

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

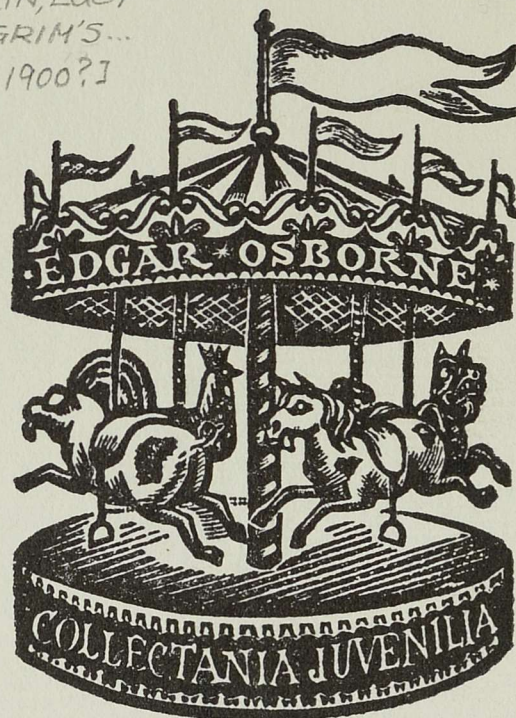


IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



CHRISTIAN KNOCKS AT THE GATE.

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

BY

MARY GODOLPHIN

*Author of Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, and AEsop's Fables
in words of one Syllable*

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

JOHN BUNYAN'S famous dream-story has always been a favourite with young people, and it is hoped that the present edition will be equally acceptable to the very little ones just beginning to learn to read.

As in the companion volumes of this series the monosyllabic rule has been adhered to, the only exceptions, which were unavoidable, being certain proper and place names which could not well be omitted if the story were to be made intelligible to the readers for whom this edition is intended.

C O N T E N T S

		PAGE
CHAPTER	I. CHRISTIAN LEAVES HIS HOME.	7
„	II. HE MEETS MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN	14
„	III. AT THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER	19
„	IV. IN THE HOUSE CALLED BEAUTIFUL	26
„	V. VANITY FAIR	33
„	VI. WITH GIANT DESPAIR IN DOUBTING CASTLE	40
„	VII. CHRISTIAN AT THE CELESTIAL CITY.	50

P A R T II

„	I. CHRISTIANA STARTS TO JOIN CHRISTIAN	56
„	II. SHE TALKS WITH THE INTERPRETER	65
„	III. MR. GREAT-HEART GUIDES THEM TO THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.	71
„	IV. THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION	82
„	V. IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.	90

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIAN LEAVES HIS HOME.

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

I saw him read from the book, and as he read he wept and shook with fear. At last he broke out with a loud cry, and said, What shall I do to save my soul?

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

This sad tale filled them with fear, not that they thought what he said to them was true, but that they had fears that some weight must be on his mind; so, as they were

in hopes that sleep might rest him, they got him with all haste to bed.

When the morn broke, they asked him how he was. He told them, Worse and worse; and he talked once more as he had done; but they took no heed of it. By-and-



HE WENT TO HIS ROOM TO PRAY FOR THEM.

by, they spoke harsh words to him: at times they would laugh, and at times they would chide him. So he went to his room to pray for them, as well as to nurse his own grief. He would walk, too, in the fields to read and pray, and in this way for some days he spent his time.

Now one day as he took his walk in the fields with his book in his hand, he cried out as he used to do, and

said, Who will save me? I saw, that he looked this way and that, as if he would run; yet he stood still, for he



EVANGELIST POINTS THE WAY TO THE WICKET GATE.

could not tell which way to go. At last, a man, whose name was Evangelist, came up to him and said, Why dost thou cry?

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

Evangelist.—Why do you fear to die?

The man said, I fear that this load on my back will sink me down, and I am not fit to be judged.

Then, said Evangelist, if this be your case, why do you stand still?

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

Then Evangelist held out his hand to point to a gate in a wide field, and said, Do you see that Wicket Gate? Go straight up to it, and knock; then it shall be told you what you are to do.

So I saw in my dream that Christian—for that was his name—set off to run.

Now he had not gone far, when his wife and young ones, who saw him, gave a loud cry to beg of him to come back; but the man put his hands to his ears, and ran on with a cry of "Life! Life!" The friends of his wife, too, came out to see him run, and as he went, some mocked him, some used threats, and there were two who set off to fetch him back by force; the names of these were Obstinate and Pliable. By this time, the man had gone a good way off, but at last they came up to him.

Then said Christian, Friends, why are you come?

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

But, said he, that can by no means be; you dwell in the City of Destruction, the place where I, too, was born. I know it to be so, and there you will die and sink down to a place which burns with fire; be wise, good friends, and come with me.

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

Yes, said Christian, for that *all* which you might leave is but as a grain to that which I seek, and if you will go with me, you shall fare as well as I; for there you will find all you want and to spare.

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

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

Obstinate.—Tush! We don't care for your book. Will you go back with us or no?

Christian.—No, not I, for I have made up my mind to go on.

Obstinate.—Come, friend Pliable, let us go home and leave him; there is a lot of such fools who, when they take up with a whim, are more wise in their own eyes than ten men who know how to think.

Pliable.—Nay, do not laugh at him; it may be that what he says is true: I have a mind to go with him.

Obstinate.—What! more fools still! Go back, go back, and be wise.

Christian.—Nay, but do you come with your friend Pliable. If you give no heed to me, read here in this book which comes to us from God, who could not lie.

Pliable.—Well, friend Obstinate, I think I will go with this good man, and cast in my lot with him.

Obstinate.—And I will go back to my place; I will not be such a fool.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable set off to cross the plain, and they spoke thus as they went:—

Christian.—Well, Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you have a mind to go with me.

Pliable.—Come, friend Christian, since there are none but we two here, tell me more of the things of which we go in search.

Christian.—I can think of them in my heart, though I know not how to speak of them with my tongue; but this book tells us of a world that has no bounds, and a life that has no end.

Pliable.—Well said, and what else?

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

Pliable.—This, too is good; and what else?

Christian.—That there shall be no more care nor grief; for He that owns the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pliable.—And what friends shall we find there?

Christian.—There we shall be with all the saints, in robes so bright that our eyes will grow dim to look on them. There shall we meet those who in this world have stood out for the faith, and have been burnt at the stake, and thrown to wild beasts, for the love they bore to the Lord.

Pliable.—But how shall we get to share all this?

Christian.—The Lord of that land saith, if we wish to gain that world we shall be free to have it.

Pliable.—Well, my good friend, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

Then I saw in my dream that just as they had come to an end of this talk, they drew near to a bog that was in the midst of the plain and as they took no heed, they both fell in. The name of the bog was Despond. Here they

lay for a time in the mud; and the load that Christian had on his back made him sink all the more in the mire.

Pliable.—Ah! friend Christian, where are you now?

Christian.—In truth, I do not know.

Then Pliable said to his friend, Is this the bliss of which you told me? If we have such bad luck when we first set out, what may we look for 'twixt this and the end of our way? And with that he got out of the mire on that side of the bog which was next to his own house; then off he went, and Christian saw him no more.

So Christian was left in the bog of Despond, but still he tried to reach the side that was next the Wicket Gate, which at last he did, but he could not get out for the load that was on his back. Then I saw in my dream that a man came to him whose name was Help.

What do you do here? said Help.

Christian.—I was told by Evangelist to go this way, up to yon gate, and on my way to it I fell in here.

Help.—Give me your hand.

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

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable had got back to his house, and that his friends came to see him: some said how wise it was to come home, and some that he was a fool to have gone. Some, too, mocked him, and said—Well, had I set out, I would not have been so base as to come back for a bog in the road. So Pliable was left to sneak off: but at last he got more bold, and then they all laughed at poor Christian. This much for Pliable.

CHAPTER II.

HE MEETS MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN.

Now as Christian went on his way he saw a man come through the field to meet him; his name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He had heard some news of Christian; for his flight from the City of Destruction had made much noise, and was now the talk far and near. So he said, How now, good sir, where do you go with such a load on your back?

Christian.—In truth, it is a load; I go to the Wicket Gate in front of me, for there I shall be told how to get rid of my load.

Worldly Wiseman.—Will you hear me if I speak my mind to you?

Christian.—If what you say be good, I will, for I stand much in need of help.

Worldly Wiseman.—I would urge you then, with all speed, to get rid of your load; for your mind will not be at rest till then.

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

Worldly Wiseman.—Who bade you go this way to be rid of it?

Christian.—One that I took to be a great and true man; his name is Evangelist.

Worldly Wiseman.—Hark to what I say; there is no worse way in the world than that by which he has sent you, and that you will find out if you take him for your

guide. In this short time you have met with bad luck, for I see the mud of the bog of Despond is on your coat. Hear me, for I have seen more of the world than you: in the way you go, you will meet with pain, thirst, the sword too—in a word, death! Take no heed of what Evangelist tells you.

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

Worldly Wiseman.—How did you come by it at first?

Christian.—I read this book which told me of it.

Worldly Wiseman.—I thought so. Like more weak men I know, who aim at things too high for them, and run great risks, to gain they know not what.

Christian.—I know what I would gain, it is ease from my load.

Worldly Wiseman.—But why will you seek for ease thus, when I could tell you how to gain it where there would be no risk; and the cure is at hand.

Christian.—Pray, sir, tell me how.

Worldly Wiseman.—Well, in yon town, which you can see from hence—the name of which is Morality—there dwells a man whose name is Legality, a wise man and a man of some rank, who has skill to help men off with such loads as yours; I know he has done a great deal of good in that way. To him, you may go and get help. His house is but a mile from this place, and should he not be at home, he has a son whose name is Civility, who can do it just as well.

Christian.—Sir, which is my way to this good man's house?

Worldly Wiseman.—Do you see that hill? By it you must go, and the first house you come to is his.

So Christian went out of his way to find Mr. Legality's house. But, lo! when he had got close up to the hill, it was so steep and high that he had fears lest it should fall on his head; so he stood still, as he knew not what to do. His load, too, was of more weight to him than when he was on the right road. Then came flames of fire out of the hill, that made him fear he should be burnt.

Just then he saw Evangelist come to meet him; though at the sight of him he felt a deep blush creep on his face for shame. So Evangelist drew near, and when he came up to him, he said, with a sad look: What dost thou here, Christian?

To these words Christian knew not what to say, so he stood quite dumb. Then Evangelist said: Art not thou the man that I heard cry in the City of Destruction?

Christian.—Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evangelist.—Did not I point out to thee the way to the Wicket Gate? How is it, then, that thou hast so soon gone out of the way?

Christian.—When I had got out of the bog of Despond I met a man who told me that in a town near-by, I might find one who could take off my load.

Evangelist.—What said the man to thee?

When Evangelist had heard from Christian all that took place, he said: Stand still, that I may show thee the words of God.

So Evangelist went on to read, 'Now the just shall live by faith, but if a man draw back, my soul shall have no joy in him.' Is not this the case with thee?

Then Christian fell down at his feet as if he were dead, but Evangelist caught him by the right hand, and said: Faith hopes all things. Then did Christian find some peace, and stood up.

Then Evangelist said: I pray thee give more heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. The Lord says, 'Strive to go in at the strait gate, the gate to which I send thee, for strait is the gate that leads to life, and few there be that find it.'

