.”

Then with new courage, up the hill he ran,  
Just at the top two men came rushing by ;  
Both loudly cried, “we’re lost, yes, to a man,  
Back to our native land, or else we die.”

Said Christian, “Who are you, who thus do fear ?”  
“We are pilgrims, bound unto Immanuel’s land ;  
And we poor travellers having reached here,  
Two lions brought us to a fearful stand.”

Right in the road these horrid monsters lay,  
“If you go on, you’ll surely lose your life ;  
Take our advice, go back to your old way,  
And keep at home your children and your wife.”

Now was poor Christian put into affright.  
“Shall I go back and bear a coward’s shame ;  
Back to destruction’s city, dark as night,  
And lose my soul in hell’s undying flame.

“Venture I will, though fear of death be there,  
Eternal death is in my native town ;  
But, if death with true men I nobly share,  
Christ will give me the conqueror’s glorious crown.”

Mistrust and Timorous, both hastened down the hill.

Poor Christian thought, "ah! they will lose their soul;"  
Then musing on these men, at last stood still  
To seek for comfort in his precious roll.

But Formality and Hypocrisy, where are they,  
Who coward like would not go up the hill;  
But like to thousands take the crooked way,  
And of sins and sorrow soon they had their fill.

For soon both reached a wild and dismal wood,  
"Danger and Destruction" was its doleful name;  
There Satan lay in wait for each man's blood,  
And took them to his home of endless flame.

We left poor Christian musing on his roll,  
But oh! the horrors that did fill his breast,  
When he discovered that it had been stole,  
Or else had lost it where he last took rest.

With trembling steps the way he did retrace,  
But night came on instead of cheerful day;  
Sighs from his heart, and tears ran down his face,  
That he should thus have fooled his time away.

At last he came where he so sadly slept,  
As miserable as Christian man could be;  
Fell on the ground, Oh, how he sighed and wept,  
For fear his precious roll no more should see.

But though in darkness one was standing by,  
His loving Lord in secret did condole ;  
With pitying love he turned his weeping eye,  
And Christian once more saw his precious roll.

But who shall tell the overwhelming joy,  
When he once more had grasped it in his hand ;  
'Twas like true gold without one base alloy,  
A loving passport to his Father's land.

And yet with penitence his heart was full,  
That he should thus have slept his time away ;  
Oh ! had I walked by my Master's rule,  
I should have travelled in the glorious day.

But now I see thick night is coming on,  
And for my folly I shall dearly pay ;  
I've lost the sun which once so brightly shone,  
Still I must venture in the narrow way.

Mistrust and Timorous I remember well,  
Saw two great lions in the king's highway ;  
Though traitor-like they did their birth-right sell,  
Come life or death, I will no longer stay.

Then girding up his loins with holy zeal,  
And breathing in his heart a secret prayer ;  
Remembering to the spirit's glorious Seal  
Upon his brow it kept him from despair.

## THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

---

Then sword in hand he boldly ventured on,  
And soon a glorious palace rose to view ;  
A heavenly radiance on its towers shone,  
Fair emblem of Jerusalem the new.

But just before its gates of shining gold,  
Two lions stretched across the narrow way ;  
Ah ! here they are just as these men have told,  
And now poor Christian they will surely slay.

But from the gate he heard a cheerful voice,  
“ Stand fast, fear not, the lions are but chained ;  
Look unto Christ, in him alone rejoice,  
Fight faith’s good fight, the palace then is gained.”

Then said the porter, “ Oh ! traveller, what’s thy name,  
Where dost thou come from this unseemly hour ? ”  
“ Alas ! kind sir, my home was doomed to flame,  
For I am told so by a heavenly power.

“ My name is Christian, but ‘ Graceless ’ ’twas before,  
I seek Mount Zion though its out of sight ;  
But with my travels I am faint and sore,  
May I have rest within this house to-night.”

Then said good "Watchful," which was the porter's name,  
 "I'll call a maiden that shall question thee ;"  
 One fair and beautiful then quickly came,  
 And said to Christian, "what would'st thou have with me?"

"I'm a weary pilgrim to Mount Zion bound,  
 Will you sweet loving maiden let me lodge to night ;  
 I hear my Lord has built this home on his own ground,  
 And I'll pursue my journey by the morning light."

Then said Discretion, "My sisters I will call,  
 Prudence, Piety, and Charity, will with thee discourse ;  
 Our Lord has built this house to welcome pilgrims all,  
 Who by the Spirit's leading, Mount Zion wish to see."

Then the maidens said, "Come, thou blessed of the Lord,  
 Some good things he gives us, we now will give to thee ;  
 The glorious realities named in his precious word,  
 To pilgrims like thyself, they are indeed most free."

Then one and all agreed, while supper was prepared.  
 To have some loving talk about Immanuel's way ;  
 Then "Piety," said good Christian, "How hast thou fared,  
 Since in thy native town, thou couldst no longer stay ?

"And what, good Christian moved thee, a pilgrim's life to  
 choose ?"  
 "Why, dreadful sounds of wrath, upon my heart there fell ;  
 That if I did not leave my soul would surely lose,  
 And after that for ever sink into the lowest hell."

“ But who directed you to come this narrow way ? ”

“ Why, as I weeping stood, not knowing what to do,  
Evangelist told me no longer there to stay,  
But fly for my life to Jerusalem the new.

“ His Lord, in love and pity shewed me the wicket gate,  
And by his tender mercy I at last got in ;  
But for my wife and children my heart did sorely ache,  
To feel that they would still remain in ignorance and  
sin.”

“ What saw you else good pilgrim as you travelled to this  
place ? ”

“ Why things that made me joyful, and things that made  
me weep ;  
I ne'er had reached here but for free and sovereign grace,  
But lost my soul for ever in sin's etenal sleep.”

“ Did you not pass a house called the Interpreter's I pray ? ”

“ Yes, and never shall forget what I saw until I die ;  
How often have they spurred me on when weary in the  
way,  
How often made me sing and how often made me sigh.

“ There I did see a wondrous sight in that most wondrous  
place,

How in the blood bought sinner, Christ still maintained  
his sway ;  
How in spite of sin and Satan, pour'd in the oil of grace,  
Which kept his pilgrims safely within the narrow way.

“ And there I saw the man held in despair’s dark chain,  
A dreadful and most fearful sight I never can forget ;  
His sins and lusts like tyrants within him ever reign,  
There hell and black despair in hopeless sorrow met.

“ I beheld another sight, which is graven on my heart,  
Of the man who had a dream of the mighty judgment  
day :  
In which each living soul must for ever bear a part,  
It has often made me tremble as I mused on my way.

But the most blessed sight these eyes have ever seen,  
And of which to fully speak my heart is at a loss ;  
Was when I saw One hanging two noted thieves between,  
Dying in unknown agony upon the shameful cross.

And there came sounding in my heart, “ All this was done  
for thee,”  
I thought my heart would melt away with sorrow as I  
stood ;  
And yet ’twas joy unspeakable from sin I now was free,  
For the burden on my back was for ever lost in blood.

As the tears of joy and sorrow rolled down my grateful  
cheek,  
Three most glorious ones on a sudden I beheld ;  
Full and free salvation on that spot my soul did meet  
A glorious roll of righteousness for me one freely held.

One said to me most blessedly, "Thy sins are all forgiven,"  
Another on my brow set this most precious seal ;  
That moment seemed to me the very gate of heaven,  
Such heavenly joy unspeakable so solid and so real.

And this most wondrous roll he placed within my hand,  
And when in any trial bade me therein to look ;  
To present it at the gate when I reach my father's land,  
And often to consult it in union with my book.

I also saw three men, but they were fast asleep,  
I tried by word and deed each one of them to shake ;  
To see such reckless madness, it made me sigh and weep,  
Neither by judgment or mercy would one of them awake.

Formalist and Hypocrisy they also passed me by,  
Pretending they were travelling to Mount Zion's gate ;  
I thought deluded men, when you lay down to die,  
How terrible must be your sad and wretched fate.

The Hill of Difficulty I found no easy path to climb,  
But still I ventured on for I knew 'twas heaven or hell ;  
And though 'twas often dark yet the lamp of God did shine,  
Pointing the road upward where I sometimes fell.

And there at last, poor wicked me this roll I basely lost,  
Instead of merely taking rest, I fell into a sleep ;  
And the bitter anguish which my folly did me cost,  
I reaped such bitter fruits that it often made me weep.



Two cowards, "Timorous" and "Mistrust," did me affright,  
 They said they met great lions in their way ;  
 Both rushed down the hill and out of sight,  
 And badè me for my life to come away.

So then I opened God's most holy book,  
 To strengthen me before I ventured on ;  
 And as the Holy Spirit made me look,  
 Where it said (fear not), my fears were gone.

So with the Spirit's word fast in my hand,  
 And secret prayer in my beating heart ;  
 I read aloud, by faith we make our stand,  
 Lions nor devils shall not make me start.

But when I came, these monsters full in sight,  
 My unbelief perceived not their chains ;  
 My fears came on as it was growing night,  
 Yet through mercy your house I safely gained.

Then Prudence said, " Dost thou sometimes think  
 Of all thou left in thy own native town ?"  
 " Yes, in my sad nature there is still a link,  
 Which sometimes bring my Saviour's gentle frown.

" But still Mount Zion has my soul's deep love,  
 And there by grace, through fire and through flood ;  
 I'll fight my way to see my Lord above,  
 Who for a wretch like me shed his own blood.

“ Those things which once I did delight most in,  
Are now my detestation, sorrow, and my grief ;  
When good, I would perform some inward sin,  
Makes me cry out of sinners, I am chief.”

Then Prudence said, “ Will nothing put these down ? ”  
“ Yes, when by faith, I view Christ on the tree ;  
Or when my Lord holds out the glorious crown,  
Then from these tyrants for a time I am free.”

Then Charity proposed some loving talk,  
And thus to converse she did at once begin ;  
“ Have you a wife and children in your town ?  
Did you there leave them to perish in their sin ? ”

Then Christian wept as if his heart would break,  
“ Oh yes ! indeed, more dear to me than life ;  
What would I not have given for the sake  
Of bringing here my children and my wife.”

But when I said our town was doomed to flame,  
With love and pity, hoped I should prevail ;  
They all cried out it was a sin and shame,  
To leave them thus for such an idle tale.

With tears and sighs, I urged them one and all,  
And set before them, judgment, heaven, and hell ;  
Told them of Jesus' loving pitying call,  
But on their hearts, my words unheeded fell.

“ But in your life was there not some sad blot,  
Which like a stumbling block stood in their way?  
Perhaps your words and deeds were not forgot,  
But kept them back from travelling that good way.”

“ Alas ! indeed, my life I must deplore,  
Yet lawful things I did myself deny ;  
Their obstinacy in time, I hop'd to cure,  
By prayers, tears, and many a heart-felt sigh.

“ Long as I live, both by day and night  
I never cease to breathe my heart felt prayer ;  
That when I reach the land of love and light,  
My wife and children too may join me there.

“ My very life, most gladly I'd resign,  
If once I heard they all were coming here :  
O Lord arise, in each one's heart now shine,  
In bitterest trials, this my heart will cheer.”

Then Charity replied, “ If thus with them thou hast dealt,  
Thou hast freed thyself from their blood ;  
So men refused in Noah's days of old,  
Till all were drowned in God's most dreadful flood.

“ And who can tell when thou hast reached the land,  
Where sin and sorrow never more shall come ;  
There all may meet a happy holy band,  
Thy wife and children with thyself at home.”

And now the maidens did the meal prepare,  
A rich abundance on the table stood ;  
Wine well refined, and other goodly fare,  
And all their talk was of a Saviour's blood.

One said, " he had been a warrior, great and bold,  
Had conquered death by losing his own life ;  
The number of his ransomed, ne'er was told,  
Which He had won in this tremendous strife."

And as they talked, poor Christian's heart grew warm,  
He felt he could have died for his dear Lord ;  
Who bore the wrath of that tremendous storm,  
Destroying his foes by his immortal word.

Another said, " they'd seen him since he died,  
Heard the sweet music of his loving voice ;  
Said no poor sinners to him ever cried,  
But with his love would make their hearts rejoice."

Another pilgrim said, " he heard him tell  
That in Mount Zion he would not dwell alone ;  
But rescue pilgrims from the power of hell,  
And bring them safe to his own heavenly home."

One also told, how from the dust of death  
He raised poor sinners who to him did cry ;  
Gave them his spirit's own immortal breath,  
And glorious victory when they came to die.

But time would fail to tell the wondrous story,  
How from pure love he left his glorious crown ;  
Gave up his throne, his sceptre, and his glory,  
Became a babe in Bethlehem s famous town.

But all the pilgrims seemed in wonder lost,  
When one declared all this was done for foes ;  
Who all their lives, his will and ways had crossed,  
And mocked at Calvary's agonizing throes.

Even to such, their Lord had freely said,  
All manner of sin and blasphemy's forgiven,  
And while thorns pierced his immortal head,  
Made a dying thief a citizen of heaven.

Thus talking of their Lord with holy zeal,  
Each heart grew warm with his amazing love ;  
Heaven's pure glories now became so real,  
They longed to die and reign with him above.

But now the hour was come for solemn rest,  
And like true pilgrims, each obeyed his Lord ;  
Sweet praise and prayer each loving heart possessed,  
With holy worship crowned their social board.

And our good pilgrim now could scarcely cease,  
His thankful praises for their loving cheer ;  
Went to his chamber which was named " Peace,"  
And sweetly slept in God's most holy fear.

So in the morning, after praise and prayer,  
The maidens said he should not yet depart ;  
But if he pleased rare things they would unfold,  
To be remembered both in head and heart.

Then to the study they did all repair,  
And first their Lord's great pedigree did show ;  
The Eternal Son, the Everlasting Word,  
Which saints believe, but never fully know.

They further shewed him of his noble deeds,  
But time would fail his glorious acts to tell ;  
Who on his throne for ever now he pleads.  
His people's cause against the host of hell.

They also read to him the various wars,  
In which his servants had been oft engaged ;  
Receiving death's sad wounds and glorious scars,  
'Gainst sin and self, which they so fiercely waged.

Rather than prove false traitors to this cause,  
Some lost their lives amid the playing fire ;  
Others from constancy to his just laws,  
Were tortured with black cruelties most dire.

Some with wild beasts were forced to risk their lives,  
With sword and famine, some gave up their breath ;  
Condemned by false accusers with base lies,  
Angels receive them at the gate of death.

Out of weakness others were made strong,  
Against the aliens, waxed most bold in fight;  
And all victorious with one mighty song,  
Now crowned their master in the realms of light.

Next to the armoury, they good Christian led,  
Which shone resplendent in their wondering sight;  
This was the armour in which Christians bled.  
And gained the conquest o'er the Prince of Night.

There was the breast-plate stained with Jesus' blood,  
Of perfect righteousness without one stain;  
There was the sword which 'mid the fire and flood,  
Which did for Christian many victories gain.

There was the helmet of salvation too,  
And over all the bright immortal shield;  
At whose appearance Satan and his crew,  
Were forced in shame to quit the battle-field.

And other weapons formed in heaven above,  
Who has them on, are sure to gain the day;  
All prayer and faith, and hope and holy love,  
Which all must have who travel this good way.

Armour there was for all the ransomed host,  
Though numerous as the stars above their head;  
All valiant Christians dying at their post,  
Their deeds still living, though themselves were dead.

And mighty engines too did Christian see,  
Which had been used in glorious wars of old ;  
When Moses with his rod set Israel free,  
Laden with Egyptian jewels and her gold.

There was the sling and stone which David threw,  
In faith's obedience to God's Holy Word ;  
The stripling youth the great Goliah slew,  
His only weapon was the Spirit's sword.

There was the jawbone by which Samson made  
Such dreadful havoc among the pagan band,  
Driving their thousands to the grave's cold shade,  
By one swift move of faith's obedient hand.

The pitcher, trumpet, and the lamp,  
By which brave Gideon and his valiant few  
A glorious victory has for ever stamped—  
A bright example to all brave and true.

But above them all there was the mighty sword,  
By which our Lord will one day put to death,  
Rome's Man of Sin, who has abused his word,  
Darkened his gospel with his lying breath.

To leave such friends, good Christian felt real sorrow,  
But forward, was his Lord's command ;  
They said however, on the coming morrow,  
One sight they'd give him of Immanuel's Land.



So in the morning, when the sun was bright,  
They led him to a mountain great and high;  
The glorious prospect seemed one heaven of light,  
It made poor Christian heave a heart-felt sigh.

“Oh! when shall I behold this lovely land,”  
“Not till thou hast resigned thy mortal breath;  
Then through thy Lord within its gates thou’lt stand,  
Eternal conqueror o’er that monster death.”

Then Christian did prepare to bid farewell  
To Prudence and her gentle sisters too;  
And knowing all the spite of earth and hell,  
Which he would meet with all his journey through.

Like faithful friends, they placed in his hand  
A trusty sword which often had withstood  
Old Satan’s wiles and earth’s dark wicked land,  
And Christian marked how it was stained with blood.

A breast plate too, and helmet for his head,  
But armour for the back was never given;  
Thou may’st be wounded, yea appear half dead,  
But Christ will keep thee, all thy way to heaven.

Then Christian asks the porter at the gate,  
“Hast thou, my friend, seen pilgrims pass to-day,  
For I should like before ’tis growing late,  
To have one true companion in my way.”

Then Watchful said, "Yes! one has just passed by,  
He seemed in haste and would not once look round;  
Perhaps you'll o'ertake him if you try,  
He's just ahead, upon the pilgrim's ground."

Then said the maidens, "We will go with thee,  
Although this hill appears so fair to sight;  
There's many a serpent 'neath each lovely tree,  
If thou should choose the wrong instead of right."

"The Lord be with thee," then good Christian said,  
"And all thy blessings, may he now increase;"  
The good old porter bowed his hoary head,  
And bade our pilgrim go his way in peace.

To the valley of Humiliation, Christian came;  
And here, indeed, he was most hard beset;  
For a foul fiend, Appollyon was his name,  
At the very entrance our good pilgrim met.

And now did Christian cast within his mind,  
Shall I go back, or shall I lose my life;  
For sure I am, no pilgrim ere did find,  
Mercy or pity from this monster knife.

No armour for my back to me was given,  
Shall I a base and coward traitor prove;  
Turn back and lose my glorious hope of heaven,  
'Twould be a hell without my Saviour's love.

Most hidious was this monster to behold,  
Fiery scales his body did o'erspread ;  
A dragon's form, his bosom did unfold,  
And sulphurous flames surrounded his dark head.

And fiery darts came from his dragon's hand,  
The mouth of hell, there came his horrid breath ;  
Towering about the way, the monster stands,  
Unfurls his banner of eternal death.

Then Christian stood and marked his horrid form,  
Breathed in his heart a short but fervent prayer ;  
O Jesus arm me, for this dreadful storm,  
Give me thy courage, keep me from despair.

Appollyon cried, " Oh ! sirrah, what's thy name,  
Why com'st thou here, where is thy journey bound ;  
Thou'lt find thy life will end in death and shame  
If thou will travel on this narrow ground.

" From dark destruction's city I am come,  
To reach Mount Zion with heart and hand I strive ;  
There from my Lord, I never more shall roam ;  
At that bright land, O when shall I arrive.

Then said Appollyon, " Thou hast run from me.  
All are my subjects in thy native town ;  
Therefore return, fall down and worship me,  
And thee with wealth and glory I will crown."

“ Not so, said Christian, “ for I’m sick of sin,  
By thy dark wiles thou shalt not me control ;  
’Tis true, thy wealth and honours I may win,  
But what’s all that to my immortal soul.”

Appollyon then began to storm and rage,  
“ Go back false traitor, to thy native place ;  
Against he, whom thou callest Prince, I ever wage  
A deadly war against him and his race.”

“ I tell thee tempter, I will not go back,  
The Prince I serve, will guard me in this way ;  
His servants who have stood the fire and rack,  
Have found him faithful in their suffering day.”

Appollyon cried, “ A double traitor now,  
Since thou didst leave my kingdom and my crown ;  
Against this prince thy knee did often bow,  
And thy false heart turned to thy native town.”

Then Christian sighed and said, “ It is quite true ;  
And to my shame more wretched things than this ;  
But since a heart he’s given me that’s new,  
I long to live with him in endless bliss.

“ Besides thy wages and thy service I detest,  
I once loved sin which now I deeply hate ;  
I will not change my prince nor his sweet rest,  
For all the world calls happy, good, or great.”

Appollyon said, "I see thou art a fool,  
Not one step further shalt thou pass this way ;  
Thou art my subject, born within my rule,  
This moment turn, or thee I'll quickly slay."

Then Christian from his scabbard drew his sword,  
And cried, " Appollyon, if thou me molest ;  
He'll punish thee according to his word,  
I'll follow on, and leave to him the rest.

Then did Appollyon fling a flaming dart,  
And cried, " False traitor, now I'll make thee yield ;  
It would have struck poor Christian to the heart,  
But he just caught it on his glorious shield.

But oh ! to see the fiery sulphurous breath,  
Appollyon's rage, no mortal tongue can tell ;  
Poor Christian felt the iron grasp of death,  
While round him played the fiery darts of hell.

No battle, like to this on mortal ground,  
It fiercely raged for more than half a day ;  
Poor Christian, on his head soon got a wound,  
Which made him faint and speechless in the way.

Appollyon to perceive this was not slack,  
He almost pressed him out of life and breath,  
So that poor Christian giving a little back,  
He seemed to feel the icy hand of death.

But worst of all, poor Christian dropped his sword,  
Appollyon cried, "Ah! wilt thou not give o'er;"  
But Christian said, "I have God's faithful word,  
That I shall triumph, though the battle's sore."

Then did the monster gather all his power,  
And gave our pilgrim such a dreadful fall;  
He really thought it was death's final hour,  
Then how did Christian to Immanuel call.

Sighs, groans, and tears, burst from his very heart,  
And not in vain, his Lord so quickly heard;  
Poor Christian hurled back the tempter's dart,  
By grasping in his hand his own true sword.

"Rejoice thou not against me," Christian cried,  
Then gave the tempter such a deadly thrust;  
"I shall o'ercome, though now so deeply tried,  
For in the Lord's my everlasting trust.

Then did the battle with more fury rage,  
But now an unseen friend joined in the fight;  
Another's strength our pilgrim now did wage,  
And proved a conqueror through another's might.

Through him that hath loved us, I'm conqueror now,  
This was the sword which bruised the monster's head;  
Appollyon now fell back, thrust through and through,  
Spread out his wings and from the battle fled.

Never before did I behold a fight,  
So fiercely fought as this on either side ;  
No mortal ere can realise the sight,  
But such as have been by Appollyon tried.

So terrible the noise this dragon made,  
The earth beneath his feet did move and shake ;  
And though the shield of faith did Christian shade,  
I sometimes noticed that his heart did quake.

But now a smile played on the victor's brow,  
Though blood was streaming from his two-edged sword ;  
Christian then sung, " I'm more than conqueror now,  
I'll praise him with his own immortal word."

And as he gave me 'mid the battle's rage,  
This motto to sustain me in the fight ;  
" Fear not," so with this word I'll now engage,  
In songs of victory, o'er the prince of night.

I noticed now, there came a secret hand,  
With pleasant leaves gathered from the tree of life ;  
This tree, it grows in great Immanuel's land,  
And heals the deepest wounds of sin's dark strife.

He also ate the bread with joyous heart,  
Drank from the bottle which the sisters gave ;  
Then came a voice, " Thou hast well sustained the part,  
Of Christ, thy master, honest, true, and brave."

Strengthened in soul, as well as body too,  
Christian set forward with his naked sword ;  
Drawn in his hand against hell's mighty crew,  
Watching and praying according to God's word.

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VALLEY OF  
**THE SHADOW OF DEATH.**

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But our good pilgrim had not journeyed far,  
Before great danger he descried ;  
Dark as hell's mouth, without one single star,  
It was the valley of the King of Pride.

Named by God's Spirit, in His Holy Word,  
The very Valley of the Shadow of Death ;  
Here many a pilgrim, by Sin and Satan gored,  
In dark despair have yielded up their breath.

Just at the entrance, came two running fast,  
" Back, back, good traveller if you love your life,"  
But Christian stopped them as they rushed past ;  
Demanding of them, " why such frightful strife."

" Back, back, for see the Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
Darkness is light, compared to that dread place ;  
None ever enter, but resign their breath,  
So back to thy native town, now turn thy face.



“ We caught a glimpse of this most horrid den,  
Thousands were moaning in their dark despair ;  
Never was written yet by mortal pen,  
The dreadful sufferings that are met with there.”

“ Truly 'tis terrible, but yet from all you say,  
I see this is the road to heaven's bright gate ;  
Come, life or death, I'll keep within this way,  
If I go back, I meet the coward's fate.”

“ Well, thou mayest go, but no such fools are we,  
To cast ourselves, the world, and all away ;  
Religion's very well, but to be free,  
We love her best, when dressed in bright array.”

Now in the midst, there was the mouth of hell,  
And sulphurous flames came rushing all around ;  
But who poor Christian's fright can fully tell,  
As fiends with horrid laughter shook the ground.

On one side lay a dark and bottomless pit,  
Where all the blind in every age have fell ;  
And the other side a quagmire like to it,  
Where all who are not Christ's, have sunk to hell.

Then said poor Christian, “ What shall I now do,  
They laugh at spear, at helmet, and at sword ;  
O Lord, how shall I escape this horrid crew,”  
Then came a voice from out the Holy Word :

“Put up thy sword, all prayer, the weapon here,  
Let but the Spirit place it in thy hand ;  
The prince of hell himself, thou needs't not fear,  
’Twill land thee safely in thy Master’s land.”

So forward, forward, was good Christian’s cry,  
- His trembling steps could scarcely keep the road ;  
Fiends thronged around him, whispering “ thou must die,  
Like thousand others, here we’ll spill thy blood.”

But just as Christian reached the mouth of hell,  
The greatest wonder which did he amaze ;  
So tempted his own voice, he scarce could tell,  
These dreadful fiends his brain did almost craze.

One came behind and whispered in his ear,  
While Satan said these thoughts are wholly thine ;  
Then shook poor Christian’s heart with godly fear,  
What can these dreadful thoughts be in my mind.

Oh ! how did Christian’s heart now groan and sigh,  
That He, who saved him from eternal fire ;  
And for who’s sake, at times would gladly die,  
“ Oh Lord,” he cried, with most intense desire.

“ Oh Lord, deliver from this dreadful pit,”  
Then did the fiends give back a little space ;  
Then did poor Christian think, are these thoughts fit,  
For anyone who is a child of grace.

Then Christian thought he heard a solemn voice,  
Though 'twas so dark he could not see the form ;  
Yet still the words, did somewhat him rejoice,  
That they who feared God could live the storm.

For three good reasons, it did him revive,  
First, that one who feared God was in the way ;  
Second, the Lord had now his soul alive,  
And raised a hope that soon it would be day.

Third, his poor heart it did most strongly cheer,  
Hoping he now could find a Christian friend ;  
Who like himself, would walk with godly fear,  
And go with him unto his journey's end.

And now the glorious day began to break,  
And by its light he saw more clear the road ;  
With all its horrors, which for Jesus' sake  
He had resisted even unto blood.

And yet he had many a weary mile to go,  
A thousand-fold more dread than he'd yet met ;  
But now the light did show him every foe,  
Each fiend which did his path so fierce beset.

And now the sun in glory did arise,  
It filled poor Christian's heart with holy praise ;  
Mount Zion yet shall bless my longing eyes,  
With Christ, my Lord, I yet shall end my days.

So changed the scene, although he still did fear,  
Yet joy was blended with it in his heart ;  
Down his rough cheek there stole a grateful tear,  
That Jesus still did take poor Christian's part.

He further said, "The candle of the Lord  
Doth shine in glory on my weary head ;  
This glorious lamp of his most holy word,  
In safety through these dreadful paths have led."

I further noted at the valley's end,  
Just as the road became more firm and good,  
Christian hoped to overtake this friend,  
Instead of which, were ashes, bones, and blood.

And Christian hoped some one would now unfold,  
The meaning of so sad heart-broken sight ;  
And its dark history on a tablet told,  
Of its dread meaning, gave poor Christian light.

This was the place were faithful Christians true,  
Who by his grace would not deny their Lord ;  
Pagan and Pope here many thousands slew,  
Who fought the fight of faith with his pure Word.

I did perceive these monsters in their cave,  
Pope cried to Christian as he passed by ;  
"For such as you I have a fiery grave,  
When I get power, you all shall surely die."

62 VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

But from good Christian's, in his early youth,  
He had been crippled 'mid the battle's rage ;  
And though the bitterest enemy of truth,  
Could not hurt Christian through his wounds and age.

Then Christian with his heart and lips did sing,  
The following words to Christ, his heavenly King ;  
" Oh world of wonders, I can do no less,  
That I should be preserved in that distress.

" That I have met with here ! Oh blessed be,  
The hand that hath from it delivered me ;  
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,  
Did compass me, while I this vale was in.

" Yea ! snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie,  
My path about, that worthless silly I  
Might have been catch'd, entangled, and cast down ;  
But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown."



## CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL.

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Then just before him on the rising ground,  
Christian saw Faithful travelling with all speed ;  
He cried, "So ho! right glad that thee I've found,  
And hope thou'lt prove a Christian friend indeed."

But Faithful would not for one moment stay,  
Though Christian cried with most persuasive words ;  
And said, "The avenger of blood's behind me, in the way,  
And I must hasten to my loving Lord."

Then Christian tried with all his might and main,  
To pass good Faithful in the narrow way,  
And soon did overtake, and on him gain,  
And vainly smiled as if he'd gained the day.

But his vain confidence he soon did rue,  
And for his folly received a painful fall ;  
Ashamed he was, and now there came in view,  
Good Faithful, who to Christian did thus call :

"Thou had'st the start of me, good brother, from our town,  
And I was forced to come thus far alone ;  
Now for us both, there is a glorious crown,  
Which Christ will give us, when we reach our home.

“And blessed be the Lord, who has thus given,  
United hearts to face each fearful storm ;  
’Tis not all sunshine in our way to heaven,  
Before we pluck the rose, there’s many a thorn.”

Thus lovingly did they keep travelling on,  
And Christian said, “How long did you remain  
In our old city, after I was gone :”  
“Why when I counted loss what once was gain,

“I said unto myself, if Christian’s true,  
And if this place is really burned down ;  
If I stay here, destruction’s full in view,  
Come Life or Death, I’ll leave my native town.”

“But did none of our neighbours feel affright,  
Did none for heaven feel a real desire ;  
What God’s true Word did all of them so slight,  
Nor feel alarmed at hell, with its dread fire.”

“Well, some did talk that such must soon take place,  
And some e’en said, they wished they’d gone with you ;  
But soon vain smiles were seen on every face,  
And some e’en dared to say it was not true.

“Some few there seemed to have a faint desire,  
Not to be saved from Sin, but sav’d from Hell ;  
A little terror at the thought of fire,  
Then conscience slept and all again was well.

“ Did you not hear of Pliable, who came  
Some little distance on the narrow way,  
Who, coward like, ran back for very shame,  
And would not brave the troubles of one day.”

“ What said his neighbours when he reached his home,”  
“ Why called him turncoat, and a coward base,  
For suffering thee to go thy way alone,  
So he’s a by-word in his native place.”

“ What,” said good Christian, “ Did they jeer at him ?  
And yet none venture for the heavenly crown ;  
What none feel sorry for their dreadful sin ?  
What none arise and leave our native town ?”

“ No, for though of Pliable they were ashamed,  
None were ashamed of their own sinful ways ;  
For though this man, by all was justly blamed,  
Yet still determined in their sin to end their days.”

“ Well, neighbour Faithful, let us leave this man,  
And tell me what you’ve met with in the way,  
Which stopped your body, tho’ your spirit ran,  
But tell me all, good neighbour, now I pray.”

“ I ’scaped the slough where you good Christian fell,  
And reached in safety the bright wicket gate ;  
But there was one, my soul would have me sell,  
But her cursed offer, I did truly hate.”



“ What did she offer, “ Why, the world’s content,  
Her golden jewels and pleasures unto death ;  
If to her wishes I would give consent,  
All should be mine at her commanding breath.

“ But I remembered that her syren voice  
Led all her votaries to the gates of hell ;  
So by God’s grace, I made the better choice,  
And like good Joseph, my soul I did not sell.”

“ And pray good friend, did you meet ought beside,  
That tried to lure you from the good old road ?”  
“ Yes, many a one with flattering lips that lied,  
With trembling offers to my flesh and blood.

“ Just at the hill call’d Difficulty I met  
An aged man, who with a smiling face  
And urgent words he did me sore beset  
To go with him, and leave the way of grace.”

Quoth he, “ I think thou art an honest one ;  
And if thou wilt at once this way forsake,  
Thou shalt to men be as a first-born Son,  
And at my death my goods shall freely take.

“ My daughters also I will give to thee,  
Lust of the Flesh, Lust of the Eye, and Pride of Life ;  
Now say, good fellow, wilt thou come with me  
And take them all at once to be thy wife ?”

So fair and tempting did his offer seem,  
I tremble while the truth to thee I tell ;  
I hesitated my soul and flesh between,  
And tempted was my heaven and all to sell.

But by God's mercy I saw upon his forehead,  
Put off the old man with his deeds ;  
Then did God's spirit awake me from the dead,  
Though for my folly my conscience often bleeds.

Then in my mind it came, like burning hot,  
That this was Adam the First I now did meet ;  
With Godly fear I answered he might rot  
Before I'd touch his bags of vile deceit.

So then from smiles he turned to hate and scorn,  
And said my bitter foe he now would prove ;  
In every comfort he would place a thorn,  
And all my foes against me quickly move.

But up the hill I quickened now my pace,  
And as with trembling fear my steps I laid,  
One with severity marked on his face  
Struck me with clubs, and laid me as if dead.

I cried, what have I done, that you thus beat  
One who ne'er injured you in any way ?  
Because of evil, again he did me treat  
With blow on blow, I thought he would me slay.

This day to evil thou hast full inclined,  
    • And might to death thy foolish steps have led ;  
To go with that old man was in thy mind,  
    Then beat me sore, again left me for dead.

I cried for mercy, this he never gave ;  
    Then one came by ; with pity o'er me stood ;  
" Look up," he cried, " I'm come thy life to save ;  
    For sinners such as thee I shed my blood."

" Ah ! brother Faithful, that man I know full well,  
    'Twas Moses who did beat thee in that place,  
And surely would have sent thee down to hell,  
    If Christ had not revealed his loving face.

" Moses will have payment to the full,  
    Either from thee, or from thy loving Lord ;  
Now thou hast learnt thy lesson in his school,  
    Cleave close to Christ and his sweet Gospel Word.

" I'm sorry, Faithful, that you passed by  
    The wise Interpreter, who would have shown  
Many rare things that would have made you sigh,  
    To reach in safety Jesus and his crown.

" I passed the lions, but they seemed asleep,  
    In Palace Beautiful I long'd to stay ;  
But fearing in the dark some imp to meet,  
    I hastened on my journey while 'twas day."

“ But in yon valley, met you nothing there ?”

“ Yes ! Discontent, who did me sorely ply ;  
And told me, ‘ in this way I must forswear  
All that the world calls great, until I die.

“ ‘ That all my friends would sore offended be,  
It was so pitiful to take this road ;  
That Anger and Pride, with others would agree,  
I was a fool to risk my life and blood.’

“ ‘ Tis true,” I said, “ they once were all my own,  
After the flesh my near relations too ;  
But now for Christ I every one disown,  
And though they played me, yet I hate this crew.”

“ Oh, oh,” said he, “ there is no honour here.”  
“ Humility’s, said I, before them all ;  
I’d rather have my sorrow than your cheer ;  
A haughty spirit goes before a fall.”

“ But met you nothing more ?” “ Oh yes, one Shame—  
The most determined rogue I ever met—  
And sure I am he ought to change his name ;  
Entirely from him I could never get.

“ When I would leave him then he kept to me,  
Kept dinning in my ears it was so mean,  
So poor, so pitiful, this way to be,  
That no wise man would in it e’er be seen.

“ He told me also I must now forego  
All the sweet pleasures of my companions age ;  
In mopish dulness I must ever go,  
With all the world a bitter war to rage.

“ ‘ Besides,” says he, ‘ how pitiful and low  
To mind religion in these blustering days,  
When, if in this world’s fashion you would go,  
You must conform to all her words and ways.

“ ‘ Beside,’ said he, ‘ the mighty, rich, and great  
Call it a shame to be religious now ;  
Shame to acknowledge man’s deep fallen state—  
Shame to appear with solemn thoughtful brow.

“ ‘ Shame to sigh and groan for our own sin,  
And ask forgiveness of our dearest Lord ;  
Shame our bitterest enemies to win,  
By giving for their hate a loving word.’

“ In short this shame did bring the very blood  
With foolish shame into my wond’ring face ;  
A storm of words he poured in like a flood.  
At last I did remember, in the Word of Grace,

“ That which is highly esteemed among men  
Is an abomination in the sight of God.  
So I thought the Word of God is better then,  
Than all the golden jewels ’neath earth’s sod.

“ And then, thought I, we often walk in gloom ;  
’Tis better far, as one great day will tell,  
Than their false joy ; for at the day of doom  
We have our heaven, and they will have their hell.

“ Besides, said I, what God my Father says is best,  
Though all the world the contrary do say ;  
So here for shame on this my soul shall rest,  
’Twill prove the best at the great judgment day.

“ But still this bold villain close would cleave to me,  
Shame, shame, on all that’s good kept ringing in my ear,  
At last my loving Lord my soul did free,  
But I assure you ’twas with trembling fear.

“ Depart, false shame, I cried, for thee I hate,  
I love through grace what thou dost count so mean ;  
The righteous poor, more happy than the great,  
He is the Wise Man as will soon be seen.

“ So this bold villain then did sneak away,  
But still at times he clung unto my heel ;  
His tempting offers he still makes to day,  
This sad infirmity I sorely feel.

“ Bold as a lion, says the unerring Word,  
In God’s true way the righteous should be found ;  
So let us both now cry to our dear Lord,  
To keep us valiant soldiers on Christ’s ground.

So shaking him quite off I then did sing  
 This grateful tribute to my conquering king :

DEPTHS OF LOVE.

There are deeps in nature's ocean,  
 Also in the human heart ;  
 Sin revelling in commotion,  
 To make the conscience start.

There are deeps these deeps excelling,  
 Never guaged by mortal hand ;  
 In the fount of God's pure dwelling,  
 Streaming down to this sinful land.

And if the conscience e'er is bitten  
 By the poisoned tooth of sin ;  
 To measure this glorious vision,  
 In right earnest thou'lt begin.

Thou wilt search the immortal Word,  
 Written by God's own pen ;  
 Where the voice of the Spirit is heard,  
 Revealing this love to men.

On Calvary's gloomy summit,  
 This deep once ran so low ;  
 That life eternal flows from it,  
 Which the redeemed shall know.

“ Well done my brother, thou didst well withstand  
This bold faced villain, he is wrongly named ;  
For all that’s good in Immanuel’s land,  
He is bold to try and make us all ashamed.”

