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SCENES

FROM THE

Pilgrim's Progress

BY

RICHARD BALL RUTTER

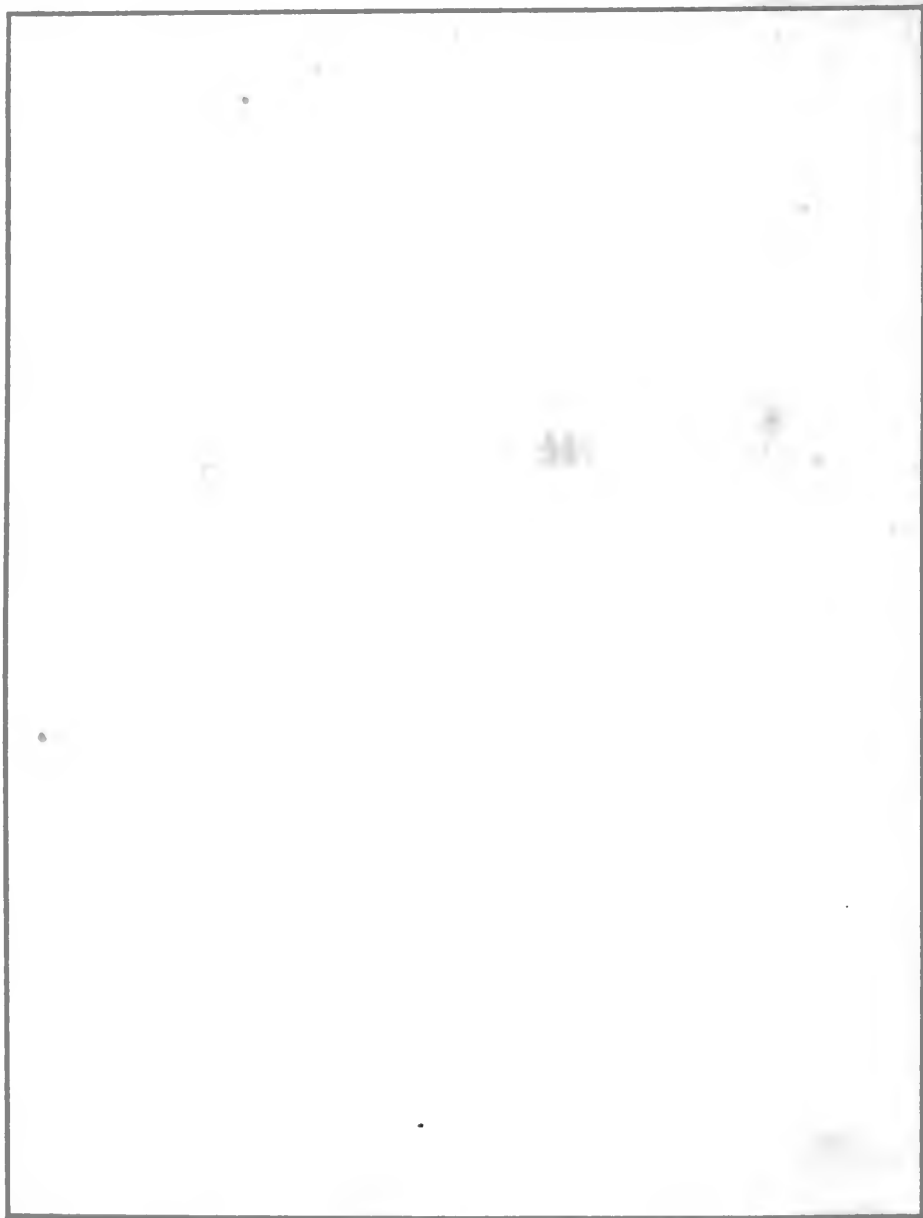


LONDON:

TRÜBNER & Co., LUDGATE HILL

PRINTED BY JOHN BELLOWS, GLOUCESTER

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1

Christian and Pliable

“**T**HE Lord Himself will wipe all tears away
Once and for ever;” “And with whom shall be
Our loving converse through that cloudless day?”
Asked Pliable; said Christian, “We shall see
Seraphs, whose every breath is melody,
Whom but to look on is a dream of joy;
And, even richer blessing, there shall we
Regain the lost and loved, our first employ
To close the links which death could strain but not destroy.

“Holy and loving, all our sorrows o’er,
Beneath the beam of God’s approving eye,
In his known Presence safe for evermore,
How shall we wonder that we feared to die!
There the crowned Elders sit enthroned on high,
There all the pure in heart behold their God;
Yea death is swallowed up in victory,
For each whose martyred blood cried from the sod,
Shall touch the sceptre there, leaving on earth the rod.

"Some were confumed with fire, some gave their breath
 Up to the cruel sea, for His dear sake
 Who gave them strength to fight the fear of death ;
 And the wild beast was loosed his prey to make
 Of some whose dying silence mutely spake ;
 But all are there, they fell asleep in clay,
 Enrobed in immortality to wake."
 Said Pliable, " While hearing all you say
 Of heavenly joys, the charms of this world melt away."

The Slough of Despond.

. "THE Slough thine eyes surveyed
 Cannot be mended, being the descent
 Whereto the bitter tears of hope delayed,
 With awful sense of former trespasses blent,
 Continually do run, finding no wholesome vent.

“ And therefore is the quickfand called Despond,
For, ever as each conscience wakes from sin,
Doubts, fears, and dismal thoughts, too closely conned,
Throughout this gloomy swamp come pouring in,
Escape from which none without Help can win ;
Such is its cause, and so poor souls are drowned
In its dark quagmires ere they well begin
Their journey, yet the King who owns the ground
Right willingly would make the treacherous footing found.

“ His labourers also have, under command
Of His surveyors, daily been employed
These sixteen hundred years on this wet land,
Which thus the old high way hath half destroyed ;
But its still hungering maw is never cloyed ;
Though, to my knowledge, there have been,” said he,
“ Full twenty thousand loads shot down the void,
Yea millions, so to speak, of words which be
Sound as the acorn’s firm and time-defying tree,

“ And brought throughout the year from every part
Of the King’s realms, (and they who know, declare
That if it could be filled by toil or art,
The best materials these for its repair ;))
But notwithstanding this His royal care,
’Tis still the slough Despond, and such for ever,
Though bridged at times by mountain-moving prayer,
Must it remain, despite all man’s endeavour,
For only Help from God past guilt from grief can sever.

“ True, ’tis the Law-giver’s imperial will
That steps of stone should cross the quaking slough,
But at such times as it doth overflow
With weeping weather, as it doth e’en now,
What between clouded eye and dizzy brow,
The few who see them often slip aside,
And truly, sink into the mire, as thou
And I can witness, yet the steps abide ;
But once within the gate, no such false ooze shall glide.”

Worldly Wiseman

“**B**ESHREW him for his counsel! well I wot,
 My worthy fellow, a more dangerous way
 And troublesome, in all the world is not,
 Than this one, shewn thee in an evil day,
 Which thou shalt find if thou his rule obey ;
 Thou hast, methinks, already tasted forrow,
 For I perceive that from Despond's foul clay
 Thou hast been fain a miry cloak to borrow ;
 But small is this day's grief to that of each to-morrow.

“ Hear me who am thy elder, yet again !
 Thou art most sure to meet with, ere the close
 Of this thy journey, weariness and pain,
 Hunger and peril, nakedness and blows,
 Wild beasts, and fights more fell than fancy knows,
 Horrible darkness, and to sum up all
 Of dreadful in one word, death, far from those
 Whose love might turn his arrow in its fall ;
 And is not this a fate the boldest heart to 'appal ?

“ These things, my friend, are certain to be true,
Having been proved by many gone before ;
And can such blind obedience then be due
To that cold stranger of thy heart and door ?”
“ Why Sir, this burden on my back, is more
Grievous to bear,” said Christian, “ than the things
Which you have told, ay came they o’er and o’er.
O Sun Divine ! that in her wanderings,
My ’lightened soul might know the healing in Thy wings !”

“ Tell me how first thy heavy burden came ?”
Asked Worldly Wiseman then, and Christian said,
“ By reading in this book ;” “ I thought the fame,”
Cried the’other, “ and, poor pilgrim, thou hast sped
Even as one who rashly dares to tread
A misty mountain path at day’s decline,
Who falls into an agony of dread
Which steals his judgment, (as it hath stolen thine,)
Making the hapless wretch mad as the thrall of wine.”

Evangelist's Second Meeting

MOVED at the sight, the good Evangelist [ground
 Caught his right hand and raised him from the
 Saying the while, "The sin has yet to'exist,
 For which no ample pardon can be found
 By Love that knows nor obstacle nor bound ;
 Then be not faithless, but believe through all."
 Christian recovered strength at that glad found
 To bear, like Adam rising from his fall,
 The after-taste of sin, the wormwood and the gall.

Evangelist proceeded thus, "Do thou
 Give earnest heed to all that I shall tell,
 Because I am about to show thee now
 The guilt of him who caused thee to rebel,
 And of that other smooth-tongued infidel
 To whom he sent thee ; now the former's name
 Is Worldly Wifeman, and he earns it well,
 Partly for that, though he the charge disclaim,
 The doctrine which he loves from this world's wisdom came.


(" So always to the town Morality
 He goes to church,) and partly it would seem,
 Because he loves good works to deify,—
 To fave without a Saviour ;—in his scheme
 Christ is superfluous, and faith a dream ;
 And since his worldly mind is bias'd thus,
 My righteous ways are vile in his esteem,
 And his perversions of them dangerous ;
 Now there are three main things thou should'ft be fedulous
 Most thoroughly to hate in this man's lies."

Poor Christian felt, alas, 'twas all too plain
 Each lie had found its echo in the man !
 Full of sad thought, he trembling turned again
 To good Evangelist, and thus began,
 " What think you Sir, is there yet any plan
 By which I haply may regain the road
 Whence, like a light-heeled fool erewhile I ran :
 Shall I not now be bound to this my load
 For ever, and be sent back to my old abode ?

“ Alas that I gave heed to ill advice !
Can pardon yet be mine ?” Evangelist
Thus answered, “ Let these few last words suffice ;—
Thy sin is great and twofold, having missed
The right way wilfully, and dared persist
To keep the wrong ; yet he who guards the door,
Goodwill by name, thy touch will not resist ;
But take good heed thou turn aside no more,
Left God's re-kindled wrath burn hotter than before.”

Then did the man address himself to trace
His footsteps o'er, and rose up grateful-hearted ;
One smile, one prayer, one fatherly embrace
Evangelist bestowed, and then they parted ;
So on the pilgrim hied, nor ever started
Out of the roadway, and all speech repressed ;
If travellers spoke, like some scared bird, he darted
On, on, and up the hill, where sunk to rest,
The new-born mist lay soft upon its parent breast.

The Wicket Gate and Goodwill.

 T last Goodwill approached with key in hand
 To the inner side, and asked, what man drew nigh,
 And whence he came, and what was his demand ;
 Said Christian, " A poor burdened finner I,
 Who from the city of Destruction fly
 To the Mount Zion, seeking so to be
 Saved from the wrath to come ; I would apply
 For entrance therefore, honored Sir, to thee,
 Since I perceive thy gate bars the one path for me,"

* * * * *

" Why truly," answered Christian, " I know not
 What had befallen me, if Evangelist
 Had but delayed his coming to the spot,
 And failed to keep that melancholy tryft
 By God appointed, when He deigned to assist
 A wretch who never else had hither come ;
 Yes I, e'en I, unworthy so to have missed
 That death, instead of lying cold and dumb,
 Stand counting to my Lord love's yet uncounted fum.

“ And O, what favor is vouchsafed to me
In being thus redeemed from wrath and fear !”
“ We answer all, however vile they be,
Or have been ; all have sinned, but all are dear
To God,” replied Goodwill, “ and therefore here
Is none in anywise cast harshly out.
Now through the clear and cloudless atmosphere,
Peruse the living map thus stretched about, [of doubt.
And melt with prayer’s warm breath all lingering mists

“ Look onward, let that path be well surveyed
Which climbs towards heaven directly from this gate ;
By patriarchs, prophets, and apostles made,
With Christ’s good help, it lies as true and straight
As skill divine can measure, therefore wait
And view it well, for ’tis thine only way ;”
Said Christian, “ How do men discriminate
The good old path, from byways which betray
The careful eye to rove, the cautious foot to stray ?”

Answered Goodwill, " Though many ways about
On this, yet all are crooked ones and wide ;
But the right way is fraight, as if 'twere cut
With God's unfwerving ploughshare ; 'tis beside
At times most narrow, be these marks thy guide."
Now in my dream I saw that Christian prayed
For help to loose that grievous burden, tied
Upon his back, where still 'twas firmly laid,
Waiting the potent touch of more than mortal aid.

* * * * *

Cried the'other, " After travelling smoothly o'er
Some miles within the gate, thou drawest near,
(If all go well,) the hospitable door
Of the Interpreter, and do not fear
To knock and wait until the master hear,
For in his storehouse joy and use are blended."
Christian took leave of one made ever dear
In but a few short hours, who then commended
The pilgrim to God's care, and so their meeting ended.

The Interpreter's House



SAID Christian, "Gracious Sir, I here attend
 By order of the gatekeeper Goodwill,
 Who told me you would sweetly condescend
 With such good things mine eye, heart, mind, to fill,
 As should not early die, but bloom in memory fill,"

"Come in," replied the Interpreter, "behold
 Those things of which thou speak'ft, and it shall be
 To thine eternal profit ;" then he told
 His man to bring a light, and presently
 He said to Christian, "Up, and follow me !"
 And now he led him to an inner room,
 Where, when a panel opened, they could see
 A solemn portrait gazing through the gloom ;
 And this the form of man that likenefs seemed to assume ;


The raised yet half-veiled eye looked glory smitten,
The best of books lay open in his hand,
Upon the lip the law of truth was written,
Its back to the earth, the figure seemed to stand
Pleading with men, and lo, a circling band,
Like to a golden crown, o'er-hung the brow !
Then Christian said, " Ah Sir, might I demand
The history of him we gaze on now,
Before whose feet my soul would almost dare to bow !"

The Interpreter replied, " Thou see'st a man,
One of a thousand ; who unites indeed,
Father and mother, nurse and guardian,
In his own person, for the church's need ;
His eye in heaven, the book he loves to read,
The law of truth upon his opening lip,
His self-forgetting gesture, bent to plead
With sinful men, all this rare workmanship,
But faintly shadows one whose work effays to strip,

“ Its film of darkness from the natural eye ;
And this world placed behind him, is to show
How much he flights all pleasures born to die,
For love of Him who surely will bestow
Yon crown of glory fashioned long ago,
Though hung in heaven until its owner's death.
Now this I showed thee first, that thou might'ft know,
He who before us lives in all but breath,
Is that one man of whom the one Ordainer saith,

“ That he is fully authorized to be
Thy guide through every danger of the way ;
And therefore hold him fast in memory,
For fear of those who tempt the flock to stray,
Wolves in sheeps' clothing, hungering for their prey.”

