

AA0002140754



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



JOHN BURYAN'S DREAM STORY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

To Alice Max Enew

From Dad -

Apr 14 - 1926

JOHN BUNYAN'S DREAM STORY



“THE NAME OF THAT CHAMBER WAS PEACE”

(See page 60)

JOHN BUNYAN'S DREAM STORY

The Pilgrim's Progress
Retold for Children and Adapted
to School Reading

BY
JAMES BALDWIN



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY
JAMES BALDWIN.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, IN GREAT BRITAIN.

DEEAM STORY.

E. P. 2

FOREWORD

OF the great books which have been composed or partly written in prison, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan, is the best known and the most remarkable. Its author was a young man of thirty-two when he was thrown into the common jail at Bedford, England; he was past forty-four and middle-aged when he was released. His only offense against the law was preaching that which he believed to be true.

The dungeon in which he was immured was so vile that the worst prisons in our country are delightful places when compared with it. But here John Bunyan had ample time to think and to put his thoughts together. His education was of the poorest sort, and during his imprisonment he had access to but two volumes — the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs." As he thought upon the great problems of existence, the idea of a story came, little by little, into his mind — a story in the form of a dream, a story of man's life regarded as a journey or pilgrimage.

By and by, he began to write such a story. He wrote it in the easy, simple language of the common people, and, without knowing it, produced one of the most beautiful prose poems ever written. After his release from prison his work was submitted to a printer who corrected its bad spelling and most of its faulty grammar, and in 1677 it was published.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* came into the world very modestly; but the charm of the story was such that, without advertisement, it soon grew into fame. Edition after edition was called for, and wherever the English language was known it became the subject of daily talk among the common people. For two hundred years or more no other English book was so generally known and read.

No other book of modern times has had a history so remarkable as this simple story "in the similitude of a dream." It has been translated into eighty languages. It has been turned into verse. It has been rewritten in scholarly English. It has been imitated a score of times in short-lived books whose very titles are forgotten. It has been remodeled and adapted to serve the most remarkable and diverse purposes. It has been dramatized and presented upon

the stage as a beautiful and most impressive play. Notwithstanding all this, however, the original work, as first written in the dialect of the humble people of Bunyan's own time and station, remains unequaled and unharmed.

With the changed conditions of life in our own times the popularity of the *Pilgrim's Progress* has greatly waned. While it was formerly the first and perhaps the only story book read by thousands of children of all ages, it is now known to but few young people except by name. Its distinctively religious character has excluded it from the public schools and caused it to remain a closed book to the majority of twentieth-century readers. Tastes have changed, and long dialogues and disquisitions on faith and justification are no longer interesting or agreeable.

But suppose we divest the story of some of those qualities which may be described as old-fashioned and out of date—suppose that, retaining its essential peculiarities of style and diction, we repeat it without apparent didactic intent, simply as a pleasing narrative—and John Bunyan's dream story becomes a delightful fairy tale, poetic in form and surpassingly interesting.

Such was the intent with which the preparation of the present little book was undertaken. In pursuing this intent, an effort has been made to relate the story in a manner that will appeal to present-day readers simply because of its inherent interest. Wherever it has been possible within the limits of this plan, the words of Bunyan have been retained, and much care has been taken to preserve as far as possible the quaint and beautiful style of the original. Of course much abridgment has been necessary; and, in general, whatever the modern reader would be tempted to skip has been left out or rewritten.

Thus John Bunyan's dream story is presented to the school children of the twentieth century. May it prove to be as acceptable to them as, in its complete form, the *Pilgrim's Progress* was pleasing to the simple-hearted but adult readers of Bunyan's own time.

PROLOGUE

WOULDST thou divert thyself from melancholy?

Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?

Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation,

Or else be drownéd in thy contemplation?

Dost thou love picking meat? Or, wouldst thou see

A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?

Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?

Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?

Wouldst thou lose thyself and catch no harm,

And find thyself again without a charm?

Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not
what,

And yet know whether thou art blest or not,

By reading the same lines? *Oh, then come hither,*

And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

THE FIRST PART

THE DIVISIONS OF THE FIRST PART

	PAGE
FROM THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK	15
INTRODUCTORY PARAGRAPH	17
THE MAN WITH THE BURDEN	19
THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND	22
WORLDLY WISEMAN	27
THE WICKET GATE	35
THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER	40
THE LIFTING OF THE BURDEN	45
ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD	48
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL	53
THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON	64
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH	68
THE MAN TALKATIVE	73
VANITY FAIR.	78
THE FATE OF MR. BY-ENDS	87
BY-PATH MEADOW.	92
GIANT DESPAIR	97
THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS	105
THE FLATTERER	110
THE ENCHANTED LAND	115
THE LAND OF BEULAH	118

	PAGE
THE RIVER OF DREAD	122
THE END OF THE JOURNEY	125
THE CONCLUSION	128

FROM THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR
HIS BOOK

WHEN at first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode. Nay, I had undertook
To make another; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.

. . . But yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode. I only thought to make
I knew not what; nor did I undertake

Thereby to please my neighbor — no, not I;
I did it my own self to gratify.

. . . Thus, I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white;
For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned
It down until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I showed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify.
And some said, "Let them live"; some, "Let them
die."

Some said, "John, print it"; others said, "Not so."
Some said, "It might do good"; others said, "No."

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me.
At last I thought, "Since you are thus divided,
I print it will"; and so the case decided.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

As I walked through a great wilderness I came to a certain place where there was a Den, and I laid myself down in that place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a dream.



THE MAN WITH THE BURDEN



THE MAN WITH THE BURDEN

I DREAMED; and I thought that I saw in my dream a man standing with his face turned away from his own house. He was clothed in rags, a book was in his hand, and a great burden was on his back.

Then I saw him open the book and read; and as he read, he wept and cried out, "What shall I do?"

By and by he turned and went into his house. His wife and children saw that he was in trouble, and they wondered; but he kept silent for a long time, and said not a word.

At last, when he could hold in no longer, he said, "Dear ones, do you see this great burden that is on my back? It is so heavy that I can hardly bear its weight."

But they could not see the burden, and they won-

dered at his words. "Dear father," they said, "you are very tired. When you have slept and are rested you will feel much better."

"Ah, no," he answered; "it is not sleep that will relieve me. For this book says that the city in which we live will surely be burned with fire; and unless we escape from it soon, we shall all perish. Do you wonder that I am distressed?"

They looked at him sorrowfully; for they feared that he had lost his mind. Then they persuaded him to lie down. But he could not sleep. All night long he tossed upon his bed groaning and weeping.

Very early in the morning he arose. His children came to him and said, "Dear father, how do you feel after your night's rest?"

"Worse and worse," he answered. "There is no rest for me while this heavy burden is on my back."

"We cannot see any burden," said his wife. "You are surely losing your mind."

The man looked at her sadly and then went out into the fields. There he walked back and forth all day, sometimes reading from his book and sometimes weeping most bitterly.

"What shall I do to be saved?" he cried; and he

looked this way and that as if he would run. But he did not know which way to go.

At length an old man, with long white beard and a gentle face, came that way and saw him weeping.

"What is the matter?" asked the stranger, whose name was Evangelist. "Why are you crying?"

"Oh, sir," answered the man, "this book which I have in my hand tells me that unless I get rid of this heavy burden I shall surely die."

"Then why do you stand here?" asked Evangelist. "Why don't you go and get rid of it?"

"Because I don't know which way to go," said the man, still weeping.

Then Evangelist pointed with his finger towards the blue hills far, far away.

"Look!" he said. "Do you see that wicket gate?"

"No."

"Then do you see a shining light yonder in the distance?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, then, keep that light always in view. Go straight towards it, and by and by you can see the wicket gate. When you have come to the gate, knock, and the one who keeps it will tell you what to do."



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

THEN I saw in my dream that the man thanked Evangelist and began to run.

His wife and children, who were watching him, cried out to him to stop. "Come back, father," they called. "Come back and stay with us."

But he would not listen. He ran on, keeping his face towards the far-away hills and never losing sight of the shining light.

His neighbors saw him running, and they wondered what could ail him. Some pitied, and said, "He is mad." Some laughed, and said, "He is a fool." Others called out loudly, "Come back! Come back!"

Two of his friends, whose names were Obstinate and Pliable, ran after him. And, as they were light of foot, they soon overtook him.

"My friends," he said, "why do you run after me?"

"Oh," said the one whose name was Obstinate, "we are going to take you back home."

"No you will not," answered the runner. "I will not go back to that City of Destruction. I have started to a far better place, and I would like to persuade you to go with me."

"And leave all our friends and comforts behind us?" said Obstinate.

"Certainly," answered Graceless, for that was the man's name. "For my book tells me that in the glorious city which lies beyond those far-away mountains I shall find treasures much richer than those I am leaving behind."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Obstinate. "Who has ever seen that city? Will you go back with us? Or will you still behave like a fool?"

"Have a care, neighbor," said the other man, whose name was Pliable. "Perhaps he is right; and if so, he is wiser than we. I have heard of that Celestial City, and I have half a mind to go with him."

"Then go, if you wish," answered Obstinate. "I shall return to my own place. I'll have nothing to do with such foolish fellows."

So he turned and went back; and Graceless and Pliable ran on together across the plain.

"I am glad you are going with me," said Graceless.

"And I am glad to be your companion," said Pliable.

Then they talked as they ran; and Graceless told Pliable many wonderful things about the Celestial City towards which they were going. But the burden that was on his back bore heavily upon him, and he soon became weary. "Dear Pliable," he said, "I cannot go so fast. The way grows rougher, and this burden is hard to carry."

So they went on more slowly, but they kept their faces turned always towards the shining light and the distant mountains.

Soon they came to a great bog that seemed to fill the whole plain before them. It was called the Slough of Despond, and it was so deep with mire that no one had ever been able to build a road across it. But it looked so much like the solid ground that Graceless and Pliable fell into it before they were aware, and were soon waist deep in the mud.

"Dear Pliable, I am sinking still deeper," cried Graceless. "This burden is pressing me down."

"That proves that all you have been telling me is a

mistake," said Pliable. "If the road to the Celestial City is like this, I want no more of it."

Then with a desperate struggle he managed to climb out of the bog at the place where he had fallen in. He was covered with mire, and very, very angry; and without trying to help his companion, or stopping to tell him good-by, he strode hastily back toward his home.

Graceless was left to struggle alone in the Slough of Despond. But he kept his face turned toward the distant hills, and even while floundering in the mire he now and then caught glimpses of the shining light.

By and by, he reached the farther side; but there the mire was deep, and his burden was so heavy that he could not climb out. For a long time he struggled there, but scarcely was he able to keep himself from sinking entirely in the dreadful mire.

At length, when his strength was almost gone, a man who heard his cries came down to the edge of the bog to look at him. This man's face was pleasant to see, and his arms were strong. His name was Help.

"How did you get into this bog?" he asked.

"I was on my way to yonder wicket gate," answered Graceless; "and before I saw my danger I fell in."

"Give me your hand," said Help.

Graceless did so, and Help lifted him out of the mire and set his feet on solid ground.

"Now take courage," he said, "and go straight onward to the wicket gate."

"I thank you," said Graceless. "Now I feel stronger than before; and although this burden is still heavy, I will persevere."

And with that, he went on, keeping his face turned always toward the shining light.



WORLDLY WISEMAN

THEN I saw in my dream that Pliable went with all speed back to his own house. When his neighbors heard that he had returned, they went to visit him. They asked him all sorts of questions about his little journey, and he answered them truly.

“Well, I think you were very wise to come back home so quickly,” said the first neighbor.

“You are not to be pitied. You were a fool for having anything to do with that man Graceless,” said the second neighbor.

“But you showed yourself a great coward,” said the third neighbor. “A man who undertakes a journey and then gives it up as soon as the road becomes rough is not to be depended upon in time of need.”

Poor Pliable at first hung his head in shame. But

when they began to tell stories about Graceless, and to laugh at what they called his folly, he joined them and laughed as loudly as the rest.

And there let us leave him.

For Graceless was still walking onward, and now and then he caught glimpses of the wicket gate, standing, white and bright, at the entrance to a mountain pass. But his burden was now so heavy that his going was very slow, and at every step he groaned with weariness.

By and by he came to a crossroad, and there a stranger met him. The man smiled when he saw Graceless, and spoke to him in a very pleasant manner.

"How now, my good fellow, where are you going?" he said. "And what are you doing with that big burden on your back?"

Graceless told him that he was on his way to the wicket gate, and that he hoped when he reached it to be shown how to get rid of his burden.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have spent many years in study, and my neighbors call me Worldly Wiseman because of my wisdom. Will you listen to me if I give you some advice?"

"Certainly," said Graceless; "for I need good counsel."

“Well, then, I advise you to get rid of that burden as soon as possible,” said Wiseman.

“That is just what I wish to do,” answered Graceless. “But I cannot take it off myself, and there is no man in our country who can remove it. And that is why I am going to the wicket gate.”

“Who told you to go there?”

“A good man who seemed to me very gentle and loving. His name is Evangelist.”

Worldly Wiseman laughed. “He is a fine fellow, indeed, to be giving advice to others,” he said. “Why, he knows nothing at all, and yet he pretends to know everything.”

“Well, I felt sure that he knew how I might get rid of this burden,” answered Graceless. “He showed me this road.”

“And a pretty road it is,” sneered Mr. Wiseman. “There is not a more dangerous way in all the world. You have already met with some of its difficulties; for I see that the mud of the Slough of Despond is upon you.”

“Yes, and I came near being buried in its mire,” said Graceless.

“Well, if you keep on in that same road, you will

meet with many worse things: hunger and cold, lions, dragons, darkness, and death. Take my advice, and don't cast your life away so foolishly," said Mr. Wiseman.

"Sir," answered Graceless, "this burden is so terrible to me that I am willing to face all sorts of dangers if only I can be delivered from it."

"How came you to get the burden in the first place?"

"By reading this book that I have in my hand."

"I thought so. That book has filled many a man's mind with foolish notions about things of which we know nothing."

"Well, I know one thing. I know that I would like to be eased from this burden."

Worldly Wiseman took Graceless by the hand, and spoke to him very gently.

"Do you see yonder village at the farther end of this broad road?" he asked.

"Yes, I see it," answered Graceless.

"Well, the name of that village is Morality," said Mr. Wiseman. "I have lived there for many years, and it is a very pleasant place, indeed. There is a lawyer there, a near neighbor of mine, who knows all about burdens of every kind. His name is Legality,

and I would advise you to go and see him at once."

"Are you sure that he can remove this burden of mine?" asked Graceless.

"Most certainly he can," answered Mr. Wiseman; "and he will do much more. He will put you in the way of getting a home for yourself in our village. Then you may send for your wife and children, and live happily among honest neighbors all the rest of your life."

"Oh, how delightful that would be!" cried Graceless.

"It would certainly be better than trying to reach that wicket gate," said Mr. Wiseman.

"I think so, too," said Graceless. "Please show me the way to that honest lawyer's house."

"Do you see yonder high hill?" asked Mr. Wiseman.

"Yes, I see it very well."

"Then follow the road which leads by that hill. The first house you come to is the house of Mr. Legality."