Why didst thou set at nought the words of God, for the sake of Mr. Worldly Wiseman? That is, in truth, the right name for such as he. The Lord hath told thee that 'he who will save his life shall lose it.' He to whom thou wast sent for ease, Legality by name, could not set thee free; no man yet has got rid of his load through him.

Now Christian, in great fear, could think of nought but death, and cried, for he felt sad that he had gone from the right way. Then he spoke once more to Evangelist in these words:—Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back, and strive to reach the Wicket Gate? I grieve that I gave ear to this man's voice.

Evangelist.—Thy sin is great, for thou hast gone from the way that is good to walk in the wrong path, yet will the man at the gate let thee through, for he has love and good will for all men; but take heed that thou turn not to the right hand or to the left.

Then did Christian make a move to go back; Evangelist gave him a kiss and a smile, and bade him God-speed.

So he went on with haste, nor did he speak on the road; and could by no means feel safe till he was in the path which he had left. In time, he got up to the gate. And

as he saw by the words which he read on it, that those who would knock could go in, he gave two or three knocks.

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

Christian.—I come from the City of Destruction but I am on my way to Mount Zion; and as I have been told that my way is through this gate, I would know, sir, if you will let me in?

Good-will.—With all my heart. So he flung back the gate. But just as Christian went in, he gave him a pull.

Then said Christian: What means that? Good-will told him that a short way from this gate there was a strong fort, of which Beelzebub was the chief, and that from thence he shot darts at those that came up to the gate to try if he could kill them ere they got in.

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

Christian.—Evangelist bade me come; and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good-will.—The door is thrown back wide for you to come in, and no man can shut it. But how is it that no one comes with you?

Christian.—None of my friends saw that there was cause of fear, as I did.

Good-will.—Did they know of your flight?

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

Good-will.—But did none of them come out to beg of you to go back?

Christian.—Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable came, but when they found that I would not yield, Obstinate went home, but Pliable came with me as far as the bog of Despond and then turned back. But now that I am come, Oh, the joy it is to me to be here!

Good-will.—We keep none out that knock at this gate, let them have done what they may ere they came here; for they are in ‘no wise cast out.’ But, come with me, and I will teach you the way you must go. Look in front. That is the way which was laid down by Christ; it is as straight as a rule can make it, and it is the way thou must go.

Christian.—But is there no turn or bend by which one who knows not the road may lose his way?

Good-will.—Yes, there are not a few roads, and they are wide: yet by this you may know the right from the wrong—the right one is straight and by no means wide. Go on till you come to the house of Mr. Interpreter, at whose door you must knock, and he will show you good things. Then Christian took leave of his friend, who bade him God-speed.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

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

Christian.—I have come to see the good man of the house.

So in a short time Mr. Interpreter came to him and said. What would you have?

Christian.—Sir, I am come from the City of Destruction, and am on my way to Mount Zion. I was told by the man that stands at the gate, that if I came here you would show me good things that would help me.

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

Christian.—What does this mean?

Interpreter.—I have shown you this print first, for this is He who is to be your guide to the land to which you go; so take good heed to what I have shown you, lest you meet with some who would feign to lead you right; but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him to a large room that was full of dust, for it had not been swept; and the Interpreter told his man to sweep it. Now when he did so, such clouds of dust flew up, that it made Christian choke. Then said the Interpreter to a maid who stood by: Make the floor moist that the dust may not rise; and when she had done this, it was swept with ease.

Christian.—What means this?

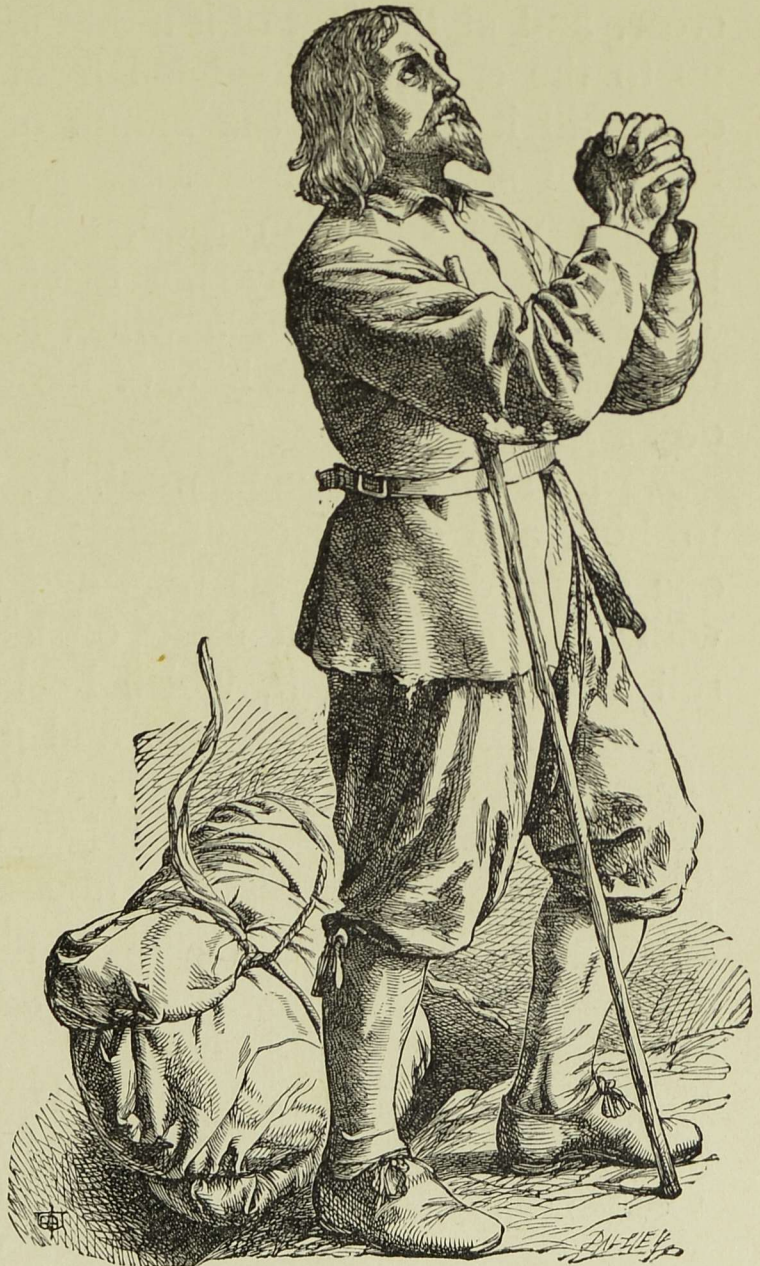
Interpreter.—This room is the heart of a man who knows not the love of God. The dust is the sin that is in him. He that swept first is the Law, but she who made

the floor moist is the Book which tells Good News to Man. Now as soon as you saw the first of these sweep, the dust did so fly that the room could not be made clean by him; this is to show you that the law as it works does not cleanse the heart from sin, but makes sin grow more strong. Then you next saw the maid come in to lay the dust; so is sin laid low and the heart made clean by faith in the Book.

Now, said Christian, let me go hence.

Well, said the Interpreter, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides to spur thee on in the way thou must go: and may faith guide thee!

Then I saw in my dream that the high way which Christian



CHRISTIAN'S LOAD FELL FROM OFF HIS BACK.

was to tread, had a wall on each side, and the name of that wall was Salvation. Up this high way did Christian

run, but with great toil, for the load was still on his back. He ran thus till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and at the foot of it a tomb. Just as Christian came up to the cross, his load fell from off his back, and rolled down till it came to the mouth of the tomb, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad, and said with a gay heart: He gives me rest by his grief, and life by his death. Then he stood still for a while, as he thought of the cross which had thus eased him of his load, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

As he stood thus and wept, lo, three Bright Ones came to him, and one of them said: Peace be to thee! And one stripped him of his rags and put a new robe on him, while the third set a mark on his face, and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and give it in at the Celestial Gate; and then they left him.



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

He went on thus till he came to a vale where he saw three men who were in a sound sleep, with chains on their feet. The name of one was Simple, one Sloth, and the third Presumption. As Christian saw them lie, he went to wake them, and said: You are like those that sleep on the top

of a mast, for the Dead Sea is at your feet. Wake, rise, and come with me. Trust me, and I will help you off with your chains.

With that they cast their eyes up to look at him, and Simple said: I want some more sleep. Presumption said: Let each man look to his own. And so they lay down to sleep once more.

Then I saw in my dream that he went on till he came to the foot of the Hill of Difficulty, where there was a spring. When Christian had drunk of it, he went up the hill. Some times he would run, some times walk, and then go on his hands and knees, so steep was it.

Now half-way up was a cave made by the Lord of the hill, that those who came by might rest there. So here Christian sat down, and took out the roll and read it, till at last he fell into a deep sleep which kept him there till it was dusk; and while he slept his roll fell from his hand. Then a man came and woke him, and said: Go to the ant, thou man of sloth, and learn of her to be wise.

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

When he had got near to the top of the hill, two men ran up to meet him, whose names were Timorous and Mistrust, to whom Christian said, Sirs, what ails you? You run the wrong way.

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

Yes, said Mistrust, for just in front of us there lay two wild beasts in our path; we knew not if they slept or

not, but we thought that they would fall on us and kill us.

Christian.—You fill me with fear. Where must I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own town I am sure to lose my life, but if I can get to the Celestial City, there I shall be safe. To turn back is death; to go on is fear of death, but when I get there, a life of joy that knows no end. I will still go on.

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill and Christian went on his way. Yet he thought once more of what he had heard from the men, and then he felt in his cloak for his roll, that he might read it and find some peace. He felt for it, but found it not.

Then was Christian in great grief, and knew not what to do for the want of that which was to be his pass to the Celestial City. At last, thought he: I slept in the cave by the side of the hill. So he fell down on his knees to pray to God; and then went back to look for his roll. And as he went, his heart was filled with grief. Oh, fool that I am! said he, to sleep in the day time.

Thus, then, with tears and sighs, he went back, and with much care did he look on this side and on that for his roll; but at last, as he cast a sad glance at the foot of the bench, he saw the roll, which he caught up with haste, and put in the breast of his coat, and gave thanks to God.

With what a light step did he now climb the hill! But, ere he got to the top, the sun had set, and Christian soon saw that two wild beasts stood in his way. Ah, thought he, these beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I fly

from them? I see now the cause of all those fears that drove Mistrust and Timorous back.

Still Christian went on, and while he thought thus on his sad lot, he cast up his eyes and saw a great house in front of him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the side of the high road. So he made haste and went on in the hope that he could rest there a while.

The name of the man who kept the lodge of that house was Watchful, and when he saw that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, he cried out to him and said: Is thy strength so small? Fear not the wild beasts, for they are bound by chains, and are put here to try those that have faith, and to find out those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no harm shall come to thee.

Then I saw, in my dream, that he still went on in great fear of the wild beasts; he heard them roar, yet they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands and went on till he came and stood in front of the gate where Watchful was.

Christian.—Sir, what house is this? May I rest here to-night?

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

Christian.—I am come from the town of Destruction, and am on my way to Mount Zion; but the day is far spent, and I would, with your leave, pass the night here.