Passion and Patience


 UT as thou might'st perceive wild Passion squander
 All that he had, while yet life's day was young,
 And feest him now, a shivering suppliant yonder,
 Hate at his heart, but prayer upon his tongue ;
 So shall the trembling hearts and hands be wrung
 Of those who fix them both on earthly things,
 When all shall die round which their life had clung,
 When drooping Fame shall moult her eagle wings,
 And Love's mute lips recoil like music's broken strings."

Then Christian said, " Now know I that the younger
 Is wiser of the two in many ways ;
 Thrice happy ! unto whom the spirit's hunger
 Is sure and certain pledge of harvest days ;
 For whose brow waits the seal of glory and praise
 Inscribed with the unutterable name ;
 While Passion, like a boding meteor's blaze,
 Or flash of nitrous and fulphuric flame,
 Dies almost in the birth, a child of sin and shame."

The unseen Renewer of the Sacred fire

NOW in my dream the Interpreter next came
 To Christian solemnly, and led him thence
 To watch a pure and solitary flame,
 With one that stood thereby who strove to quench the same;

Against a wall that fire continued burning,
 Despite the water that he ever threw ;
 Higher and hotter, rain to vapour turning,
 E'en from the moisture fresher strength it drew,
 And quaffed it up as sunbeams drink the dew ;
 Asked Christian, "What means this?" the other said,
 "This quenchless fire displays what grace can do
 In man's regenerate heart, once cold and dead,
 Now quick to love and trust its former hate and dread.

“ The one who strives to kill the living fire,
 Is he who wreaks his hate to God, on man ;
 But as thou feest it hotter burn and higher,
 Toil the infernal worker all he can,
 The cause thereof thou soon may’st fully scan ;”
 Then showed he how behind the heated wall
 There stood that fire’s perpetual Guardian,
 Who, from a cruse like Zarephath’s, let fall
 Unquenchable supplies, himself concealed from all.

“ This, said the Interpreter, “ is God’s Anointed,
 Whose hidden hands the sacred fire maintain,
 While that lost spirit plies his task appointed,
 Grows mad with baffled fury, clanks his chain,
 And writhes to see his devilish labour vain ;
 The gracious form withdrawn from public show
 Is Christ within, so figured, to explain
 That men when tempted see Him not, nor know
 That in such drooping hearts such holy fire can glow.”

The Man who fought his Way into the Palace



ALSO saw the Interpreter again

Take hold of Christian by his willing hand,

And lead him down a broad and pleasant plain,

Whereon a stately palace seemed to stand,

A glittering gem set richly in the land,

Which dazzled while it charmed him ; and behold,

High on its battlemented top, a band

Of radiant champions clad in mail of gold,

'Neath royal banners flung from many a purple fold.

Then Christian sighed, " O might we enter thither !"

The Interpreter in silence led him on

Clofe to the gateway ; there thronged also hither

A wiftful company, but cowed and wan,

As fearful of the risk to be o'ergone

In dread attempt to force an entrance there ;

And one fat near who, ever and anon,

Wrote in a book his name who so should dare

To force the steel-bound gate, to scale the guarded stair.

For Christian saw that round the doorway stood
A band of men at arms in mail of proof,
Sworn to resist each effort to make good
An entrance, and to slay or keep aloof
All who aspired to tread that terraced roof;
And now he stood in deep and sad amaze,
To see the pilgrims, for whose sole behoof
That castle rose, draw back before the rays
Of battleaxe and spear bright in the noonday blaze.

At last a warrior stern of eye and brow,
Towards the Recorder, with a step sedate,
Approached; "Set down my name," he cried, and now
He lightly donned his helmet's ponderous weight,
Drew sword, and rushed on those that kept the gate,
Who met his strokes with well nigh equal force,
But he unfear'd and nerved with hope and hate,
Struck dead or wounded all who barred his course,
Himself baptized in blood from many a ghastly source,

And cut his way through all, and forward pressed
Into the palace ; whereupon a sound,
(Sweet as the farewell kisses of the West
Hushing the woods at eve,) was breathed around
By those Immortals walking victory crowned,
Beyond the reach of change and death and sin ;
And thus the towers melodiously resound,
“ Lord of the dauntless heart, come in, come in !
Eternal glory thou through God's free grace shalt win.”

And now the warrior having been arrayed
In like resplendent garments, Christian said,
And smilingly, “ I need no teacher's aid
To show me how this riddle may be read ;
Now let me go or e'er the day be sped ;”
“ Nay,” cried the Interpreter, “ awhile remain,
Until two further visions, dark and dread,
Shall have been passed before thee, then again
Thou may'st pursue thy path along the cooler plain.”

The Man in the Iron Cage



O taking Christian's trembling hand once more,
 He led him to a dark and dreary room,
 Where, fadder fight than any feen before,
 Sat in an iron cage, a man, to whom
 The outer darknefs of that living tomb,
 (Which his dull downcaft eyes regarded not,)
 Was funfhine, to the fpirit's inner gloom ;
 His hands were clafped, thick-coming fighs, begot
 By fin upon defpair, peopled that lonely spot.

Asked Christian, "What means this?" the Interpreter
 Said, "Ask the man and he fhall anfwer thee ;"
 Then thus he fpoke to that poor prifoner,
 "What art thou?" almoft in foliloquy,
 "I am what once I was not," murmured he ;
 "What waft thou once?" asked Christian, he replied,
 "Ah, I was once like fome fair flowering tree,
 And one whofe leafy dome rofe high and wide,
 A fhelter to the flock, a glory and a pride.

“ I once was bound for the celestial city,
Or thought I was, and oft my heart beat fast
To hope that through its ample gate of pity,
I should obtain an entrance there at last ;”
“ Well but what art thou now ?” Christian aghast
Inquired ; the other answered, “ I am now
A wretch o’er whom the day of grace hath passed,
Leaving perpetual night to witness how
I dint these massive bars, thus with my blood-stained brow.”

“ But how,” asked awe-struck Christian, “ can’st thou thus ?”
The man replied, “ I ceased to watch and pray,
Unreined my lusts, became less rigorous
Towards my own faults and follies day by day,
Presumed on God’s long-suffering delay,
Obscured the heavenly light which shines on all,
Grieved the blest Spirit ’till He fled away,
Tempted the devil ’till he heard my call,
Provoked the Lord to wrath, who left me then to fall,

“And now my hardened heart can ne'er repent ;”
Then Christian whispered to the interpreter,
“Is all the wealth of God's rich mercy spent ?
Has Love given o'er the work assigned to her ?”
Said the other, “Ask him ;” “Dost thou then aver,”
Cried he, “that hope hath fled away to die,
And left thee in despair's dark sepulchre ?”
“I do,” replied the man ; asked Christian, “Why ?
Is not the Son of God piteous exceedingly ?”

Answered the man, “O never more to me !
For I have crucified the Lord again,
Contemned His righteoufness and dignity,
Counted His cleansing blood unholy and vain,
Done despite to His Spirit, and remain
Barred from all prayer, all promise, all endeavour ;
Nothing is left to lose or to obtain ;
The fiend's triumphant voice rings wildly ever,
'Can such a wretch be saved? No, never, never, never'!”

“What tempted thee to bring thyself to this?”
Asked Christian, “For the lust, the gain, the pleasure
Of this lost world,” said he, “whose taste of bliss
Promised me joy beyond all former measure;
But now each darling sin, each bosom treasure,
Creeps back upon my heart a quick-fanged snake,
And fastens there to torture me at leisure;”
Said Christian, “Canst thou not repent, and make
One last appeal to Him who suffered for man’s sake?”

“God hath denied to me the saving grace
Of true repentance,” said the man, “His word
Presents no ground for hope in such a case,
Where e’en the pangs of hell are scarce deferred;
His changeless fiat hath long since interred
My life, my soul, in this untimely grave;
Nor if the prisoner’s stifled moans were heard
Through earth and heaven, would they avail to save;
All angels and all men could never free that slave.

“And O, Eternity! eternity!
When I shall wake to thine unending day,
How shall I grapple with my misery?”
Then did the Interpreter to Christian say,
“Let the remembrance never fade away
Of this man’s wretchedness, and so take heed;”
Said Christian, “This is fearful, let me pray
For present help in every time of need,
And thus the causes shun which to such issues lead.”



The Day of Judgment

NOW is't not time for me to journey on?"
 Cried the other "Tarry till I first have shown
 But one thing more, and then thou may'ft be
 So taking Christian's hand within his own, [gone ;
 They reached a room, where pallid and alone,
 A man was rising from a troubled sleep,
 Who, while his garments hurriedly were thrown
 Upon him, shook as though his flesh did creep ;
 Then Christian asked, "What cause hath power to pierce so
 [deep?"

The Interpreter then bade the man unfold
 The reason of his fear, who thus complied ;
 "Last night as I was wrapped in sleep, behold!
 The blackened sky appearing to divide
 In jagg'd and fiery chafms, prophecied
 The closely following thunder's deeptoned peal ;
 I gasped for terror, and methought I tried
 To watch the rack which seemed to shake and reel,
 As though the clouds were curfed with life to fear and feel.

“ On which I heard a trumpet’s piercing sound,
And saw the Cloud-enthroned descend from high,
Who, with in-numerable seraphs round,
Swept unimpeded through the flaming sky ;
And next I heard a mighty angel cry,
‘ Come up for judgment ye dispersed dead,
Whether in earth, or sea, or fire, ye lie !
The rocks were rent, the shrinking ocean fled,
Earth’s million mouths disgorged the flesh wherein she fed,

“ And yielded up the universal man ;
Some were exceeding glad, their full eyes raised,
With tears of grateful joy unbidden ran ;
But others rushed, distracted and amazed,
‘ Neath mountain crags, whence tremblingly they gazed.
Then did I see the Cloud-enthroned draw nigh,
And open the book of doom ; its letters blazed,
And shot intelligence to every eye,
While on each human soul full flashed the Deity.

“ Yet ’twixt that foul, (how near and yet how far!)
And its Creator, rose a wall of flame,
As between judge and prisoner at the bar ;
I also heard a clarion voice proclaim
To those who with the cloud-throned Monarch came,
‘ Gather together all the tares, the chaff,
The stubble and the dust, and cast the same
Into the burning lake ;’ with this, the half
Of being died, without one sigh or epitaph.

“ For hell’s unfathomed gulf had burst, and spread
Horribly wide before me, from which gushed
Smoke, fire, and moanings of the doubly dead ;
But soon as these sad echoes all were hushed,
The spirits who, with sweeping wings, had rushed
To warn the stars of God’s approaching feet,
Proclaimed, while sad eyes glistened, pale cheeks
‘ Gather and garner all the precious wheat ;’ [flushed,
With that, methought I saw the broad ærial street


“ Grew populous with souls that seemed to fly,
Each with its radiant angel guide assigned,
To everlasting bliss; but I, but I,
How can I utter it! was left behind.
Vainly I sought a shelter then to find
From the 'eye of Him who sat upon the throne;
My sins came also freshly to my mind,
While wakened conscience groaned with hollow tone,
' Just doom, which brings thy soul to meet its God alone!

“ At which I woke from sleep;” Then Christian said,
“ What was it made you so afraid of this ?”
The man replied, “ Because I thought with dread,
That the last day had dawned on me, reminds
In preparation for it, hell's abyss
Yawned at my feet bursting its broad confine;
And what was worse, while others rose to bliss,
One soul was left, and that one soul was mine;
My conscience pierced me fore, also the Judge divine

“ Fixed, as I thought, on me His awful eye,
Unveiling all the terrors of its beams ;”
Then did the Interpreter to Christian cry,
“ Haft thou confidered all thefe fights and dreams ?”
“ Yes,” answered he, “ and well it me befeems
To walk in company with hope and fear ;”
Said the other, “ Let remembrance of fuch themes
Be, as it were, a fpur to guide or cheer
Thy fpirit on its way, with me no longer near.”

Then did the pilgrim gird himfelf to be
Prepared for travel, and the other cried,
“ Good Christian ! may the Comforter with thee
Remain for ever as thy guard and guide,
Leading thee fafely through the defert wide,
Which every heaven-bound foul muft crofs, before
The city rifes looming in her pride ;”
So Christian left that hofpitable door,
And on the road he fang and viewed his journey o’er.

The Cross


 HEN was he glad, and his expanding breast
 Allowed the full-charged heart to throb its glee,
 While thus he sang, "His labour gives me rest,
 His bitter death brings happy life to me!"
 Long, long, he gazed upon the hallowed tree,
 For marvellous he deemed it, that the fame,
 Should so have instant power to set him free ;
 He therefore looked, until his eyes became
 Wet with a dew exhaled from wonder, love, and flame.

While thus he stood adoring, gazing, praying,
 He saw three shining ones draw near, who cried,
 "Peace be upon thee!" and the first one saying,
 "Thy sins are all forgiven thee," stood aside ;
 A change of raiment then the next supplied,
 Stripping his rags ; and the last sealed his brow,
 And gave a roll of promise, (which was tied
 Close on his heart to bind him to his vow,)
 The passport into heaven ; sang the glad pilgrim now,
 A HYMN TO CHRIST WHO DIED AND ROSE AGAIN.

Formalist and Hypocrisy

“ BUT will it not be found,
 O Friends! a daring trespass, and a crime
 'Gainst Him who knoweth whither we are bound,
 And rules the place, if thus His dignity ye wound,

“ By violating His revealed command ?”
 They said, “ His tongue had little need to run
 On their affairs, the custom of the land
 Confirming fully all which they had done ;
 And testimony contravened by none,
 They could produce if called on, which would show
 That this short way of their's had been begun
 Ay, upwards of a thousand years ago ;”
 “ But,” answered Christian then, “ I fain would surely know

“ If this your way of entrance could confront
A trial at the law ;” they told him, “ How
This right of way, confirmed by use and wont
For twice five hundred years, would doubtless now,
(As all impartial jurists must allow,)
Be adjudged lawful ; and besides,” said they,
“ We tread the highway, and what more dost thou ?
If we are only in, what matter pray
How first we gained access ? are we not in the way

“ As much as thou who entered through the gate,
Although we two came tumbling o’er the wall ?
Therefore wherein is this thy present state
Better than ours ?” said Christian, “ I take all
My steps at God’s command, you thief-like, crawl
Along the course your own rude fancies steer ;
The Ruler of the way doth plainly call
Such pilgrims robbers, and I fear, I fear,
That at the journey’s end your error will appear.