Graceless thanked him and bade him good-by. Then he turned into the broad road on his left, and walked as fast as his burden would let him towards the hill which had been pointed out to him. It was not more than a mile away, and he soon found himself at its foot.

But what a fearful hill it was ! It was now a great mountain, and it seemed to hang right over the road, and Graceless feared every moment that it would topple over upon him. He stood still and trembled. There was no house in sight, no shelter of any kind. The earth shook ; flashes of fire came out of the mountain ; he knew not which way to go.

“Oh, that I had not listened to the words of Worldly Wiseman !” he cried.

Then, as he lifted his eyes, whom did he see but Evangelist coming to meet him.

“What are you doing here, my friend ?” asked the good man.

Graceless could not say a word.

“Are you not the man whom I found crying in the field by the City of Destruction ? And didn’t I show you the way to the wicket gate ?” asked Evangelist.

“Yes, dear sir, you showed me the way,” answered the poor man.

“Then how is it that I find you here ?” asked Evangelist.

Graceless told him how he had met Mr. Worldly Wiseman at the crossing of the roads, and how he had been persuaded to seek the house of the lawyer Legality.

And when he had finished, he cried, "Woe is me now, for I am undone!"

But Evangelist took him by the hand and said, "This Worldly Wiseman, who pretended to be so friendly to you, had no desire to help you. On the contrary, he wished only to turn you out of the way and send you to destruction. For that reason he advised you to go to Mr. Legality, who has no power whatever to remove your burden."

"Alas! alas!" cried Graceless, "I see now my error. I ought not to have listened to that man. I ought not to have turned off from the straight way which leads toward the shining light."

"Surely you did very wrong," answered Evangelist, "and you deserve to suffer for your folly."

Then there was a great rumbling in the earth, as though words were coming from it; fire flashed from the crevices in the rocks; and the mountain shook from top to bottom.

Graceless expected nothing but death. But seeing the gentle face of Evangelist, he took courage.

"Sir," he asked, "is there no hope? Is there no way of escape? May I not be forgiven? And may I not return and go up to the wicket gate?"

Evangelist answered him very kindly, "Yes, if you are truly sorry for your error, you may again seek the true way. The man at the gate will receive you, for he has good will for all men."

"Then I will go back," said Graceless.

Evangelist kissed him, gave him one smile, and bade him Godspeed.

And Graceless went on with haste, and spoke to no man by the way.



THE WICKET GATE

THEN I saw in my dream that the man Graceless came, by and by, to the wicket gate. Now, over the gate there was written,

KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU

So he knocked, more than once or twice. And as he knocked he kept saying to himself, "May I now enter? Will he that is within open to sorry me?"

By and by there came to the gate a man with a grave but kindly face, whose name was Good-will. He looked out, and when he saw a stranger standing there, he asked, "Who are you? And what do you wish?"

"I am a man with a burden," answered Graceless. "I have come from the City of Destruction, and am going on towards the mountains and the shining light,

where I hope to be delivered. I have been told that the way lies through this gate; therefore, I ask if you are willing to let me in."

"I am willing with all my heart," said Good-will; and with that he opened the gate.

Graceless stepped in, but not fast enough for Good-will, who took him by the arm and pulled him quickly.

"Why did you do that?" asked the man.

Then Good-will told him that there was a castle full of wicked giants on the hillside near by, and that often when these giants saw a man about to enter the wicket gate they would shoot at him with their arrows. In this way many persons had been killed before they could enter in.

"How glad I am that I am here!" said Graceless; "and yet I tremble from the dangers I have passed through!"

"Who sent you here?" asked Good-will.

"A good man, called Evangelist," was the answer. "He told me to knock, and he said that you would show me what to do to be delivered from this heavy burden."

"Why did you come alone?" asked Good-will.

"Because none of my neighbors would come. They did not see their danger as I saw mine."

“Did any one know of your coming?”

“Oh, yes. My wife and children saw me start, and they called after me to come back. Some of my friends saw me and followed me a little way.”

“And did you come straight hither?”

“Alas, no! For I listened to the words of Mr. Worldly Wiseman and was persuaded to turn aside into a dangerous way.”

“Oh, did he meet you? And I suppose he advised you to seek ease from Mr. Legality, did he not?”

“He did,” answered Graceless, “and I foolishly listened to his advice.”

“Well, Mr. Wiseman is a cheat, and so is Mr. Legality,” said Good-will. “What did Mr. Legality say?”

“I went by the broad road to find him,” said Graceless; “but the mountain which stands by his house was about to fall upon me, and I was forced to stop.”

“That mountain has been the death of many, and it was lucky that you escaped,” said Good-will.

“Indeed, I should have perished had not Evangelist met me there. He turned my feet again into the narrow way, and my face toward the shining light. And now I am come, unworthy as I am, into this place. How kind you were to open the gate for me!”

"We refuse none who come and knock. Therefore, come with me, and I will teach you that which you need most to know. But first I will give you a new name. You shall no longer be called Graceless but Christian, for you are now a pilgrim on the road to the Celestial Land."

"Oh, tell me about that road," said Christian.

"Look before you," answered Good-will. "See that narrow highway. It was cast up and built by the great and good men of old. It is the way by which you must go."

"I see it," answered Christian; "but are there no windings in it by which one might lose his way?"

"Not in the way itself," answered Good-will; "but there are many crooks and turnings which join on to it at different places. You may always know the right way, for it is never any other than straight and narrow."

"This burden on my back is very grievous," said Christian. "Can you not in some way help me to get rid of it?"

"Be content to bear your burden yet a little while," answered Good-will. "You will come, by and by, to the place of deliverance; and there it will fall from your back of itself."

“Very well, then,” said Christian, “I will go forward on my journey.”

“Go,” said Good-will, “and you will soon see a beautiful house by the roadside. It is the house of the Interpreter. Knock at the door, and he will open and bid you enter. Tell him your name and whither you are going, and he will show you many excellent things.”

So Christian bade his friend farewell, and joyfully renewed his journey.



THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

THEN I saw in my dream that Christian went on until he came to the house of the Interpreter.

There he knocked again and again; and at last one came to the door and asked who was there.

Christian answered that he was a traveler who was on his way to the Celestial City, and that he wished to see the master of the house.

Then the Interpreter himself came to the door and said, "Come in. I will show you some things that will be helpful to you on your journey."

So Christian went in and stood waiting. Then the Interpreter took a lighted candle and bade him follow into the next room. And there the good man showed the pilgrim wonderful portraits and moving pictures, each one of which taught its lesson of truth.

In one of these pictures two children were shown whose names were Passion and Patience. Passion was always restless and dissatisfied; but Patience was very quiet and contented.

As Christian looked at the picture he saw a man bring a bag of gold and pour out the treasure at Passion's feet. The child was very glad and seized the gold with his hands. He laughed at Patience, and rejoiced in his treasure. But soon it melted away, and he had nothing left but rags.

Christian asked the Interpreter the meaning of this picture.

"I will tell you," he answered. "As the treasure of the child Passion vanished and left him nothing but rags, so shall it be with the men of this world who desire to have all their good things now."

"Yes," said Christian, "I see that Patience was wiser than Passion, for he was contented to wait."

"You are right," answered the Interpreter; "for he waits for the best things, and in due time will be rewarded."

Thus Christian was led from room to room, and in each he was shown some picture or other wonderful object; and the Interpreter explained the meaning of

everything that he saw. At last he was taken into a very dark room, where he saw a man sitting in a cage.

The man seemed very sad. He sat with his eyes looking down to the ground. His hands were folded, and he sighed as though his heart would break.

"My friend," said Christian, "who are you?"

"I am not what I once was," answered the man.

"Well, then, what were you once?" asked Christian.

The man answered, "I was once a happy man, with bright prospects in life. I had even a joyful hope of going to the Celestial City."

"And what are you now?" asked Christian.

"I am a man without hope," was the answer. "I am shut up in the iron cage of despair. For when I might have done well, I neglected my duty and wasted my opportunities."

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Let this man's misery be a warning to you, my friend."

"Yes, indeed," said Christian. "May God help me to watch and be sober. But, sir, is it not time that I should be going?"

"Tarry till I show you one thing more," said the Interpreter.

So he took Christian by the hand and led him into

a chamber where there was a man rising quickly out of bed. The man's face was white with fear and he trembled and shook.

"What is the matter?" asked Christian. "Why are you afraid?"

"Oh, I have had such a terrible dream," answered the man. "I thought that the heavens were black with storm clouds, and that the thunder and lightning were most fearful. Then, as the clouds parted, I saw One sitting among them, with the thousands of heaven around him; and all were clothed in garments of fire.

"A trumpet sounded, and a voice cried, 'Arise all ye, and come to judgment!'

"With that, the rocks were rent, and the earth was opened, and all who had ever lived came forth. Some of these were very glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains.

"Then He that sat among the clouds opened a book, and bade all to draw near and be judged. Thereupon, I sought to hide myself, but could not; for the eyes of the Judge were upon me, and my conscience accused me on every side."

"But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?" asked Christian.

"Why," answered the man, "I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it. My conscience afflicted me, and I thought that the Judge had always his eye upon me."

Then the Interpreter led Christian away. "Have you considered all these things?" he asked.

"Yes, and they put me in fear and hope," answered Christian.

So he rested for a short time in this wonderful house of the Interpreter. But he would not tarry long, for he was impatient to go on his way.

"I am thankful to you, O good Interpreter," he said; "for you have shown me many things that are both rare and profitable."

"May the Comforter be always with thee, to guide thee in the way that leads to the City," said the Interpreter.

So Christian, with a lighter heart, renewed his journey.



THE LIFTING OF THE BURDEN

NOW I saw in my dream that Christian went on slowly and with great difficulty. For the road was steep, and the burden on his back was very heavy.

But he toiled on until he came to a hill upon which there was a cross; and at the foot of the hill there was a sepulcher. So, as he climbed the hill and came up to the cross, behold, his burden fell from his shoulders and began to tumble; and it rolled downward till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Oh, how merry of heart was Christian then. He stood for a while to look and wonder; for it seemed very strange that the sight of the cross should thus ease him from his burden.



THE THREE SHINING ONES

And as he wondered and wept, he saw three Shining Ones, who saluted him and said, "Peace be to thee."

The first said to him, "I give thee a pure heart."

The second stripped him of his rags and clothed him in beautiful garments.

The third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a little book with a seal upon it. "Keep this book with care," he said, "and read in it often as you journey onward. When you come to the Celestial City, show it to the keeper of the gate; it shall be your passport."

So the Shining Ones vanished from sight. And Christian was so filled with joy that he leaped three times into the air and then went on, singing, —

"Thus far did I come
With my burden of sin,
And nothing could ease
The grief I was in.
But when I came hither
The burden I lost;
And I found peace and joy
At the foot of the cross."



ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD

THEN I saw in my dream that as Christian was going joyfully on his way he came to a pleasant valley. And there he saw, a little way from the road, three men who were lying fast asleep on the brink of a precipice. They had fetters upon their heels, and their names were Simple, Sloth, and Presumption.

Christian went toward them, and cried out to awaken them. "Ho, there, you sleepers! Wake up, and come away from that dangerous place!"

But they only groaned and settled themselves for a deeper sleep.

"Wake up! wake up!" cried Christian again. "Wake up, and I will help you off with your fetters."

They opened their eyes and looked at him.

"I don't see any danger," said Simple.

"Let me sleep a little longer," said Sloth.

"Every tub must stand upon its own bottom," said Presumption.

Then all went to sleep more soundly than before, and Christian went on his way.

He had not gone far when he saw two climbing over the wall from the field on the left-hand side of the road. As he came up, they joined him, and the three walked on together.

"Gentlemen," said Christian, "who are you, and whither are you going?"

One of them, who had a very soft voice and a goody-goody countenance, answered, "My name is Hypocrisy, and I am from the land of Vainglory."

"And my name," said the other, "is Formalist. We two are close friends and companions, and we are on our way to the Celestial City."

"Why didn't you come in by the gate?" asked Christian.

"The gate?" answered Hypocrisy. "What is the use of going round by the gate, when one can make a short cut across the fields, and jump over the wall?"

"But it is written in this book," said Christian,

"that he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

"Oh, you needn't call us names," answered Formalist. "It has been the practice a thousand years for people to climb over the wall just as we have done."

"Well," said Christian, "I doubt if your practice will stand the test of trial."

"What of that?" asked Hypocrisy. "You are on the road to the Celestial City; we are on the same road. Are we not as far along on the way as you?"

"We shall see whether you are found true men at the end of the way," answered Christian.

"Well," said Formalist, "you are no better than we, even if you do wear finer garments."

"These garments," said Christian, "were given to me by the Lord of the place to which I am going. Surely they are a token of his kindness, for I had only rags before. And when I get to the city he will know me, for I shall be clothed in his garments."

To this the men made no answer. They only looked at each other and laughed; and Christian walked on ahead of them.

So they all went on until they came to a very high and rugged hill which is called the Hill of Difficulty. At

the foot of that hill there was a spring of clear water. And here there were two other roads besides the straight and narrow one. One of these wound around the hill on the right-hand side; the other branched off on the left-hand side. But the narrow road went straight forward over the steepest part of the hill.

Christian went to the spring and drank from it. Then feeling much refreshed, he went onward, right up the difficult way. And as he went he began to sing,

“The hill, though steep,
I will ascend;
For me the toil
Will not offend.
Be brave, my heart,
And do not fear;
For the way to life
Leads over here.”

The other two men came also to the foot of the hill; but when they saw how high and steep it was, they dreaded to climb it. Then they saw the other two roads, how much easier they seemed; and they decided to follow them.

“All the ways will probably meet again on the other side of the hill,” they said.

Now the name of one of these roads was Danger, and the name of the other was Destruction. But the two men did not know that.

So one of them walked briskly onward along the way of Danger, and the other went as fearlessly down the road to Destruction. Soon both were lost in dark forests where there was no pathway to guide them, and they were seen no more.

But Christian toiled onward and upward until he at length reached the top of the hill.



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

NOW I saw in my dream that as Christian hastened on his way, the sun went down and the shades of evening began to fall. Christian began to feel alarmed, for the forest by the roadside was the home of wild beasts, and he knew not where to find lodging for the night.

As he was grieving and wondering, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, on the hillside before him, he saw a very stately building. It stood right by the roadside, and its name was the House Beautiful.

Christian quickened his steps and hurried forward, for he hoped to find lodging. But while he was yet some distance from the gate, he saw two lions crouching by the roadside.

He was greatly frightened, and thought that death



"SOON HE WAS SAFE AT THE GATEWAY"

was before him. He turned and was about to run back when he heard a voice calling him. It was the voice of the porter, whose name was Watchful.

Christian paused and listened.

"Have courage, sir!" cried the porter. "The lions are chained, and if you will keep in the middle of the path they cannot touch you."

Then Christian, trembling with fear, went on as the porter directed him. The lions roared dreadfully, but they did him no harm. Soon he was safe at the gateway, and the porter took him by the hand and spoke words of welcome to him.

"What house is this?" asked Christian. "And may I lodge here to-night?"

"It is the House Beautiful," answered the porter. "It was built by the Lord of the hill, to serve as a resting place for weary pilgrims. Come in! Come inside of the gate."

Christian went through the gateway, and the porter asked him many questions.

"What is your name?"

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

"Whence have you come?"

