



Miss L. Turvot
a Reward for good
Behaviour

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FRONTISPIECE.



Evangelist reasons with Christian.

EXPLANATION
OF THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
&c. &c.

ABRIDGED, AND ADAPTED
TO THE
CAPACITIES OF CHILDREN,
IN DIALOGUE,
BETWEEN
A CHILD, AND HIS MOTHER.

BY A LADY.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little abridgment of the Pilgrim's Progress is intended solely for children, and meant to amuse as well as to inculcate in their young minds, a serious and ardent *desire* of searching the Sacred Scriptures at a future period of their lives; when, as their comprehension increases, they will find to be the sure guide to everlasting truth, and comfort in their old age: and, by adhering to the precepts therein contained, they will, in another world, reap eternal reward!

The Authoress is painfully sensible, that she has not done justice to the allegory, by comprizing it in so small a compass; but she trusts to the liberality of well-disposed minds, that her humble attempt will be received with charity, it being her first essay of the kind.

Should she be favoured with encouragement, she intends to publish a sequel, containing an account of the Pilgrimage of Christiana and her children, with engravings appropriate, one of which will be Doubting-castle, and the Giant Despair.

EXPLANATION
OF THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, &c.

Child. MY dear mother, what a pretty book that is, which is called, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Master George Bunyan told me, it was written by one of his ancestors; what is ancestor?

Mother. Ancestor, my dear, is one from whom we descend: perhaps your school-fellow's great grand-father, or his great uncle, was the author of that book: did he ever shew it to you?

Child. Yes; he not only shewed me some very pretty pictures in it, but we have read it together. I remember, it begins with one Christian going on his pilgrimage to a far distant country.

Mother. I am glad, my dear Charles, to find that you remember what you have read, it shews you pay attention to your book.

Child. I wish I had such a book; I don't think it would cost much.

Mother. Well, Charles, I have the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which I suppose is larger than your friend's; and if you will be good, and promise to keep it clean, I will fetch it, and in the best manner I am able, will explain to you what is meant by the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Child. Do, my dear mother, I will take care not to turn down the leaves, and it will entertain us both so much.

Mother. Here it is; and here you see is Christian going on his journey. He is so named, because he is a follower and disciple of Jesus Christ: we are all called christians, by having been baptized in his faith and principles; and every one of us, who are here upon earth, you and I, as soon as we are born, enter on our

pilgrimage through this life, to obtain a place in Heaven.

Child. Was that Heaven which he calls Mount Zion, where he said he was going to?

Mother. Yes; and the City of Destruction is the world in which we now live: here are so many snares laid by our enemy, the Devil, to mislead us from God, that every sinful act we do, pleases the *Wicked One*, but leads us to destruction, that is, to *him*.

Child. Does he then think to have us?

Mother. Indeed, he tries the utmost of his power to ensnare us; and if it were not for God's peculiar grace and favour, which he is so merciful as to bestow on those who ask it of him, (and that is, by praying to him, to save and defend us from the dangers we are liable to fall into), I don't know what would become of us.

Child. I will pray to God every night, and in the morning when I rise, that I may not fall

into the Devil's snares, in this our City of Destruction.

Mother. You will do right, as you have been taught to do so, from the moment that you could speak : but now, as you are growing a big boy, and in your tenth year, you must remember that you are to *do*, as well as *pray*.

Child. What am I to do ?

Mother. Why you are to endeavour to do all the good you can. As you are now only a child, it is not in your power to do much ; but to *begin* to be good, pleases God.

Child. How ? Pray, mother, tell me.

Mother. In the first place, you must never tell a lie ; you must not swear ; you must not steal.

Child. I will do neither : But is this all ?

Mother. Oh ! no. You must love and respect your parents, you must also submit with reverence

to your instructors, and regard and be thankful to them for teaching you. You must not be cruel to dumb animals; God made them, as well as us; and how much should we pity, rather than use them ill. How thankful we ought to be, that we are not one of them, but christians, like poor Christian.

Child. I will not use dumb creatures ill, and I do love my father and mother dearly. But why did Christian leave his wife and children behind?

Mother. Because his wife at that time, was like many unthinking women at this present day: she was so delighted with the vanities and follies of the world, that she would not listen to her husband, or take his advice, though for her own good; but she treated him as a madman, so he was obliged to leave her. This was his first severe trial on his pilgrimage, for he loved her with true affection.

Child. And what was his next?

Mother. He experienced so many, that it is

impossible just now to express every one. His wife seeing him so averse to enter into the gaiety and pleasures of the world, that at first she thought to drive away this *melancholy* (as she called it), by harsh and surly methods; therefore, sometimes she would deride, then again would chide, and often would entirely neglect him.

Child. Poor Christian! that was indeed cruel.

Mother. Yes, Charles, it was very cruel, as he was her husband; but it was also uncharitable, because, if he had been an entire *stranger* to her, she ought to have been more liberal than to hurt his feelings, and censure his conduct, as she did.

Child. Then mother, what did he do? Did he not chide her in return?

Mother. No; he always when she was so surly, and so cross, would retire to his chamber, and there prayed for her; which shewed his heart was full of compassion, and christian-love for a miserable sinner.

Child. His wife must have been a bad woman?

Mother. Christiana was certainly very wrong to treat him as she did; and the signification of which shews, that it is not uncommon for our nearest relations and dearest friends, to misinterpret our actions, particularly if we differ from them in their opinions.

There are many also in the world, who think that those who profess to be zealously religious, are not sincere; or, that if they do not join in every foolish diversion, proceeds from a morose and sour temper; but they are greatly mistaken, like Christian's wife.

Child. I suppose then, that in this state of mind he began his journey?

Mother. He did; and he had proceeded but a little way, when he met with Evangelist, who, you must understand, was a preacher of the Gospel: he asked Christian why he cried?

Child. And what did he say?

Mother. He answered in these words; "I

“perceive, Sir, by the book which I have in
 “my hand, that I am condemned to die, and
 “after that, to come to judgment; but I find
 “that I am not willing to do the first, and not
 “able to do the second.”

Child. What said Evangelist?