“ You enter by yourselves without His leave,
And by yourselves your exit will be made
Without His mercy ;” this did they receive
With little answer, only on him laid
A charge to heed himself ; I then surveyed
Their further course, and each man went his way
Without much conference, save that those two prayed
Christian to note, touching the law, that they
Were blameless as himself, and then went on to say,

“ We see not how thou differest from us,
But by the coat thou bearest on thy back,
Whose comeliness we need not now discuss ;
'Twas doubtless given by one who saw thy lack
Of decent dress, pitying thy wardrobe's wrack ;”
“ The law,” said Christian, “ will not serve you, since
You broke it when you entered on the track ;
As for my coat, 'twas given me by my Prince,
Who as you truly say, His kindness to evince,

“ Took off my filthy rags, and gave instead,
This robe of righteoufnefs immaculate ;
And much it lightens every step I tread,
To know that when I reach the city’s gate,
Its gracious Lord, will from His high estate,
Remember one who wears the garb He gave
The day He stripped me of the rags I hate ;
Moreover His near friend was bade to ‘grave
A mark upon my brow, as feal that He could fave,

“ The very day my grievious burden fell,
(Which mark of mine perchance you cannot fee ;))
And I am bold this further grace to tell,
That then a fealëd roll was given to me,
Its contents to be more than company
Throughout my travels ; I was alfo told
To fhew it fearleffly, when I fhould be
A fuppliant at heaven’s gate, and then, behold,
The confcious fpirit gate would of itfelf unfold !

“ Now all these things, my Friends, I doubt you lack,
And that because you passed not through the door ;”
To this they deigned to give no answer back,
Only each looked at each, and laughed the more ;
Then I perceived that Christian kept before,
While all walked on ; nor did he speak again,
Save to himself a little, musing o’er
His future of delight, his past of pain ;
He also often read while traversing the plain

The roll the angel gave him, to renew
His spirit’s strength ; now did the pathway bring
The hill called Difficulty full in view,
And at its foot I saw a bubbling spring ;
Also two other ways, which issuing
From the straight road turned toward the left and right ;
Nathless the narrow way did closely cling
To the steep hill ; then Christian drew fresh might
From the clear fount, and sang while climbing up the height.

The Hill Difficulty and Timorous and Distrust

NOW half way up the hill some spreading trees,
Whose interlacing boughs an arbour made,
Showed that the gracious Lord who owns the hill,
Had planned this arbour of refreshing shade,
For weary travellers ; Christian first stood still,
Then sat within, (for such the Owner's will ;)
And here, when from his breast the roll he drew
And read, it proved a balm for bygone ill ;
He also now began a fresh review
Of that white robe he wore since first the cross he knew.

Thus pleasingly employed some little space,
He dropped, from half-forgetfulness, to sleep,
Until the night drew near with stealthy pace ;
Now while he slept, his hand forgot to keep
Hold of the roll ; at last his slumber deep
Was broken by a man who came and said,
“ Go to the ant thou sluggard, watch yon heap
Garnered for winter ere the summer fled ;”
With that did Christian soon start up and onward tread

Until his sinewy strength and limbs robust
Gained the hill top, where two men met him, one
Being named Timorous and one Mistrust ;
To whom said Christian, " Wherefore do ye run
Thus backward o'er a way so well begun ?"
Then Timorous replied, that being bound
Unto Mount Zion, they had scorned to shun
That difficult ascent, yet had they found
The further they had gone the more risk thickened round ;

They therefore were returning down the steep ;
" Yea," cried Mistrust, " for close at hand there lie,
(We know not whether waking or asleep,)
Two lions in the way, which terrify,
Then doubtless tear and slay the passer by,"
Christian replied, " O Sirs, you make me fear,
Where shall I turn in this extremity ?
If I go back to my own land from here,
That is prepared for fire, and my unblest career

“Will end in death a few short years o'er-gone,
But if I only reach the heavenly gate,
I shall be faze, yes, I must venture on.”

The Missing Roll found



HE went thus sadly on 'till rose to view
That leafy arbour where he slept before;
At sight of which his tears gushed forth anew,
So freshly had it brought to mind once more
The fault that robbed him of the roll he bore;
He therefore walked in forrow, thus bewailing,
“O wretched man as ever night closed o'er!
Who slept until the summer day was failing,
Then woke to squander tears as sad as unavailing;

“ Who on the midst of Difficulty’s height
Could so indulge the flesh, as to abuse
With dreams of carnal ease and vain delight,
That solace which the Lord doth not refuse
To fainting pilgrims whom brief rest renews ;
And I have trod how many steps in vain !
So for their sins did wandering Israel lose
The readier way to rest, condemned again
To tread the weary track of danger, toil, and pain.

“ Thus am I made to take those steps with sorrow
Which should ere now have led me nearer bliss,
Nor can I be so far this time to-morrow
As now I might be, were it not for this ;
And I am forced to brave the precipice
Thrice over, which I need but once have scaled ;
Yea also I am like the road to mifs,
For now the wasted day has nearly failed ;
Alas, that lust of ease so easily prevailed !”

Now he, by this, had reached the harbour, where
Awhile he weeping fat and deeply sighed ;
At last, (in answer to forgotten prayer,)
While looking vacantly on earth, he spied,
His missing roll, which soon as he had eyed
Was seized and safely gathered to his breast,
With all the haste that trembling joy supplied ;
But who can tell what happy thoughts possessed
The heart which bore again its pledge of heavenly rest ?

He therefore kneeling thanked the Lord, whose kindness
Throws light athwart the lids of weeping eyes ;
Whose hand can rend the veil of mortal blindness ;
Who holds the key of His own mysteries.
And now, while tears of joy and sweet surprise
Are mingled with the thickening dews of even
On Christian's grief-worn cheek, he leaves his sighs
With the harbour flowers, anticipates his heaven,
And feels his future safe, with such a past forgiven.

Christian's Approach and Introduction to the House Beautiful

HE called to mind the story heard before,
When Timorous and Mistrust their terror told,
And how they quaked to hear the lions roar ;
He also thought, " These beasts are doubly bold
When night's dark curtains noiselessly unfold
The sleeping earth, and were they now to pass,
Their sudden spring and their relentless hold
O how could I escape ? Alas, Alas,
How like the drifted snow my gathering woes amass ! "

While thus he felt the grief-cloud thicken o'er him,
He raised his anxious eyes toward heaven, and lo !
A stately palace rose on high before him ;
Its name was Beautiful, its casement's glow
Sufficed his yet untrodden path to show.
Then in my dream I saw him mend his pace,
Determined soon, if possible, to know
Whether the Owner of that goodly place
Would give the pilgrim rest, would grant the wand'rer grace.

But foon the nature of the ground compelling
The road to narrow on each rugged fide,
About a furlong off the porter's dwelling,
He walked full warily, till he efpied
Two lions in the way, " Now, now," he cried,
" I fee the danger which drove back again
Miftruft and Timorous," (the beafts were tied,
Howbeit Christian could not fee their chain,)
Then was he fore afraid, and fcarcely could refrain

From turning ere he reached the palace gates,
Believing naught but death before him lay ;
But he whose name is Watchful, and who waits
As porter at the lodge by night and day,
Saw him as though about to turn away,
And cried, " O Pilgrim ! is thy ftrength fo fmall ?
Fear not the lions, both are chained, for they
Are only there to try the faith of all,
Left thofe who walk by fight fhould reach my Mafter's hall.

“Keep thou but in the midst of thy lone path,
And none shall harm thee.”

“What house is this?” asked Christian, “Sir, may I
Lodge but one night in such a princely dwelling?”
The porter answered, “He who rules on high,
Hath built this palace Beautiful, excelling
His other feats, thus lovingly compelling
His friends below to enter in and rest ;
All He requires from such, the truthful telling
Of their past travel and their future quest,”
Said Christian, “I who now aspire to be His guest

“Have from the city of Destruction come
And journey toward Mount Zion, but because
The sun hath set, am I thus troublesome,
Seeking for rest ;” the porter seemed to pause,
And asked his name, “Sir, at the first it was
Graceless, but Christian is my altered name ;
Of Japheth’s race, (which our one Father draws
To sojourn in the tents of Shem,) I came ;”
“But wherefore,” cried the man, “our entertainment claim

“ Thus later than the fun ?” said Christian, “ I
Had been here sooner, but that, sad to say,
Within the arbour I slept heavily ;
And notwithstanding that illtimed delay,
Thou would’st have seen me earlier in the day,
Had it not been that my deceitful sleep
Filched from my nerveless hand this roll away,
Which lofs, not finding ’till I won the sleep,
What was there left to do but stop, return, and weep ?

“ But God be thanked ! I found my missing treasure,
And I am come at last ;” the man replied,
“ According to my holy Master’s pleasure,
Some of His chosen friends who here abide
Must I now summon, they will soon decide
If thou may’st pass and I incur no blame ;”
A bell, with warning tongue for far and wide,
The porter rang, and with the sound there came
That grave yet lovely maid whom men Discretion name ;

Who asked why she was called ; answered the man,
“ This pilgrim seeketh Zion’s holy hill,
And from the city of Destruction ran,
What time he woke to do our Master’s will ;
Benighted, weary, travel-worn, and chill,
He craved admiffion and repose ’till day ;
I told him I would fummon thofe whose skill
Could teft his truth and prove what he fhould fay,
E’en as that rule directs which we are pledged to obey.”

So then she asked him whence he was, and where
He meant to journey, and he told her ftraight ;
She alfo asked him how he entered there,
If o’er the wall or through the wicket gate ;
He told her ; next she asked him to relate
What he had feen and met with as he came ;
All which he told her ; and to terminate
Her lengthy questioning, she asked his name ;
“ ’Tis Christian,” he replied, “ and I would urge my claim

“ To lodge this night within your house, the rather,
Because I deem it fashioned with His aid,
Who though the Sovereign Lord, is still the Father
Of all the creatures that His love hath made ;”
She smiled a budding smile, which seemed afraid
To bloom, lest that might shake the tender dew
From off the violet eyelid’s spangled braid ;
After a pause she gracefully withdrew,
And as she went, methought, the dark night darker grew.



The house Beautiful, and what was said and seen there

“**T**HOSE things,” said Christian, “seemed to draw
The fire of heavenly joy, I longed to stay, [below
But knew, Alas! that I must further go;”

Asked Piety, “What saw you by the way?”

“It grew a little later in the day,”

Said Christian, “when I saw upon a height,

Wrapped in a bleeding robe of mortal clay,

One hanging on a cross, and at the sight

My burden fell, and plunged into perpetual night.

“For you must know that all my life I bore

A heavy load, but at the cross it fell;

’Twas a strange thing! was ever man before

Unburdened by a hand invisible?

And while I gazed, like one beneath a spell,

Three shining ones in gracious fellowship,

Rose suddenly before me, one to tell

My sins were all forgiven me, one to strip

My pieced and worn-out garb, and in its stead to equip

“ My freshened body with this flowing cloak ;
But he who came the last, thus signed my brow,
And gave me this sealed roll,” as Christian spoke,
He plucked it forth ; cried Piety, “ But how
Saw you no more than you have said e’en now ?
Is there naught else ?” “ The best things have been told,”
Christian replied, “ yet must I needs avow
That I have still some secrets to unfold,
As namely, I defcried three men perversely bold,

“ Sloth, Simple, and Presumption, sleeping lie
At some small distance off the narrow way,
With shackles on their feet ; I ventured nigh
To rouse them, but how vainly, need I say ?
I also saw on that eventful day,
Hypocrisy and Formalist achieve
Their forceful entrance, spurning all delay ;
Both soon were lost and doomed beyond reprieve,
Even as I forewarned, though they would not believe.

* * * * *

“Such thoughts are grief, and could I rife to be
Sole sovereign o’er myself, I would at once decree

“Their strict and life-long exile from my breast ;
But though my aims are changed, my objects new,
Yet when I covet what I know is best,

That which is worst is present ;” “Is it true
Your arm at times is potent to subdue

Such foes?” asked Prudence, “Yes,” said he, “though scenes
Of conquest are with me but short and few ;”

“Can you,” she asked, “remember by what means
You gain these golden hours when victory intervenes ?”

“Yes, when I muse upon the crosses I saw,”

Said Christian, “that will do it ; and when I

This flowing robe without one speck or flaw

Contemplate, that will do it speedily ;

When thought grows warm and flame-like shoots on high,

Leaving this Present, that will do it well ;

Or poring o’er this roll of prophecy

Will do it ;” then said Prudence, “Can you tell

Why thus you strive to scale heaven’s hard-won citadel ?”

“ Because I long to see Him living there,
Who on the cruel cross was shown me dead,”
Christian replied ; “ and in that purer air,
I hope to 'scape the clouds which overspread
My judgment here below ; and there, 'tis said,
Death's shadow never darkens happy faces ;
But I, by gratulating angels led,
And freed from all that fetters and debases,
With those I loved on earth shall mingle soul embraces.

“ In truth, my bark of life is swiftly failing
Toward Him who lighteneth all her load of pain ;
I grow more weary of my inward ailing ;
I long to live where death shall cease to reign ;
And leaving fens that fet and moons that wane,
To see that living Light which cannot die ;
To swell my Monarch's praise, to join His train,
Who “ Holy, holy, holy,” ever cry,
No sin nor sorrow more, a glorious company.”

* * * * *

Then Charity address'd him thus, "Have you
A wife, or do you live a lonely man?"

"I have a wife and four young children too,"

Said he; "How could you leave them, when you ran

From your bad town?" she asked; he then began

To weep, and answer'd, "Willingly indeed

Would I have brought them with me, but who can

Plant in unwilling souls the heavenly seed?

All, all oppos'd my course, none saw its vital need."

Then said that maid so brave yet gentle hearted,

"You should have talk'd to them, and tried to show

Their danger, ere you thus alone departed;"

Christian replied, "Dear Lady, I did so,

And I foretold our country's coming woe;

But cold as those whose funeral peal is knell'd,

They count'd me as one that mock'd, although

Within these pleading eyes they all beheld

The grief of love unloved, of sympathy repell'd."

“ And did you pray to God that He would bless
Your offered counsel ?” Charity inquired ;
Said Christian, “ I may freely answer yes,
And that with zeal and constancy untired,
For you may think how deeply I desired
The welfare of those souls so dear to me ;”

“ But said you, how your inward eye was fired
With that swift-coming flame none else could see,
That far-refracted flash of God’s artillery ?”

“ Again and yet again I warned them all,”
Said Christian ; “ they might also see my fears,
In this sad face darkly prophetic,
Where clouds of sorrow melted to the tears
Which hope’s bright iris never sweetly cheers ;
Did they not also see my trembling under
The dreadful judgment ringing in my ears ?
To them but as the uncertain distant thunder,
When skies are clear, and men scarce deign to pause or
[wonder.”

“What could they say,” asked she, “which might excuse
Their mad rejection of the proffered truth?”
Christian replied, “My wife was loth to lose
This pleasant world, and the rest seemed in sooth,
Prone to the foolish vanities of youth ;
So what with one delusion and another,
They turned away, discarding all self-ruth ;
“But some with ill example wholly smother
The breath of good advice, did you thus act my Brother?”

Asked she ; he answered modestly, “Although
I dare not much commend my way of life,
Full of mistakes and failures, (and I know
That he whose lip profession is at strife
With daily conduct, wields the traitor knife
That stabs at sweet Religion,) yet I may
Assert, that neither to my babes nor wife,
Did I give cause, so far as in me lay,
To doubt my truth, to scorn the strait and narrow way ;

“ Yea for this very thing, they oft declared
That I was too precise, and blamed me still
When for their sakes, my self-denial spared
To do those things in which they saw no ill ;
And though my grief acquainted eyes may fill
With tears while saying it, the twofold chain
Which held them back from union with my will,
Was my desire to keep God’s law from stain,
Linked with that love to man which follows in its train.”