"I have come from the City of Destruction, and I am on my way to the Celestial Land."

Then Watchful, the porter, rang a little bell; and a beautiful maid whose name was Discretion came out of the house to answer to the call.

"Here is a weary pilgrim who would fain lodge here to-night," said Watchful. "Will you not learn from him whether he is in truth worthy?"

Then the maiden asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him how he had got into the right way; and he told her. She asked him what he had seen and met on the road; and he told her.

"What is thy name?"

"Once it was Graceless, but now it is Christian. And I am all the more desirous to lodge here to-night, because I am told that the house was built by the Lord of the hill as a resting place for pilgrims."

Then the maiden smiled, but as she smiled, the tears stood in her eyes.

"I will call some of the others of our household," she said.

She ran into the house and soon returned with three other fair women more beautiful even than herself.

The names of these sisters were Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

“Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,” they said.

So Christian bowed his head and followed them into the beautiful house. They brought him water with which to refresh himself; and when he had washed himself and brushed the dust from his clothing, they gave him a pleasant seat by the window. And all sat down to talk until supper was ready.

“How did it happen that you started on this journey?” asked Piety.

“Oh, I had a grievous burden on my back,” answered Christian, “and there was a dreadful sound in my ears, and I did not know whither to go.”

“But who told you to come this way?”

“As I was trembling and weeping, a man whose name is Evangelist showed me the way to the wicket gate. And there my feet were set in the right road.”

“Did you see the house of the Interpreter by the roadside?”

“Oh, yes! And there I was shown many things that I will remember as long as I live. I could have stayed in that good man’s house a whole year, but I knew that I had farther to go.”

"And what else did you see on the way?"

"See! Why, as I came to the top of a weary hill I saw a cross, and as I went near to it and fell on my knees, the heavy burden which I had borne so long tumbled from my back and rolled far away out of my sight. And as I was rejoicing, behold three Shining Ones came to me with gifts. One of them gave me these beautiful garments which you see; for I had nothing but rags before. Another gave me this sealed roll, which is my passport to the Celestial City."

Then Prudence asked him, "What is it that makes you so desirous to reach the Celestial City?"

"Oh, there are many things," answered Christian. "I hope that when I am there I shall be free from the troubles which vex me here. They say that there is no death there, and that we may live with those whom we love best, and fear no evil. So I fain would be there and sing with those blessed ones who stand around the throne of the King."

Then Charity asked him, "Have you a family?"

And Christian answered, "Yes, I have a wife and four small children."

"And why did you not bring them with you?" asked Charity.

Then Christian wept bitterly, and said, "How gladly would I have done so, but they would not listen to me. They wished even to hold me back and prevent me from coming."

While they were yet talking, the supper was made ready, and they sat down at the table. And on the table were all sorts of healthful and nourishing food — red-cheeked apples, and purple grapes, and delicious fruits from the gardens of the sun, and whatsoever would make the body strong and beautiful.

The company sat at the table, and all their talk was about the Lord of the hill — of his goodness in building the house and in furnishing it with all things necessary to the happiness of those who visited it.

"He is a great warrior," said Piety, "for he fought with the greatest enemy of our country and slew him."

"He is a lover of the poor," said Charity, "for he stripped himself of his own glory that he might relieve them of their sorrows."

Thus they sat and talked till late at night. Then they betook themselves to rest, committing themselves to the care of their Lord.

As for Christian, he was given a bed in a large upper chamber where there was a window that

opened toward the sun-rising. The name of that chamber was Peace; and there he slept till the break of day.

In the morning he arose early, and as he dressed he sang for joy.

After he had breakfasted with the household he began to talk of renewing his journey; but Prudence said, "Nay, you must tarry a day with us. For we would show you some of the rarities of this place."

So they first led him into the library and showed him the records of all that had been done in olden times. There, too, they showed him the history of the Lord of the hill, and the names of many good men and women who had served him, and pictures of the mansions which he had given them to live in.

And in many books they read of the worthy deeds of those who served the Lord — how they had "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed violent in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Here also were the histories of other famous things, both ancient and modern; and Christian was so pleased

with the reading of them that the day was spent ere he was aware.

The next day, Watchful and the four maidens led him into the armory of the house and showed him the arms and the curious relics that were there.

They showed him the sword and the shield, the helmet and the breastplate, and the shoes which the Lord of the hill had provided for the pilgrims who would enlist under his banner. None of these would wear out, and there were so many that all who live in the world might be clothed in armor.

They showed him some of the strange weapons that had been used in former times, such as the sling with which David had slain Goliath, and the jawbone with which Samson had done such mighty deeds.

They showed him, also, many other excellent things, and thus the second day was passed.

Early the next morning Christian made ready to go forward; but the good people of the house persuaded him to tarry until the sun was higher.

"Stay," said Piety, "and if the air is clear, we will show you the Delectable Mountains."

"And where are they?" asked Christian.

"Oh, they are far, far away," answered Piety;

“but they are much nearer to the Celestial City than this place is. And sometimes we have most delightful views of them.”

So Christian consented and stayed.

Towards noon they led him up to the top of the house and bade him look southward. He did so, and lo ! at a great distance he saw a most beautiful land. It was a mountainous country, with delightful valleys and fields. There were green woods and pleasant vineyards. There were fruits of all sorts, and flowers of every hue. There were springs and fountains, bright waterfalls, and quiet brooks.

“What is the name of that beautiful country ?” asked Christian.

“It is called Immanuel’s Land,” they answered ; “and all pilgrims are as welcome there as they are at this our House Beautiful.”

Then they led him down again into the armory. And they clothed him from head to foot in stout armor. They put a shield in his hand, and a sharp sword in his belt ; and on his head they fitted a helmet of rarest workmanship.

He was now ready to go forward on his journey ; and the maidens went with him to the gate.

"I saw another pilgrim passing, a little while ago," said Watchful.

"Did you know him?" asked Christian.

"He told me that his name is Faithful," answered the porter.

"Oh, I know him," gladly answered Christian. "He is one of my old neighbors. How far do you think he has gone?"

"He is at the foot of the hill by this time."

"Well, I will hasten and try to overtake him."

Then Christian bade the porter good-by, and began to go forward. But the maidens, Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, said, "We will go with you to the foot of the hill."

So they went on together, talking as they walked. The hill was very steep and slippery, and at its foot was the Valley of Humiliation. So dangerous was the going down that Christian would have fallen many times had not Discretion and Prudence been with him to direct his steps. Even as it was, he slipped two or three times.

At length, they were at the bottom of the hill. The maidens gave Christian a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins. Then they bade him good-by, and he went on his way.



THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

THEN I saw in my dream that Christian was entered into the Valley of Humiliation ; and here he had no easy time of it.

For he had gone but a little way when he saw a dreadful fiend coming across the plain to meet him. The name of this fiend was Apollyon, and he was too hideous to behold.

His body was covered with scales, like a fish ; he had wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear ; his mouth was like the mouth of a lion, and fire and smoke came out of his nostrils.

Christian was much afraid. As the monster came flying toward him he knew not what to do. He had half a mind to run back ; but he knew that Apollyon would soon overtake him.

"I will stand my ground and do what I can," he said to himself; and he went boldly forward to meet the dreadful fiend.

Apollyon came swiftly on, and gruffly saluted Christian:

"Ho, there, you fellow! Who are you, and whence have you come?"

"I have come from the City of Destruction, and my name is Christian," answered the pilgrim. "I am on my way to the Celestial Land."

"Huh!" growled the fiend. "Don't you know that I am the king of the City of Destruction? You are my subject, and you are trying to run away from me."

"True, I was born in your country," said Christian, "but I am not your subject. I have promised myself to the King of the Celestial Land."

Then was Apollyon very angry, and he would have struck down the pilgrim at once, had he not hoped to gain him over. He roared terribly, and cried, "You are a rebel and a traitor, and deserve nothing but death at my hands. Yet I will forgive you if you will turn now and go back to my city and my service."

But Christian stood his ground bravely and defied the fiend.

"Beware, Apollyon!" he cried. "I am in the King's highway. Therefore, take heed to thyself."

"Ha!" answered Apollyon. "What care I for the King's highway?" And with one foot on one side of the road and one on the other, he stood directly in front of the pilgrim.

"Now I have you!" he said; and he drew flaming darts from his breast and threw them so that they fell like hail all around Christian's head.

But Christian held up his shield to protect himself, and drawing his sword, rushed boldly upon his foe. Then there was a fight such as neither you nor I have ever seen. The giant fiend and the valiant man wrestled and strove, they struck and parried, they pressed this way and that; and neither seemed to get the better of the other.

Christian was wounded in two or three places; and yet for a whole hour he stood up against his foe. At length, however, his foot slipped and he fell; and his sword flew out of his hand.

"Now I have thee!" shouted Apollyon.

But as the fiend raised his arm to fetch the last blow, Christian quickly stretched out his hand and recovered his sword. He leaped to his feet, crying, "Rejoice

not against me, O mine enemy. When I fall, I shall arise !”

With that, he gave the fiend a deadly thrust which made him pause and start back. Then Christian gave him another stroke and another.

Apollyon saw that he had met his match. He spread his dragon wings and flew away, over the plain ; and Christian saw him no more.

The pilgrim looked up and smiled. “Thanks be to Him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, and to Him that did help me against Apollyon,” he said.

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life ; and he took these and laid them upon his wounds, and he was healed immediately. And he sat down to eat bread and to drink from the bottle that was given him by the maidens of the House Beautiful.



THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

NOW I saw in my dream that when Christian had rested and refreshed himself, he again renewed his journey. And now he carried his sword drawn in his hand: for he said, "I know not what other enemy I may meet."

The way was rougher and narrower than before, and it led downward into a wild land of bogs and pits which was called the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Near the entrance to this valley, Christian met two men who were running back with as much speed as they could.

"Hold, men!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," they answered. "We have been as far in that valley as any one dares to go. The air is as dark as pitch down there. We saw hundreds of

hobgoblins and dragons and satyrs. We heard the most fearful shrieks and groans. Clouds of confusion hover in the darkness. And Death spreads his wings over the whole valley."

"All these things are dreadful," said Christian, "but I see that my way lies through this very valley."

"Well," said the men, "it is not our way"; and they parted.

Then Christian went down into the valley, carrying his sword in his hand. The way was very narrow. On one side of it there was a very deep ditch; on the other there was a dangerous bog which was without bottom.

As Christian went forward, groping in the darkness, he was much distressed. For when he would shun the ditch on the one hand, he felt himself slipping into the bog on the other; and when he drew away from the mire of the bog, he was in danger of stumbling into the ditch.

About the middle of the valley there was a yawning chasm close by the wayside; and out of this chasm came flame and smoke and hideous sounds, enough to frighten the bravest man. So here, Christian put up his sword and began to pray to the Lord of the hill, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!"

Thus, for a long time, he went onward; and the



"THUS, FOR A LONG TIME, HE WENT ONWARD"

angry waves reached their fiery tongues toward him as though they would devour him. Still he went onward; and he heard doleful sounds, the rushing of winds, and the shrieking of fiends.

At times he was minded to go back; but then he remembered the scenes he had passed through, and felt that the danger in front of him could be no greater than that which was behind.

At length, while he was still in the midst of alarms, he thought that he heard a voice in the darkness ahead of him. He listened. It was the voice of a man, speaking up clearly in the midst of the great uproar. "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Then Christian was glad, and he went on with a surer step than before. He called to him that was before: "Oh, my friend Faithful! Is it your voice that I hear?"

But no answer came out of the gloom.

Soon, however, the day broke, and the light of the sun began to dispel the darkness. Christian paused and looked back over the road he had traveled.

He could see plainly the ditch and the bog with the narrow pathway between them.

He could see the hobgoblins and the dragons and the satyrs; but they were far off, hiding in the shadows of the valley.

He gave thanks that he had escaped all these, and then resumed his journey. The way, however, was still beset with dangers, for he was not yet out of the valley. There were so many snares, traps, pits, and pitfalls all along the way, that had it now been dark he would surely have fallen into them and been lost. But, as I have said, the sun was rising.

.



THE MAN TALKATIVE

NOW I saw in my dream that Christian had come safely out of the dark valley, and was singing on his way. And as he came to the brow of a hill, whom should he see before him but his old friend Faithful?

“Ho! ho! soho!” he cried. “Wait and I will be your companion.”

Faithful looked behind him, but walked on.

“Wait! wait till I come up with you,” again called Christian.

But Faithful answered, “I must not tarry; for my errand is pressing.”

Then Christian ran with what speed he could, and not only overtook Faithful but passed by him. Then he looked back and laughed.

“You wouldn’t wait, and so I am ahead of you.”

But, as he was speaking, he stumbled and fell; and being worn with his journey he could not rise again till Faithful came to help him.

Then the two went on very lovingly together, talking of things that had happened to them on their pilgrimage. Each told the other of all that he had seen, and of the dangers he had escaped; and both were much comforted and strengthened.

They had walked thus a long way, when, chancing to look up, they saw a stranger near them who was going in the same direction.

"Whither away, friend?" asked Faithful. "Are you going to the Celestial Land?"

"That is the very place to which I am going," answered the stranger.

"I am glad," said Faithful; "and we shall be pleased to have your company."

"Nothing will please me better," said the stranger. "I hope that we shall have much pleasant talk together."

"Come on, then, and let us spend our time discoursing about things that are interesting and profitable," said Faithful.

"With all my heart," answered the stranger, "for I am very fond of talking."

So he came up and walked between the two pilgrims ; and as he walked he talked.

“How pleasant it is to talk !” he said. “How delightful to talk of the history and mystery of things ! A man may learn many things by talking and listening to talk. Let us talk of things heavenly or things earthly ; of things past or of things to come ; of things foreign or of things at home. We shall find all such discourse profitable.”

And so he went on, chattering about this thing and that, but saying nothing that could improve the mind or touch the heart. He talked and talked and talked ; and his words rippled from his mouth so pleasantly that even Faithful was inclined to think that there was some meaning to his speech.

But Christian kept silent, and gradually fell a little way behind the others. He was busy with his own thoughts, and the empty words of the stranger were unpleasant to him.

By and by, as the stranger was delivering a long speech and listening to himself with great delight, Faithful loitered a little until Christian had overtaken him.

“What a fine companion we have !” he whispered. “He will make a good pilgrim.”

Christian smiled. "He certainly has a fair tongue," he said.

"Do you know him?" asked Faithful.

"Know him! Yes, better than he knows himself."

"Tell me, then, who is he?"

"I wonder that you don't know him. He is a fellow from our town, and his name is Talkative. His father's name is Say-well, and his home is in Prating Row."

"Well, he seems to be a very pretty man," said Faithful.

"He is prettiest away from home," said Christian. "The people who know him say that it is better to deal with a Turk than with him. He is ugly to his family, ugly to his servants, ugly to all goodness at home. But he is always ready to talk, and he talks to please the company he is in."

"Since you know him so well," said Faithful, "I am led to believe that he is a great sayer but no doer. I am already sick of his prattle and his company. But how shall we get rid of him?"

"Only ask him some question touching his own life and morals, and see whether he won't become sick of your company," answered Christian.

So Faithful quickened his steps and soon caught up with Talkative.

“Come, what cheer? How are you now?” he asked.

“Very well, I thank you,” said Talkative. “I thought we should have had a great deal of talk by this time.”