But here we are and shall be conquerors too,  
If we but trust our ever loving Lord,  
He is our shield to bring us safely through,  
Our sword of victory his immortal word.

Our trusty friend (All Prayer) against this foe  
Bears holy hatred to this common shame ;  
And he will help us all our journey through,  
Like valiant soldiers not to stain our name.

“ But in those dark valleys met you nothing more,  
No fiends of hell to try and shed your blood ;  
I really feared I never should get o’er,  
How they withstood me both by fire and flood.”

Then said good Faithful, “ No, the sun did shine  
All through those valleys to this very place ;”  
Then Christian said, “ A different lot was mine,  
I had been lost but for God’s mighty grace.

“ That prince of darkness, Appollyon by name,  
Did meet me there, and with his fiery breath ;  
To turn me back with hellish violence came,  
Or, if I would not, then he would put me to death.



“ And worst of all my sword flew from my hand,  
 So you may think how terrible my case ;  
 But our dear Lord this monster did withstand,  
 And brought me through by his all conquering grace.

“ But whether I stood, or whether I did run,  
 These fiends of hell did close me all around ;  
 I walked in darkness till the glorious sun  
 Arose in beauty o'er the pilgrim's ground.

Good Faithful and good Christian, in loving talk  
 Of their dear Lord did now go on ;  
 Pleasant and profitable their loving walk,  
 For o'er their heads the sun in glory shone.

Then turning round, a traveller they discerned  
 Coming behind, as if to Zion bound ;  
 In Christian courtesy the pilgrims turned,  
 And cried, “ Right welcome to our Saviour's ground.”

At distance he appeared a comely man,  
 But close at hand unpleasant to the sight ;  
 One who talked religion as thousands can,  
 But loved sin's darkness more than holy light.

“ To Mount Zion art thou going, my trusty friend,  
 If so, we are travellers in the same good way ;  
 To that bright land my footsteps I now bend,  
 And love to talk of good by night and day.”

Quoth Faithful, " Right glad, indeed we are,  
For the good friend to join our common cause ;  
For in this world how few the pilgrims are,  
Who choose and love our Saviour and his laws.

" To talk of mysteries, wondrous and sublime,  
Of what the saints in olden times have said ;  
How pleasant thus to talk away our time,  
And talk of Christ our ever glorious head.

" By talking thus, a man may quickly learn  
The insufficiency of every work ;  
How to repent, believe, and to return,  
And not to perish like an ignorant Turk.

" Besides all this, a man may learn to live,  
His fellow sinners also how to win ;  
Learn his worst enemies to forgive,  
And learn to cry out, loud against all sin.

" Moral and evangelical all is the same to me ;  
Quite at my fingers end if you will talk ;  
Heavenly and earthly, come my friends be free,  
What shall I speak of in my heavenly walk.

" A thousand scriptures that are all of grace,  
I now can give from God's Holy Book ;  
Talk of the dangers in the pilgrim's race,  
And make all straight whatever be your crook."

“But by your leave this knowledge is not ours,  
Right saving knowledge comes through precious blood ;  
Revealed by heaven, to cure sins’ raging power,  
And bring us safely through each fire and flood.”

“True, true, my friend of this I love to talk.  
A thousand mysteries you shall hear from me ;  
Past, present, and to come, as we do walk  
Sorrowful or joyful, tearful, smiles and glee.”

Then Faithful was indeed put in a maze,  
Why what a brave, good traveller have we here ;  
His knowledge seems to put me in a craze,  
His wondrous talk my spirit seemed to cheer.

And stepping up to Christian thus he said,  
“Surely this man will make a pilgrim rare ;  
All God’s holy Word he seems to have read,  
Come, shall we bid him welcome to our fare ?”

Then Christian spoke, but with a modest smile,  
“ My loving friend this man thou dost not know ;  
Many a Christian does his tongue beguile,  
Soft honeyed words from his lying lips to flow.”

“ Oh, then you know him,” “ Yes, indeed I do,  
Far better than ever he has known himself ;  
A very stain on all that’s good, him and his crew,  
Talk like a parrot while hoarding secret pelf.

“ His name is Talkative, of Prating Row,  
No doubt you knew it well in our old town ;  
On every subject his false tongue will go,  
When he has got strong drink within his crown.

“ Religion, falsehood, cheating, alike to him,  
To Christians and to worldly men the same ;  
No godly sorrow, for his wretched sin,  
A sad dark blot upon the Christian name.

“ His father’s name was Saywell in our town,  
This son, his smooth tongue’d father doth excel ;  
Within the ale-house he will set him down  
There talk as you have heard quite well.

“ Alas !” cried Faithful, “ Is it so indeed,  
I know you would not say so if not true ;  
Just like a vulture can this man thus feed,  
And yet religion with his tongue pursue.

“ All is not gold that glitters, that I see,  
I really thought him a good Christian bright ;  
His oily tongue has quite deceived me,  
I took him for a Christian at first sight.

“ But my good Christian you were better taught,  
And knew the wolf though like a sheep he came ;  
I pray through grace no more thus to be caught,  
And take realities for empty name.

“ Besides thee friend he has deceived many,  
And yet that vain profession doth put on ;  
Would sell his soul to gain a golden penny,  
But I will tell thee how he 'll soon be gone.

“ Let us now to him, and talk of God's true work,  
By law and Gospel in the sinner's soul ;  
And our good company he will quickly shirk,  
He cannot bear a godly man's control.

“ Realities will quickly make him fly,  
But we are not his judges, but reprove ;  
Come, let us to him our best efforts try,  
By judgment and by mercy him to move.

“ A saint abroad, a very devil at home,  
All who well know him, of him thus declare ;  
Even his children, under him do groan,  
And all his servants get a sorry fare.

“ So take my advice dear friend and go to him,  
And you will find from us he'll soon depart ;  
Speak to him of Christ's power over the power of sin,  
And he'll soon leave us, unless God touch his heart.”

Faithful then said, “ 'Tis good, then let us go,  
I pray that God may touch his conscience now ;”  
Then called for Talkative, “ My friend, so ho !”  
To which he smiled, and made a gentle bow.

"I thought 'ere this we should have had good talk,"  
Said Faithful, "Time waits not, but flies with eagle wings  
'Twill cheer us in our pilgrims former walk,  
So let's commence about the power of things.

"Come, let's to it, this question I propose,  
How is grace discovered in man's heart?  
How in God's time the sinner really knows,  
He has in Jesus an abiding part."

"I see," said Talkative, "you are on the power,  
The subject's good, and thus I now begin;  
In pleasant chat to while away the hour,  
And first, there is an outcry 'gainst all sin."

"Stop, stop, my friend, I think you should have said  
Abhorring sin, instead of an outcry;  
Penitence in the heart, not in the head,  
That you to Sin, and sin, to you may die.

"E'en in the pulpit some cry out quite loud,  
Yet in the heart and life do love it well;  
Cry out against it when amid the crowd,  
Yet for it their salvation often sell."

Said Talkative, "You lie at the catch I see,"  
"Not I," said Faithful, "come, what is the second thing;  
By which true grace discovered unto me,  
Proving if I belong to Christ the King."

“ Great knowledge of Gospel mysteries I trow,”  
 “ Ah ! there good friend, you are wrong again ;  
 All the whole Bible a man may surely know,  
 And yet remain among ungodly men.

“ It is the doing, not the knowledge alone,  
 As the dear Master hath most wisely said ;  
 If 'tis in Christ the doing will bring you home,  
 But knowledge alone to hell has often led.

“ There is saving knowledge joined with faith and love,  
 There is empty knowledge which does the soul no good ;  
 The one will land the soul in heaven above,  
 The other leave to perish in his blood.

“ Ah ! you lie at the catch again, I see,  
 This does not edify my heart nor head,  
 Upon these subjects we shall not agree.”;  
 “ Well ! said Faithful, “ this alone, is the living bread.”

“ But come, do thou propose another sign,”  
 “ Not I,” said Talkative, “ we shant agree ;”  
 Said Faithful, “ Then I'll make good use of time,”  
 Said Talkative, “ You may use your liberty.”

Then Faithful said, another mark I'll trace,  
 By which at times the Christian he may know ;  
 If in his heart he hath God's saving grace,  
 For that's the way the streams do often flow.

Conviction of his sin, his nature's guilt,  
Is 'specially felt when his work's begun,  
Self righteousness on which he's often built,  
And unbelief, by which he is undone.

With empty knowledge the soul may yet be lost,  
And with an angel's tongue, he too may talk ;  
Having no life, he's like the winter's frost  
Showing no grace within his daily walk.

Like a sweet instrument may please the ear,  
And like a picture pleasing to the eye ;  
But in the heart, no life nor godly fear,  
What will this man do when he comes to die ?

“Happy are ye, if ye do them,” saith the Lord,  
Gracious doing from the Spirit's power ;  
This is a Christian according to Christ's Word,  
Such will be proved in the last decisive hour.

To him who hath it, this work of grace is known,  
By the shame and sorrow he feels for his own sin ;  
This often causes him to sigh and groan,  
And Jesus Christ is then revealed within.

Now as this poor man's faith is weak or strong,  
In his dear Saviour, so is his joy and peace ;  
So, his love to holiness, he moves along,  
Towards the bright land where sin must ever cease.



To all who view him it is surely known,  
 By true confession in his loving Lord ;  
 Holiness in heart and life, not lip alone,  
 A practical obedience to God's Word.

"Now, sir! pray object, if you have aught to say,"  
 "Not so, my part is now to listen and to hear ;  
 Therefore go on, in your remarks I pray,"  
 Good Faithful then spoke on in godly fear,

And said to Talkative, "Now I propose  
 A question, in truth I hope you will now answer me ;  
 Now in thy bosom has there ever rose,  
 This work of grace which I have named to thee ?

"Secondly, is thy life answerable thereunto,  
 Or are you a Christian only in your talk ;  
 Holding the name while you the world pursue,  
 Making true Christians blush at your sad walk ?

"Now answer me, and pray do say no more  
 But what the Lord above can ratify ;  
 Are you among the really godly poor ?  
 Or doth your life, your vain talk belie ?"

Then Talkative began to blush, but quickly said,  
 "You come to experience, to conscience, and to God ;"  
 "Am I to be just like a scholar led,  
 While you like a stern master hold over me the rod?"

“But why, these questions ask of me I pray?”

“I’ll tell you sir, as we do further walk ;  
And much I fear you cannot it gainsay,  
All your religion, is it not in talk ?

“I have heard on good report, that were you live  
You are a blot upon religion’s cause ;  
This is the character your townsmen give,  
You’re even worse than those who hate God’s laws.

“Moreover, I have heard it said of thee,  
That cheating, drinking, lying, and worse than this,  
With thy religion will very well agree,  
Like Judas, thou dost give the traitor’s kiss.

“To real profession thou art a very shame,  
By thy life thou hast caused some to fall ;  
And others stumble at thy wicked name,  
Indeed, say some, thou art a white-washed wall.”

Then said Talkative “I shall not answer you,  
I see you are a peevish melancholy man ;  
Not fit to be discoursed with, so adieu,  
And others I will talk with if I can.”

Christian to Faithful came, and thus began,  
“Your words and his vain lusts could not agree ;  
Continuing as I suppose this foolish man,  
From his vain company we shall be free.

“These are the men who bring such painful blot  
On pure religion by their unholy ways ;  
With a good conscience, happier in what we’ve got,  
Than rich professors in these talking days.”

“You are right, good Christian, I spoke to him quite plain,  
And who can tell but God may bless my word ;  
But should we never see his face again,  
I am clear of his blood, as witness the good Lord.”

“Ah! dear friend, there’s little of this plain talk,  
For to the wicked is given many a smile ;  
If Christians were more faithful in their walk,  
We should be rid of such, at least awhile.

“How Talkative at first lifts up his plume,  
How bravely doth he speak ; and doth presume  
To drive down all before him : but so soon  
As Faithful talks of heart work, like the moon  
That’s past the full, into the wane he goes ;  
And so will all, but he that heart work knows.”

Now Christian and Faithful, I perceived did go,  
In loving talk along the narrow way ;  
The Lord for a time had silenced every foe,  
They walked in peace under the sun’s warm ray.

Faithful he looked round, thought he descried,  
At some short distance, an old, but faithful friend ;  
“So ho !” says Faithful, “ who’s this I’ve espied,  
A friend indeed to cheer our journey’s end.”

Christian could scarce restrain his holy mirth,  
When nearer came to his delighted view,  
The very friend who bade him leave this earth,  
And pointed out Jerusalem the new.

“ ’Tis our old friend Evangelist I see,  
The very sight of him my heart doth cheer ;  
’Twas him advised me first from wrath to flee,  
And filled my heart with God’s most holy fear.”

Then said Evangelist, “ to my beloved peace,  
And peace to all your helpers on your way ;  
Peace through a Saviour’s blood which ne’er shall cease,  
Till you have reached the realms of endless day.

“ Welcome my good Evangelist the very sight  
Of thy loved face doth cheer my aching heart ;  
Welcome, as day instead of gloomy night,  
From thee dear friend, oh, may we never part.”

“ A thousand welcomes,” Faithful also cried,  
“ ’Twas thy advice that placed me in the road ;  
To Calvary’s Cross, where my dear Saviour died,  
And there I found salvation in his blood.”

Then said Evangelist, "How fares my friends?  
What trials and mercies in the good old road;  
For to his loved ones, Christ such blessings sends,  
' And leads them safely to his own abode."

Then both related the battles they'd been in  
Against Appollyon and his dreadful crew;  
What countless foes all tempting them to sin,  
But trusting to their Lord had found him true.

Evangelist said, "Indeed, I am right glad  
That you have proved your title firm and good;  
For though your trials often made you sad,  
You have fought your way through fire and through flood.

"In yon bright land there shines your glorious crown,  
'Tis held for victor's in Christ's conquering hand;  
All who through grace fly from Destruction's town,  
Will have that prize when in their Father's land.

"Then run dear friends that you may both attain;  
You're not beyond old Satan's fiery dart;  
Still does he hold to view his tempting gain,  
Still tries to take possession of your heart.

"But forward, still must be your battle cry,  
Christ and his cross, firm held by faith's strong arm;  
Rather than give him up you both must die,  
Cleave to this friend in sunshine and in storm."

Then both did thank him with a grateful heart,  
And hoped that further counsel he would give ;  
That like good soldiers they might play their part,  
And though oft' wounded still, through Christ might live.

“ My sons,” then said, Evangelist “ this is God's Word,  
Which once I gave you, I trust you have not forgot  
That you must suffer with your glorious Lord,  
For all who will live godly 'tis their lot.

‘ Bonds and imprisonment some doth await,  
And suffering more or less you both must feel ;  
For one of you may be reserved the fate,  
Of those who by their blood their faith doth seal.

“ Soon will your love be put unto the test,  
For just before you lies a wicked town,  
Where valiant Christians find no solid rest,  
True to their Prince 'gainst favours and 'gainst frown.

“ Remember there my word ; quit you like men ;  
The cross must come before you wear the crown ;  
Ne'er yield an inch but both remember then,  
To prove good soldiers before that wicked town.

“ He who doth lose his life though great the pain,  
And from such sufferings, shrink his flesh and blood ;  
Yet above his fellow his will be the gain,  
For he will quickly pass death's icy flood.”

## VANITY FAIR.

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Just as the pilgrims reached this mighty town,  
A fair called Vanity did just begin ;  
Thousands of men and women up and down,  
Proffered their wares, our pilgrims hearts to win,

But our good pilgrims looking in the Word,  
Saw that from the hour of man's dread fall ;  
There it was written by their loving Lord,  
Far lighter than vanity is written there on all.

To all within the town our pilgrims were  
Strangers alike in actions, dress and tongue,  
Both rich and poor alike, did rudely stare,  
And many proud ones spurned them as mere dung.

One called them fools, another called them spies,  
And asked them from what country they came ;  
But our good pilgrims answered them with sighs,  
To see them thus profane God's holy name.

But what did most amuse those in the fair,  
Was that the pilgrims cared not for their things ;  
Which made them laugh and mock, and rudely stare,  
Flourishing around them their vain toys and rings.

But Christian and good Faithful closed their ears,  
To all their gewgaws and their empty noise ;  
And did beseech them e'en with sighs and tears,  
To place their hope on far more solid joys.

And told the people that their Prince himself,  
Once on a time did sojourn in this town ;  
Where Beelzebub did tempt him with his pelf,  
But 'neath his feet he trampled it all down,

But not content still Satan persevered,  
Took him through every palace, temple, street ;  
And to the Blessed One he thus declared  
He 'd give him all, if he his terms would meet.

But the only answer given by our Lord,  
Which in a moment made the tempter flee ;  
Was a death blow from the good Spirit's sword,  
To the use of which his pilgrims all are free.

So finding that the pilgrims would not buy,  
Some of the baser sort did give them blows ;  
While others in their ears did roughly cry,  
You are come to put an end to all our shows.

At last a great uproar there was made,  
The men were jostled hither to and fro ;  
Some cried, " These men are come to end our trade,  
Therefore to prison now they both shall go."



But some said to our king, "we will them take,  
And he will judge them according to our law ;  
For we are sure, our laws they wish to break,  
For such strange fools, said some, we never saw."

"Then came their king in all his regal state,  
And did depute his trusty ones to try ;  
What judgment ought to be these pilgrims fate,  
If they were guilty, and ought now to die."

Now as they went unto the judgment hall,  
With blows and insults the great crowd begin ;  
The vilest names our pilgrims they did call,  
To thus disturb them in their pleasant sin.

Then did the judge ask whence our pilgrims came,  
"How dared they come there on such a holiday ;  
Demanded from them both their trade and name,  
And why they travelled in such a singular way.

But 'mong them all there was not scarcely one  
Who could their language plainly understand ;  
They spoke with such a different, heavenly tongue,  
And wore a dress unknown within that land.

To all their questions our pilgrims did reply,  
"We are pilgrims fleeing from the wrath to come ;"  
"Then come with us," both pilgrims loud did cry,  
"If here you stay your souls will be undone."

This did increase the fury of their ire,  
For one and all exclaimed, as with one breath :  
“ Take both these fellows to the stake and fire,  
For by our laws we judge them both to death.”

But to the insults of this wicked crew,  
Our pilgrims only answered them in love ;  
“ Father forgive them, they know not what they do,”  
For them this prayer they breathed to God above.

Back to the prison, there with open grate,  
They were exposed to insult, night and day ;  
The vilest words of malice and of hate,  
The crowd did give as they did pass that way.

But our good pilgrims did behave so well,  
So wisely and so meekly bore it all,  
Comforting each other, that what had them befel,  
Was the sure lot of every pilgrim's call.

Some of the town, more sober than the rest,  
Began to feel some pity for their state,  
And sometimes said, they thought these men more blest  
Than those who showed them such contempt and hate.

A few there were who said they should go free,  
For many in that town were worse than them ;  
So what to do with them could not agree,  
Which made it worse for these two pious men.

So wishing to increase their wicked gains,  
 They took them out and led them up and down,  
 Beat them with sticks, and loaded them with chains,  
 The sport and pastime of their wicked town.

But Faithful and good Christian, wiser still,  
 For all their hate would give them words of love,  
 Remembering those of their dear Saviour's will,  
 "Wise as a serpent, harmless as the dove."

But finding neither insults, blows, nor chains,  
 Would make our pilgrims give them hate for hate,  
 To their vile passion gave the fullest reins,  
 Deciding, death alike should be their fate.

Now all the great ones in this wicked town  
 Did fix a day these holy men to try ;  
 But, ere their trial, had firmly laid it down  
 To screen themselves our pilgrims both must die.

The judge they did appoint was Mr. Hategood ;  
 The indictment the same, though varied much in form,  
 Describing both as aliens to their blood,  
 And both as dangerous to their mighty town.

Then each juryman was called by his name,  
 One blind man, with eleven others like himself,  
 And all of them would stab a good man's fame,  
 To fill their purses with this world's dark pelf.

“Not guilty,” was the Christian’s mild reply,  
Both stated they had come to do them good ;  
For their dear Master’s cause would rather die,  
Than be ashamed of his most precious blood.

Three witnesses were called to prove their case,  
Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank, all agree  
To answer most falsely with unblushing face,  
Rather than that good Christian should go free.

Envy then said, “ My Lord I do declare  
This pestilent fellow speaks against us all ;  
Our Prince Beelzebub he doth not fear,  
And from his service we his servants call.

“ He also has, my Lord, as you do see,  
Unknown to us, a strange and foreign dress ;  
He calls us slaves, he says himself, he’s free, &c  
And walks in paths of faith and holiness.”

Then Superstition with malignant breath,  
Said, “ Oh ! my lord, I met this man to-day ;  
He said to me, ‘ You will find eternal death, &c  
If you and all your townsmen go this way.’

“ Indeed my lord, this fellow with evil fraught,  
He says, our religion is nothing but a name ;  
And all our ceremonies are but naught,  
That none but Christ can save from endless flame.”

Then Pickthank came and said, " my noble lord,  
 I found this fellow travelling up and do wn ;  
 Calling on everyone by deed and word,  
 To leave for ever our dear native town.

" And all our noblemen, so full of glory,  
 I heard him say with most deceitful breath,  
 That in the book he calls the Gospel story,  
 We all of us are sentenced unto death.

" Yes ! more than this I heard him loudly rail  
 On you, my lord, as an ungodly slave ;  
 Said you had made the widow's heart to wail,  
 By falsely sending good men to their grave."

Then Faithful said, " I hope that you, my lord,  
 Will give me leave to plead my own good cause ;  
 Your witnesses are false in every word,  
 Rather than men I have obeyed God's laws.

" As to what Envy of me doth belie,  
 I only said than any law or rule ;  
 Though made by angels, if it doth deny  
 My Master, Jesus, 'tis a wicked tool,

" Forged by old Satan only to deceive ;  
 God's Holy Word alone can me decide ;  
 That is my warrant, and that I'll never leave,  
 Because it is his will who for me died."

Then did the judge with hot satanic rage,  
Assert he ought to be slain there outright ;  
But first, said he, my honour I'll engage,  
That very soon I'll cool thy boasted might.

And thus the judge did to the jury call,  
" Good men and true, this rebel you must try ;  
And if you're of my mind I think you'll all  
At once decide he for his crimes must die."

Then were the jury called by the crier,  
Mr. Blindman, Malice, Liveloose, and Hategood ;  
All 'gainst him mad with hellish fire,  
For nothing pleased them like the good man's blood.

Blindman said, " A heretic I see ;"  
" Away with such a fellow," said Nogood ;"  
Said Malice, " He never shall go free ;"  
Said Mr. Lovelust, " We will have his blood."

" Such a man," says Live Loose, " is always in the way,"  
Said Mr. Heady, " We will quickly hang him ;"  
" Yes !" says Highmind, " All such I am glad to slay,  
My heart doth rise against him, hot within."

" He is a rogue," said old Mr. Liar ;  
Said Cruelty, " Hanging for him is too good ;"  
" Said Hatelight throw him at once into fire ;"  
Said Mr. Implacable, " I really long for his blood."

So "Guilty," all proclaimed him with one breath,  
First to be tortured with most cruel hate ;  
Then to be slowly burnt until his death,  
Then hurried him, our faithful pilgrim, to his fate.

And first they scourged, then buffeted him most sad,  
Put his flesh to the most dreadful pain ;  
But Faithful gave them loving words for bad,  
Hoping that in the fire some souls to gain.

So did our pilgrim come thus to his end,  
And 'bove his ashes rose the flame so dire ;  
Two angels came from Christ, the sinners friend,  
With horses and chariots made all of heavenly fire.

And I perceived, as shouted his base foes,  
And shouts of victory rent their wicked town ;  
Faithful, with angels high above them rose.  
To enter heaven and there receive his crown.

Millions of angels there did sweetly sing,  
A song of welcome to our martyr bold ;  
And as he entered the pearly gates within,  
I saw the streets were all of shining gold.

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Now as poor Faithful sunk beneath the raging flame,  
This glorious song of triumph from his dying lips came :

## THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

I am going, I am going, to my father's home above,  
 I am going to see the palace of a dying Saviour's love ;  
 Earth's deceitful splendour is fading on my sight,  
 Before the coming glories of heaven's eternal light.

He is coming, he is coming, I feel his presence now,  
 The glory of Immanuel lights up my dying brow ;  
 I see the gates are opening, I hear the music swell,  
 Jesus has made me conqueror, o'er sin, and death, and hell.

Pale death, thou smil'st in triumph, as conqueror over me,  
 Thou art but Christ's own messenger, to set my spirit free ;  
 Thou dost but loose the jewel, from its dark and trembling  
 case,  
 To be reset by Jesus, in his own mortal grace.

I go from earth's false smile, from her dark terrific frown,  
 From her diadem of thorns, to Christ's immortal crown :  
 From all her joys and sorrows, and the one which stands  
 alone,  
 To leave my wife and children in destruction's wretched  
 home.

But oh ! dear wife and children, will you not follow me,  
 The glorious face of Jesus eternally to see ?  
 Yes ! this shall be my prayer, with my last fleeting breath,  
 Oh ! Jesus save them all from sin's tremendous death.



I think I hear them say, through Jesus we will come,  
 To live with you for ever, in heaven's immortal home ;  
 To view that glorious form who once on Calvary stood,  
 And made a road from earth to heaven, with his most  
       precious blood.

And there with loud hosannas, sing that immortal song,  
 " Crown Jesus Lord of all, though eternity prolong ;"  
 Each feels he owes the greatest debt, each kneels the lowest  
       down,  
 Each strives to place upon his head, the noblest, brightest  
       crown.

Now for a time I saw God did o'er them rule,  
       And did restrain the madness of their rage ;  
 So beating, mocking, and calling him base fool,  
       They locked him up again in their dark cage.

" Well ! Faithful, thou hast faithfully professed  
 Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be bless'd ;  
 When faithless ones with all their vain delights,  
 Are crying out under their hellish plights :  
 " Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive ;  
 For though they kill'd thee, thou art yet alive. ' "

The malice of these men God did restrain,  
       I saw that Christian once more went his way ;  
 Faithful and him shall surely meet again,  
       In glorious triumph at the judgment day.

I did perceive, as Christian left this place,  
One that was named Hopeful gave unto him ;  
This man's heart God's spirit touched with grace,  
To leave for ever the hateful ways of sin.

Hopeful told Christian also there were others  
Who at their time would pilgrims be ;  
Changed from wicked men to Christian brothers,  
From sin's dark bondage Christ would set them free.

What think you was it, this poor man did win,  
To leave his sins and his dear native town ;  
And in right earnest his pilgrimage begin,  
And never fail till he had won the crown.

Why 'twas the grace which shone so glorious bright  
In Faithful, when he sank beneath the flame ;  
It opened up to Hopeful such a sight,  
That he a lost sinner stood in deed and name.

This led him to the Lord with soul felt cry,  
That he might travel in the pilgrim's road ;  
And many a penitential groan and sigh,  
For pardon full and free in Christ's own blood.

Now did these pilgrims journey on as friends,  
And held sweet talk about their blessed Lord ;  
When overtaking a man, by name By-ends,  
Agreed to speak to him from God's pure Word.

“ Good morning sir, what countryman I pray ?  
 Will you be now our fellow pilgrim here ?  
 The more right honest ones we find this way,  
 The more it tends our Christian hearts to cheer.”

“ Well ! good sirs, from Fair-speech I came,  
 While sunshine lasts, a pilgrim hope to be ;  
 But as for telling you my honest name,  
 Must first find out how we shall all agree.”

“ From Fair-speech,” said Christian, “ I know that place,  
 Can true religion ever live and thrive ;  
 I wonder much how God’s true fear and grace,  
 Among such rich ones can be kept alive.”

“ True, honest sir, it is a wealthy town,  
 There all my rich relations safely dwell ;  
 But I have a mind to gain the heavenly crown,  
 If with religion I can buy and sell.”

Said Christian to Hopeful, “ I fear this is one By-ends,  
 If so, we have indeed a very knave ;  
 But first, I’ll ask him ’bout his wealthy friends,  
 And now, beloved Hopeful, your help I crave.”

“ What are the names of your relations, sir ?”  
 “ They’re all right noble, both in wealth and name ;  
 A few of them to you I will declare,  
 If you will tell me also whence you came.”

“First, there’s my lord Time-server, and Turn-about,  
Also Mr. Smoothman, Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Any-  
thing ;

All these are my relatives, and if you doubt,  
To prove my words, friend Fair-speech I will bring.

“My grandfather got his estate by looking two ways at  
once,

I followed his steps and have my fortune made ;  
There’s also Parson Two-tongues, my own wife’s brother,  
Religion with us has been a thriving trade.

“We somewhat differ from the stricter sort,  
We never venture ’gainst the wind and tide ;  
Sunshine Religion, not the trying nor dark,  
We are always found upon the rich man’s side.

“Religion in silver slippers we prefer,  
In storm or tempest, with her we do not walk ;  
Are we to be companions kind sir,  
If so, pray on what subject shall we talk ?”

Then Christian said, “First let us have your name,  
Though I do guess before you give it me ;  
From Fair-speech you say you lately came,  
Pray, is not By-ends your name, if I may be so free.”

“That is a nick-name which to me was given,  
 By those who do not love my pilgrim’s zeal ;  
 But other good men who have gone the road to heaven,  
 By false reproaches have been made to feel.”

“But pray, good sir, is not this name your due,  
 Have not your deeds made others thus to call  
 You by this name, I fear it is too true,  
 And by such conduct caused some to fall.”

“If such reports you choose thus to believe,  
 I cannot help it, all I’ve ever done,  
 To be alike to all and none to grieve,  
 And walk religion when I see the sun.”

“If with us you go, you go ’gainst wind and tide,  
 With religion in rags as well as in shining gold ;  
 Stand by her in poverty, as on her wealthy side,  
 And when she’s persecuted, faster must be your hold.”

“Then go your way and I will travel mine,  
 I shall not give my liberty to you ;  
 I shall only travel when the sun doth shine,  
 I hope I shall be found a Christian true.”

Then Christian and Hopeful forsook this Mr. By-ends,  
 As darkness and light can never be agreed ;  
 Alas ! said Christian, religion should have such friends,  
 How many have lost their souls being thus deceived.

But looking back, three travellers they did espy,  
All three shook By-ends warmly by the hand ;  
And Christian, whispered Hopeful, with a sigh,  
“ I fear they come from Coveting’s false land.”

“ Their names are Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and  
Save-all,  
By-ends and them were taught in the same school ;  
They say they all have had the pilgrims’ call,  
But each at last I fear will prove a fool.”

Then did all three make By-ends a low bow,  
“ Welcome, good sir, we are indeed right glad  
That we shall have such pleasant company now,  
Why should religion make our spirit sad ?”

Mr. Gripeman was their schoolmaster, when they were  
young,  
In the county Coveting and the town of Love-gain ;  
And many an evil deed these men have done,  
They always bore in mind their master’s saying :

“ Get it honestly if you can, but at all events get money,  
And all these three, did practice well their master’s rule ;  
Cheating indeed, while their words were smooth as honey,  
Calling the Christian who had a conscience, a down-  
right stupid fool.”

But in the last great day 'twill surely then be seen,  
Who are the wise and foolish, according to God's Word,  
Christian and Hopeful will prove wise men to have been,  
But all these three, as fools, by their sovereign judge  
and Lord.

Then Money-love said to By-ends, "Who are those before  
us on the road?"

"They are two far countrymen on pilgrimage you see;  
Why did they not wait for our company so good,  
As thou and us are pilgrims, we most surely should  
agree."

"Of that," said Mr. By-ends, I am not very sure,  
They are so very strict and nice in all their ways;  
These two men think, they only have the cure  
For all the modern wickedness of these ungodly days.

"They are for their religion in every sort of weather,  
But I am for her only when prosperity doth shine;  
In poverty or wealth, they both will hold together,  
And sooner than let her go would rather think of dying."

"Ah! that's bad," said Mr. Saveall, "they are righteous  
over much,  
I hope we are quite as godly, but we wait the proper hour;  
I would rather travel with you than company with such,  
Why not as good as them, though we keep our wealth  
and power."

“ Yes !” said Mr. Hold-the-world, “ why not as good as they,  
God, for our use, sends sunshine as well as rain ;  
They travel in all weathers, but we prefer the day,  
They lose their all for Christ, but we prefer him with  
our gain.

“ True,” said Mr. Money-love, “ I’m not a fool ;  
What saith the Scripture, ‘ be like the serpent wise ;’  
I am afraid these men were never taught in Mr. Gripe-  
man’s school,  
Who said we might be godly, though we had a few  
white lies,”

Then said By-ends, “ In this do we all agree ?  
If so, that it may be to profit in our pilgrim walk,  
I will propose a question to you, my brethren three,  
And I hope I shall be profited by your godly talk.

“ This is the question then, my brethren dear,  
Suppose a minister, or tradesman should perceive  
That they may gain some wealth or power here,  
And yet their neighbours not at all deceive,

“ By putting on religion’s outward show,  
And thereby some great advantage often gain ;  
May they not still be godly, this I wish to know,  
And keep their outward character without a stain ?”



“With all your leaves then,” said Mr. Money-love,  
“I’ll answer Mr. By-ends if I can ;  
First then, a minister may be meek as the dove,  
And yet may strive to be a wealthy man.

“If he has only now a living poor,  
And yet a far richer one has in his eye ;  
He may be downright honest, yet try to get that cure,  
And may for love’s sake sometimes his creed deny.

“Next as to a tradesman who wants a rich wife,  
In order to get her, may put on religious zeal ;  
I do consider he may lead a right honest life,  
And yet for his own interest may lawfully thus feel.”

This answer of Mr. Money-loves met with loud applause,  
Each one said, it was the best they ever yet had heard ;  
For each one might be godly, yet follow this world’s law,  
By getting at all hazards both by deed and word.”

Christian and Hopeful had got some distance now ;  
But as they did oppose their honest friend By-ends,  
They all agreed their answer would much like to know,  
And therefore called them back and welcomed them as  
friends.

Then coming to Christian and Hopeful, the question was  
proposed,  
By Hold-the-world, who thought no answer could be  
given ;  
Assuring his friends, our pilgrim's mouths he had closed,  
By this new religion uniting earth and heaven.

But By-ends and his friends were struck quite mute,  
When Christian thus answered with holy fire :  
“ If your religion bears such bitter fruit,  
Sure as I live, your judgment will be dire.

“ To your most foolish question, a babe in grace  
Could in one moment put you to the blush ;  
I see quite plain that you are of that race,  
Who when Christ comes in poverty, cares not a rush.

“ Heathens, devils, and pharisees, as well,  
Alone could act so traitorous a part ;  
Like Judas, for base lucre, Christ would sell,  
In word professing love, yet stab him to the heart.

“ Why sirs, have you forgot the dreadful end  
Which all who sell their Lord, will meet in judgment day ;  
Instead of being welcomed by the sinner's friend,  
Satan for ever will hold you 'neath his sway.

“A stalking horse of Jesus, such as you would make,  
By treachery and injustice fill your bags with gold ;  
But judgment should make your trembling heart to shake,  
If to covetousness your hearts are not entirely sold.

“The man who for this world takes religion up,  
Will also for the world as quickly sell ;  
But oh ! be wise in time, or else your bitter cup  
Will be a double portion in dark hell.”

By-ends and his friends, amazed and speechless stood,  
Gazing upon each other, but could not speak a word ;  
Christian and Hopeful said “We’re clear of each man’s blood,  
And leave you now to answer to your Lord.”

Now did By-ends and friends fall back a little space,  
Though not convinced of their base covetous plan ;  
Their hearts unsoftened by judgment or by grace,  
Before the world religious, still each a covetous man.

Then said good Christian, “If to mortal clay,  
These men are speechless, answering not a word ;  
What will they do in that great judgment day,  
When frowned to hell by Christ their sovereign Lord.”

Now just before, there stood a plain called Ease,  
Where many through sloth often had been maimed ;  
And here it is that Satan oft’ doth sieze,  
Many of those who thought that heaven was gained.

Beyond this plain a hill called Lucre, stood,  
And silver mines to tempt the passer by;  
Here many a pilgrim has sealed with his blood,  
His foolish wish into these mines to pry.

There Demas, the keeper, day and night is crying,  
To look into these mines his heart to please;  
By tongue and deed each pilgrim ever trying,  
To take one look and then his soul to seize.

Demas to Christian loudly thus did bawl,  
“ So ho! good pilgrims, come here and view my priz  
Gold, like dust you may possess it all,  
Here you may have it, 'tis free to him who tries.”

But Christian said, “ What glorious thing I pray,  
Can be compared to Zion's heavenly hill;  
Nothing on earth can turn me from this way,  
No false traitor, I'll be a pilgrim still.

“ I think I know thee, is not Demas thy right name?  
Many have followed thee to their soul's cost; ”  
Then Demas blushed, from anger not for shame,  
To think that he, one pilgrim thus had lost.

By-ends and friends, now quickly came in view,  
And as they came where Demas still did cry;  
Said one and all, “ Here's gold—ah, gold that's new—  
Into this golden mine, now let us pry.”

And Demas chuckled as he saw them come,  
 Opening the glittering bait before their eyes ;  
 Now to fill their bags, each one did run,  
 And as they fill them, religion quickly flies.

Christian and Hopeful, musing, went their way,  
 Each one his thoughts in verse he did rehearse ;  
 This was the burden of the solemn lay,  
 That covetousness in man was sin's worst curse,



CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL'S MUSINGS ON  
 COVETOUSNESS.

Just as our pilgrims left the silver mine,  
 I saw a quaint old pillar in my dream ;  
 It was so ancient, of so strange a form,  
 A mystery to our pilgrims, it did seem.

Hopeful at last, some writing did espy,  
 But being no scholar, called Christian now to look ;  
 Who being more learned did his best to try  
 To read the inscription from his wond'rous book.

After some puzzling he did lay together,  
 And said to Hopeful without further strife ;  
 " This pillar has stood both fair and stormy weather,  
 Now hear the words, ' Remember Lot's poor wife.' "

“ Ah !” said good Christian, “ I tremble, yet rejoice,  
This is most seasonable warning from our Lord ;  
Just as we left that traitor’s syren voice,  
Thus to support us from his Holy Word.”

“ Ah !” sighed Hopeful, “ Oh, how do I deplore,  
My wretched heart to Demas did incline ;  
The sin of this lost woman was no more,  
She looked back, and I longed for the mine.

“ Grace, mighty grace, for ever be adored,  
Who shall its glorious triumphs ever tell ;  
Many a professor’s vessel has been moored  
For covetousness, safe in the gates of hell.”

“ Yes !” my beloved brother, this should be  
A caution too, and help where e’er we go ;  
To shun all sin as our worst enemy,  
We reap in heaven what on earth we sow.

“ But does it not my brother seem so strange,  
That thou this solemn warning still doth shine ;  
Demas and his followers yet will never change,  
But hunt for their own blood within this mine.”

Hopeful replied, “ Indeed, it is most strange,  
Their hearts must be hard and desperate indeed ;  
That e’en Lot’s wife will not effect a change,  
Though a warning through all ages she has been.”