* * * * *

Now in my dream I saw that thus they sat
Together talking until supper came ;
The board made ready, they were placed thereat,
And all the land could give, supplied the same
With food and drink ; but in their speech, the air
Was ever toward the Lord who owns the hill,
As how and why he earned his earthly fame,
And wherefore he, of his own gracious will,
Had built that house for all who came its courts to fill.

And from some words they dropped, I soon perceived
That since the hour he first drew mortal breath,
He had been bred to arms, and had achieved
Victory o'er him who had the power of death,
Though with apparent risk and real scath ;
(O loved the more in that he bled for me!)
“ For many an one of this true household faith,
And I believe it,” Christian cried, “ that he
Did all to save the land of his nativity,

(“ 'Tis this which bathes his life in floods of glory,
For which he sorrowing lived and suffering died.”
Some also told this strange yet truthful story,
That since the Saviour had been crucified,
They had both seen and heard Him ; but beside,
They witnessed to the truth of every word,
When to their anxious thoughts He thus replied,
“ My little ones ! your ears have not yet heard
Those deeper tones of love whose echo hath stirred.”

I heard them give this instance of His love,
That He for them had cast His crown away,
And left His throne the highest heavens above,—
Self-exiled God!—to assume a robe of clay,
And save a world. They also heard him say,
He would not dwell alone on Zion's hill ;
And they affirmed that His reconquered sway,
And His augmented majesty, deigned still
The lowly soul to crown, the poor heart's void to fill.

They thus discoursed far down the deepening night,
When, having wafted up to heaven a prayer,
That through the darkness, God would be their light,
They went to rest ; the spacious chamber where
The pilgrim lay, showed thoughtful love and care,
(Its name was Peace ;) with the first glance of fire
From morning's eye, he heard a joyous air,
Trilled by the birds from the sweet scented brier
Which 'neath his window grew, and Christian joined the
[choir.

So in the wider dawn all met, and after
Some more discourse, they bade him wait a space,
Until from marble floor to oaken rafter,
They should have shewn the wonders of the place ;
First in the Study, it behoved to trace
The meaning of the records of the past,
Emblazoned with His deeds and high drawn race,
Who proved, when light upon the page was cast,
Child of the ancient days, albeit the First and Last.

And next they culled from exploits numberless
Of His undaunted champions, how that they
Subdued revolted lands, wrought righteoufness,
Obtained God's promises, kept still at bay
The famished lion roaring for his prey,
With life blood quenched the bigot's hell-brought light,
Escaped the cruel sword upraised to slay,
Grew strong in weakness, valorous in fight,
And turned with God's good help the alien host to flight.

From volumes treasured there they also learned
How willingly their Lord admitted all,
Yes all, to His free grace, though they had spurned
His government, His person, and His call ;
And in that world-remote and silent hall,
They searched the records of illustrious things,
Ancient or modern as their choice might fall,
Mingled with truths, on which the future flings
The shadow and the dread of slow descending wings.

Enrobed in darkness moves the approaching Seer,
But lo ! o'er-taking Time, he walks at last,
In truth's full light, his voice rings loud and clear,
When once its deed has joined the lucid Past ;
Then, then it awes as with a trumpet blast,
The foes of God, and while appalling these,
It but confirms the faith of those who cast
The anchor of hope in heaven-reflected seas,
And wait to enter port with evening's favouring breeze.

* * * * *

Then in my dream I saw that on the morrow
He rose to travel, but they bade him stay
One night, that for the parting cup of sorrow
Might seem to all less bitter, "For," said they,
"In the clear morning we can well survey,
From the hill-top, those mountains which we call
Delectable, and though far far away,
The memory of their loveliness, o'er all
Thy intervening path shall like a sunbeam fall ;

"For they be nearer heaven than where we are ;"
He therefore could not choose but stay ; so when
The hour had come for morning's dewy star
To fade in brightness, as the life of men
Made holy, dies in light, they rose again,
And walked around the terraced roof, and bade
Their guest look Southward, which he did, and then
He saw a fair and hilly country, clad
With fruits that made it rich and flowers that made it glad,

Vineyards and orchards, blossoms, streams, and fountains,
And wood-fringed meadows, a delightful land ;

“ How call ye those green fields, those purple mountains ? ”

The pilgrim cried, and thus the sister band

Made musical reply to his demand,

In tones which angels well might pause to hear,

“ They be Immanuel's own, and those who stand

Upon them, deem the heavenly city near,

So flash its gates of gold throughout the ether clear,

“ When looked upon with pure and loving eyes,

Through that perspective glass of faith, which He

Who owns the hills and valleys, still supplies

To all who join that shepherd company,

Guiding to pastures where the lilies be ;

For even as this place whereon we are,

The road throughout that happy land is free

To every pilgrim coming from afar ;

And paths which God makes wide who dares presume to bar ? ”

* * * * *

Now in my dream I saw that soon as they
Had found the lowly valley of their quest,
His good companions, ere they turned away,
With smiles not unbedewed with tears, expressed
Their sister-love for the departing guest
In more than words; they brake the hallowed bread
Which is Christ's flesh; and shared the first and best
Blood of the grape He gave, when bent to tread
The winepress all alone, dyeing His white robes red;

A cluster also from the vines which grow
Within the borders of the promised land,
Brought by the messengers of faith, to show
How rich its soil, its ripening air how bland;
Then Christian, having kissed the offered hand
Of each kind hostess, made no longer stay;
But scarcely had he left that lovely band,
When up the vale, he saw to his dismay,
A foul fiend coming on to meet him in the way.

Apollon

“**W**HEREFORE from me, thy soveraign, hast thou fled?
 Did I not deem that thou might’st yet give heed
 To my commands, I now would smite thee dead,”

So spoke the fiend; said Christian, “Born indeed,
 In your dominions, must I toil and bleed
 Through life about your business, when the wages
 Of sin are death? a miserable meed
 For tasks almost as wretched; who engages
 Never to mend his lot, nor mount life’s higher stages?”

“Not I, who therefore grew solicitous
 To leave your land;” then spake the fiend again,
 “No prince will lightly lose his subjects thus,
 Nor will I thee; but since thou dost complain
 Of my rewards and tasks, only refrain
 From this bold trespass on my power and state,
 And here I promise thee to entertain
 No one unkingly thought of secret hate,
 But all my land affords on all thy wants shall wait.”

“ But I,” said Christian, “ have engaged to serve
Another and a nobler lord, for He
Is the great King of kings ; and shall I swerve
From my sealed promise, to return with thee ?”
The fiend replied, “ Thou hast assuredly,
According to the old familiar phrase,
Changed bad for worse, yet do I daily see
That those who crawl in thy new master’s ways,
Soon slip his dog-leash off, and ’scape the lash he sways,

“ Returning unto me ; and thus do thou,
So all shall yet be well ;” said Christian, “ I
To him have pledged my faith, and made my vow
Of life-long fealty, therefore to comply
With mandates such as thine, would bring me nigh
To merit and to meet a traitor’s end ;”
“ Thou did’st the same to me in days gone by,”
Answered Apollyon, “ yet I condescend
To pardon all the past, and hold thee as my friend,

“ If only thou wilt now return with me
To fields through which joy’s brimming river glides;”
Then Christian answered, “ What I promised thee
Was in my nonage ; I account besides,
That He whose royal banner henceforth guides
This arm in fight, this foot upon its way,
Is able to absolve me, yea provides
A special pardon for all such as lay
Their rebel weapons down, their past be what it may.

“ And to speak truth, I tell thee once for all
O thou Destroyer ! that I love His way,
(Which thy false lip hath called tyrannical,)
His person, servants, dwelling-place, and pay,
Better than thine ; cease then to bar the way,
And never tempt me more ; for I have ta’en
Earnest from Him, and here I stand to say
That what I am I ever will remain,
His servant and not thine, who spend’st thy breath in vain.”

“Consider yet once more,” calmly replied
The artful fiend, “what shadows wait to fall
Upon thy purposed path ; thou can’st not hide
From me or from thyself, that well nigh all
Who thus respond to thy new master’s call,
Because they wander from my ways and me
Meet an ill end ; earth’s covering is too small
To wrap the bones of those we daily see
Creep to that shameful death whence I would rescue thee.

“And since thou lov’st his service more than mine,
Art thou so dull of mind as not to know
That he, whom for mirth’s sake, I call divine,
Has other work than thy affairs below
To heed and guide ? methinks his arm is slow
To free his friends from my avenging hands ;
But as for me, ’tis known that I bestow
Freedom on all who walk in my commands,
From him and his, as long as power or cunning stands.

* * * * *

“Thou wast almost persuaded to return
When the chained lions met thy timid gaze ;
And if flame be not dead, thy cheek must burn,
While I assert, that when thy works and ways
By thee are told, thy secret thirst for praise
Is the mean motive, rather than God’s glory ;”
“All this is true,” said Christian, “and displays
Less than the half of life’s unopened story ;
And thy heart-piercing words, sternly condemnatory,

“Although they be, I own are all too mild
To meet my case ; but He whom I obey
Has owned me, as a father owns the child,
Who home returning from an erring way,
Forfakes his follies ; let me also say,
That these infirmities and faults were mine,
Or ever I had left thy land, for they
Alas ! were then to me as luscious wine ;
But I have wept them out with tears which Love divine

" Has taught to flow, and I am all forgiven ;"
 Then burft Apollyon into furious rage,
 Saying, " I hate this King of earth and heaven,
 His laws and people, and I live to wage
 Fierce war with him in every place and age ;
 Know that I ftand to bar thy way, or fhed
 Thy life-blood, down I throw my royal gage,
 Accept it if thou dar'ft ;" then Chriftian faid,
 " Beware of what you do, for I, proud fpirit, tread
 The King's highway, the way of holinefs."


* * * * *

Then did the fiend, his long-fought time efpying,
 Draw up to clofe with Chriftian, who fell prone,
 Apollyon's mountain weight upon him lying ;
 And with the dreadful fhock his fword was thrown
 Out of his hand, worn to the gliftening bone ;
 " Now am I fure of thee," Apollyon faid,
 And preffed fo heavily, that one low moan
 Seemed all that fevered Chriftian from the dead ;
 Defpair drew near and paufed, Hope trembling, turned
 [and fled.

But as the Lord would have it, while the foe
Was lifting high his arm, as if he meant
To make no second thrust or after blow,
Christian, by what the world calls accident,
Regained his sword, and thus he gave free vent
To the full tide of faith, "Rejoice no more
Against me O mine enemy! I bent
But like the bough, which when the gust is o'er
Rises again," he thrust deeper than e'er before,

Forcing the fiend to rise as one who springs
Pierced at the heart though whole in every limb;
Then Christian saying, "Nay in all these things
We are made more than conquerors, through him
Who loved us," smote a second time, his grim
And dreadful foe, who spreading wing-like flames
Flew straightway forth to gain the distant, dim,
And silent shadow-land of thwarted aims;
So Christian stood alone to count his scars and maims.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death

 HE valley of the shadow of dread death
 Christian must needs pass through, because the
 To the celestial City, traverseth [way
 Those leaden fields beneath their skies of gray ;
 A lonely land ; one in the olden day,
 Who knew it well, called it, " A desert place,
 A land of pits and drought, a land where lay
 Death's shadow, and whence none, but by God's grace,
 Can e'er emerge to light, bearing no friendly trace

Of footsteps, and without a human dwelling ;"
 Now here poor Christian's danger seemed to be
 Greater than that which I have just been telling,
 Even as by the sequel you will see.

* * * * *

“What saw you?” Christian asked, the strangers said,
“The vale itself, which straight before us lay
In pitchy darkness streaked with lurid red ;
There, by the momentary lightning’s ray,
Lost souls and fiends more deeply damned than they,
We trembling saw ; we also heard afar,
A dismal wail which never died away,
As from those hopeless multitudes who are
Harness’d with iron chains to Satan’s fiery car.

“And penitence captives to a milder woe,
Who sit with downcast eyes, and weep and sigh,
Wafted a sound like breezes sobbing low ;
Clouds of confusion veiling the far sky,
Hung o’er that chasm ; and there with glassy eye,
Death undisturbed sits brooding ; in a word,
It is a place given o’er to misery,
And wild disorder ;” Christian undeterred,
Then said, “I cannot yet by all that I have heard,

“ Perceive but that my way to Zion’s hill
Lies here ;” “ Thine be it, ’tis not ours,” they cried ;
And so they parted, Christian walking still,
With sword unsheathed, and glancing restless eyed,
Before, behind him, and on either side,
For fear of fresh assaults.

* * * * *

. Then Christian said.

“ I pray thee grant deliverance to my soul ;”
Thus passed he on a weary while, although
Still seemed those fiery waves impelled to roll
Toward him alone ; and rushings to and fro,
And voices of a disembodied woe,
Made his ears tingle ; till there rose before him,
The dread that by some strange invisible foe
He should be torn in pieces, or that o’er him
Hell’s host would tread, and none in heaven or earth de-
[plore him.

Sad echoes rolled and fiery billows gleamed,
While Christian travelled many miles in fear;
And coming to a byway, where he deemed
A cry of banded fiends fell on his ear,
As though they rushed to meet him, he paused here,
To ponder well what course he should pursue,
And the half-cherished thought, "Why persevere
Against such dreadful odds?" at times shot through
His troubled mind, but then the sweet suspicion grew,

That he might soon be halfway through the vale;
He also called to mind the ills o'ergone
Safely already, and that now to quail,
Might be more dangerous than to venture on;
So he went forward, yet anon, anon,
Nearer and nearer came the hellish crowd;
But when the demons' breath fell hot upon
His shrinking cheek, he stopped and cried aloud,
"I walk with God the Lord, and with his strength endowed

“ I bid defiance to ye all,” they now
Gave back, and soon were hidden from his eyes ;
One thing I must record, I noted how
Bewildered Christian failed to recognize
The sound of his own voice, and in this wise
I watched the manner of the fresh assault ;
Over against the sulph’rous flames which rise
Out of the burning pit’s o’er-arching vault,
Even without his leave, or knowledge, or default,

There softly crept behind him one of those
Whose sole remaining hope of joy now lies
In dragging happier souls down to their woes,
Whose whisperingly suggested blasphemies
Too horrible to utter, seemed to rise
From the poor pilgrim’s own deliberate will ;
This new temptation in its subtle guise,
Struck deeper than all Christian’s former ill ;
Him loved so much before, yea loved so deeply still,

To live to feel that he had thus blasphemed !
 But Christian would have filled the horrid voice
 Had it been his to rule ; he little deemed
 It lay beyond the region of his choice ;
 How had it caused his sad heart to rejoice,
 Had he but known that stopping his vexed ears
 Against the sound caused by that fiend-device,
 Would have destroyed it; hours that seemed like years
 Dragged slowly by, (so long a present grief appears.)