Watchful.—What is your name?

Christian.—My name is now Christian, but at first it was Graceless.

Watchful.—How is it you came so late? The sun is set. Christian then told him why it was.

Watchful.—Well, I will call one that lives here, who, if she like your talk, will let you come in, for these are the rules of the house.

So he rang a bell, at the sound of which there came out at the door a fair maid, whose name was Discretion. When Watchful told her why Christian had come there, she said: What is your name?

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

So she gave a smile, but the tears stood in her eyes; and in a short time she said: I will call forth two or three more of our house; and then she ran to the door and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who came and said: Come in, thou blest of the Lord; this house was built by the King of the Hill for such as you. Then Christian bent down his head, and went with them into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HOUSE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

COME, good Christian, said Piety, since our love prompts us to take you in to rest, let us talk with you of all that you have seen on your way.

Christian.—With a right good will, and I am glad that you should ask it of me.

Prudence.—And, first, say what is it that makes you wish so much to go to Mount Zion?

Christian.—Why, there I hope to see Him that did die on the Cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day grieve and vex me. There, they say, is no death; and there I shall dwell with such as love the Lord.

Charity.—Have you a wife and young ones?

Christian.—Yes, I have.

Charity.—And why did you not bring them with you?

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

Charity.—And did you pray to God to put it in their hearts to go with you?

Christian.—Yes, and that with much warmth, for you may think how dear they were to me.

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

They told him that he should not leave till they had shown him all the rare things that were in that place. There were to be seen the rod of Moses, the nail with which Jael slew Sisera, the lamps with which Gideon put to flight the host of Midian, and the ox goad with which Shamgar slew his foes. And they brought out the jaw-bone of an ass with which Samson did such great feats, and the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian rose to take his leave of Discretion, and of Prudence, Piety, and Cha-

rity, but they said that he must stay till the next day, that they might show him the Delectable Mountains. So next day they took him to the top of the house, and bade him look to the South, which he did, and lo! a great way off, he saw a rich land, full of hills, woods, vines, fruit-trees and streams.

What is the name of this land? said Christian.

Then they told him it was Immanuel's Land. And, said they, it is as much meant for you, and the like of you, as this hill is; and when you reach the place, there you may see the gate of the Celestial City. Then they gave him a sword, and put on him a coat of mail, which was proof from head to foot, lest he should meet some foe in the way; and they went with him down the hill.

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

Prudence.—So it is, for it is a hard thing for a man to go down to the Valley of Humiliation, as thou dost now, and for this cause have we come with you to the foot of the hill. So, though he went with great care, yet he slipped once or twice.

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

But now in this Valley of Humiliation poor Christian was hard put to it, for he had not gone far, ere he saw a foe come in the field to meet him, whose name was Apollyon. Then did Christian fear, and he cast in his mind if he would go back or stand his ground. But Christian thought that as he had no coat of mail on his

back, to turn round might give Apollyon a chance to pierce it with his darts. So he stood his ground, for, thought he, if but to save my life were all I had in view, still the best way would be to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him with looks of hate.

Apollyon.—Whence come you, and to what place are you bound?

Christian.—I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all sin, and I am on my way to Zion.

Apollyon.—By this I see you are mine, for of all that land I am the Prince. How is it, then, that you have left your king? Were it not that I have a hope that you may be of some use to me, I would strike you to the ground with one blow.



IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

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

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

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

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

Christian.—I gave Him my faith, and swore to be true to Him: how, then, can I go back?

Apollyon.—You did the same to me, and yet I will pass by all, if you will but turn and go back.

Then, when Apollyon saw that Christian was true to his Prince, he broke out in a great rage, and said, I hate this Prince, and I hate His laws, and I am come out to stop you.

Christian.—Take heed what you do. I am on the King's high way to Zion.

Apollyon.—I know no fear, and to prove that I mean what I say, here on this spot I will put thee to death. With that he threw a dart of fire at his breast, but Christian had a shield on his arm, with which he caught it.

Then did Christian draw his sword, for he saw it was time to stir; and Apollyon as fast made at him, and threw darts as thick as hail; by which in spite of all that Christian could do, Apollyon gave him wounds in his head, hand, and foot.

This made Christian pause in the fight for a time, but

Apollyon still came on, and Christian once more took heart. They fought for half a day, till Christian grew quite weak from his wounds. When Apollyon saw this, he threw him down with great force, so that Christian's sword fell out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now.

But while he strove to make an end of Christian, that good man put out his hand in haste to feel for his sword, and caught it. Boast not, O Apollyon! said he, and with that he struck him a blow which made his foe reel back as one that had had his last wound. Then he spread out his wings and fled, so that Christian for a time saw him no more.

Then there came to him a hand which held in it some of the leaves of the tree of life; these Christian took, and as soon as he had put them to his wounds, he was healed at once.

Now near this place was the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it to get to the Celestial City. It was a land where no rain came and was full of pits, a land that none but such as Christian could pass through, and where no man dwelt. So that here he was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, which by-and-by you shall see.

As he drew near the Shadow of Death he met with two men, to whom Christian thus spoke:—To what place do you go?

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

Christian.—But why?

Men.—We went on as far as we durst.

Christian.—What then have you seen?

Men.—Seen! Why the Valley of the Shadow of Death which is as dark as pitch; in a word it is a place full of bad men, where there is no law.

Christian.—But that is my way to Zion.

Men.—Be it thy way then; we will not choose it for ours. So they took their leave, and Christian went on, but still with his drawn sword in his hand, for fear lest he should meet once more with a foe.

I saw then in my dream that so far as this vale went, there was on the right hand a deep ditch; that ditch to which the blind have led the blind as long as the world has been made. And lo! on the left hand there was a bog, in which if a man fall, he will find no firm ground for his foot to stand on. The path was not broad, and so good Christian had to take care lest he fell. This went on for miles, and in the midst of the vale was a deep pit.

One thing which I saw in my dream I must not leave out; it was this: Just as Christian had come to the mouth of the pit, one of those who dwelt in it stepped up to him, and in a soft tone spoke bad things to him, and took God's name in vain, which Christian thought must have come from his own mind.

This put him out more than all the rest had done; to think that he should take that Name in vain for which he felt so deep a love, was a great grief to him. Yet there was no help for it. Then he thought he heard a voice which said: Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no harm, for thou art with me.

Now as Christian went on, he found there was a rise

in the road, which had been thrown up that the path might be clear to those who were bound for Zion. Up this road Christian went, and saw his old friend Faithful a short way off.

Then said Christian: Ha, my friend, are you here? Stay, and I will join you. So he made haste, but his foot tripped on a stone and he fell. Then Faithful helped him up, and as they went on their way they spoke of all that had come to pass since they had last met.

CHAPTER V.

VANITY FAIR.

IN course of time the road they took brought them to a town, the name of which is Vanity, where there is a fair kept all the year long, and all that is bought or sold there is vain and not of much use. There, too, are to be seen at all times games, plays, fools, knaves, and rogues. Yet he that will go to the Celestial City must needs pass through this town.

As soon as Christian and Faithful came to the town, a crowd drew round them, and some said they had lost their wits, to dress and speak as they did, and to set no store by the choice goods for sale in Vanity Fair. When Christian spoke, his words drew from these folk fierce taunts and jeers, and soon the noise and stir grew to such a height that the chief man of the fair sent his friends to take up these two strange men, and he asked them whence they came, and what they did there in such a dress.

Christian and Faithful told him they were on their way to Zion; but those who sat to judge the case thought that they must be mad, or else that they had come to stir up strife at the fair; so they beat them with sticks, and put them in a cage, that they might be a sight for all the men at the fair.

Then the worst of the folk set to pelt them, out of spite, and some threw at them for mere sport; but Christian and Faithful gave good words for bad, and bore all in such a meek way, that not a few took their part. This led



FAITHFUL HELPS CHRISTIAN UP.

to blows and fights, and the blame was laid on Christian and Faithful, who were then made to toil up and down the fair in chains, till, faint and weak, they were at last set with their feet in the stocks. But they bore their grief and pain with joy, for they saw in them a pledge that all should be well in the end.

By-and-by a court sat to try them: the name of the judge was Lord Hate-good; and the crime laid to their charge was that they had come to Vanity Fair to spoil its trade, and stir up strife in the town; and had won not a few men to their side, in spite of the prince of the place.

Faithful said to the Judge: I am a man of peace, and did but wage war on Sin. As for the prince they speak of, since he is Beelzebub, the foe of our Lord, I hate him.

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

So three men, whose names were Envy, Superstition, and Pick-thank, stood forth and swore to speak the truth, and tell what they knew of Faithful. Envy said: My lord, this man cares naught for kings or laws, but seeks to spread his own views, and to teach men what he calls faith. I heard him say but now that the ways of our town of Vanity are vile. And does he not in that speak ill of us?

Then Superstition said: My lord, I know not much of this man, and have no wish to know more; but of this I am sure, that he is a bad man, for he says that our lives were bad and could not please God.

Pick-thank was then bid to say what he knew, and his speech ran thus:—My lord, I have known this man for a long time, and have heard him say things that ought not to be said. He rails at our great Prince Beelzebub, and says that if all men were of his mind, that prince should no more live. More than this, he hath been heard to rail on you, my lord, who are now his judge.

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

Faithful.—May I speak a few words in my own cause?

Judge.—Thy just doom would be to die on the spot; still, let us hear what thou hast to say.

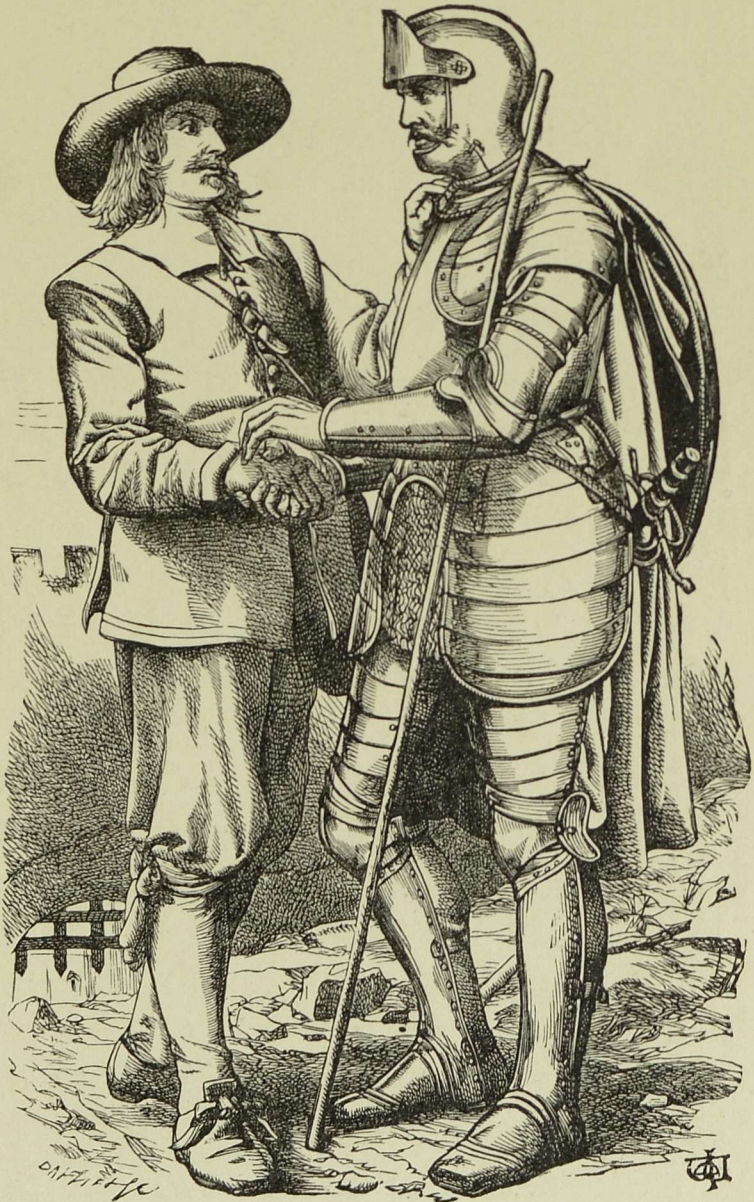
Faithful.—I say, then, to Mr. Envy, that all laws and modes of life in which men heed not the Word of God are full of sin. As to the charge of Mr. Superstition, I would say that naught can save us if we do not do the will of God. To Mr. Pick-thank, I say that men should flee from the Prince of this town and his friends. And so, I pray the Lord to help me.