I saw in my dream a very glorious river,  
Which King David called the River of God;  
On its banks, a meadow with fruit from Christ the giver,  
For all true pilgrims who Zion's pathway trod.

Christian and Hopeful beheld this river of life,  
With grateful hearts each drank of its noble stream;  
It gave them new courage, yet the scene of Lot's sad wife  
Was to them a reality, not an idle dream.

The leaves of the trees did also heal their scars,  
The fruits also did make their faces glad,  
They half forgot their struggles and their wars,  
And almost felt would never more be sad.

This was a glorious time of love indeed,  
The pilgrims said, "Oh! could we here but stay."  
Oh! Christ the bread of life their souls did feed,  
He proved to them the Life, the Truth, the Way.

For many days our pilgrims here did live  
On their King's bounty, fed on royal fare;  
The more they asked the more the Lord did give,  
For future battles their hearts he did prepare.

Again on pilgrimage arrived the day,  
Refreshed with love, new vigour filled their breast;  
Their future troubles seemed light within their way,  
By faith they saw the land of perfect rest.

Now I saw in my dream the roads did quickly part,  
One called By-path-meadow, crooked, not straight ;  
'Twas pleasant and fair to the natural heart,  
But led poor pilgrims to a bitter fate.

The meadow, too, was strowed with gaudy flowers,  
And to our pilgrims eyes both fair and bright,  
For all who chose to rest were pleasant bowers  
In which were serpents hid from Christian's sight.

“ Look here, my brother ; how pleasant to our feet,”  
Said Christian, as he looked through the gate.  
“ No doubt good pilgrims here we soon shall meet.  
Come on, my brother, 'tis growing dark and late.”

Hopeful replied, “ Suppose this path should lead  
Out of the right road made by our dear Lord ? ”  
But Christian said, “ No doubt this pleasant mead  
Will join the road according to his Word.

“ Alas ! poor Christian, the false gaudy flowers  
Concealed beneath their folds some bitter sting ;  
Serpents were hidden in those pleasant bowers,  
To bite thee and thy brother for thy sin.”

Then Christian, not without a pang, did venture o'er,  
And Hopeful followed in his brother's steps ;  
Now had our pilgrims entered that wide door  
Where Satan waits to catch them with his nets.



But o'er it rose a mist which dimmed their sight ;  
So Christian said, "How lovely is this scene ;"  
But Hopeful's conscience did not feel quite right,  
For fear this road should prove a fearful dream.

But in it now they were ; and just ahead  
They saw a man who sang as he went on ;  
Vain-confidence, his name, he pertly said,  
And asked our pilgrims to join his foolish song.

So on they went, Vain-confidence before ;  
But slowly came the cloudy gloomy night ;  
Doubts and misgivings made their hearts quite sore,  
But he who led them on said all was right.

He, rushing madly on, quite lost his way,  
And could not see a deep ditch which was made  
To catch poor pilgrims, here old Satan lay  
Their souls and bodies in his dreadful grave.

Our pilgrims cried, " 'Tis dark as gloomy pitch ;"  
Said Hopeful to Christian, "Brother, what shall we do ?"  
Just then a gleam of light did show the ditch,  
Yawning most dreadful to our pilgrims' view.

From its deep cavern came a dreadful moan,  
Vain-confidence they saw had fallen in ;  
All they now heard was one despairing groan,  
And these sad words, "I'm lost, I'm lost through sin."

Then Christian and Hopeful both did sadly weep,  
That they through folly this wrong path had found,  
But, weary with gloomy fears, they fell asleep,  
And sank despairing on this wretched ground.

## DOUBTING CASTLE.

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They slept on the ground owned by Giant Despair,  
And Doubting Castle a little distance stood ;  
All who were mad enough to venture there  
He beat and tortured, raging for their blood.

When in the morn he op'd his castle door,  
And walked abroad, as usual in the day,  
Hoping to find on his dark gloomy shore  
Some wandering pilgrim he might make his prey.

Coming upon our pilgrims as they slept,  
How did he laugh, triumphantly rejoice,  
While to our pilgrims silently he crept,  
Then woke them with his grim and surly voice.

“ Who are you, so early I have found,  
Upon my lands thus fearlessly to dare ?  
Do you not know that this is doubtful ground,  
And I its rightful owner—Giant Despair ?

“ You to my Doubting Castle quick must go.”  
 Then drove them on before with horrid grin,  
 Gave with his club to each a dreadful blow,  
 Which put them in remembrance of their sin.

Then to a dungeon, terrible to sight,  
 Within his castle, thrust them with his club ;  
 “ I’ll come again to you this very night,  
 For you are mine, and I will have your blood.”

O how did Christian and Hopeful now bemoan  
 Their wretched fault, which thus had brought them in  
 To Doubting Castle. With what a heartfelt groan  
 In tears and sighs did each lament their sin.

From Wednesday until Saturday night,  
 The giant, without water, without bread,  
 Kept them, without one single gleam of light,  
 Hoping to find them, when he came, quite dead.

The giant had, like himself, a dreadful wife ;  
 Her name was Diffidence. With ugly form  
 The chief employment of her wretched life,  
 Against poor pilgrims to make her husband storm.

The giant told her of his good luck that day,  
 How the poor pilgrims wandering he had found,  
 Desiring old Diffidence at once to say  
 If he should gibbet them upon his ground.

She asked first of their country and their names,  
And told him not at first these men to kill,  
But beat them with his club, their hearts to tame,  
With cruel torture first to take his fill.

So down to his dungeon, where, in evil ease,  
More dead than alive our pilgrims sad did lay,  
The giant came with dark, terrific face,  
Each thought he now was come at once to slay.

But looking on them with a dreadful frown,  
The monster beat them till he lost his breath,  
Hoping his vengeance he should quickly crown  
By causing each to put himself to death.

Then said to each, " You had better take my word,  
Either by poison, halter, or by knife,  
As I am now your only sovereign lord,  
I counsel each of you to take your life.

" From this, my castle, you can never go again,  
I tell you both it's useless now to try ;  
Look at the thousands this good club hath slain,  
So by your own hands you had better die."

Then did poor Christian, with lamenting groan,  
Say to poor Hopeful, " What a wretch am I ;  
I only am to blame—yes, I alone ;  
I tempted you this crooked way to try."

“Patience good brother, we are both to blame,  
We both have wandered from the rightful way,  
I, equally with thee, must bear the shame,  
This giant (with our Lord’s permission) may justly slay.”

Then said poor Christian, “My soul chooseth strangling  
and death,”

Rather than live in this most woeful plight.  
Say, my good brother, shall we take our breath,  
And end our sorrow ; yes, this very night ?”

“Thou shalt do no murder, says our loving Lord,  
I own, with thee, ours is a dreadful case,  
But shall we rush on God’s revealed Word,  
And shut ourselves out of his pardoning grace.

“Beside, dear brother, we know not who can tell,  
But God may cause this Giant Despair to die,  
To take our life we sink at once to hell ;  
Life still is life, though we do weep and sigh.

“Beside, I have heard of others, as well as we,  
Who have been taken by this Giant Despair,  
And yet, through Christ, from him have got quite free ;  
Have reached Mount Zion, and still are living there.

“Giant Despair may also have a fit,  
When next he comes to tell us we must die,  
And if it be so, I’ll not quiet sit,  
But rise, and battle with him here I’ll try.

But Hopeful's words unheeded seem to fall ;  
    Despondency had sunk him down so low,  
He seemed to give up life and hope and all,  
    And almost wished the giant's deadly blow.

So Hopeful his brother's fears did moderate,  
    But having no bread or water, light or air,  
Christian more heavily bemoaned his fate,  
    And urged his counsel, Hopeful now to share.

Then Diffidence, his wife, said to the giant again,  
    " Well, have thy pilgrims yet been put to death ?"  
" No, they seem to be right valiant sturdy men ;  
    I've done my best to take away their breath."

Then said his wife, " To-morrow at the gate,  
    Show them the bones of those thou hast already slain ;  
Tell them in ten days this shall be their fate,  
    And I am sure thy words will not prove vain."

Then on the morrow went the giant down,  
    And our poor pilgrims did most sorely beat ;  
God seemed to leave them, and the giant's frown  
    Like two great waves within their souls did meet.

The giant cried, " You see these pools of blood ;  
    You see these bones all withering in the sun ;  
All these were pilgrims, and, like you, as good,  
    And now you see what I to them have done."

Christian and Hopeful both could nothing say,  
But, trembling, gazed upon their gaoler dire,  
All hope of freedom seemed to pass away,  
Faith, Hope, and Love just ready to expire.

Then back to prison, and in a deeper cell,  
Swearing most loud, with hot satanic breath,  
If they would kill themselves all would be well,  
If not, he'd put them to a much more painful death.

For three more nights most dolefully they lay,  
Groaning and sighing, far more dead than alive,  
When Hopeful said, "My brother, let us pray,  
Against this useless sorrow let us strive."

The clock struck midnight as they began to pray,  
Soul agonizing prayer, yet full of power,  
And thus continued till the break of day,  
When Christian said, "This is a joyful hour,

"For I remember I have here a key,  
Will open every lock if I but try;"  
"Oh, joyful news," said Hopeful, "to be free,  
Come, brother, pluck it out and let us try."

This precious key (God's promise was its name),  
Christian from his pocket did most quickly bring,  
Turned the huge lock, and from the prison came,  
Praying with heart and voice to Christ their king.

But now they had to pass the iron gate,  
Which, turning hard, Giant Despair awoke,  
But fell into a fit, and in that state,  
Our pilgrims from him and his dark prison broke.

With what agonizing joy did they both pray,  
As for their life they ran to be quite free,  
And when they both had reached the king's highway,  
Forth from their hearts burst songs of victory.

Being thus delivered from a death so great,  
Both said, "What shall we do, our gratitude to prove,  
That others may escape so dread a fate?"  
Then wrote these words of caution and of love.

Christian and Hopeful then, like two loving brothers,  
Consult together what warning should be given,  
To prevent old Giant Despair from catching others,  
That pilgrims might in future keep the road to  
heaven.

Over the stile a tablet then did place,  
"To Doubting Castle"—let none this path try,  
For many who have left the straight road of grace,  
In this dread castle have been doomed to die.



## THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

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And now our pilgrims a glorious sight behold,  
The Delectable Mountains ever crowned with light,  
On it his sheep within Immanuel's fold,  
'Mid gardens and vineyards feast with great delight.

True Shepherds were standing by the highway side,  
And to our pilgrims with love did thus reply,  
"Welcome, true pilgrims, for whom our Lord has died ;  
Here the city of Mount Zion you may descry :

"These sheep are the purchase of Immanuel's blood,  
These are his gardens, here you may safely rest ;  
Yea, eat and drink of all this fruit so good,  
And from your weary travel sweetly rest.

"Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere,  
Our four good shepherds thus were truly named ;  
Here they do keep, for pilgrims, Immanuel's cheer,  
For which through all that country they are famed."

Then asked them many questions, from whence they came,  
And by what means they thus had persevered,  
They told the shepherd their new Christian name,  
And how God and his word their course had steered.

Then did the shepherds welcome them in love,  
But best of all did tell them this good news,  
That from the mountain which was far above,  
Of Zion's city they should have clear views.

Then on the morrow the shepherds did them take  
To a lofty hill, Mount Error was its name,  
The views from its summit made our pilgrims shake,  
For thousands of pilgrims never further came.

For soaring aloft in notion, not in love,  
Out of the way they scrambled to the top,  
Here, smiling in pride, their brethren far above,  
Were dashed to pieces on this barren rock.

Next to Mount Caution the shepherds did repair,  
And bade our pilgrims look with stedfast eyes  
On numerous men, who seemed in black despair,  
Wandering among the tombs with groans and sighs.

Our pilgrims noticed all the men were blind,  
Stumbling against each other with doleful noise,  
Not one the right road from this place could find,  
Doubt and despair had banished all their joys.

Then did our pilgrims to the shepherds turn,  
To know the meaning of so strange a sight,  
Little did they think what lessons they should learn  
From these blind men, and their most dreadful plight.

Then said the shepherds, " Before you reached this hill  
 Did you not see a very crooked lane ;  
 It is a temptation to all who with self-will  
 Turn out of the way and end their life with shame.

" For By-path meadow leads to a castle strong,  
 Named Doubting Castle, kept by Giant Despair,  
 There all who choose their own way find how wrong,  
 How mad and wicked to have wandered there.

" For Giant Despair oft' takes his dreadful will  
 By hanging people on his lofty tower,  
 Some he doth torture, and others he doth kill,  
 And these blind men were once within his power.

" He took them prisoners, then put out their eyes,  
 And loaded them with chains of iron and brass,  
 Did you not tremble to hear their groans and sighs,  
 Their doleful words, all hopes for ever pass."

Then Christian and Hopeful with tears gazed on each other,  
 And whisper'd, " Surely this By-path meadow was the place  
 Where we did wander ; oh, my dearest brother,  
 What do we owe to Jesu's loving grace ? "