* * * * *

And now he knew how narrow was the way
 Which he had passed ; he also trembling saw
 Lost souls, and fiends more deeply damned than they,
 Although far off, (because they hold in awe
 The rising sun, and at his beams withdraw.)
 Yet did he see them plainly ; as 'tis said,
 " Deep things from darkness, he who wields the law
 Of day and night reveals, his wings widespread,
 Bring out from death's cold shade the lost, the doubly dead."

More feared at night yet seen more clearly now,
Because conspicuous in the eye of day,
Christian surveyed with fixed confident brow,
The dangers of his solitary way ;
At which calm retrospect of all that lay
O'erpast and gone, the deep and hidden well
Of joy, uprising 'gainst its owner's sway,
Brimmed with quick tears which through their sluices fell ;
His lips were mute, his eyes spoke love ineffable.

“ Let there be light,” said Love in heaven, then flowed
The light on Christian from the victor sun ;
For note, that though the first part of his road
Throughout the vale of death's dark shade, was one
To 'appal the bravest, there remained undone
As hard a task, to wit, the passage o'er
The second ; and his risks already run
Were less, if possible, than those before ;
For here were thickly fet by the infernal power,

Snares, traps, and nets throughout the whole extent,
To the remotest verge of Christian's fight ;
And therewithal the surface so was rent
With holes and pits and shelvings, that had night
Still robed the earth in black, the pilgrim might
Have slipped a thousand times ; but as I said,
The victor sun had scaled the bordering height ;
Then Christian sang, " His beams are round my head,
And by his light I walk, though dark the vale I tread."

And in this light he walked e'en to the close
Of that dark vale. Here also in my sleep,
I saw the mangled limbs of some of those
Who had been pilgrims once, a ghastly heap
Of ashes, bones, and blood ; and while in deep
And anxious musing what the cause might be,
I 'spied a cave a little up the steep,
In which two giants of one progeny,
Have dwelt in secret league from hoar antiquity ;

By the fell power and tyranny of whom,
The men whose sapless bones lay mould'ring there,
Were foully murdered ; but their open tomb
Christian passed through without much cause for fear ;
Whereat I wondered ; but that sway severe
Is, I have learned since then, o'er-mastered now ;
The elder has been dead for many a year ;
While th'other, though alive, compelled to bow
Beneath the weight of age, and scarred from foot to brow,

With wounds received when he was young and brave,
Is grown so stiff and feeble, as to do
But little more than sit within his cave,
Gnawing his teeth at pilgrims who pass through
This darkened vale, and ever vexed anew
Because he cannot reach them. So, behold !
Christian went on his way, yet at the view
Of that grim man of sin, bent, palsied, old,
He knew not what to think, nor yet when plainly told,

By him whom grief and age had safely chained,
"Ye ne'er will mend till more of you be burned ;"
But Christian held his peace, and having gained
Some little confidence, went past, nor turned
A backward look at one who, beast-like, churned
The white foam of his rage with gory fang,
Who mercy from misfortune ne'er had learned,
Whose thin shrill scream throughout the nations rang,
Troubler of church and world ; then joyful Christian sang,
"My gratitude vies with my wonder !
I have traversed the darkness at last,
The bolt-bearing lightning, the thunder,
The horrible pitfalls are passed ;
I have threaded the fiend-haunted valley
O'erspread with the shadow of death,
And now let me halt, while I rally
My courage, and gather my breath ;
Encompassed about with temptation,
I slipped on the threshold of hell,
But the arm of a present salvation
Around me was thrown as I fell."

Conversation with Faithful

WHEN Faithful answered, “ I escaped the Slough
 Into the which you fell, and reached the gate
 Without much peril ; but I here avow

My sad discov’ry that the fiend can bait
 His snare, with amiable and delicate,
 As well as dark temptations, for I met,
 (As Truth compels me blushing to relate,)
 That wanton dame who wanders to beset
 And catch unwary youth in her wide silken net.”

’Twas well that you escaped her,” Christian said,
 “ She found chaste Joseph in his prime of youth,
 And he like you from her false beauty fled ;
 Yet was that witch so foully fair, in sooth,
 Almost his death ; but for the sake of truth,
 What were the arts she used ?” Faithful replied,
 “ You would not think how flattering and how smooth,—
 But that you have some knowledge for your guide,—
 Her honeyed words, distilled from rosy lips that lied;

“And long she strove to tempt me from the way,
Still promising all manner of content ;”
“Not that,” grave Christian hasted then to say,
“Which waits upon a conscience innocent ;”
“You sure might know,” cried Faithful, “that I meant
Earthly and low delight ;” said the other then,
“O rare escape ! thank God for the event !
They who forsake Him, fall into her den,
Where lust and murder lurk to slay the souls of men.”

“Nay,” answered Faithful, “I can scarcely tell
Whether I wholly ’scaped her wiles or no ;”
“Alas, alas, my Brother, if you fell !”
Christian exclaimed ; then Faithful said, “Not so,
For I remembered what was long ago
Writ with the finger of a scribe of God,
‘Her steps take hold of hell,’ and left her, though
I was compelled to shut mine eyes, and trod
In a dim path awhile ; I feared the avenging rod,

"Would fall upon me but for gazing on her ;
 ' O turn away mine eyes from vanity !'
 I prayed, that I may dread to look upon her ;
 But all so clofely does deep hatred lie
 To that bafe kind of loving, that as I
 Departed thence, ſhe curſed me and reviled ;"
 " And did you not," asked Chriſtian, with a ſigh,
 " Meet foes who frowned, as well as foes who ſmiled ?"
 Said Faithful, " When I reached the hills confuſedly piled

" Called Difficulty, there a man I found
 Preſſed earthward with the weight of many years."

* * * * *

. " This Moſes, man of men
 Moſt obdurate, exclaimed, ' All hope give o'er
 Of mercy ſhown by me,' then ſmiting as before,

“ He doubtless would have been my death, had not
One coming by enjoined him to forbear ;”

“ What could he be who reached that lonely spot
At such a time ?” asked Christian ; “ Strangely fair,
Yet sad he looked, and I was unaware,
(For I had fainted,) who he was, at first ;
But when his wounded hands and side bent there
Above my wounds, the truth upon me burst,
I knew he was the Lord ; then soon as e'er I durst,

“ Again I climbed the hill ;” “ That man of wrath
Said Christian, “ who o'ertook you, was the same
Who spareth no transgressor, yea who hath
No touch of pity, Moses is his name ;”

“ Alas ! I know him well, 'twas he who came,
(For we,” said Faithful, “ once before have met,)
Fraught with those threatenings of devouring flame,
Unto my house, which I could not forget,
Even while all around seemed deaf to danger yet.”

Faithful meets Discontent and Shame

WHEN Christian said to Faithful, "Pray you tell,
 Met you no traveller through those meadows
 That valley of humility?" "I well [green,
 Remember that I did," said Faithful, "it befell,

"That one named Discontent beset me there,
 Who gladly would have turned my feet to go
 Backward with him, for which his reasons were,
 Because the vale was from its nature, low
 And despicable, and that therefore, so
 My wasted life in that mean ditch to hide,
 Would disoblige all those I cared to know,
 As Arrogancy, Self-conceit, and Pride,
 With Glory-of-this-world, and many more beside ;

“ Who, he continued, would, and justly, feel
Enraged, with such a headstrong fool as I,
(He prayed me to excuse his friendly zeal,
Should seem to them, if still averfe to fly
From that deep valley of Humility.”

Asked Christian, “Well, what answer did you make?”

“ I told him,” Faithful said, “ that though the tie
Of kindred was no easy bond to break,
And those he named had long been loved for nature’s sake,

“ Yet since I had a pilgrim come to be,
They had disowned me, and I partly them ;
That therefore they were now no more to me
Than if we could not claim one parent stem ;
Touching this vale that he had dared contemn,
His judgment was too light to weigh its worth ;
Humility shall wear the diadem
Of honour, while the haughty spirit’s mirth
Shall change to wail, it’s lord laid grov’ling on the earth.

“Therefore, said I, still be it mine to go
Along this lowly valley, honour-crowned
By wisdom, rather than to sink so low,
As that my heaven-raised forehead should be bound
With mud bespattered wreaths, which may be found
On every highway trampled by the throng;”
Asked Christian, “Met you on that holy ground
With no one else?” “Yes, as I passed along,”
Said Faithful, “Shame I met, but of all those among
“Whom I have mingled in my life-long walk,
He bears, I think, the most ill-chosen name.”
“‘And is not this,’” he asked, “‘a burning shame?’”
“And what reply,” asked Christian, “did you make?”
“At first,” said Faithful, “it was hard to frame
A fitting answer to the taunts he spake;
Yea, the hot tingling blood seemed to forsake
My heart, to flush my face, Shame shamed me so;
I almost thought I dared not undertake
To plead Religion’s cause ’gainst such a foe,
Until I called to mind those words said long ago,

“ ‘The things esteemed by man, are with the Lord
Abomination ;’ and I thought again,
Although this Shame, whose word cuts like a sword,
Tells all too truly what is found in men ;
He cannot tell, for ’tis beyond his ken,
What may be found in God, by those who seek
In God’s own words, pardon, strength, courage, when
Past, present, future, as a chorus, speak
Of conflict to the strong, of terror to the weak.

“ I also thought that at the day of doom,
The swelling spirits and the noble few
Whom Shame admired, will, rising from the tomb,
(How changed and humbled by their passage through !)
Not then be found my judges ; no, I knew
That life or death will fall to them and me,
According to the strict requirement due
Unto His law, whom every eye shall see,
Advocate, Witness, Judge, in triune Deity.

“ Therefore, thought I, what God declares is best,
Is so, let all the men on all the earth
Deny it's excellence ; and for the rest,
Seeing that Christ has deemed religion worth
Coming to die for ; that each tender birth
Of conscience, and each infant fear of sin,
With Him is precious ; that the very dearth
Of worldly wisdom, in their souls who win
The heavenly, oft makes space for the good seed within ;

“ And that the poorest man who loveth Christ
Is richer than the richest in the world
Who hateth Him ; therefore, O Shame ! who liest
Most, when most seeming true ; who would'st have curled
Thy lip with scornful triumph, to have hurled
My soul to hell, thither return again ;
If my King's banner, borne by me, were furled
At thy solicitings, declare, how then
Could I endure His gaze searching all souls of men ?

“Should I be now ashamed of Him and His,
Would He not soon be found ashamed of me?
So Shame was answered; but indeed he is
A bold impostor, I could scarcely free
My path from his intrusive company;
Yea, he would still be taunting me with one
Of the too many earthly stains which be
On the faints' robe, kept white by nearly none;
But at the last I said that spots upon the sun,

“Dimmed not his lustre; that 'twas all in vain
To tempt me further in this business, seeing
The things he looked upon with most disdain
I held most glorious; therefore our agreeing
Had come to be impossible; then freeing
My footsteps from this Shame, I walked alone.
And felt at once the full delight of being
In no worse company than e'en my own;
So I began to sing in no despondent tone.”

“I am rejoiced, my Brother, that the snares
Of Shame,” said Christian, “were thus ’scaped by thee ;
For as thou say’st, of all, I think he bears
The most ill-chosen name ; his face we see
When in the streets, urging his hateful plea,
To make us feel ashamed in open day ;
That is, ashamed of goodness ; but if he
Were not himself most shameless, could he stay
So closely and so long, to dog us on our way ?”

* * * * *

Quoth Christian, “You say well, but did you meet
With no one else when Shame at last withdrew ?”
Said Faithful, “No, not I, and light and heat
Were both vouchsafed me all that valley through,
And past the vale of death’s cold shadow too,
For I had cheerful sunshine all the way ;”
Said Christian gently, “It was well for you ;
It fared far otherwise with me, I may
Freely confess, that when Humiliation lay
A valley spread before my view, I fought
On entering it, a long and dreadful fight.”

Conversation with Talkative

MOREOVER in my dream I saw that they
 Discourfed at large on what the paff fupplied ;
 Now Faithful, as he chanced to look that way,
 Obferved aloof, though walking at their fide,
 One Talkative, (for here the path was wide,
 Allowing room for all to walk abreaf ;)
 The man was tall, and comelier when eyed
 Far off than near ; whom Faithful thus addreffed,
 ‘ Whither away good Friend, are you, as we, in queft

“ Of the celeftial city ? ” “ Yes,” quoth he ;
 “ ’Tis well,” faid Faithful, “ and I hope we may
 Have your good company ; ” “ So let it be,
 With all my heart,” cried Talkative ; “ Then pray
 Let us together wend upon our way,”
 Faithful rejoined, “ nor in our walking, fmother
 Young zeal with filence ; ” “ I may truly fay,”
 Replied the man, “ it pleafes me, my Brother,
 To talk of holy things, with you or any other ;

“And glad indeed I am to meet with those
Who love so good a work, for truth to speak,
There are but few, as you may well suppose,
Who thus, a way, tedious at times and bleak
Beguile; most pilgrims choose in talk to seek
For things of little profit, which hath wrought
Some loss to me, for though I am not weak
To lean, or much expecting to be taught,
Yet strongest minds gain most by interchange of thought.”

“That is indeed a loss to be deplored,
For what more fit to grace a human lip,
Than humble speech of heaven and heaven's Adored?”
Faithful replied; “I like your fellowship
Exceeding well, you let no topic slip
Out of your grasp without conviction's seal,”
Said Talkative, “and O! 'tis sweet to strip
The folds from mystery, and so reveal
The hidden things of God, if we have hearts to feel

“ Delight in what is new or wonderful ;
As thus, if any love to dig in mines
Of unwrought treasure, or enjoy to cull
The field of wonders, miracles, and signs,
They find no book like God’s, where joy combines
So sweetly with surprize ;” “ All this is true,”
Said Faithful, “ but the fruit His hand enshrines
Within the flower,—I mean what deeds ensue
After we shut the book, should most be held in view.”

“ I said so, for the light which converse flings
On scripture is most precious ; we by speech,”
Said Talkative, “ explore unnumbered things ;
By this, earth’s vanity we learn and teach,
And bring heaven’s truth down to our spirit’s reach ;
Thus in the general, but to be express,
The absolute necessity for each
Of the new birth, how poor and profitless
All works of man, the need of Christ’s own righteousness,

“Or such like, by this means are taught ; I may
Also assert that thus by talk, we learn
How to repent, believe, endure, and pray,
And so forth ; by this likewise we discern
Promise and joy, when with our friends we turn
The gospel page ; further, by this we know
How to refute false doctrine ; and we earn
The right to vindicate the truth, yea grow
Weak to instruct the weak, yet strong to raise the low.”

“All this is good, and glad am I to hear
Such things from you,” cried Faithful ; “Ah ! the want
Of good discourse is one great cause I fear.”
Said the other, “why the number is so scant
Of those who know the need of faith, and pant
To feel a work of grace begun within ;
And why so many, grossly ignorant,
Drag on in legal chains, a load of sin
Through life, for love not law his heaven for each must
[win.”