“We will have it now,” said Faithful; and so by skillful questions he led the talkative man to say a great many things concerning the duties of life and the right way of living. Then he asked him plainly,

“Do you, yourself, live in this way? And do you do those things which you say all good and true men ought to do?”

Talkative hung his head, and was slow to answer. Then he said, “I see that you are ready to find fault with every man that you meet. I do not care to talk with such people; and so I will bid you good-by.”

And with that he leaped over the wall and walked away by himself across the field.

And Christian and Faithful went on together talking of the place to which they were bound, and rejoicing in the hope which filled their hearts.



VANITY FAIR

THEN I saw in my dream that, as Christian and Faithful journeyed onward, they came, by and by, to a large and famous town. The name of that town was Vanity; and a fair was held there all the year round.

The road to the Celestial City was through the midst of the town and the great fair; and so the two pilgrims must needs go that way.

As they walked they saw the places, rows, and streets where all sorts of things were bought and sold. One street was called the English Row, another the French Row, another the Italian Row, another the German Row. Every country in the world had its own place, where its own peculiar kinds of goods were sold.

And as the pilgrims went quietly along, intent upon

their own duty, they were beset by numbers of hawkers and barkers urging them to buy of their goods.

“What will you buy? What will you buy?” they cried; and they offered all sorts of vanities and follies.

The people who visited this fair and who spent most of their time there, were dressed in rich and gaudy apparel; and they seemed to have nothing to do but to eat, drink, and be merry. They moved hither and thither, from one street or row to another, laughing at this thing and that, and seeking always for something new.

And here at all times were seen cheats, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues of every kind; and here also were thieves, liars, and all sorts of wicked men.

“What will you buy? What will you buy?” cried the hawkers and barkers. And a crowd of idlers soon gathered around the pilgrims to see what they would do.

Then Faithful, turning, and looking at them gravely, answered, “We buy the truth.”

At that answer there was a great commotion in the street. Some laughed, some mocked, and some picked up stones to throw at the pilgrims.

At length the whole fair was in a hubbub, and Christian and Faithful were so hemmed in by the

multitude that they could go neither forward nor backward.

Then some officers of the town took them in charge and led them to the hall of the chief magistrate, where they were accused of having made an unlawful disturbance in the fair.

"You seem to be strangers in this place," said the chief magistrate sternly. "Where do you come from, and what is your business?"

"We are pilgrims," answered Christian, "and we are on our way to our own country, which is the Celestial Land."

"What do you mean by coming thus to our fair and trying to overturn it by your disorder?" asked the magistrate.

"We were but going peaceably along the highway," answered Faithful, "and we should have said nothing had not so many followed us, asking us to buy of their wares. Even then we did nothing, but said that we would buy the truth."

This answer caused the magistrate to fall into a great rage. He called them liars and disturbers of the peace, and commanded them to be punished.

So the officers of the town took them and beat them,



"THE TWO PRISONERS WERE BROUGHT INTO COURT"

and besmeared them with mud, and put them in a cage, where all the people of the fair might come and jeer at them.

But Christian and Faithful bore their punishment meekly, and made no answer to those who reviled them. Their very faces showed the goodness of their hearts; and since it could not be proved that they had done any harm, there were several of the townsfolk who began to speak well of them.

This put the magistrate and the rest of those at the fair into greater rage than before; and they declared that the pilgrims should suffer death.

So they put chains upon them and made their feet fast in the stocks. And a time was set when they should be tried before the judge of that country, who acted in the name of the king.

The day at last came, and the two prisoners were brought into court. The name of the judge was Sir Hategod; and he sat upon the bench with a jury of twelve picked men before him.

"You are charged," said he, "of being enemies to our town, the disturbers of our fair, and plotters against our king, who is the great Beelzebub. What have you to say in your defense?"

Then Faithful began to answer. "As for being an enemy," he said, "I set myself only against those who set themselves against the Almighty. As for disturbance, I have made none, for I am a man of peace. As for your king, Beelzebub, he is the enemy of our Lord, and I defy him."

Having said this, he sat down, and three witnesses were called. The names of these witnesses were Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank; and they had been hired for this work.

"Do you know this prisoner at the bar?" asked the judge.

Then Envy stepped forward and said, "My lord, I have known him a long time. He is one of the vilest men in our country. He has no regard for our king, our laws, or our customs. I have heard him say that all ought to be overthrown."

"What else have you to say?" asked the judge.

"Oh, I might say a thousand things about his villainess and his treason, but I will not weary the court. Perhaps I will say more after the other witnesses have spoken."

Then they called Superstition and bade him look at the prisoner.

"Do you know this man?" asked the judge.

"Well, I have no great acquaintance with him, nor do I wish to have," answered the witness. "But I know him to be a very pestilent fellow; and I have heard him speak ill of our king and our religion." And with this, he went on to accuse Faithful of many wicked deeds.

Finally, Pickthank was brought forward and asked to say what he knew about the prisoner.

"My lord, I have known him a very long time," he answered. "I have often heard him rail against our king, Beelzebub, and against the princes of our land. In fact, I have heard him rail against you, my lord. I have heard him call you a villain, and all sorts of other ugly names. I know him to be an enemy of our country and of our king."

The judge was now filled with anger towards Faithful; and he called upon the jury to decide among themselves and give their verdict concerning the vile prisoner before them.

So the jury consulted together, and each one gave his own opinion of the matter:

"I see clearly that this man is a heretic," said Mr. Blindman, who was the foreman.

“Yes! yes!” said Mr. Malice. “Away with him. I hate the very looks of him.”

“I never could endure him,” said Mr. Lovelust.

“Nor I, for he was always talking against my ways,” said Mr. Liveloose.

“Hang him, hang him!” said Mr. Heady.

“He’s a sorry scrub,” said Mr. Highmind.

“My heart riseth against him,” said Mr. Enmity.

“He is a rogue,” said Mr. Liar.

“Hanging is too good for him,” said Mr. Cruelty.

“Let us hasten to put him out of the way,” said Mr. Hatelight.

“Yes, let us forthwith sentence him to death,” said Mr. Implacable.

And so they did.

And the judge presently condemned him to be led from the place and put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out to do with him according to their law. They scourged him; they beat him with their fists; they stoned him with stones; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake.

Thus came Faithful to his end.

But, behold, there came a chariot with horses; and

Faithful, being freed from the body, was taken up into it; and straightway he was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

As for Christian, he was remanded to prison to wait for his trial at another time. But He that overrules all things so wrought it about that he escaped from his foes and went on his way. And as he went, the name of his dear friend was ever on his tongue —

“Sing, Faithful, sing,
And let thy name survive.
For though they killèd thee,
Thou art yet alive.”



THE FATE OF MR. BY-ENDS

NOW I saw in my dream that Christian was not alone as he left the town of Vanity. For he had as companion one who had been a citizen of that town, and whose name was now Hopeful.

“I will go with you,” said this man Hopeful, “because I have seen how gently and patiently and bravely you bore your sufferings at the Fair. And there are many others who witnessed the glorious death of Faithful and will follow after us.”

Now they had not gone very far on their way when they overtook one who was going before them. This person was very smartly dressed, he walked with his head thrown back, and he had ever a proud smile upon his face.

"Good-morning, fellow traveler," said Christian.
"How far go you in this way?"

"I am from the town of Fair-speech, and I am going to the Celestial City," he answered.

"From Fair-speech!" said Christian. "Is there any good thing in that town?"

"I hope so," was the answer.

"I have heard of that town. They say it is a very wealthy place," said Christian.

"Indeed, that is true," said the traveler. "I have a good many rich kindred there."

"Pray, sir, what may we call you?" asked Christian.

"I am a stranger to you, and you to me," was the answer. "If you are going this way, I shall be glad to go with you. I will say to you that I belong to a very respectable family. True, my great grandfather was only a ferryman, rowing one way and looking the other; but I have become a gentleman of the first quality."

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow, Hopeful, and said, "This man will not tell me his name, but I'm quite sure that he is the noted Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech."

"Ask him," said Hopeful; "he will surely not be ashamed of his name."

So Christian came up with him again and said, "I think I have a good guess at you. Isn't your name Mr. By-ends?"

"That is not my real name," answered the man; "but some people who don't like me have given it to me as a nickname."

"Did you never do anything to deserve such a name?"

"Never, never! The worst I ever did was to happen always to be on the same side as the company I am with. I never go against wind or tide. I like to go to church when I can wear my silver slippers. So why should men call me By-ends?"

"Well, if you go with us, you must go against wind and tide," said Christian.

"Indeed," answered By-ends, "if you don't wish my company, I can get along very well by myself." And with that he dropped behind, and Christian and Hopeful went onward with quickened steps.

Soon the road became broader and easier, and presently they saw spread out before them a beautiful plain called Ease. The way was now so pleasant that the pilgrims sang for joy; the plain was very level and they were soon across it.

At the farther side of the p'ain there was a hill, and in that hill there was a silver mine; but it was a little way off from the road.

As the pilgrims were looking at the hill they saw a man whose name was Demas standing beside it and beckoning to them.

"Ho, you travelers!" he said, "come over here, and I will show you something."

"What is it?" asked Christian.

"It is a silver mine," answered Demas, "and there are men here digging for treasure. If you would become rich, now is your time."

"Let's go and see," said Hopeful.

"Not I," answered Christian; "I've heard of this place before. There is a pit close by it, and many who have been lured that way have fallen into it and perished."

Then he turned again to Demas and asked, "Isn't that mine a very dangerous place for pilgrims?"

"Oh, no; not very dangerous," answered Demas; but he blushed as he spoke.

Then Christian took Hopeful by the hand and said, "Let us still keep on our way."

So they went on, and Hopeful, looking backward,

said, "I'll warrant you that when By-ends comes up, he will turn in to see that mine."

"No doubt of it," said Christian; "for he is that sort of man."

And it happened just so. For when By-ends came within sight of the hill and the mine, he had great longing to see the treasure that was hidden there. And when Demas beckoned to him, he ran over to the place and was seen no more. But whether he fell into the pit by looking over, or whether he went down to dig, or whether he was smothered by the gases in the mine — of these things I am not certain.



BY-PATH MEADOW

NOW I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful went until they came to a pleasant river ; and for a time their way lay just upon the bank of the river.

Here, therefore, they walked with great delight. They drank of the water of the river, and it was pleasant and strengthening to their weary spirits. On either side of the stream there were beautiful trees that bore all manner of fruit ; and the leaves of these trees were for medicine.

Here, also, they came to a meadow that was curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year round. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they were safe from all harm. When they awoke, they ate of the fruit of the trees, and drank of the life-giving water. Then they lay down again to sleep.

Thus they rested and refreshed themselves for several days; and when they were disposed to go on, they ate and drank and departed. But soon the river and the road parted, and at this they were very sorry. For now the way was rough to their travel-worn feet; and as they went on, they wished for a better way.

By and by, they saw on the left hand of the road a green meadow; and there was a stile to go over the fence into it. And a sign by the stile told them that this was By-path Meadow.

Christian's feet being tender, he went to the stile and looked over; and behold there was a pleasant path on the other side of the fence.

"This suits me," said Christian. "Here is the easiest going. Come, Hopeful, let us get over and follow this soft, cool path."

"What if it should lead us astray?" asked Hopeful.

"Oh, no danger of that," said Christian. "It keeps close along the roadside fence."

So they climbed over the stile and found the path very easy for their feet. They soon overtook a man who was walking the same way, and they asked him, "Whither does this pathway lead?"

"To the Celestial City," he answered.



"THEY CLIMBED OVER THE STILE"

"Are you quite sure?" asked Hopeful.

"I am confident of it," answered the stranger.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" said Christian. "And to make us doubly sure, see that finger board which says: TO THE CELESTIAL CITY."

So the stranger, whose name was Vain-confidence, went on before; and they followed him. But soon the night came on, and it grew very dark. They could not see the path. They lost sight of him that went before.

Presently, as they were groping in the dark, they heard a fearful scream, and then a crash, as of some one falling into a pit. They called out, and asked, "What is the matter? Where are we now?"

But the only answer they heard was a groaning in the darkness. And now it began to rain; and the thunder and lightning were most dreadful. The water also began to rise in the meadow, and they were fearful lest they should be drowned.

"Oh, that I had kept in the right way!" groaned Hopeful.

"But who would have thought that this path would lead us astray?" said Christian.

"I was afraid of it at the first," said Hopeful, "and

there I gave you a gentle hint. I would have spoken plainer, but you are older than I."

"Well, good brother," said Christian, "I am truly sorry that I have led you out of the way. Pray, forgive me; I did not intend wrong."

"Certainly, I forgive you," said Hopeful, "and I believe that this shall be for our good."

"Let us go back again, and try to find the road," said Christian.

"Yes, let us go; but I will lead the way," said Hopeful.

"No, let me go first," said Christian.

"Indeed, I will go first," said Hopeful; "for you might miss the way again."

Then they heard in the darkness a voice saying, "Set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest."

But by this time the waters were risen very high, and they were in great danger. They started bravely back, however, feeling their way at every step. And the flood was so high that nine or ten times they came near being drowned.

At last, reaching the high ground, where there was a little shelter, they crouched down in a dry place to rest. And being very weary they fell asleep.



GIANT DESPAIR

NOW I saw in my dream that not far from the place where the pilgrims lay, there was a castle called Doubting Castle. The owner of that castle was Giant Despair, and it was on his grounds that Christian and Hopeful were now sleeping.

This giant, getting up in the morning early, went out to walk in his fields; and there he beheld the two men asleep, being overwearied with struggling in the storm. He beat with his club upon the ground, and called out to them in a grim and surly voice:

“Wake up there, you! Get up, I say!”

In much alarm, and scarcely knowing where they were, they sprang to their feet and looked him in the face.

“Who are you? And why are you here, trespassing on my grounds?” he gruffly asked.

They told him that they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

"Well," said the giant, "you have trespassed upon my grounds, you have trampled upon and broken my shrubbery, and therefore you must go with me to my castle."

Then, with his great club in his hand, he drove them before him up to the great door of his castle; and he put them into a very dark and loathsome dungeon, where the light of the sun was never seen. There they lay helpless for three days and nights, without one bite of bread or drop of drink or any friend to ask them how they did.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. In the evening he told her about the prisoners he had taken, and asked her what he should do with them.

"Who are they?" she asked; "and whither are they going?"

"They say they are pilgrims, and that they are bound for the Celestial City," answered the giant.

"That is a likely story," said the woman. "Tomorrow morning, give them a good beating, and see what they will say then."

So, as soon as he arose the next morning, he took his crab-tree club and went down into the dungeon. There he first began to abuse them by calling them all sorts of wicked names; but they made him no answer.

Then he fell upon them with his club and beat them most savagely until they fell upon the floor and were not able to help themselves in the least. Having done this, he left them alone in the darkness, to moan and groan in their deep distress. And there they lay all that day, expecting only to die.

In the evening the giant's wife asked him what he had done with his prisoners. He told her that he had beaten them without mercy, but that they were still alive and groaning on the floor of the dungeon.

"Why don't you kill them at once?" she asked.

"Truly, that is what I should like to do," answered Giant Despair; "but I don't dare to put myself in danger of the law."

"Well, then, if I were you," said the woman, "I would give them some knives and tell them to kill themselves."