Mother. Evangelist then put the following question to him: “Why not willing to die, “since this life is attended by so many evils?” Christian answered; “Because I fear that this “burden which is upon my back, will sink me “*lower* than the grave; the thought of this makes “me cry.” Then Evangelist shewed him a parchment roll, and therein was written these words, “Flee from the wrath to come.”

Child. Did Christian see the writing?

Mother. He read it, and was startled: he looked upon Evangelist *stedfastly*, and said, “Whither must I fly?” Then he directed Christian to the Wicket-Gate, which you may remember at first he did not perceive; but,

on his telling him to observe that light which shone over it, he bid him keep the *light* in his eye.

Child. What light, mother?

Mother. The word of God, my dear, the Bible; which directs us all the right road to Heaven.

Child. I remember the Wicket-Gate, and over it is written, “ Knock, and it shall be opened.”

Mother. But poor Christian, my dear Charles, was overwhelmed in the Slough of Despond before he could reach to the Wicket-Gate, which was but a very little way on his pilgrimage.

Child. I recollect though, that one Mr. Help assisted him to get out.

Mother. He did; which means, that the help of God will always be with those who are about doing good: he will sanctify them with his grace; and they must not stop, if trifling impediments obstruct their good intentions.

Child. Did he soon arrive at the Wicket?

Mother. Before he got to it, after he got out of the Slough, he was met again by Evangelist, who looked at first *sternly*, and expressed great surprise at seeing him so far back out of his road.

Child. What excuse did he make?

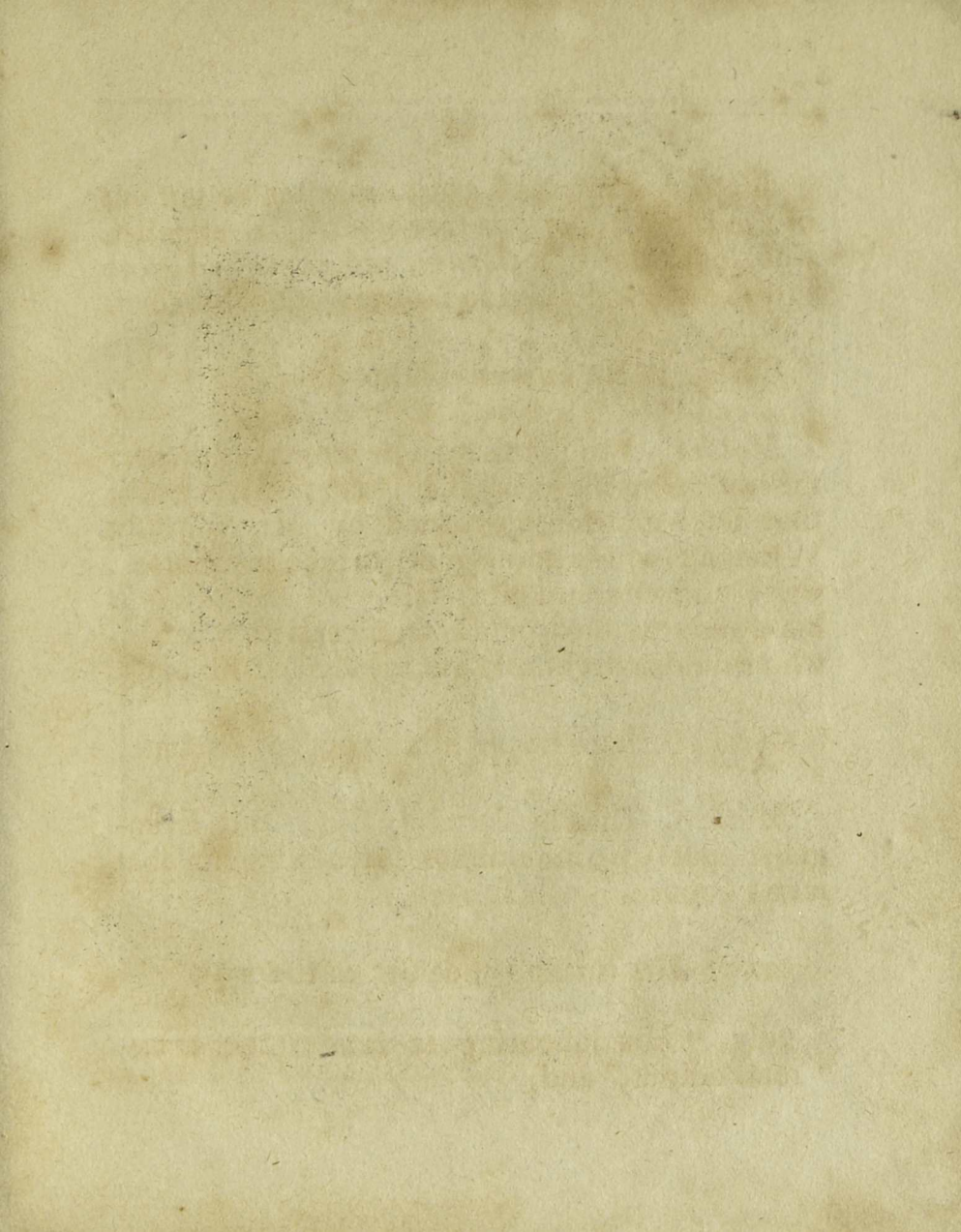
Mother. A religious man never makes *excuses* for not doing his duty. Christian told the truth, that he had been persuaded by Mr. Worldly Wiseman (whom he had met), to take the shortest way; and who told him, if he went according to his directions, he would soon meet with a person who would assist him to get his load off his back.

Child. Perhaps he put him wrong all the time?

Mother. That he certainly did; and Evangelist bade Christian abhor three things in that man's counsel; which were,

1st. "His turning thee out of the way."

2dly. "His labouring to render the cross-
"road odious," and,





Christian entering the Gate.

3dly. "His setting thy feet in the way that thou camest."

Therefore, Charles, you must never give heed to those, who are advising you to do wrong, nor ever follow their counsel. Evangelist concluded his advice to Christian by saying, "Take heed that thou turn not again aside;" and with a smiling countenance, bid him goodspeed. Christian went on, neither consulted he with any one afterwards, till he came to the gate.

Child. It was opened to him by one Mr. Goodwill, I believe: was he not very good?

Mother. But that is a signification of "God's good-will towards men," to us poor sinners, who are striving to get into the road to Heaven.