“ But by your leave, a knowledge such as this,”
Cried Faithful, “ is the gift of God alone ;
And none that e’er hath been, shall be, or is,
Earns it by speech or labour of his own ;”
“ Which precious truth,” said Talkative, “ is known
And prized by me, for every good we gain
Must by God’s Spirit doubtless first be sown ;
All is of grace, not works ; I could maintain
This by a hundred texts, as forcible as plain.”

“ Well then,” quoth Faithful, “ what high thought shall be
The prop round which our free discourse may twine ?”
“ Whate’er you will,” said the’other, “ I am free
To talk of earthly things or things divine,
Of law or gospel, of the inner shrine
Or outer court, of future or of past,
Of foreign or domestic, of the sign
Or of the substance, only may we cast
The light of truth o’er all, and profit at the last.”

And now did wondering Faithful quickly tread
Clove up to Christian, who this while had been
Walking alone, and softly to him said,
“A brave companion have we found I ween!
Surely in him may be distinctly seen
The pilgrim’s model;” at which Christian smiled,
But modestly, and answered, “He whose mien
And talk you so admire, has often wiled
By scores, good men like you, whom he has just beguiled.”

“Do you,” asked Faithful, “know him then my Brother?”
“Yes, better than he knows himself,” replied
Blunt Christian; “Pray what is he?” asked the other;
“His name is Talkative, he used to abide,”
Quoth Christian, “in our town, which spreads so wide
That therefore I suppose you know him not;”
“Where lived he,—who his father?” Faithful cried;
“Say-well of Prating row this son begot,
Who is well known to all the neighbours round the spot,

“As Talkative,” said Christian, “of that street ;
And all despite his deftly ordered tongue,
Search for a summer’s day, you scarce will meet
A forrier rascal or a founder lung ;”
Cried Faithful, “Well, I know that I am young
And inexperienced, but he seems to be
A richly gifted man ;” “That is, among
Those men who do not know him thoroughly,
For he is best abroad, and should you chance to see

“The man at home,” said Christian, “you would find
His daily life most ugly ; what you say
Touching his varied gifts, brings to my mind
A painting, which appears on close survey,
Formless and false, but if we move away,
We learn that distance is the friend of art,
Transforming blots to beauties ;” “Yet I may
Take leave to think,” said th’other, “that in part
You jest, because you smile ;” “No mirth fits at my heart,

“ Although I smile ; and God forbid that I,”
Said Christian, “ should reap joy from others’ crimes ;
Still less from stooping down to vilify
Even God’s enemies ; but there are times,
And this is one of them, when the smooth chimes
Of modern courtesy are out of date ;
When what the weak call cruelty, sublimes
To the highest mercy ; therefore though I hate
The censor’s thankless task, I dare expatiate

“ On this man’s conduct ; he condescends with any ;
And as his voice with you demurely sinks,
So is it pitched for the befuddled many
Who throng the ale-bench, and the more he drinks,
The more he talks ; but whosoever thinks
To find the truth in this man’s home or heart,
Finds only himself deceived ; his golden links
He melts and coins ; one seeming godly part
Alone he has, that tongue so natural in its art.”

Cried Faithful, "Say you so! then how am I
Beguiled by this man's tongue?" "Beguiled indeed."
Christian replied, "but one who scorned to lie
Thus wrote, 'They say and do not;' and we read,
'God's kingdom is not shown in word or creed,
But in a living power;' this Talkative
Speaks well of prayer, repentance, faith, the need
Of the new birth, but these words only give
The picture of that life he never means to live.

"For standing on his hearth, I learned to view
His life more closely than a stranger could;
And what I speak of him I know is true;
His house is utterly devoid of good;
Thence no prayer rises, nor is understood
Within those walls the meaning of contrition;
Yea, the brute pilgrim of the field and wood,
Obeys God better, after it's condition,
Than he, who turns to bane the gift of free volition.

“ He is to all who know him, known to be
Religion's very stain, reproach, and shame ;
Through him, her robe of spotless purity
Is counted vile, and few dare breathe her name ;
For thus un-numbered loathing lips proclaim
His life, ‘ A faint without, a fiend within ;’
His wretched family confirm the fame ; ,
Such churlish carriage and such railing din,
Such domineering sway o'er servants and o'er kin,

“ Are suffered by those helpless thralls of his,
That what to do, or how to look or speak,
They never know ; the common whisper is,
Amongst the timid flock of poor and weak,
Driven to his mis-named justice, ‘ Better seek
Fair dealing from a heathen than from him ;’
Most to be feared when fawning most, this sleek
And smiling foe would smite them life and limb.
Were his the power, and they to cross his gain or whim.

“ Besides, he trains his fons to follow after
His crooked way ; and if in them he fees
The tender buds of confcience, with rude laughter,
With ‘ idiot,’ ‘ madman,’ and fuch words as thefe,
With sneers at ‘ foolifh cowardice,’ from their knees
He flames them ; nor will he affift to raife,—
Unless they firft obey his harfh decrees,—
Their worldly intereft, no, nor fpeak their praife
To any one who would ; fo wicked are his ways,

“ That I, for my part, cannot think but he,
Alone has caufed the death of many fouls ;
And that if God prevent not, he will be
The death of many more ;” “ Wife fpeech controls
Rafh judgment, and my Brother’s skill unrolls
The map of this man’s life from early youth,”
Said Faithful, “ and I know thefe rocks and fhoals
Are mentioned, not from malice, but in footh,
From Chriftian’s love for me, for honour and for truth.”

“Had I but known the man no more than you,
I might perhaps,” said Christian, “have been wiled
As you were ; yea, had this report been due
To those whose lips and lives are sin-defiled
I should on hearing it have only smiled,
And thought it slander ; (for such tales abound,
Where lie on lie is shaped, and smoothed, and piled,
To raise a shelter whence the bad may wound
The fair fame of the good,) but Ah ! I grieving found,

“That all these things were proved against this man,
With many more as gross ; I also know
That good men are ashamed of him, they can
Nor friend nor brother call him, their cheeks glow
With shame to think of him ;” “I feel I owe
The truth that words and deeds may dwell afunder,
Solely to you,” said Faithful, “may I grow
More careful to examine what lies under ;”
“They dwell apart indeed,” said Christian, “and no wonder,

“ For they be diverse as are body and soul ;
And as the body when the soul hath flown
Is dead, so speech, if speech comprise the whole
Profession, is dead too ; by deeds alone
Can th’ inner soul of piety be known ;
Thus is religion pure and undefiled,
Before our God and Father always shewn,—
In caring for the friendless orphan child ;
Soothing the widowed heart, till grief grow reconciled

“ To life and God ; and striving to keep free
From this plague-spotted world’s infectious taint ;
This, Talkative is not aware of, he
Thinks that to hear and talk will make a faint,
And thus deceives his soul ; were he acquaint
With wisdom, she would say to him that hearing,
Is but as feed time ; and speech, but as faint
And feeble proof of fruit indeed appearing
In heart and life ; and when the day that he is fearing,

"Shall dawn, be fure, who'er themselves deceive,
 Men shall be judged according to their deeds ;
 It will not then be asked, ' Did you believe ?'
 But, ' Were you full-eared sheaves or worthless weeds,
 Doers or talkers ?' and as each one pleads,
 So is the doom. The object of heaven's call,
 Hath been compared to harvest, which time breeds
 No thoughts but thoughts of ripened fruit in all ;
 Not that I mean to imply by what I have let fall,
 " That aught can be accepted, which is not
 Of faith."

* * * * *

" What shall I do ?" asked Faithful then, " Why go
 To him," said Christian, " speak with loving skill
 Upon religion's power, and ask to know,
 (After he has approved it, as he will,)
 Whether this living power indeed doth fill
 His heart, house, conversation ;" Faithful here
 Again stepped forward, pressing on, until
 He overtook the man, then cried, " What cheer ?
 How is it now with you ?" " Well, thank you, but I fear

“That we have lost,” said th’other, “no small good,
We might have talked the whole way to this place ;”
“Well, if you please, I, as no doubt I should,
Having been left by you to state a case,
Will now begin ; How is God’s saving grace
Made known, when in man’s evil heart it springs ?”
Asked Faithful ; then said Talkative, “I trace
Your question’s aim, which is, the power of things ;
A blessed theme, the thought expands my spirit’s wings.

“Hear then in brief my answer, to begin ;
Whene’er the grace of God hath touched a heart,
It causeth there an outcry against sin ;
And secondly,” “Nay, hold, and take one part”
Said Faithful, “of our subject first, nor start
Awry at the beginning ; you should say,
Rather it causeth there a galling smart
Because of sin ;” “What is the difference pray ?”
Asked Talkative surprised, “Much difference every way,”

Said Faithful, "some make outcry against evil
From policy, but if we feel it's smart,
And hate it, 'tis God's doing ; oft the Devil
Is chid with all the tricks of pulpit art,
By men who serve him greedily in heart,
And house, and conversation. The false wife
Of Potiphar, could act the outcry part
Of chastity right well, yet was her life
Unholy, and her heart with evil passions rife.

"Some against sin make outcry, as the mother
Against the infant on her knee doth cry,
Rating it well, and falling then to smother
The querulous babe with kisses ;" "Ah ! I spy,"
Cried Talkative, "that at the catch you lie ;"
"Not so," said Faithful, "for my sole desire
Is truth ; but what is your next sign, whereby
You prove that the one baptism of fire
Hath cleansed a human heart ?" said th'other, "To acquire

“Clear insight into gospel mysteries :”

Faithful replied, “This sign should have been first,
But first or last, ’tis false ; the piercing eyes
Of man may fathom mystery, (such thirst
Hath he for knowledge,) with a soul accursed ;
Yea, were it possible for one of earth
To know the thoughts of God, and be well versed
In heaven’s decrees, he would be nothing worth,
Unless he also showed the fruits of heavenly birth.

“When Christ inquires, ‘Do ye know all these things?’

And the disciples answer ‘Yes,’ He cries,
‘Blest are ye if ye do them ;’ and thus brings
More blessing to the good than to the wise,
To doing than to knowing ; He implies
That deep and varied knowledge may be still
Divorced from action ; which truth also lies
In words of His like these, ‘His master’s will
He knows, but does it not ;’ a man may quaff his fill

“Of heavenly knowledge, yet not love the Lord ;
Therefore your sign is false ; and in my view,
To know, is but a state which doth afford
Pleasure to talking boasters, but to do,
Is that which pleaseth God ; yet is it true
That no heart void of knowledge can be good,
For without that 'tis naught ; therefore, in few,
There are two kinds of knowledge, one, that would
In speculation rest, the meer observer's mood ;

“And one, that is united with the grace
Of faithful love ; and while this, makes a man
Strive to serve God with all his heart, we trace
The former kind pervading the whole plan
Of the bare talker's life ; the Christian,
Unsatisfied without the other, prays,
'O ! give me understanding, so I can
Keep Thy pure law, yea, tread Thy holy ways,
With all my heart and strength all my remaining days.' ”

Then Talkative replied, "I see you lie
Again upon the catch, here is no ground
For edifying;" "Well," said Faithful, "I
Suggest that, if you please, you shall propound
Another sign, whereby God's grace is found
By the spectator, when it dwells in men;"
"Not I," quoth Talkative, (who slightly frowned,)
"For we shall ne'er agree;" cried Faithful, "Then
If you will not, may I?" and Talkative again
Answered, "O, you may use your liberty."



Evangelist forewarns the pilgrims of Vanity Fair

“**W**HEN, children, to that wicked town ye come,
Fierce foes will meet you, ruffian slaves of sin,
Who will strive hard to work your martyrdom.
And one or both of you must die therein ;
But be you ‘ faithful unto death ’ and win
‘ A crown of life, ’ the gift your King bestows ;
He that first dies in pain, shall first begin
To live in joy, and thus escape the woes
That lie in wait for him who haply further goes.”

The Death of Faithful

THUS Faithful died ; as rose that faithful soul
Elijah-like to the celestial gate,
Sweet voices and eolian music stole
To the ‘ rapt sense of him who yet must wait,
And see the end of this dark deed of hate,

Even to Christian's ; yet the Lord, whose fway
 Is over all, was pleafed to moderate
 The fury of the foe ; and footh to fay,
 The pilgrim for this time, efcaped and went his way.


Hopeful joins Christian.—The river of the water of life

THEN wound their way befide that tranquil river
 Of God, which David knew, and called by John
 The water of life ; they praifed the gracious
 Of this refreshing boon, and journeyed on [Giver
 With great delight ; all wearinefs was gone
 At the firft tafte of that transparent wave,
 And either fide the graffy banks upon,
 Are trees whose drooping fruit the waters lave,
 Whose wondrous leaves have power from threatened death
 [to fave.

On each soft-sloping bank, there grew the lily,
In fields the long year through as green as May ;
No need to fear the evening dew-damp chilly,
For midnight there was genial as mid-day ;
So wrapped in sweet and safe repose they lay.
Awhile they traversed that delightful land,
Which gave them all they needed on their way ;
Its stream beside their path, its fruit at hand,
While airs breathed fresh from heaven their foreheads
[gently fanned.



The Delectable mountains


AND now they reach the country where the mountains
 Men call Delectable upheave toward heaven ;
 Gardens and vineyards, orchards, gushing fountains,
 To scent, to taste, to sight, to touch, were given ;
 Each glittering morn, each many-tinted even,
 They bathed in those pure waves of liquid light,
 And freely eat the blooming clusters riven
 From broad-leaved vines, the while far up the height
 Were shepherds tending flocks, full in the travellers' sight ;

Who therefore asked them, (as they rested, leaning
 Upon their staves as weary pilgrims do,)
 Who owned the fruitful hills thus intervening,
 And whose the sheep that fed there ; answer due,
 Those friendly shepherds made, " It will, to you,
 Be joy to learn this is Emmanuel's land ;
 The goodly place which ye are journeying to,
 Is within sight ; and sheep of His good hand
 Are these for whom he died, though He all heaven command,

“ So great His love divine and human pity ;”
Then thus the pilgrims asked the shepherd train,
“ Is this the way to the celestial city ?
Is the road long, and is it steep or plain,
Dangerous or safe ? and shall we reach again
Some hospitable place of rest and sleep ?”
They said, “ The way through the great King’s domain
Ye tread ; ’tis short or long, ’tis plain or steep,
According to your faith ; ’tis safe for those who keep

“ The rules of Him who planned the King’s highway,
But those who keep them not shall fall therein ;
And as to your last query, we may say,
That strangers reaching here we treat as kin ;
Which loving custom hath its origin,
In the strict charge of our dear country’s Lord,
Who looks on all ungentlenefs as sin ;
Therefore fear not, our precious things here stored
Are yours, for they are His, Whose bounty be adored !”

At length the hour drew near to journey on,
(O change! of all thou only changeft not ;)
So ere the pilgrims fhould indeed have gone,
The fhepherds led them up to one clear fpot
Commanding all the valley, nor forgot
To fhew them through their glafs of faith, at laft,
The gate of that fair city where their lot
Should, as they hoped, eternally be caft ;
But their hands fhook in fear of what fo late had paffed

Before their eyes, nor could they hold the glafs
Steadily, yet they thought they faw the gate ;
'Till a quick flash of heaven's glory, was
As darknefs to them in their weak eftate ;
But they remembered it, and learned to wait.