The giant was pleased with this advice, and early the next morning he went down into the dungeon again. He spoke to them in the same surly manner as

before, and told them that they need never expect to get out of that place alive.

“You had better make way with yourselves, and so end your misery,” he said. And with that, he placed sharp knives and a bottle of poison on the floor beside them.

But Christian answered him meekly: “We are sorry that we trespassed upon your grounds; and, indeed, we should not have done so but for the darkness. If you will kindly allow us to depart, we promise never to trouble you again.”

This pleasant speech put the giant into a terrible rage. He rushed upon the helpless men and would have killed them with his club; but as he was going to strike he fell into a fit and lost the use of his hand. For in sunshiny weather he often had such fits.

When, by and by, he came to himself, he arose and left the dungeon quietly. And the pilgrims sat on the floor, and asked each other what they should do.

“Here we shall indeed perish,” said Christian, “for there is no one to help us.”

“Do you remember how brave you were in other places?” asked Hopeful. “Think how you fought with Apollyon. Think how you faced the terrors of

the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Think how you played the man at Vanity Fair, and feared neither chain nor cage nor bloody death. So, let us bear up with what patience we can."

The next morning the giant went down into the dungeon again. There he found his two prisoners not only alive but somewhat stronger than before, and the sight of them roused his anger again.

"What! Still alive?" he said gruffly.

Then he opened a little window in the wall of the dungeon and showed them the yard of the castle. It was strewn with white bones and skulls, and was indeed a dreadful place to look into.

"Do you see those bones?" said Giant Despair. "They are bones of men who were once pilgrims as you are. They trespassed upon my grounds and I tore them in pieces, just as I shall tear you when I am ready."

Then he gave them another beating and left them in a worse state than before.

"It is strange how much they can endure," he said to his wife. "You would think that with all the beatings I have given them, and with all my advice, they would have come to an end before now."

"I am afraid that they are expecting some one to come and help them," answered the woman. "Or perhaps they have pick-locks in their pockets, and hope to open the doors with them and escape."

"Well, I never thought of that," said the giant. "To-morrow morning I will search them."

Now, a little before day, Christian sprang up quickly and cried out, "What a fool I am! Here I am lying in this dungeon when I might as well be walking at liberty. I have a key here in my bosom. It is called Promise, and I'm quite sure it will open any lock in Doubting Castle."

"That's good news, brother," said Hopeful. "Try it, and let us see what it will do."

Christian took the key from his bosom and began to try at the dungeon door. Quickly the bolts moved back, and the door opened.

Then Christian and Hopeful both went out; and when they had come to the outer door of the castle, they unlocked that also.

They crossed the courtyard softly, and came to the great iron gate. Christian fitted the key into the lock, but it took all his strength to turn it. At length they pushed the gate open; but it made such a creaking

on its hinges that Giant Despair heard it, and came rushing out in pursuit of his prisoners.

But when he had nearly overtaken them he fell into another fit, and they escaped him. So they went on until they came to the stile; and having climbed it, they were again in the King's highway, and so were safe once more.

"I hope no other pilgrims will ever fall into the hands of that giant," said Hopeful.

"But they may do so," answered Christian. "The stile is easy to climb, and the grounds by the castle are very inviting."

"Let us put up a sign to warn those who may come after us," said Hopeful.

So they set up a pillar close by the stile; and upon one side of the pillar they wrote these words:

OVER THIS STILE
is the way to
DOUBTING CASTLE
which is kept by
GIANT DESPAIR
who despises the King of the Celestial Country,
and seeks to destroy his
HOLY PILGRIMS.

Having put up this warning, they went again upon their way ; and as they went they sang,

“We wandered from the King’s highway
To seek an easier road ;
But wandering thus, we came unto
A giant’s grim abode.

“O Pilgrims, who may follow us,
We bid you walk with care,
Lest you like us do fall into
The power of Giant Despair.”



THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

NOW I saw in my dream that the pilgrims came at length to the Delectable Mountains. These are the mountains which belong to the Lord of the Celestial Land, and which Christian had seen afar off when at the House Beautiful.

Very joyfully did the two weary ones go up into these mountains. And there they beheld the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water. There also they drank and washed themselves; and they ate freely of the grapes of the vineyard.

Now there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the side of the highway. The pilgrims, therefore, as they came up, were fain to speak with them. So they stopped and

rested, each leaning upon his staff, as weary pilgrims do when talking with any one on the road.

"Whose Delectable Mountains are these?" asked Christian.

The eldest of the shepherds answered, "They belong to Immanuel, the Lord of the Celestial Land, and they are within sight of his city. These sheep are also his, and he loves them."

"Is this the way to the Celestial City?" asked Hopeful.

"The way you are in is the right way," answered the shepherd.

"How far is it thither?"

"It is too far for any but those who will surely get there."

"Is the way safe or dangerous?"

"It is safe for those who deserve to be safe, but dangerous to the unworthy."

Then the shepherds, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand and welcomed them to the Delectable Mountains. They led them to their tent and gave them food and drink.

"Now stay with us a while, and let us become acquainted," they said.



" THEY WALKED A WHILE AND SAW MANY WONDERFUL VIEWS "

So the pilgrims tarried with them, and slept in their tent that night; for they were very weary.

In the morning the shepherds called Christian and Hopeful, and asked them to walk out a little way upon the mountains. So they walked a while, and saw many wonderful views.

They saw in the distance a dreadful hill called Error. The sides of it were very steep, and the shepherds said that many a man had tried to climb to its top and had perished.

Then the shepherds led them to the summit of a hill called Caution; and there they saw a path which led straight down to Doubting Castle and the grounds of Giant Despair.

At last they led them to a very high hill called Clear. "From this spot we will show you the gates of the Celestial City," they said.

Now the eldest of the shepherds, whose name was Knowledge, had a wonderful spyglass in which things that are far away appear as very close at hand. He put this spyglass into Christian's hands and bade him look through it, if indeed he had the skill to do so.

Christian put it to his eye and looked; and after him Hopeful did likewise. But their hearts were so

moved by what they had already been told that their hands shook and they could not look steadily through the glass. They thought, however, that they saw something like a gate, and also some of the glory of the place.

After this they returned to the shepherds' tent, and there they refreshed themselves for their journey. And when they were ready to depart, the kind shepherds went a little way with them, and taking them by the hand, bade them farewell.

"I give you a pocket map of the way," said Knowledge. "Whenever you are in doubt, look at it."

"Beware of the Flatterer," said Experience.

"Take heed that you do not sleep in the Enchanted Land," said Watchful.

"God speed you on your way," said Sincere.

Then, turning, the shepherds went back to their sheep, and the pilgrims went on their way.



THE FLATTERER

NOW I saw in my dream that the two pilgrims went down the mountain along the King's highway. Near the foot of the mountain they saw a crooked little lane which opened into the highway ; and as they were wondering whither it led, they saw a finger board at the side of it on which was written

THIS WAY LIETH THE LAND OF CONCEIT

While they were reading the sign, a very brisk young man came down the lane into the highway.

"Good morning, strangers," said he. "Whither are you going?"

"We are on our way to the Celestial City," answered Christian. "Who are you, and whither are you bound?"

"People call me Ignorance," answered the young

man, "though I don't know why I should have that name. I have come out of the Land of Conceit, and I, too, am going to the Celestial City."

"Do you think you will get into the city?" asked Christian.

"Well, I don't know," answered Ignorance. "Other good people get in, and I think I can do so."

"Why didn't you come into the highway through the wicket gate?" asked Hopeful.

"The wicket gate is a long way from our country," answered the young man. "And indeed, what is the use of a wicket gate when one can come in by way of a pleasant green lane like this?"

Then the pilgrims walked onward, and Ignorance followed them a long way, calling to them now and then to ask a question.

They went on till they came to a place where another road joined itself to the King's highway. It seemed as straight and as well-built as the highway itself; and they were not sure which was the right road and which was the wrong.

As they stood, uncertain which way to go, a man dark of skin but wearing a snow-white robe came up with them.

"Well, my worthy friends," said he, "whither are you journeying?"

"We are journeying to the Celestial City," answered Christian. "But these two roads are so nearly alike that we know not which to take."

"I am going thither," said the man, "and I know the way very well. If you will follow me, I will be your guide."

So they followed him. But he led them by a way which after a while began to turn a little and a little away from the city. It kept turning until in time their faces looked away from the Celestial Land; yet they kept on following him.

"You are very wise men," said the stranger, "and there is no one who can walk with surer steps than you."

But after a time they found themselves caught in a net. The net was so tangled about them that they could not get out. Then the white robe fell off the dark man's back, and they saw where they were.

They lay struggling and helpless for some time. "Now," said Christian, "I see my error. We have been following the Flatterer. For is it not written that 'he that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet'?"

“Didn’t the shepherds warn us against this fellow?” said Hopeful. “And didn’t they give us a pocket map of the way?”

Thus they lay bewailing and blaming themselves in the net.

After a long time they looked up and saw a Shining One coming towards them with a whip of cords in his hand. He came up and asked them who they were and how they came to be there.

“We are pilgrims to the Celestial City,” answered Christian; “but we were led out of our way by a dark man clothed in white. He told us to follow him, for he knew the way.”

“The dark man was Flatterer in the garb of an angel of light,” said the Shining One; and he cut the net to pieces and set the men free.

“Now follow me,” said he, “and I will set you in your way again.”

So he led them back to the King’s highway. Then he asked them sharply,

“Did you not stay a little while with the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains?”

They answered, “We did.”

“And did not one of the shepherds give you a pocket

map on which was shown every part of the King's highway?"

"He did," answered Christian.

"Did you, when you were uncertain, look at this map and read the directions that are printed upon it?"

"Alas, no!" they both answered.

"Why?"

"We forgot about it."

"Did the shepherds warn you against any person?"

"Yes, against the Flatterer. But this man talked so pleasantly that we did not imagine it was he."

Then the Shining One bade them lie down upon the ground; and he whipped them sorely with his whip of cords. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten," he said.

Then he raised them up, and bade them go on their way; and they thanked him for his kindness and went softly along the right road, rejoicing that their faces were once more set towards the Celestial Land.



THE ENCHANTED LAND

THEN I saw in my dream that they went till they came into a certain country where the air was such as to make them feel very drowsy. The soft breezes, which scarcely stirred the leaves, were laden with sweet perfumes, and the mossy banks in the shade of the trees invited to rest.

Then Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy of sleep. And he said to Christian, "I can scarcely hold open my eyes, I am so drowsy; let us lie down here and take a short nap."

But Christian answered, "Let us do no such thing, lest sleeping, we never wake again!"

"Why so, my brother?" said Hopeful. "Sleep is sweet to the weary traveler and to the laboring man. A little nap might greatly refreshen us."

"Listen to me, Hopeful," said Christian. "Do you not remember that one of the shepherds warned us to beware of falling asleep in the Enchanted Land? Therefore, let us keep awake and watch, lest evil befall us."

"You are right, brother," said Hopeful. "If I had been here alone I should have given up to sleep, and perhaps I should have been in danger of death. The wise man was right when he said, 'Two are better than one.'"

"Well," said Christian, "let us by all means keep awake; and to drive away this drowsiness, let us talk with each other about our journey and the place whither we are bound."

"With all my heart," said Hopeful.

So they walked on, and as they walked they talked. But the air was heavy, and there was ever a sound of sweet music in their ears, which, if they had listened to, would have lulled them to sleep. Yet as often as Hopeful showed signs of drowsiness, Christian would shake him a little and cry,

"Wake up, brother!"

Then they would walk onward, sweetly conversing about the things that were uppermost in their minds;

and by and by, when Christian himself began to be overcome, Hopeful in his turn would cry,

“Wake up, brother!”

Thus they walked onward, cheering and comforting and warning each other, until they were safely through the Enchanted Land.



THE LAND OF BEULAH

NOW I saw in my dream that the pilgrims went on, and by and by entered into the country of Beulah. This was indeed a pleasant land and a healthful one. For the air was very sweet, and the sun shone night and day.

There they heard always the singing of birds; they saw every day the flowers blooming in wood and field; they heard the cooing of turtle doves and the songs of running brooks.

So in this land the pilgrims tarried a while and solaced themselves. For the Land of Beulah is beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is also out of reach of Giant Despair, and Doubting Castle cannot so much as be seen from its hilltops.

But the pilgrims were here within sight of the city

they were going to; and as they rested themselves, some of the people of that city came out to see them. For in this land the Shining Ones came often to walk, because it was on the borders of the Celestial Country.

Here the pilgrims had no want of corn and wine; for in this place was an abundance of all the things they had sought in their pilgrimage. And as they walked onward, their joy became greater, day by day. Then, as they drew nearer the city, they began to have a more perfect view of it.

They saw that it was builded of pearls and precious stones, and that the streets were paved with gold. Then, as they beheld somewhat of its natural glory and the sunbeams that enlightened it, Christian could scarcely wait to enter it. His desire was so great that he fell sick; and Hopeful also had a fit of the same disease.

Therefore, they lay for a while in the Land of Beulah, looking wistfully over towards the Celestial Gate, and crying out because of their great desire. But after a time, being better able to hold themselves, they arose and went on. They went on and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards and vineyards and beautiful gardens.

Now as they passed these places, they saw the gardener standing in the way. They asked him, "Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?"

"They are the King's," he answered. "They are planted here for his own delight and for the solace of pilgrims."

Then he led them into the vineyards and bade them refresh themselves with the dainty fruit that hung clustering on the vines. He showed them also the King's walks, and the pleasant arbors where he delighted to be. And here they tarried a while and slept. And sweet dreams came to them in their sleep, and they talked aloud of the joys that were in store for them.

In the morning when they awoke they turned their steps once more towards the city. But the sunbeams which rested upon it were so extremely glorious that they could not look that way with open face. So, as they went, they had need to look through glasses that had been made for that purpose.

Then I saw, as they went on, that two men in shining raiment came forth to meet them; and the faces of these men shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They asked them where they had lodged; and they told

them. They asked them what dangers they had met and what difficulties they had overcome; and they told them.

“There are still two difficulties which you must surmount, and then you will be in the city,” said the men.

“Will you not walk with us until we come to our journey’s end?” asked Christian and Hopeful.

“That we will do,” answered the men; “but it is by your own faith that you must go on in safety to the Celestial Gate.”



THE RIVER OF DREAD

NOW I saw in my dream that they went on together until they came in sight of the gate. I further saw that between them and the gate there was a river and there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep.

When the pilgrims came to this river, they were much disheartened; but the men who were with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot get to the gate."

Christian was greatly cast down by this answer, and began to wish that he might draw back and escape. But Hopeful took him by the hand and cheered him with comforting words. Then as they came to the water's edge, they asked the men how deep the river was.

“You will find it deeper or shallower, as you put your trust in the King,” was the answer.

So they stepped in. Then Christian felt himself beginning to sink, and he cried out, “O Hopeful, my friend, I sink in deep waters. The billows go over my head; the waves cover me!”

But Hopeful answered, “Be of good cheer, my brother! My feet are on the bottom, and it is good.”

Still Christian cried out in his despair, “I shall perish in this river. I shall never see the Celestial Land — the land of milk and honey.”

Hopeful, therefore, had much ado to keep his brother's head above water. Indeed, sometimes he would be quite gone down; and in a little while he would rise up again half dead.