Then the Judge, spoke thus:—You see this man who has made such a stir in our town. You have heard what these good men have said of him, which he owns to be true. It rests now with you to save his life or hang him.

The twelve men who had Faithful's life in their hands spoke in a low tone thus:—This man is full of bad ways, said Mr. Blindman. Out of the world with him, said Mr. No-good. I hate the mere look of him, said Mr. Malice. From the first I could not bear him, said Mr. Love-ease. Nor I, for he would be sure to blame my ways, said Mr. Live-loose. Hang him, hang him! said Mr. Heady. A low wretch! said Mr. High-mind. I long to crush him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Death is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us kill him, that he may be out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable: Not to gain all the world would I make peace with him, so let us put him to death. And so they did; in a short time he was led back to the place from whence he came, there to be put to the worst death that could be thought of; for the scourge, the sword, and the stake brought Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood near the crowd a strange car with two bright steeds, which, as soon as his foes had slain him, took Faithful up through the clouds straight to the Celestial City, with the sound of the harp and lute.

But Christian, who had got free went on his way; and there came to join him one Hopeful, who did so from what he had heard and seen of Christian and Faithful. Thus, while one lost his life for the truth, a new man rose from his death, to tread the same way with Christian. And Hopeful said there were more men of the fair who would take their time, and then come too.



HOPEFUL GOES WITH CHRISTIAN.

By-and-by their way lay close to the bank of a pure stream, from which they drank. On each side of it were green trees that bore fruit, and in a field through which it ran they lay down to sleep. When

they woke up they ate of the fruit of the trees and then slept: this they did for three or four days, and to pass the time they sang:

He that can tell
What sweet fresh fruit, yea, leaves these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

Now on the left hand of the road was By-path Meadow, a fair green field with a path through it, and a stile. Come, good Hopeful, said Christian, let us walk on the grass.

Hopeful.—But what if this path should lead us wrong?

Christian.—How can it? Look, doth it not go by the way side?

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

Where are we now? said Hopeful.

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

Hopeful (with a groan).—Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian.—Who could have thought that this path should lead us wrong?

Hopeful.—I had my fears from the first, and so gave you a hint.

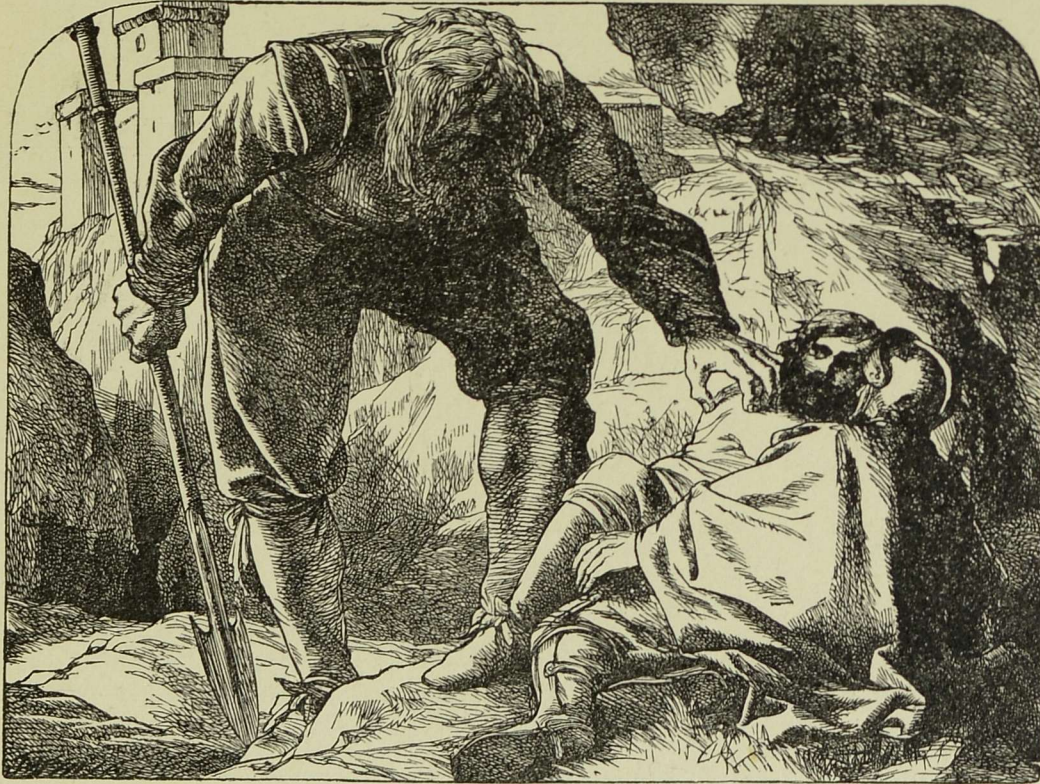
Christian.—Good friend, I grieve that I have brought you out of the right path.

Hopeful.—Say no more, no doubt it is for our good.

Christian.—We must not stand thus; let us try to go back.

Hopeful.—But, good Christian, let me go first.

Then they heard a voice say: Set thine heart to the high-way, the way thou hast been; turn once more. But by this time the stream was deep from the rain that fell,



THE GIANT FOUND THEM AND BADE THEM WAKE.

and to go back did not seem safe; yet they went back, though it was so dark and the stream ran so high that once or twice it was like to drown them. Nor could they, with all their skill, get back that night. So they found a place to hide in from the rain, and there they slept till break of day.

Now, not far from the place where they lay was Doubt-

ing Castle, the lord of which was Giant Despair; and it was on his ground that they now slept. The Giant found them, and with a gruff voice he bade them wake. They told him that they had lost their way. Then said Giant Despair: You have no right to force your way in here; the ground on which you lie is mine.

They had not much to say, as they knew they were in fault. So the Giant drove them on, and put them in a dark and damp cell. Here they were kept for three days, and they had no light nor food, nor a drop to drink all that time, and no one to ask them how they did.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH GIANT DESPAIR IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

Now Giant Despair had a wife; he told her what he had done and asked what would be the best way to treat them. Beat them well, she said. So when he rose he took a stout stick from a crab tree, and went down to the cell where poor Christian and Hopeful lay, and beat them as if they had been dogs, so that they could not turn on the floor; and they spent all that day in sighs and tears.

The next day he came once more, and found them sore from the stripes, and said that since there was no chance for them to be let out of the cell, their best way would be to put an end to their own lives.

But they told him they hoped he would let them go. With that he sprang up with a fierce look, and no doubt would have made an end of them, but that he fell

into one of his fits for a time, and lost the use of his hand; so he drew back, and left them to think of what he had said.

Christian.—Friend, what shall we do? The life that we now lead is worse than death. For my part I know not which is best, to live thus, or to die at once, as I feel that the grave would be less sad to me than this cell. Shall we let Giant Despair rule us?

Hopeful.—In good truth our case is a sad one, and to die would be more sweet to me than to live here; yet let us bear in mind that the Lord of that land to which we go hath said: ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ And by this act we kill our souls as well. My friend Christian, you talk of ease in the grave, but can a man go to bliss who takes his own life? I have made up my mind to try to get out of this cell.

By these words did Hopeful change the tone of Christian’s mind.

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

At this they shook with fear, and Christian fell down in a swoon; but when he came to, Hopeful said: My friend, call to mind how strong in faith you have been till now. Apollyon could not hurt you, nor all that you heard, or saw, or felt in the Valley of the Shadow of Death? And now to be cast down! I, too, am in this

cell, far more weak a man than you, and the Giant dealt his blows at me as well as you, and keeps me from food and light. So then let us both bear up as well as we can.

When night came on, the wife of Giant Despair said to him: Well, will the two men yield? No, he said, they choose to stand firm, and will not put an end to their lives.

Then said his wife: At dawn of day take them to the yard, and show them the graves where all those whom you have put to death have been thrown, and tell them that you will kill them ere a week comes to an end.

So the Giant took them to this place, and said: In ten days' time you shall be thrown in here if you do not yield. Go; get you down to your den once more. With that he beat them all the way back, and there they lay the whole day in a sad state.

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

Dost thou say so, my dear? said the Giant; then at sunrise I will search them.

Now, on that night, as Christian and Hopeful lay in the den, they fell on their knees to pray, and knelt till the day broke; when Christian gave a start, and said: Fool that I am thus to lie in this dark den when I might as well be free! I have a key in my pouch, the name of which is Promise, that, I feel sure, will turn all the locks in Doubting Castle.

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

So Christian put it in the lock, when the bolt sprang

back, the door flew wide, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. When they got to the yard door the key did just as well; but the lock of the last strong gate of Doubting Castle was hard to move, yet it did turn at last.

But the gate as they passed through gave so loud a creak that it woke up Giant Despair, who rose to seek for the two men. Just then he felt his limbs fail, for a fit came on him, so that he could by no means reach their cell.

Christian and Hopeful now fled back to the high way, and got safe out of his grounds. When they sat down to rest on a stile, they said they would warn those who might chance to come on this road. So they cut these

words on a post: "This is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who loves not the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to kill all who would go there."

Then they came to the Delectable Mountains where



CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL COME OUT OF THE CELL.

they saw fruit trees, vines, woods, and streams, and drank, and ate of the grapes. Now there were men at the top of these hills who kept watch on their flocks, and as they stood by the high way, Christian and Hopeful leant on their staves to rest, while they asked the men:—Who owns these Delectable Mountains, and whose are the sheep that feed on them?

Men.—These hills are Immanuel's, and the sheep are His too, and He laid down his life for them.

Christian.—Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Men.—You are in the right road.

Christian.—How far is it?

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

Christian.—Is the way safe?

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

Christian.—Is there a place of rest here for those that faint on the road?

Men.—The Lord of these Hills has told us to help those that come here, should they be known to us or not; so the good things of the place are yours.

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

So when Christian and Hopeful told their tale, the men cast a kind glance at them, and said: With joy we greet you on the Delectable Mountains!

Their names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful and Sincere, and they led Christian and Hopeful by the

hand to their tents, and bade them eat of that which was there, and they soon went to their rest for the night.