Child. He was glad when he got in, I dare say?

Mother. Yes, he was indeed; but Beelzebub tried to kill him with arrows on his entrance therein; which plainly shews, that the Devil envies righteous persons, and will leave nothing undone to obstruct their passage.

Child. Mother, what was the burden that Christian had on his back?

Mother. His burden, my child, is what every one of us have by the transgression of Adam and Eve, our sins.

Child. Poor Christian! I hope I shall not have such a load.

Mother. If you hope to be good, you must constantly pray to God, not to suffer you to be tempted by the Evil One; which is expressed in the Lord's Prayer, when we say, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and you must avoid doing what you know to be wrong.

Child. I will remember it every day.

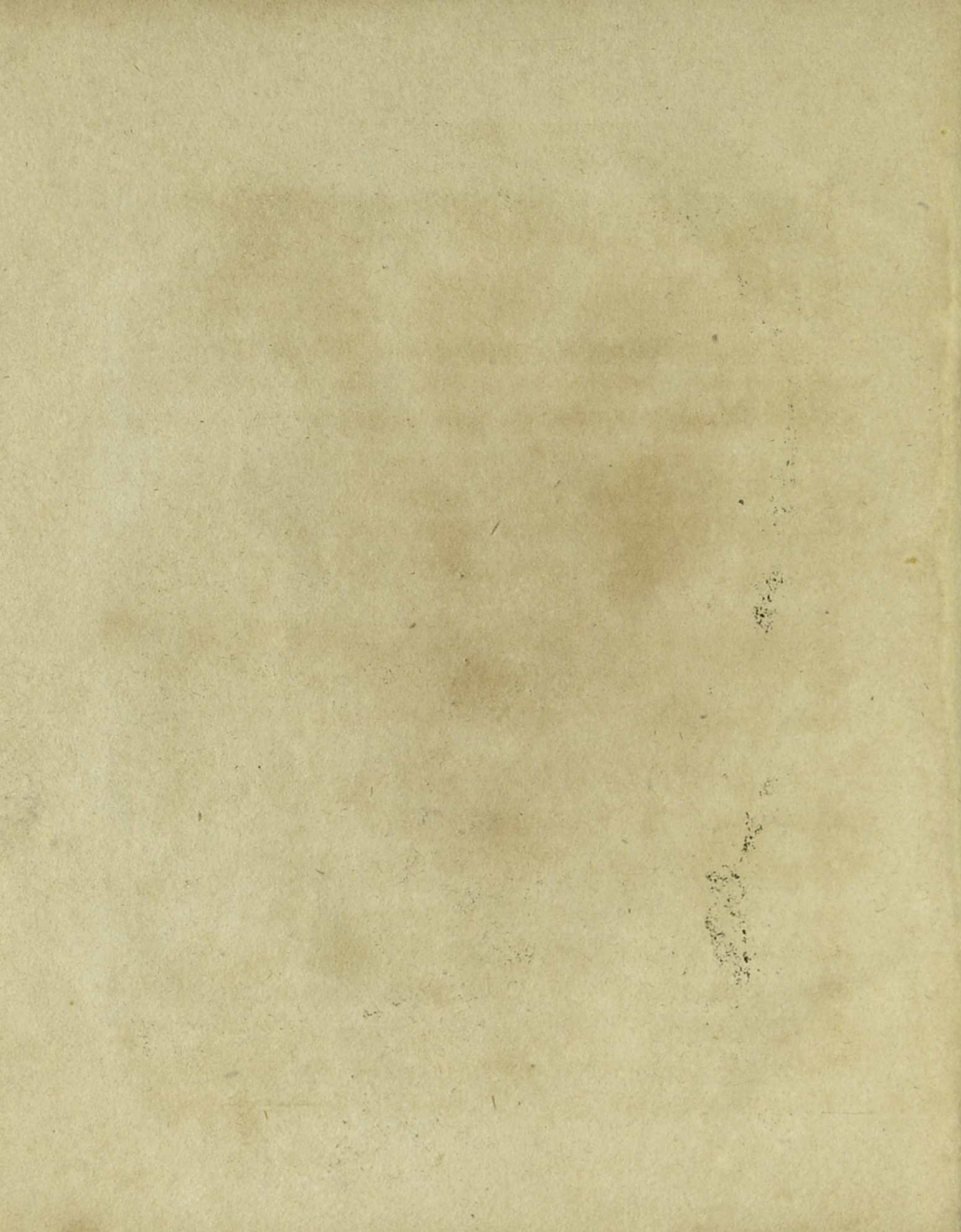
Mother. Christian's burden was at last loosed from him, and fell off his back.

Child. Yes, when he got to the Hill, on which was a Cross.

Mother. You say right; I remember it well.



*Christ hath given Rest by his Sorrow.
and Life by his Death.*



If you will look at the picture again attentively, I will explain to you what is meant by the Cross.

Child. Here it is, mother.

Mother. Who redeemed you, Charles?

Child. Jesus Christ.

Mother. He was crucified on such a Cross as that; and, by his dying for us, obtained remission of our sins, by shedding his blood: notwithstanding which, our burden will not be loosed from us, unless we, as good christians, walk uprightly, and bear our crosses patiently, trusting by faith, in the merits of our Saviour alone, for pardon.

Child. What do you mean by walking uprightly?

Mother. To be sober, honest, and just in your dealings; to do to another as you would wish and expect him to do by you. You would not like any one to hurt you, if you are not naughty, would you?

Child. No, certainly.

Mother. Nor should you hurt another ; and if you really are a good christian, you should not hurt those who have been so wicked as to hurt you, but avoid them ; don't play with them again, unless they ask forgiveness.

Child. Well, mother, let us return to Christian, who we read is so lightsome and glad, now that he has got rid of his burden.

Mother. True : but he did not forget to acknowledge to whom he was indebted for so much merciful kindness ;—it was to our Lord and Saviour !

Child. Christian's joy was so great, that he went on singing, till he came to the Hill Difficulty.