Help by the way

“**C**ONVOY is good, but it is better still
 To ask the King Himself to guard our way ;
 His presence so made David's bosom thrill

With joy in front of death, that he could say,
 ‘ I fear no ill if Thou but with me stay ;’
 And Moses was for dying where he stood,
 Rather than journey for a single day,
 Without the help and conscious neighbourhood
 Of God, apart from Whom we are apart from good.

“ And O my Brother ! If He doth but go
 With us along, what need to be afraid
 Of tens of thousands ? let the godless foe
 Rise up against us, should we feel dismayed,
 Whose weakness on Omnipotence is stayed ?
 Though I have fought, and through His help am living,
 I cannot boast of aught except His aid ;
 And I should view my future with misgiving,
 Did not all victory dwell in trusting and receiving.”

Atheist


 ND soon they saw far off, as if to meet them,
 A man approaching softly and alone ;
 So ere he could draw near enough to greet them,
 Said Christian to his friend in warning tone,
 " See one whom charity herself must own
 To be a faithless pilgrim, walking there,
 His back toward Zion ;" Hopeful, cautious grown,
 Answered, " I see him, let us now beware,
 Left he should also prove a flatterer and a snare."

So he drew near and nearer, till at last
 They met ; his name was Atheist, " Though," he said,
 " This was but as a nickname on him cast
 By bigots, and by dreamers fancy-fed ;
 Howe'er," he added, " have ye fairly sped,
 And whither are ye going ?" they replied,
 " To the mount Zion ;" then he shook his head,
 And laughed so loudly, that the mountain side
 Echoed the ugly sound of sneering lips that lied.

They asked, "What is the reason of your laughter?"

"I laugh to see how ignorant ye are

Poor souls," said Atheist, "in thus seeking after

A land, which like the marish meteor-star,

Still flees before you, go ye e'er so far;"

"Shall we not be received when we have run

Th' allotted course?" asked they; "I know one bar

To your reception there, and only one,"

Said he, "that no such land exists, when all is done.

"There's no such place in all this world below;"

"Yes, but there is above," quoth they; "So, I,"

Said Atheist, "thought, or wherefore did I go

On pilgrimage? I heard the common cry

About this Zion, and set out to try

To reach it; I have fought it twenty years,

Yet can I find I draw no nigher, and why?

Because no city of this name appears

In any world but one,—the world of hopes and fears."


Cried they, "We have both heard there's such a place,
And do believe it;" Atheist said again,
"Once I believed it too, or this fools'-chafe
I never had begun; but since 'tis plain
That there is no such place, for I in vain
Have fought for it a longer time than you,
I shall go back, eschewing future pain,
And seek my joy in those things which I threw
Behind me, lured by hope, false as my words are true."

Then Christian asked of Hopeful, "Is it so,
Doth this man speak the truth?" and Hopeful said,
"Take heed, one of the flatterers he; I know
The pain of having once been thus misled;
What, no mount Zion! is then memory dead?
Did'st thou not see the gate of dazzling light,
When from the hills we viewed the landscape spread
Around? besides, we walk by faith not sight;
On, on, left wand'ring steps fresh chastisement invite.

“ You should to me, not I to you have taught
Those words of truth, ‘ Learn, O my Son, to cease
To listen to the ill instruction, fraught
With error, which forgets the way of peace ;’
Once more I say, my Brother, we increase
Peril by further parley ; O believe,
To thy limed soul’s salvation and release !”
Then Christian spoke, “ O Hopeful, I perceive
Thy honesty of heart, and pr’ythee, do not grieve

“ Or deem I held thy faith in real doubt,
I but confirmed it ; as for Atheist, true,
The lamp vouchsafed to guide him, is put out
By this world’s god ; but as regards us two,
Walk we as in the light, in open view
Of every eye, as trusting pilgrims may ;”
Said Hopeful, “ Brother, I rejoice anew,
In hope of the full glory of God this day ;”
And so they left the man, who laughing went his way.

Hopeful's account of his conversion


 SKED th' elder, "How was Christ revealed to
 "I did not see Him with my bodily eyes," [you?]"
 Said Hopeful, "but within my spirit view
 Arose the Form, now throned above the skies,
 Once crucified on earth ; and in this wise
 It came ; one day I was exceeding sad,
 More sad than e'er before, for in strange guise,
 My dead sins passed before me, darkly clad,
 And larger than in life, like ghosts that drive men mad.

"And while I looked for nothing else but hell
 For evermore, suddenly, as I deemed,
 I, even I, beheld the Invisible,
 And the Lord looked on me from heaven ; He seemed
 To say to me alone, as His smile beamed
 Like life to my dead soul, 'Believe and live !'
 I said, "Ah Lord ! long, long have I esteemed
 My sins too great and many to forgive ;"
 'Sufficient is my grace, thou hast but to receive,

“And I do all the rest,” the Lord replied ;
I asked Him, ‘ what then is believing Lord ?’
And now I knew He showed that, when He cried,
‘ O hungry come, thirsty, believe My word,’—
Believing is but coming.”

The land of Beulah, and the bridgeless river

NOW in my dream I saw that by this time
The pilgrims had o'erpass'd th' Enchanted Ground ;
And having gained the pure and genial clime
Of Beulah's pleasant land, and having found
That their way traversed it, they looked around,
And chose a place wherein to rest awhile ;
Yea, here they heard continually the sound
Of cooing doves, and notes that might beguile
The road inlaid with flowers for many a velvet mile.

In that delightfome land 'tis always day ;
It ftands above the foul and murky air
Of death's dark valley, ftretching far away
Beyond the fartheft reach of grim Defpair ;
Neither could they fo much as fee from there
The towers of Doubting Caftle, for they ftood
In fight of that far-gleaming city, where
The pathway ceafed, and of it's brotherhood,
Some met them now with fmiles as elder children ftould.

For in this land the fhining ones do ufe
To make their common walk, becaufe it lies
Near unto heaven ; the bridegroom here renews
His contract with the Bride ; and bent his eyes,
Lighted with love that never wanes or dies,
Full on the pilgrims ; who found ample ftore
Of corn and wine, for bountiful fupplies
Of all which they had ever lacked before,
Were here laid up for thofe whofe toil was nearly o'er.

Here they heard voices from the City saying,
“ Let Zion’s forrowing daughter now be told,
He for whose prefence thou haft long been praying,
And who is thy falvation, comes ; behold,
He gives and takes a meed more prized than gold
Or precious gem, He fows and reaps His love.”
Nor were the people of the country cold
In greeting, but with gentleft fpeech enwove
Such words as thefe, “ Ye faints, fought out, enrolled
[above !”

They felt while walking through this land of flowers,
A holier joy than they had ever found
In countries further from thofe happy towers
Circling the City whither they were bound ;
And drawing nearer to it’s hallowed ground,
A yet more glorious view thereof they gained ;
’Twas bright with pearl and gem, and through it wound
Streets paved with gold ; fo faft the funbeams rained,
That way-worn Christian felt with over pleafure pained ;

And so it was with Hopeful, wherefore here
Some little time they rested, while they poured
In every swifter traveller's list'ning ear,
The words, "Should you first see our risen Lord,
(Whose holy name be evermore adored,)
Tell Him we long to see Him face to face."
But soon, with freshened strength and fight restored,
They walked with clearer aim and firmer pace,
Nearer and nearer yet their souls' true dwelling place.

Past orchards, vineyards, and fresh garden bowers,
Which opened on the road, they joyful sped ;
When lo! the Guardian of those fruits and flowers,
Stood in the path, to whom the pilgrims said,
"These goodly vineyards, and these gardens spread
O'er all the land, whose are they?" he replied,
"They are the King's, who here delights to tread ;
Who also deigned to plant them, and provide
This solace for the few who have not swerved aside."

Therefore the Gardener to the vineyards leading,
Bade them to taste the clusters from the tree ;
Then to the royal bowers and walks proceeding,
He showed them where the King delights to be.
And here they slept in deep security ;
Now in my dream I saw that for a space,
They, in their sleep, talked more continuously
Than e'er before ; and seeing in my face
Some wonder at the fame, the Guardian of the place

Said, " Wherefore do'st thou marvel at the thing ?
Such is the nature of the vines that creep
Up these soft slopes, causing the lips to sing
That touch them, yea although the fingers sleep,
So sweet the fruit which resting toilers reap ;"
Now when they woke, I saw that they addressed
Themselves to mount the city-girdled steep ;
But as I said, it stood not all confessed,
Because its golden streets outshone the dazzling West

Of fummer's eve ; fo the bright flafhes blazed,
That only through a glafs could they furvey
The glory fafely and with eyes undazed ;
Now I beheld that as they went their way,
'Two men, whose faces fhone like fudden day,
And whose ftrange raiment flashed like Zion's gold,
Met them and asked, "Whence come ye?" to which they
Duly replied ; then asked them to unfold
The ftory of the way, and further to be told

Each difficulty, danger, comfort, pleafure,
They had experienced, and they told the men ;
Who faid, "You now have almoft proved your meafure
Of pain, but two more obftacles, and then
Ye are in the City." Now methought, that when
The fhining ones had ceafed, the pilgrims prayed
That they would ftay the end ; and ne'er again
Did thofe two fpirits depart, yet answer made,
"You muft attain your end by no external aid,

“ But by your proper faith.” So in my dream,
I saw they went together 'till they stood
In full sight of the gate ; but lo ! a stream
Rolled between them and it, a bridgeless flood,
Exceeding swift. In meditative mood,
Yet troublous, bent the pilgrims o'er the river ;
But those who with them went to do them good,
Said, “ Ye must needs go through it, or ye never
Can reach the golden gates which open joy for ever.”

“ Is there no other way but passing through ?”
They asked ; one of the men with pitying mien,
Said, “ Yes, but none hath ever, saving two,
As namely, Enoch and Elijah, been
Allowed to tread that pathway since, I ween,
This earth was born, nor shall, 'till it's dirge found.”
Then failed the pilgrims' hearts, (which might be seen
In Christian specially,) both looked around
Seeking a way to escape, but no way could be found.

"And is the stream in any chosen place
 One depth?" they asked; the men replied, "Not fo,
 Yet can we not assist you in that case,
 For you shall find it either ebb or flow,
 As ye believe in Him to whom ye go,
 Lord of the rebel waves and all beside;"

They then prepared them for the stream, but lo!
 Christian on entering 'gan to sink, and cried
 To Hopeful, that dear friend, "Beneath the whelming tide,
 "I sink in the deep waters."

* * * * *

With that a horror and thick cloud fell o'er
 The dying Christian, who became as blind,
 And could by no means see what lay before;
 Yea, Reason's helm, which guides the restless mind,
 He almost lost, and with it cast behind
 Remembrance and discourse of happier years;
 But all the words he still had power to find
 Discovered mental terror, and heart-fears
 That his would be the death no hope of glory cheers.

Therefore his friend had much ado to keep,
His brother's head above the waters, yea,
Sometimes poor Christian sank beneath the tide ;
Again a little while, and he would be
Raifed up half dead ; when thus brave Hopeful tried
To comfort him, " Brother, for whom Christ died !
The gate, and men within it, I can see
Waiting to welcome us ;" but Christian cried,
"'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for, not for me !
You have been hopeful still, through all our misery."

" And surely so have you," replied the other ;
" Ah !" said poor Christian, " truly, if I were
At peace with God, He now would rise, my Brother,
To help, but He hath brought me to the snare
Because of all my sins, and leaves me there ;"
Then answered Hopeful, " You have quite forgot
Those warnings of the psalmist which declare
Of the ungodly, ' In their death is not
One pang, their strength is firm, and their's the envied lot,

“ Free from the grief, ’ (which is a gift divine ;))
These troubles and distresses you endure
In passing through the river, are no sign
God has forsaken you ; be, rather, sure
That they are sent to try your faith, and lure
Your memory back to His great love of old ;
To prove that He is rich, though you are poor,
And full of need ;” Then in my dream, behold !
That Christian mused awhile ; whom Hopeful growing bold,

Thus spoke to once again, “ Be of good cheer,
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.” Then Christian cried,
With a loud voice, “ Again I see Him near,
Who tells me, ‘ When thou passest through the tide,
I will be with thee, and with Me beside
The river shall not overflow thee.’ ” Then
They both took heart, and o’er the waters wide
The enemy was quiet, ’till these men
Had overpast the stream ; Christian felt ground, and when

He so had done, the rest of that dark flood
Was easy wading ; so they gained at last
The further bank, on which, behold ! there stood
Waiting, their two bright comrades of the past,
Who thus saluted them, " We have flown fast
To welcome you ; the cloud path have we trod
To minister to you, whom mercy vast
And marvellous, hath made the heirs of God."
Thus went they toward the gate, and seemed to skim the sod.



**The description of the celestial City, and of the pilgrims'
entrance there**

THEN they who had been pilgrims asked the spirits,
“ And in the holy place what must we do ?”
They answered, “ There each happy soul inherits

The ease of all it's travail ; there shall you
Have joy for all the grief you ever knew ;
You there shall reap what you have sown, and gather
Fruit of the prayers, the tears, the woes, gone through
For your King's sake upon the way ; yea rather,
Fruit of the love in you, sown by the Eternal Father.

“ And there shall you those golden crowns put on
Prepared ere time began ; you shall enjoy
Eternal vision of the Holy One,
And ‘ see Him as He is ;’ still your employ
Sweet praise and high thanksgiving, (founds that cloy
The ear of heaven never,) unto Him,
Your love of whom was mixed with much alloy
On earth, because the eye of faith was dim.
There, with more cause to love than highest seraphim,

“ You shall both see the Mighty One and live,
And hear Him with delight ; you shall again
Meet dear ones gone before you, and receive
Those that shall follow after : not as men
Are clothed, to veil their shame, shall you be, when
You walk indued with majesty and glory ;
Or on the obedient winds make up His train,
When, as was seen by prophet eyes before ye,
He comes with trumpet found to brighten earth's sad story,

“ Riding the cloud ; there shall you with Him be ;
When He shall sit upon the judgment throne,
You shall be near ; and when He shall decree
Sentence on all the wicked, let them own
The angelic name or human, not alone
Shall He adjudge them, you shall also share
The high deliberation, because none
Except His foes and yours shall tremble there.
Therefore when He returns to the earth He made so fair,

“ You fhall come too with trumpet found and fong,
Yea, be for ever with Him.” Now while they
Were drawing toward the gate, behold, a throng
Of Zion’s citizens, a fair array,
Came out to meet them ; unto whom ’gan fay
The pilgrims’ two bright comrades of the paf,
“ Thefe are the men who, in life’s little day,
Have loved our Lord, and for His fake have caft
Earth’s good behind their back, and we have travelled faft,

“ At His command to fetch them, and thus far
Upon their journey are they joyful brought,
That they may mingle with the faints who are
Seeing their Saviour face to face.” Methought,
On this, the circumambient air was fraught,
Thuf with the heavenly hof’s loud-voiced acclaim,
“ Hail bleffed fpirits, whom the Lamb hath fought
To grace His marriage fupper !” alfo came
To meet them at this time, thofe whom the angels name

As the King's trumpeters, to whom were given
Garbs white and shining ; who with greeting loud
Albeit melodious, made an echo in heaven ;
Ten thousand welcomes from the tuneful crowd
Met Christian and his fellow, trumpets proud
And shouting voices joined ; the joyful band,
With wings, as swift as heavenly love, endowed,
Compaffed the pilgrims round on every hand ;
Some went before, and some their momentary stand

Took nearer earth, some gleamed upon the right,
And others on the left, (as though it were
With melody and finging to invite,
And guide, and guard them through the upper air ;))
So that to those who stood beholding there,
The fight thereof was like all heaven descending
To meet them ; therefore thus the ransomed pair
And the angels passed together ; and while wending,
Some, ever and anon, music with gesture blending.