When the morn came, the men woke up Christian and Hopeful, and took them to a spot whence they had a fine view on all sides. Then they went with them to the top of a high hill, the name of which was Error; it was steep on the far off side, and they bade them look down to the foot of it. So Christian and Hopeful cast their eyes down, and saw there some men who had lost their lives by a fall from the top. What means this? asked Christian.

Have you not heard of them? said the men. These are they who had been made to err, for they had put their trust in false guides, and to this day they have not been put in a grave, but are left here to warn men to take heed that they come not too near the edge of this hill.

Then I saw that they led them to the top of Mount Caution, and bade them look far off; when they did so, they saw some men, as it were blind, walk up and down past the tombs that were there. What means this, asked Christian?

From that stile which you see by the field, said they, there goes a path to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, and the men whom you see there came as you do now, till they got up to that stile; and, as the right way was rough to walk in, they chose to go through the field. But the Giant seized them, and shut them up in Doubting Castle, where they were kept in a den for a while, till he at last sent them out quite blind, and there they are still. At this Christian gave a look at Hopeful, and they both sobbed and cried, but yet said not a word.

Then the four men took them up a high hill, called Clear, that they might see the gates of the Celestial City, and lent them their glass to look through.

When Christian and Hopeful thought they would move on, one of the men gave them a note of the way, and the next (Experience by name) bade them take heed that they slept not on the Enchanted Ground, and the fourth bade them God-speed. Now it was that I woke from my dream.

Then I slept, and dreamt once more, and saw Christian and Hopeful go down the hill to walk to the City. On the left side of the road, lay the land of Conceit, which was joined to the high road, by a small lane. Here they met a smart lad, whose name was Ignorance, to whom Christian said: Whence come you, and to what place do you go?

Ignorance.—Sir, I was born in the land that lies off there on the left, and I wish to go to the Celestial City.

Christian.—How do you think to get in at the gate?

Ignorance.—Just as the rest of the world do.

Christian.—But what have you to show at that gate to pass you through it?

Ignorance.—I know my Lord's will, and I have led a good life; I pay for all that I have, I give alms, and have left my own land for that to which I now go.

Christian.—But you came not in at the wicket gate that is at the head of this way, but through a small lane; so that I fear, though you may think well of all you have done, that when the time shall come, you will be told, that you are a thief—and so you will not get in.

Ignorance.—Well, I know you not; do you keep to your own ways, and I will keep to mine, and I hope all

will be well. As for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is far from our land, and I do not think that there is a man in all our parts who does so much as know the way to it, and I see not what need there is that he should, since we have, as you see, a fine green lane at the next turn that comes down from our part of the world.

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

Hopeful.—Let us pass on if you will, and talk to him by-and-by, when, may be, he will pay heed to us.

So they went on, and Ignorance trod in their steps a short way from them, till they saw a road branch off from the one they were in, and they knew not which of the two to take.

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

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

So they went with him, though it was clear that the road must have made a bend, for they soon found they had turned their backs on the Celestial City.

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

Christian.—Did not one of the four men who kept guard on their sheep tell us to take heed lest Flatterer should spread a net for our feet?

Hopeful.—Those men, too, gave us a note of the way, but we have not read it, and so have not kept in the right path. Thus they lay in the net and wept.

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

They told him that their wish was to go to Zion, but that they had been led out of the way by a black man with a white cloak on, who said he was bound for the same place, and would show them the road.

Then said he: It is Flatterer, a false man, who has put on this robe for a time.

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

With the men who watched their sheep on the Delectable Mountains they said.

Then he asked: But when you were in doubt why did you not read your note?

They told him they had not thought of it.

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

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

At length they came to a land the air of which made men sleep, and here the lids of Hopeful's eyes dropt, and he said: Let us lie down here and take a nap.

Christian.—By no means, lest if we sleep we wake no more.

Hopeful.—Nay, friend Christian, sleep is sweet to the man who has spent the day in toil.

Christian.—Do you not call to mind that one of the men who kept watch on the sheep told us to take care



IN SIGHT OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that that we should take heed not to sleep; so let us not sleep, but watch.

Hopeful.—I see I am in fault.

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

Hopeful.—Do you mean how came I first to look to the good of my soul?

Christian.—Yes.

Hopeful.—For a long time the things that were seen and sold at Vanity Fair were a great joy to me.

Christian.—What things do you speak of?

Hopeful.—All the goods of this life; such as lies, bad words, drink; in a word, love of self and all that kills the soul. But I heard from you and Faithful that the end of these things is death.

Thus did they talk as they went on their way.

But I saw in my dream that by this time Christian and Hopeful had got through the Enchanted Ground, and had come to the land of Beulah, where the air is sweet; and as their way lay through this land, they made no haste to quit it.

They heard the birds sing all day long, and the sun shone day and night; the Valley of Death was far off, and it was out of the reach of Giant Despair; nor could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTIAN AT THE CELESTIAL CITY.

THEY were now in sight of Zion, and some of the Bright Ones came to meet them. They heard the voices of those who dwelt in Zion, and had a good view of this land of bliss, which was built of rare gems of all hues, and the streets were paved with gold. The rays of light which shone on Christian were too bright for him to bear, and

he fell sick: and Hopeful had a fit of the same kind. So they lay by for a time, and wept, for their joy was too much for them.

At length, step by step, they drew near to Zion, and saw that the gates were flung back. A man stood in the way, of whom Christian and Hopeful asked: Whose vines and crops are these?

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

I then saw that when they woke, they wished at once to go up to Zion; but, as I said, the sun threw off such bright rays from the Celestial City, which was built of pure gold, that they could not, as yet, look on it, save through a glass made for that end.

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

Christian and Hopeful did then beg of the two men to go with them; which they did. But, said they, it is by your own faith that you must gain it.

Now 'twixt them and the gate was a swift stream which was broad and deep; it had no bridge, and the mere sight of it did so scare Christian and Hopeful that they could not move.

But the men who went with them said: You must go through it, or you can not come in at the gate.

Is there no way but this one to the gate? asked poor Christian.

Yes, they said, but there have been but two men, Enoch and Elijah, who have trod that path since the world was made.

When Christian and Hopeful cast their eyes on the stream once more, they felt their hearts sink with fear, and gave a look this way and that in much dread of the waves. Yet through it lay the way to Zion.

Is the stream all of one depth? asked Christian. He was told that it was not, yet they could not help him in that case, for he would find the stream more or less deep, as he had faith in the King of the place. So they set foot in the stream, but Christian gave a loud cry to his good friend Hopeful, and said: The waves close round my head, and I sink. Then said Hopeful: Be of good cheer; my feet feel the bed of the stream, and it is good.

But Christian said: Ah, Hopeful, the pains of death have got hold of me; I shall not reach the land that I long for. And with that it grew dark, so that he could not see.

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

Then said Hopeful: My friend, all this is sent to try if you will call to mind all that God has done for you, and live on Him in your heart. Be of good cheer, Christ will make thee whole.

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

And now they both got strength, and the stream was as still as a pond, so that Christian felt the bed of it with his feet, and he could walk through it. Thus they got

to the bank, where the two men in bright robes stood to wait for them, and led them to the gate.

Now you must bear in mind that Zion was on a steep hill, yet did Christian and Hopeful go up with ease and great speed, for they had these two men to lead them by the arms.

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

When you come there, said they, white robes will be put on you, and your talk from day to day shall be with the King for all time. There you shall not see the things that you saw on earth, such as, care and want, sin and death. You now go to be with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob.

Christian and Hopeful.—What must we do there?

They said: You will have rest from all your toil, and joy for all your grief. You will reap what you have sown—the fruit of all the tears you shed for the King by the way. In that place you will wear crowns of gold, and have at all times a sight of Him who sits on the throne. There you shall serve Him with love, with shouts of joy and with songs of praise.

Now, while they thus drew near to the gate, lo! a host of saints came out to meet them, to whom the two Bright Ones said: These are men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and left all for His name; and He sent us to fetch them, that they might go in and look on the face of their Lord with joy.

Then the whole host gave a great shout and came round them on all sides, as it were to guard them; so



"A HOST OF SAINTS CAME OUT TO MEET THEM."

that it seemed to Christian and Hopeful as if all Zion had come down to meet them.

Now, when Christian and Hopeful went in at the gate a great change took place in them, and they were clad in robes that shone like gold. Some, too, that met them came with harps and crowns which they gave to them, and they said: Come, ye, in the joy of the Lord. And then I heard all the bells in Zion ring.

Now, just as the gates were flung back for the men to pass in, I had a sight of Zion, which shone like the sun; the streets were paved with gold, and those who dwelt there had love in their looks, crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and harps of gold. Some of them had wings, and they sent forth shouts of praise.

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

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIANA STARTS TO JOIN CHRISTIAN.

ONCE more I had a dream, and it was this:—Christiana, the wife of Christian, had been on her knees to pray, and as she rose, she heard a loud knock at the door. If you come in God's name, said she, come in. Then I thought in my dream that a form, clad in robes as white as snow, threw back the door, and said: Peace be to this house.

At a sight so new to her, Christiana at first grew pale with fear, but in a short time took heart and told him she would like to know whence he came, and why. So he said his name was Secret, and that he dwelt with those that are on high.

Then said her guest: Christiana, here is a note for thee, which I have brought from Christian. So she took it, broke the seal, and read these words, which were in gold:—"To my dear wife. The King would have you do as I have done, for that was the way to come to his land, and to dwell with him in joy."

When Christiana read this, she shed tears, and said to him who brought the note: Sir, will you take me and my sons with you, that we, too, may bow down to this king?

But he said: Christiana, joy is born of grief; care must come first, then joy. To reach the land where I dwell

thou must go through toils, as well as hate and taunts. Go to the wicket gate which stands in the head of the way up which thou must go; and I wish you all good speed. I would have thee take this note in thy breast, that it may be read by thee till thou hast got it off by heart, but thou must give it up at the last gate that leads to the Celestial City.

Then Christiana spoke to her boys, and said: My sons, I have of late been sad at the death of Christian, your dear Dad. But I feel sure now that it is well with him. I have, too, felt deep grief when I thought of my own state and yours; for we were wrong to let our hearts grow hard, and I would not go with him when he fled from this City of Destruction.

The thought of these things would kill me, were it not for a dream which I had last night, and for what a guest who came here at dawn has told me. So come, my dear ones, let us make our way at once to the gate that leads to the Celestial City, that we may see your Dad and live with him and his friends.

Then her young ones burst into tears of joy that Christiana's heart was set that way.

Now while they put all things right to go, two friends of Christiana's came to her house, and gave a knock at the door. To them she said: If you come in God's name, come in. This kind of speech from the lips of Christiana struck them as strange. Yet they came in, and said: Pray what do you mean by this? I mean to leave my home, said she to Mrs. Timorous—for that was the name of one of these friends.

Timorous.—Why, my dear, pray tell me?

Christiana.—To go to my dear Christian. And with that she wept.

Timorous.—Nay, can it be so? Who or what has brought you to this state of mind?

Christiana.—Oh, my friend, if you did but know as much I do, I doubt not that you would be glad to go with me.

Timorous.—Pray what have you got hold of that draws your mind from your friends, and tempts you to go no one knows where?