Mother. Oh ! but stop ; before he went on singing, he met with three Shining Ones, as he was looking at the Cross, and bewailing the sufferings of our Blessed Redeemer, for sinful Man. The first said, " Thy sins be forgiven

“thee;” the second, stripped him of his rags, “and clothed him with change of raiment;” and the third “set a mark on his forehead,” and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he was bade to look on, *often*, as he pursued his journey, and that he must give it in at the Celestial Gate; which means, that Christian’s righteousness was sincere, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, which afforded to him an heartfelt assurance of acceptance: and which all true christians are certain of.

Child. Does the Celestial Gate mean Heaven?

Mother. Yes: but Christian has a long way to go; the Hill Difficulty is very steep, the road to *danger* lays on one side of it, and that of *destruction* on the other; but he thought it best to go straight up.

Child. What does that mean?

Mother. Why hear what Christian himself says:

" The hill, though high, I covet to ascend ;
 " The *difficulty* will not me offend.
 " Better, though difficult, the *right* way to go,
 " Than wrong, though *easy*, where the end is
 woe."

Child. What is the House or Temple which seems to stand on a mount ?

Mother. That is an arbour or resting-place about the middle of the hill, signifying, that our Lord refreshes the weary traveller, and those who are oppressed with troubles ; if we continue to trust in him for succour, and pray to him for support, he will cheer us on our labours.

Child. Does Christian get there ?

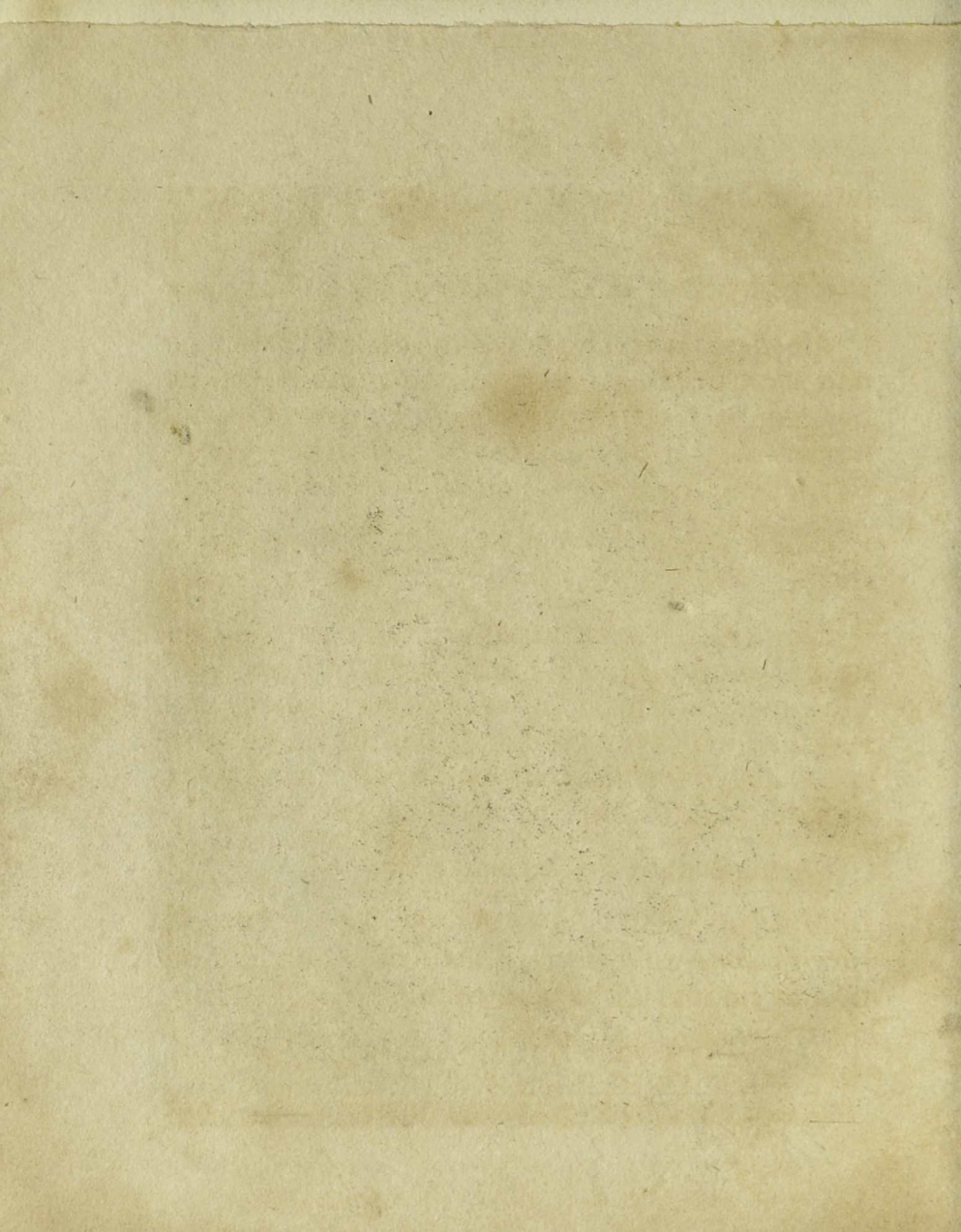
Mother. Yes, and safely too ; but, like many of us, who are tired before our work is half finished, he fell asleep, and dropt his roll.

Child. Oh ! but he found it again.

Mother. But don't you recollect, that he did not miss it till he came to the top of the Hill ? and when he did, he was in the greatest distress



The way to Life is steep and rugged.



imaginable, because it was his chief passport to the Celestial City.

Child. Poor man! what did he do?

Mother. Why, he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour: and kneeling down, he begged of God forgiveness for his neglectful weariness. If he had prayed before he went to sleep, most likely he would not have lost his roll.

Child. I always say my prayers before I go to sleep.

Mother. I hope you always will, or you can never expect God's blessing to attend you. However, as Christian was sincerely sorry, and returned to prayer, God enabled him to go with speed back for his roll, which, fortunately for him, he found where he had dropped it.

Child. I dare say he was very glad.

Mother. Glad! it is impossible to express how glad he was: he shed tears of joy on finding it, and he also gave God thanks.

Child. So would I, if I had been him.

Mother. O! how nimbly he got up the hill afterwards, till he came to the palace which is called *Beautiful*, before which were two lions.

Child. Did not they attempt to tear him in pieces, and was not Christian sadly frightened?