Just by the By-path meadow lies the mouth of hell,  
 Which made our pilgrims both rejoice with fear ;  
 Oh, who their gratitude can ever tell,  
 That they were safe, though they had wandered near.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND AND THE DESCENT  
THERETO.

~~~~~  
As our good pilgrims from the mountains came,  
They saw, on the left, a crooked path below,  
And one there met them, Ignorance by name,  
And from our pilgrims a great deal sought to know.

He told them his name, and where, too, he was born,  
In the country of Conceit his native town,  
All his religion lay in empty form,  
Yet still he hoped to win a glorious crown.

“I’ve paid each man his own,” he bravely said,  
“I go to church and say my prayers there ;  
By honest industry I earn my bread,  
And hope with you a heavenly crown to share.

“But how is this ; you came not through the gate  
Which all true pilgrims must who tread this way ?  
I am afraid thou’lt share the robbers’ fate,  
When thou art brought to book on judgment day.”

“As to this gate, which you do talk about,  
There are a thousand ways far easier, I am told,  
Why should a man take such a distant route,  
When he can far more quickly reach the fold.

“ You both are strangers, gentlemen, to me,  
I doubt not we shall all get safe at last,  
To choose our paths let each of us be free,  
But walk as friends, forgetting all that’s past.”

Said Christian to Hopeful, “ Alas ! this man is blind,  
He’ll take his own way, though it lead to death,  
I have a feeling lingering in my mind  
To lose our time with him is idle breath.

“ Suppose we leave him, and for some short space,  
Perhaps, the faithful things which we have said  
May sink within his heart with sovereign grace,  
If not, he must remain among the dead.”

“ Yes, that is wise,” said Hopeful, “ it is not good  
To tell him all we have within our mind,  
If he refuse, we are clear, then, of his blood ;  
If he refuse the light he must be blind.

“ Let Ignorance a little while now muse  
On what is said, and let him not refuse  
Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain  
Still ignorant of what’s the chiefest gain ;  
God saith, those that no understanding have,  
Although he made them, he will not save.”

So they went on, and Ignorance came behind,  
But just before they saw a dark and ugly lane,  
Where all who are in it the right way never find,  
'Tis full of devils sending forth hell's flame.

They saw a man, but could not see his face,  
Seven devils with seven cords this man had bound ;  
This man had turned away from God and grace,  
And now his vengeance he had justly found.

"I think," said Christian, "I've seen this man before,  
One Turnaway his name, so I am told,  
Through want and wickedness sweet Mercy's door  
Is shut, and to the devil he is sold."

Then did our pilgrims tremble with great fear  
To see this man in such a state so dire,  
For devils led him to the door that's near,  
And thrust him down to everlasting fire.

"Ah," said good Christian, "a story I have heard  
About this lane, which I will tell to thee,  
Many whose bodies are in this lane interred,  
Went once on pilgrimage like to thee and me.

"This was the story which to me was told,  
A man named Liffle-Faith came travelling here,  
He was a true pilgrim, had his Saviour's gold,  
But through his little faith half dead with fear.

“ Well, so it was he entered on this lane,  
And wearied with his journey fell asleep,  
Three sturdy rogues just after this way came,  
And thus poor Little-Faith they all did meet.

“ Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt, three brothers all alike,  
Came on our traveller as he helpless lay,  
Three cowards, this poor man did each one strike,  
And cried aloud, ‘ we have thee for our prey.’

“ But he, poor man, just woke from out his sleep,  
Had neither power to speak, nor fight, nor fly,  
But trembling stood, white as any sheet,  
While Faint-heart said, ‘ Thy money, or thou’lt  
surely die.’

“ But he, poor man, was loth his money to lose,  
Therefore Mistrust did thrust his thievish hand  
Into his purse, and told him he must choose  
To give it up, or for his life now stand.

“ But he, poor man, not choosing this to do,  
Guilt struck a dreadful blow upon his head,  
Then from poor Little-Faith these thieves all flew,  
And left him to appearance as one dead.

“ They would have stopped and killed him there outright,  
But hearing a noise just then about the place,  
They gave him another blow, then took their flight,  
Thinking, perchance, it might be one Great Grace.

But Hopeful said, "Did they take all he had,  
And leave him nothing to get on his way?"  
"Not so, indeed, that would have been most sad,  
They searched, but knew not whereabouts his jewels  
lay."

Said Hopeful, "I marvel his jewels they did not take,"  
"No, no," said Christian, "they were safely lodged in  
a stronger hand.  
For what he did lose his heart did nearly break,  
For fear he ne'er should reach his Father's land.

"But how much worse would now have been his fate  
If they his good certificate had found,  
But this was kept by him who kept the gate  
Which leads all pilgrims to Immanuel's ground.

"Yet through his loss he scarce could keep a leg,  
And sighed and moaned lest all with him was o'er,  
From many a brother pilgrim had to beg,  
And got some help at many a Christian's door."

"I wonder," said Hopeful, "his jewels he did not sell,  
In his necessity to get him bread."  
"My brother, knowest thou not he must have gone to  
hell,  
If he had done what foolishly thou hadst said.



“ Knowest thou not how terrible the fate  
Of those who dare to sell such gems of light;  
For ever shut out from heaven’s eternal gate,  
To dwell for ever in the realms of night.

“ But if you remember, Esau sold his birthright,  
And many others, as I’ve oft been told,  
’Tis true (they had not faith), their fleshly sight  
Led them to part with heaven for earthly gold.

“ Esau of genuine faith had not a grain,  
His belly and his passions were his god,  
And thou wilt find that thousands for such gain  
In modern times in Esau’s steps have trod.

“ But Little-Faith was quite a different man,  
He, for his loss in heart, did groan and sigh,  
And for his life how gladly would have ran,  
If he but knew his loss he could supply.

“ Beside, remember Little-Faith set his face  
Firm as a flint towards heaven’s celestial gate;  
Though almost broken-hearted, free grace  
Kept him from sharing in the traitor’s fate.

“ So my dear brother you can plainly see  
He was of royal seed, though most unwise;  
Unlike false hypocrites, he never bowed his knee,  
Nor gave up heaven for earth’s false glittering lies.”

“Methinks,” said Hopeful, “I would have stood a brush,  
Before I did deliver up my cash ;

Which he it seems scarce valued but a rush,”

“Stop,” said good Christian, “my brother thou art  
rash.

“Hadst thou, my brother, been in his sad place  
I fear thou wouldst have acted the coward’s plan ;  
What one good brush and then give up thy grace,  
Alas! my brother, that’s not a Christian man.

“I from experience have a little known  
Of the great hurt these wretched thieves can do ;  
All three once met me, gave a dreadful frown,  
And then came Satan, master of the crew.

“And I can tell thee, I could scarcely stand,  
Though clothed in armour by my Sovereign Lord ;  
I got some wounds from this dark hellish band,  
And only conquered with the Spirit’s sword.

“Be not high minded, but with Godly fear,  
Must be thy motto, if with them thou’lt fight ;  
Perhaps at this moment, these thieves by us are near,  
So cry to God to keep us from their sight.”

“I fear,” said Hopeful, “I have offended thee,  
Thou art an aged warrior, I but young ;  
I feel I’m safer with such a friend as thee,  
My foolish rashness would have us undone.”

“Dear brother, thou art in my heart to live and die,  
Mine a far greater debt than thine to be forgiven ;  
Let us in watchful prayer for ever cry,  
That our dear Lord may strengthen us from heaven.”

“Well!” said Hopeful, “I wish that champion, Mr. Great  
Grace,  
Instead of Little-faith had met this crew,  
I think he would have slain them on the place,  
If all thou hast told me of him be so true.”

“Yes!” as the king’s champion, he can nobly wield  
Against these rogues with terrible effect,  
His famous sword, especially his shield,  
The strongest of this crew hast often wrecked.

“While kept at bay by the point of his good sword,  
They cannot hurt a hair of his true head ;  
I have been told the presence of his Lord,  
Has made their captain swoon away as dead.

But I can tell thee, were they once within,  
In Great-Grace’s noble heart could find a place,  
They’d make it with the deepest anguish ring.  
And even make him doubt of Christ’s free grace.

“So my dear brother we will not seek this foe,  
But if while in the way should us molest,  
Our name as Christians must not then forego,  
And Christ’s free love will make us do our best.

“ We are bought with a price, the wondrous price of blood,  
Yes ! marvellous thought ; we are not now our own ;  
Christ bought us, soul and body from hell’s flood,  
To place upon our heads a glorious crown.

“ This is the motive power to keep us right,  
Love (Christ’s love,) will make us with our latest breath  
Cleave to our Lord, His people, word, and might,  
And battle for him, yes, unto the death.

“ Remember that Little Faith was true faith, though so  
very small ;  
A grain of gold is worth a ton of brass ;  
Little-Faith fell, but away he did not fall,  
And sure I am, will see his Lord at last.

“ How did these rogues make royal David cry,  
When Faint-Heart, Mistrust, and Guilt, once got him  
down ;  
Look in his Psalms and see how he did sigh ;  
Through his sad sin he almost lost heaven’s crown.

And weak as water many have been made,  
Who seem to walk like giant’s in their might ;  
These thieves to dwarfs have made them quickly fade,  
And darkened all their evidence of light.

“ I tell thee, dear brother, our wisdom is to cry  
That Christ may keep alive his matchless love ;  
Warm in our hearts, then we shall sooner die,  
Than part with one great jewel from above.

Be much in prayer, Faith's prayer can wonders do ;  
His Holy Word, the Spirit's living breath,  
Can put to flight all hell's infernal crew,  
And make us conquer in the arms of death.

Look to thy armour, look straight to heaven's bright gate ;  
And we shall tread the mightiest army down ;  
While hell is sure to be the apostate's fate,  
Faith little but true will gain the heavenly crown.

If they only whistle, their king is at their side,  
And laughs at every human sword and spear ;  
And all that's earthly conquers in his pride,  
Angels nor men can never make him fear.

He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood,  
The sharpest arrow cannot make him flee ;  
Slings, stones, are stubble, he delights in blood,  
The Lord, my brother, oh keep him from thee and me.

Now what can any man do in such a case,  
'Tis true if he possessed Job's wondrous horse ;  
And had courage to ride, Appollyon to face,  
He might in measure restrain the monstrous force.

For Job's great horse was clothed as with thunder,  
So terrible his nostrils, it is his pride and glory,  
He paweth in the valley he keeps the armies under,  
He never was affrighted, so reads his wondrous story.

He smells the fiercest battle from afar,  
The sound of the trumpet is music in his ear ;  
The thunder of the captains and the shouts of war,  
History tells us he never yet knew fear.

Therefore for footmen like to me and thee,  
Never for a moment let us one enemy desire,  
They'll come quick enough as thou will quickly see,  
None but a fool doth seek temptation's fire.

First look, my brother, Christ's armour's good ;  
See that it's fixed upon us firm and right ;  
And above all, the shield that's stained with blood,  
'Tis this and this alone decides the fight.

In Peter's bosom, vain-confidence once boiled,  
He would stand by Christ though all beside forsake ;  
But these three thieves poor Peter quickly foiled,  
And for himself, heart's sorrow did he make.

No, no, my brother, the moment we begin  
To boast what sinful man can do,  
That moment finds us caught in Peter's sin,  
The prey and sport of this false hellish crew.

Our's be the wisdom to take the lowest room,  
For when the Lord in pity stooped to me,  
He stooped to one deserving hell's dark gloom,  
The lowest sinner that on earth could be.

Therefore, dear brother, let us ever pray,  
Each moment of our lives the Lord will keep  
Us from temptation, lest old Satan's prey  
We for our vain confidence at last should weep.

And oh ! that through our wretched cursed pride,  
We may not fail to ask the strongest guard ;  
His own true convoy where each of us may bide,  
His Holy Spirit in his glorious word.

Yes ! above all the presence of our God,  
This made Moses like the lion strong ;  
The God-Man, Mediator, in robes of blood,  
Then sure we are to sing the victor's song.

In this presence the shepherd boy did go,  
'Twas God's own arm his youthful footsteps led,  
Guided the stone which laid the Giant low,  
And placed in David's hand Goliath's head.

Of my poor self, oh may I never boast,  
For though with me Appollyon once did strive ;  
Alas ! my brother, I had been wholly lost,  
If God in Christ had not kept me alive.

But from the bear and from the lion's paw,  
Our God has saved us and has brought us here;  
Delivered us from sin, and hell, and law,  
Oh! may we not then sing with holy fear.

Then Hopeful said, "My brother thou speakest well,  
Oh! for God's Spirit, that in heart and tongue,  
The glorious victory's of our Lord to tell,  
Now Christian brother, now for our noblest song."



## ON HIS HEAD ARE MANY CROWNS.

In Rome's old city oft' their conquerors came  
With laurel crowns and deeds of earthly fame,  
But mightier far than Rome or famous Greece,  
Reigns our Immanuel Jesus, Prince of Peace.

In one short hour on Calvary's shameful tree,  
Redeemed a world and set her captives free;  
And broke the fetters we all loved so well,  
And dragged in triumph all the hosts of hell.

What mortal or immortal tongue can give  
Thy glorious victory while on earth we live;  
Come then, blest spirit, from thy throne above,  
Breathe in my heart thy own sweet thoughts of love.



For heaven nor earth in words can ne'er set down  
The dazzling splendour of Immanuel's crown ;  
Then from God's cabinet we'll try to bring,  
Jewels to form the crown of Christ our King.

First on its front in rays of living light,  
The name of names so glorious and so bright ;  
Most precious to the needy, helpless, and the poor,  
To all who come to Christ their souls to cure.

Oh ! Saviour and a great one, who that knows  
The sins and guilt which from his nature flows,  
But longs to rest, like Noah's trusting dove,  
Safely within the ark of Jesu's love.

O joy unspeakable, oh peace divine,  
When truth and mercy in a Saviour shine ;  
To trace from Bethlehem's manger to the cross,  
My soul's in wondrous adoration lost.

The Son of God, the Son of Mary too,  
A glorious mystery nature never knew ;  
God manifest in flesh, the babe new born,  
The Pharisees contempt, the worldling's scorn.

Wonder O heavens, stand astonished earth,  
To view the Redeemer's glorious birth ;  
Angels and men in wrapt amazement see  
The Holy Child stand by his mother's knee.

The only babe that's spotless pure and mild,  
The only model for a Christian child ;  
Here he may bring his every sin and woe,  
Be ever learning while on earth below.

Look to the Son of Righteousness and trace,  
In every feature some admiring grace ;  
And grow in favour with his loving Lord,  
Within his heart and life the holy word.

Rock of my soul, on which I build,  
Cemented by thy blood once spilled,  
Streams from the rock shall ever flow,  
To refresh us all while here below.

Past, as the midnight's deepest gloom,  
Dead as within a living tomb,  
Until Christ's pardoning voice we hear,  
" My child arise, be of good cheer."

Stream on our souls thou God divine,  
Son of Redemption ever shine ;  
In full meridian glory rise,  
To cure the blindness of our eyes.

Oh take us to the Gospel field,  
Where richest treasures ever yield ;  
In God's true word that glorious mine,  
There Christ, the head of peace, doth shine.

In Eden's happy, holy land,  
Once planted by God's gracious hand ;  
The rose of Sharon beautiful grew,  
And birds of richest plumage flew.

But Sharon's rose in Eden found,  
Withered on Calvary's Holy ground ;  
For there salvation's rose once grew,  
Richer than Eden ever knew.

The Rose of Salvation dyed in blood,  
Planted amid temptations flood ;  
Rose of all roses with thy breath,  
What millions hath thou saved from death.

Nature though beautiful to our view,  
The heavens declare God's glory too ;  
They speak a language, mute yet strong,  
A silent everlasting song.

Can Christians then with praise be dumb,  
When in one universal tongue,  
All earth below and heaven above,  
Proclaim that God in Christ is love.

But what is heaven or earth, when seen by sense alone,  
To faith's bright world of pardon in Jesus only known ;  
Or love that shades a beauty, or sorrow, trouble, pain,  
Makes light the hardest duty, and loss the greater gain,

Oh precious babe, teach me to trace  
The glories of thy infant face ;  
Thou pledge of peace 'twixt earth and heaven,  
To shew to man his sins forgiven.

Israel's great deliverer now,  
Makes every heart and knee to bow ;  
With faith and penitence to meet,  
In sacred homage round thy feet.

Oh spotless pure example bright,  
Thou only true and saving light ;  
Lamb of God without one spot,  
Who's blood can cleanse the deepest blot.

Physician, who's hand alone can deal,  
The wounds which none but thou canst heal ;  
And Gilead's balm to pour within,\*  
Is sovereign cure for every sin.

Captain to teach our hands to war,  
Though covered oft with many a scar ;  
To fight with sin, with latest breath,  
Thou shield in life, thou shield in death.

Oh wondrous words let all earth hear,  
Jesus our brother born to share  
Adversity's dark path of life ;  
The husband saves his loving wife.

## ON HIS HEAD ARE MANY CROWNS.

Sinners come listen to the story,  
The brightness of his Father's glory ;  
King of all kings and Lord of lords,  
Oh listen to the wondrous words.

A mighty prophet thus begins,  
Jesus the eternal King of kings ;  
A servant from his humble birth,  
Servant of servants here on earth.

Dark wreckless fools, we often stray  
From Christ our wisdom's only way ;  
Our counsellor and only guide,  
Restorer of his fallen bride.

Hark ! from Jerusalem's crowded streets,  
The voice of praise and prayer ;  
Though scribes and learned men are dumb,  
Ten thousand children worship there.

In union with the blind and deaf, how sweetly do they sing,  
And shout their loud Hossannahs to Zion's Royal King ;  
Lunatics and madmen their grateful homage pay,  
With heart and lip they bless him as he passes on his way.

So to this hour true penitents will ever surely find,  
That by the light of nature they are for ever blind ;  
Thus will they cling to Jesus, as in love he passes by,  
Oh Son of David save us, O save us or we die.

ON HIS HEAD ARE MANY CROWNS. 143

Now let us go to Bethany, for there two sisters dwell,  
Martha and Mary, the dear ones whom Jesus loved so well;  
See how these loving sisters have their faith and hope  
both tried,  
Oh had our Lord been here, our brother had not died.

Ah ! weeping, loving sisters, your Lord is very near,  
Jesus is on his road your drooping hearts to cheer ;  
And soon his glorious presence shall marvellously surprise,  
Your brother raised to life again, before your wondering  
eyes.

Hark ! to the mighty voice, hark to the mighty head,  
How it echoes with Almighty power among the silent  
dead ;  
“Lazarus come forth,” no sooner spoke than done,  
Lazarus comes forth, and worships God the Son.

A glorious resurrection, bright type of the new birth,  
When the Holy Ghost speaks life into this lump of earth ;  
And still a brighter type of resurrection yet to come,  
When sin, and hell, and Satan stood before their conqueror  
dumb.

In God's holy everlasting lines,  
Recording Jesus' fame ;  
O what a sacred radiance shines,  
To sanctify each name.

## ON HIS HEAD ARE MANY CROWNS.

Whatever sacred he is called,  
He will ever prove to be  
To every one who trust in him,  
That name's reality.

The sinner's friend, methinks I hear  
Some mourning heart exclaim ;  
The sinner's friend I'll never fear,  
But rest in his dear name.

A shepherd, see how gently  
He leads his flock along ;  
Sometimes by loving chastisement,  
Sometimes by loving song.

The breaker too, he goes before,  
And shows us all the way ;  
Opens the pearly golden door,  
Of everlasting day.

And we may go to bishops  
By friends so kindly led,  
And have his confirmation hands,  
On our obedient head.

But vain are all earth's bishops,  
And every form they bring ;  
Unless we find that bishop,  
Who takes away our sin.

No Angel or Archangel  
With sinful man can vie ;  
Not one of heaven's bright army,  
Though crowned by God on high.

No Angel knows the feelings  
Of sinners doomed to hell,  
Nor can they sing salvation's song,  
Or redemption's glories tell.

No crowns of earthly grandeur,  
No fame of earthly might,  
Does this great leader promise  
To his people in the fight.

Himself has gained the victory,  
In dark and suffering days ;  
Then he shall have the glory,  
And he shall have the praise.

The gathering of the ransomed world  
Is to Christ and Christ alone ;  
And happy they who build their hope,  
On this sure corner stone.

There is a book of mystery  
Within God's glorious hand,  
Containing the real history  
Of heaven, and sea, and land.



## ON HIS HEAD ARE MANY CROWNS.

And there's a book of hidden life,  
Where all who find a place,  
Are saved from sin and mortal strife,  
By matchless sovereign grace.

The Lion of Judah's royal tribe,  
Worthy alone to look ;  
To break the seal and gaze inside  
Of this tremendous book.

And as his gaze is fixed thereon,  
He finds it written down,  
That all must share his sufferings,  
Who share his royal crown.

Come ! let us now to Golgotha,  
Where your last debt was paid,  
And view the royal sepulchre,  
Where the royal victim laid.

And who stands there but Magdalen,  
With weeping heart and eyes ;  
'Tis love impels her willing feet,  
To where her Saviour lies.

So love impels us all to go  
To view the sacred grave ;  
But hark ! the angels' joyful voice,  
Not here, but gone to save.

Risen for ever to intercede  
With garments dyed in blood,  
Risen thy desperate case to plead  
Before the throne of God.

Unseen by his disciples weeping eyes,  
Millions of Angels throng his chariot wheels;  
Heaven's soft music fill both earth and sky,  
And heaven's own joy their sorrowing bosoms feel.

Within the radiance of his own pure light,  
The Holy Spirit hovering from above ;  
Reveals the cause of Jesu's sorrowing night,  
And fills their hearts with peace and hope and love.

Pure dove-like peace, war unto the knife,  
With sin and self and all the host of hell ;  
Calm, like their Master in the world's rough strife,  
Eager his great salvation work to tell.

Oh! sinner saved, a nobler song than angels thou canst  
raise,  
For thou canst add redemption to their matchless songs of  
praise ;  
Angels can only crown him as their Royal King,  
But thou, as thy atoning priest, his matchless grace can  
sing.

Oh ! crown of my salvation for ever may there shine  
Within the circles of thy gems, this worthless name of  
mine ;  
A thousand million songs are dim comparable to thee,  
Thou son of life and love through all eternity.

How wonderful in nature, how wonderful in name,  
To snatch such guilty rebels from sin's tremendous shame ;  
To every ransomed soul most wonderful thou'lt be,  
But the wonders of all wonders is thy love to sinful me.

#### HE SHALL BUILD THE TEMPLE.

All earth's solemn Temples, and all her towering domes,  
All earth's gorgeous palaces, and all her lovely homes ;  
All that art makes beautiful to the eye and mind of man,  
And all the godlike wonders in nature's matchless plan.

From the first living man to the last of woman born,  
All, all shall fade away before death's awful form ;  
But Christians found in Jesus, shall never, never die,  
Their only death is sleep, watched by the angel's eye.

And when the archangel's trumpet shall end this day of  
rest,  
And call earth's countless millions to stand before his face  
Then shall his redeemed by resurrection power,  
Stand forth in perfect beauty by his almighty power.

Then shall the tottering body oft' racked with sin and  
pain,  
Be in his spotless likeness and never sin again ;  
Sin absent ; Jesus present ; Oh ! that is heaven above,  
Sometimes he gives the earnest when he manifests his  
love.

Then shall the blind receive their sight, admire his  
glorious face,  
The tongue of the dumb be loosened to sing his match-  
less grace ;  
The lame shall run to meet him with their crowns of  
grateful love,  
And the deaf shall never tire in hearing his praise above.

IN ALL THINGS HE SHALL HAVE THE  
PRE-EMINENCE.

Oh ! glorious Christ, no angel's tongue can tell,  
The price once paid to save the soul from hell ;  
But when the knell of Time's last hour is given,  
And our eternal morn begins in heaven,

Oh ! then poor sinner, thou shalt clearly see,  
That priceless cost, which won this crown so free ;  
A crown so bright, by merit ne'er was won,  
A price no less than God's eternal Son.

Oh ! when within the pearly gates of heaven,  
Then wilt thou feel how much thou hast been forgiven ;  
Then from its golden battlements look down,  
And see the lost beneath God's dreadful frown.

## THE FLATTERER.

Then did the pilgrims most joyfully proceed,  
Their hearts with melody were sweetly stilled ;  
And to their God who had supplied their need,  
Their hearts with holy gratitude was filled.

In sweet communion, singing of the Lord,  
They journeyed on, safe in the light of day ;  
But soon lost sight of the cautions in God's Word,  
Which told them there was flattery in their way.

Soon another path came running by their side,  
From the right way this path they could not tell ;  
And soon began to rise some secret pride,  
No doubt we are right my brother, all is well.

When suddenly before them, a form arose,  
And called to them, " I will be your guide ;  
Your friends are my friends, and your foes my foes,  
We are all true pilgrims, and by birth allied."

A pilgrim's garb he did appear to wear,  
But faith's true sight our pilgrims now did lack,  
On this new friend, a white robe did appear,  
But underneath his person was jet black.

With honey'd words he led them smoothly on,  
Listening to him, and not their master's word ;  
By little and by little he led them wrong,  
Their hearts and feet both wandered from their Lord.

And so it happened to all who did forget,  
Like them to ponder well the way they go;  
The Flatterer's words would lead them down to hell,  
Did not the love of Christ for ever flow.

Following their guide, both fell into a net,  
In vain their struggles still it held them fast;  
"Alas!" said Christian, "how soon I did forget,  
The great delivering mercies of the past."

Vain was their struggle, vain their mournful cry,  
Backsliders now they were in doleful plight;  
This was the burden of their heart's deep sigh,  
We both have sinned against both love and light.

And now they saw that their deceitful guide  
Had thrown the white robe from his wicked back,  
And now appeared a Hypocrite in pride,  
A flatterer base, a wicked liar black.

So here they lay all moaning through the night,  
But in the morning just at break of day;  
Hopeful espied a glorious form so bright,  
And Christian said, "He's coming down this way."

And now he came close to the spot they were,  
And asked our pilgrims, whence they both had come;  
They answered him with many a groan and tear,  
Said they were journeying to Immanuel's home.

They told him also how with honey'd word,  
A man had led them to this holeful net ;  
" Ah ! " said the bright one, " you have left your Lord,  
The cautions in his Holy Word you did forget."

But where my friends did you repose last night,  
They told him with the good shepherds on the mount ;  
And how they had cautioned them with words so right ;  
All that the shepherds said our pilgrims did recount.

You have met the Flatterer said the shining one,  
He has beguiled you from the righteous way ;  
And all this folly each of you have done,  
And sinned in the light of glorious day.

He rent the net and bade them stand upright,  
And very sharply did them both chastise ;  
I once more place you in Zion's road of light,  
But for the future give no heed to lies.

He led the way while they with groans and tears,  
Came trembling on, expecting some sad doom ;  
But oh ! what joys succeeded to their fears,  
When he addressed them thus—" Yet there is ro

" You have departed from your loving Lord,  
By listening to the Flatterer's foolish lie ;  
But I'm commissioned from God's Holy Word,  
To tell you both you shall not surely die.

“ Believe, repent, be prayerful, and love  
God’s Holy Word, firm to it ever keep ;  
Pray that God’s spirit like the trustful dove,  
May give you a heart, believing, loving, meek.

“ Thousands will call for you to turn aside,  
But bring them all to this true solemn test ;  
Jesus, my Lord, for me hath bled and died,  
Through grace for him I’ll try to do my best.

“ All that he loves he doth rebuke and chasten,  
Be zealous, take heed, and for his love repent ;  
Walk circumspectly, yet on your journey hasten,  
’Twas on the road of suffering Jesus went.”

Then both did softly speed upon their way,  
Their hearts too full of gratitude to speak ;  
“ Oh ! brother Hopeful, how sad it is to stray,  
This sad backsliding has made me very weak.”

Yet as they thought how loving was their king,  
Who all their baseness freely had forgiven ;  
With mourning hearts, yet softly did they sing,  
\* O’er one repenting child there’s joy in heaven.

But now they stopped their ears and closed their eyes,  
To all who from the broad road to them cried ;  
This was their answer, “ We have no time for lies,  
We want to see the face of him who for us died.”



With prayerful caution thus they did proceed,  
When Christian saw a man run swiftly back ;  
But as he neared them at his utmost speed,  
And saw our pilgrims, his pace he then did slack.

Christian then said, " You 're running the wrong way ;  
Your face is towards Destruction's wicked town ;  
Turn back my friend I earnestly do say,  
Or you will lose King Jesus and his crown.

With that the man did laugh with bitter scorn,  
" Why fools, do you not know there's no such place ;  
Not one of human race that e'er was born  
Within this world, this city yet could trace."

" No, in this world I grant you that is true,  
'Tis in the other world mount Zion's found,  
There shines in glory Jerusalem the new  
Built in the centre of Immanuel's ground."

Again the man did laugh with boisterous laugh,  
" It is a phantom in your sickly mind,  
Neither in Heaven (as you call it) or on earth  
Did ever mortal such a city find.

" You see I've gone much farther than you've been,  
These twenty years' this city tried to trace ;  
Do you suppose I should not then have seen  
If ever there had been so fine a place ?

“All that you will have is trouble for your pain,  
Come back, and be no longer such a fool,  
To your old town, there come with me again,  
There we can live in pleasure’s happy school.”

Then Christian said to Hopeful, “ Can it be so ?  
What no Mount Zion, no such happy place ?  
To all our hopes this is indeed a blow,  
I still will try to find it through rich grace.”

Then said good Hopeful “ this man is but a liar,  
He has never felt his sins as I have done,  
Has never believed in hell there is a fire,  
Has never seen the beauty of God’s Son.

“ No, no, my brother, we know and believe the love,  
Which Christ displayed on Calvary’s shameful tree ;  
And in Mount Zion he’s enthroned above,  
And waiting to receive both thee and me.

“As for this man, he’s both dead and blind,  
The God of this world has got of him fast hold ;  
But thou and I, through grace in heart and mind,  
Believe and love what God himself has told.”

Before they left him they told him of hell’s fire,  
Of Satan and his all devouring flood ;  
And now if thou to truth have no desire,  
We both of us are free from thy lost blood.

## THE FLATTERER.

He like the fool to the slaughter went his way,  
They to Mount Zion turned their happy face ;  
So doth the God of this world his victims slay,  
So does King Jesus save by sovereign grace."

A mist now rose above our pilgrim's head,  
And pits and bogs around him very deep,  
And Hopeful seemed as if he was half dead,  
And said to Christian, " my brother I must sleep."

" Not so, dear brother. I fear thou dost forget  
What the good shepherd told us we should find ;  
The flatterer then knowest we have already met,  
Oh let us keep thy good advice in mind.

" They told us we should pass the enchanted ground,  
And from this drowsiness, which make me reel ;  
This is the place I fancy we have found,  
A foolish slumber I do sadly feel,

" Think of Mount Zion that will us awake,  
Think of the place we have been saved from ;  
Let us behave like men, come brother shake  
This sleep away, and join with me in song.

“ When saints do sleepy grow, let them come  
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together ;  
Yea, let them learn of them in anywise,  
Thus to keep open their drowsy slumbering eyes :  
Saints fellowship, if it be managed well,  
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.

“ This sleep we must not for a moment nurse,  
For some have slept and never woke again ;  
Therefore my brother, let us now discourse,  
Of our experience as true Christian men.”

“ This is a place where pilgrims dangers meet,  
Therefore my friend let us of good things talk,  
For Satan has bruised many in their sleep,  
Embittering to death’s hour their Christian walk.”

“ With all my heart,” said Hopeful, “ but where shall we  
begin ?”

“ Where God began with us when we were dead :  
Awoke us from our death of self and sin,  
Caused us in Zion’s holy way to tread.

“ And now my brother wilt thou relate to me  
How at the first, the Lord did touch thy heart ;  
From sin and hell through Christ did set thee free,  
And like good Mary choose the better part.”

“In Vanity Faif I should have lost my soul.  
For all which Christians hate was my delight ;  
Satan held me fast under his dark control,  
God and his Word I wickedly did slight.

“A drunkard, reveller, sunk in every crime,  
Far more ungrateful than the beasts of earth ;  
In every vice I spent my wretched time,  
A double-dyed sinner from my very birth.

“But when good Faithful perished in the fire,  
The day of judgment passed before my heart ;  
Through matchless grace I felt a strong desire,  
That with the righteous I might take my part.

“And when I saw the insults you did take,  
So lovingly and meekly from their hand ;  
With guilt and terror my conscience it did shake,  
For fear that I should reach hell’s doleful land.”

“And under these convictions did you fall,  
And yield at once to their convincing power ;  
Did you not feel inclined to give up all,  
And live the Christian from that very hour ?”

“Not I indeed, for sin was sweet to me,  
And old companions I did dearly love ;  
So from their shackels I could not get free,  
Though still my thoughts were hovering above.

“Another cause was this, I did not know,  
’Twas God the Spirit’s work upon my heart ;  
All my self-righteousness to overthrow,  
And then, like Mary, choose the better part.”

“But what brought your sins again into your mind ?”  
“Why, if I met a good man in the street,  
And sometimes in God’s word I there did find,  
That death and judgment I must for certain meet.

“Sometimes most dreadful dreams would me affright,  
That oftentimes made my hair to stand on end ;  
Sometimes from hell would come some wicked sprite,  
And whisper in my ear thou art my friend.

“Yet all this time my nature’s guilt was dead,  
All that I saw and felt was outward sin,  
Yet for these things my heart has often bled,  
But deeper now God’s spirit wrought within.

“And now I felt that in my heart’s deep gore,  
In every movement there was sin’s black stain ;  
A thousand times more dreadful than before,  
I felt the power of hell’s undying pain.”

“On this new trouble coming, what didst thou do,  
Go back to thy companions and thy sin ?”  
“No, no,” said Hopeful, “I did now anew,  
To make myself a righteous man begin.

“ I left off swearing, drinking, and the like.

And to my neighbours spoke the solid truth ;  
I tried to wash my stains, and make them white ;  
And now I thought myself a godly youth.

“ But I forgot my former deep arrears.

Which nothing for the future wiped away ;  
Beside, I found that my self-righteous tears  
Could not for sin one jot or tittle pay.

“ Beside, this scripture rushed into my mind,

All thy own righteousness are filthy rags ;  
The law for pardon never was designed,  
Though like a slave, through life thou ever fags.

“ So now I thought myself worse than before,

Said in my heart, of sin I'll take my fill ;  
For now I find that closed is Mercy's door,  
I will delight myself in pleasures still.

“ But ever and anon there came a sound,

Like the great trumpet on the judgment day,  
Which cried within my heart I have thee found,  
For every thought, and word, and deed, I'll make thee pay.

“ Beside, when I did look most narrowly within,

Sin was in every thought, and word, and deed ;  
All my best duties mixed with hateful sin,  
It made my very conscience groan and bleed.

“What after all my life so good and true,  
And with myself I felt most vainly pleased;  
What nothing good although my life is new,  
With God and his own word I felt agreed.”

Then Christian said, “And now what did you do?”  
“Why, like a bird that’s shot, I felt half dead;  
But knowing Faithful was a Christian true,  
My sad despairing steps to him were led.

“He told me my self-righteousness was false and vain  
And made me worse in God’s most piercing sight;  
Another spotless righteousness I must obtain,  
One free from sin, by God accounted bright.”

“And did he tell you where this could be found,  
In heaven or earth?” “In man that had no sin.”  
“Within my ears most strangely this did sound,  
My heart did soften, and affections win.”

“Did Faithful tell you who this could be,  
That God for his sake freely did forgive?  
This spotless righteousness didst thou then see,  
Could save from hell and through him ever live?”

“Good Faithful told me millions had been forgiven,  
And some as black as sin and hell could make;  
Through this great righteousness were now in heaven,  
And praising God for great Immanuel’s sake.



“ He said this righteousness alone did justify ;  
Made up the breach between my God and me ;  
He told me further, that being both man and God  
He did fulfil the law and set us free.

“ He further said, through grace I must believe,  
All that he said and did was in my place ;  
To make sure work, and not my heart deceive,  
Not natural faith, but heavenly faith, through grace.

“ His doing and his dying imputed too,  
To all who trusted in this wondrous man ;  
Loved and obeyed him, he would bring them through,  
Good Faithful said this was salvation's plan.

“ But being such a sinner will he now receive  
After my black and sad career of crime ?”

“ Yes,” said good Faithful, “ firmly but believe,  
He has forgiven sins as black as thine.

“ Beside, most freely, poor sinners doth invite,  
All manner of sins forgiven, says his word ;  
Spotless they stand in God's most holy sight,  
If they but come to Jesus Christ the Lord.

“ I said it was presumption thus to go,  
On that he gave me Christ's most holy book ;  
Where it is written, he never yet said no,  
To all who with faith and penitence to him did look.

“ I asked him when I came what I should do,  
He said, upon my knees I must entreat ;  
That as my inward and outward sins he ever knew,  
He now through his rich mercy would me meet.

“ He further said, upon his glorious throne  
All the year round his pardon waits to give.  
No way to God, but through this man alone,  
And all who trust him shall for ever live.

“ He further said, each word within this book,  
Of judgment and of mercy must be fulfilled ;  
With broken hearts poor sinners ever look,  
That their base sins this loving Lord thus killed.

“ I asked him how I should supplicate so great a good ?  
He said as the chief of sinners, Lord be merciful to me ;  
Faith in his righteousness and his atoning blood,  
Ordained of God to set the sinner free.

“ But in deep conflicts I was sorely tossed,  
For if this righteousness had never been,  
I saw most clearly I was surely lost ;  
And if no faith, then I was still in sin.

“ Therefore in secret I did moan and cry,  
That God the spirit would to me reveal ;  
This was my prayer, give Christ, or else I die,  
And in my conscience his own pardon seal.”

“ Well ! and did the Father his dear Son reveal,  
When with heart penitence you did entreat ?”  
“ No ! a hundred times he made me cry, and still  
I got no answer at his glorious feet.”

“ And had you then no thought to leave off praying ?”  
“ Yes, that temptation did most sorely try ;  
’Twas life or death therefore, again, again,  
I cried more earnestly, Christ, or I die.

“ This thought also did burn within my heart,  
If I have not this righteousness, my soul is lost ;  
You may be sure to know if I had part,  
’Twixt hope and fear, my soul was sadly tossed.

“ Beside, the promises did me revive,  
When faint with fear sometimes they sweetly came ;  
Thus through rich mercy I was kept alive,  
And did not quite give up his glorious name.

“ At last there came the day of Jubilee,  
When God the spirit in glorious power revealed  
That the great mediator died for me,  
And God the Father’s love to me now sealed.

“ But oh ! the ineffible glory that did shine,  
On Father, Son, and Spirit’s mighty love ;  
All earth’s trifles and the things of time,  
Were all absorbed in greater things above.

“Mark you, I did not see him with these bodily eyes,  
But with the eyes of faith I did him see ;  
One day it was when with heart rending cries,  
He suddenly appeared unto me.

“These were the words—‘ I will stain all my raiment,  
Between offending majesty and me,’  
He stood with glorious blood-stained garments ;  
The Holy Spirit proclaimed that I was free.

“’Twas joy unspeakable and full of glory,  
And though the power and savour’s greatly gone,  
Yet in my heart’s deep core redemption’s story,  
The Holy Ghost sometimes doth shine upon.

“But what is believing, I said unto my Lord,  
How know I Jesus that I come aright ?  
He answered me from his most Holy Word,  
Him that cometh to me I will never slight.

“But what is coming dear Lord, I deeply sighed,  
He whose heart and affections run out to me ;  
Sweet words this precious Jesus thus replied,  
And my grace will ever sufficient be for thee.

“And precious scriptures flowed into my heart,  
Such as, when I see the blood, I’ll pass o’er thee ;  
Then did I firm believe I should have part,  
In Christ’s most glorious blood-bought victory.

“ If ever sin was hateful in my sight ;  
If ever from its poisoned form I fled ;  
If e'er a heart and spirit that was right,  
I saw myself complete in Christ my head.

“ Now for a time cursed unbelief did fly,  
And like poor Mary at his blessed feet ;  
Love in my heart and tears within my eye,  
Dumb with such grace I silently did weep.

“ Fools say that to licentiousness doth lead this grace,  
Alas ! they never felt the laws deep curse ;  
One faith's full view of Christ's most glorious face,  
Will make him feel of sinners he's the worst.

“ Will make him fly from sin, the world, and hell,  
While under the sweet influence of his love ;  
To all around Christ's pity he will tell ;  
In heart and spirit mount to Christ above.”

Then Christian said, “ Brother, wilt thou tell to me,  
What sweet effect this had within thy heart ;  
“ Why for a time from fears it set me free,  
And I believed in Christ I had my part.

“ I saw such beauty in my glorious Lord,  
To his ways and people such a cleaving love ;  
Sweeter than honey was his precious word,  
My heart's affections did cleave indeed above.

“ But oh ! what clouds and darkness there has been,  
 What storms since then have fallen upon my head ;  
 What battles fierce with Satan, self, and sin ;  
 Sometimes in soul I have appeared half dead.

“ Then came again the resurrection word,  
 Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee ;  
 Dropping like honey from my glorious Lord,  
 From sin and law hath often set me free.

“ Then shall I not extol his glorious name,  
 And by his grace prove an obedient wife ;  
 Long as I breathe I'd spread his endless fame,  
 In heart, in lip, each moment of my life.

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 IGNORANCE.

“ I saw in my dream that Hopeful looked back,  
 And spied out Ignorance crawling, lazily along ;  
 My brother, poor Ignorance, in his pace seems very slack.”  
 “ True, but it may be well, he is not entirely gone.”

Then Hopeful said, “ I vow for us he doth not care,  
 Yet still it would be good to wait for him ;  
 Likes not our company, I greatly fear,  
 However with good words let us begin.

“ So ho ! my friend, why lag you thus behind,  
 Your pace towards heaven seems wondrous slow.”  
 “ I'm not for running, I've good thoughts in my mind,  
 I know as much as I do wish to know.”

“How stands it now 'twixt God and your own soul?”

“Oh! very well, I feel both good and true;  
And keep my heart within mine own control,  
I think of God and heaven as much as you.”

“So do lost spirits, as I have truly read.”

“Ah! but of my safety I have no fear;  
For good thoughts come into my heart and head,  
And good works are to me so very dear.

“I have always paid my neighbour his just due,  
Have lived in honesty most steady and upright;  
None could this contradict, for it is true,  
Therefore I hope to dwell in God's good sight.”

“As to thy leaving all for God and heaven,  
That is much harder than most men oft' have thought;  
Hast ever had thy sins in truth forgiven,  
Did in thy sight thy good deeds seem as naught.

“Did Christ alone reveal himself to thee,  
When feeling all thy sins a heavy load;  
His spirit and his word did set thee free,  
And set thee safely in the heavenly road.”

“Oh! you're for revelation, I perceive,  
That's not the way in which I choose to walk;  
I do my duty, and I then believe,  
Without these visions of which some men talk.

“ I have a good heart and my thoughts are good,  
And God’s commandments I punctually do keep ;  
And do you not think for this I should  
Expect in heaven a good reward to reap.

“ When our good thoughts agree with God’s own word,  
Then I will grant that thou art in the right ;  
We must have the testimony of Christ the Lord,  
If we expect to dwell in his pure sight.

“ Now every man who is not born again,  
By God’s good spirit since his natural birth ;  
God himself declares, all are unrighteous men,  
No not one good within this mighty earth.

“ Yea, that all natural men up from their youth,  
Are always evil in thought, and word, and life  
In godly fear they never speak the truth,  
But live and die in hatred and in strife.

“ But when God the Spirit wakes us up from sleep,  
We then agree with his most holy word ;  
We judge ourselves condemned in heart, oft’ weep,  
And long and pray for Jesus Christ the Lord.”

Then said poor Ignorance, “ This I’ll ne’er believe,  
That my good heart’s as bad as wicked men,  
Who swear and drink, their neighbours oft’ deceive.  
According to you, I am as bad as them.”



“ That is most true, thy heart’s as bad as them,  
If thou hast never found the second birth ;  
Like all self-righteous, yet ungodly men,  
Thou cleavest firmly to thy natural birth,

“ But dost thou know that Christ’s most precious blood,  
God the eternal spirit to thee must seal ;  
If ever thou escape from hell’s dark flood,  
The Father’s love in Christ he must reveal.

“ But I believe, I’m sure, as well as thou,  
That Christ did die for sinners on the tree ;  
And if his law I strictly follow now,  
He’ll make them meritorious unto me.”

“ There thou art wrong ’tis Christ and Christ alone,  
That has fulfilled the law for sinful me ;  
His life and death alone will win the crown,  
’Tis he alone has gained the victory.

“ All that we’ve ever thought, or said, or done,  
Deserves for ever the lowest pit in hell ;  
What Christ’s most spotless righteousness thus won,  
Faith maketh ours, and not thy thoughts so well.

“ Why all thy fancied righteousness is sin,  
Contemnest thou God’s own beloved son ;  
To join with sinful works, wilt thou bring in,  
The spotless righteousness which Jesus won.

“ Not for a moment, feeling thyself lost,  
But thinking God will pay thee for thy deeds ;  
Why for all thy best performances he'll toss,  
Into hell's mouth as most obnoxious weeds,

“ What trust to Christ's own righteousness alone,  
And never mix our own good works with his ;  
Live as we list, no matter what we have done,  
Yet hope to live in yonder heaven of bliss.”

“ Ignorant thou art, for Ignorance is thy name,  
Thou knowest nothing of faith that works by love ;  
Thou hast never felt thy lost and ruined state,  
Thy faith's a fancy not born from above.

“ Why some have felt as vile as any toad,  
God does not fix a standard in his word ;  
Except this standard that all must feel sin's load,  
And all in heart and soul long for their Lord.

“ What ! wilt thou take the crown from Christ's own head,  
And place it on thy own, a worthless worm ;  
Reject for thy own husks, Christ's living bread,  
For this one act thou dost deserve to burn.

“ Living as we list, why that is foolish talk,  
Nothing will break the power of pardoned sin ;  
Nothing will make us in true holiness to walk,  
When Christ by his free love our hearts does win.

“Oh! sweet obedience, when our sin’s forgiven;  
 We walk as sons clothed in his righteousness;  
 Ah! then at times our new heart is in heaven,  
 To live a holy life is blessedness.”

Then Hopeful said, “This question put to him :  
 Ask him if Christ has been revealed to him from heaven  
 Blotting out the mountain of his wretched sin,  
 And by the Spirit, felt his sins forgiven?”

Said Ignorance, “These are fancies of your brain,  
 I have no doubt I shall reach Heaven at last;  
 My good obedience, Christ’s merit must obtain,  
 And for my future life, forgive the past.”

Poor Ignorance, poor Ignorance,” Christian in pity cried,  
 “Oh labour and pray thou mayest feel thy need—  
 Christ life and death alone must be applied,  
 Throw all thy works away as loathsome weeds!

“From all thy fancied righteousness quick fly  
 To Christ alone, God’s holy hiding place;  
 All who are not found in Him for ever die—  
 All saved by Him are monuments of grace.

“May God the spirit from thy sleep awake,  
 And, like the poor publican, make thee embrace  
 God’s own dear Son, for His own merit’s sake—  
 A brand from burning, a sinner saved by grace.

“ So then, good Hopeful, we must walk alone,  
But this poor Ignorance my heart doth seem to pity ;  
Thousands of such I left around my home,  
And fear they will ne'er see Immanuel's glorious city !”

“ But think you, brother, these men do never feel  
Conviction for actual and for Nature's sin ?  
Yes ; but as their hearts remain as hard as steel,  
It never by the spirit takes deep root within.

“ For they being ignorant of their fallen state,  
Do stife these convictions as they rise,  
And proudly think themselves both good and great,  
Despising the contrite with heart-broken sighs.

“ Do you not think when pilgrims first begin  
They find good profit from a right true fear,  
Moaning their lost condition for their sin,  
And resting not till Christ their heart doth cheer ?”

“ You say right, dear brother, this fear it worketh well ;  
When God the spirit doth inplant the same,  
The fear of the Lord, not merely the fear of hell,  
They shelter only in Emmanuel's name,

“ But how, dear brother, do you describe right fear ?”  
“ By three good marks I'll state it thus to thee ;  
If I speak wrong do thou correct me here,  
For if first wrong, all through we wrong shall be.

“Fear that is right brings real sorrow for sin,  
And causes the soul to fly to Christ alone—  
A holy reverence of God, the soul within,  
Keeping the conscience tender till it reach home.”

Then Hopeful said—“How do they stifle fear?  
They say it is from Satan, not from God;  
And thus their conscience very often sear;  
Some I have found who in this way have trod.

“Their old self-holiness they will not leave,  
But fling aside this holy Godly fear;  
’Tis this false faith immortal souls deceive,  
For which through all eternity they pay so dear.

“But let us leave poor Ignorance for a time,  
And fall into discourse that’s good and true;  
Before in glory any soul will shine,  
The path of tribulation he first knew.

“But hast thou met no others in the way  
Whose lives may profit us as we go on;  
Yes, pilgrims of darkness as well as of the day,  
First hot for Heaven, but oh how quickly gone!

“One Temporary there was—I knew him well—  
He had one brother, they called him Turnaway;  
But Heaven and Holiness they both did sell,  
And long eternity for pleasure’s day.”

“ Yes,” said good Hopeful, “ near where I was born;  
These foolish virgins started swift for Heaven,  
They took their lamps with all their outward form  
But the true oil of grace was never given.

“ Temporary has come to me, eyes full of tears—  
You would have thought his heart was nearly new,  
Alas ! ’twas fear of hell, not Godly fears,  
Real sorrow for sin his conscience never new.

“ Just like the thief, when he is brought to book,  
They cry and vow, but only to escape ;  
But when set free the thief his same way took,  
But sin as sin these men did never hate.

“ And long before they turn their backs from God,  
They try to stifle thoughts of death and hell—  
Fly to false pleasure to escape his rod,  
Their Heavenly birthright for this earthly cell !

“ They leave off prayer, to watch against all sin,  
The Lord’s own people also they forsake ;  
Rail at good things, then oftimes they begin,  
And laugh at those whose hearts for sin do break.

“ The house of God they now begin to shun—  
Do praise the wicked and despise the good ;  
And now from pilgrimage at last they run,  
And pour contempt on Jesus and His blood.

“ Then if infirmities they can but spy  
In God’s own people it doth make them glad,  
Then up and down they openly do cry  
That Godly men are like themselves as bad.

“ Then with the wicked company they keep,  
And talk and walk in open ways of sin  
Against the Godly—quarrels now they seek  
To leave God’s house, and prayer they now begin.

“ As they began with God, not God with them,  
And have no union to a dying Lord,  
So they do leave him for the fear of men,  
Throw off His ways, His people, and His word !

“ Then are they lost, and nought but Sovereign grace  
Can ever pluck them from the jaws of hell,  
Beyond all thought—oh ! what a desperate case,  
For earth’s mere baubles Heaven and crown to sell !



# THE LAND OF BEULAH :

THE FORDS OF THE RIVER :  
WHEN THE PILGRIMS REACH THEIR HEAVENLY  
HOME.

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Our pilgrims now had passed the enchanted ground,  
The glorious land of Beulah came in sight,  
Heaven's own sunshine in this land is found,  
Christ breathes within it his immortal light.

The turtle's voice was heard within this land,  
The singing of birds melodious to the ear ;  
Most beautiful flowers around it ever stand,  
Love reigns alone without one slavish fear.

And when the sun rose in meridian day,  
Zion's bright city they could then behold ;  
Oft' came its music with some heavenly lay,  
To God and Christ, from its pure streets of gold.

Here also, between the bridegroom and the bride,  
The heavenly compact was again renewed ;  
Zion's inhabitants oft by their side  
By Christian and by Hopeful oft' were viewed.



Here was abundance both of corn and wine,  
For which through pilgrimage they long had sighed ;  
Angels and saints most gloriously did shine,  
Their Lord himself did call them both his bride.

Of from the city sweetest voices came,  
Telling the pilgrims they were near at home,  
Giving to each a new immortal name—  
None ever bore but Zion's sons alone.

Nearer each hour to Zion's city now they drew,  
And oh ! what wonders did their souls behold ;  
A millionth part our pilgrims never knew—  
Its glories by man's tongue were never told.

Chariots of fire were passing to and fro,  
Yet all were peaceful as the gentle dove ;  
One song alone from every tongue did flow,  
That song was Christ and his redeeming love !

Of to our pilgrims would these angels call ;  
Oh ! chosen, sealed, and redeemed with blood ;  
Saved by your Lord from sin's tremendous fall,  
We'll guide you through death's dark and icy flood.

But ever and anon there gleamed afar,  
The waters of a river dark and deep ;  
And here Christ Jesus, the bright and morning star,  
Stands by his pilgrims while in death they sleep.

Gardens the most lovely our pilgrims e'er had seen,  
Breathing sweet perfume 'round the River of Death;  
The land of Beulah and death's river between,  
The air above was sweet as Heaven's own breath.

The flowers and fruit to pilgrims all belong;  
To ransomed pilgrims these gardens are all free,  
Here Christian and Hopeful, both in Heavenly song,  
Now sung their heart's deep melody.

"My brother," said Christian, "let us now begin  
Some heavenly songs of God's immortal word,  
A few more days and we shall sweetly sing  
A nobler song to Christ our glorious Lord!"

"'Tis well," said Hopeful, "my soul is full of praise;  
Here is a hymn I learnt in days of old,  
'Tis poor indeed, compared with those bright lays  
Which we shall sing in Zion's streets of gold."

"'Tis called the crown of thorns, but now above  
Christ wears upon His head a different crown,  
Made by the hands and hearts of grateful love,  
In wondering adoration fall around."

Then Christian and Hopeful in humble lays began,  
To breathe in verse their hearts' most deep desires;  
At times they talked, at times they sweetly sung,  
For love, pure love, their grateful bosom fires.

For many days these words of praise and prayer  
Did issue from these pilgrims' grateful heart,  
Till nobler songs from Zion's city fair  
Did make each long to bear a loving part.

And suddenly two shining ones stood by their side,  
And told them on the morrow they would come  
To lead them as a pure and spotless bride  
To live for ever in their Bridegroom's home.

Two difficulties they said you must still meet,  
And then you're safe on your Immanuel's ground ;  
There in adorning worship at His feet  
Through all eternity His head to crown.

Faithful, these shining ones, unto their word,  
Upon the morrow to the pilgrims came ;  
Come forth ye chosen of your loving Lord,  
For in your hearts we read His sacred name.

Then did the pilgrims rise with wondering breath,  
Their hearts overflowing with the deepest love ;  
But ah ! What's this ? Why 'tis the River of Death,  
And you must cross it to your home above !

" But there's no bridge," the pilgrims did reply,  
No, by faith in Jesus you must venture through ;  
This made our pilgrims in their hearts to sigh,  
For fear at last they should not be found true.

Then did the pilgrims undress and venture in,  
But Christian sank beneath the rising wave ;  
He cried to his brother Hopeful " I begin  
To sink beneath the horrors of this grave."

A horror of great darkness overspread  
All the sweet comforts he had known before ;  
" Oh Lord ! " he cried, " have I by Thee been led,  
And yet can't see fair Zion's glorious shore."

But Hopeful said, " my brother courage take,  
I feel the bottom. it is safe and good ;  
Heaven's bright Son upon my soul doth break,  
We are saved ! we are saved ! the way is marked with  
blood ! "

But Christian cried, " Ah me ! I shall be lost,  
My former sins are crowding round my heart ;  
Within these fearful billows I am tossed,  
In Jesus and His Heaven I have no part ! "

Then Hopeful said, " Brother, I see the gate—  
There's pearly gates, there's shining streets of gold ; "  
But Christian cried, " alas ! it is too late,  
My own beloved I shall ne'er behold."

And Hopeful cried, " Jesus doth make thee whole,"  
Then Christian seemed a little to revive ;  
New strength came flowing in upon his soul,  
" Amazing grace," said Christian, " I'm still alive."

“ Alive in Christ, though in myself I'm dead ;”  
 Then both began to sing with sweetest breath,  
 We're more than conquerors through our living Head—  
 Where is thy victory now, oh ! boasting death ?

Then cried out Christian, “ now I'm safe indeed,  
 His work is perfect, He is indeed a rock ;  
 In Thee, oh ! Christ, I firmly now believe,  
 Upheld by Thee, I stand Death's mighty shock.”

Thus sweetly singing both now reached the shore,  
 There the two shining ones in waiting stand ;  
 And, oh ! how glad to see them safely o'er,  
 They lead them up to great Immanuel's land.

What Angel's pen can e'er describe that place,  
 Where God in Christ unveils his matchless love ;  
 In open glory to behold that face,  
 The first to welcome them to heaven above.

The shining ones, as they went up the hill,  
 Describe the wonders they were soon to see ;  
 Amazing glory, the Pilgrims hearts did fill,  
 From sin and self, for ever now set free.

“ There,” said the shining ones, “ you will behold,  
 The Men of Faith, of whom you've often read ;  
 Men who for Jesus, all earth's treasures sold,  
 By his own hand, to his own home were led.

“ Within this paradise, there grows the tree  
Which those who eat shall live for evermore ;  
There God in Christ, without a veil you'll see,  
No sin nor sorrow lives on that bright shore.”

“ There every day you with your king shall talk,  
Each day receiving new proofs of his love ;  
Ever discovering new wonders as you walk  
Safe in the ark, like Noah's trustful dove.”

The pilgrims asked, “ when in our heavenly home,  
How do we show our love to Christ the Lord ?”  
The shining ones then said, “ in praise alone,  
For now you've done with prayer, and God's pure  
word.

“ Your song alone, worthy for ever He,  
Who gave his life to save us from hell's flood ;  
Worthy the Lamb who died on Calvary's tree,  
And bought our crowns with his own precious blood.

“ All your dear friends you shall behold again,  
Who fought like you to reach this heavenly land ;  
And you among these holy ransomed men,  
In holy friendship shall for ever stand.

“ And when the Lord shall come to judge this earth,  
You near his throne shall likewise come with him ;  
And every soul that has no second birth,  
Shall judge to hell for unbelief and sin.”

Now as our pilgrims reached the heavenly gate,  
Celestial music filled their hearts and ears ;  
Both pilgrims cried, " Oh ! what a glorious fate,  
We've heaven for earth, eternal joys for fears.

Myriads of angels now around them throng,  
With harps of gold they strike their noblest lay ;  
One note alone the burden of their song,  
Christ and his crown in everlasting day.

The bells of all the city now did ring,  
To welcome these poor pilgrims to their Lord ;  
Righteous and Faithful, all his angels sing,  
Who has fulfilled to you his holy word.

Heaven's open gate with dazzling splendour shone,  
Above it written in rays of golden light ;  
Welcome true pilgrims who his will have done,  
Through Christ your Lord to heaven as your own right.

Then did our pilgrims from their bosom draw,  
The two certificates which Christ had given ;  
When read, there was not found within one single flaw,  
So through the pearly gate they pass to heaven.

Transfigured with radiant beauty both now stood,  
Resplendent with glory in each others eyes ;  
What rendered them so beautiful was Jesu's blood,  
Crowns for their cross—Heaven's songs for all their  
sighs.

Then all heaven's bells again did sweetly ring,  
Above that countless bright immortal throng,  
I heard the voices of our pilgrims sing,  
This was the burden of their eternal song.

“Glory for ever, glory to God alone,  
Blessing, honour, and praise, for ever and for ever,  
From God the Father, the Spirit and the Son,  
No mortal nor immortal power our souls can sever.”

Now in my dream, I longed to behold  
One glimpse of our two pilgrims resting place ;  
Like to transparent glass, the streets were gold,  
Oh ! when shall I, too, see him face to face.

The gates were shut, but high above them rose,  
One song which shook the very vault of heaven ;  
“Worthy the Lamb who saved us from our foes,  
Crown him for ever who has our sins forgiven.

Now as I mused upon this glorious song,  
And felt my heart with holy longing burn ;  
I saw poor Ignorance come lazily along,  
And towards the river his steps did quickly turn.”

Without a moment's trouble he passed o'er,  
And up the hill with boldness did ascend ;  
But no one stood on great Immanuel's shore,  
No, not one welcome, not one single friend.



With no misgiving as to his sad fate,  
He boldly cried, "I have a right to heaven;"  
But now a voice came from within the gate,  
"None enter here but those whose sin's forgiven."

"Where's the certificate," the angels cried,  
Poor Ignorance answered not a single word;  
"Thou hast no interest in the blest One who died.  
Thou art an alien to thy sovereign Lord."

Then did the King command him to be bound,  
Both hand and foot and take him to the place  
Where nothing's heard but sorrow's wailing sound,  
The home of all who do reject Christ's grace.



# **PART II.**

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**CHRISTIANA,  
AND HER  
CHILDREN'S PILGRIMAGE  
TO MOUNT ZION.**



## CHRISTIANA, &c.

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Christian and his true companions having reached their  
heavenly home,  
I through this great wilderness was compelled to walk alone;  
Musing upon Mount Zion, its gates and streets of gold,  
I said good Christian knoweth now that half was never told.

Oh! the eternal wonders of free and sovereign grace,  
Christian for ever seeing his Saviour face to face;  
Sin absent, Jesus present—Oh! what happiness is this,  
Oh! when shall I behold it in yon fair world of bliss.

Thus musing on his glory my heart and eyes did weep,  
Worn out with sin's sad burden I laid me down to sleep;  
A wild spot in this wilderness, a dark and gloomy wood,  
And as I dreamt an aged man before me silent stood.

On his left side a city to the worldly eye most grand,  
And all around it barren as the deserts parched sand;  
I said to the old gentleman, "What city's that I see,"  
"The City of Destruction," he quickly answered me.

An ill-conditioned people as ever trod this earth,  
The greater part of them most wicked from their birth ;  
I wish that better I could say in honesty and truth,  
Though there lives a Christiana, Mercy and a Ruth."

" Christiana, was she the wife of Christian, tell me pray ?  
What, did she leave that bad city and all its wicked way ?"  
The good old man said " Yes," then quickly set him down,  
And said, " I'll tell you how Christiana left that wicked town.

" I suppose you do remember well, how every means she  
tried,  
To prevent her husband from taking the pilgrim's righteous  
side ;  
And how poor man he prayed and wept that she would go  
with him,  
But she and her dear children were then in love with sin.

" For a long time no sign she gave, that she did then relent,  
But often called her husband fool, that he a pilgrim went ;  
Yet now and then the thought would come, he's better off  
than me,  
And now and then another thought, with him I ne'er shall be.

" It also had been rumoured within her native town,  
How to her husband had been given an everlasting crown ;  
How he was clothed in robes of white, and walked the streets  
of gold,  
And did enjoy such happiness, to mortals never told.

“Then thoughts did rise within her heart how she did strive  
to win,

Her husband from his godly ways, and bring him back to sin ;  
And when he wept, how she did laugh, and treated him with  
scorn,

And tried in body and in soul to do him greivous harm.

“ And further still, more solemn thoughts her conscience now  
within,

Began to sting her fiercely for all her wretched sin ;  
Then looking on her children, would say, I kept you back,  
From following your father’s most holy righteous track.

“ And when she did remember her husband’s cries and tears,  
And all his kind entreaties it did increase her fears ;  
All his loving words and deeds they now come back again ;  
And added ten-fold misery to her heart’s deep grief and pain.

“ Then overwhelmed with guilt and fear would sink upon the  
ground,

While all her loving children would weeping stand around ;  
We are lost, we are lost, she would reply, yes you as well as  
me ;

Oh children dear your loving father we never more shall see.

“ Do you remember how he cried what must I do to be saved ?  
It wrings my very conscience, ’tis there, ’tis there engraved ;  
Oh let us follow our father, the children would reply,  
Too late, too late, said their mother, for our sins we now must  
die.

“ So with poor Christiana her days and nights were sad,  
Not one of all her neighbours to her seemed half so bad ;  
And though for all her sins, her conscience deeply frowned,  
The sin against her husband seemed all her sins to have  
crown'd.”

Then said Mr. Sagacity, that was the old man's name,  
“ Shall I go on and tell the rest, how she a pilgrim came ?”  
“ Most willingly, most willingly, let me her history hear,  
To know she's gone on pilgrimage my inmost heart will cheer.”

“ Yes, mercy from King Jesus to her did likewise stream,  
But first my friend I must relate good Christiana's dream ;  
As she slept most restlessly, a parchment broad she saw,  
In which were all her thoughts and deeds against God's  
holy law.

“ She then cried out most earnestly, have mercy Lord on me,  
But two ill-favoured ones cried out, no mercy shall there be ;  
If she cries out for mercy she will escape our hand,  
Therefore by fair or foul we must keep her in our land.

Then Christiana woke in great alarm and fright,  
And cried alas I'm doomed no more to see the light ;  
Then did she cry and groan, and in deeper anguish pray,  
Then thought she heard a gentle voice, to thy husband  
come away.

With terror and with sorrow she again fell into sleep,  
And now a brighter prospect her fearful heart did meet;  
She saw her husband standing with a golden harp in hand,  
Amidst ten thousand angels in great Immanuel's land.

She saw her husband bend, before a glorious throne,  
She saw that every eye was fixed on Christ, and Christ alone;  
Who in resplendent glory, before his Father, God,  
Cried, "Behold my children, redeemed with my own blood."

Then Christiana woke, in great amazement lost,  
Sometimes hope, and sometimes fear, her anxious bosom tost;  
No longer bold and careless, but with many a heartfelt groan,  
Did she engage in prayer, with her children now alone.

And while so engaged, unto the door one came,  
And gentle and lovingly called Christiana by her name;  
With blushing, from her prayer, she rose from off the floor,  
And with much trembling welcomed the stranger at the door.

Then the stranger said, "To this house let there be peace,  
And the work of God in all your hearts may the Holy  
Spirit increase;  
Christiana, dost thou know me? I dwell with them on high,  
My name is Secret, and I've heard, in secret thou dost sigh.



“I have heard moreover, thou art sorry for the evil thou hast done,  
And often sigh in secret, that with thy husband thou had'st not gone ;  
And thus thou did'st desire to go where he is now,  
And share with him the blood bought crown, which Jesus doth bestow.

“Moreover, I must tell thee, thy heavenly father's smile,  
Is ready to receive thee, and make thee his own child.  
Pardon he has for all, who through Jesus come,  
And leave this wicked city for thy husband's glorious home.”

Then Christiana abashed, bowed lowly to the ground,  
While Secret said, “My child, in his eyes grace thou hast found ;  
Moreover here's a letter, from your husband's royal king,  
Who longs to see thee in heaven, his glories there to sing.”

Now in Christiana's heart there rushed such warm desire,  
To become a true pilgrim, her heart was all on fire ;  
The letter itself was perfumed, written in purest gold,  
But oh the blessed news to her it did unfold.

The king would have her come and live with him for ever  
No more from her dear husband through eternity to sever ;  
Yea, now her very heart and soul was willing to take wing,  
She cried, “Oh sir, will you take me, and my children to my king ?”

But he with loving solemnity to her did meekly say,  
"The bitter was before the sweet through all thy husband's  
way ;  
In the world you shall have tribulation, says the unerring  
word,  
To all who will live godly, in Christ, your glorious Lord.

Therefore arise, like thy husband, and say not it's too late,  
But set thy heart and face towards yonder wicket gate ;  
Read this letter to thy children, and take them along with  
thee,  
And through the Lord's most loving grace, thy husband  
thou shalt see."

The loving messenger left her, and Christiana began to muse,  
That such a vile sinner should hear such glorious news ;  
"What me, who have deserved a world of endless woe,  
Am invited with my children, to my husband now to go."

Then she called them all around her, and said, "My children  
dear,  
You know how I have been exercised with sorrow and  
with fear ;  
Because my heart was hardened, and your father did revile,  
For at all his solemn warnings, you know how I did smile.

“ Most justly I might have been cast into the lowest hell,  
 But oh my darling children, with joy to you I tell ;  
 I’ve got a letter from the king, who reigns o’er that bright place,  
 Where your beloved father ever sees his glorious face.

“ It bids us to arise, and go your father’s way,  
 And in this wicked city not a moment more to stay ;  
 It bids us all to hasten to yonder wicket gate,  
 For this city it is doomed to destruction’s dreadful fate.

“ Arise, my children, arise, not a moment longer wait,  
 To the city of your Father, lies yonder wicket gate ;  
 There we shall have with him an eternal glorious crown,  
 While fire and brimstone will destroy our native wicked town.”

Then were the childrens’ eyes all full of tears,  
 Their future journey o’ercame their childish fears ;  
 They seemed partakers of their mother’s grace,  
 Longed to be gone to see their Father’s face.

Christiana said, “ this wicked town we must in heart forsake,”  
 All now were eager the Heavenly road to take ;  
 When just as they were leaving, two neighbours came—  
 Mercy and Timorous were the neighbours’ name.

These neighbours called to Christiana within,  
 Who answered, “ if you come in God’s name, then pray come  
 in ;”

This made the women linger at the door,  
 For never in all her life did Christiana talk so before.

They said to Christiana, "pray neighbour whither away,"  
"Why in this wicked town," she said, "I can no longer stay;  
I do believe with all my heart 'twill be destroyed by fire,  
And Zion, where my husband dwells, is now my heart's  
desire."

Then Timorous began to laugh, and said, "Our neighbour's  
crazed,  
For such a mad-brained journey, it makes me quite amazed;"  
This was daughter to him, who saw the lions frown,  
And tried to frighten Christian back to his own native town.

So she said, "Will you cast your life away, as well as your  
children, dear?  
So make thyself quite comfortable, and stay among us here;  
Why I have heard that the lions did take thy husband's life,  
And thinkest thou they'll spare thee because thou art his  
wife?"

"Why, I've been told there are giants, and hobgoblins too,  
And none, who've been such fools to go, have ever got safe  
through;  
Come Mercy, join with me," she said, "to drive this from  
her mind,  
And not to leave her pleasures and her neighbours all behind."

Then Christiana said, " if you knew the glorious news I've  
heard,  
You would rather hasten me away by loving deed and word ;  
Not a moment's peace my soul has had since my husband  
went away,  
For when he was in soul distress, I scorned him night and  
day.

" Alas ! for my churlish carriage, my heart doth now relent,  
And for all I said and did to him most truly I repent ;  
And if I were treated as I deserved, in truth to you I tell,  
It would have been most just to have sent me down to hell.

" Instead of which, neighbours, who ever heard such grace,  
I am invited by my husband's King to go and see his face ;  
Yes ! with my children too, right welcome we shall be,  
Oh ! neighbours, linger not a moment more, but come along  
with me.

" There doth my husband ever walk, with a crown of purest  
gold,  
And the joy that his King doth give him, by mortal was  
never told ;  
There we shall live for ever, without one stain of sin,  
Come neighbours, come, the very thought my ravished soul  
doth win."

Said Timorous, "there's Obstinate, who went thy husband's way,  
And Pliable, who found it too hot any longer there to stay;  
Why some are drowned, and some are burnt, but all meet  
with their death,  
To tell thee all the dangers would make me out of breath.

"If he, being a man, could not escape from losing his precious life,  
How canst thou, a trembling woman, escape from death and strife?  
Act like a tender mother, stop at home with thy children dear,  
And come, be merry with us, put away such foolish fear."

But Christiana, with solemn voice, to Timorous firmly said,  
"No neighbour, no, by God's grace I'll leave this city of the dead;  
A price is put in my hands, which by grace I may surely gain,  
What a fool I should be to lose this crown for fear of a little pain."

Then did Timorous in passion and wrath revile her sore,  
And cried out to Mercy to open the door;  
"Come Mercy, Come Mercy, let's go from this fool,  
And let us give her up as well as her strict righteous school."

But Mercy was staggered at what she had heard,  
And her heart was beginning to yield to the word;  
Christiana's solemn talk had made her to muse,  
And the pilgrim's rough path half inclined to choose.

For her words had in measure taken hold of her heart,  
And she said to herself, "oh ! if I had part  
In the place where good Christian is wearing his crown,  
I would leave then for ever my own wicked town."

She whispered to Christiana, "are these things really true ?  
Dost thou think thy good husband has got safely through ?  
But alas ! there's no hope, for thou art called by name,  
But I must abide in my sin and my shame."

"Not so, dearest Mercy, do thou come with me,  
And the King I am going to will welcome thee free ;  
I'll read thee His love letter, 'tis in letters of gold—  
Oh ! how he will welcome thee into his fold."

Then Mercy she turned to Timorous her talk,  
And said "my good neighbour, I think I must walk,  
This sunshiny morning with Christiana on her way,  
And do you come with us, good neighbour, I pray."

"What more fools," said Timorous, "art thou also gone mad ?  
I am as good as my neighbours, though you think me so bad ;  
But on such foolish women, I'll not spend my breath,  
For soon I shall hear you have both met your death."

"Alas !" said Christiana, "I fear this woman will meet the  
fate  
Of all who remain outside the glorious wicket gate ;  
But come, sweet Mercy, come, let us hasten on our way,  
For pilgrims who are in earnest must work while it is day."

At hearing their mother's words all the children did rejoice,  
Our father's good example, by grace we make this choice ;  
So they turned their backs on Destruction, never more to see  
that town,  
But kept in view Christ Jesus, and His glorious blood  
bought crown.

But scarcely had they left it, when Mercy's heart began to  
fail,  
She said " I am not sent for, then how shall I prevail ?  
You've had a letter from your King, but I am going by my  
own choice,  
Alas ! I ne'er shall see His face, nor hear His glorious voice."

But Christiana said, " good Mercy, right welcome thou shalt  
be,  
For love, though it's in ashes, in thy heart I clearly see ;  
But as thou mourneth sore, and judgeth wrongly of thy state,  
Let us hear what our loving Lord will say, when at the  
wicket gate."

" Yes, indeed," said loving Mercy, " I will hear what the  
Lord will speak,"  
But ever and anon she would most sorely weep ;  
" Why weepst thou, my daughter ?" said Christiana to her  
friend ;  
" Oh ! who can keep from weeping, when one sees the fear-  
ful end.



“Of those, my dear relations, who are in my native town ?  
Oh ! if they live and die beneath God’s dreadful frown ;  
If they never care nor seek for a bleeding Saviour’s love—  
Never, never can they enter thy husband’s home above.”

“Ah ! thou art like my husband, for he did sorely weep,  
Because his loving words and deeds with hatred I did treat ;  
But God did hear his prayers, and answered them in time—  
Thou seest I am going towards Zion, where I hope with him  
to shine.

“The word of sacred truth hath said, that they who sow in  
tears,  
Shall reap in Heaven sweet joy, for all their present fears ;  
He that now beareth precious seed, and weepeth for his sin,  
Shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves  
with him.

“Let the most blessed be my guide,  
If it be His own will ;  
Unto His gate, into His fold,  
Up to His holy hill.

“And let him never suffer me  
To swerve or turn aside,  
From his free grace and holy ways,  
Whate’er shall me betide.

“And let him gather them of mine,  
That I have left behind ;  
Lord, make them pray they may be thine,  
With all their heart and mind.”

Thus with such loving counsel, did Christiana give her  
friend,  
And as good was her beginning, so good should be her end ;  
But now the Slough of Despond on their anxious eyes did  
gleam,  
Then to good old Mr. Sagacity, I spoke this in my dream :

“Is this the place where good Christian was once so sadly  
tossed.

And where many who have started fair have been entirely  
lost.”

“Yes, said the old gentleman, this is that woeful place,  
Where none can stand but those upheld by free and  
sovereign grace.”

Just then I saw the pilgrim's step into that dreadful slough,  
And I saw there was the deepest thought on Christiana's  
brow ;  
Said she “this is the very place where Pliable went  
back,  
And thousands from this very place have followed his lost  
tract.”

But all look'd well unto their steps, and many a silent prayer,  
Went up from that dark, miry slough, to keep them from  
despair ;

But prayerful and watchful, they made a shift to stand,  
But oh, the joy that filled all hearts when they got safe to  
land.

Now that our good pilgrims, all got safely o'er,  
There came a heavenly voice from Canaan's happy shore ;  
Blessed is she that believeth, for a performance there shall be,  
From thine own loving Jesus, who speaketh now to thee.

So as old Mr. Sagacity could no longer stay,  
He bid us all in love farewell, and went his righteous way ;  
But as the day was wearing, and it was growing late,  
Our pilgrims were o'erjoyed to see the little wicket gate.

And now they held a council, how best they should proceed,  
Said Christiana, " each must knock, for each one feels her  
need ;"

But as I am most worthless, and need the deepest cure,  
I'll set you all the example, by knocking at the door."

Tho' several times she knocked, none answered from within,  
Alas, they will not answer, by reason of my sin ;  
But now a sound there came, and it much increas'd their fear,  
For the growling of a dog they all did seem to hear.

But as heaven or hell depended on the opening of that gate,  
 Againg they knocked vehemently for it was growing late ;  
 So then the keeper opened, and cried " pray who is there,  
 That knocked so vehemently, as if they did despair."

Then Christiana bowed her head, and said, " let not my Lord,  
 Be angry with his maiden, if she pleads his own true word ;  
 I am come by invitation, as my husband once did come,  
 From the city of Destruction, but he's now got safe at home.

And as I come, my good Lord, I am filled with Godly shame,  
 That I did once refuse to bear the Christians name ;  
 But now through grace I'm travelling to Zion's heavenly  
 home,  
 "And if my Lord admit me, now most surely I shall come."

Then said the keeper, " hast thou chosen that which thou  
 did'st refuse ?  
 Why the angels around God's throne rejoice at this good  
 news ;  
 Come in thou blessed of the Lord, for it is growing late ;"  
 Then with great joy the keeper open'd wide the wicket gate.

Suffer the little ones to be, said according to Christ's word,  
 To follow as sweet babes of grace, their loving, dying Lord ;  
 Come from Destruction's city, which is doomed to wrath  
 through sin,  
 Welcome, right welcome to your Lord, then he shut her  
 safely in."

But when poor Mercy saw that her friend was safely in,  
Oh, she cried, "I'm left, I'm left, to satan, self, and sin ;"  
With bitter tears, and sighs, and groans, did she lament  
her fate,  
"Christiana will reign in glory, but I am come too late."

But still she kept on knocking, and still was heard her cry,  
"Oh Jesus, open wide thy gate, let not a sinner die ;  
'Tis true thou hast not sent for me, but still I read there's  
room,  
For all who are willing to be saved from sin's tremendous  
doom."

But when Christiana and her children heard their loving  
friend thus cry,  
To move the keeper's heart for her they did their utmost  
try ;  
With earnest prayers they did entreat to let poor Mercy in,  
Like Ruth, she comes unto my Lord, to save her from her  
sin.

Then did the keeper's heart relent, he opened wide the door,  
And said, "who knocks, as if for life, at this untimely  
hour ?"

These words to Mercy seemed at once her misery to crown,  
And louder still for pity cried, and fell into a swoon.

Then lovingly he stooped down, and bade her to arise, .  
And in the tenderest manner he wiped her tearful eyes ;  
With pleasant look and tender words, he told her to relate,  
What were the motives that had brought her to the wicket  
gate.

“ Christiana and her children, sir, were invited by her Lord,  
But I have ventured here to come, depending on her word ;  
Oh tell me, sir, if yet for me there can be pardoning grace,  
My hateful sins do make memoan, I long to see Christ’s  
face.”

Trembling, poor Mercy stood, expecting now her doom,  
But oh the heavenly words she heard, “ poor maiden, yet  
there’s room ;  
Room for the thirsty sinner, for all who like thee mourn,  
For all who like lost sheep to the shepherd yet return.”

Then with a loving hand, he gently led her in,  
But oh ! the glorious music, that moment heard within :  
It seemed as if God’s angels were sent with harps of gold,  
To welcome with the sweetest song this lamb of Christ’s  
true fold.

Christiana and her children joined the angelic throng,  
And in my dream I sweetly heard the burden of their song ;  
Worthy the lamb for ever, who once on Calvary stood,  
And opened wide this precious gate by his most precious  
blood.

Then did they all speak to our Lord, we heartily repent,  
And hate our former ways and words, we do indeed relent ;  
Can free pardon and forgiveness to us be really given,  
And shall we see good Christian in his glorious home in  
Heaven ?

By my spirit you have repented, and you all do feel your  
need,  
I grant you all free pardon, both by word and deed ;  
By the word of promise now, which I seal with this pure  
kiss,  
The other shall be revealed, ere you reach your heaven of  
bliss.

His words fell like honey upon their wounded heart,  
And for a time took out the sting of sin's envomomed smart ;  
Then did they gaze with loving looks, drank in each precious  
word,  
And all stood waiting with reverence the orders of their  
Lord.

Then their Lord did speak to each with gracious words of  
love,  
And told them that Christian was waiting for them in his  
Heavenly home above ;  
Then Christiana, encouraged by his words, began with him  
to plead,  
That he would at once reveal to them how they had been  
saved by deed.

“But,” he said, “by trial and suffering you all must suffer loss,

Before you know your salvation of Christ upon the cross ;”  
Then Mercy fell upon her knees, “ my Lord, if I’ve found  
grace,

Why does my Lord keep such a cur in this most holy place ?

“ My loved one he is not mine, though near my gateway  
found,

The owner is my enemy, and hates my holy ground ;  
His roaring has frightened pilgrims, oft-times from bad to  
good,

Though not of good will, for gladly he would take their  
blood.

“ Not one is lost who keeps quite close to me and to my word,  
And have a true certificate from me. their rightful Lord ;  
But as the day is wearing, you must now prepare to go,  
Along the way marked by my blood, where you the truth  
shall know.”

Then he washed their feet, set them in the way, which  
Christian went before,

And said, “ to drive you back you’ll often hear, the enemy’s  
loud roar ;

Be prayerful, consult my word, oft think upon my cross,  
And though you’ll have to fight by faith, you never shall be  
lost.”



Now Christiana felt such love and joy, she must begin to sing,

Indeed they all felt heart-longing to see their glorious King ;  
Then Christiana began her song, and sang with heart and voice,  
And said to her dear children, " come, let us all rejoice !

" Bless'd be the day that I began  
A pilgrim for to be ;  
And blessed also be that man  
That thereto moved me.

" 'Tis true 'twas long ere I began  
To seek to live for ever ;  
But now I run fast as I can,  
'Tis better late than never.

" Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,  
Are turned as we see ;  
That our beginning (as one saith)  
Shows what our end will be."

Now all with cheerful hearts pursued their way,  
But just before them, on the left hand, lay  
A garden fair, fruit pleasing to the eye,  
Which Christiana's boys with pleasure did espy.

" My sons," she said, " this fruit is very fair,  
But something whispers, of this fair fruit beware ;  
Once on a time, if you remember well,  
In Eden's garden our mother Eve did dwell.

“ There as a chaste, a loving, and obedient wife,  
Of every tree might eat, but not the tree of life ;  
The serpent beguiled her with his poisoned eye,  
She ate this fruit, which caused us all to die.”

To these wise words her sons would not take heed,  
But climbed the wall to eat with greater speed ;  
Alas ! poor lads, how soon had they forgot,  
The man who owned the dog, he owned this spot !

The blooming fruit hung tempting o’er the wall,  
A voice was heard that seemed to loudly call :  
“ Come, eat my fruit, you shall not surely die,”  
Down to this hour still does he ever cry.

So heedless of their mother’s words, they all went on,  
But scarce, from the place a bowshot yet had gone,  
When from a crooked lane, both barren and waste,  
Two ill-favoured ones came on them in great haste.

Christiana and Mercy, fearful they would assail,  
Speded right on, covered each with modest veil ;  
But the ill-favoured ones would no denial take,  
With honeyed words they cunningly thus spake.

“ We want no money, grant us but one request,  
You shall have golden treasure and sweet rest ; ”  
Christiana divining thus their wicked will,  
Just anger did her trembling bosom fill.

She said, "Stand back, our journey's life or death,  
With idle words we cannot spend our breath ;  
We will neither hear, regard, nor ever yield ;  
The Lord of glory be our sword and shield.

Then did the pilgrims spurn them with their feet,  
But still these wicked ones did them entreat ;  
But as they would not yield, they roughly spake,  
" If you will not consent ; by force we'll take."

" Ah ! villain, you would have us body and soul,  
But rather than yield to your most vile control,  
Here on this spot we would much rather die ;"  
Then to their Lord most loudly did they cry.

" Murder," most lustily the pilgrims both did call,  
But still the villains pressed them sore to fall ;  
Nearly o'erpowered, how sad would be their fate,  
But now their voices reach the wicket gate.

Quickly from there a pilgrim's guard now came,  
Cried to these wicked ones, " We know your name ;  
Why will you tempt God's people thus to sin ?  
Courage, true women, the victory you shall win."

But when the guard came where the women stood,  
To defend themselves, were covered each with blood ;  
Almost o'ercome, were faint and out of breath,  
Rather than yield, would both have suffered death.

But when the guard these wicked ones would take,  
Over the wall they forcibly escaped ;  
Then did the women turn with grateful heart,  
To him who thus such succour did impart :

“ Ah ! princely guard from what a dreadful fate  
You have saved us from this vile thing we hate ;  
“ Well through grace we have, and grace shall you reward,  
But still I marvel you did not ask a guard.

“ If at the gate you had asked for me, my Lord  
He would have granted according to his word ;  
You thus most needlessly exposed your life,  
Your heavenly guard would save you from this strife.”

“ True, but one was not offered by our loving Lord,”  
“ No ! you should have asked according to his word ;  
If given without asking you would not need,  
Therefore, perhaps at other times to plead.

“ But now you will value his most faithful guard,  
And I trust in future will ask, as saith his word ;  
But as you have resisted unto blood,  
All things have worked together for your good.”

“ We have indeed, my Lord, been sinfully remiss,  
Shall we go back and ask free pardon both for this ;  
“ I’ll present your confession to my Lord,  
But remember for the future, ask as saith his word.”

Then Christiana and Mercy both began to sing  
Everlasting honours to our glorious king ;  
To his poor pilgrims, though we did not plead,  
Sent heavenly guard in our deep hour of need.

Mercy then said, " Oh ! what a danger's here,  
It makes me tremble, and for the future fear ;  
I thought all dangers we had passed by,  
We shall be lost unless for help we cry.

" Poor heart indeed, thy ignorance was such,  
Tho' still in fault, it did excuse thee much ;  
But I'm doubly guilty, I knew what we should meet,  
And yet refrained my Lord thus to entreat.

" When in soul trouble, and in my native home  
I saw this very trial which now has come ;  
Yes ! in my dream, for I did see them then,  
Just as they came, these two ill-favoured men.

" Oh, guilty one, I do lament indeed,  
That I forgot with my dear Lord to plead ;  
" Watch and pray," how loving and how kind,  
Yet how forgetful both in heart and mind.

" True shame to cover our face becomes us all,  
To watch and be sober, loudly it doth call ;  
Our Lord hath saved us though we did not plead,  
Out of his riches of grace in desperate need.

“ May we for ever this mercy bear in mind,  
Unasked, unsought, for yet so free and kind ;  
With heart and knee let us now humbly fall  
In heart and life, now crown him all in all.”

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THE  
INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

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Sorrow was mingled with their joy, so softly they went on,  
For the remembrance of their folly was not entirely gone ;  
At last they came unto a house, just in the king's highway,  
Where in former days of old, good Christian there did stay.

A full description in his travels of this house was given,  
When he, like all true pilgrims, was fighting his way to  
heaven ;  
So Christiana knowing well how he was there received,  
Said to Mercy, “ Let us loudly knock, and with the master  
plead.”

So with beating heart they all approached, unto the welcome  
door,  
On its front was written in golden letters, “ free welcome  
for the poor ;”  
But what made them most to wonder, as near the door they  
came,  
They heard sweet voices talking, of Christiana by her name.

This made them knock far louder than they had done before,  
When quickly came a lovely maid and opened wide the door ;  
“What would you have good women, in this most lonely place?”  
“We understand this house was built for all who have found  
grace.

“We already have been chastened for all our folly, and  
therefore would not go,  
Further this night, until our Lord's good pleasure we shall  
know,”  
Then said the maiden, “None come here, but those who feel  
their need,  
And who comes through the wicket gate, are pilgrims in  
and deed.