Christiana.—I dreamt last night that I saw Christian. Oh, that my soul were with him now! The Prince of the place has sent for me, through one who came to me as the sun rose, and brought me this note to go there; do read it, I pray you.

Timorous.—Ah, how mad to run such risks! You have heard, I am sure, from our friend Obstinate, what Christian met with on the way, for he went with him; yea, and Pliable too, till they, like wise men, came back through fear. You heard how he met with the beasts of prey and Apollyon; what he saw in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and more still that makes my hair stand on end to hear of; think, too, of these four sweet boys; and, though you should be so rash as to wish to go, yet for their sake, I pray you keep at home.

But Christiana said: Tempt me not. These toils and snares that you tell me of shall not keep me back; no, they serve but to show me that I am in the right. Care must first be felt, then joy. So since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and tempt me no more.

Then Timorous said to Mercy who had come with her: Let us leave her in her own hands, since she heeds not what I say.

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

So Mercy said to Timorous: I came with you to see Christiana, and since on this day she takes leave of the town, I think the least I can do would be to walk a short way with her, to help her on. But the rest she kept from Timorous.

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

So Mrs. Timorous went to her own house; and Christiana, with her four boys and Mercy, went on their way.

Mercy, said Christiana, it is kind of you to come with me on my way.

Then said young Mercy: If I thought it would be good to join you, I would not go back at all to the town.

Christiana.—Well, Mercy, cast your lot in with mine; I know what will be the end of our toils. Christian is where he would not fail to be for all the gold in the mines of Spain. Nor shall you be sent back, though there be no one but I to ask it for you; for the King who has sent for me and my boys is One who turns not from those who seek Him. If you like I will hire you, and you shall go as my maid, and yet shall share all things with me, if you will but come.

Mercy.—But how do I know that I shall be let in? If I thought I should have help from Him from whom all help comes, I would go at once, let the way be as rough as it might.

Christiana.—Well, dear Mercy, I will tell you what I would have you do. Go with me as far as the wicket gate, and there I will ask; and if no hopes should be held out to you by him who keeps the gate, you can but go back to your home.

Mercy.—Then, I will go with you, and the Lord grant that my lot may be cast to dwell in the land which my heart longs for.

Christiana then felt glad that she had a friend to join her, and that the maid should have so great a care for her soul. So they went on their way; but the face of Mercy looked so sad



MERCY WANTS TO GO WITH CHRISTIANA.

that Christiana said to her: What ails you? Why do you weep?

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

Christiana.—You feel for your friends as my good Christian did for me when he left me, for it went to his heart to find that I would not care for these things as he did. And now you, I, and these dear boys, reap the fruit of all his pain. I hope, Mercy, these tears of yours will not be shed in vain, for He who could not lie, has said that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

When Christiana came up to the bog of Despond, she and her sons stood still while she told them that this was the place in which her dear Christian fell. But Mercy said: Come, let us try; all we have to do is to keep the steps well in view. Yet Christiana made a slip once or twice in the mud; but at last they got through the bog, and then they heard a voice say to them: Blest is she who hath faith, for those things which were told her of the Lord shall come to pass.

So now they went on once more, and Mercy said: Had I as good grounds to hope to get in at the wicket gate as you have, I think no bog of Despond would keep me back.

Well, said Christiana, you know how weak we both are, and it will be hard toil for both of us to get to the end of the way.

When they came to the gate, it took them some time to think what they should say to Him who stood there; and as Mercy was not so old as her friend, she said that Christiana must speak for all of them. So she gave a knock, and then, as Christian did, two more; but no one came.

Now they heard the fierce bark of a dog, which made them shake with fear, nor did they dare for a while to knock a fourth time, lest the dog should fly at them. So they were put to their wits' end to know what to do: to knock they did not dare, for fear of the dog; to go back they did not dare, lest He who kept the gate should see them as they went, and might not like it. At last they gave a knock four times as loud as the first.

Then He who stood at the gate said: Who is there? and the gate swung wide for them to come in.

Christiana sank on her knees, and said: Let not our Lord be vexed that we have knocked at His gate.

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

Christiana: We are come from the town whence Christian came, to beg to be let in at this gate, that we may go on our way to the Celestial City. I was the wife of Christian, who now is in the land of bliss.

With that, He who kept the gate threw up his hands and said: What! is she on the road to the Celestial City who, but a short time since, did hate the life of that place?

Then Christiana bent her head, and said: Yes, and so are these my dear sons.

Then He took her by the hand and led her in; and when her four sons had gone through, He shut the gate. This done, He said to a man hard by: Sound the horn for joy.

Now that Christiana was safe through the gate with her boys, she thought it time to speak a word for Mercy, so she said: My Lord, I have a friend who stands at the gate, who has come here with the same hope that I did. Her

heart is sad to think that she comes, it may be, when she is not sent for; while I had word from Christian's King to come.

The time seemed long to poor Mercy as she stood to be let in, though it was but a short while, so she knocked and knocked at the gate so much that at last the man at the gate said: Who is there?

Christiana: It is my friend.

So He threw back the gate to look out, but Mercy was in a faint, from the fear that she should not be let in.

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

Mercy.—I do not come as my friend Christiana does, for I was not sent for by the King, and I fear I am too bold. Yet if there is a gift to share, I pray thee let me share it.

Then He took her once more by the hand and led her in, and said: All may come in who put their trust in me, and in a while she got well.

Now I saw in my dream that He spoke good words to Mercy, Christiana, and her boys, so as to make glad their hearts. And He took them up to the top of the way, where He left them for a while, and Christiana said: Oh my dear friend, how glad am I that we have all got in!

Mercy.—So you may well be; but I most of all have cause for joy.

Christiana.—I thought at one time as I stood at the gate, and none came to me, that all our care had been for naught.

Mercy.—But my worst fears came on when I saw Him

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

Christiana.—I thought you would have come in by rude force. Your knocks quite made me start.

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

Christiana.—When He heard your loud thumps at the door He gave a smile; and to my mind, what you did seemed to please Him well. But it is hard to guess why He keeps such a dog. Had I known of it, I fear I should not have come. But now we are in we are safe; and I am glad with all my heart.

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

Then He who kept the gate came down to them once more, and Mercy fell with her face to the ground, and said: Oh let me bless and praise the Lord with my lips!

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

But she would not rise till she had heard from Him why He kept so fierce a dog in the yard. He told her He did not own the dog, but that it was shut up in the grounds of one who dwelt near. In truth, said He: it is kept from no good will to me or mine, but to cause those who come here to turn back from my gate by its loud bark. But hadst thou known more of me thou wouldst not have felt

fear of a dog. The poor man who goes from door to door will, for the sake of alms, run the risk of a bite from a cur; and shall a dog keep thee from me?

Mercy.—I spoke of what I knew not; but, Lord, I know that thou dost all things well.

Then Christiana rose as if she would go on her way. So He fed them, and set them in the right path, as He had done to Christian. And as they went, Christiana sang a hymn: "We turn our tears to joy, and our fears to faith."

CHAPTER II.

SHE TALKS WITH THE INTERPRETER.

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

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

Christiana, who did not like their looks, said: We are

in haste, and can not stay; our work is a work of life and death. With that, she and the rest made a fresh move to pass, but the men would not let them. So with one voice they all set up a loud cry. Now, as they were not far from the gate, they were heard from that place, and some of those in the lodge came out in haste to catch these bad men; but they leapt the wall, and got safe to the grounds where the dog was kept.



CHRISTIANA'S BOYS ATE SOME OF THE FRUIT.

Reliever.—How was it that when you were at the gate you did not ask Him who stood there to give you a guard to help you on your way? Had you done so you would not have had this fright, for He would have been sure to grant you one.

Christiana.—Ah, Sir, the joy we felt when we were let

in, drove all fears from our thoughts. And how could we think that such bad men could lurk so near the King's house. True, it would have been well for us if we had thought to ask Him; but since our Lord knew it would be for our good, how came it to pass that He did not send some one with us?

Reliever.—You did not ask. When the need of a thing is felt, that which we wish for is worth all the more.

Christiana.—Shall we go back to my Lord and tell Him we wish we had been more wise, and ask for a guard?

Reliever.—I will tell Him what you say, so you need not go back, for in no place where you go will you find a want at all. When he had said this he took his leave, and the rest went on their way.

By this time Christiana, Mercy, and the four boys had come to the house of the Interpreter. Now when they drew near to the door they heard the sound of Christiana's name; for the news of her flight had made a great stir; but they knew not that she stood at the door. At last she gave a knock, as she had done at the gate, when there came to the door a young maid, Innocent by name, who asked: With whom would you speak in this place?

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

Innocent.—Pray, what is your name, that I may tell it to my Lord?

Christiana.—My name is Christiana; I was the wife of Christian, who some time since came this way, and these are his four sons.

Innocent then ran in, and said to those in the house: Can you guess who is at the door? Christiana is there with her boys and her friend!

So they leapt for joy, and went to tell it to their Lord, who came to the door and said: Art thou that Christiana whom Christian left in the town of Destruction, when he set out for the Celestial City?

Christiana.—I am, and my heart was so hard as to slight him, and leave him to make his way as he could; and these are his four sons. But I, too, am come, for I feel sure that no way is right but this.

Interpreter.—But why do you stand at the door? Come in, it was but just now that we spoke of you, for we heard that you were on your way. Come, my dear boys, come in; come, my sweet maid, come in. So he took them all into the house, and bade them sit down and rest.

All in the house wore a smile of joy to think that Christiana was on her way to the Celestial City, and they were glad to see the young ones walk in God's ways, and gave them a kind clasp of the hand to show their good will. They said kind words, too, to Mercy, and bade them all be at their ease.

To fill up the time till they could sup, the Interpreter showed all those things that Christian had seen when he was there. This done, they were led to a room in which stood a man with a rake in his hand, who could look no way but down on the ground; and there stood one with a crown in his hand, which he said he would give him for his rake; but the man did not look up, but raked the straws, dust, and sticks which lay on the floor.

Then said Christiana: I think I know what this means.

It is a sketch of a man of this world, is it not, good sir?

Interpreter.—Thou art right, and his rake shows that his thoughts are of the earth, and that what he hears of the life in the next world is a mere tale; take note that he does not so much as look up; this is to let thee know that the things of the earth draw men's hearts from God.

At that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said: Ah, yes, it is too true!

The Interpreter then took them to a room where was a hen with her chicks, and bade them look well at them for a while. One of the chicks went to the trough to drink, and each time she drank she would lift up her head and her eyes to the sky.

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

Now, said he, set her ways by the side of your King's, and the ways of these chicks by the side of those who love to do His will, and then you will see what I mean. For He has a way to walk in with His Saints. By the call that comes all day He gives nought; by a call that is rare He is sure to have some good to give; then there is a call, too, for those that would come to His wings, which He spreads out to shield them; and He has a cry

to warn men from those who might hurt their souls. I choose the scenes from real life, as they are not too hard for you to grasp.

Christiana.—Pray, let us see some more.

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

Interpreter.—What shall we do with the crop?

Christiana.—Burn some, and use the rest to dress the ground with.

Interpreter.—Fruit, you see, is the thing you look for, and for want of that you would burn the whole crop. Take heed that in this you do not seal your own fate.