Mother. He was indeed greatly terrified, for he did not know that they were chained. The lions had not the power to hurt Christian, because he was good; but Christian did not think so highly of himself, he still “trusted in God to deliver him.”

Child. But who said the Lions were chained?

Mother. The Porter, who you see stands at the door of the palace *Beautiful*; he halloo'd to him, and said they were chained; so he ventured onward, and was admitted; and there conversed with *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity*.

Child. Who are they?

Mother. They are three companions who constantly reside with righteous persons, and Christian was delighted to be favoured with their good company.



Fear not; the Lions are chained.

Child. How long did he stay there?

Mother. Why, as it was getting dark, all that night; and they put him to sleep in the chamber of *Peace*. By pursuing our course through this life rightly, it will certainly secure us a peaceful conscience. On the morrow, or the following day, he proceeded on his journey.

Child. Pray tell me, mother, as I don't just now recollect, where he met with *Apollyon*, that dragon?

Mother. Don't be in a hurry. You must first be informed, that Christian, on his arrival at the summit of the hill *Difficulty*, found, that he had a steep and dangerous descent downward, to a valley called *Humiliation*; which means, my dear Charles, that human nature is so frail, that none of us like to be humbled by misfortunes, and too many often roll to the bottom for want of fortitude, and that firm reliance which we ought all of us to have on the Author of our being, who can, whenever he pleases, raise us up again.

Child. But in that case they would be killed on the spot?

Mother. You rightly suppose they would be killed, if they went headlong down; but you are to take the meaning thus: amidst our difficulties through this life, and some have more than others, though there are none exempt; when we are lowered by losses, which has often embarrassed the circumstances of the most affluent, and reduced them nearly to abject poverty, in that case, it is our duty, by industry, or any other laudable exertion of our abilities, to rouse ourselves, and not sink into despondency.

Child. What is despondency?

Mother. It is an unhappy state of mind, which is hopeless of relief. And as I wish to impress upon you my real opinion, I verily think, that when persons act from conscientious principles, and do their best endeavours, which will *not always* succeed, yet those are never in that state of dejection, as to hurl themselves to perdition, by committing the most heinous of all sins, *Suicide*,—that is, self-murder; which christians shudder at, because it cannot be repented of;

and I grieve to find that in this kingdom it has been so recently practised, either from insanity or false pride, by numbers who ought to have shewn more courage.

Child. Who is Apollyon?

Mother. Apollyon, my dear, is the Devil, who assumes different names and shapes, sometimes to frighten us from God, and at others to allure us to himself. Christian met him in the Valley of Humiliation, as he judged that was the most likely place to succeed in turning him back again. He hates those who can bear their sorrows humbly, with submission to God's will; Apollyon himself being filled with pride.

Child. Did not they fight there?

Mother. Yes; if you will have patience I will tell you. Christian had proceeded but a little way after he was down in the valley, when he espied Apollyon: the sight of the fiend staggered the poor Pilgrim so much, that he knew not whether to go back, or stand his ground; which means, that it is dangerous even to hesitate between doing right from wrong. Apollyon

judged the weakness of mankind by his own insincerity, or he himself would not have fallen; but Christian considered, that to go back would give Apollyon greater advantages; for this reason: he thought he had more to answer for, than the saving of his life; it was better to stand his ground, and thereby save his soul. Therefore, with christian courage, he *met* Apollyon.

Child. O, dear mother! I am impatient to know how the battle ended, for my schoolfellow and I skipped over a great deal.

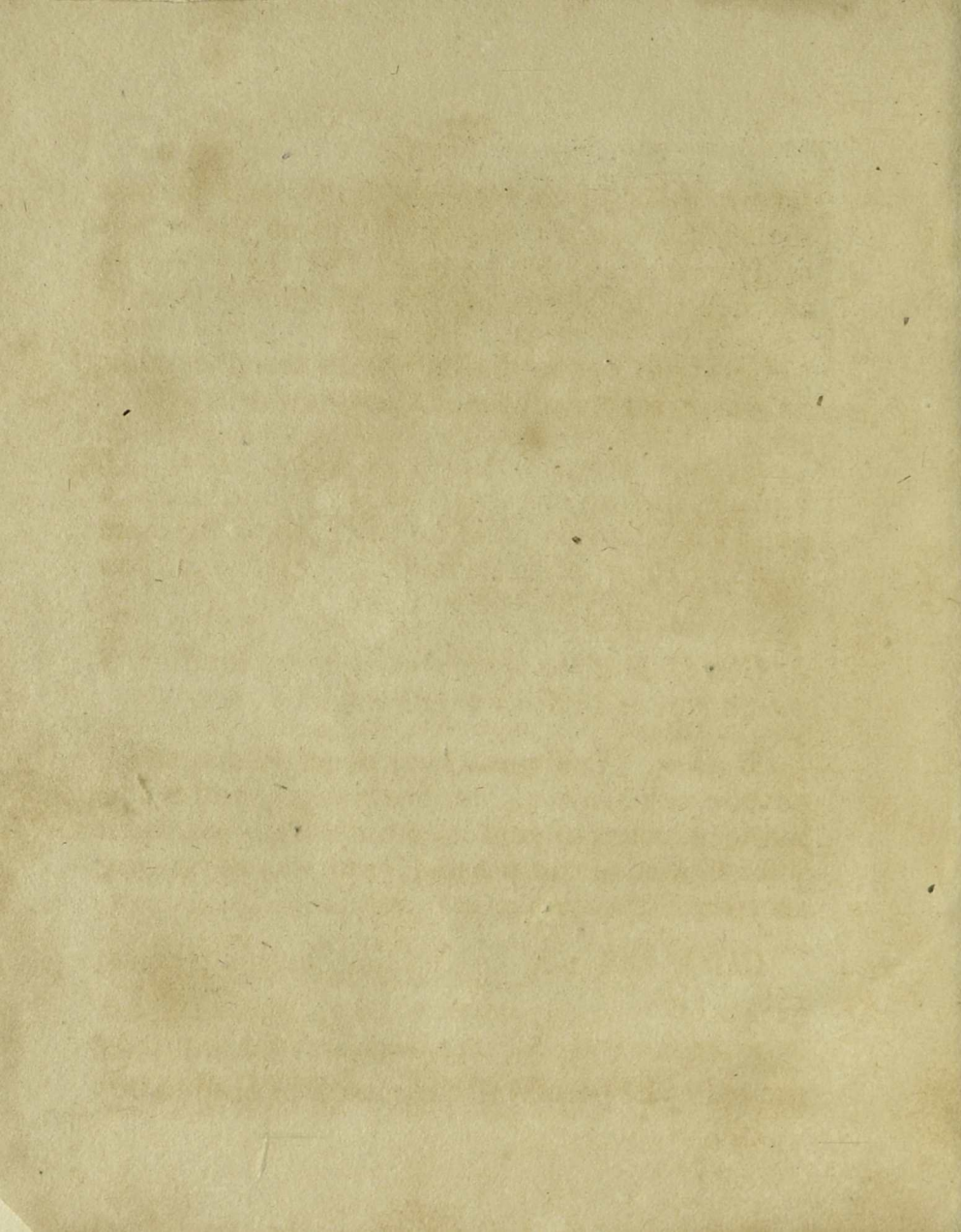
Mother. Well, then—Apollyon, like a giant, at once strode over the plain, and threw a flaming dart at Christian's breast; then did Christian draw, and fought most valiantly, giving and receiving *deadly* strokes, till at last Apollyon observed the Pilgrim's shield, which displayed the *Cross*, on which, he instantly spread forth his dragon-wings, and flew away, so that Christian saw him no more.