But all the time, Hopeful tried to cheer him. “Brother, I see the gate,” he said. “I see the men standing by to welcome us.”

“It is you for whom they wait,” answered Christian. “They wait for you and not me. You have been Hopeful ever since I knew you.”

“And so have you,” answered Hopeful. “Remember how you have kept your face turned always toward the Celestial Land.”

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was silent for a time as though in deep thought. And Hopeful said, "Be of good cheer. We shall soon be on the other side. I see the Prince of the Celestial Land."

"I see him, too," cried Christian; "and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

Soon the water became shallower, and Christian found the bottom good ground to walk upon. So they went on, cheerfully and with hopeful hearts; and thus they got over.



THE END OF THE JOURNEY

THEN I saw in my dream that the pilgrims being come out of the water, two Shining Ones met them and saluted them. And all went walking along together towards the gate.

Now the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up with ease; for the Shining Ones led them and helped them. They had also left their heavy garments behind in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them.

So they went up lightly and with speed, though the city was higher than the clouds. They went up through the clear air, talking sweetly as they went; for they were comforted because they had safely crossed the river and were being led by such glorious companions.

The Shining Ones talked to them on the way and told them about the beauty and the grandeur of the place. "You are now going," they said, "to the paradise of our Lord. There you shall see the tree of life and eat of its never-fading fruits. There you shall be clothed with glory and with majesty; and there you shall see the King as he is. There your friends will meet you, even those who have come before; and you shall with joy receive every one that follows into the holy place after you."

Now as they were drawing near the gate, a great company came out to meet them. And the two Shining Ones said, "These are the men that have loved our Lord and have left all for his sake. He has sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their journey."

Then there was a great shout of welcome; and the King's trumpeters saluted them with music loud and sweet. And the great company surrounded them on every side. Some went before, some behind, and all walked on together towards the gate.

But before they came to it, they had another view of the city itself; and the pilgrims thought that they heard the bells therein ringing sweetly to welcome them.

And so they went on, and the watchmen at the gate looked over and saw them and asked who they were.

“These pilgrims,” answered a Shining One, “are come from the City of Destruction for the love that they bear to the King of this place.”

Then Christian and Hopeful gave their passports to the keepers of the gate ; and the command was given that they should enter.

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate : and lo, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. Then I heard all the bells in the city ring out for joy ; and a voice sweeter than any earthly music said unto them.

“ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD.”

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

THE CONCLUSION

NOW, Reader, I have told my dream to thee ;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbor ; but take heed
Of misinterpreting ; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
By misinterpreting, evil ensues. . . .
What of my dross thou findest here, be bold
To throw away ; but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrappèd up in ore ? —
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS
TO COME

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF
A DREAM

THE SECOND PART

THE DIVISIONS OF THE SECOND PART

	PAGE
THE AUTHOR'S WAY	133
INTRODUCTORY PARAGRAPH	135
THE DEPARTURE	137
AT THE WICKET GATE	142
THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER	147
GREATHEART	153
AT THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL	159
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION	166
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW	170
THE NEW TOWN OF VANITY	176
DOUBTING CASTLE	180
IN PERIL IN THE ENCHANTED GROUND	186
REST IN THE LAND OF BEULAH	193
ENVOY	198



THE AUTHOR'S WAY

OF SENDING FORTH HIS SECOND PART OF THE PILGRIM

GO now, my little book, to every place
Where my first Pilgrim has but shown his face,
Call at the door. If any say, "Who's there?"
Then answer thou, "Christiana is here."
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys; and then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came;
Perhaps they know them by their looks or name.

But, if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not entertain
One Christian, a Pilgrim. If they say
They did, and were delighted in his way,
'Then let them know, that those related were
Unto him; yea his wife and children are.

Tell them that they have left their house and home,
 Are turnèd Pilgrims, seek a world to come ;
 That they have met with hardships in the way,
 That they do meet with troubles, night and day ;
 Yea, tell them of the next, who have,
 Of love of pilgrimage, been stout and brave
 Defenders of that way, and how they still
 Refuse this world, to do their Father's will.

Go, tell them also of those dainty things,
 That pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings.
 Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
 Belovèd of their King, under his care.
 What goodly mansions he for them provides,
 Though they meet with rough winds and swelling
 tides ;
 How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
 Who to their Lord, and by his ways hold fast.

Perhaps with heart and hand they will embrace
 Thee, as they did my firstling, and will grace
 Thee and thy fellows with such cheer and fare,
 As show that they of Pilgrims lovers are.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

Some time ago I told you of my dream about Christian the Pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey to the Celestial Country; and the telling of it was pleasing to me and I hope profitable to you. Now, not long ago, I went down again towards that place wherein there is a Den; and having taken up my lodgings in a wood near by, I slept and dreamed again.



"CHRISTIANA AND HER BOYS WENT OUT HOPEFULLY"



Rachael Robinson E. Miller

THE DEPARTURE

I THOUGHT that I saw in my dream the little house in the City of Destruction, which had once been Christian's home. In that house sat Christian's wife, her eyes full of brinish tears and her mind burdened with many grievous thoughts.

Then, as she moaned and wept, she said to her children, "Sons, we are all undone. Your father is gone to the Celestial Land. He would have had us with him, but I would not go. And now we are left alone in this place with no one to comfort us."

With that the boys fell all into tears, and cried out to go after their father.

"Oh, that we had gone with him!" cried Christiana, for that was her name. "Oh, that we had shared

his burden and his perils, for then had it fared well with us."

Then all wept and cried out, "Oh, woe worth the day!"

In the morning when they were up and still feeling very sorrowful, they heard some one knocking hard at the door.

"If thou comest in God's name, come in," said Christiana.

So he opened the door and came in, saying, "Peace be to this house."

Christiana saw that he was a messenger, and her heart waxed warm, for she hoped that he brought news of her husband.

Then he said to her, "My name is Secret, and I dwell with those that are high. I have come from the Lord of the Celestial Land to tell thee that he is willing to receive thee. He invites thee to come to his table, and he will feed thee with the fat of his house. Thy husband is already there, and he will be glad to hear the sound of thy feet."

At this the good woman was quite overcome, and she cried out, "Sir, I am ready to go. Will you carry me and my children with you?"

Then answered the messenger, "Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. You must pass through troubles, as Christian did, before you can enter the Celestial City. Follow the light which you see dimly in the distance. Go to the wicket gate. Keep to the straight and narrow way."

Having said this, the messenger bade her farewell, and Christiana called her sons together.

"Come, my children," she said, "let us pack up and be off to the gate that leads to the Celestial Land."

When the children heard this, they danced for joy, for they longed to follow in the footsteps of their father. So all made haste to get ready for the journey.

But just as they were about to be gone, two women who were neighbors of Christiana came up to the house and knocked at the door. And when they saw the mother and the boys all ready to set out from their home, they were much surprised.

"Indeed, indeed, what is the meaning of this?" asked one of them, whose name was Mrs. Timorous.

"We are going on a journey," answered Christiana.

"A journey! Where to, I pray you?" cried Mrs. Timorous.

"Even to go after my good husband," said Christiana; and with that she began to weep.

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry for it," said Mrs. Timorous. "Only think of the perils in your way. Think of your four little boys, and remember that the safest place is at home."

"Tempt me not, my neighbor," answered Christiana. "I have fully made up my mind, and nothing can turn me back."

"Fool! fool!" said Mrs. Timorous, and she mocked Christiana and spoke many bitter words to her. Then she turned to the other young woman and said, "Come, Mercy, let us go home. She will have her own way, and so let her suffer as she deserves."

But Mercy's kind heart was touched at the thought of parting with Christiana. So she answered Mrs. Timorous, and said, "Nay, I think I will walk a little way with her and the boys. The day is bright and fair, and I will help them to get well started on their journey."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Timorous. "You want to go a fooling, too, do you? But take heed in time, and be wise. While we are out of danger, we are out; but when we are in, we are in."

Then Mrs. Timorous returned to her own house. And Christiana and her boys went out hopefully and began their journey. And the sweet-faced maiden whose name was Mercy went with them.

“I will be your companion even to the wicket gate and as much farther as the King will permit me to go,” she said.



AT THE WICKET GATE

NOW I saw in my dream that they went onward over the plain in the way which Christian had gone before them. The way was rough and uneven, and they often grew tired; but Mercy was ever at hand to cheer and comfort them, and oftentimes she took the youngest child in her arms and carried him.

They came, by and by, to the great bog, the Slough of Despond, and it was even more miry than it had been when Christian fell into it. But they must needs get across it; and Christiana sank deep in the mud more than once or twice. Mercy also came near sticking in the oozy mire. But the boys, being quick of feet and light of heart, went over without knowing that any bog was there.

So they went on until presently they came to the

wicket gate. Then as they stood before it they began to wonder how they should get through. They saw the words written above it, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." But which of them should do the knocking?

At last Christiana ventured to knock. She knocked and knocked and knocked, just as her poor husband had done. Then, from within, they heard a dog barking. It was a large dog, too, and the women and children were much afraid.

What should they do? They were afraid to knock again. They were afraid to run back, lest they should offend the King. They were afraid to stand still and wait.

After a time, Christiana went up, trembling, and knocked again. Then the keeper of the gate came, and having opened the wicket, he asked, "Who is there?"

Christiana answered him truthfully, "I am the wife of Christian who once did pass this way, and these are his children and mine. We would fain journey onward, through this gate, to the Celestial City."

Then the keeper took her by the hand and led her in. He also lifted the boys over the threshold and brought them through the gate.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," he said, and with that, he shut the wicket.

Now all this while, Mercy stood outside, trembling and crying; neither did she venture to make herself known. When Christiana saw that the maiden had been left behind, she began to intercede for her. "I have a dear friend who is waiting outside," she said. "She is on the same errand as myself; but she had not the courage to come in, seeing that no one has invited her."

At that moment a sudden knocking at the gate was heard. It was so loud that it startled those who were within.

"Who is there?" cried the keeper.

And Christiana answered, "It must be my friend."

So he opened the gate and looked out. But Mercy had fainted and had fallen upon the ground; for she was afraid that no gate would be opened to her, and the barking of the dog filled her with alarm.

Then the keeper took her by the hand and lifted her up. And when she had revived a little, he led her gently in and welcomed her to the place. So now all were safe on the safe side of the wicket gate; and while

the keeper was going about his duties, they began to rejoice.

“How glad I am that we are here !” said Christiana.

“So may we all well be,” said Mercy, “but I have indeed cause to leap for joy.”

“When I heard that savage dog, I feared that we were indeed lost,” said Christiana. “I had scarcely strength enough to knock.”

“It was the same way with myself,” said Mercy. “I came near losing all hope.”

“I marvel in my heart why the keeper has such an ugly cur,” said Christiana. “Had I known it, I would never have had the courage to come near the gate. But now that we are in, we are in, and I am glad.”

“Well, the next time he comes near us, I will ask him why he keeps such a filthy beast in his yard,” said Mercy.

“Yes, do !” cried all the boys ; “and persuade him to kill the ugly thing. We are afraid he will bite us when we go out.”

So, presently, when the keeper came again by the place where they were resting, Mercy asked him, “Good sir, why do you keep that cruel dog in your yard ? We are all much afraid of him.”

The keeper answered, "The dog is not mine, neither is he in my yard. He belongs to the castle which you see near by, and the castle yard comes quite close to the gate. He has frightened many honest pilgrims by his barking ; but he cannot get to them to harm them."

"We are glad of that," said the boys.

Then Christiana began to talk of their journey, and to inquire after the way. So the keeper of the gate brought them water to wash their feet ; he set a table before them and gave them nourishing food ; and when they had eaten and were refreshed, he showed them the narrow way which Christian had followed before them.

"This is the King's highway," he said. "Be sure that you do not wander from it."

So they thanked him for all his kindness, and he bade them Godspeed on their journey.



THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

NOW I saw in my dream that Christiana and Mercy, with the four boys, went onward in the way they had been shown, and the weather was very comfortable to them.

They had gone only a little distance from the wicket gate when they saw a pleasant orchard on one side of the road. It was full of trees bearing all manner of beautiful fruit, and some of these trees grew so close to the highway that their branches overhung the wall.

So, as they were walking along, they saw on the ground many ripe apples which had fallen from the branches. These apples being mellow and sweet, the boys picked up not a few and did eat some of them as they went. But soon they began to feel sick, and all day long they suffered pain and were sorry.

"Well, my sons," said Christiana, "the fruit was not yours, and you should not have touched it." But she did not know that the orchard belonged to the giant owner of the castle. If she had, she would have been filled with fear.

So they went on until they came to the Interpreter's house, and there Christiana knocked as she had done at the gate before. Now when she had knocked, there came to the door a maid whose name was Innocent. The maid opened the door and looked ; and behold two women were there.

"What is it that you wish here?" she asked.

Christiana answered, "We are pilgrims, and we have been told we would find a friendly welcome here. The day, as you see, is far spent, and we cannot well go farther to-night."

"Pray, what is your name, that I may tell it to my master?" said Innocent.

"My name is Christiana, and I am the wife of Christian, who passed this way some time ago. These four boys are his sons and mine, and this maiden is my young friend, Mercy, who is going with us on this pilgrimage."

Then Innocent ran joyfully into the house and cried

out, "Only think who is at the door! It is Christiana and her children and her companion, and they wait to be lodged and entertained here to-night."

Then the Interpreter himself went to the door and welcomed them.

"Come in, thou faithful one," he said. "Come, children, come in. Come, maiden, come in."

So he led them into the great room of the house, and bade them sit down and rest. And all who were of the household came in to see them: and one smiled, and another smiled, and all smiled for joy.

Now, while supper was being made ready, the Interpreter took them into the different rooms and showed them the moving pictures and the other wonderful things which he had shown to Christian some time before. They saw the two children, Patience and Passion, and the man in the cage, and the man and his dream, and other instructive and curious things.

The Interpreter took them also into a room where there was a man with his eyes always turned towards the ground. This man had a muck rake in his hands, and he did nothing but rake to himself the straws and the sticks and the dust of the earth. But above his head there was a golden crown, which he might have taken

and worn had he only looked upward and desired the best gifts.

"Straws and sticks and dust are the great things which many people now spend their time in raking together," said the Interpreter.

Then he led them into the largest room of the house, and a very brave room it was. "Tell me what you see here," he said.

They looked round and round, but there was nothing to be seen but a big spider on the wall.

"I see nothing," said Mercy.

"Look again," said the Interpreter.

"Well, I see an ugly spider hanging on the wall," answered Mercy.

"Yes, and this spider teaches us a lesson," said the Interpreter. "For is it not written, 'The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces'? So there are bad and loathly things even in the highest places."

Then he led them into the barnyard and showed the boys a brood of chickens drinking at a trough. And he told them how the mother hen cared for them and called them as she had need.

"She has a common call, when she gives them noth-

ing," he said. "She has a special call, when she has something good for them. She has a brooding call, when she would gather them under her wings. And she has a call of alarm to warn them of danger. Even so does our King call us, his children."

Then he led them into his garden and showed them his flowers.

"See how different these flowers are," he said. "Some are tall, some are short; some have one color, some another; some are better than the rest, some worse. But they stand where the gardener planted them and do not complain of their lot."

At length he took them again into the house; and when supper was ready they all sat down to a bounteous feast. And while they ate, one of the household played sweet music, and another sang. Thus the evening passed pleasantly; and that night the pilgrims rested from their weariness and were greatly refreshed.

In the morning they rose with the sun, and were soon ready to renew their journey. But the Interpreter would not let them go until they had bathed themselves in a fountain in his garden.

So they went and washed, the women and the boys also. And they came out of that bath not only sweet

and clean, but much enlivened and strengthened. And they looked fairer and much more beautiful than they had ever looked before.

Then the Interpreter bade his servants give them new clothing, fine linen, white and clean. And when they were clad in these garments they stood amazed, each looking at the others and wondering because of their beauty.

Finally, the Interpreter called for a man-servant of his whose name was Greatheart.

"Greatheart," said he, "arm yourself with sword and shield. Put on your helmet and your coat of mail. Then go forth with these my daughters and these noble boys, and protect them on their way. Lead them to the House Beautiful, which will be their next resting place."

So Greatheart took his weapons and went out before them. The Interpreter bade them Godspeed, and they went on their way rejoicing.



GREATHEART

NOW I saw in my dream that they went on, and Greatheart walked before them. The way was narrow and sometimes steep, but they were refreshed and strong, and so they felt no weariness.

They passed the place where Christian's burden had fallen from his back ; and they saw the tomb into which it had tumbled.

They passed also by the cliff where Christian had seen Simple, Sloth, and Presumption lying asleep.

Thus they went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty ; and there Greatheart showed them everything that would interest them to see.

"Here," said he, "is the spring that Christian drank from, before he went up the hill. And here are the two byways where Formality and Hypocrisy lost

themselves. These are very dangerous paths. They have lately been stopped up with posts and chains, as you see, but still there are many who venture into them rather than take the pains to climb the hill."

After they had rested a little while, they set forward to go up the hill; and Greatheart led the way. But before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant for very weariness.

"Surely, this is a breathing hill," she said; "I don't wonder that some people try to go around it."

Mercy, too, was very tired, and the youngest of the boys began to cry.

"Come, come," said Greatheart, "be brave a little longer. There is an arbor a little above, and there you may sit down and rest."

Then he took the little boy by the hand and led him the rest of the way: and at the hardest places he lifted him and carried him.

"Well, how do you like being a pilgrim?" he asked, when they had reached the top.

"Very well, sir, and I thank you," answered the boy. "It is like going up a ladder; but I would rather climb a ladder than fall into a pit."

So they went on till they came in sight of the lions.

Now Greatheart was a strong man and was not afraid of the beasts ; but the boys cringed behind him, and were much alarmed.

“Well, well !” said Greatheart. “You boys were brave when there was no danger ; but now you wish some one else to be brave.”

Then he drew his sword and went forward to meet the lions ; but suddenly an ugly giant stood in the road before him. The name of this giant was Grim, and it was his custom to waylay pilgrims who were going through this lonely place.

“How now ?” he cried to Greatheart. “What are you doing here ?”

Then answered the brave guide, “These women and children are going on a pilgrimage. This is the way they must go, and I will lead them safe through in spite of giants and lions.”

“Indeed, you shall not,” roared Grim. “You shall not go past me and my lions.”

But Greatheart was not afraid. He said not another word, but rushed upon the giant with his sword. The big fellow drew back, and defended himself with his club.

“Ha ! Do you think you will slay me here on my own ground ?” he cried.

"We are on the King's highway," answered Great-heart. "You shall not hinder these pilgrims from passing."

And with that he gave the giant a blow which brought him to his knees. With that same blow he broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off his arm.

The giant roared so hideously that the women and children were greatly frightened. But when they saw him sprawling on the ground they were glad.

Now the lions were all the time roaring, and tugging at their chains; and the noise was so great and fearful that the pilgrims would have fled in terror had it not been for their guide. But he, taking the little boy by the hand, said to the others, "Come, now, and follow me. No hurt shall happen to you from the lions."

So they went on, but the women trembled as they passed the raging beasts. The boys looked as if they would die of fear; but they clung close to their guide, and all got by in safety.

And now, looking up, they saw the House Beautiful not far ahead of them; and going on with haste, they soon came to the porter's lodge. Night was already come, and all was dark and silent within. But Great-heart went up to the gate and knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" cried the porter.

"It is I," answered Greatheart.

The porter knew his voice, for the brave guide had been there many times before. He hurried down and opened the gate; and when he saw Greatheart standing there, he said, "How now, Mr. Greatheart? What is your business here so late at night?" For he did not see the women and children who were behind him in the darkness.

"I have brought some pilgrims," answered the guide. "They wish to lodge here and rest for a while."

"They are indeed welcome," said the porter. "But why are you so late?"

"We should have come much earlier," said Greatheart, "but we were hindered by old Giant Grim who has often waylaid pilgrims and helped the lions. I had a long and hard fight with him, and I guess he will give no further trouble."

"Well, well! That is good news," said the porter. "Now come in and stay till morning."

"The pilgrims will go in," answered Greatheart, "but I must return at once to my master."

Then Christiana spoke up and thanked him. "You have been so loving and faithful, and you have

fought so stoutly for us. How can we go on without you?"

"Yes," said Mercy, "we should have perished if you had not led us. Oh, that we might have your company to our journey's end!"

Then the little boy took him by the hand and said, "Oh, sir, won't you go on with us and help us? We are so weak, and the way is so rough and dangerous!"

"I must obey my master," answered Greatheart. "To-night I must return to him. But if he shall afterwards bid me be your guide, I will gladly come and wait on you. And so I bid you adieu."

And with that he turned and went back through the darkness.



AT THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

NOW I saw in my dream that the porter led the pilgrims into the House Beautiful. He said to those who were within, "Here is the wife of Christian, with her children and her young friend Mercy. They have come hither on a pilgrimage."

Then Prudence and Piety and Charity, the good women of the house, hastened to welcome her.

"Come in, Christiana," they said. "Come in, thou wife of that good man. Come in, thou blessed woman. Come in, with all that are with thee."

So she went in, and the rest followed her. And they were very weary of their journey, and it was late; also they were faint with the fright they had been in because of the giant and the lions. So they desired, as soon as might be, to be shown to their rooms.

“Nay,” said Charity and Prudence, “you must first refresh yourselves with a morsel of meat.”

Then they were led to a table where food was offered them in plenty; and they ate and were refreshed. When they had supped, they were taken to their places of rest; and Christiana and Mercy were given the same room in which Christian had slept when he was there before them; and the name of that room was Peace.

Now as they lay composing themselves to sleep, Mercy suddenly cried out, “Hark! Do you hear that sound?”

“Yes,” said Christiana; “I do believe it is the sound of music. They are having music for joy that we are here.”

“Wonderful!” said Mercy. “Music in the house, music in the heart, music everywhere for joy!”

So they lay quietly and listened, and soon fell asleep.

Now when the morrow was come, the sisters of the house would in no wise consent that the pilgrims should go forward. “Tarry with us for a while,” they said. “The summer is yet long, and there is no haste that you should finish your pilgrimage.”

They, therefore, abode in the House Beautiful, not only one day, but two and many more. And every

day they saw some new sight or learned some new and striking truth ; and their hearts were filled with joy and peace.

It so chanced that a young man whose name was Mr. Brisk came often to the house to see the sisters and to talk with them about the many things that were of interest to them all. He was a very busy little man, bustling hither and thither, and making believe that he was serving the King.

The maidens of the house had some doubts of him, and Prudence and Piety treated him quite coldly. But Charity said, "Let us think no wrong of him ;" and so his visits were continued, and every one hoped that he might prove to be as good as he pretended.

Now when Mr. Brisk saw Mercy, how fair and gentle she was, he began to admire her very much. He cared no more for the company of Piety or of Charity ; but every day he came to see the sweet face of Mercy and to listen to her pleasant voice. But most of all, he took notice that she was never idle ; and he said to himself, "A maiden so diligent would make the best wife in the world."

But Mercy's mind was full of thoughts for the good of others ; and when she had nothing to do for herself,



"MR. BRISK CAME IN AND FOUND HER AT HER OLD WORK"

she would be knitting or sewing and making garments for the needy.

One day when she was alone, Mr. Brisk came in and found her at her old work, making things for the poor.

“What ! always at it ?” he asked.

“Yes,” she answered, “either for myself or for others.”

“And how much can you earn in a day ?” he asked.

“I make these things for the love of others, and not for pay,” she answered.

“What do you do with them ?” said he.

“I give them to those who are most in need,” she said, simply. “It is better to clothe the naked and feed the hungry than to lay up treasures.”

With that, the young man’s countenance fell, and he soon took his leave.

Some days afterward, Prudence said to him, “We do not see you at the house any more. Has Mercy no more charms for you ?”

“Well, indeed,” he answered, “I think Mercy is a pretty girl, but her habits are not such as a busy man can admire.”

And that was the last of his visits to the House Beautiful.

About this time Matthew, the eldest of the four

boys, fell sick. He was so sick that his mother feared he would die; and so a doctor was called in. The name of the doctor was Skill; and when he saw the boy he knew at once what ailed him.

"What kind of food has Matthew been eating?" asked Dr. Skill.

"The food that is set before us here by the sisters of the House Beautiful," answered Christiana. "He has had only that which is most wholesome."

"But he is sick of something that he ate before he came to this place," said the doctor. "He has something in his stomach that won't digest, and it has been there a long time."

Then Samuel, the second son, spoke up and said, "Mother, don't you remember the orchard we passed just this side of the Wicket Gate? The trees hung over the wall, and we picked up some of the fruit that had fallen on the highway."

"True, my child," said Christiana. "And I scolded you all for eating of those apples."

"I took only a bite," said Samuel, "but Matthew ate more than one."

"There!" said Dr. Skill. "I knew the symptoms, and it is that fruit that has made him sick. That

was Beelzebub's orchard, and the fruit which grows on his trees is very poisonous."

Then the physician made up some pills which he gave to Matthew, and the boy, though he made wry faces and cried bitterly, was forced to swallow them. The next day the sickness began to leave him, and soon he was able to walk about the house and the garden.

And now the time was about come for the pilgrims to renew their journey; but, just as they were getting ready to depart, some one knocked on the door.

The porter opened it, and behold, there was Greatheart, the guide, standing on the threshold. He had on his armor, and his sword and shield were at his side. How joyful the pilgrims were to see him!

"I have come to guide and protect you during the rest of your journey," he said. "And here is a bottle of wine and some parched corn which my master has sent for each of you. He has also sent the boys some figs and raisins, to refresh them on the way."

Soon they were ready to depart. They thanked the porter for his kindness, and again set their feet on the King's highway. And Piety, Prudence, and Charity walked a little way with them.



THROUGH THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

NOW I saw in my dream that the pilgrims began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, and so got down pretty well.

There the sisters of the House Beautiful bade them farewell. "It was in this valley," said they, "that Christian met the foul fiend, Apollyon. But be of good courage. You have Mr. Greatheart to defend you." So they commended the pilgrims to the care of their guide, and returned to their home.

Then Greatheart walked on before them, and as he walked he talked to them about the beauty and fruitfulness of the valley.

"We need not be afraid," said he, "for here is noth-

ing to hurt us unless we bring it upon ourselves. The Valley of Humiliation is as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over. It is fat ground, and is covered with green meadows. And see how these are beautified with lilies !”

As they were thus going along and talking, they saw a boy watching his father's sheep. The boy was very poorly dressed, but his face was fresh and rosy ; and as he sat by himself, he sang.

“Hark !” said Greatheart. “Be still and listen to his song.”

So they stood and listened ; and these are the words they heard —

“He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

“I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou lovest such.”

“Hear him,” said Greatheart. “I will dare say that this boy is merrier, and wears more of the herb

called heartsease, than many a person who is clad in silk and velvet."

Then they walked on, and all were happy because of the beauties of the place.

"This valley suits me well," said Mercy; "for here there is no rattling with coaches nor rumbling with wheels. Here one may walk in quiet, and think about things that are beautiful and true."

"Yes," answered Greatheart, "this is a valley that nobody walks in but those who love a pilgrim's life. Here one is free from noise and the hurrying of business. It was here that our Prince once loved to walk; for the meadows are very beautiful and the air is pleasant."

Soon they came to the place where Christian had fought the fiend Apollyon; and Greatheart pointed out to the boys each noted spot in that field of battle.

"Here is where your father stood when he first saw Apollyon coming. Here is where the fiend fell upon him, and on these stones you may still see the marks of his blood. Here are some of the splinters of Apollyon's broken darts. And see here, how they did beat the ground with their feet as they fought to make good

their places against each other. And here is where Apollyon turned his back and fled from the valley. Verily, your father did play the man here."

Then he led them a little farther, and showed them a monument that had been set up there in honor of Christian's victory. They stood around it and rejoiced, and one of the boys read aloud the writing that was engraved upon it :

"Hard by here, was a battle fought,
Most strange and yet most true;
Christian and Apollyon sought
Each other to subdue.

"The man so bravely played the man
He made the fiend to fly;
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify."



THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

NOW I saw in my dream that the pilgrims had come upon the borders of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This valley was longer than the other, and it was strangely haunted with evil things. But the women and children went into it the more bravely because they had Greatheart for their guide.

The first sound they heard was a great groaning, which seemed to fill the whole place. Then they heard strange shouts and screams; and as they went farther, they felt the ground to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there.

“Oh, when shall we get through this doleful place?” asked one of the boys.

Then the guide took the two younger ones by the hand to lead them. “Be of good courage,” he said

to those behind. "Look well to your feet, lest you step in some snare."

When they had come to about the middle of the valley, Christiana stopped suddenly.

"I see something in the road before us," she said. "It is a strange shape, unlike anything I have seen before."

"What is it, mother?" asked James, the little boy.

"An ugly thing, child; an ugly thing."

"But, mother, what is it like?"

"I cannot tell what it is like. Now it is near; now it is far off; now it is near again."

"Well, well!" said Greatheart. "Let all keep close to me."

Then he went forward with his sword drawn. The strange shape came on, and he struck it a fierce blow. Then the shape vanished and was seen no more.

So they went on more bravely. But Mercy, looking behind her, saw a great lion following after them; and now it gave a roar so deep and loud that all the valley echoed with the sound.

The hearts of all ached with fear. But Greatheart went behind, and set them in the road before him. Then he stood his ground to give battle to the lion.

The beast paused ; it roared once again at the brave man who dared stand against it ; and then it drew back and came no farther.

They went on again, and Greatheart led them as before. And now a vast pit yawned before them and seemed to cover the whole road ; and a great mist and darkness fell around them.

“Stand still, and wait,” said Greatheart. And as they stood and trembled, a light shone through the darkness, and they saw their way clearly past the mouth of the pit.

So on they went ; and one of the boys said, “When shall we see the end of this valley ?”

“Look well to your feet,” said the guide ; “for you are among the snares and the pitfalls.”

They looked to their feet, and went on ; but they were much troubled by the snares.

At length they drew towards the end of the valley ; and there they saw a cave where in former times many giants dwelt. But now the worst of these giants had grown so old and feeble that they could do nothing but sit in the door of the cave and grin at the pilgrims who were passing.

Suddenly, however, one giant who was younger than

the others, came out to meet Greatheart and his company. The name of this giant was Maul, and he had slain many pilgrims through his cunning.

"Hello, Greatheart!" he cried. "How many times have you been forbidden to do those things?"

"What things?" asked Greatheart.

"You know what things: but I will put an end to your trade," roared the giant.

"Well," said Greatheart, "before we begin to fight, let us know what it is about."

Now the women and children stood trembling in the roadway, and knew not what to do. But Greatheart stood before them with his sword drawn. "Explain your words," he said to the giant.

"You rob the country," said Maul. "You rob it in the very worst way, and I have come out to punish you."

"Come, fellow," answered Greatheart, "speak plainly, and say what you mean."

"Well, then," said Maul, "you are a kidnapper. You kidnap women and children and take them into a strange country, as you are doing now."

But Greatheart answered, "It is false. I serve my master by protecting the weak, by lifting up those who

are fallen, and by leading them in the right way. If you wish to fight with me, I am ready for you."

The giant came up, and Greatheart went to meet him; and as he went he lifted up his sword, but the giant had a club.

So now they began; and at the first blow the giant struck Greatheart down upon one of his knees. With that the women and children cried out in great dismay, but Greatheart soon recovered himself and was up again. Then he laid about him with skill and strength and gave the giant a wound in the arm. And thus they fought for a whole hour in the heat of the sun.

Then they sat down and rested awhile; and when they had taken breath, they leaped up and began fighting again. And Greatheart with a full blow brought the giant down to the ground.

"Hold! hold!" cried Maul. "Give me a fair chance."

So Greatheart let him get up; and when they had breathed again they went at it even harder than before. The giant raised his club aloft and struck with full force at Greatheart's head; and had not the brave man leaped quickly aside, his skull would surely have been crushed.

But now Greatheart made a fierce thrust with his sword. It pierced the giant's huge body just under the fifth rib, and the blood rushed out. The fight was ended ; for Giant Maul fell helpless to the ground, and his club dropped from his hands.

Then the women and children rejoiced because they had been delivered from so great peril. And they went on, following their guide, until they were safe on the farther side of the valley.



THE NEW TOWN OF VANITY

THEN I saw in my dream that the pilgrims journeyed through many scenes. They also met with or overtook many people who like themselves were bound for the Celestial City. They stopped also at divers places, where they were entertained by friendly folk who loved the King. They toiled through rough ways; they climbed steep hills; they encountered perils not a few. But they faltered not, neither were afraid; for Greatheart went before them and was their guide.

At last, on a summer evening, they came to the town of Vanity, where Vanity Fair was held. Here they were received at the house of a citizen who was friendly to pilgrims; and here they abode a long time.

For the town had changed much since Christian and

Faithful were so shamefully handled there. Indeed, it seemed that the blood of Faithful had changed the hearts of many of the people, and pilgrims were no more annoyed in the streets.

Now while Christiana and her boys, with Mercy and Greatheart, tarried here, there came a great monster out of the woods. It slew many of the people of the town, and carried away some of the children. No man dared face this monster; but every one fled when the noise of his coming was heard.

This monster was like unto no other beast in the world. Its body was like that of a dragon, and it had seven heads and ten horns.

Now when Greatheart heard of this beast, he agreed with certain good men of the place to go forth and give battle to it. For he wished to deliver the people from the paws and mouth of so dreadful a creature.

Then did he, with four companions good and true, go forth to meet the monster. You should have seen them with their armor and their well-made weapons.

When the fierce creature first beheld them, it lifted up its heads with great disdain. It would fain have made way with them had they not boldly stood their ground. But, being sturdy men at arms, they so be-



"THIS MONSTER WAS LIKE UNTO NO OTHER BEAST"

labored it with their swords and clubs that it was glad to return to its lair.

Often, after this, did the monster come again into the town to carry away the children. But Greatheart and his valiant men were always on the watch, and drove it back with many blows. Soon it became so lame by reason of its wounds that it could do no further harm ; and some believe that it died of the hurts which it received.

Thus Greatheart became a person of great fame in the town ; and many besought him to remain and make his home there. But he remembered the commands of his master ; and when the time came that the pilgrims must go on their way, he girded on his armor and went before them.



DOUBTING CASTLE

I SAW now in my dream that they went on till they came to the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains. This was the river where fine trees grew on the banks; and the leaves of these trees were good for medicine. The meadows also were green all the year; and there were shady places where they might lie down and rest with safety.

In the meadows there were sheep pasturing, and folds for the sheep. There were also little houses for sheltering the lambs. And One was there who loved these lambs; he gathered them in his arms, he carried them in his bosom, he gently led them.

So as the pilgrims went on their way, they were filled with delight because of the delicious waters, the pleasant meadows, the dainty flowers, and the wholesome

fruit. And they would have tarried there long, had not duty urged them to go onward.

Therefore, leaving the pleasant river, they came in due time to By-path Meadow; and there they saw the stile over which Christian and Hopeful went when they were taken by Giant Despair.

There they sat down, and consulted what they had best do.

“I have a mind,” said Greatheart, “to go over and demolish the castle of old Giant Despair. He may have some pilgrims shut up in his dungeon, and I should be glad to set them free.”

“That is a good thought, Mr. Greatheart,” said Matthew. “I will go with you.”

But some of the others were timid and made excuses. “I very much doubt if we ought to leave the King’s highway even though it be to destroy Doubting Castle,” said one.

“We had better go on and leave well enough alone,” said another.

Then Greatheart stood up and drew his sword. “My master has commanded me to fight the good fight,” said he; “and with whom should I fight this good fight if not with Giant Despair?”

So saying, he climbed right over the stile. "Who will go with me?" he said.

"I will," said one and another of Christiana's sons.

"I will," said another pilgrim who had joined them on the road; and soon, leaving the women in a safe place, the brave men and boys went straight up to Doubting Castle to look for Giant Despair.

When they came to the castle gate they knocked with unusual noise.

The old giant heard them and came out; and his wife, Diffidence, was with him.

"Who dares to make that great noise on my gate?" he roared in anger.

"It is I, Greatheart," answered the guide. "Open this gate and let me in."

"What is your business with me?" asked the giant.

"I am the servant of the King," answered Greatheart, "and I have come to demolish your Doubting Castle."

Now Giant Despair was not afraid of any man, for he was a giant. So he harnessed himself and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head; a breastplate of fire was on his arm; and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand.

Then Greatheart and his helpers made up to him,

and beset him behind and before. They fought for their lives. They struggled long and hard.

At length Giant Despair was brought to the ground ; but he was loath to give up. He fought after he was down, and he would have been up again had not Greatheart given him one final stroke with his sword, and thus ended his cruel life.

Then all went through the gate and began to demolish Doubting Castle. But this was a great task, even though Giant Despair was dead. They toiled seven days, and left not one stone upon another.

In the dungeon they found two pilgrims, whom the giant had shut up. These were Despondency, almost starved to death, and Miss Much-afraid, who was his daughter. How glad these two people were to see the sunlight again !

Now when they had finished with the castle they went back to the highway, where they had left the women ; and all rejoiced and were glad.

Christiana played a merry tune upon the viol, and Mercy joined her upon the lute. And since all were so merry, what should they do but dance right there in the road. Even the damsel, Much-afraid, joined them ; and, I promise you, she footed it well.



"IN THE DUNGEON THEY FOUND TWO PILGRIMS"

As for Despondency, the music was not much to him. He was for feeding rather than dancing, for he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him a little wine and prepared him something to eat ; and in a little while he came to himself and was finely revived.

Then the company of pilgrims went forward again. And Greatheart walked before them, and was their guide.



IN PERIL IN THE ENCHANTED GROUND

NOW I saw in my dream that the pilgrims, by and by, came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful had aforetime refreshed themselves. There the shepherds met them and welcomed them, and there they rested themselves from their toilsome journey.

Then they went on, and in due time were got to the Enchanted Ground. There the air was heavy, and all who breathed it were filled with drowsiness. The ground also was, for the most part, overgrown with briars and brambles. But, here and there were enchanted arbors, in which were flowers and birds and rippling brooks and mossy beds inviting one to tarry and rest.

The flowers, however, were laden with deadly perfumes; the birds sang songs of witchery; and the

tinkling of the brooks lulled the unwary to sleep. And he who gave himself up to slumber in these places was not likely to rise or wake again in this world.

Through this wilderness way they therefore went; and Greatheart went before them, for he was their guide. They went on here, each man with his sword drawn in his hand, for they knew it was a dangerous place.

Now, they had not gone far when a great mist fell upon them all, so that they could scarce see one another. They were therefore forced to grope their way, being guided by the voice of Greatheart; for they walked not by sight. Sorry going it was for the best of them all; but worse for the women and children, whose feet and hearts were tender.

Nor was there in all this wilderness way any inn where they might lodge and refresh themselves. But there was much puffing and sighing and complaining. Now one would tumble over a bush, another would stick fast in the dirt, and still another would lose his shoes in the mire.

At length they came to an arbor, warm and shady, with pleasant mossy seats offering rest. Here, too, was a couch whereon they might lie; and here were all

things that could tempt the weary traveler. But not one of the pilgrims would seek rest or loiter there a moment; for their guide had told them of the dangers of the place.

They therefore went on, and the way grew dark again so that they could not see. And here even the guide was apt to lose his way. But he had in his pocket a map of all the roads and paths leading to the Celestial City. Therefore, he drew his tinder box from his pocket and struck a light, that he might look at the map. He looked, and when he had found the place, he saw written over against it the words,

"Keep to the right."

So now he knew which way to turn. But if he had not looked at the map, he would have taken the broader road and turned to the left, and all would have been smothered in the deep mud.

They went on, then, in this Enchanted Ground till they were well out of the darkness. And at length they came to another enticing bower built close by the roadside.

There they saw two men lying, whose names were Heedless and Too-bold.

These men were fast asleep with their heads pillowed

on couches of moss and leaves. Greatheart and the pilgrims stood still and looked at them; and some shook their heads, not knowing what to do.

Then Mercy and Greatheart went to them to awaken them; that is, if they could. But each cautioned the other not to sit down or recline upon the tempting couches in the arbor, lest they too should in like manner fall asleep.

They spoke to the men. They called them by name. There was no answer. Then Greatheart shook them hard, and did what he could to arouse them. Heedless groaned and opened his eyes a little.

"I will pay you when I get my money," he muttered; and with that he turned over and was fast asleep again.

Then Greatheart shook the other one, whose name was Too-bold. He did not even so much as move; but he stammered, "I'll fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand."

At this, one of the children laughed; but the guide looked sorrowful.

"What does all this mean?" asked Christiana.

"They talk in their sleep," answered Greatheart. "But no man can rouse them from this sleep. We have done what we could."



"THEY CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF A TALL AND BEAUTIFUL LADY"

So now all desired to go onward, lest they too should be overcome. And as the way was growing darker, they begged the guide to strike a light. He therefore took his tinder box again, and lighted a little lantern which he had with him; and so they were helped on their way.

The children began soon to be sorely weary; and they cried unto the friend of pilgrims to make their way more comfortable. And behold, by the time they had gone a little farther, a wind arose that scattered the darkness; and the air became more clear. Then they went on to the borders of the Enchanted Ground.

At one place they caught glimpses of a tall and beautiful lady who flitted hither and thither in the shadowy bowers. She beckoned to them, but would not come near. She called, and her voice was soft and sweet.

They saw that she was clad in beautiful garments, and she wore a large purse by her side. In this purse she kept one hand, fingering her money, which was her heart's delight.

"Oh, see the beautiful lady!" cried the little boy. "Let us go to her, and rest in one of her bowers." And he began to run joyfully towards her.

“Nay, look not at her face, heed not her call,” said the guide. “She is the queen of this Enchanted Ground, and her name is Madam Bubble. Whoever goes into one of her bowers will never come out again. Let us hasten away from her enchantments!”

So they went forward, hand in hand, and were soon safely out of the Enchanted Ground.



REST IN THE LAND OF BEULAH

NOW I saw in my dream that Greatheart led the pilgrims onward till they came to the Land of Beulah, where the sun shines day and night. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest.

They sat under the sheltering vines and walked in the pleasant orchards. And they partook of the fruit as they had a mind therefor; for everything belonged to the King of the Celestial Land, and he desired that all pilgrims should partake of his bounty.

But here the bells did so ring, and the trumpets sounded so sweetly, that they could not sleep; yet they were as much refreshed as though they had slumbered peacefully.

Here, every little while, the cry was heard, "More pilgrims have arrived in the land."

And the answer would be trumpeted back, "Many went over the water to-day, and were let in at the golden gates."

At length Christiana and her children, being much refreshed, went a little farther on their way. And now their ears were filled with heavenly sounds, and their eyes were delighted with celestial visions. In this place they heard nothing, saw nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, but what was pleasing to their hearts and minds.

In this place the children went freely into the King's gardens and gathered sweet-smelling flowers. Here also grew all kinds of trees that are precious for their perfumes and their spices. So the rooms of the pilgrims, while they stayed there, lacked nothing for fragrance and beauty. And they bathed and anointed themselves, and kept themselves in readiness for the call to go over the river.

Now, one day, as they were waiting for the good hour, a sound was heard as of music and voices. And some one who was watching cried, "A postman has come from the Celestial City with matter of great importance for Christiana."

She, therefore, went to the door to see what it was. The postman greeted her, and gave her the letter; and when she had broken the seal, she opened and read it:

“Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calls thee. Within these ten days, he expects thee to come and stand before him, clothed in garments of immortality.”

When Christiana had read the letter, and knew that her time was come, she called for Greatheart, the guide, and told him how matters were.

He answered that he was heartily glad of her good fortune, and that he would have been even more glad had the summons come for himself.

Then she asked how she should prepare for her journey, and what she should do while crossing the river.

Very kindly he told her, saying, “Thus and thus it must be; and we that are left behind will go with you to the river side.”

She called for her children and gave them her blessing. She told them how glad she was that they had kept their garments so white; and she cautioned them to be always faithful, waiting for the summons to go

onward into the city. "Be ye watchful, and cast away fear ; be sober, and hope to the end."

Now, at length, the day came on which Christiana must be gone. The road was full of people to see her take her journey ; and the bank on the farther side of the river was crowded with chariots and Shining Ones that had come to accompany her to the gates of the Celestial City.

So she came forth joyfully, and entered the river ; and as she did so, she beckoned farewell to her children and friends who were left behind. And the last words which they heard her speak were, "Lord, I come to be with thee."

Then when she had gone out of their sight, her children returned to their place. They returned weeping, but Greatheart and some others that were with them played upon the cymbal and the well-tuned harp of joy.

And Christiana, with the host of Shining Ones, went up to the Celestial City. She called at the gate, and entered with all the ceremonies of joy that had greeted her husband before her.

Glorious indeed it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instru-

ments. These all welcomed her as she passed through the gate beautiful; and while her children wept on this side of the river, she was received with songs of triumph in the palace of the King.

And as I looked and listened, I awoke; and, behold, this too was a dream.

ENVOY

*Now may this little book a blessing be
To those who love this little book and me,
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away;*

*Yea, may this SECOND PILGRIM yield that fruit,
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit;
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their feet and heart to the right way,*

Is the hearty prayer of
The Author,

— JOHN BUNYAN.



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 214 075 4