Now when they came back to the house the meal was not yet spread, so Christiana did beg of the Interpreter to tell them some more things.

Then the Interpreter said: The more strong a man's health is, so much the more prone is he to sin. The more fat the sow is, the more she loves the mire. It is not so hard to sit up a night or two, as to watch for a whole year; just as it is not so hard to start well as it is to hold out to the end. One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will kill a man's soul. If a man would live well, let him keep his last day in mind.

Now when Christiana, Mercy, and the boys had all had a good night's rest, they rose with the sun, and made a move to leave; but the Interpreter told them to wait a while. For, said he, you must go from this place in due form, such is the rule of the house.

Then he told Innocent to take them to the bath, and there wash the dust from them. This done, they came

forth fresh and strong, and as the Interpreter said: Fair as the moon. Next he told those near him to bring the seal, and when it was brought he set his mark on them, that they might be known in each place where they went.

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

The Interpreter then sent for one of his men whose name was Great-heart, and bade that he should be clad in a coat of mail, with sword and shield, and that he should take them to a house, called Beautiful, where they would rest.

Then the Interpreter took his leave of them, with a good wish for each. So they went on their way, with Great-heart in front and thus they sang:—

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

CHAPTER III.

MR. GREAT-HEART GUIDES THEM TO THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

THEY next came to the place where Christian's load had been lost in the tomb. Here they stopped, and gave thanks to Him who laid down His life to save theirs. Then they went up the hill, which was so steep that it made Christiana pant for breath.

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

Then Mercy said: Come what may, I must rest for a while, and James, who was the least of the boys, gave way to tears.

Come, come! said Great-heart, sit not down here; for there is a seat near us put there by the Prince. With this he took the young child by the hand, and led him to it; and they were all glad to sit down, and to be out of the heat of the sun's rays.

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

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

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

You are a good boy, said Great-heart. At this Mercy smiled, but James blushed.

Christiana.—Come, will you not drink out of this flask, and eat some fruit, while we rest here? For Mr. Interpreter put these in my hand as I came out of his door.

Now when they had sat there a while, their guide said to them: The day runs on, and if you think well of it, let us go on our way. So they all set out, the boys first, then the rest; but they had not gone far when Christiana

found she had left the flask, so she sent James back to fetch it.

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

Now Great-heart was a strong man, so he had no fear; but their fierce looks made the boys start, and they all clung round Great-heart.

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

When Great-heart drew his sword to force a way there came up one Giant Grim, who said, in a gruff voice: What right have you to come here?

Great-heart.—These folk are on their way to the Celestial City, and this is the road they shall go, in spite of thee and the wild beasts.

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

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

But their guide came up, and struck so hard at him with his sword as to force him to fall back. Will you slay me on my own ground? said the giant.

Great-heart.—It is the king's highway on which we



MR. GREAT-HEART.

stand, and in His way it is that you have put these beasts. But these who are in my charge, though weak, shall hold on in spite of all. And with that he gave him a blow that brought him to the ground; so Giant Grim was slain.

Then Great-heart said: Come now with me, and you shall take no harm from the two beasts. So they went on, but shook from head to foot as they passed them by.

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

Great-heart.—It is I.

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

Porter.—Will you go in and stay till the day dawns?

Great-heart.—No, I will go back to my Lord to-night.

Christiana.—Ah, sir, I know not how we can part with you, for it is to your stout heart that we owe our lives. You have fought for us, you have taught us what is right, and your faith and your love for us have been great.

Mercy.—O that we could have you for our guide all the rest of the way! How can such weak folk as we are hold out in a path so full of toils and snares if we have no friend to take care of us?

James.—Pray, sir, keep with us and help us, when the way we go is so hard to find.

Great-heart.—As my Lord wills, so must I do; if He send me to join you once more, I shall be glad to wait on you. But it was here that you were in fault at first,

for when He bade me come thus far with you, if you had said, We beg of you to let him go all the way with us, He would have let me do so. But now I must go back; and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my dear boys, fare ye all well.

Then did Watchful, the porter who kept the lodge, ask Christiana whence she had come, and who her friends were; and she said I come from the City of Destruction, and I was the wife of one Christian, who is dead.

Then Watchful rang his bell, and there came to the door a maid, to whom he said: Go, make it known that Christiana, the wife of Christian, and her four boys are come on their way to the Celestial City.

So she went in and told all this. And, oh, what shouts of joy were sent forth as they all came with haste to Watchful; for Christiana still stood at the door.

Some of them then said to her: Christiana, come in, thou wife of that good man; come in, thou blest one; come in, with all that are with thee.

So she went in, and the rest with her. They then bade them sit down in a large room, where the chief of the house came to see them and to cheer them up. Then he gave each of them a kiss. But as it was late, and Christiana and the rest were tired they wished to go to rest.

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

So they took them there, but ere she went to sleep

Christiana said: I did not think when my poor Christian set off with his load on his back that I should do the same thing.

Mercy.—No, nor did you think then that you should sleep in the same room as he did.

Christiana.—And less still to see his dear face once more, and to praise the Lord the King with him; and yet now I think I shall.

Mercy.—Do you not hear a noise?

Christiana.—Hark! as far as I can make out, the sounds we hear come from the lute, the pipe, and the harp.

Mercy.—Sweet sounds in the house, sweet sounds in the air, sweet sounds in the heart, for joy that we are here!

Thus did Christiana and Mercy chat a while, and they then slept. Now at dawn when they woke up, Christiana said to Mercy, What was it that made you laugh in your sleep last night? Were you in a dream?

Mercy.—Yes, and a sweet dream it was. But are you sure that I did laugh?

Christiana.—Yes, you gave a laugh as if from your heart of hearts; but pray, Mercy, tell me thy dream.

Mercy.—I dreamt that I lay in some place, and that I wept at the thought that my heart was so hard. Now I had not been there long when I thought that some stood by to hear me speak in my sleep; but I went on with my moans. At this some laughed, and said I was a fool. Then I saw a Bright One with wings come up to me, who asked: What ails you, Mercy? And when he heard the cause of my grief, he said: Peace be to thee. He then wiped off my tears, and had me clad in robes of gold, and put a chain on my neck, and a crown on my

head. Then he took me by the hand and said: Mercy, come this way. So he went up with me till we came to a gate, at which he gave a knock, and then he took me



MERCY'S DREAM.

to a throne on which one sat. The place was bright as the stars, nay, more like the sun, and I thought that I saw Christian there. So I woke from my dream. But did I laugh?

Christiana.—Laugh! Yes, and so you might, to see how

well off you were! But you must give me leave to tell you, that as you have found the first part true, so you will find the rest true at last.

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

Christiana.—I think it is now high time to rise, and to know what we must do.

Mercy.—Pray, if they should ask us to stay, let us by all means do so; for I should much like to know more of these maids. I think Prudence, Piety, and Charity have, each of them, a face full of love.

Christiana.—We shall see what they will do. So they came downstairs.

Then said Prudence and Piety: If you will stay here a while, you shall share with us all that is in the house.

Charity.—Yes, and that with a good will.

So they stayed there some time, much to their good.

Then Prudence said to Christiana, I give you all praise, for you have brought your boys up well. With James I have had a long chat; he is a good boy, and has learnt much that will bring peace to his mind while he lives on this earth, and in the world to come it will cause him to see the face of Him who sits on the throne. For my own part, I will teach your sons all I can while they are here. At the same time, said she to them, you must still give heed to all that Christiana can teach you; but more than all, you must read the Book of God's Word.

By the time that Christiana and the rest had been in this place a week, a man, Mr. Brisk by name, came to make love to Mercy, as he wished to wed her. Now

Mercy had a sweet face, and her mind was at all times set on work and the care of those round her. She would knit hose for the poor, and give things to those who stood in need. She will make me a good housewife, thought Brisk.

Mercy one day said to those of the house: Will you tell me what you think of Mr. Brisk?

They then told her that the young man would seem to have a great sense of the love of God, but that they had fears it did not reach his heart, which they thought did cling too much to this world.

Nay then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him, for I will not have a drag to my soul.

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

So the next time he came, he found her at her work. What! still at it? said he.

Mercy.—Yes.

Mr. Brisk.—How much can you earn in the day?

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

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

Prudence.—Did I not tell you that Mr. Brisk would soon leave you? Yea, he may seem to love Mercy, but Mercy and he could not tread the same road of life side by side.

Now Matthew, the son of Christiana, fell sick, so they sent to Mr. Skill to cure him. Then said he: Tell me what he ate.

Christiana.—Well, there is no food here but what is good.

Mr. Skill.—This boy has had some bad food, which if he does not get rid of, he will die.

Samuel said to Christiana, What was it that you saw Matthew eat when we came from the gate which is at the head of this way!

Christiana.—It was some of the fruit that grows there; I did chide him for it.

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

Then Christiana wept and said: What shall I do for my son? Pray, sir, try your best to cure him, let it cost what it may.

Then Skill gave him pills, which he would not take. So Christiana put one of them to the tip of her tongue. Oh Matthew, said she, it is sweet, sweet as balm; if you love me, if you love Mercy, if you love your life, do take it.

So in time he did, and felt grief for his sin. He quite lost the pain, so that with a staff he could walk, and went from room to room to talk with Mercy, Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

Christiana.—Pray, sir, what else are these pills good for?

Skill.—They are good for all those that go on their way to the Celestial City.

Christiana.—I pray of you to make me up a large box of them, for if I can get these, I will take none else.

Skill.—I make no doubt that if a man will but use them as he should, he would not die. But, good Christiana, these pills will be of no use if you do not give them as

I have done, and that is, in a glass of grief for the sins of those who take them. So he gave some to Christiana and the rest of her boys, and to Mercy; he bade Matthew, too, keep a good look-out that he ate no more green plums: then he gave him a kiss, and went his way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

Now, as they had spent some time here, they made a move to go. Then Joseph, who was Christiana's third son, said to her: You were to send to the house of Mr. Interpreter to beg of him to grant that Mr. Great-heart should go with us as our guide for the rest of the way.

Good boy! said Christiana, I had not thought of it.

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

Great-heart soon came, and he said to Christiana and Mercy: My Lord has sent you some wine and dried corn, and to the boys figs and dried grapes.

Then they set off, and Prudence and Piety went with them. Christiana took leave of Watchful, who kept the gate, and put a small coin in his hand while she gave him her thanks for all that he had done for her and her dear boys. She then asked him: Have you seen men go by since we have been here?

Watchful.—Yes, I have, and there has been a great theft on this highway: but the thieves were caught.

Then Christiana and Mercy said they felt great fear to

go on that road but Matthew said: Fear not, as long as we have Mr. Great-heart with us to guide us.

I now saw in my dream that they went on till they came to the brow of the hill, when Piety said: See, Christiana.



"THE BOY WHO KEPT WATCH ON SOME SHEEP."

I have brought thee a list of all those things which thou hast seen at our house. Look on it from time to time, I beg of you, and call them to mind for thy good.

They now went down the hill to the Vale of Humiliation.

It was a steep hill, and their feet slid as they went down; but they took great care, and when they had got to the foot of it, Piety said to Christiana: This is the vale where Christian met with Apollyon, and where they had that fierce fight which I know you must have heard of. But be of good cheer, as long as we have Mr. Great-heart to guide us, there is nought here that will hurt us.