Child. Then Christian conquered, which I am glad of?

Mother. He did; and gave God thanks



Apollyon falls on Christian.



for his deliverance from the lions, and for assisting him against Apollyon. From the valley of Humiliation, he proceeded till he came to another, called the valley of the Shadow of Death.

Child. It was so dark there, I remember, that he was greatly frightened ; so should I.

Mother. It was not only dark, but so solitary a place, that no one dwelt there : nevertheless, a good Christian will fear no evil ; it was the case with our Pilgrim. As he had conquered Apollyon so lately, what had he to fear ?

Child. But to get through it, mother, I would run as swift as ever I could.

Mother. You speak, my dear, like a child, as you are ; whose feet are nimble, and being in the morning of your life ; but it was dusk when poor Christian was passing, as he was advancing in years.

Child. Did not he see that burning place, called Hell ?

Mother. Yes, he did ; about the middle of the valley he perceived the mouth of Hell to be ;

and continually the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks of fire, and hideous noises, that Christian betook himself to prayer: and he cried, " Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!" and again, he said, " I will walk in the strength of the Lord " God!" After he had travelled this disconsolate place some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man before him, who said, " Though I walk through the valley of the " Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for the " Lord is with me." Then Christian was glad, and presently he came to the end of the valley, just at the dawn of morning.

Child. He afterwards overtook Faithful, and they both went on to Vanity-Fair.

Mother. They did; it was Faithful whom he had heard in the valley of the Shadow of Death, express his *stedfast* reliance on our Lord Jesus! They were obliged to go through Vanity-Fair, which was unfortunate, and often happens that good persons are necessitated to pass through bad places, which proved fatal to poor Faithful. Therefore, how dangerous

it is to be seen in bad company; the wicked people burnt him; they were so drunken and riotous, that they knew not what they did; and at last were sorry they had put to death so good a man.

Child. Then Faithful did not reach Mount-Zion?

Mother. Yes, Charles, he did; every one who is faithful to God to the end of their lives, will most assuredly reach the *desired land*, let them die suddenly, or be unjustly put to death.

Child. But poor Christian they confined?

Mother. Not long after the death of Faithful; people who came to see Vanity-Fair, observed that Christian and Faithful were really harmless men, who had been falsely accused, and the one shamefully and cruelly sacrificed.

Child. What did the people do then?

Mother. Why, it proved the means of converting many to follow their precepts, and to bear their troubles patiently. As soon as Chris-

tian was released, one Hopeful begged to be his companion the remainder of the journey.

Child. Where did they go next?

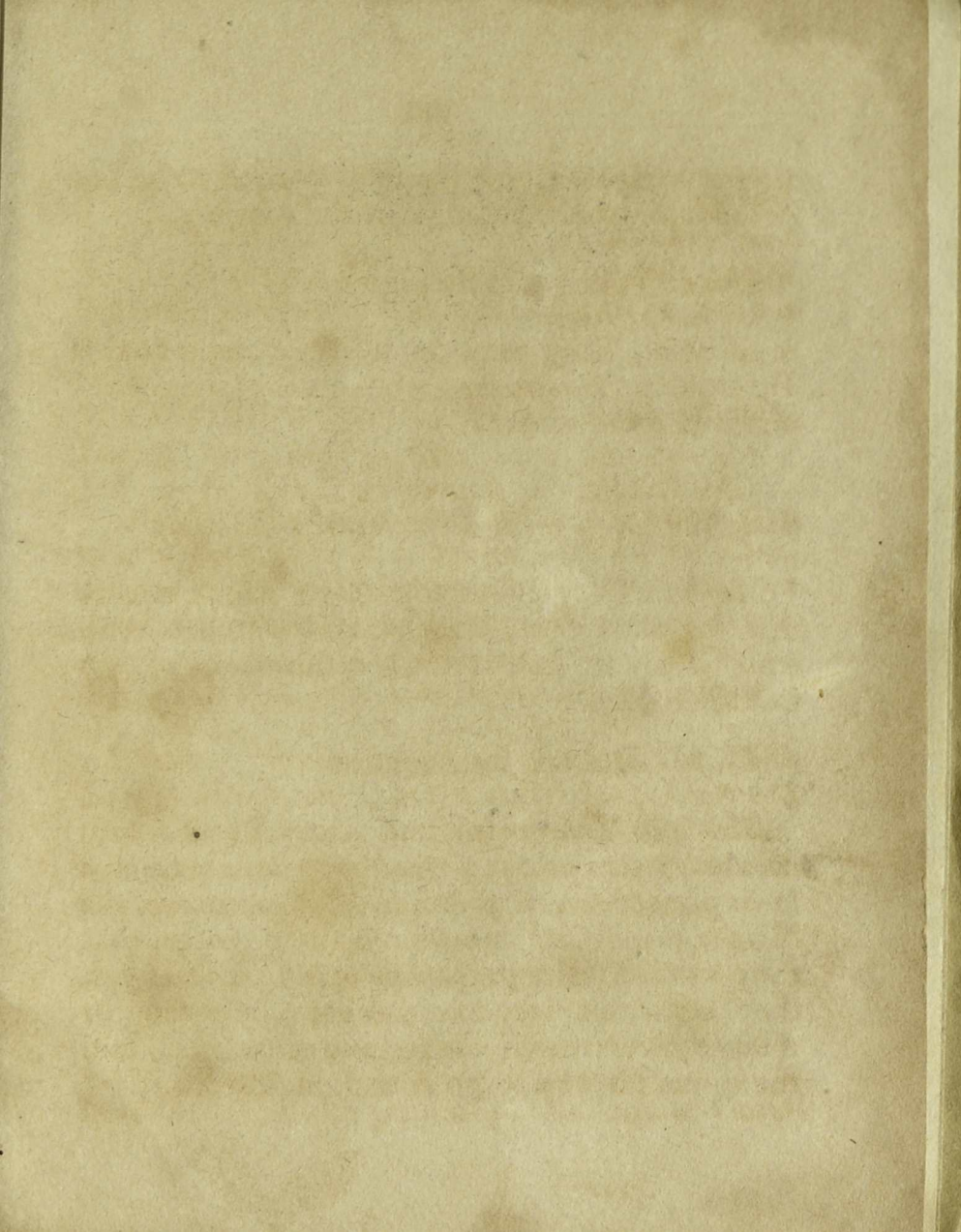
Mother. They went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, whence the shepherds directed them onward.