Still signified to Christian and his friend
Pleased welcome to their blisful company,
And joy to meet them at the journey's end ;
And now were these two men, as it might be,
In heaven before they came there, such a fea
Of music, with reiterated wave
Lulled their 'rapt souls to deep ferenity,
And all so sweet the smiles the angels gave :
The City also here, bright contrast to the grave,

Rose to their view, the while they thought they heard
All the bells there ring out, glad welcome telling ;
But above all, how were their spirits stirred
With warm and joyful thoughts of ever dwelling
Therein, with such companions ; thoughts excelling
All that all tongues or pens could speak or write ;
Thus to the gate they came, o'er which, compelling
Heedful regard, they saw in letters bright
And golden, " Bleft are they that, walking in the light,

“ Do His commandments, and thereby can prove
Their title to the tree of life, their claim
To pass the portals of eternal love.”

Then in my dream I saw, that those two fame
Bright comrades of the past, bade them to frame
A summons at the portal ; which when done,
Some from above looked over ; Enoch came,
With Moses and Elijah, to whom one
Of the bright spirits said, “ From past the furthest fun,

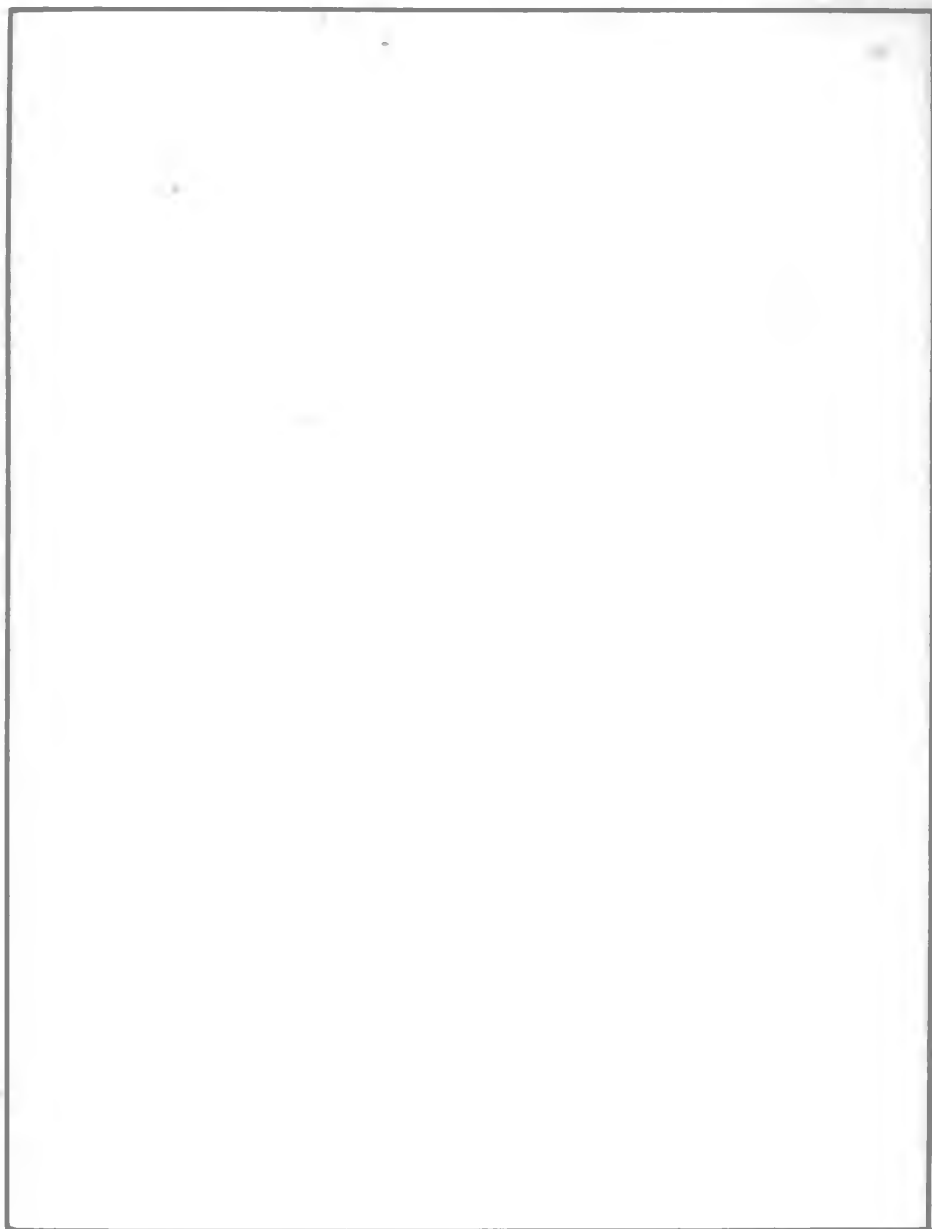
“ E'en from the city of Destruction, these
Two pilgrims are come up, the love they have
Unto our country's King and His decrees,
Being the cause ;” and then the pilgrims gave,
To those benignant patriarchs pleased yet grave,
The several certificates they had
From the beginning, and had striven to save
Through every peril ; these the warders bade
To lay before the King, heaven's messengers were glad

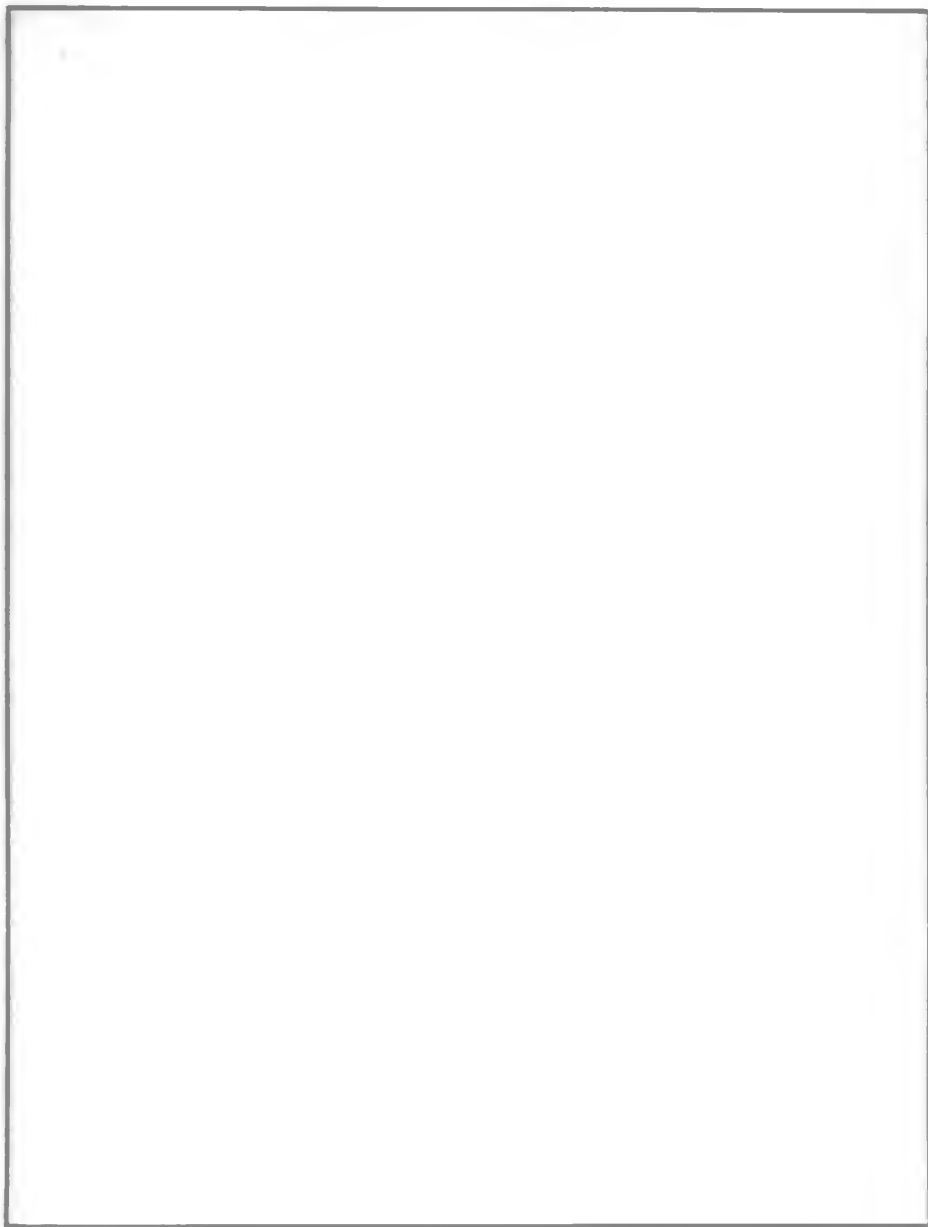
To take them in ; which when the King had read,
He asked, "Where are they?" and reply was made,
"They stand without the gate;" then the King said,
"Open the gate, nor let them be afraid
To enter in, for they, by Mine own aid,
Have kept the truth, and I have kept them Mine :"
Now in my dream I saw that heaven obeyed,
For the gate opened at the Voice divine ;
And as the men went in, lo, glory seemed to shine,

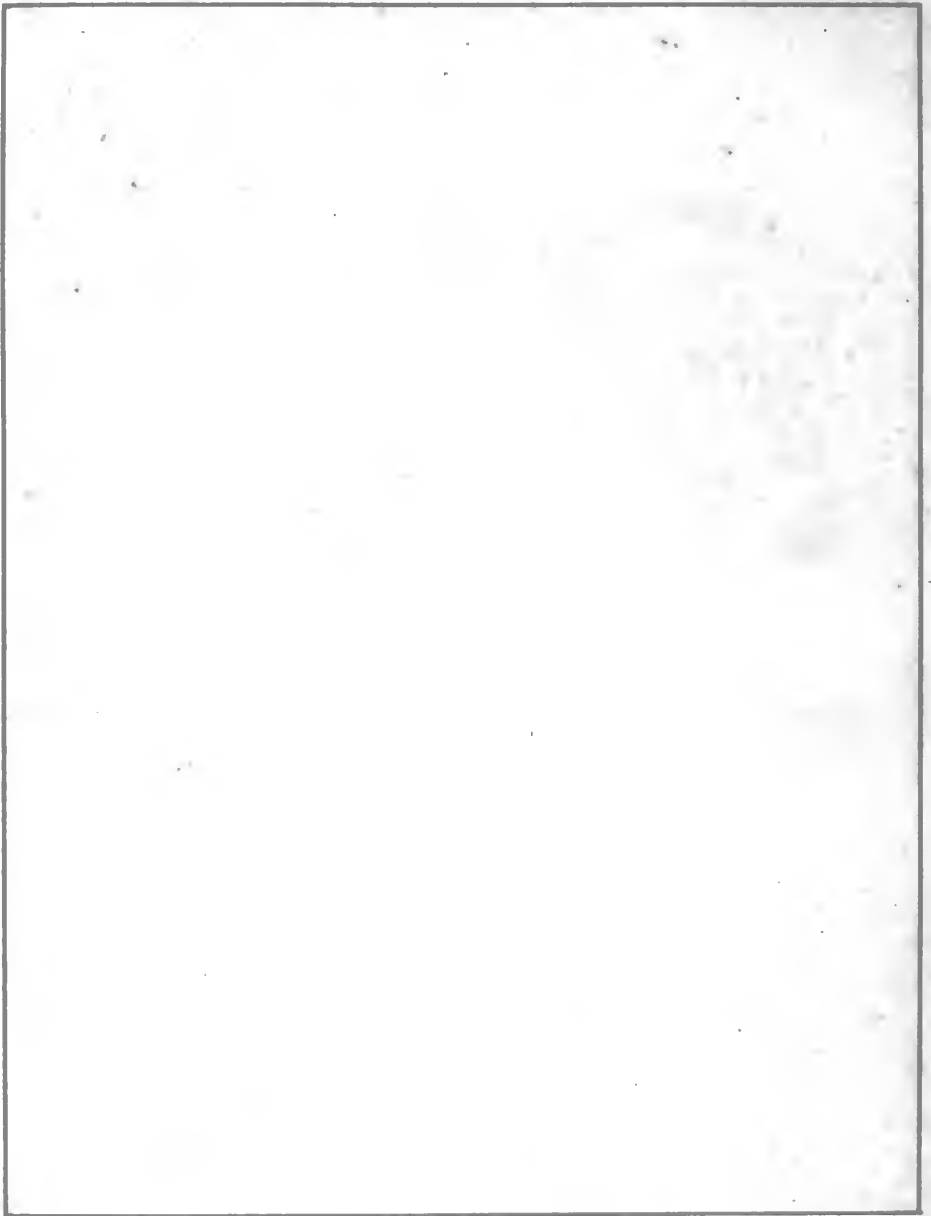
Not on, but from them, and their raiment grew
Lustrous and clear, as though divinely fair ;
Some met them bringing harps and chaplets due,
And gave them to the pilgrims, crowns to wear
For honour, harps the sweep of praise to bear.
Then in my dreaming ear I heard the bells
Ring loud for joy because the men were there,
And it was said, "Thus your glad welcome tells,—
'Enter ye now the joy which lives where Jesus dwells.'"

I also heard the men themselves, to me
It seemed as though they sang in altered tone,
“ All blessing, honour, power, and glory be
Ever to Him who sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb.” Then I remained alone.
Now as the gate flew open to admit
The pilgrims, I looked in ; the whole place shone
Dazzlingly, and its skies were bright as it ;
'Twas paved with gold, and men on whose brows seemed
[to fit

Crowns, traversed the great City, bearing palms
In lifted hands, or sweeping harps of gold
Instinct with praise ; some who had wings, sang psalms
Together or alone ; and echo rolled,
What to a mortal ear may best be told
As “ Holy, holy, holy is the Lord :”
And after that I saw heaven's portal fold.
Then in my dream, submissive I adored,
Yet wished myself with those o'er whom such glory poured.









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