“If such you are, you must give me now your title and your  
name,  
To the city you are going, and the city from whence you  
came.”  
“Christiana is my name,” she said unto the maid,  
And marvelled at the the maiden's looks, so pure and yet so  
staid.

But the moment her name was mentioned, joy lighted up her  
face,  
“What, art thou the wife of Christian, and hast thou been  
won by grace?”  
“Yes, with my four children, and Mercy too is come,  
I'm going unto my husband, to Zion's glorious home.”

Then did the maiden leave the door, and rush most swiftly in,  
"Who do you think is now without," she said to all within;  
"Why Christiana, who treated her husband once with such  
contempt and scorn,"  
"Yes," said Innocence, (for that was her name) "it is her  
very form."

Then did the master himself, with joyful haste now come,  
Wondering at all the marvels which God's right arm had  
done ;  
In giving a new heart to one who scorned his grace,  
Which Christiana once had done in her former wicked place.

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"Art thou that Christiana, who did thy husband slight,  
And chose to live in darkness, rather than see the light ?"  
"Ah ! yes indeed my Lord, I do confess with shame,  
I am that Christiana, but Graceless was once my name.

"I did my husband slight, I mocked his godly fears,  
I treated with disdain his loving looks and tears ;  
Most justly, most justly, my Lord would have acted well,  
If he had sent me, as I deserved, to the lowest depths of hell.

"And though with stubborn heart I would not leave my  
place,  
He sent a royal messenger, to move my heart with grace ;  
Surely my body, soul, and spirit, most willingly I give,  
To see the glorious face of him who made me thus to live."



"Welcome," said the master, "most blessed of the Lord,  
Now is fulfilled the parable in his most holy word ;  
The son who said he would not come, yet afterwards he came,  
Is surely thy very image, both in deed and name.

"Come in maiden, come in children, most welcome all shall be,  
All that our house contains, to pilgrims like you are free ;  
Come, all ye blessed ones, and sit you down to rest,  
Whom my Lord approves, must be for ever blest."

But when the maidens knew Christiana was really come,  
It seemed a royal birthday in that happy home ;  
Each smiled upon each other, and with welcome words again  
They cried, "Come in, thou blessed, grace must for ever reign."

They patted the children on the head, and spoke most  
loving words,  
And said, "These precious lambs, for ever shall be the  
Lords ;"  
To Mercy it breathed the very atmosphere of love,  
"Surely," she cried, "this is the earnest of Christians  
home above."

Now, while supper was preparing, the master to his guests,  
Did show his Lord's great wonders, which his house did now  
possess ;  
There they saw what Christian saw, the man in the iron  
cage,  
The man who cut his way through all, and a glorious war  
did wage.

The man in his dream, the picture and other things most pure,  
Which made her husband, when quite faint, most bravely to endure ;  
And other excellent things, most useful and most true,  
Which would do them each good service in all their pilgrim-  
grimage through.

Then he had them in another room, the finest room of all,  
And said, " I've a riddle to propose, I hope you will answer  
all ;  
Christiana and Mercy, what now doth meet your sight,  
They answered, " My Lord, I see nothing but heaven's  
beautious light."

" Is there nothing on the wall good maidens, to meet your  
searching eye,"  
" Nothing but an ugly spider," said Mercy, " which I now  
espy ;"  
" Ah !" said the Interpreter, " there's more spiders here  
than one,  
If you search narrowly, there are others discovered by the  
sun."

Then did the water stand in poor Christiana's eye,  
" Ah ! indeed there are sir," she said, with a deep sigh ;  
Far more poisonous spiders than this poor simple thing,  
Venomous we are, sir, through our heart and life's deep  
sin."

Then he gave her a pleasant look, and said, "Thou hast answered true,

The solving of my riddle sweet, maiden is thy due ;  
Now this spider shows to thee, though full of venomous sin,  
You are clean, if faith lays hold of your prophet, priest,  
and king.

Mercy and the boys all blushed as they looked within,  
And felt what venomous spiders they were made by sin ;  
Christiana also said, " Ugly spiders indeed we are,  
But how she retained her hold, I could not see so far."

" Yes," said the interpreter, " Faith is that gracious boon,  
Given by King Jesus, to dwell in his best room ;  
To cling like this spider be that our happy part,  
For faith, when it is genuine, purifies the heart."

More significant things the Interpreter did show,  
For, said he, " In saving knowledge you must learn to grow."  
Then he showed them a hen and chickens, and one its head  
did raise,  
Before it drank its water, offering mute praise.

Then said the Interpreter, " Wise things you shall understand,  
In this next room there's a man with a muck rake in his  
hand ;  
Come and observe him, now his eyes are for ever down,  
Though above his head there hangs a bright and glorious  
crown."

Then did they marvel much, how he heaped the dross and  
dung,

Though in his ears continually this solemn warning rung :  
“ What shall it profit a man, if he gains the whole  
Of this world's gold and silver, and yet shall lose his soul.

Then said Christiana, “ Methinks sir, I can tell,  
Something of what this foolish man appears to love so well ;  
His soul is in this earth, and he will look no higher,  
Though with his gold and silver he perish in the fire.”

“ Thou hast well said Christiana, as his heart and soul are  
down,  
For this fleeting, glittering world, he will sell his heavenly  
crown ;  
Glued by the prince of darkness to his covetous desire,  
He counts heaven but a fable, if his gold but rises higher.

Then said Christiana, “ Lord save me from this muck-rake,  
If thou seest fit to strip me, for thy most glorious sake ;  
Cast the love of money out, by thy love so pure and free,  
Then shall I be willin to have poverty with thee.”

“ Ah !” said the Interpreter, “ that prayer has grown quite  
rusty,  
Give me not riches, our pious folks call musty ;  
Hold the world in one hand, profess religion in the other,  
And for the sake of lucre off' sell their Christian brother.

“ Even those men, whose hearts Christ has won unto himself,  
Have oft' been drawn aside by the bait of glittering pelf ;  
Give me neither poverty nor riches, let that prayer be thine,”  
“ Amen,” said Christiana, be that prayer for ever mine.”

“ Now look again, and learn true wisdom still,  
From this simple bird, yet mighty in her will ;  
Four modes of calling for her brooding young,  
And yet each call it hath a seperate tongue.

“ View this wise bird, an emblem of your king,  
With all true children safe beneath his wing ;  
There is his common call which bringeth naught,  
Also his special call with rich blessings fraught.

“ His brooding call, beneath his mighty wing,  
His outcry call, which saves your soul from sin,”  
Then said the Interpreter, “ If you are really wise,  
Beneath these emblems spiritual treasure lies.

“ Here is another mark, you dying sheep,  
He takes his death just like a pleasant sleep ;  
So if grace reigns, there should be no complaint,  
Though you are wronged by sinner or by saint,

“ Next to his garden, where beautiful to their sight,  
Flowers of all kind, in lovely colours bright ;  
Some of inferior, some of richer hue,  
All showing life upon the rich soil they grew.

“ Next to the corn-field where they all stood mute,  
And learnt this lesson that Christian's must bear fruit ;  
The corn was stowed to save from famine dire,  
But all the worthless thrown into the fire.

“ Again the Interpreter pointed out the bird,  
Whose beautiful plumage in praise is often heard ;  
But in his mouth he held a spider vile,  
This robin preached two lessons like the dial.

“ There are professors, who seem to have God's fear,  
Frequent the company of those who are deemed sincere ;  
Also God's house, and godly in their talk,  
Yet swallow spiders in their daily walk.

“ Yes swallow sin as water which they drink,  
At secret or open wickedness they wink ;  
No true repentance, no living faith's return,  
No godly sorrow, or in conscience mourn.”

Then as supper was preparing he brought forth other things,  
Out of the book of wisdom, given by the King of kings ;  
It is a comely thing for women to go neat, not very fine ;  
But a far more comelier thing in Christ's garments here to  
shine.

How much easier to begin than to endure unto the end,  
He is unmerciful to himself who forgets his Saviour friend ;  
He that lives here in sin, yet hopes high heaven to gain,  
Is like one that soweth tares, and yet expects wheat for  
his pain.

He that would live well, and speak with godly breath,  
Must walk with Christ on one hand, and his other com-  
panion death ;  
If this world which God sets light by is counted of such  
worth,  
What must the glory of heaven be above this sinful earth.

The goodness of man is cried up, wherever you may go,  
But how rare to find the heart in which God's grace  
doth flow ;  
We often leave some meat, when at our meals we feed,  
So in Christ there's glorious merit, more than all the world  
hath need.

The supper being now ready, the minstrels began to sing,  
And a grateful song it was to their father and their king ;  
And although with voice but one or two could take the  
singer's part,  
Yet all did sing with melody, within their grateful heart.

The Lord is only my support,  
And he that doth me feed ;  
How can I then want anything,  
Whereof I stand in need.

Then he spake to Christiana, "Thy beginning I feel is good,  
He has set before thee an open door, freely opened by his  
blood ;  
And then good loving Mercy what brought thee in the way,  
What was it that made thee no longer in thy native town to  
stay ?"

Then Mercy blushed and trembled and dropt a silent tear,  
But the Interpreter said, "Good maiden, thou hast no cause  
for fear ;"  
"My Lord, I know not how," and again she deeply sighed,  
"My Lord, my poor experience I would rather in silence  
hide."

"Only believe and speak, all are thy friends that's here,  
Unburden thy loving mind, without the slightest fear ;  
I am sure you did begin well, and thy latter end shall increase,  
For by grace thou art a lover of our glorious Prince of Peace."

"Well then, good sir, I called at Christiana's home,  
And found her and her children ready on pilgrimage to be  
gone ;  
I, with a neighbour, wondered whatever she could mean,  
Thus to endanger her life, through the fancy of a dream.



“ So with every persuasion we tried to keep her back,  
But she said, ‘ By faith, I see my husband’s glorious track ;  
Not all the gold and silver, the world could me afford,  
Would make me disobey the summons of my Lord.

“ What would you have me now incur the terrors of his frown,  
When I know from his most holy book he will destroy our  
town ;  
Neighbours, dear neighbours, come with me, it is my heart’s  
desire,  
That you with me should ’scape from sin, and hell’s de-  
vouring fire.

“ I’ve had a loving letter from my dear husband’s king,  
Like the sweetest music in my heart it now doth ring ;  
There’s pearly gates, and golden streets, and everlasting  
crowns,  
But if his message I neglect, I have wrath’s tremendous  
frowns.”

“ This was amazing news to me, my heart did then begin,  
To feel some sharp compunction for my own particular sin ;  
It whispered, if these words are true, which you have just  
now heard,  
Unless you become a pilgrim, you are a rebel to the Lord.

“ But then this fear came rushing in, this news is not  
for you,  
So remain in safety where you are, though this message  
is quite true ;  
However I thought within myself, if I perish I will go,  
And my heart to good Christiana did in love most sweetly  
flow.

“ But when I thought of my father and mother left behind,  
My heart ne'er broke with sorrow, for the trouble of my  
mind ;  
But then there came this whisper, who can tell but Christ's  
free grace,  
May rescue them as it hath thee, from this most wicked  
place.”

Then he said, “ Thou art a true Ruth, thou hast left thy sin-  
ful land,  
And all thy idols to join the pilgrims band ;  
In Christ the ark, thou art nestling like the dove,  
One day in glory thou wilt see his face above.”

Now supper ended, they all prepared for rest,  
And Mercy thought no soul on earth so blest ;  
For now she had some faith within her heart,  
That Christ with her would never, never part.

Praising her Lord, she lay thus through the night,  
With holy joy beheld the morning light ;  
Then all prepared to travel on their way,  
And the master said, " All listen to what I say.

" Through your long travel, your raiment bears much soil,  
**My** master gives you beauty for sin's foil."  
Then he called a maiden, " Take them, wash them clean,  
White spotless robes, on pilgrims should be seen."

Then all to the bath with joy, yet mixed with fear.  
But when all saw the waters sparkling clear,  
Each one hastened first with holy strife,  
For the maiden told them, the waters gave fresh life.

Each pilgrim then, with new and heavenly grace,  
Heaven's own beauty stamped upon each face ;  
Beauty for ashes, according to God's word,  
The oil of joy poured on them, by their Lord.

Then did the Interpreter look on them with sweet smile,  
" Fair as the moon," he cried, " washed from sin's guile ;  
Eat, oh beloved of the passover meal,  
Then with that mark, I will your forehead seal.

" So that in all places where your footsteps go,  
All as true pilgrims by it you may know ;  
Such glory now appeared upon their face,  
Each one appeared to the other more beautiful in grace."

Then said the Interpreter, "Bring their garments clean and white,

That all may shine, as children of the light ;"  
And oh how glorious shone our pilgrims form,  
When the fine linen their persons did adorn.

This is Christ's righteousness of spotless hue,  
The robe of righteousness is ever new ;  
With inward joy our pilgrims wondering stood,  
Gazing upon their garments stained with blood.

Now Christiana moved with a fire of love,  
Said, "not for his gifts, but to himself above ;  
Oh ! may our grateful hearts to him in heaven,  
Ascend in praise, who has so much forgiven."

Then in her heart she sweetly thus began,  
A hymn of praise to crown the glorious man ;  
She wove the crown from out his holy word,  
And called on each to magnify their Lord.

"Now, my loving daughters, speed you on your way,  
But listen to your Lord's commands, I each one pray ;  
He is not willing you now should go alone,  
But sends one Greatheart to guide you to your home."

Then Mr. Greatheart came, with sword and shield,  
It had been proved on many a battle field ;  
A faithful champion was he to his Lord,  
Armed with his helmet, breast-plate, and his sword.

Great victories he had won, when he did wield  
These weapons, covered with his flaming shield ;  
Christ was the shield, in many a fire and flood,  
Satan felt conquered through his precious blood.

“ Then,” said they all with glory on their face,  
“ Truly with our Lord we each have found grace ;”  
Then did the Interpreter wish each God speed,  
And said, “ your guide will guard you in each hour of  
need.”

“ Again,” he said, “ God speed,” then ope'd the door,  
All went their way, with Greatheart on before ;  
“ Surely,” said they, “ no more we suffer loss,”  
But all was silent, for now there arose a cross.

It was the place where Christian's burden fell,  
Where Jesus conquered all the host of hell ;  
There was the sepulchre, all stain'd with blood,  
And calvary's mount, where once the Saviour stood.

With love and grief they all did stand and gaze,  
Lost in deep sorrow, mingled with joy and praise ;  
“ Then,” said Christiana, “ here did our Saviour bleed,  
To grant us pardon, both by word and deed.

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“ Pardon by promise my heart doth somewhat know,  
When pardoned by deed, with love it must o'erflow;  
But Mr. Greatheart will you just tell us how  
This pardon by word and deed we come to know? ”

“ Pardon was obtained by Christ in every deed,  
To give to all who stand in deepest need;  
Righteousness to cover you all from every sin,  
And precious blood to wash you pure and clean.

“ When in nature's sin and practice you all of you were dead,  
Jesus came forth and suffered, in each one's room instead;  
Gives away this righteousness to each beggar that hath  
    need,  
And thus you feel you are saved, both by Christ's word and  
    deed.

“ And when this world is sinking, beneath wrath's fiery  
    flood,  
God will then pass over you, for the sake of this very  
    blood;  
This is the true passover, which whoever receives shall  
    live,  
And everlasting gratitude to his dear Saviour give.”

“ Then,” said Christiana, “ this is precious truth indeed,  
Ever remember, dear children, pardon is by word and deed;  
In Mercy, you and I, be this burnt in our heart,  
Pardon by word and deed, from it oh! never part.

“ But I have heard, dear sir, and in truth it was told to me,  
That until he came here, my husband was not free ;  
Yes, on this very spot, faith cut his burden through,  
When he looked by faith on a bleeding Christ, his pardon  
he then knew.”

“ Well,” said Christiana, “ I knew before a little of this holy  
joy,  
But now, for what I have gotten here, praise must my life  
employ ;  
For the solid comfort I feel now, I would my life lay down,  
For the sake of Him who gave a sinner her bright eternal  
crown.

“ Not only comfort, there's something more, there is the  
heartfelt tear,  
The belief in such a glorious Christ, produces Godly fear ;  
Yes, filled with holy sympathy, his sufferings thou wilt be-  
moan,  
And thy debt to him must ever increase, until thou hast  
reached home.

“ Ah ! me, my heart is sorely pained for such a loving Lord,  
That he could die for such a wretch, who long refused his  
word ;  
Come, all ye Saints in Heaven and earth, join me in sacred  
lays,  
Eternity will be too short to utter half his praise.

“ Oh ! that so long I could refuse my husband's way to go,  
Oh ! that all in our sad town this Heavenly bliss did know ;  
Oh ! Mercy, thy father and mother too, still sister, still  
    pray on,  
Who knows but they may follow when to our rest we have  
gone.

“ Oh ! precious, loving, dying Lord, my tongue can never  
tell,  
The debt, the eternal debt I owe thee, for saving me from  
hell ;  
Oh ! do thou Lord the Spirit, keep it ever in my heart,  
Clear evidence of my pardon, from it never let me part.”

Then Greatheart said, “ with love your hearts are warm,  
But will it be always so, amid life's bitter storm ;  
He has drawn you with the cords of everlasting love,  
And fixed your hearts for ever upon himself above.

“ Now is your armour on, but it is not yet put off,  
You have to endure hard battles and the worldling's bitter  
scoff ;  
For him who endured such unknown sufferings here for you,  
May God the Spirit ever keep you firm and true.

“ For many there were who round this cross once stood,  
Yet mocked and trampled on His precious blood ;  
But if through grace you cleave unto His name,  
You shall see His face without one spot of shame.”



Deep love and grief were mingled in each heart,  
From their dear Lord each feared now to part ;  
With holy reverence their way they softly tread,  
Lest by the tempter into evil they were led.

Sin never seemed so terrible as now,  
Caution was written on each pilgrim's brow ;  
Lest they should damp their dying Saviour's love,  
To keep them right they cried to him above.

Now to a noted spot the pilgrims came,  
For here three men were sleeping—this was their name—  
Sloth and Presumption, Simple made the three,  
Slaves to their lust, yet dreamt of liberty.

Then did the pilgrims gaze with trembling look,  
And Greatheart read from out the holy book,  
“ These were the men who slept their souls away,  
Chose Satan's darkness rather than Christ's day.

“ You see, good pilgrims, these three all started fair,  
Hung here as warning, let each of you beware ;”  
“ But pray, sir,” said Mercy, “ do you think that they  
Prevailed on others to leave this holy way.”

“ Several,” said Greatheart, “ to this spot they came,  
Then turned away—I'll give to you their name—  
There was one Short-wind, also his brother Slow-pace  
No-heart, Linger-after, and No-grace.

“Sleepy-head and Dull, with others I’ve heard tell,  
Through sin’s deep sleep were all thrust down to hell ;  
They all spoke falsely of your loving Lord,  
And said the land described in his true word,

“Was not half so good, not worth such trial and pain,  
For heart and life turned to the world again ;  
Spoke of His servants as men of narrow views,  
Expected to do well at last, though their own way they  
choose.”

“Then,” said Christiana, “oh ! wretched, worthless men,  
How can true pilgrims ever pity them ;  
But here in mercy this warning to us is given,  
To quicken through grace our lagging steps to Heaven.”

Christiana then said, “all three were lazy brothers,  
Most justly their crimes are named here, as warning unto  
others ;”

And Mercy, though loving, said, “let them hang and rot,  
An example to all ages, who have their Lord forgot.”

So trembling, yet rejoicing, they travelled on their way,  
Straight to the Hill Difficulty, just at the end of day ;  
So Mr. Greatheart now explained, all here good Christian  
saw,

For all good Christian’s deeds were to Christiana as a law.

At the bottom of the hill, the spring they met,  
But it was sadly fouled with some pilgrim's feet ;  
" Well," said good Mercy, " this is too bad I trow,  
Why did they not in purity let these sweet waters flow ? "

" If you take a vessel," said the guide, " but not one of  
wood,  
But one of pure silver, then the waters will run good ; "  
So they did as he commanded, and the water became  
sweet,  
And off in their rough travels 'twas indeed a pleasant treat.

" Here," said Mr. Greatheart, " two were once cast away,  
They preferred the crooked night, to the clear path of day ;  
It is, you see, well barred up by iron post and chain,  
And yet thousands will venture for a little paltry gain."

" They are lazy," said Christiana, and give up all control,  
" Give us our mirth," say they, " even if we lose our soul ; "  
The King's messengers called loudly to heed the written  
word,  
But they will not go in the footsteps of our loving Lord.

Then they prepared for the hill, Mr. Greatheart going before ;  
Before they reach the top, of strength they had no store ;  
Said Christiana, " This is indeed a hill, I feel quite out of  
breath,"  
" Yes," said Mr. Greatheart, many cowards here have met  
with death."

The children began to cry, and Mercy could scarce keep  
pace,

“Slow and sure,” said the Guide, “beware, not too much  
haste;”

So he comforted the little ones, and took them by the hand,  
If you are brave and true, you shall see your father's land.”

Then Mercy wished to rest, but he said, “No rest is here,  
Above is the princes arbour, there is rest and cheer;”  
So with now and then a stumble, they all pushed bravely  
on,  
Above the princes arbour, a glorious light there shone.”

“After hard labour,” said Mercy, “oh how sweet to rest,  
It gives all honest pilgrims such a holy zest;  
“But even here,” said Mercy, “we must watch with holy  
fear,  
For our good Christian's sleeping, cost him very dear.”

“Well! my lad,” said Greatheart, “how is it with you now,  
Has the hill Difficulty brought the sweat upon your brow?”  
“I thank you,” said the little ones, “for lending me a hand,  
Through grace, I thought of my father, which made me  
boldly stand.”

"The bitter before the sweet, no cowards venture here,  
The righteous are bold as a lion, but the wicked have slavish  
fear ;

" 'Tis a sweet resting place," said Mercy, "let us read his  
holy word,  
And keep our souls awake, by communing with our Lord."

Then said Christiana, "Let us all now eat,  
Mr. Interpreter gave me a pomegranate, it is both pure and  
sweet ;

Also a little spirit, just as we left his door,  
Through our Lord's grace, it hath often proved a cure.

"Come loving Mercy, thou did'st not me forsake ;  
Of all the Lord gives me, thou shalt indeed partake ;  
And you good Mr. Greatheart, will you not do as we?"

"Not at present," said the guide, "though to all my Lord's  
food I'm free."

"You have a long pilgrimage, but I must soon return,  
This made Christiana, Mercy and the children mourn ;  
"What sir! must you then leave us, must we really part?  
It brings both fear and sorrow into my trembling heart."

"Indeed," said Mr. Greatheart, "I'm loth to lose you all,  
But my business is to go where'er my Lord doth call ;  
And I hope before I leave, to do you good serving yet,  
For we have to face greater dangers than any we have  
met.

“ But let us not linger here, let us now depart,  
Many run fair at first and make a noble start ;  
Many there are who hobble and seem quite out of breath,  
But they outrun the fast runners, when they reach the post  
of death.”

So being now refreshed, they all moved quickly on,  
But Christiana found that her bottle had somehow gone ;  
So she sent back the little one to search the resting place,  
And he brought it to his mother, with a Christian's loving  
grace.

“ Most who come here,” said Mercy, “ seem to suffer loss,  
Nothing so wakeful to the soul as the loving cross ;  
Christian forgot his roll, and Christiana also forgot,  
Truly this should be to all a very watchful spot.”

“ Thou hast said right, my daughter, but alas too many  
sleep,  
Which after such great favour, have caused some to weep ;  
Watching and praying, most blessed all your journey  
through,  
So read, mark, and digest, and as you learn, so do.

“ Just here was the place where Timorous and Mistrust, .,  
Attempted to throw in Christian's eye the coward's dust ;  
Here they were burnt with fire, after putting on the rack,  
For attempting to drive good Christian to destruction's city  
back.”

All cried, "how good is our dear Lord, to affix this warning here.

Our safest path must ever be rejoiced with holy fear ;"

" Ah !" said Mr. Greatheart, " from that advice ne'er part, Pray that you may keep it, as a jewel in your heart."

So they all went softly on till the lions came in sight,

" Ah !" said Mr. Greatheart, " now for a desperate fight : Come lads, what think you, are you all of the same mind ? But the sight of the fierce lions did make them creep behind."

Then Mr. Greatheart smiled, " When no danger's near You're first I plainly see, but now you are last, through fear ;"

But Mr. Greatheart knowing the foe, at once unsheathed his sword,  
And bade the lions keep back, in the name of his dear Lord.

But now arose another foe, just in the pilgrim's track,  
Goaded on the lions, bade the pilgrims all go back ;  
" Ah !" said our good guide, " I know the giant Grim,  
Thou art sure to be the guardian of all who love their sin.

" But forward is our motto, so lions and giants keep back,  
In the name of Christ our Lord we will pursue our track ;"  
" But," said the grim giant, " this is my master's land,  
I and these fierce lions your journey will withstand.

“ Go back, I say again, and take my counsel good,  
 Or else I swear by Satan, here will I spill your blood ; ”  
 Then said Christiana, “ though former travellers have gone  
     astray,  
 And were made to pass through bye-paths, and many a bye-  
     way ;

“ But now I am risen a mother—a mother in Israel too,  
 The strait and narrow way we will boldly venture through ; ”  
 “ Yes,” said their trusty guide, “ like all pilgrims true,  
 In spite of giants and lions our journey we’ll pursue.”

The women and boys all trembling, behind their noble  
 guide,  
 Before them the giant towering, in all his dreadful pride ;  
 Then did Mr. Greatheart, lay on both with might and  
     main,  
 Breaking the giant’s arm, so he roared with rage and pain.

And the lions roaring too, made the women and children  
 shake,  
 Then with a fearful stroke, the giant’s head he brake ;  
 The battle raged fiercely, and shook the very ground,  
 But the lions could do no harm, for they were tightly  
     bound.



The battle hung in doubtful strife, each party out of breath,  
No quarter here was given, it must be instant death ;

“Now,” said the giant, “I have thee, in one moment thou  
art dead !”

As the words came from his mouth, Mr. Greatheart cleft his  
head !

Then did the pilgrims all raise their songs of triumph  
high,

To see the boasting giant before them helpless lie ;

How it increased their love to Jesus, who gave them such a  
guide,

To slay this monster giant, in the fulness of his pride.



## THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.



With the lions and the giant still fresh upon their mind,  
Our pilgrims each pressed forward, not lingering now be-  
hind ;

Before them the Palace Beautiful, shining like burnished  
gold,

“Great wonders,” said Mr. Greatheart, “your Lord will  
here unfold.”

The good old porter, Watchful, at the gate now stood in sight,  
So he hailed good Mr. Greatheart, "you are late, good sir,  
to-night ;"  
"I have brought you some true pilgrims, who are flying  
from self-sin,  
Determined by Christ's grace his glorious crown to win.

"The giant with his lions all withstood us in our way.  
But with my Lord's good trusty sword, I every one did  
slay ;"  
"Well, come in my fellow warrior, you're welcome to our  
best,  
All who enter here, find peace and solid rest."

"Not so," said Mr. Greatheart, "I have obeyed my Lord,  
In guarding these poor pilgrims, with his two-edged  
sword ;  
And having lodged them here, beneath your loving care,  
I now return to tell my Lord how blessedly they fare."

"Oh! sir," said Christiana, "must we now go alone ?  
With such dreadful enemies, how shall we reach our home ?  
If with your good counsel we have scarce escaped with  
life,  
How shall such defenceless ones stand in the battle's  
strife ?"

Mercy and the children all cried, " what shall we do ?  
Surely our Lord will allow you to take us safely through ;  
Weak women, defenceless children, the crown we ne'er  
shall win,  
But find ourselves o'ercome by Satan, self, and sin."

" Well," said Mr. Greatheart, " my Lord's commands are  
mine,  
I am bound to him for ever by his marvellous love in  
dying ;  
I will take Him your petition, and present it to his view,  
Pleading earnestly myself to guide you safely through."

Then did Mr. Greatheart commend them to his Lord,  
Remember to consult your map, God's everlasting word ;  
And should I never more behold each loving face,  
Quit you like valiant soldiers, your name nor cause dis-  
grace.

Then Watchful asked Christiana of her country and her  
name ;  
" Good sir," she said, " my country bears a wicked fame ;  
My name is Christiana, I blush while this I tell,  
That from my childhood, upwards, I rejected Heaven for  
hell.

“Although my husband, good Christian, did most earnestly  
entreat,  
That I, with my dear children, in Mount Zion would him  
meet;  
Yet I mocked and scoffed at him, called him madman to his  
face,  
But he bore my cruel taunts with a meek and lowly grace.”

“This is indeed,” said Watchful, “a glorious happy day,  
Surely God’s angel’s all rejoice to see you come this way ;  
I see your husband’s prayers and tears were registered in  
heaven,  
And you are reaping the precious fruits of all your sins  
forgiven.”

Then he said to Christiana, “Come thou blessed of the Lord  
Right welcome to all within our house, according to his  
word ;  
All true-hearted pilgrims, may fare here of the best,  
Here you will find sweet earnest, of your everlasting rest.

But when Mr. Watchful said, “Christiana was at the gate,  
And humbly praying admission, as it now was growing late ;”  
All the maidens raised a shout, “Christiana too is come,  
And for the love of Jesus, has left her native home.”

Then did sweet music play, and heavenly bells did ring,  
To welcome another trophy in the crown of Christ, their  
king ;  
All the maidens cried to each other, "good Christian's wife  
is come,  
Let us give her a royal welcome as she journeys to her  
home."

Then Christiana, with the children and Mercy, all went in,  
And again the music played, and again the bells did ring ;  
Then each maiden again blessed her, and gave her a loving  
kiss,  
And said, "Thou shalt one day share in thy husband's  
heavenly bliss."

But our pilgrims now being weary, through the lions and  
the fight,  
Desired, after prayers, they might rest for the night ;  
Christiana also said, "she would humbly entreat,  
That in the chamber her husband slept, she might be  
allowed to sleep."

"Your request," said the maidens, "is both just and good,  
But as you all are weary, you must all partake of food ;  
Our Lord has here provided a lamb for sinners slain  
And all who eat this food, can never want again."

Then all sat down to table, peaceful as the dove,  
Their talk was of their royal King and of his wondrous love ;  
How for his bitterest enemies he prayed upon the tree,  
How that every contrite sinner, his glorious face should see.

Then after prayer and praise, they all retired to rest,  
Never were weary pilgrims more happy or more blessed ;  
All their fears and sorrows for a time appeared to cease,  
In the full confidence of love, they all lay down in peace.

Said Christiana, " Can it be true, that I, through sovereign  
grace,  
Should have followed my dear husband to this most glorious  
place ;  
I who have Heaven's, instead of hell's, dark frown,  
On the head of my dear Saviour, I'll place the brightest  
crown."

" Wonderful," said Mercy, " our hopes and joys increase,  
To think that you and I should sleep in this sweet room of  
peace ;  
And to be made partakers, of your dear husband's rest,  
Surely to-night our loving Lord doth us most richly bless."

" Hark," said Christiana, " what sounds are those we hear,  
What, doth our Lord give music, as well as loving cheer ;"  
" Wonderful," said Mercy, music in house and heart,  
But the sweetest strain of all is, when we no more shall part."

Christiana and Mercy never before slept such a sleep as this,

Both woke in the morn with grateful hearts, and full of holy bliss ;

“ Why Mercy, what ailed thee, was it a dream in the night ?  
It must have been something pleasant, for thou didst laugh outright.”

“ Ah ! pleasant indeed it is, for it has left a sunny beam,  
Never in all my life had I such a glorious dream ;  
I thought, so said Christiana, for thy looks are no longer sad,  
Never before, my daughter, hast thou appeared so glad.

“ It may strengthen us all to hear what thy pleasant dream  
could be,  
So relate it at once my loving one, to my children and to  
me ;”

“ Well, I thought I was in my native town, and weeping  
all alone,  
But chiefly for my stony heart, I bitterly did bemoan.

“ Well, a crowd came round, and some did mock and others  
scoffed at me,  
And some did cry, come join with us, our pleasure and our  
glee,

• But when they found I still wept on, they called me fool  
and mad,  
But their bold and fearless wickedness did make me still  
more sad.

“ Well, as I wept and wrung my hands, and cried now all  
is o'er,  
A soft voice whispered in my ear, ‘ my daughter weep no  
more ;’  
I had read of angels, but never before did my eyes see one  
so bright,  
His presence illumed my darkness, with the glory of  
Heaven’s own light.

“ My filthy garments stained with tears, he took them all  
away,  
And siad thy night of mourning’s changed to everlasting  
day ;  
Round my neck he wreathed a golden chain, and placed  
within my hand,  
A palm of victory, which had grown in Immanuel’s land.”

“ To conduct thee to thy Lord, from Heaven I came  
down,  
And as a proof of love, I bring thee the conqueror’s  
crown ;  
On Calvary’s cross he bore a crown of thorns for thee,  
That thou mayest wear thy crown through all eternity.”



Then he wiped my eyes and took my hand, and bade me  
to arise,

In a chariot of fire he placed me, and passed above the  
skies ;

“ Oh ! wondrous change,” I said, “ from hell’s most  
doleful state,”

I scarce had utterrd the words, when we stopped at a  
golden gate.

The walls were all of precious stones, and rose like moun-  
tains high,

Within its streets was never heard one single groan or sigh ;  
And as the gates they opened wide, a flourish of trum-  
pets came,

Two angels opened a golden book, and called me by my name.

“ Mercy,” they said, “ a sinner saved, thrice welcome to  
thy home,”

Then led me to one who shone as the sun, and sat on a jasper  
throne ;

“ Daughter,” he said, thou hast left all, from purest love  
to me,

And now for ever this home is thine, through all eternity.”

Methought I saw many loved ones, and among them thy  
husband dear,

He smiled with a Heavenly smile, “ what Mercy art thou  
here ? ”

And music from a million harps upon my ear then broke,  
And with my heart o’erfill’d with joy, I suddenly awoke.

Said Christiana, "that is a dream worth having indeed,  
Against thy fears, this thou mayest bodily plead;  
I believed thy beginning was good, and so thy end shall be;  
But I fear the holy maidens below will miss our company."

When they came down, the maidens asked, if sweet had  
been their rest?  
And said, "as as you are pilgrims true, you're welcome to  
our best;  
We will show you all the mysteries that your husband once  
saw here;  
And by keeping them within your heart, 'twill often quell  
your fear."

Then Prudence said to Christiana, "I hope thy children  
here,  
Have been well nurtured with the Lord, in his most holy  
fear.  
A few plain questions I will ask, if thou art now agreed?  
And see, if in heart and lip, they have Christ's holy creed.

"Now James, canst thou tell me, who saveth thee when  
lost?"  
"God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!"  
"Now tell me, James, how they save from hell's doleful  
place?"  
"Why God the Father saves me, by his most loving grace.

“ God the Son saves, by his righteousness and blood ;  
And God the Spirit illuminates, and makes me true and  
good.”

“ Thou hast answered well, my child ; keep in thy heart  
God’s word,  
And thou shalt one day see the face, of thy dear loving  
Lord.”

To Joseph then she said, “ Canst thou tell me what is man ?  
And why he layeth under God’s displeasure and ban ?”

“ Man was made by God, as my brother justly said,  
But through man’s disobedience, to death it hath him led.

“ And there, through all eternity, he would for ever lay,  
If God had not revealed to him, salvation’s glorious way.”

“ Now, Samuel, canst thou tell me, of that holy place called  
heaven ?”

“ There my dear father with Jesus lives, because his sin’s  
forgiven.”

“ And why, good boy, is heaven such a happy, holy place ?”

“ Because there sin is absent, and Christ ever shows his  
face.”

“ Thou hast answered right, good Samuel ; wilt thou also  
tell,

To thy dear mother and to me, what thou believ’st of hell ?”

“ Sin, death eternal, and devil, doth there for ever reign,  
Holding all who reject Christ, with an everlasting chain.”  
“ Good children, you have been well taught, and by God  
the Spirit too,  
And cleaving close to Jesus, you shall get safely through.

“ But, Matthew, I must ask thee too, some questions 'ere  
you go.  
What of God's Holy Word, dost thou, my child, know ?”  
“ 'Tis God's inspired word which I'm ever to revere,  
Asking him to make me stand in his most holy fear.

“ I pray in secret he will let me know, what's for my eter-  
nal good ;  
Receiving all grace as coming through my Lord's most pre-  
cious blood.”  
“ Canst thou tell me also of the resurrection of the dead ?”  
“ We rise alone through the resurrection of our living head.

“ Rise with body and soul united, free from all stain of sin,  
To praise Father, Son, and Spirit, in the Holy of Holies  
within.”  
“ Children, you have answered well, follow the instruction  
given,  
And you shall meet your loving father, before God's throne  
in heaven.”

Now in this loving house, they lived in joy and peace,  
 And in the ways of godliness they all did much increase ;  
 Idleness was banished here ; but faith, that works by love,  
 God's holy Spirit did work in them, to fit them for above.

All who were needy in soul or body,  
 Afflicted in circumstance or mind,  
 Received true welcome at this house,  
 The deaf, the lame, the blind.

Now Mercy was as lovely in her person as her mind,  
 And one soon came as lover, who to her beauty was not  
 blind ;  
 This man was named Brisk-religion, to him a trade,  
 He took it up, because by it he money quickly made.

So Brisk his name, and briskly too to Mercy did propose ;  
 But the Lord was not willing this thorn should have his rose,  
 So Christiana advised, that the inquiry should be made,  
 If what they had heard was true, that religion was his trade.

So of Prudence, Piety, and Charity, they earnestly enquired,  
 And their answer was as faithful as each desired of them ;  
 " We know him well," said they, " to religion he doth pre-  
 tend,  
 But to the covetous and grasping, he can also be their friend.

“ To the poor and the needy, whether in body or mind,  
To their wants and their woes, the man is always blind ;  
The love of money is his idol, his heart to it doth bow,  
To thee, he speaks all fair, 'tis his interest just now.

“ But take our advice, he will quickly run away,  
Get round thee, the poor and needy, and ask him then to  
stay ;  
Give to each one their need, and tell him 'tis thy rule.  
If not by word, but in his heart, he'll call thee silly fool.

“ Tell him moreover, thou dost work that thou mayest give  
away,  
Tell him this is thy practice, and shalt be so alway ;  
Tell him thou never will marry any churlish man,  
That charity in word and deed must always be the plan.”

So Mercy invited her lover to remain with her all day,  
And with loving heart and hand gave clothes and food  
away ;  
Money she earned also ; she gave unto the poor,  
And many a grateful heart prayed God to increase her  
store.

So Mr. Brisk, beholding Mercy's liberal hand,  
Quoth he, "such a wife would ruin me both in house and  
land ;"

So on some slight pretence, he bade loving Mercy good-bye,  
And Mercy said, "for such a man I would not give one  
sigh.

"No, if ever I wed at all it shall be in the Lord,  
No covetous worldly wretch for me, liberal but in word ;  
Mercy's my name, and mercy I humbly would pursue  
When through rich grace I mercy find all my journey  
through."

"Did I not tell thee," said Prudence, "he would quickly  
turn away,  
And bid thee good-bye for ever—yes, from this very day ;  
Didst thou not see, good maiden, how quick his love grew  
cold,  
When he thought thy charity would touch his favourite  
gold."

"Well," said good Mercy, "no such churl for me,  
The husband I will have must love my charity ;  
He must wed my conditions, as well as wed myself,  
I will die in single blessedness, rather than have his pelf.

“ I had a sister, Bountiful, I do remember well,  
And for such a churl as this her freedom she did sell ;  
And after marriage would not change, but still gave to  
the poor,  
And through her loving charity, he turned her from his  
door.

“ Thousands there are in this day, who treasure up their  
hoard,  
And yet they talk quite smoothly of their love unto their  
Lord ;  
But all such professors in their bags will find a hole,  
Though they fill it with the world, in the end they lose  
their soul.”

Matthew, Christiana's favourite son, sadly against his will,  
Although in Palace Beautiful, he felt himself quite ill ;  
Day by day grew worse, his mother thought he'd die,  
And Charity sent for a physician, near the palace hard  
by.

A famous physician he was, his name was Doctor Skill,  
Known to all true pilgrims, he came with right good will ;  
But when he came and saw the boy's countenance so sad,  
“ I see,” said he, “ 'tis unripe fruit that makes thee now so  
bad.”



Christiana said, "I know of none, but Samuel, he did say,  
I remember some fruit my brother ate which hung within  
our way,"

"Yes," said Christiana, "to memory I recall,  
It was that tempting looking fruit which hung above the  
wall."

Said the physician, "has he been there, well then might  
he cry,

This was the fruit that Eve did eat, which caused us all to  
die;

Purging he must have, with or without his will,  
Without it unavailing will be all my skill."

Then did Christiana call herself undone,

Oh! foolish, wicked mother, why not prevent my son;

And he so disobedient, not to listen to my word,

No wonder we are chastened by our dear loving Lord,

Then she earnestly besought the physician to do his best,

"He must take my strongest medicine before he can get  
rest;

Nothing but this medicine, well mixed with salt and  
blood,

Taken with true repentance can ever do him good."

But Matthew, although writhing in agony and pain,  
Would not take the medicine, so violent it grew again ;  
“Dost thou love thy brothers, and thy mother, dear ?  
Dost thou want to be cured ? then take it without fear.”

But all his mother could say, and all the doctor's skill,  
Matthew would not take it, so stubborn was his will ;  
“Now,” said his mother, “take it with good grace,  
Or else in Heaven thou wilt never see thy Father's face.”

But oh ! the change it soon wrought in the stubborn boy,  
“Not see my father,” said he, “I'll take it then with  
joy ;”  
“Take it at once my lad, and thou will soon get well,  
This is the only cure for fruit, which comes from hell.”

Then for the blessing of God his mother breathed a prayer,  
That it might be a lesson to all her children dear ;  
Disobedience in Eden's garden was our first's mother's sin.  
And ever since that fatal hour, Satan sets his trap and gin.

“But now my darling boy, through Christ the living  
bread,  
By his gospel medicine, he has bruised the serpent's  
head ;  
This is love's double tie, to bind thy soul to Him,  
And make the watchful prayerful, against besetting sin.

For thy folly my son thou hast felt the chastening rod,  
By grace cleave thee the closer to thy Saviour and thy God ;  
Do not turn again to folly, like the stubborn fool,  
But pray the Holy Spirit, to make God's word thy rule."

Then Christiana said to the Physician, " I never can repay  
The debt you've laid on me and mine, by your great skill  
this day ;  
Nothing of payment I require, but this I counsel thee,  
That thou unto thy loving Lord should ever grateful be.

"The only lawful way for us to increase our present store,  
Is to be thankful for the past, and then our Lord gives more ;  
Each ransomed sinner now above, before his throne in  
heaven,  
Feels that he owes the greatest debt for all his sins forgiven.

"Now the medicine I give thee, is with my Lord's good will,  
And thou must use it with all prayer, whenever thou art ill ;  
Nay, it has such virtue, to prevent disease 'tis good,  
Only use it lawfully, 'twill purify thy blood."

Then Prudence said unto the boys, "I am willing and quite  
free,  
To answer all good questions that you may put to me ;  
Do you not know my children, it is written in the word,  
Grow in grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ the Lord."

Then Matthew's heart was softened by what he had received,

Said had I not have taken it I never had believed  
The good effects it wrought in me, why does it taste so bad?

Why in some it only hardens, in others makes them sad.

“When the heart is sad for folly, then it worketh good,  
And makes a wondrous cure, when God's love applies  
the blood;

Another instruction it hath, which to thee I now impart,  
A sovereign cleansing virtue, in conscience and in heart.”

“Thank you, kind Prudence for teaching unworthy me,  
I would ask you more to profit, if I may be so free;  
What may we learn by the flame ascending from our fire.  
And the influence of the sun though ranging so much  
higher.

“When we are Christians now in deed, as well as in the  
name,

Our hot desires should ascend to heaven like the flame;  
And the sun with its warm beams, like the Saviour far above,  
Descending in our hearts, with sweet tokens of his love.

As the clouds draw water from the sea, what doth that impart,

That ministers should draw their doctrine with an honest  
heart;

And as the showers from the clouds are all so freely  
hurled,  
So should God's ministers proclaim his word unto the world.

Why doth the rainbow receive its colours from the sun ?  
To show the covenant of grace in Christ, can never be  
undone ;  
Why do refreshing springs come to us through the earth,  
To show the grace of God, comes through Christ from his  
birth.

Why do fresh springs from high mountains sometimes flow,  
To show that grace is in the rich, as well as in the low ;  
Why doth the fire catch the candle with its flame ?  
To show that unless we have grace, we are only Christ's in  
name.

Why to maintain the candle is the wick and tallow spent ?  
That our body, soul, and all, for our good is to us lent ;  
Why doth the Pelican, to save her young, give her life's  
blood ?  
To show how Jesus loved us, by passing death's cold flood.

Said Matthew, " Good Prudence one more question I would  
know,  
What doth the Christian learn, when the cock aloud doth  
crow ?"

“Remember as a warning, Peter’s sudden fall,  
And that Peter’s faith and repentance must be had by all.

“The cock should also teach us, that judgment sure will  
come,  
When God will judge the world, by his once despised Son ;  
And by his love and grace to pass this world’s dark night,  
That we may not be ashamed when he comes in glorious  
light.”

Now the month being over, the pilgrims prepared to go,  
Then said Joseph to his mother, “one thing I would  
know ;  
Did you not, promise to the Interpreter’s house to send,  
That we might have Mr. Greetheart as our future guide  
and friend.”

“Good boy,” said his mother, “I will at once decide,  
He has already saved our lives, his valour we have tried ;”  
So she drew up her petition, and to Mr. Watchful gave,  
Praying the Interpreter would grant this guide so brave.

The maidens approved this petition, as a wise and pru-  
dent thing,  
And appointed a day of prayer unto their Saviour and  
their King ;

The maidens said, "you are bound to us by the sweet  
cords of love.

Well knowing that each perfect gift comes from our  
Lord above.

"In praise to him we would unite, before from you we  
part,  
And pray that he may ever keep His grace within your  
heart;  
But as unto your husband, some marvels we did  
show,  
To-morrow you shall view them all, before from us you  
go."

"And as you are women and children, to others also  
free,  
Wonders which may profit, that your husband did not  
see;  
And as like all good Christians, you must suffer in your  
day,  
They may serve you for meditation on your pilgrim way."

So the maidens on the morrow all the pilgrims duly met,  
And first they saw the apple their mother Eve did eat;  
"Oh!" said Christiana, "what disobedience brought in—  
Ruin, misery, and death, by her one act of sin."

“Yes,” said the holy maidens, “one sin can overthrow  
Our soul and body for ever, unless Christ’s blood we  
know ;  
Next was Jacob’s ladder, with the angels going to  
Heaven,  
And sinners may ascend, if their sins are all forgiven.”

So they bade them now go on, but Joseph lingered still  
“To see this sight,” said he, “with joy my heart doth  
fill ;  
What, did the Lord of Glory stoop unto our sinful earth  
That we might mount this ladder to reach our Heavenly  
birth ?”

Then they all of them did gaze till the tears came in their  
eyes—  
Tears of love and gratitude, mingled with heartfelt sighs ;  
Just then a golden anchor caught Christiana’s sight,  
This anchor can hold Christians fast, in every stormy night.

Then they said to Christiana, “this anchor thou must  
cast  
Within the veil for ever, ’twill hold thy Saviour fast ;  
In many a storm and tempest, which thou wilt surely meet,  
’Twill hold thee firm in Death, though it be dark and  
deep.”



Then Christiana heaved a sigh, and Charity said, "I see  
Thou desirest this golden anchor to be given unto thee ;  
Well, 'tis a good desire, and according to God's word,  
And therefore thou shalt have it, as a gift from thy  
dear Lord."

Then she showed them Mount Moriah, that great and mar-  
vellous place,  
Where Abraham offered Isaac, through faith and sove-  
reign grace ;  
Then the pilgrims all exclaimed, "this was faith indeed,  
Oh ! give us, like faithful Abraham, most firmly to believe."

Then took them to the dining-room, where excellent  
music stood,  
"Music," she said, "is beautiful, when used in praise of  
God ;  
Let it be always scriptural, and sing that wondrous story,  
The story of redeeming love, the richest of God's glory."

Then said Christiana to them all, "we can in truth declare  
It's through the loving grace of Christ, that we are safely  
here ;  
Come, Mercy, play this music while some lines we all sing,  
To the riches of God's glory, through Christ our loving  
King."

As Mercy shortly ended, there was knocking at the door,  
And one cried out, " a message from Mr. Interpreter ;  
That their Lord had consented to send Mr Greatheart,  
Who, through all their trials, was bound to take their part."

This was joyful news indeed, joy lit up every face,  
Said they all, as with one voice, " Our Lord is full of  
grace ;  
Although we did forgot to ask, he did not forget to give,  
Remember this new proof of love, through all the days we  
live.

" And let us all remember," we owe to our guide a debt,  
From the death that he delivered us, when we the lions  
met ;  
" Yes," said the youngest child, and that old giant Grim,  
To my dying day, I shall ne'er forget, the terror I was  
in."

So after the pilgrims had knelt, Charity offered up a  
prayer,  
That each of them might be well kept, specially from Giant  
Despair ;  
Then with a loving farewell, and to each a cautious word,  
They delivered them to Mr. Greatheart, as jewels of their  
Lord.

Said the porter, "I have just heard of a robbery hard by,  
But the thieves they are all taken, and will most surely  
die ;

"Oh ! never mind," said Matthew, "a thousand we can  
face,

And we shall surely conquer through Christ's most loving  
grace."

So they all shook hands with Watchful, making him a  
bow,

Said Christiana, "May we always meet such friends as we  
have now ;"

Then the maidens did accompany them unto the hill,  
And Piety said to Christiana, "I've somewhat to give thee  
still."

Whilst waiting for Piety to return, who for her gift ran  
back,

Christiana heard sweet melody, just in the pilgrim's track ;  
Said Mercy, "it seems to me this sweet and pleasant  
hymn,

Is sent to cheer us on our way, 'gainst Satan, self, and sin."

Through all my life thy favour is  
So frankly shown to me ;  
That in thy house for evermore,  
My dwelling-place shall be.

For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure,

Then Christiana said, " these birds do sweetly sing,"  
O yes, while in Christ's garden, their good and lawful  
King;  
But the moment they rove beyond, they all drop down  
and die,  
So he who leaves his father's house, will have to groan  
and sigh.

" Within the garden of their Lord, they ever sweetly sing,  
So the sinner he is ever safe beneath his Saviour's wing;  
But the moment he listens unto self, and to the worldling's  
charm,  
And strays from God's most holy word he's sure to meet  
with harm.

" So, in all your travels, you will find the sweetest rest,  
By leaning like a little child upon your Father's breast;  
The vain confident doth always fall—humility's your place;  
He is the safest Christian, who possesses this sweet grace."

But now came Piety, holding the present in her hand,  
She said, " keep this, until thou reach thy heavenly  
Father's land ;

It's a mirror of all we've shown, since thou did'st first  
come here,  
When in faith thou dost look in, thy sinking heart 'twill  
cheer.

Then in the name of their dear Lord, the maidens blessed  
all,  
"Take care," said they, "lest down the hill you meet with  
many a fall;  
For there's the valley where poor Christian had to fight,  
With Apollyon, the prince of hell, through all one dreadful  
night."

"Keep courage," said Mr. Greatheart, "there's nothing  
here to fear,  
If only by prayer unto our Lord, we keep quite close and  
near;  
You surely here will get no harm except from your own self,  
In this Valley of Humiliation, many have found wealth.

'Tis true thy husband here did meet with fire and sword,  
But as he came right down this hill, forgot God's warn-  
ing word;  
In his heart were secret places, where self-righteousness  
did cling,  
And he had to face Apollyon, to make him feel their sting.

**“But though Apollyon thought he had him then outright,  
He learnt some useful lessons in this most dreadful fight ;  
Learnt to distrust himself, to lean on Christ’s true arm,  
To be more wary of secret snares and sin’s delusive charms.**

Indeed this valley I know to be a very fruitful place,  
Some have found in them here, true marks of humbling grace ;  
Most likely if we look out, we shall soon descry,  
Why Apollyon in this valley did thy husband sorely try.”

“Yonder is a pillar,” said James, “perhaps it is Lot’s wife,  
Or it may tell why my father nearly lost his life ;”

“Yes,” said Mr. Greatheart, “If we cleave unto His word,  
In every place of danger there’s warning from the Lord.”

So they followed Mr. Greatheart to where a pillar stood,  
They noticed the foundation was greatly stained with  
blood.

“As I thought,” said Mr. Greathert, “here is the very  
place,  
Where your husband conquered Satan, through God’s  
timely grace.

“Yes,” said Mr. Greatheart, “this pillar tells us why,  
Good Christian’s slips in this valley did him try.  
Tis easier going up this hill, which could never be said yet  
Of any hill in this country, which I have ever met.

“**Nay**, if you come in summer, 'tis a most fruitful land,  
Look all through the valley, from the spot where you now  
stand ;  
View the lovely lilies, and the beauteous bright green sod,  
’Tis quite as safe a valley as true Christians ever trod.”

Said Samuel to Mr. Greatheart, “ where was the dreadful  
fight,  
My father had with Apollyon, that never forgotten night ?  
Men of this world look back on their battles and their  
wars,  
And we ought never to forget our father’s noble scars.

“ Hoping, my boy, you will prove a true and valiant son,  
I will show you where your father his glorious victory won ;  
Just beyond that little hill, which is called Forgetful Green,  
There you will find the marks of the battle’s dreadful scene.”

Said Mercy to Christiana, “ this valley suits me well,  
It makes me very happy, but the cause I cannot tell ;  
It breathes of sweet humility, and there I’m most at home,  
I find the best of company when I am here alone.

“ Here I can tell to Jesus the secrets of my heart,  
And long, with strong desire, when we no more shall part ;  
Here I can live unnoticed, by all except my Lord,  
If he reveal his presence in his immortal word.”

Then just as Meroy ended, they came where Christian stood,  
And played the warrior manfully, resisting unto blood;  
Many traces here of the battle are very often found,  
Pieces of Apollyon's armour still remain upon the ground.

Close to this spot blood flowed from Christian's heart,  
When Apollyon pressed him sore with his envenomed  
dart ;

Here is the rock where Christian fell, almost in despair,  
But as he fell his hand did grasp the weapon called all-  
prayer.

See how the ground is trodden, where, like lions, they did  
meet,

Blood flowing in full streams, from their heads, and hands,  
and feet ;

No such battle on earth has ever yet been given,  
It was the battle of the soul, either for hell or Heaven,

Christian was fully armed for this the battle-field,  
But the weapon which gained the victory was his bright  
immortal shield ;

The moment that Apollyon felt this shield upon his head,  
That moment, like a coward, from the battle-field he fled.

Through all succeeding ages, till Heaven's last trump is  
blown,

The fame of your father's victory shall evermore be known ;  
To every valiant pilgrim, shall prove a beacon fire,  
Amid the fiercest battles, his courage to inspire.



And here's a glorious monument, erected by your Lord,  
 To tell us of this victory, won by Christian's shield and sword ;  
 With willing love to you, the writing I'll rehearse,  
 'Tis the Lord's inditing, in His own immortal verse :

“ Hard by here was a battle fought,  
 Most strange, and yet most true ;  
 Christian and Apollyon sought  
 Each other to subdue.

“ The man so bravely played the man  
 He made the fiend to fly ;  
 Of which a monument I stand  
 The same to testify.”

Entering the valley of the Shadow of Death,  
 Terror seized their hearts, and each one held their breath ;  
 Most dreadful noise, groans, and also now and then  
 Would sound the lamentations of lost men.

All who are in this valley know no peace,  
 New horrors round our pilgrims' steps increase ;  
 Beneath their feet the most unearthly sound,  
 While flying serpents darkened all the ground.

The women trembled, the children backward drew,  
 It seemed as if let loose was hell's dark motley crew ;  
 “ In the name of Christ,” said Greatheart, “ let us face,  
 So forward still, we conquer through His grace.”

But still the boys did tremble with great fear,  
And even sweet Mercy dropped a trembling tear ;  
But Christiana remembered the spirits so freely given,  
To be used in danger on their road to Heaven.

So to Mercy and the children she gave a part,  
Which banished fear, and cheered their drooping heart ;  
Then Christiana cried out, as if in great alarm,  
“ Look, children, look, do you see yon horrid form ? ”

“ Where, mother, where ? ” in great affright cried all ;  
But Christiana cried the more, “ a prey to him we fall ; ”  
But brave old Greatheart, their trusty friend in need,  
Who never failed them both in word and deed,

Brandished his sword and cried, “ all follow me,  
We’ll fight our way through every enemy ; ”  
And now the fiend advanced through fire and smoke,  
Thinking to kill good Greatheart with one stroke.

But Greatheart having on the armour of his Lord,  
The real Jerusalem Christ’s own two-edged sword ;  
Came boldly on to where the monster stood,  
While o’er him waved Christ’s banner stained with blood.

Then did the fiend extend his wings and fly,  
While all the pilgrims shouted “ victory ! ”  
“ My children,” said Mr. Greatheart, “ here plainly see,  
Resist the devil and he will flee from thee.”

Scarce from his mouth had fall'n this cheering word,  
When Mercy's face grew pale, for now she heard,  
Not only heard but saw a lion's face,  
Which just behind came on with stealthy pace.

Then roared the monster, "either fight or fly,  
For by hell's law you here are doomed to die;"  
Little did the monster think Greatheart was there,  
But women and children just half dead with fear.

But oh! how changed the horrors of the scene,  
When Greatheart, in polished armour stood between;  
Slunk like a coward at the warriors sight,  
While round the pilgrims shone a Heavenly light.

But in this valley great changes quickly come,  
Gross darkness covering oft the glorious sun;  
A little help to make them still proceed,  
And Christ's own strength in every hour of need.

"Methinks," said Christiana, "one scripture suits this valley  
well,

Bejoice with trembling, it speaks with solemn knell;"

"Yes," said Mr. Greatheart, "true loving holy fear,  
Should be the watchword of every pilgrim here."

Now tenfold darkness rose above the sky,  
While from a horrid pit there came a sigh,  
So terrible, so doleful, the stoutest heart to shake,  
It caused the ground beneath their feet to tremble and to  
quake.

Stumbling against each other, the children quickly fell,  
"Silence," said Mr. Greatheart, "this is the mouth of  
hell;"

Christiana, half dead with fright, then whispered in his  
ear—

"Oh! sir, what dreadful trials my husband met with  
here."

"Yes," said, Mr. Greatheart, "he travelled in the night,  
All through this dreadful valley, he never saw the light;  
Every inch of ground he had to fight his way,  
And many a fiend did thy dear husband slay."

"But thinkest thou when he had reached God's throne,  
That he regretted the trials through which he'd gone?  
When Christ's own hand placed on his head the crown,  
Dost thou think he cared for hell or man's dark frown?"

"Oh!" said Christiana, "may I but bear a part  
With my dear husband, I care not for hell's dart;  
I'm willing to endure hell's fiery sting,  
To reach the presence of Christ, my Lord and King."

"Stand still," said Greatheart, "and you shall shortly see,  
Christ's strength made perfect, in poor worthless me;  
The brightness of His coming, His mouth's pure breath,  
Hath already conquered Satan, Sin, and Death."

“ True, many within these waters have been drowned,  
Many from Zion’s pathway, by hell been found ;  
Here two seas with storm and tempest meet,  
And many a vessel shipwrecked on its deep.

“ Many fair professors on these rocks were driven,  
Who thought they had the foremost place in Heaven ;  
Rejoice with trembling, oh ! that warning word,  
How many have fallen who heeded not their Lord.

“ But rushing on in vain presumptuous might,  
Here in this pit found everlasting night ;  
While humble Christians, who to Jesus cried,  
Have passed here safely, though most deeply tried.

“ All-prayer is your weapon for this hour of need,  
So one and all with strong desire now plead ;  
Plead with your Lord to bear his mighty arm,  
One word of faith will quell this dreadful storm,”

As thickest darkness veiled each other’s sight,  
With groans and sighs, how did they plead for light ;  
No sooner prayer from every heart there flows  
Than o’er the pit the glorious sun arose.

The pit, the fiends, all vanished out of sight,  
And their pathway bathed in Heaven’s own light ;  
This was a change great as from hell to Heaven,  
Great as the mariner when by tempest driven ;

Finds the next moment by one mighty shock,  
Instead of death stands safe upon the rock ;  
“ Delivered by our Lord,” cried every voice,  
“ Praise now for prayer, we tremble but rejoice.”

“ Angels may strike their golden harps in Heaven,  
But cannot sing like pilgrims here forgiven ;  
Bright angels of innocence have always stood,  
But sinners can sing as saved by precious blood.”

Scarce had their last note died upon the ear,  
Another trial soon brought another fear ;  
Most loathsome smells from every spot there rose,  
And gins and snares their every step oppose.

Said Christiana to Mercy, “ what dost thou think of this ?  
No path of flowers to Heaven’s own home of bliss ;  
The bitter before the sweet must ever come,  
So courage, sweet Mercy, we shall have rest at home.”

Then said young Samuel, “ one thing I’ve heard this night,  
In future times how shall I prize the light ;  
Ten thousand times more precious ’twill be to me,  
When I through Christ from darkness shall be free.”

“ Like a good soldier, young sir, thy father’s God  
Shall ever guide thee with his staff and rod ;  
I see this trial has proved that thou art brave,  
Strong in the might of him who died to save.

“ But look to your feet, there’s snares on every hand—  
Yes, unseen snares, beneath this loathsome land ;  
Hold thou up my goings cried one and all,  
Christ Jesus save, or we shall quickly fall.”

Just on the left, by the faint glimmering light,  
Thrown in a ditch was one in woeful plight ;  
His body all scratched and bruised, his head and face  
The human form our pilgrims scarce could trace.

“ Ah ! ” said Mr. Greatheart, “ dost thou lay there still,  
A victim to thy own sad, foolish will ;  
This is one Heedless, for months he here has lain,  
Through his own folly waiting to be slain.

“ With him was Take-heed, but he escaped the foes,  
Because God’s word he did to them oppose !  
‘ It is written,’ he said, ‘ to all their flattering word,’  
And thus escaped by trusting to his Lord.

“ Many thousand pilgrims in these gins and snares,  
Have been caught by Satan unawares ;  
Christian, your husband, how cautiously he trod,  
But he, good man, was beloved of his God.

“ God’s holy word was also in his heart,  
Not like the cowards at danger did he start ;  
Suffering and sorrow, your husband ever knew,  
Must be with true pilgrims all their journey through.

“ Another cause why Christian was not here slain,  
He never took up religion for base gain ;  
Therefore through grace he feared not smile or frown,  
His eye of faith firm fixed on Christ and crown.”

“ Said Greatheart, “ keep close, for just within our call,  
In his dark cell there lives one giant Maul ;  
Sometimes when he’s asleep, I have passed here  
Without his coming, but not now I fear.

“ I hear him stirring, by his rattling chain,  
So watch and pray, or we may all be slain ;”  
Scarce had he spoke when giant Maul came on,  
His armour of brass all stained with blood now shone.

He cried, “ so Greatheart, what more fools do you bring,  
These are all subjects of my lawful king ;  
So give them up, your life I will then save,  
But if you will not, then each will find his grave.”

“ Just like thy master thou art a great liar,  
And like him too thou’lt burn in endless fire ;  
So let us pass, I seek no war or strife,  
But if thou hinder, then I take thy life.”

When giant Maul had heard these words so brave,  
Like hell itself he foamed with furious rage ;  
He cried to Greatheart, “ thou art a robber bold,  
Thy stealing his subjects my master has been told.”



“No,” said Mr. Greatheart, “let’s have the right,  
Before we try who’s to win this fight;  
Many false pilgrims thou hast often slain,  
And many true pilgrims tempted with thy gain.

“For thy base crimes thou art judged by my Lord,  
To die the traitor’s death, as says His word;”  
These words made the giant more furiously to rage,  
Just like a roaring lion from his cage.

With a huge club he struck a dreadful blow,  
Which made good Greatheart’s head with blood to flow;  
So furious his onslaught, that Greatheart could not see  
Another blow, which brought him on his knee.

But oh! the fearful, agonising cry,  
When Christiana thought their trusty guide would die;  
Ah! these are times when prayer becomes so real—  
Prayer, not in word, but prayer the pilgrims feel.

Then came the cheering words “fear not brave guide,  
Unseen by thee thy Lord stands at thy side;  
His loving hand has healed thy halting knee,  
Arise, good Greatheart, make the giant flee.”

For full an hour immoveable both stood,  
The ground between them covered o’er with blood;  
Neither would yield, both knew that one must die,  
So death to the knife was now their battle cry.

Many dark fiends stood by the giant's side,  
His banner bore the motto, "lust and pride;"  
But Greatheart's banner, pure white, without one stain,  
Except the cross on which his Lord was slain.

Both hope and fear throbb'd in the pilgrims' hearts,  
This brought to memory Apollyon's fiery darts;  
Their faith was firm in their Almighty friend,  
That in some way deliverance he would send.

The very fire from giant Maul's dark breath  
Wrought in their minds a solemn fear of death;  
Again the giant pressed good Greatheart sore,  
The boys cried out, "alas! the battle's o'er."

But now the combatants came hand to hand,  
Each shook the ground, the pilgrims scarce could stand;  
Just then stout Greatheart, crying to the Lord,  
Pierced the giant's rib with his Jerusalem sword.

This made the giant roar with fearful pain,  
But Greatheart pierced him with his sword again;  
The giant now quite faint appeared half dead,  
And with a blow Greatheart struck off his head.

Placed it upon his sword, and cried, "'tis done,  
Not by my arm, but Christ the victory won;"  
Again the song of triumph rose above,  
For this new proof of their Redeemer's love.

And as a warning to all passers by,  
The giant's head upon a pole so high  
They nailed there, that to all future times  
Pilgrims might read the record of his crimes.

“ He that did wear this head was one  
That pilgrims did misuse ;  
He stopped their way, he spared none,  
But did them all abuse.

Until that I, Greatheart, arose  
The pilgrims' guide to be ;  
Until that I did him oppose,  
That was their enemy.”

Now Mercy could not help let fall a grateful tear,  
Then Grateheart said, “ good Mercy why this fear ? ”  
“ Not fear, dear sir, but grateful love to you,  
When I think of the dangers you have passed through.”

Christiana then said, “ when he brought you on your knee,  
My coward heart cried out now rise and flee ;  
But when I saw such courage in your face,  
I felt assured our Lord was in this place.”

“ Well,” said the boys, “ we thought of that dark hour  
When our dear father conquered through Christ's power ;  
Apollyon and Maul have like base cowards fled,  
May we, his sons, in his brave footsteps tread.”

“ Amen,” said Greatheart, “ that’s a good desire,  
Which Christ in your young hearts doth thus inspire ;  
Keep on God’s armour of celestial light,  
And you shall conquer in every future fight.

“ Well, after all our thoughts I plainly see,  
Christ Jesus alone hath given us victory ;  
Trust in the Lord, then manfully use his sword,  
The victory’s yours, according to his word.

“ But come, we must proceed, the sun is up,  
First take a little from this loving cup ;  
We have all grown weary through this dreadful fight,  
And many a mile before we rest this night.”

So all moved on along the pilgrims’ way,  
They passed a nook where one asleep did lay ;  
And by his girdle, staff, and honest face,  
They knew he did belong to pilgrims’ race.

“ Ah ! ” said good Greatheart, “ I am not at a loss  
To find a brother of our glorious cross ;  
He’ll be good company, I’ll him awake,”  
Then stooping down, he gave a hearty shake.

“ Who is there ? ” cried Honest, this was the pilgrim’s  
name,

“ Are you true pilgrims, how is it here you came ? ”  
Then standing up he drew his trusty sword,  
“ Are you true friends in deed as well as word ? ”

“ So oh ! ” said Greatheart, “ why such a fiery mind ?  
We all are pilgrims, true pilgrims you will find ;  
Mount Zion’s our password, honest friend, will not that do ?  
We hope for thy good company all through.”

“ Well,” said good Honest, “ I thought you might have  
been,  
Of that vile crew who, on Forgetful Green,  
Did rob poor Little Faith of all his gold,  
Left him half dead, as I was truly told.”

“ Ah ! but good pilgrim, what wouldst thou have done ?  
Like many others perhaps thou wouldst have run ; ”  
“ Not so, for since I first began the pilgrim’s life,  
See, here’s my wounds, in many a battle’s strife.

“ Just like this tree thine is an heart of oak,  
For thy good Lord has given many a stroke ;  
I see thou bearest thy master’s wounds and scars,  
No peace with sin, but everlasting wars.

“ But now, good friend, since thou art one with us,  
Tell us thy name, and why we have found thee thus ; ”  
“ They call me Honest, they say I have a honest face,  
Which, if I have, ’tis all through Sovereign grace.

“ Stupidity is the town where I was born,  
There all my townsmen did religion scorn ;  
The city of Destruction’s doom is sad,  
But my poor native town is twice as bad.

“ It lays so far beyond the glorious sun,  
All its dark deeds within the night are done ;  
There I did lay as dead as Lot’s poor wife,  
’Till Christ passed by, my resurrection, life.

“ He cried, ‘ arise, flee from the wrath to come,’  
By faith I fled, and left my native home ;  
A royal welcome Christ did give to me,  
My pardon sealed, and set my conscience free.

“ Clothed me in His good armour, pure and bright,  
For ever against His enemies to fight ; ”  
“ Well Honest, I wish thy nature were more known,  
But out of fashion it has greatly grown.

“ And all we are and have we owe our Lord,  
Obedience then to Him and to His word ;  
Loved be the bond that binds us one in heart,  
’Tis a threefold cord, ’twill never let us part.”

Then said good Honest, “ I should like to know each name,  
And, as I have done to you, say whence you came ; ”  
“ I’m Christiana, sir,” she said, “ by my Lord’s free grace,  
Destruction’s dark city was our native place.”

“ What,” said good Honest, “ are you Christian’s wife ?  
Troth this is the happiest day in all my life ;  
Thy husband’s faith, his battles, and his wars,  
Oft made me long to share his glorious scars.

“The country round rings with his noble name,  
Scarce any house but some talk of his fame ;  
Are these his boys ? have they enlisted too ?  
Courage, my lads, Christ’s arm will bring you through.”

“Matthew,” said he, “be like thy namesake, strong in  
grace,  
Samuel, a man of faith and prayer in every place ;  
Joseph, like thy namesake, who did resist base lust,  
James, like the brother of our Lord, be thou like him the  
just.”

But Mercy with tears thought she was forgot,  
So Christiana said, “Mr. Honest, this maiden shares our  
lot ;”

“Oh ! my beloved one, I would not pass thee by,  
Mercy is a precious grace, we all need it when we die.”

“Mercy thou hast begun well, and merciful thy end,  
Thou wilt ever find rich Mercy, in Christ, the sinner’s  
friend ;  
Mercy shall sustain thee, thy pilgrimage all through,  
And Mercy in a Saviour’s face, thou wilt find in Jerusalem  
the new.”

Now all this time Mr. Greatheart had on his face a smile,  
To hear old Mr. Honest speak with such loving guile ;  
“This is a joyful day indeed, it does my heart real good,  
To see such love and harmony, all through a Saviour’s blood.”

Thus good Mr. Honest with all the pilgrims did most  
sweetly talk,  
Till Greatheart said, "I think, my friend, we must resume  
our walk ;  
Conversation is good and profitable, with pilgrims true we  
know,  
But prayer and fighting we must have, against each deadly  
foe."

"True," said Mr. Honest, "let us see our armour's bright  
and good,  
And raise our banner with the motto, resisting unto blood ;  
Then let us boldly march, strong in God's holy fear,  
You and I, Mr. Greatheart, first, the children in the rear."

"Good," said Mr. Greatheart, "brave Christians should  
ever be first,  
The coward in the great decisive day will find himself  
accursed ;  
I knew a man named Fearing, and he a crown would win,  
Yet he was ever fearing, and most of all feared sin.

"Yet there was a secret courage within his honest heart,  
Neither life nor death from his Saviour could ever make  
him part ;"

"Ah !" said Mr. Honest, "did you know that pilgrim too,  
Yes, he was the most troublesome of all I ever knew.



“He was always fearing that he should come short at last,  
Yet I never saw a man in Godly fear more fast ;  
Some of our strongest Christians have been lured by  
    their sin,  
But this timid man clung fast, though full of fears  
    within.

“All the world’s great playthings, which so many do admire,  
He passed by with just disdain, as fit for endless fire ;  
“I always thought,” said Honest, “he would come right at  
    last,  
Because he cared for nothing of the sinful joys that’s past.

“He lay at the Slough of Despond, I think a month or  
    more,  
Groaning and sighing for help, but would not venture o’er ;  
Many he saw pass by, going safely on their way,  
But still he lingered, fearing, till one glorious sunny day,

“He ventured boldly in, but thought he should be lost,  
And felt it a great wonder, when safely he had crossed.  
Truly he carried a Slough of Despond always in his mind,  
For fearing this and fearing that, was all that he could find.

“Going on in this trembling way, he found himself quite  
    late,  
Close to the midnight hour, before he reached the gate ;  
There he stood trembling, while others passed in,  
O’erwhelmed with unworthiness and nature’s deadly sin.

“ Sometimes he would approach, and then draw back, in  
fright,  
Till he was almost frozen with the long and frosty night ;  
After numerous pilgrims had often passed him by,  
He said, “ I will now venture, if refused I can but die.”

Then he gently took the knocker with a sad and trembling  
hand,  
You would have thought he must have died on the place  
where he did stand ;  
At last the porter opened, and spoke this loving word,  
“ Come in, thou trembling one, to the presence of thy Lord.”

Instead of feeling joyful in such a glorious place,  
He kept sighing and groaning, as unworthy of such grace ;  
And when the pilgrims were called to the presence of their  
Lord,  
He came the last of all, and could not say one word.

And when he saw the Lord, he fainted at the sight,  
But you know he giveth power to him who hath no  
might ;  
Yes, and spake to him most loving words, and said, “ thou  
blessed one,  
Thou shalt see my face in glory, when thy work on earth is  
done.”

The tender Love of my Lord did slightly him revive,  
Putting new strength within him, it made him quite alive ;  
Yet even with all this love not a smile upon his face,  
The tempter whispering in his heart, 'tis nature and not  
grace.

Howe'er the time arrived, when he was bid to go,  
With greater fears than ever, he seemed to overflow ;  
And then my Lord did strengthen him, both with oil and  
wine,  
So one day again he started as the sun began to shine.

The root of the matter was in him, so he kept within the  
way,  
Unlike presumptuous hypocrites, who quickly go astray ;  
'Tis true at every obstacle, he would stand and roar,  
Took twice as long as others, to reach my master's door.

Well! at last one wintry morning, he came unto our place,  
The greatest fears and sorrows were pictured on his face ;  
Of course I thought at once, he would have knocked as he  
was told,  
I should think at least a week, he stood shivering in the cold.

One morn as I looked out, I thought I heard some moans,  
And then some trembling words, mingled with sighs and  
groans ;  
So I said to him, "Thou trembler, what dost thou require?"  
But all that I could get from him, was a faint desire.

That I would take his petition in unto my Lord,  
And sue for his admission, as he could not say one word ;  
Then my Lord bade me to tell him, to be of good cheer,  
For he was truly welcome, though he was full of fear.

After viewing all the rarities, my Lord took him aside,  
And said, "Thou faint and trembling one, thou shalt have a  
trusty guide ;"  
He seemed quite another man, when he heard this joyful  
word,  
I thought he never would have done, praising my glorious  
Lord.

So we started on our journey, and placing me before,  
He scarcely spoke a word, but his sighs were very  
sore ;  
When he came unto the three who were hanging in disgrace,  
He wept and said, " One day that would be his own sadcase."

The hill Difficulty, and the lions he marched boldly past,  
Such things were not his fear, but lest he should be wrong  
at last ;  
I got him in the house Beautiful, before he was aware,  
He seemed quite alarmed at such goodly fare.

Well! he was the same fearful man all his journey through,  
Yet to the very heart's core, he was a pilgrim true ;  
With the valley of Humiliation, he did indeed agree,  
Between him and that valley, was a wondrous sympathy.

But in the shadow of the valley of death I thought it was  
all o'er,  
For at the sight of hobgoblins, 'twas one continued roar ;  
I thought I should have lost my man, I scarce could hold him  
fast,  
He seemed like one scarcely alive, as we the valley passed.

In Vanity Fair he was as brave as any I e'er led,  
Kicking aside their fooleries, I thought he'd lose his  
head ;  
When we came unto the river, he said, "It never could be  
crossed,  
On its banks he kept crying, "I'm lost, for ever lost!"

At last one drew him in, but with his latest breath,  
He cried, "I'm lost for ever, in this dread river of death."  
So I met him on the other side, when he heard the golden  
bell,  
He said, "I'm saved, I'm saved, Oh! Jesus all is well."

Lions and dangers he never feared, this was nothing to him,  
What he feared most and hated, was that deadly serpent  
sin ;  
And what did greatly increase his fears, lest when his  
journey past,  
Arriving at the golden gate, he'd be refused at last.

Well! peace to the memory of Fearing, for he was sterling gold,

Far better to have holy fear, than vain presumption bold ;  
“ But pray, Mr. Honest, have you not met some pilgrims in your way ?”

“ Yes ! indeed, one Self-will, I met him the other day.

“ Self-willed indeed he was, it was his proper name,  
Every one but himself, he always managed to blame ;  
Yes, and a thousand times worse, from Scripture he would bring,  
Examples, he most wickedly said, to justify his sin.”

“ Friend Honest, do you mean to say he thus abused God’s grace,

For all such double-lost wretches, Hell only is the place ;”

“ Yes,” he said, “ Men who had their virtues, might have their vices too ;

A more false and wicked conclusion, I certainly never knew.

“ Well ! though a truly Christian man, may by infirmity fall,

Yet he who is united to Jesus, shall come forth from them all ;

The guilt, the power, the love and practice, yes, the very being

Of sin shall for ever be destroyed, by Christ his heavenly King.

## THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

Then Christiana began to speak, but with a heart-felt sigh,  
I knew one who said it was time to repent, when he did  
come to die ;

“ Well !” said Mr. Greatheart, “ he was a fool, it might not  
then be given,

To put it off in this cold way, argues no love for heaven.”

Said Honest, “ I’m an old traveller, and have seen many  
things,

Some who seemed at first to fly towards Heaven with their  
wings ;

In a few days they grew as cold, as they at first were hot ;  
And all the good they said and did, was evermore forgot.

Others who seemed so fearful, scarce would venture in the way,  
Yet I’ve lived, yes, lived, to see that these have won the day ;  
I have heard some speak well at first of a good pilgrim’s life;  
But after a short time, they’ve said, “ it was not worth the  
strife.”

I’ve seen some, who said, “ they’d gain Mount Zion, or they’d  
die,”

But at the very first alarm, these vaunting men would fly.  
I’ve seen some who travelled, yes, in sight of that bright  
place,

And yet come back and said, there was neither God nor  
grace.

So onward they proceeded, till at the close of day,  
One came crying, “ Gentlemen, there’s robbers in the way ;

Before you in the road, so if you value your own lives,  
Be on your guard, to shield your children, and your wives."

"Ah!" said Mr. Honest, "no doubt the same, that Little-faith did meet,

Well, with us if they do battle, they will find a different treat ;  
However, let's draw our sword, for sure our cause is right,  
So forward, is our motto, though we may have to fight.

"Watch and pray and be ready, looking well unto our Lord,  
We're safe in his good keeping, if we seek his holy word ;  
So they kept strict guard, both night and day,  
And examined every pilgrim they met with in their way.

Christiana growing weary, wished much an inn to find,  
Where herself and children might have a welcome true and  
kind ;

"Well!" said Mr. Honest,, "I think it also best,  
We shall travel all the faster, if we have a little rest.

"Well, I know of one Gaius, the pilgrims' honest friend,  
His loving care and Christian home, I can well commend ;  
We shall have a hearty welcome, both in deed and word,  
And there you'll see and hear choice things of our dear  
loving Lord.

So they entered all with one accord, into the open door,  
"Gaius' house," said Mr. Greatheart, "is full of goodly store."  
Gaius gave them a royal welcome, treating them to the very  
best,

They felt ready for future war, after such pleasant rest.



“ Well,” said Gaius, “ before we part, let us try to do some good,  
This country’s infested with one who has shed much blood ;  
He’s one of a race of giants, and dwells within a cave,  
As I know my good friend Greatheart, is the bravest of the brave.

“ If he will take his weapons, and you do all agree,  
We will give this giant battle, and set our country free ;”  
“ Agreed,” said Mr. Greatheart, “ agreed,” said one and all,  
“ But before we take our weapons, we on our knees will fall.

“ For he who goes to battle, in his own strength and skill,  
Will find this giant more than match, through his own foolish will ;  
So women and children all, did breathe desires unto their Lord,  
That he would give them victory, through the Spirit’s two-edged sword.

Then buckling on their armour, each one then sallied out,  
And all who opposed the pilgrims, they put unto the rout ;  
For many of the giant’s followers, did much infest this way,  
Mr. Greatheart had given orders, all they met to slay.

“ At last, after great opposition, the giant’s cave they find,  
Who had just secured a prisoner, one Mr. Feeble-mind ;  
The giant raged most terrible, poor Feeble-mind, half dead,  
He said, in one five minutes’ more, I’ll take away thy head.”

“Deliver up,” said Greatheart, “or we’ll slay thee now outright,

Who dares to brave giant Slay-good, in his own cave to-night;  
We are soldiers of King Jesus, and mean to take thy life,  
So deliver up thy prisoner, thyself, and also wife.”

Then did old Slaygood, as his father did before,  
Attempt to frighten the pilgrims, with his satanic roar ;  
But brave old Greatheart said, “Dost thou think we’re foolish boys,  
To be frightened from our purpose, by thy blustering noise.

“We mean to take thy body, and slay thy guilty soul,  
And carry thy wicked head upon our pilgrims pole ;  
So the giant finding it useless to parley any more  
Dropt from his hand poor Feeble-mind, as he rushed from  
the door.

“Now the giant was good at weapons, and he struck so  
hard a blow,  
From Mr. Greatheart’s sword-arm, he made the blood to flow ;  
He was a giant not only skilled, but also full of power,  
And played his weapons hard and fast, for more than one  
good hour.”

“Come,” said good old Honest, “I must do my part,  
Then from his hand he struck his sword, and smote him  
near his heart ;  
Feeling the battle against him, the giant would have fled,  
Said Greatheart to young Samuel do thou take off his head.

Within one moment more, his head rolled in the cave,  
"Well done," said Mr. Greatheart, "thou art both true  
and brave;  
So on the pole they placed his head, and marched back to  
the inn,  
As a warning to all wicked ones, to shun the giant's sin.

"Christiana," said to Greatheart, "how have my boys be-  
haved?"

"True sons of their good father, like him, both stout and  
brave;"

Then said the good woman, "This is indeed a joyful day,  
To find my dearest children thus following in the way."

They asked Mr. Feeble-mind, "If he was born of pilgrim's  
blood,  
And how it was he came into the hands of giant Slay-good;"  
I was not born of pilgrims blood, but came of sinful race,  
And with them should have perished, but for free and  
sovereign grace.

"Sick of my old companions, in our town I could not stay,  
So I fled from the wrath to come, and took the pilgrim's  
way;  
Though weak in body, and weak in mind, the Lord did me  
receive,  
And told me though faint, yet pursuing, to repent and to  
believe.

“ He also gave me cordials, my feeble mind to cheer,  
And bade me, though of little faith, no enemy to fear ;  
In the house of the Interpreter, I received much Christian  
love,  
He said his master to such as me, was gentle as the dove.

“ He told me throughout my pilgrimage, I should find a  
secret arm,  
That as I was of feeble mind, would save in every storm ;  
For I know though thou art feeble, thy heart is true and  
right,  
Thou shalt find a glorious morning, though thou travellest  
now by night.

“ When I came unto the lane, and saw the giant’s fiery  
breath,  
My feeble mind suggested, I must now be put to death ;  
Forgetful of my Lord’s sweet words, it made me deeply sigh,  
When a voice came whispering in my heart, thou shalt not  
surely die.

“ And now you see, kind friends, how faithful is my Lord,  
From the giant’s hand you have saved me, according to his  
word ;  
Surely though such a feeble one, I may attempt to sing,  
The praise of such a Saviour, of such a glorious king.

"I must crawl when I cannot run, for I have always found  
my Lord

Send me some deliverance, by his spirit and his word ;  
This one thing is certain, though of such feeble breath,  
Rather than desert my Lord, I will stand unto the death.

"My heart is for ever estranged from my native town,  
'Tis fixed on Mount Zion, on Jesus and his crown ;"  
'Spoke like a man," said Honest, "I give thee my right  
hand,  
Thou art of the right sort, fit for Immanuel's land."

"Didst thou know one Mr. Fearing, a pilgrim like thyself,  
Feeble in mind and body, but strong in heavenly wealth ?"  
"Know him, why he was my uncle, and dwelt very near my  
town,  
But like myself, determined to loose all, or win a crown."

One almost out of breath, came running with all his might,  
And cried, "There's one's just met his death, I believe his  
name is Not-right ;"  
"Ah !" said Mr. Feeble-mind, "can this be true, when the  
giant would me slay,  
This pilgrim was my companion, but forsook me and ran  
away."

What one would think doth seek to slay outright,  
Oft'times delivers from the saddest plight ;

That every providence, whose face is death,  
Doth oft times to the lowly life bequeath.  
I taken was, he did escape and flee ;  
Hands crossed, gave death to him and life to me.

Now Matthew and Mercy were married, made one in Christ  
their Lord,  
Making a holy feast, in accordance with God's word ;  
Each of the pilgrims gave them a token of their love,  
And their wedding motto was, " May we meet in Heaven  
above."

But the time had now expired, to pursue again their way,  
And Honest by nature as well as name, said, " Now our host  
we'll pay ;"  
But Gaius returned this answer, " I have orders from above,  
To receive no other payment, but pilgrims heartfelt love."

Then all the pilgrims of Gaius, took a loving farewell,  
And Mr. Greatheart said, " To thy Lord we soon shall tell,  
The Christian hospitality, thou to us hast nobly given,  
And thou shalt have a rich reward, with thy dear Lord in  
heaven.

Now as they all went out, still lingered Feeble-mind,  
But Mr. Greatheart said, " Come on, thou'lt find us true and  
kind ;  
" Nay, but I'm so troublesome, I dare not go with you,  
I shall only prove a burden all your journey through."

“No,” said Mr. Greatheart, “I will be thy guard,  
To cherish such weak ones, I’m commanded by my Lord ;  
Who knows but we may quickly, such another pilgrim find,  
Weak and feeble like thyself just suited to thy mind.

“Just as they were discoursing at good old Gaius’ door,  
Said Greatheart, “this is wonderful, here is one I do declare :  
One Mr. Ready-to-halt, thy brother in deed and word,  
Depend on it Mr. Feeble-mind, he has been sent thee by thy  
Lord.”

“Truly this is most seasonable, beyond my heart’s desire,  
My brother we can halt along, the strong ones shall not  
tire ;  
So their onward march they now began, the weak ones in  
the rear,  
Their banner bore a blood red cross, the motto, “Never fear.”

After a weary day, they came in sight of Vanity Fair,  
And some of the pilgrims hearts sank almost to despair ;  
For they remembered how Faithful was tortured in fire and  
flame,  
By the great men of this wicked town, through love to his  
master’s name.

And Christiana whispered to Mercy, this I fear will be our  
doom,  
So Mercy and the children all partook of Christiana’s gloom.

Then Greatheart called aloud and said, "Though Faithful  
here hath died,  
Not one of you shall be put to death, though your faith be  
sorely tried.

I know an old pilgrim, full of his master's love,  
He loves to shelter Christians, like the true and faithful dove;  
Wherever Christ's image is in the heart and face,  
He gives a hearty welcome to every heir of grace.

Now as through Vanity Fair our pilgrims passed along,  
They each became the gibe and jeer, of many a foolish song;  
And as they passed the spot, where Faithful met his death,  
They whispered to each other, 'twas here with trembling  
breath.

At last they came to the pilgrims house, it was a retired spot,  
Said Honest, "it reminds me of Sodom, in which dwelt pious  
Lot;  
The door it stood wide open so they entered, devoid of fear,  
And the master bade each welcome, to his honest Christian  
cheer.

After leading them all to a warm and cheerful place,  
He stamped with his foot, and called his youngest daughter  
Grace;  
"Go you, and call Mr. Penitent, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Dare-not-  
lie,  
Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Love-saints, and others who live hard by.



“Tell them to meet some pilgrims, to whom I’ve given rest,  
 And I wish all these my neighbours to entertain each guest !  
 They are bound for Mount Zion, but before they leave our  
 place,  
 I wish to entertain them, as becomes my Lord’s free grace.

“Then Mr. Contrite and his neighbours came with one ac-  
 cord,  
 And gave our pilgrims a hearty welcome, for the sake of their  
 dear Lord ;  
 Then the master said, “ Good neighbours, do you know who  
 this is ? ”  
 “ Why Christiana, going to meet her husband, in the land of  
 heavenly bliss.”

Then said Mr. Holy-man, “ This is indeed a joyful day,  
 In what a marvellous manner our Lord doth work his way ;  
 In this very town, where good Faithful lost his life,  
 Who would have thought we should have met Christian’s  
 loving wife.”

Then said old Honest, “ How stands it in your town,  
 Are your townsmen more disposed to gain heaven’s glorious  
 crown ? ”  
 “ Well ! to tell you the truth, good Faithful so meekly met  
 his death,  
 That towards religion in general, they speak with milder  
 breath.

“But still the mass of our people, are as far from God as ever  
They like religion best, in fair and sunny weather ;  
But that religion, which bids them go against wind and tide,  
Is just as rare as it was, when good old Faithful died.

“But how have you my brethren fared upon the road,”  
You can see we have met some wounds, and our arms are  
stained with blood ;  
Giant Slaygood, Bloodyman, and others gave us some work  
to do,  
But through our Lord’s great mercy, we’ve cut our way to  
you.

“There art two things always needful, amid the pilgrims  
strife,  
These two things are courage and an unspotted life ;  
He who lacketh courage, will but a coward prove,  
And he who has a spotted life, evinces little love.”

Meeting with such warm welcome, the pilgrims staid long  
time,  
And as true pilgrims should, their light did brightly shine ;  
The master’s daughter was given to Samuel as his bride,  
So that a Christian colony arose where Faithful died.

Many of the townsmen, who in Faithful’s death took part,  
For their most cruel conduct, were pricked to the heart ;  
And this was chiefly owing to the pilgrims deeds of love,  
Winning many ungodly ones to place their hopes above.

The women, like the Saviour, going about and doing good,  
The men like Christian warriors, resisting unto blood ;  
So that it became a proverb, since these pilgrims came to town,  
Many have taken up the cross, to gain a heavenly crown.

“ One day to Mr. Greatheart, a messenger brought this word,  
Give warning to all the pilgrims, to brighten their two-edged sword ;  
For a Dragon called Popery, is hiding within yon wood,  
Waiting his opportunity to drown this town in blood.”

Then Greatheart said to the pilgrims, “ let not your armour rust,  
Be sure to keep your weapons bright, and put in God your trust ;  
To-morrow our Prince has called us to another deadly fight,  
So after prayer, all meet me, just at the morning light.

“ Mr. Feeble-mind shall remain, the wounded to attend,  
For though he is not a warrior, he is our loving friend ;  
For some must pray while others fight, so before the sun goes down,  
We hope to bring this dragon, a prisoner to our town.

“Then by the morning light, our pilgrims in battle array,  
All entered the wood, this dragon to capture or to slay;  
But the dragon from his ten horns, sent forth a stream of  
fire,  
Had not the pilgrims been armour proof, 'twould have  
caused them to expire.

But the pilgrims prayer went up to God, as their weapons  
flourished around,  
And after more than an hours' fight, they wounded him on  
the crown;  
So with a roar he beat retreat, strewing the way with blood,  
While Greatheart and his warriors, kept strict watch about  
the wood.

This dragon bore on his forehead, Babylon the Great,  
Sent out from that wicked city, where the pope doth hold  
his state;  
His satanic mouth sends out both fire and flood,  
And the glory of his shame, is written in martyrs blood.

Said old Honest to Mr. Greatheart, “The day will soon be  
here,  
When the judgment of the Lord, on this monster will  
appear;  
Many thousands of his servants, has she burnt amid the  
fire,  
And in the judgment of his wrath, we'll make her funeral  
pyre.

The valour against this dragon, which these pilgrims have displayed,  
Made some to respect their godliness, and the baser sort afraid ;  
So that for the present, the Lord did give them rest,  
And thus in body as well as soul, true godliness is best.

But the watchword now was given, their journey to pursue,  
" Faith, Hope, and Love," said Greatheart, " for you are not yet safely through ;  
And as they left the town, they passed the very place,  
Where Faithful made a true confession, by his Lord's sovereign grace.

Each pilgrim as he passed the spot, breathed a prayer to him,  
That they like Faithful, might faithful prove, against Satan, self, and sin ;  
Said old Honest, " This becomes us to keep our armour bright,  
For before we reach Mount Zion, we shall yet have many a fight."

" Truly," said Christiana, " Christ must be all in all.  
For whenever we do stray from him, we are sure to get a fall ;  
Oh ! Jesus ever keep us, in faith, and fear, and love,  
That we may not be shamed, when see thy face above.

“In peace and love they all went on, till they came to the noted hill,  
And there smoothed-tongue Demas, played his vocation still ;”  
Said Greatheart, “how many who peep’d, have here for ever fell,  
And yet this silver mine, lures many down to hell.”

“Yes,” said old Honest, “it seems a much thronged place,  
For here professors fall, who have not God’s true grace ;  
The crowd around this mine, is still for ever great,  
Although yon time worn monument, warns sinners of their fall.”

“Solemn warning,” said Greatheart, “but remember Lot’s wife,  
Let us not linger like her, but prepare for war’s rough strife ;”  
Now they came to the glorious meadows, where Christ’s leaves and flowers grow,  
And where the waters of life, into Christian hearts do flow

Here the pilgrims washed their garments, from many a travel-stained spot,  
And learnt many precious lessons, never to be forgot ;  
Here they felt they could live for ever, so lovely was the place,  
And oft’ by faith beheld, their Saviour’s glorious face.

But war, war to the knife, must be the Christian's cry,  
For sin and self, with the world's gay wealth, will often  
make him sigh ;  
For the Christian is never so safe, as with sword and shield  
in hand,  
Fighting in his Saviour's strength, till he reach his father's  
land.

“ Ah ! here is Bypath meadow,” said Mr. Greatheart to them  
all,  
Christiana blushed deeply, as she remembered her husband's  
fall ;  
Now a council of war was held, to see what could be done,  
For here was Doubting Castle, and they would not like  
coward's run.

So after each pilgrim had spoken, it was resolved by all,  
That they would either lose their lives, or Doubting Castle  
should fall ;  
“ Who will go with me,” said Greatheart, come Honest  
what say you ?”  
“ Why let the old giant as well as his wife, see what good  
men can do.”

Cried Christiana's boys, “ We all will go,” they said, as in  
one breath,  
“ We will tell him we are Christian's sons, and mean to put  
him to death ;

Our father suffered dreadfully, from this giant's cruel power,  
And where our father was confined, we will hang him on  
that tower."

Said Greatheart, "He is a desperate foe, look well to shield  
and sword,

Christ and his cross, my brave ones, must be our battle-  
word ;

Remember said Mr. Honest, how Christian lost the day ;  
For sleeping on this giant's ground, how dearly did he pay.

"So cry to your Lord to make you watch, and pray for the  
Spirit's power,

To give us all the victory, in the battles dreadful hour ;  
And as the sun is setting, let us at once make speed,  
And may the strength of Jesus be perfect in our need."

Then commending the women and children, to their Lord's  
sweet care,

Christiana as she kissed her children, dropped a silent tear ;  
For she remembered how her husband suffered in the giant's  
dungeon deep,

"Oh! Lord, she cried in spirit, "Do thou my children  
keep."

Soon the dark towers of Doubting Castle appeared,  
The Prince of hell this gloomy castle reared ;  
Black as his own infernal fiery den,  
Oft proved the tomb of Christ's despising men.



But Greatheart strong in the strength of redeeming love,  
Before its gates, with Christian courage stood ;  
Making with his knocking, all its dungeons shake,  
And even the giant's growling slumbers brake.

Said he to his wife, " What traitor is this so bold ?  
Before an hour hence, his corpse, so cold,  
Shall hang upon my tower ; a warning be,  
To all bold villains who thus threaten me."

Again the door to its foundation shook,  
And giant Despair with hell's terrific look,  
Opened his gate, demanding " who is there,  
What villain bold, dare waken giant Despair ?"

Greatheart at once replied, " Yes, I am come  
To destroy for ever thy infernal home ;  
I am Immanuel's messenger, and 'tis his will,  
That thee and thy wife Diffidence, we both should kill.

Then did the giant roar, as giants only can,  
And cried, " Never bright angel, nor yet sinful man,  
Ever yet ventured in my castle's gloom,  
But found through all eternity a living tomb."

Said Greatheart, " hither my brave companions, I have led,  
Not to make terms with thee, but take thy head ;  
Immanuel and his cross our battle word,"  
Then all the pilgrims drew the Spirit's sword.

But Giant Despair the truth for once did tell,  
When he declared bright angels through him fell;  
Millions of sinners by him had been slain,  
In many battles the victory he did gain.

So making sure of all the pilgrims blood;  
Before them all, at once he boldly stood;  
I'll give your bodies to the fowls of air,  
For daring thus to trouble giant Despair.

His head was cased in armour proof of steel,  
And none had ever yet made him to feel;  
He had a breast-plate made of hell's dark fire,  
Given by Satan, his own worthy sire.

From all our pilgrims, the blood did freely flow,  
Old Honest cut down Diffidence with one blow;  
Never so sore a battle on earth has been,  
Excepting in old Jerusalem seen.

That mightier battle when to set us free,  
Christ wrestled with sin, and death on Calvary's tree;  
Abolished death, there made an end of sin,  
An everlasting righteousness brought in.

The giant cased within his coat of mail,  
Fiercer and fiercer, our pilgrims did assail;  
Till Greatheart bethought him of strong faith's mighty shield;  
Then for the first time the giant faintly reeled.

Like a base coward towards the castle fled,  
But the four boys at once took off his head ;  
Then fired the castle in one terrific blaze,  
Its very foundation to the centre raze.

But oh ! the dead bodies, in the cells that laid,  
Among them two honest pilgrims, Despondency and Much-  
afraid ;  
Nearly half dead, but when they saw the light,  
It seemed as if they woke from hell's dark night.

The pilgrims said to them, " Be of good cheer,  
We are loving friends, you have nothing now to fear ;"  
Then singing the song of victory, though stained with the  
giant's blood,  
They marched to where their dear companions stood.

" Now," said Mr. Greatheart, " one song of praise to him,  
Who has made us conquer this mighty man of sin ;  
I'll place his head in the broad light of day,  
That all may tremble and rejoice who pass this way.

The pilgrims now did cheer their way along,  
By praising their great deliverer in sacred song ;  
Till the Delectable Mountains came in view,  
Where the loving shepherd's welcome them, as pilgrims true.

And said to Mr. Greatheart, " You have here a goodly flock,  
Come, we trust to Christ, our glorious rock ;  
We see you have many weak ones, according to the word,  
We give these special welcome from our dear loving Lord.

" And as they are feeble ones, though true in grace,  
We give them first the dainties of the place ;  
To all the wonders each of you are free.  
Those wonders which Christian and Hopeful once did see.

" And some choice things to you shall here be given,  
To remind you of your future home in Heaven ;"  
Then on the morrow when the sun did rise,  
They journeyed to where the mount called Marvel lies.

Then to Mount Innocence, Mount Charity also,  
And Mercy said, " Yet further I would go ;  
I do remember one to me did tell,  
There was a bye-way to the gates of hell."

Said the good Shepherds, "'Tis an awful place,  
Yet it may shew you what you owe to grace ;  
Salvation, when this awful place you see,  
'Twill make you prize Christ's grace so full and free."

Then to the hill, the shepherds did them take,  
And said to Mercy, " The sight will make you shake ;"  
But Mercy listened, there came a hollow sound,  
That dreadful voice shook everything around.

This was the voice, "Cursed my father for ever,"  
Who from salvation's way my feet did sever ;"  
Another said, "I did refuse control,  
And like a madman, lost my precious soul."

Another said, "It was that cursed self,  
Which brought me here by not denying self ;"  
Then did the maiden, trembling with affright,  
Move softly away from such a dreadful sight.

Saying to herself, praise to my Lord's free grace,  
Who hath delivered me from this dread place ;  
Through all eternity my song shall be,  
Praise to my Lord for having loved me.

Before the pilgrims left the shepherd's home,  
They gave good counsel to each one alone ;  
To Christiana they gave a bracelet like a dove,  
And to all her daughters some token of their love.

Bade them good speed, take heed unto the word,  
And never to move without their loving Lord ;  
But the richest presents to the feeble ones were given,  
Following the example of their Lord in Heaven.

This was a day without one sad alloy,  
For one sweet thought did now increase their joy ;  
Their wars and fightings now would soon be o'er,  
For they were getting near bright Canaan's shore.

Each object now they gazed upon was bright,  
Illumined with rays from great Immanuel's light ;  
But as the night succeeds the glorious day,  
So must our pilgrims find darkness in the way.

For soon they came to one dark hollow place,  
Where one false Turnaway did turn from grace ;  
And Mr. Greatheart thought it would be well,  
To shew the pilgrims how Turnaway did sell.

What he believed his very profession too,  
Threatenings and counsel bursting madly through ;  
When he came to the cross, one told him there to look,  
But neither advice nor counsel would he brook.

When at the gate one tried to turn him back,  
But not for a moment would this traitor slack ;  
But rushing on, forsook both life and crown,  
Until he reached his native sinful town.

There lived a life far worse than he had been,  
And died a traitor, double dyed in sin ;  
Now as they advanced upon the pilgrims road,  
They saw one stand all covered o'er with blood.

He held within his grasp an unsheathed sword,  
And said, " Come you as friends or foes, speak now the  
word !"

" Why, what's thy name ?" said Greatheart, " who doth stand,  
And seem to bar our way to yon bright land. "

“ Oh ! I see,” said he, “ you’re friends, so here’s my name,  
Valiant-for-truth though from Coward’s land I came ;  
Three thieves as you do see, did meet me here,  
Leaving some marks, but made me not to fear.”

“ Three against one, ah ! that ought not to be,  
But faith’s true sword, can make a thousand flee ;  
I did my best, my Lord did send me aid,  
Therefore all hell could not make me afraid.”

“ Well spoken man, valiant for truth thou art,  
In Christ’s bright crown, thou soon shall have thy part ;  
But come, dear brother, shew me thy trusty sword,  
Ah ! the right Jerusalem blade, true to its Lord.”

“ Yes, Valiant for truth, thou hast fought through fire and  
flood,  
And like thy master, resisted unto blood ;  
And as in his sufferings, thou on earth doth fare,  
So in his glory in heaven thou shalt share.”

Then Christiana and Mercy washed the blood away,  
And Greatheart said, Brother, with us now stay ;  
Pilgrims like thee, brave to the very bone,  
Are those we love, while travelling to our home.

Said Mr. Greatheart to Valiant-for-truth, "Did you ever hear,

Of one true soldier of Jesus, full of godly fear ;  
The husband of this good woman, Christian was his name,  
Every city, town, and village, rings with his Christian  
fame."

"What is this the wife of Christian, and have I heard of him ?  
'Twas hearing of his glorious deeds, that made me fly from  
sin ;

When I was rushing madly on the road that leads to hell,  
An honest pilgrim came one day, good news he said to tell.

"He said his name was Tell-true, 'twas not of sparkling gold,  
But riches which would last for ever, that he had to unfold ;  
He told us how good Christian, first heard this glorious  
news,

And how he left his native town, a pilgrim's life to choose.

"Told how how he fought with devils, lions, fire, and sword,  
And conquered every enemy, with God's immortal word ;  
Told how he crossed the river of Death, in spite of all his  
fears,

And how he got a glorious crown, in exchange for sighs and  
tears.

"Thousands of my townsmen, mocked at this man's word,  
But I began to tremble, at God's avenging sword ;



“ My sins from childhood up to man, came flocking in my  
heart,  
Which made me feel that hell indeed would be my just  
desert.

“ But when I heard this Tell-true say, that even yet there’s  
room,  
And Christ would never cast away, all who in truth did  
come ;  
A secret thought came in my heart, a pilgrim I will go,  
And whether I am lost or saved, the truth of this I’ll know.

“ And not a moment did I lose, but for my life did fly,  
Yet the temptation followed me, thyself why thus deny ?  
Not one has ever yet come back of all the human race,  
To tell unto his fellow man that there is such a place.

“ But this most precious promise, I held both firm and fast,  
That all who’re found in Jesus, must overcome at last ;  
So here I am, like Christian, come through fire and flood,  
And have through grace resisted, yes, resisted unto blood.”

Then was Mr. Valiant-for-truth enrolled in their band,  
As one Christ counted worthy to reach his father’s land ;  
Oh ! glorious sight, a child of wrath, now made a child of  
love,  
It made the sweetest music, in the angels home above.

THE  
ENCHANTED GROUND.

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As the pilgrims entered the Enchanted Ground, it seemed  
so bright and fair,  
But Mr. Greatheart said, "Remember each step you'll find a  
snare ;  
Each tree you see so beautiful, has poison in its fruit,  
Each flower you see so lovely, has death within its root.

"Watch and pray, says our master, in his wondrous book,  
So let each pilgrim take his map and prayerfully in it look ;  
Remember your dear Master, what he suffered for your sake,  
Such love will kindle your cold hearts, and keep you all  
awake."

Notwithstanding this wise caution such a drowsiness to  
sleep,  
That they all determined to rest in the first harbour they  
should meet ;  
But Mr. Greatheart said, "be watchful, keep awake, and  
act like men,  
For whoever goeth there to sleep, shall never wake again."

So Mr. Greatheart went before, with Feeble-mind in hand.

Said he, "let each one draw his sword, for 'tis a dangerous land:"

Such a mist and darkness now arose, no one could scarcely see,

Said Valiant-for-truth to Despondency "now keep thou close to me."

Each flower seemed rife with fiends, from each tree a dragon peeped out,

"Be strong in the Lord," said Greatheart, "we shall them quickly route;

Although in this mist and darkness, you seem quite at a lost,  
A greater darkness fell on Christ, when he was on the cross."

As they could not see each other, each one would speak some word,

Telling each other, though so dark, there was light in their dear Lord;

But the children had many a trouble, and the women felt faint and sore,

While ever and anon around them, was heard the lion's roar.

Yet though so faint and weary, I perceived not one did stop,  
For they said to each other, "remember the wicked wife of Lot;

No looking back, but forward, this still must be our cry,  
For all who remain on the Enchanted Ground, eternally  
must die."

But the way grew so wearisome,—nay, there was no way  
at all,  
So that the children began to cry, and the women for suc-  
cour call ;  
Even Valiant-for-truth and Greatheart, were puzzled what  
to do,  
For thoughts came rushing in their hearts, shall we get  
safely through ?

But now they came to a spot where the way was covered o'er,  
And it seemed as if a thousand fiends around them now did  
roar ;  
That even Greatheart's valiant heart somewhat began to  
shake,  
For the darkness was so terrible, he knew not the way to  
take.

But from his Heavenly tinder box at once he struck a light,  
Which shone upon his Christian's map, and cleared his  
aching sight ;  
And well it was, for if they had without this light there  
crossed,  
In the gulf of vain presumption each one would have been  
lost.

So by this Heavenly light, they all went safely on,  
"T'was a lamp unto their feet ; but scarcely had they gone  
Over this gulf of darkness, when two men they did meet,  
And though such a dreadful place, yet both were fast asleep.

Heedless and Too-bold were their names ; said Greatheart  
    " these are mad,  
To sleep on such enchanted ground, this is indeed most sad ;  
To try to save their lives, we will give them a good shake,  
But cry most mightily, dear brethren, to be kept yourselves  
    awake."

Then Greatheart roughly shook them, and cried within  
    their ears,  
When both did laugh, and said, " we know no coward fears ;"  
" Alas ! " said Mr. Honest, " these men are deaf and blind,"  
" Yes, I fear," said, Valiant-for-truth, " destruction they  
    will find."

These men were neither governed by faith, nor sanctified by  
    reason,  
Against the master they profess to serve, they here commit  
    high treason ;  
You see this enchanted ground lies just at the end of the way,  
Which by grace should make each pilgrim wary not a mo-  
    ment here to stay.

You see these men were hot for Heaven when they began at first,  
But now you see by their death-like sleep, they seem to be accursed ;  
So let each remember, we are still in an enemy's land,  
Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but with drawn sword in hand.

'Tis he that overcometh, through the lamb's most precious blood,  
Who fights by faith to see his face through fire and through flood ;  
But let us take warning, remember to sleep in the King's highway,  
Lays us open to Satan the lion, our souls and bodies to slay.

Then they all prayed Mr. Greatheart, that he would still continue the light,  
For now they were all more wakeful, after viewing ~~so~~ dread a sight ;  
Still the way was very rough, and most tiring to their feet,  
And the more they battled on, the more obstacles they meet.

But this gave more matter for prayer, so more earnest did they cry  
That their Lord would make the path more comfortably to lie ;

And according to their prayer, secret strength was given,  
And it made their rough way smooth, when they thought  
of Christ and Heaven.

Another thing encouraged them, they thought they saw the  
form  
Of a pilgrim, with his face toward Heaven, praying amid  
the storm ;  
And though they could not hear his voice, they plainly saw  
his face,  
Upwards towards the Heavens above, as if imploring grace.

Then they all drew softly on towards this praying man,  
But none could overtake him, for towards Heaven he swiftly  
ran ;  
Then Mr. Greatheart cried out lustily, " Oh ! friend come  
to a stand,  
If thou art an honest pilgrim, come join our little band."

So then he slackened pace, but kept his hand upon his sword,  
Like a watchful pilgrim, obeying his loving Lord ;  
" Ah !" said good old Honest, " I'm glad to see thy face,  
Another heir of glory, because an heir of grace."

Said Honest to Mr. Greatheart, " this is a pilgrim true,  
For in my early days, I of him somewhat knew ;  
Standfast is his name, and standfast he'll be found,  
For by his Lord's free grace, I'm sure he'll keep his ground."

“What,” said our new pilgrim, “Mr. Honest, is that you?  
 And are all these like yourself, honest ones and true?  
 This is a joyful meeting I scarce had hoped for here,  
 Ah! now I see my loving Lord has answered my poor  
 prayer.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Honest, “I saw you bending down,  
 And every wrestling Jacob shall gain a glorious crown;”  
 Then Mr. Standfast blushed, “I’m sorry you did me see,  
 For prayer should be in secret, between my Lord and me.”

“But I will ask thee a question, and I trust it’s one that’s  
 fair,  
 Was it for any special mercy we saw thee thus in prayer?  
 Or was it for protection, against this enchanted ground,  
 That, like old Jacob in Bethel, we thee in prayer found?”

“Well, feeling myself grow drowsy, I thought of no better  
 way  
 To keep myself awake, than to wrestle and to pray;  
 For I have heard that pilgrims have come, even to **this**  
 last spot,  
 And yet through sleepy unbelief, dark hell has been their  
 lot.

“Beside, as I was musing, there came one unto me,  
 And said, ‘I’ve a splendid fortune, to offer unto thee;  
 That is, if by my counsel, thou wilt by me be led,  
 Thou shalt have my fortune, my body, purse and bed.’



“ Now this was a strong temptation, being weary and very poor,  
And for both of these evils, she said she had a perfect cure ;  
However, I repulsed her, though in somewhat feeble style,  
Which gave her greater confidence, so she came on with a smile.

“ Said she, ‘ I’ll make thee happy, for I’m mistress of this earth,  
I will also give thee riches, and pleasure’s joyful mirth ; ’  
Again I strong repulsed her, but she would not say no,  
But laid her hand upon my arm, and said, ‘ with me now go.’

“ ‘ Ask what thou wilt, and I’ll give it thee, only say thou art mine,’  
‘ Away, cursed woman,’ I replied, ‘ canst thou give me peace when dying ? ’  
So lifting up my heart to my dear loving Lord,  
I said, ‘ destroy this wicked one, with the breath of thy pure word.’

“ Finding that with her lying words, and still more witching smile,  
I only answered her by prayer, as she could not me beguile ;  
And hearing, as I supposed, true pilgrims were coming on,  
When I lifted up my tearful eyes, I found that she was gone.”

“ Ah ! ” said old Honest, “ you have escaped deep trouble,  
For certainly you would have lost your soul had you gone  
with Madam Bubble ; ”

“ Ah ! that is her name, ” said Standfast, “ a most enticing  
witch, ”

“ Yes, ” said Greatheart, “ all that join her, fall into hell’s  
dark ditch. ”

Said Greatheart, “ is not this woman very tall and fair ?  
And has she not a syren’s smile, with most bewitching  
air ?

And does she not carry by her side a purse of shining  
gold ?

And as each pilgrim passes by, cries, ‘ here, my friend,  
behold. ’

“ She whispers in every pilgrim’s ear, ‘ I’ll make you great  
and rich, ’

Sometimes a smile, sometimes a tear, comes from this bub-  
bling witch ;

To the poor she offers riches, she has wares for every mind,  
All that is pleasing to yourself, in her you’ll surely find.

“ The moment a pilgrim steps aside, her hand is on his  
arm,

Holding out some worldly prize with her deceitful charm ;  
She is the reigning Empress, on this enchanted ground,  
And every step a pilgrim takes, her tempting face is found.

“No weapon to vanquish this witch but the spirit’s two-edged sword,

And Christ’s love warming our hearts in his most precious word;

He who has most the mind of Christ will ever surely be  
Conqueror over Madam Bubble, and gain the victory.

“Oh! what mercy to resist her, a mercy none can tell,”  
Said Standfast, “if I’d not resisted, I must have gone to  
hell;”

“Sure as thou art a living man, unless brought back by  
grace,

So let us all fly from her, as from a serpent’s face.

“It was her who incited Absalom against his father to  
rebel—

It was her who tempted Judas, his Master, Christ, to sell—

It was her who caught old Demas, with her bag of gold,  
And through her winning smiles, Esau his birthright sold.

“Between rulers and subjects, this woman fosters hate,  
Before the young and giddy, lays pleasure’s glittering  
bait;

Bids the ambitious to wicked ways aspire,  
Between husband and wife, by a word sets both on fire.

“Causes the child to forsake his parents when they’re old,  
And tempts the murderer’s knife, with a heavy purse of gold  
In fact the time would fail me her sorceries to tell,  
Within her paradise on earth, each victim finds a hell.”

Then all the pilgrims said, "Oh! Standfast firm and true,  
By standing fast like thee, we shall get safely through;  
God's word our trusty sword, and Christ our glorious  
shield,  
Against all Madam Bubble's we shall stand and gain the  
field."

Then did all the pilgrims rejoice with holy fear,  
Believing their trials were ended, Mount Zion being so  
near;  
Just on the borders of Beulah, that land of light and love,  
The land of gardens ever blooming, and the cooing of the  
dove.

The land where the sun for ever, in unclouded beauty shines,  
Where bright angels are ever hovering, above its fragrant  
vines;  
Christiana being musical, proposed that each should sing,  
A hymn of heartfelt gratitude, to Christ their glorious  
King!

Mr. Greatheart began the first, as leader of the band,  
In some faint measure describing Immanuel's wondrous  
land;  
The burden of his hymn, the real happiness of Heaven,  
The everlasting home of all by Christ their sins forgiven.

## MR. GREATHEART'S HYMN.

All the glittering hosts of angelic spirits bright,  
The Cherubim and Seraphim in uncreated light ;  
All the countless millions saved from sins dark flood,  
Clothed in his spotless righteousness, stained with his own  
heart's blood.

All Heaven's jewelled crowns, and palms of victory,  
The throne of God itself, which faith can sometimes see ;  
All her gates of pearl, and streets of shining gold,  
Yea, all that Heaven contains by mortal tongue ne'er told.

All to a grateful sinner, would be as nothing there to him,  
Without Christ Jesu's presence, and the absence of all  
sin ;  
Without the glorious Saviour, on Calvary's shameful tree,  
Heaven could be no Heaven, her crown no crown to me.

But sin for ever absent, and Jesus ever there ;  
Not Gabriel's tongue could fully such happiness declare ;  
Known as we are known, yet without one stain of sin,  
But viewing in Heaven's pure light what our past lives  
have been.

Each moment through eternity, see Christ my life and  
peace,  
My wondrous debt of gratitude, for ever shall increase ;  
See in Him endless beauties, new cause of love to Him,  
And never tired of crowning my Saviour and my King.

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## CHRISTIANA'S HYMN.

Angels who never sinned before God's throne above,  
Dwell in the light and life of his refulgent love ;  
Angels desire to look, admire that wondrous plan,  
The highest of His wisdom, in saving wretched man.

Angels have never felt man's lost and desperate case,  
Therefore can never fathom the heights and depths of  
grace ;  
Can never feel sin's bitterness, therefore can never sing—  
Oh ! grave, where is thy victory ? Oh ! death, where is thy  
sting.

None can sing this song on earth or Heaven above,  
But they who have felt their ruined state, believed their  
Saviour's love ;  
Deeper is this depth of love, than all the depths of hell,  
Higher than the highest archangel's tongue can tell.

Oh! what a tumult will this make within the sinner's  
heart,  
When Jesus bids them to arise, from self and sin depart ;  
And what sweet music will then be, when heart and strength  
shall fail,  
As they begin to enter on death's dark and shadowy vale.

Then will the sinner's heart and tongue in sweetest music  
blend,  
Through a long blessed eternity, to praise their glorious  
friend ;  
And the deepest in His debt, through all eternity,  
Will crown Him with the brightest crown, and bend the  
lowest knee.

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#### MR. VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH'S HYMN.

I am going, I am going, to my Father's home above ;  
I am going to see the palace of a dying Saviour's love ;  
Earth's deceitful splendour is fading on my sight,  
Before the coming glories of Heaven's eternal light.

He is coming, He is coming, I feel His presence now,  
The glory of Immanuel lights up my dying brow ;  
I see the gates are opening, I hear the music swell,  
Oh! welcome Jesus, conqueror, o'er sin, and death, and  
hell.

Pale death, thou smilest in triumph as conqueror over me,  
Thou art but Christ's own messenger, to set my spirit free ;  
Thou dost but lose the jewel, from its dark and trembling  
case,

To be reset by Jesus, in His own immortal grace.

I go from earth's false smile, from her dark terrific frown,  
From her diadem of thorns, to Christ's immortal crown ;  
From all her joys and sorrows, and the one which stands  
alone,  
From the bright and glorious sunshine of a happy loving  
home.

And will you not, dear children, through mercy come to me,  
The face of glorious Jesus eternally to see ;  
And this shall be my prayer, with my last fleeting breath,  
Oh ! Jesus, save my children, from sin, and hell, and death.

Yes, Father, dearest Father, through Jesus we would come,  
To live with you for ever, in Heaven's eternal home ;  
To see that wondrous form, who once on Calvary stood,  
And made the road from earth to Heaven by his own pre-  
cious blood.

And there with loud Hosannah's, sing that immortal song,  
Crown Jesus Lord of all, through eternity prolong ;  
Each feels he owes the greatest debt, each kneels the lowest  
down,  
Each strives to place upon his head the noblest, brightest  
crown.



## MERCY'S HYMN.

Hark! what seraphic sounds are these,  
Melodious, pure, and clear ;  
No earthly music half so sweet  
My fainting heart to cheer.

It comes from that redeemed throng,  
Whose number none can tell ;  
None learn the beauty of their song,  
Save those redeemed from hell.

Angels all stand in wonder,  
To view this marvellous sight ;  
From sin and Sinai's thunder,  
To reign as heirs of light.

Yes, wonders shall that day disclose,  
For every eye shall see,  
The glorious Man who gave His life  
To set the captive free.

And in the spotless light of Heaven,  
From the moment of their birth ;  
View their great debt of sin forgiven,  
When travelling this dark earth.

Then with a loving rivalry,  
In that tremendous host ;  
Each knows his own dark story,  
Each feels he owes Christ most.

And their sweet song of love,  
Shall never, never tire ;  
For ever view in Jesu's blood,  
Each song shall rise the higher.

Ages on ages roll on and on,  
That song is ever new ;  
And every soul of that vast throng  
Views Christ more precious too.

And yet methinks from Mary's tongue,  
A sweeter note doth fall ;  
Hark ! no, I hear a higher song  
From that dark bigot, Paul.

Yet listen, the golden arch now rings  
With the highest triumph yet ;  
'Tis Peter, how he sweetly sings,  
Yet never can forget.

One night in that dark judgment hall,  
When he denied his Lord ;  
Comes back that sad, that woeful fall,  
Comes back that pardoning word.

But higher, above the highest,  
 My song shall ever be ;  
 And lower, beneath the lowest  
 Shall bend my grateful knee.

Oh ! give me now the earnest  
 Of the love I long to feel ;  
 But I must die to fully prove  
 What Christ can still reveal.

Oh ! could I take each ransomed crown,  
 And blend them all in one ;  
 My grateful hand should place them all  
 On the head of God's dear Son.

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## THE LAND OF BEULAH.

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In this sweet land of Beulah, for ever shines the sun,  
 And now they begin to taste the triumph, their Lord so  
 bravely won ;  
 Rest—yes, sweetest, rest—in view of the conqueror's crown,  
 And some would cry, the shining ones this day have come  
 to town.

Here was the King's own garden, with flowers of every hue,  
 And what they once believed they found, rich blessings too ;  
 Hope, like a golden anchor, was firm in every hand,  
 Because its flukes were fastened within Immanuel's land.

The loving voice of the turtle was heard both day and night,  
And sometimes across the river, there gleamed upon their  
sight,

The pearly gates of the city, its walls of precious stone,  
Which often made the pilgrims cry, "Oh! when shall we  
get home?"

And sometimes, as if a million bells came ringing on the  
air,

In this bright land of Beulah was never known despair;  
Here also is kept a record of the warriors who have won  
An everlasting crown of life, through God's eternal Son.

But sometimes the pilgrims would glance at the river deep  
and dark

With an anxious eye, for many a gallant bark,  
With the colours of presumption, or self-righteousness  
bedecked,

Have on this river of death for ever been shipwrecked.

Besides sometimes to true pilgrims, it had overflowed its  
bank,

And to the trembling palate, its waters tasted rank;  
But though many trembling pilgrims into this river have  
gone;

It has made them sing more sweetly, Christ's everlasting  
song.

Here also each pilgrim was perfumed, 'ere he yielded his  
last breath,  
For spices of the sweetest odours grew round this river of  
death ;  
Calamus, spikenard, cinnamon, with frankincense com-  
bined,  
Creating the sweetest feelings within the pilgrims' mind.

Here also the pilgrim children, from their parents sweetly  
learn,  
Many a spiritual lesson, which, when they to life return,  
Through the Holy Sprit, produce sweet fruits of love,  
Which makes them live with the glorious hope of joining  
them above.

After our happy pilgrims had an earnest view of Heaven,  
And felt the full assurance of all their sins forgiven ;  
One day a trumpeter was heard, to Christiana's house he  
came,  
And after sounding a joyful note, he called her by her  
name.

“ I have a letter, thou true pilgrim, to deliver unto thee,  
That in ten days thou must appear, thy Saviour's face to see ;  
The token he sends to thee, an arrow sharpened by love,  
To be lodged safely in thy heart, till thou reach thy home  
above.”

Then Christiana with loving obedience prepared to obey,  
And said within her beating heart, "Oh! happy day;  
Now shall I reap the fruit of leaving Destruction's town—  
Now shall I see my husband, and wear my blood-bought  
crown."

Then sent to Mr. Greatheart, who came with loving grace,  
And said, "Oh! I wish it was my lot to be in your happy  
place;"  
Then a mother's and a Christian's blessing to each of her  
children gave,  
And told them to be like their father, pilgrims true and  
brave.

"To see in your forehead Christ's mark, is an earnest  
unto me,  
That when you come where I am now, you'll gain the  
victory;"  
Then called for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, and spake these words  
to him:  
"Sir, through Christ you shall conquer, yourself, this  
world, and sin.

"And as you're a valiant soldier, if you see my children  
faint,  
Speak of their father's courage, it will cure any weak  
complaint;

My daughters-in-law have been faithful to the promises  
received,  
And their's shall be a performance, as they have in Christ  
believed."

To Mr. Standfast she gave a pilgrim's farewell ring,  
And said, "with joy I shall meet thee, before my glorious  
King ;"  
Then looking on good old Honest, she said with a perfect  
smile,  
"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

Then she called for Mr. Ready-to-halt, and said, "Oh !  
trembling one,  
Soon, very soon, thy complainings here shall be for ever  
done ;"  
Then looking on Mr. Feeblemind, who mournfully there  
stood,  
She said to him, "be strong in Christ, remember giant  
Slaygood."

To Mr. Despondency and Much-afraid, who stood tremb-  
ling far behind,  
She called them to her, and spake most tender words and  
kind ;  
All your fears and darkness shall for ever pass away,  
Be of good cheer, through Christ there comes an everlasting  
day."

Then on the tenth day, as foretold, began to fail her breath,  
Then all the pilgrims accompanied her, down to the River  
of Death ;

The last words she was heard to say, " Oh ! death, where  
is thy sting,  
I am more than conqueror through Christ, my glorious King !"

But oh ! had you heard the trumpets and the million bells  
that ring —  
Heard the sweet song from the other side, which the ran-  
somed ever sing ;  
Or had you seen the angels, in their chariots all on fire,  
Your heart would have burned within you, with a pil-  
grim's true desire.

Then Mr. Feeble-mind, next heard the postman's thrilling  
horn.

And soon there stood before him the heavenly postman's form ;  
" I'm come," said he, " from thy Master, to ease thee of all  
thy fears,  
Thou hast ever been a true pilgrim, though clouded with  
sighs and tears.

" But now thy days of mourning shall be turned into joy,  
Praising and crowning thy Saviour, thy ever sweet employ ;  
Those that look out of the windows, shall be darkened, saith  
thy Lord,  
This is the token sent thee, from thy master's loving word."



Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, "I have no wealth to leave,  
Nothing but this poor feeble mind, which so often did me  
grieve;

No, no poor Feeble-mind, no more need of thee,  
For body and mind all glorious, when I my Lord do see.

"So in a dung-hill, Mr. Valiant, do you bury it out of sight,  
Never more to trouble pilgrims in their holy fight;"  
Then he entered the river, shouting, "Oh joyful day to me!  
Hold out good faith and patience, from Feeble-mind I'm  
free.'

Some days now passed away, when the postman's Heavenly  
horn,  
Sounded in Mr. Despondency's heart with terrible alarm;  
Trembling, he stood and listened, with almost fainting  
breath,

"What, must I face the messenger, the messenger of death."

But when the message came, and the token he had heard,  
Christ's strength was made perfect in weakness, according  
to his word;

"Farewell, farewell," he cried, "to all my doubts and fears,  
A crown for my cross, and a welcome for my tears.

"With all my gloom and terror, I have for ever done,  
Welcome Thy everlasting day, and the rising of Thy sun;"  
Then Much-afraid, his daughter, said, "may I go with you?  
You know, my father, I have been, most loving and most  
true.

“Have mingled in your sorrows, in all your doubts and fears,  
Have mingled sighs with sighs, and groans with all your tears ;  
I will be faithful to you, yes, with my latest breath,  
Then let me enter with you into the River of Death.”

Locked in each other's arms, they felt death's cold embrace,  
And both were kept from sinking, through Jesu's matchless grace ;  
The last words he did utter were, “farewell gloomy night,  
Welcome an eternal morning, in Immanuel's home of light.”

His daughter went through singing, but none the words could tell,  
Excepting one sweet sentence, “through Christ, yes all is well ;”  
Then did the postman's horn sound louder than before,  
And with his letter in his hand, he came to old Honest's door.

“Thou art commanded to meet thy Lord, in His Father's house above,  
And He sends thee this true message as a token of his love ;  
All the daughters of music are brought low, prepared then for this end,  
This day week I summon thee to meet thy Saviour, friend.”

Now good old Honest had long prepared to meet this  
solemn day,  
By trusting in Christ Jesus as his life, his truth, his way ;  
So with a solemn cheerfulness, he called each pilgrim  
friend,  
And said, " farewell, dear brethren, I am come unto my end.

" My honesty, whate'er it is, I take along with me,  
For Jesus and His precious blood is now my only plea ;  
For 'tis by His free Sovereign grace, that honest I have  
been,  
And others I trust will live the same, when I no more am  
seen."

Now the river rose high at this time, and did both ebb and  
flow,  
Just as Mr. Honest prepared therein to go ;  
A very old friend of his, Mr. Good-conscience by name,  
When Mr. Honest began to sink, to his rescue bravely came.

He cried, " farewell, farewell to this world and all my  
pains ;"  
But the last words he was heard to say was, " grace for ever  
reigns ;"  
Then it was noised about by the pilgrims in the town,  
That Mr. Valiant-for-truth was sent for to receive his  
Heavenly crown.

And soon he heard a flourish of trumpets at his door,  
And the postman said, "for all thy wounds I bring a perfect cure ;  
The pitcher's broken at the fountain, this is the token unto thee,  
That like a valiant man-of-war, true victor thou shalt be."

Then his armour he put off, and said, "this is my word,  
That he who can prove his title good, shall have my long tried sword ;  
As for my wounds and scars, those I take along with me,  
That I may have my blood-bought crown when I my Lord do see."

Now as hewas a brave warrior, many accompanied him,  
And as he sank in the river, he said, "death, where is thy sting ?"  
And when his valiant face his friends could no more see,  
Yet they heard these precious words, "grave, where's thy victory ?"

A fit companion was Mr. Standfast, for Mr. Valaint-for-truth,  
For he also had been a soldier, up from his Christian youth ;  
So the Heavenly messenger came, with a letter open in hand,  
And said, "thy master's not willing thou should dwell in Mesech's land."

Then he called for his good friend, Greatheart, and said,  
 "the time is come,"

"Which I have long, long looked for, my last eternal  
 home:"

"Yes, my good old friend, the token I've just heard,  
 Is, "the wheel is broken at the cistern, so says my dear  
 Lord's word,"

"Faithful through life I've found you, and faithful will be  
 in death,

Therefore to my loving wife will you convey my parting  
 breath;

Describe to my wife and children, the glories of the place,  
 Where I shall live for ever, through my Saviour's match-  
 less grace.

"Tell them how gladly I would give the life-blood from  
 my heart,

If I could but hear they all had chosen, like Mary, the better  
 part;

Tell them also of Christiana, how through super-abounding  
 grace,

She and her children struggled to see their Father's face.

"'Twill be a double Heaven indeed, when I my Saviour see,  
 To find my wife and children dear, all gathered there  
 with me;"

Then with his face set like a flint, the river's bank he trod,  
 And said, "within my heart, I've the love and peace of God."

The river was this day calm as an infant's breath,  
So that Mr. Standfast said, "my Lord, can this be death?"  
Then with his pilgrim friends, who on the bank did walk,  
He spake of His Heavenly home, in sweet and loving talk.

He said, "this river has been a terror to many, and to me,  
But now my heart is full of Christ, and his glorious  
victory;  
Sin, death, and hell unite, they come with mighty shock,  
But my heart is fixed for ever, for my feet are on the rock."

Then as he spake these words, he shouted, "glory now for  
grace;  
Oh! 'tis not death but life to see my Saviour's face;"  
The sun rose in its glory, as he sank beneath the wave,  
Then cried, "my wife and children, Oh! Lord do thou  
them save!"

But to describe the glories on the Heavenly side,  
Which welcomed every pilgrim, who in true faith have died,  
Surpasses all the wisdom, even of Christian men,  
The Holy Ghost must write it, with His own immortal pen.

I caught a glimpse, 'twas but a glimpse, as the pearly gates  
unfold,  
I saw ten thousand thousands, with their crowns of shining  
gold;  
But high above them all, in resplendant beauty shone,  
Upon the throne of endless light, God's co-equal Son!

All-Heaven's wondrous splendour was nothing unto him,  
Compared unto His glorious face, a million suns were dim  
Therefore to describe his beauty, no longer will I try,  
But wait in faith and patience, till my hour is come to die.

Then not in faith but vision, may I his pilgrim there,  
Before assembled millions, His glorious worth declare;  
Proclaim how he left his glory, yes, through eternity will  
tell,  
How he stooped from His throne of glory, down to the  
gates of hell.

There cast one loving look on the most desperate case,  
The vilest and the lowest that was ever saved by grace;  
Then at His glorious feet will I bend the lowest down,  
And for ever place upon His head, the noblest, brightest  
crown!