Child. Oh! I remember; and they bid them not sleep on the *Enchanted Ground*.

Mother. They did so, my dear; which means that we should be diligent, and watch to the end. They at last arrived within sight of the Celestial City.

Child. Did not they rejoice?

Mother. The lustre and glory of the city dazzled their eyes, the beauty of which cannot be expressed. And there, melodious music was divine, which so enraptured their senses, that they wished for angel-wings to fly! But as yet, they could not perceive the gate, by reason of a large river which they must cross over, and there was no way to go round, and avoid it.





*Angels wait for them when they are
passed out of this World.*

Child. What did they do?

Mother. Why you know, we must all die before we can see the kingdom of Heaven: death resembles a large river, deeper in some places than at others.

Child. Then I suppose Christian was dying, when he went to cross the river?

Mother. He was indeed; and sweet Hopeful his companion bid him be comforted; "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." He likewise said, that *he* felt the bottom, and it was good; the river then being shallower, as they had waded through the deepest part of it, which means that Death, to look forward to, is terrific and melancholy in the beginning;—but in the end, brings us to everlasting happiness!

Child. Did they then see the Gate?

Mother. As soon as they had forded and were on dry land, they were received by angels, who conducted them immediately to it; and as they had now cast off mortality, their eyes were no longer dazzled; they could plainly see these

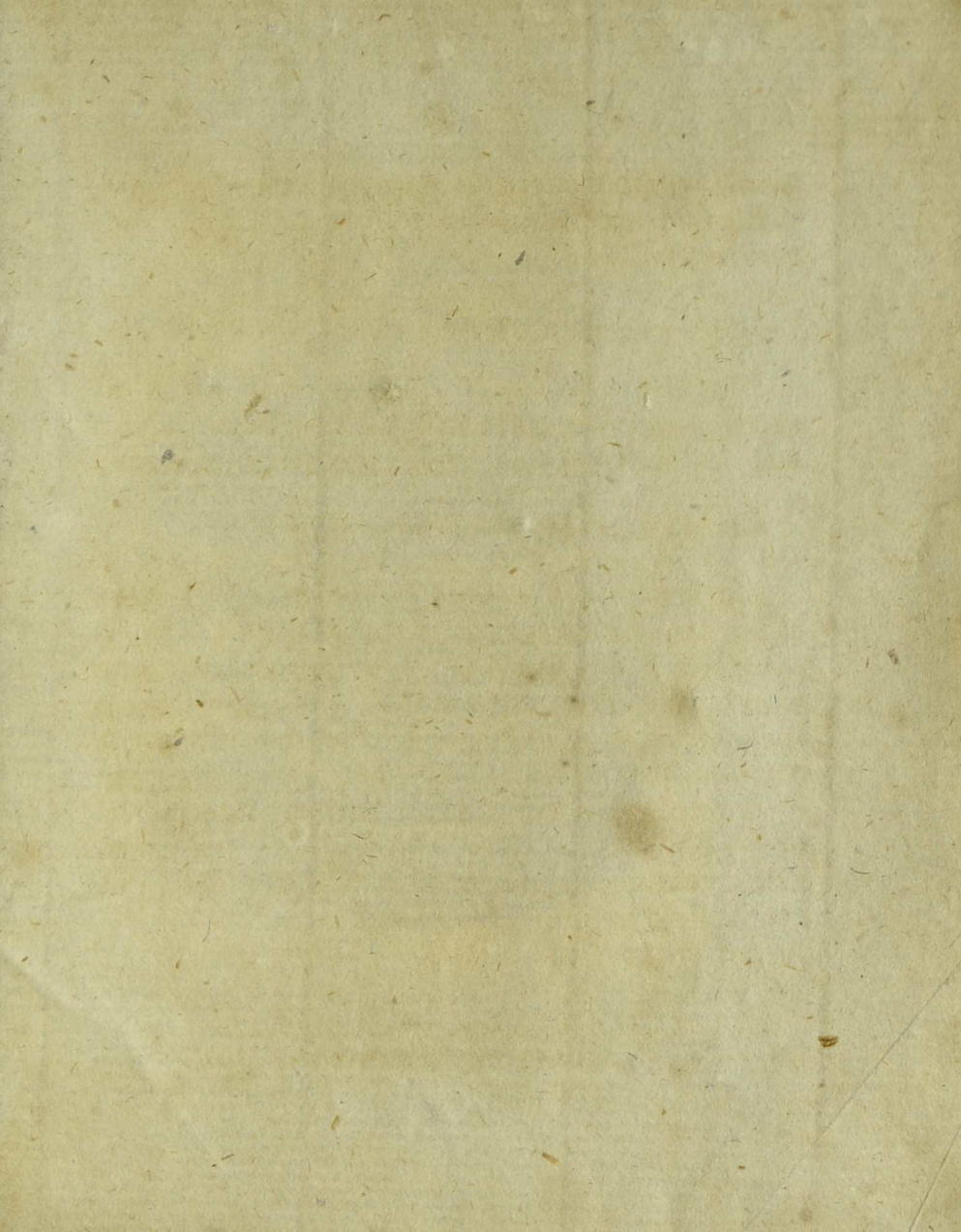
words written over the gate in letters of gold,
 “Blessed are they, that follow the Command-
 “ments of God.”

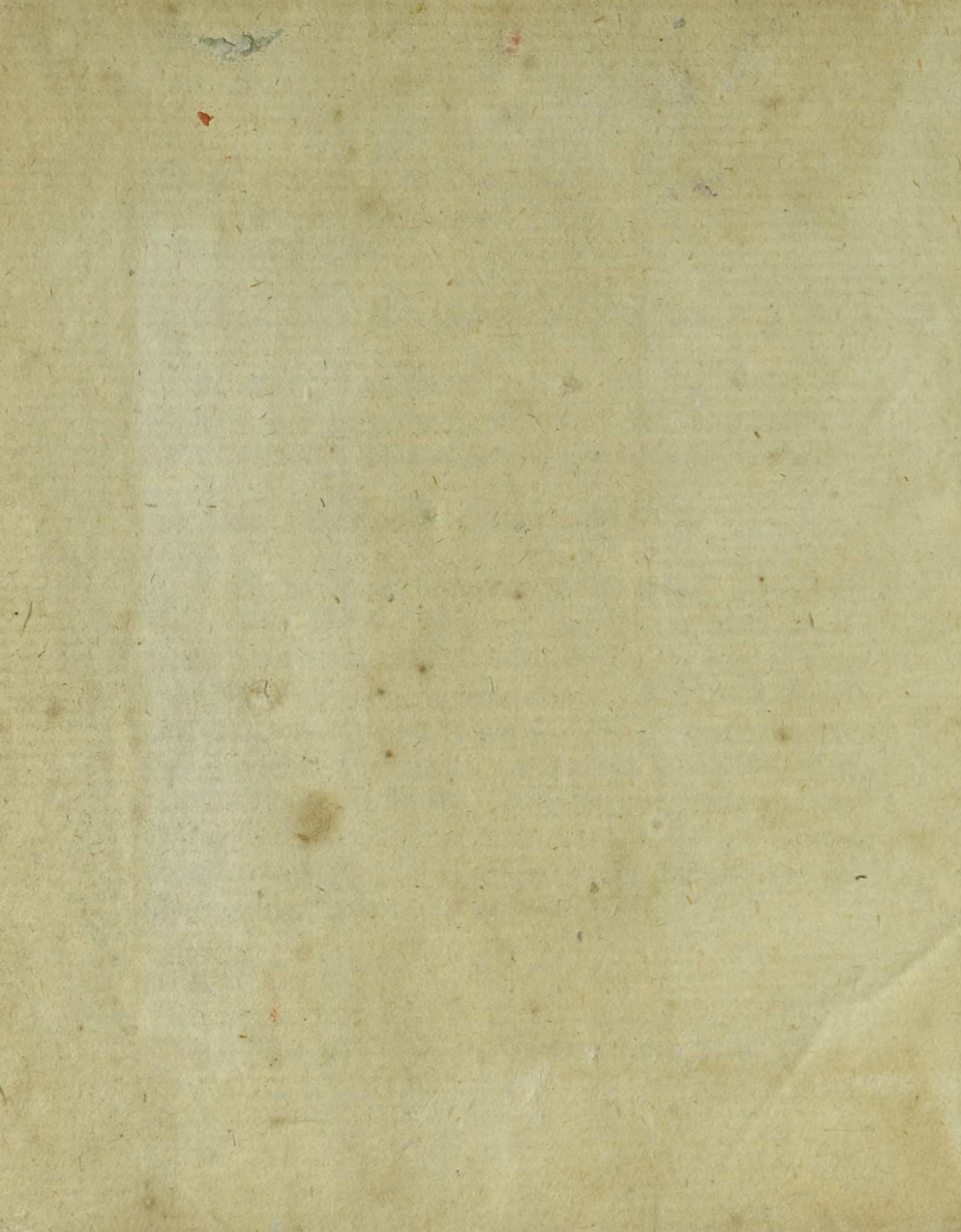
Child. Did they knock at the Gate?

Mother. The Gate was opened to them instantly, and they gave in their certificate, which was the roll that had been given to Christian.

Child. Had Hopeful one too?

Mother. Most assuredly; because, my dear child, the *Bible*, which is the Word of God, is open for us all, and plain enough for every one who can read, to understand. We must resist the evil, and chuse the good. God gave it to us for our comfort here, with his sacred promise, that if we rely on his Holy Truth through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ, and if we do his Commandments, we shall, as Christian did, arrive at everlasting happiness hereafter.

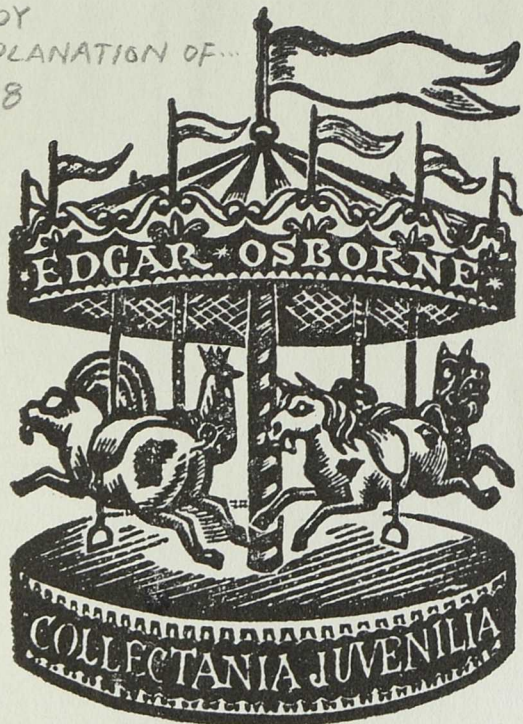




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