James.—See, there is a post with words on it, I will go and read them. So he went, and found that these words were cut on it: Let the trials which Christian met with ere he came here, and the fights he had in this place, warn all those who come to the Vale of Humiliation.

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

Now, as they went on, they met a boy who was clad in mean clothes and kept watch on some sheep. He had a fine fresh face and as he sat on a bank he sang a song.

Hark, said Great-heart, to the words of that boy's song. So they gave ear to it.

“He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride,
He that is meek at all times shall
Have God to be his guide.”

Then said Great-heart: Do you hear him? I dare say this boy leads as gay a life as he that is clad in silk,

and that he wears more of that plant which they call heart's-ease.

Samuel.—Ask Great-heart in what part of this vale it was that Apollyon fought Christian?

Great-heart.—The fight took place at that part of the plain which has the name of Forgetful Green. And if those who go on their way meet with a shock, it is when they lose sight of the good which they have from the hand of Him who dwells on high.

Mercy.—I think I feel as well in this place as I have done in all the rest of our way. I love to be in such a spot as this, where there are no coach wheels to make a din. Here one may think a while what he is, whence he came, and for what the King has made him; here one may think and pray.

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

Then James felt sick, but I think the cause of it was fear, and Christiana gave him some of the wine which Mr. Interpreter had put in her hands, and three of the pills which Mr. Skill had made up, and the boy soon got well.

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

Joseph said: What is it?

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

Joseph.—But what is it like?

Christiana.—It is like—I can't tell what. Just then it was far off, now it is close by.

Great-heart.—Well, well, let them that have the most fear keep close to me. Then it went out of sight of all of them.

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

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

Then they went on again, with their guide in front, till they came to a place where was a pit, and as they thought how they should pass it by, a great mist fell on them, so that they could not see. What shall we do? said they.

Their guide told them not to fear, but to stand still, and see how it would end. Then they thought they could hear the noise more, and see the fire and smoke from the pit.

Then said Christiana to Mercy: Now I see what my poor dear Christian went through; I have heard much of this place. Poor man, he came here in the dead of the night, and no one with him: but who can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean, till they come to see it?

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

So they cried and prayed and God sent them light. Then said Mercy to Christiana: It is not so sweet here as it was at The Gate, or at Mr. Interpreter's, or at the house where we were last.

Oh, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through this place as it is to dwell here for all time; for aught I know we have to go this way that our home may seem to us the more blest.

Great-heart.—Well said, Samuel; thou dost now speak like a man.

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

Great-heart.—We shall be out by-and-by.

So on they went and Joseph said: Can we not see to the end of this valley yet?

Great-heart.—Look to your feet, for you will soon be where the snares are.

So they took good heed and went on.

Great-heart.—Men come here and bring no guide with them; hence it is they die from the snares they meet with in the way. Poor Christian! it is strange he should have got out of this place, and been safe. But God dwelt in his soul, and he had a stout heart of his own, or else he could not have done it.

Christiana then wished that there were some inn near where they could all take rest for she and the boys were tired.

Well, said Mr. Honest—a man whom they had just met—there is such a place not far off.

So they went there, and the host, whose name was Gaius, said: Come in, for my house was built for such as you.

Great-heart.— Good Gaius, let us sup. What have you for us to eat? We have gone through great toils, and stand much in want of food.

Gaius.—It is too late for us to go out and seek food; but of such as we have you shall eat.

The meal was then spread, and near the end of the feast as they all sat round the board to crack nuts, old Honest said to Gaius: Tell me what this verse means?

A man there was, and some did count him mad;
The more that this man gave the more he had.

Then they all gave heed to hear what Gaius would say; so he sat still a while, and then said:

He that gives his goods to the poor,
Shall have as much and ten times more.

Joseph.—I did not think, sir, that you would have found it out.

Gaius.—Ah! I have learnt of my Lord to be kind, and I find I gain by it.

Then Samuel said in a low tone to Christiana: This is a good man's house; let us make a long stay, and why should not Matthew wed Mercy here?

When Gaius heard him say this, he said: With all my heart. And he gave Mercy to Matthew to be his wife.

By this time Christiana's son James had come of age, and Gaius gave Phebe, who was his child, to be his wife. They spent ten days more at the house of Gaius, and then took their leave. But on the last day he made them a feast at which they all ate and drank.

Now, Gaius, said Great-heart, the hour has come that we must be gone; so tell me what I owe you for this long stay at your inn.

Gaius.—At my house no one pays; for the good Samar-

itan told me that I was to look to him for all the cost I was put to.

They now took leave of him and went on their way, till they came to a place which bore the name of Vanity Fair. There they went to the house of Mr. Mnason, who said to his guests: If there be a thing that you stand in need of, do but say so, and we will do what we can to get it for you.

Well, then, said they, we should like much to see some of the good folk in this town.

So Mnason gave a stamp with his foot, at which Grace came up, and he sent her to fetch some of his friends who were in the house, and they all sat down to a meal.

Then said Mr. Mnason, as he held out his hand to point to Christiana: My friends, I have guests here who are on their way to Zion. But who do you think this is? This is the wife of Christian, who with his friend Faithful were so ill-used in this town.

Well, said they, who would have thought to meet Christiana at this place! May the King whom you love and serve bring you where he is, in peace!

Then they told her that the blood of Faithful had lain like a load on their hearts; and that since they had burnt him no more men had been sent to the stake at Vanity Fair. In those days, said they, good men could not walk the streets, but now they can show their heads.

Christiana with her sons and Mercy made this place their home for some years, and in course of time Mr. Mnason, who had a wife and two girls, gave his first-born, whose name was Grace, to Samuel to wife, and Joseph wed Martha.

Now, one day, a huge snake came out of the woods and slew some of the folk of the town. None of these were so bold as to dare to face him, but all fled when they heard that he came near, for he killed the babes by scores.

But Great-heart and the rest of the men who were at Mr. Mnason's house, made up their minds to kill this snake, and so rid the town of him. So they went forth to meet him, and at first the snake did not seem to heed them; but as they were strong men at arms, they drove him back. Then they lay in wait for him, and fell on him, till at last they knew he must die of his wounds. By this deed Mr. Great-heart and the rest won the good will of the whole town.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.

THE time now drew near for them to go on their way. Mr. Great-heart went first as their guide; and I saw in my dream that they came to the stream on this side of the Delectable Mountains, where fine trees grew on each bank, the leaves of which were good for one's health, and the fields were green all the year round; and where they might lie down and be safe. Here, too, there were folds for sheep, and a house was built in which to rear the lambs, and there was One who kept watch on them, who would take them in His arms and lay them on His breast.

Now Christiana bade the four young wives place their

babes by the side of this stream, so that they might lack nought in time to come: For, said she, if they should stray or be lost, He will bring them back; He will give strength to the sick, and here they shall not want meat, drink, or clothes. So they left their young ones to Him.

When they came to By-path Meadow they sat on the stile to which Christian had gone with Hopeful, when Giant Despair shut the two up in Doubting Castle. They sat down to think what would be the best thing to do, now that they were so strong, and had such a man as Mr. Great-heart to guide them; they asked if it would not be well to pull down Doubting Castle, and should there be poor souls shut up there who were on their way to the Celestial City, to set them free. One said this thing, and one said that; at last Mr. Great-heart spoke thus: We are told in the book of God's Word, that we are to fight the good fight. And, I pray, with whom should we fight if not with Giant Despair? So who will go with me?

Then said old Honest, I will go; and Christiana's four sons said, We will, too; for they were young and strong.

When they knocked at the gate, the Giant and his wife came to them and cried: Who and what is he that is so bold as to come to the gate of Giant Despair?

Great-Heart.—It is I, a guide to those who are on their way to Zion. And I charge thee to throw wide thy gates and stand forth, for I am come to slay thee and pull down thy house.

Giant Despair.—What, shall such as Great-heart make me fear? No. So he put a cap of steel on his head, and

with a breast-plate of fire, and a club in his hand, he came out to fight his foes.

Then these six men made up to him, and they fought for their lives, till Despair was brought to the ground and put to death by Great-heart. Next they fell on his house, but it took a week to pull it down. They found in it a man called Mr. Despondency and his child, Much-afraid, and set them free.

Then they all went on to the Delectable Mountains. They made friends with the men that kept watch on their flocks, who were as kind to them as they had been to Christian and Hopeful.

You have brought a good train with you, said they to Great-heart. Pray, where did you find them?

So their guide told them how it had come to pass.

By-and-by they got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air makes men sleep. Now they had not gone far, when a thick mist fell on them, so that for a while they could not see. One fell in a bush, while one stuck fast in the mud, and some of the young ones lost their shoes in the mire. Oh, I am down! said one. Where are you? cried the next; while a third said: I am held fast by these thorns.

Then they came to a bench, Slothful's Friend by name, which had shrubs and plants round it, to screen those who sat there from the sun. But Christiana and the rest gave such good heed to what their guide told them, that though they were worn out with toil, not one of them wished to stop there; for they knew that it would be death to sleep but for a short time on the Enchanted Ground.

Now as it was still dark, their guide struck a light that he might look at his map (the book of God's Word); and

had he not done so, they would all have been lost, for just at the end of the road was a pit, full of mud, and no one could tell how deep it was.

Then I thought: Who is there but would have one of these maps or books in which he may look when he is in doubt, and so know the way that he should take?

They soon came to a bench, on which two men, Heedless and Too-bold, slept; Christiana and the rest shook their heads, for they saw that these men were in a bad state. They knew not what they ought to do: to go on and leave them in their sleep, or to try and wake them. Then the guide who knew them both, spoke to them by name; but he could not get them to hear. So Great-heart at last shook them, and did all he could to wake them.

Then said Great-heart: They talk in their sleep. If you strike or shake them, they will still talk in the same way, for they know not what they say.

Then did Christiana, Mercy, and their train go on with fear, and they sought from their guide a light for the rest of the way.

But as the poor babes' cries were loud for want of rest, all fell on their knees to pray for help. And by the time that they had gone but a short way, a wind sprang up which drove off the fog: so, now that the air was clear, they could see the way they took.

Then they came to the land of Beulah, where the sun shines night and day. Here they took some rest, and ate of the fruit that hung from the trees round them. The bells rang to such sweet tunes, and such a blaze of lights burst on their eyes, that their sleep was short and they soon rose to walk in the bright streets.

And now they heard shouts on all sides, for there was a noise in the town that a post had come from the Celestial City with words of great joy for Christiana, the wife of Christian. So search was made for her, and the house was found where she was.

Then the post put a note in her hands, the words of which were: Hail, good Christiana! I bring thee word that the Lord calls for thee, and waits for thee to stand near His throne in robes of white, in ten days' time.

When he who brought the note had read it to her, he gave her a sign that they were words of truth and love, and said he had come to bid her make haste to be gone. The sign was a shaft with a sharp point, which was to tell her that at the time the note spoke of she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come she sent for Great-heart and told him. He said that the good news made him glad.

Then she sent for her sons and their wives. She told them she was glad to see them there and that they had kept their robes so white. She asked them to wait till a note should come for them too.

When the day came that Christiana must be gone the road was full of those who wished to see her start. She came forth out of her house and as she bade good-bye to those that stood by the side of the stream which she had to cross, the last words that she was heard to say were: "I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee."

THE END.

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE