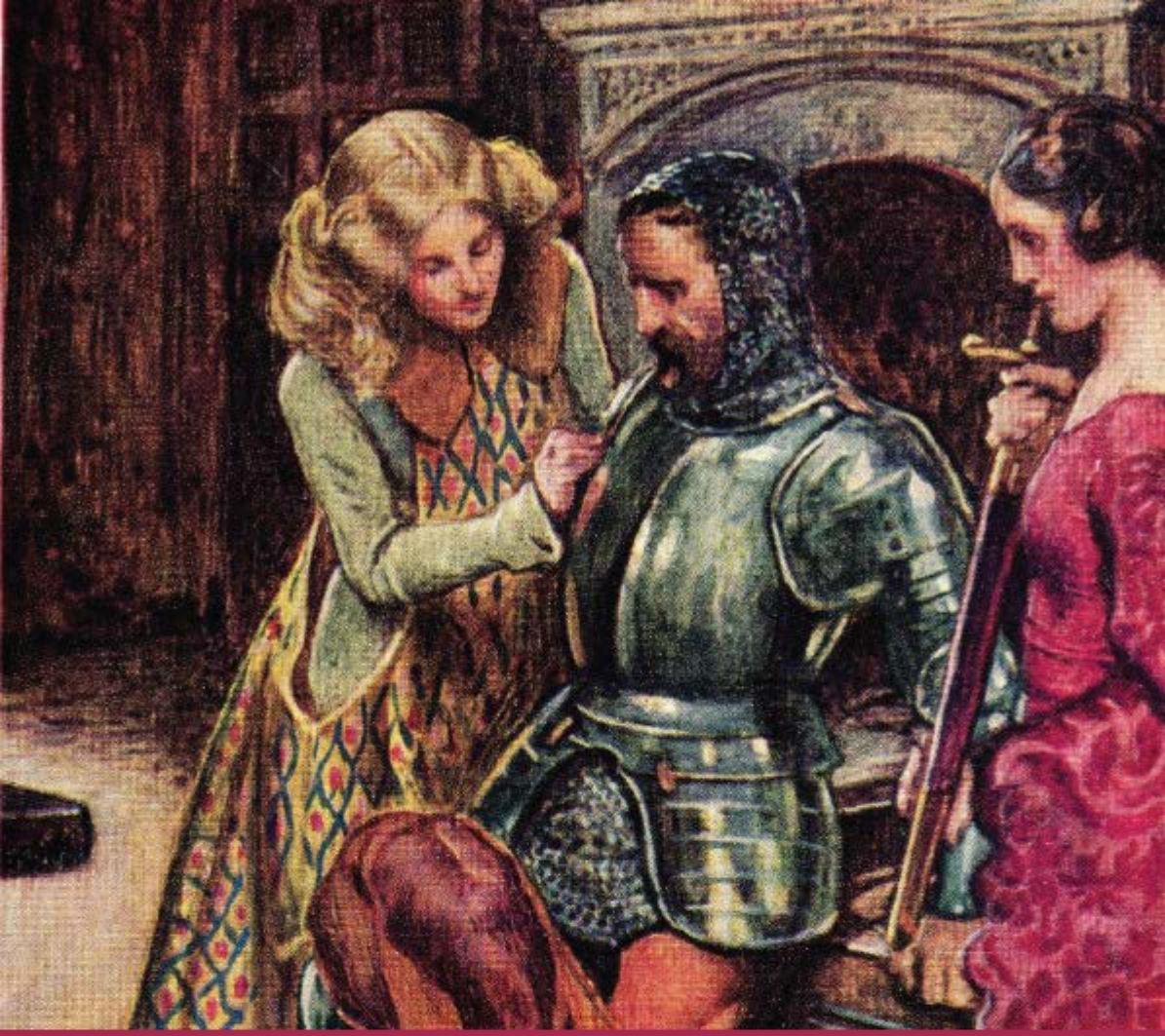


The Pilgrim's Progress

CLASSIC LIT FOR YOUNG READERS

RETOLD BY MARY MACGREGOR

The Pilgrim's Progress

Retold by Mary MacGregor

Libraries of Hope

The Pilgrim's Progress
Classic Literature for Young Readers

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Told to the Children by
MARY MACGREGOR

With Pictures by
BYAM SHAW

In Dreamland

When the day is over, and the dark night comes, children often wander into a strange land—the Land of Dreams.

Sometimes what they see and hear there is more strange than anything they see or hear in the wake-a-day world, and that is why, when morning comes, they long to tell their dreams to all who will listen.

More than two hundred years ago, a tinker, called John Bunyan, was imprisoned in Bedford Jail. But one night the tinker left his prison and wandered into the Land of Dreams, and there he saw wonderful sights and heard wonderful words.

As there was no one to listen to his dream, John Bunyan wrote it down and had it made into a book, and the book he

called The Pilgrim's Progress. It is about the journey and adventures of a pilgrim and his companions.

Into this little book I have copied the adventures that will interest boys and girls, and that will make them want to read the whole of Bunyan's dream when they grow older.

MARY MACGREGOR.

The First Part

As I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face away from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.

I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein, and as he read, he wept and trembled. His fear was so great that he brake out with a mournful cry, saying, 'What shall I do?'

In this plight therefore he went home, and did all he could to hide his distress from his wife and children. But he could not be silent long, because his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he began to talk to his wife and children thus: 'O my dear wife, said he, 'and you my children, I am in despair by reason of a

burden that lieth heavy on me. Moreover I am for certain told that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, when both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall be ruined, except some way of escape can be found.'

At this his wife and children were sore amazed, not because they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought he must be ill to talk in so strange a way. Therefore, as it was evening, and they hoped sleep might soothe him, with all haste they got him to bed.

But the night was as troublesome to him as the day, wherefore instead of sleeping he spent it in sighs and tears.

So when the morning was come, they asked him how he did. He told them, 'Worse and worse,' and began to talk to them again in the same strange manner, but they began to be careless of his words.

They also thought to drive away his fancies by harsh and rough behaviour to him. Sometimes they would mock, sometimes they would scold, and sometimes they would quite neglect him.

Wherefore he began to stay in his room to pray for and pity them, and also to comfort his own misery. He would also walk alone in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes praying, and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw in my dream that when he was walking in the fields, he was reading his book and greatly distressed in mind. And as he read, he burst out crying, 'What shall I do to be saved.'

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run. Yet he stood still, because, as I saw, he could not tell which way to go.

I looked then, and saw a man, named Evangelist, coming to him, who asked,

"Wherefore dost thou cry?'

He answered, 'Sir, I see by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to be judged. And I find I am not willing to die, nor able to be judged.'

Then said Evangelist, 'Why not willing to die, since in this life you are so unhappy?'

The man answered, 'Because I fear this burden will sink me lower than the grave, and the thought of that makes me cry.'

Then said Evangelist, 'If this be thy fear, why standest thou still?'

He answered, 'Because I know not whither to go.'

So Evangelist gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, 'Fly from the wrath to come.'

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said,

'Whither must I fly?'

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, 'Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?'

The man said, 'No.'

'Well,' said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?'

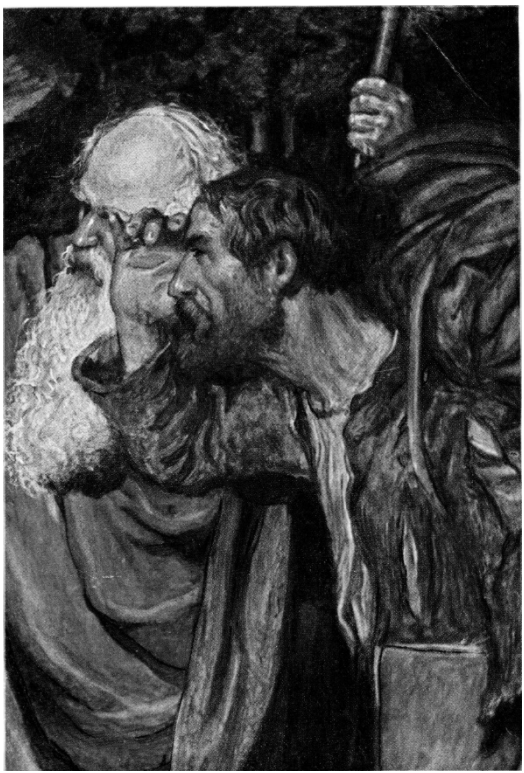
He said, 'I think I do.'

Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in thine eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate. When thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.'

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run.

Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, seeing it, began to cry after him to return.

But the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, 'Life, life, eternal life!' So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.



'Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?'

The neighbours also came out to see him run. And as he ran some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return.

Among those that did so were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force.

The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other was Pliable.

Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them, but they had made up their minds to follow him, which they did, and in a little time overtook him.

Then said the man, 'Neighbours, wherefore are you come?'

They said, 'To persuade you to go back with us.'

But he said, 'That can by no means be. You dwell in the City of Destruction, the place where I was born. Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.'

'What!' said Obstinate, 'and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!'

'Yes,' said Christian, for that was his name.

"What do you seek, since you leave all the world to find it?' said Obstinate.

'I seek a treasure that never fades away. It is laid up in heaven and is safe there,' said Christian. 'Read it so, if you will, in my book.'

'Tush!' said Obstinate, 'away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?'

'No, not I,' said the other, 'because I have just set out.'

'Come then, Neighbour Pliable, let us turn again and go home without him.'

Then said Pliable, 'If what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours. My heart makes me wish to go with him. But, my good Christian, do you know the way you

are going?'

'I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall be told about the way.'

'Come then, good neighbour,' said Pliable, 'let us be going.' Then they went both together.

'And I will go back to my place,' said Obstinate. 'I will be no companion of such mistaken and foolish fellows.'

Now I saw in my dream that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain.

'I will tell you what my book says of the country to which we are going, and of the people we shall meet there,' said Christian.

'But do you think the words of your book are certainly true?' said Pliable.

'Yes,' said Christian, 'for it was written by Him who cannot lie.'

'Well,' said Pliable, 'tell me about this country.'

'In this country,' said Christian, 'we shall live for ever. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun.'

'This is excellent,' said Pliable; 'and what else?'

'There shall be no more crying nor sorrow, for He that is the Owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes,' said Christian.

'And what companions shall we have there?' asked Pliable.

'There we shall be with those that will dazzle your eyes to look on. There also you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. None of them are hurtful, but loving and holy. In a word, there shall we see some with their golden crowns, there we shall see maidens with

golden harps, there we shall see men that here were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten by beasts, and drowned in the seas, all for the love they bare to the Lord of this place. Now they are all well, and clothed with beautiful garments.'

And as Pliable heard of the excellence of the country and of the company to which they were going, he said, 'Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things. Come on, let us go with more speed.'

'I cannot go as fast as I would by reason of this burden that is on my back,' said Christian.

Now I saw in my dream that just as they had ended their talk, they drew nigh to a bog that was in the midst of the plain, and they being heedless did both fall suddenly into it. The name of this bog was the Slough of Despond.

Here therefore they struggled for a

time, being grievously covered with dirt. And Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Then said Pliable, 'Ah, Neighbour Christian, where are you now?'

'Truly,' said Christian, 'I do not know.'

At this Pliable began to be offended, and said angrily, 'Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while? If I get out again with my life, you shall possess the wonderful country alone.'

And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the bog which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone. But still he tried to struggle to that side of the Slough that was further from his

own house, and next to the Wicket-gate. But he could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back.

And I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

'Sir,' said Christian, 'I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, and as I was going thither I fell in here.'

'Why did you not look for the steps?' said Help.

'I was so full of fear,' answered Christian, 'that I fled the next way and fell in.'

Then said Help, 'Give me thy hand.' So Christian gave him his hand, and he drew him out and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Now in my dream I stepped up to the man that plucked Christian out, and said:

'Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction

to the Wicket-gate, is it that this Slough is not mended, that poor travellers might go over in more safety?'

And he said to me, 'This place cannot be mended, yet it is not the pleasure of the King that it should remain so bad. His labourers also have for more than sixteen hundred years been employed on this patch of ground, in the hope that it might perhaps be mended. There has been swallowed up here twenty thousand cartloads of the best material in the attempt to mend the place. But it is the Slough of Despond still; and still will be so, when they have done all they can. It is true that there are some good and strong steps even through the very midst of this mire. But men through the dizziness of their head miss the steps and so tumble into the mire, but the ground is good when they have once got in at the gate.'

Then I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable was got home to his house. So his neighbours came to visit him, and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for going with Christian. Others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying, 'Surely since you began to go, you need not have been so base as to have given out for a few difficulties.' So Pliable sat like a coward among them.

Now as Christian was walking alone, he espied one afar off, come crossing over the field to meet him. The gentleman's name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He dwelt in a very great town, close by the one from which Christian came.

This man, then, meeting with Christian, began thus to enter into some talk with him.

'How now, good fellow, whither are you going in this burdened manner?'

'A burdened manner indeed,' said Christian. 'I am going, sir, to yonder Wicket-gate before me, for there, I am told, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.'

'Hast thou a wife and children? asked Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

'Yes, but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly.'

'Will you hearken to me if I give thee counsel?'

'If it be good, I will, for I stand in need of good counsel.'

'I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden, for thou wilt never be contented till then.'

'That is what I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden, but get it off myself I cannot, nor is there any man living in our country can take it off my shoulders.

Therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.'

'Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?'

'A man that appeared to me, a very great and honourable person. His name, as I remember, is Evangelist.'

'He has given thee foolish counsel. There is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee. Thou hast met with some danger already, for I see the mud of the Slough of Despond is upon thee. Hear me, I am older than thou. Thou art likely to meet with, in the way which thou goest, painfulness, hunger, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and death.'

'Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things.'

'But why wilt thou seek for ease this

way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Hadst thou but patience to listen, I could direct thee how to get what thou desirest, without the danger that thou in this way wilt run thyself into.'

'Sir, I pray that thou wilt tell me this secret.'

'Why, in yonder village there dwells a gentleman, who is very wise, and who has skill to help men off with burdens like thine from their shoulders. To him thou mayest go to be helped at once. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if thou dost not desire to go back to the City of Destruction, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to come to thee to this village. There are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have without great cost. Food is there also, cheap and good, and what will make thy life the more happy is, that thou shalt

live beside honest neighbours, in respect and comfort.'

Now was Christian puzzled, but he thought, 'If what Mr. Worldly Wiseman says is true, my wisest plan is to take his advice.'

'Sir,' said Christian, 'which is my way to this honest man's house?'

'Do you see yonder high hill?'

'Yes, very well.'

'By that hill you must go, and the first house you come to is his.'

So Christian turned out of his way to go to the house for help. But behold, when he was now close to the hill, it seemed so steep, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head. Wherefore he stood still, and knew not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than

while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned. Here therefore he did quake for fear.

And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. Then he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame.

So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer, and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance.

'What dost thou here, Christian?' said he. At which words Christian knew not what to answer, wherefore at first he stood speechless before him.

Then said Evangelist, 'Art not thou the man I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?'

'Yes,' said Christian, 'I am the man.'

'Did I not direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?'

'Yes,' said Christian.

'How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned out of the way?'

'I met with a gentleman, as soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who told me that in yonder village I would find a man who could take off my burden.'

'What was he like?'

'He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to believe his words. So I came hither, but when I beheld this hill and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly stood still, lest it should fall on my head.'

'What said that gentleman to you?'

'Why, he asked me whither I was going, and if I had a wife and children, and he bid me make speed to get rid of my burden. And I said, "I am going to

yonder gate to be told how I may get rid of it."

'So he said he would show me a better and a shorter way, and not so full of difficulties as the way that you directed me. But when I came to this place, I stopped for fear of danger, and now I know not what to do!' So Christian stood trembling before Evangelist.

Then said Evangelist, 'Give heed to the things I shall tell thee. Mr. Worldly Wiseman sought to turn thee out of the way and to bring thee into danger. In yonder village has no man ever yet got rid of his burden, nor is he ever likely to lose it there. Therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his friend are deceivers, and cannot help thee.'

After this there came words and fire out of the mountain under which Christian stood.

Now Christian looked for nothing

but death, and began to cry out, saying he would he had never met Mr. Worldly Wiseman or that he had never listened to him.

Then he turned to Evangelist and said, 'Sir, what do you think? Is there any hope? May I now go back and go up to the Wicket-gate? Or shall I be sent back from the gate ashamed? I am sorry I have listened to this man's counsel, but may my sins be forgiven?'

Evangelist said to him, 'Thy sin is very great. Thou hast left the good way and walked in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has goodwill for men. Only,' said he, 'take heed that thou turn not aside again.'

Then did Christian prepare to go back. And Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed.

So Christian went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way. Even if any one spoke to him, he would not venture an answer.

He walked like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he had got into the way which he had left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So in process of time Christian got up to the gate.

Now over the gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

He knocked therefore more than once or twice.

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Goodwill. He asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he desired.

'I am a sinner,' said Christian; 'I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion. I am told that by

this gate is the way thither, and I would know if you are willing to let me in.'

'I am willing with all my heart,' said Goodwill, and he opened the gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull.

'Why do you do that?' said Christian.

Then Goodwill told him, 'A little distance from this gate a strong castle has been built, of which Beelzebub is the captain. And he and those that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, hoping they may die before they enter in.'

So when Christian had come in, Goodwill asked him who had directed him to the gate.

'Evangelist bid me come here and knock, as I did. And he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do.'

Then Goodwill said, 'Come a little way with me, good Christian, and I will

teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.'

'But,' said Christian, 'are there no turnings, nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?'

'Yes, there are many ways join this, but they are crooked and wide. Thou mayest know the right from the wrong way, for the right way is always strait and narrow.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian asked him if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back. For as yet he had not got rid of it, nor could he get it off without help.

But Goodwill said, 'Thou must be content to bear it, until thou comest to a place where stands a Cross, for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

Then Christian began to get ready to continue his journey. So Goodwill told him that when he had gone some distance from this gate, he would come to the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock and he would show him wonderful thing.

Then Christian took leave of his friend, and he again bid him Godspeed.

Now Christian went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door and asked who was there.

'Sir,' said Christian, 'I am a traveller who was told by Goodwill to call here. I would therefore speak with the master of the house.' So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian and asked what he would have.

'Sir,' said Christian, 'I am a man that has come from the City of Destruction,

and I am going to Mount Zion. I was told by the man that stands at the Wicket-gate that if I called here you would show me things that would help me on my journey.'

Then said the Interpreter, 'Come in, and I will show thee what will help thee.' So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him. Then he took him into a private room, and bid his man open a door.

And Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall. He had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

Then said Christian, 'What means this?'

'The man whose picture this is,' answered the Interpreter, 'is one of a thousand. He is the only man who may be thy guide in all difficult places thou

mayest meet with in the way. Wherefore be very careful to remember whom thou hast seen.'

Then the Interpreter led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because it was never swept, and after he had looked at it for a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep.

Now when he began to sweep, the dust began to fly about, so that Christian was almost choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood near, 'Bring hither the water and sprinkle the room.' And when this was done the room was swept and cleansed.

Then said Christian, 'What does this mean?'

The Interpreter answered, 'This parlour is like the heart of an evil man. The dust is his sin, and the damsel that sprinkles the water is the Gospel.'

I saw moreover in my dream, that the



'Bring hither the water
and sprinkle the room.'

Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be very discontented, but Patience was very quiet.

Then Christian asked, 'What is the reason of the discontent of Passion?'

The Interpreter answered, 'The governor of the children would have them wait for their new toys, till the beginning of next year, but Passion wishes to have them all now, while Patience is willing to wait.'

Then the Interpreter took Christian to a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing near it, always casting much water upon it to quench it, yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. But afterwards the Interpreter took him to the back of the wall,

where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, and he poured the oil continually, but secretly, into the fire.

'What does this mean?' asked Christian.

The Interpreter answered, 'The fire is a picture of the grace God puts into the heart. He that casts water on it to put it out is the Evil One. And the man who pours oil on the fire to keep it alight is Christ.'

I saw also that the Interpreter took Christian again by the hand and led him into a place, where was builded a stately palace beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted.

He saw also upon the top of the palace certain persons walking, and they were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, 'May we go in here?'

So the Interpreter took him and led

him toward the door of the palace. Now before they came up to the door, they passed a man, sitting at a table, with a book and his inkhorn before him, to take down the name of any who should enter.

And, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, who wished to go in, but did not dare to enter, for within the doorway stood many men in armour to guard it.

Now, these men in armour were determined to do any who would enter as much harm and mischief as they could.

Now was Christian amazed.

At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man with a very strong face come up to the man that sat at the table, saying:

'Set down my name, sir.'

And when this was done, Christian saw the strong man draw his sword and put an helmet on his head, and rush

toward the door upon the armed men.

The armed men fought with great strength, but the man with the strong face was not at all discouraged, but fought most fiercely.

So after he had received and given many wounds to those that tried to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace.

Then there was a pleasant voice heard from those that walked upon the top of the palace saying:

> 'Come in, come in;
> Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

So he went in and was clothed in such garments as they.

'Now,' said Christian, 'let me go.'

And the Interpreter said, 'Hast thou understood these things?'

'Yes,' said Christian, and he began to get ready to go on his journey.

Then said the Interpreter, 'God be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to Mount Zion.'

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall. Up this way therefore did Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came to a steeper place, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, a Sepulchre.

So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up to the Cross his burden fell from off his back, and began to tumble till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and happy, and he stood for a while to look and wonder, for it was surprising to him to see

that the Cross should make him lose his burden.

Now as he stood looking, behold three Shining Ones came to him and greeted him.

The first said to him, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' The second took away all his rags and clothed him in new raiment. The third set a mark on his forehead and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he should give in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing.

I saw then in my dream that as he walked he saw two men come tumbling over the wall into the narrow way.

'Gentlemen, where do you come from and whither do you go?' said Christian.

They told him, 'We were born in a land called Vainglory, and we are going

to Mount Zion.'

'Why came you not in at the gate?' said Christian.

They said that to go to the gate was too far, so they had taken a short cut and climbed over the wall.

'But,' said Christian, 'will the Lord of the City to which we are going be pleased that you should come into the way over the wall?'

But the men said he need not trouble his head about that, for what they did had been done many times before. It had been a custom for more than a thousand years. And besides, said they, 'If we get into the way, what does it matter how we get in?' You came in by the Wicket-gate, and are in the way, and we came tumbling over the wall and are in the way, so now we are all in the same condition.'

'But,' said Christian, 'I walk by the Rule of my Master, and you walk just as

you like best.'

Then said they, 'We see not how thou art different to us, except by the coat thou wearest, and that, we suppose, was given thee by some of thy neighbours, to hide thy rags.'

'Well,' said Christian, 'the Lord of the City to which I go gave me this coat the day that he took away from me my rags. He will surely know me, since I have His coat on my back. I have also a mark in my forehead, which you may not have noticed, and this was given to me by one of my Lord's friends, on the day my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you too, that I had a roll given me, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way. I am also to give in the roll at the Celestial Gate. All these things I think you are without, because you came not in at the gate.'

To these things they gave him no

answer, only they looked at each other and laughed.

I beheld then, that they all went on without talking much together, till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. The narrow way lay right up the hill, but there were also two other ways here. One turned to the left hand and the other to the right at the bottom of the hill.

Christian now went to the spring and drank to refresh himself, and then began to go up the narrow path that led to the top of the hill.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill, but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, they made up their minds to go in the other paths that lay round the side of the hill.

So one took the way that was called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took the way called

Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell and rose no more.

I looked then to Christian to see him go up the hill, and then I saw that he had begun to clamber upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place.

Now about midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers.

When Christian got there he sat down to rest, then he pulled out his roll and read in it to comfort himself, and he began again to look at the garment that was given to him at the Cross.

Thus he at last fell into a slumber, and then into a sound sleep, which kept him in that place, until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand.

Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him and awaked him. Then Christian suddenly started up and sped on his way till he came to the top of the hill.

When he was got to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him. The name of the one was Timorous, and the other Mistrust.

'Sirs,' said Christian, 'what is the matter? You run the wrong way.'

Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion and had got up that difficult place. 'But,' said he, 'the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned and are going back again.'

'Yes,' said Mistrust; 'for just before us lies a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, but we thought if we came within reach, they would pull us in pieces.'

Then said Christian, 'You make me

afraid, but yet I will go forward.' So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way.

And as he went he thought again of what he heard from the men. Then he felt for his roll, that he might read and be comforted, but he felt and found it not.

Now was Christian in great distress and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that was on the side of the hill, and then he went back to look for his roll.

But all the way he went back, who can tell the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and often he chid himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep.

Thus therefore he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that all the way as he went. For he hoped to find the roll that had been his comfort so

many times in his journey. He went back till he came again within sight of the arbour where he had sat and slept, but that sight renewed his sorrow again, by reminding him how eagerly he had slept there. And as he went towards the arbour, he sighed over his sleepiness, saying, 'Oh, foolish man that I was, why did I sleep in the daytime? oh, that I had not slept.'

Now, by the time he was come to the arbour again, for a while he sat down and wept, but, at last, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, he espied his roll, which with trembling haste he caught up.

But who can tell how joyful Christian was when he had got his roll again, or with what joy and tears he began to go up the hill again. And, oh, how nimbly did he go up, yet before he reached the top the sun went down.

Now Christian remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous had told him, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. And he said to himself, 'If these beasts meet me in the dark, how shall I escape being by them torn in pieces?'

But while he was in this fright, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway-side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and looking before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. The lions were chained, but Christian did not see the chains. Then he was afraid and thought he would go back, but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful,

seeing Christian stop, as if he would go back, cried, 'Fear not the lions, for they are chained.'

Then I saw that Christian went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. And Christian said to the porter, 'Sir, what house is this? May I lodge here to-night?'

The porter answered, 'This house was built by the Lord of the hill, for the safety of pilgrims.'

So Watchful the porter rang a bell, at the sound of which a grave and beautiful damsel came out of the door. When she saw Christian she brought him into the Palace Beautiful, and she and her sisters talked with him until supper was ready.

Now all their talk at table was about the Lord of the hill, and, by what they said, I knew that He had been a great Warrior, and that He had fought and slain Death, but not without great

danger to Himself, which made me love Him the more.

They talked together till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they went to bed.

The room in which the pilgrim slept had a window opening towards the sun-rising, and the name of the room was Peace.

In the morning they all got up, and after some more talk, they told him that they would take him to the armoury before he left them. So they did, and when he came out, he was harnessed from head to foot, lest he should be attacked in the way.

Then Christian walked with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he had seen any pilgrims pass.

The porter answered, 'Yes, a pilgrim

called Faithful has passed this way.'

'Oh,' said Christian, 'I know him. He comes from the place where I was born.

'By this time he is below the hill,' said the porter.

Then Christian began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation, where it is difficult not to slip. He went down very warily, yet he slipped once or twice.

Now in the valley Christian had a hard fight with a fiend called Apollyon. Apollyon was a monster and hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish, he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion, and out of it came fire and smoke. When he came up to Christian he looked at him with rage in his face, and said, 'Prepare thyself to die, for thou shalt go no farther.' And he threw a flaming dart at him, but Christian had a shield in his hand, which caught the



They would take him to the armoury
before they left him.

dart, so that it did him no harm.

Then did Christian draw his sword, but Apollyon threw darts at him as thick as hail, and wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot.

This great combat lasted half a day, till Christian was almost worn out.

Then Apollyon came close to Christian, and wrestled with him and gave him a dreadful fall, and Christian's sword flew out of his hand.

'I am sure of thee now,' said Apollyon. But while he was taking a last blow to kill this good man altogether, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it. Then he gave Apollyon a deadly thrust, and Apollyon spread his wings and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man could imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and roaring Apollyon

made all the time of the fight. He spake like a dragon. On the other side, sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him give so much as a pleasant look, till he saw that he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword. Then indeed he did smile and look upward, but it was the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, 'I will give thanks to Him that did help me against Apollyon.'

He also sat down in that place to eat and drink, so being refreshed, he again began his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, 'For,' said he, 'I do not know if some other enemy may not be at hand.'

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Through it Christian must go, because the way to the Celestial City lay through it. Now this valley is a very

lonely place. It is like a wilderness or a desert, full of pits. No man dwells in it, and no man but a Christian passeth through it. Here Christian had a worse time than even in his fight with Apollyon.

I saw then in my dream that when Christian had reached the borders of this valley, there met him two men, making haste to go back.

Christian said to them, 'Whither are you going?'

'Back, back,' they cried, 'as you will go, if you prize life or peace!'

'Why, what is the matter?' said Christian.

'Matter!' said they. 'We were going the way you are going, and we went as far as we dared. But had we gone a little further we had not been here to bring the news to thee.'

'But what have you met with?' said

Christian.

'Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but by good chance we looked before us and saw the danger before we came to it.'

'But what have you seen?' said Christian.

'Seen!' said the men, 'why, the valley itself was as dark as pitch. We also saw hobgoblins and dragons, and we heard a continual howling and yelling as of people in great misery. Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is altogether dreadful, being utterly without order.'

'But,' said Christian, 'this is the way to the Celestial City.'

'Be it your way, then; we will not choose it for ours.' So they parted. Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, lest he should be attacked.

I saw then in my dream, that as far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous mire, into which if a man falls he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on.

The pathway here was also exceeding narrow, and therefore Christian was the more distressed. For when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tumble over into the mire on the other, and when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would nearly fall into the ditch.

Then he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly. For besides these dangers, the pathway was here so dark, that when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where, nor upon what he should set it next.

About the middle of this valley I saw the mouth of hell to be, and it stood close to the wayside.

'Now,' thought Christian, 'what shall I do?'

And ever and anon the flame and smoke came out in such abundance with sparks and hideous noises, so that he was forced to put away his sword and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer.

Then he cried out in my hearing, 'O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be rushing towards him. Also he heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets.

This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together. Then Chris-

tian came to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him and he stopped and began to think what it would be best for him to do.

Sometimes he thought he would go back but again he thought he might be half way through the valley. So he resolved to go on, yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come almost close to him, he cried out in a loud voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God.' Then the fiends went back and came no farther.

Now Christian thought he heard the voice of a man going before him, saying, 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for Thou art with me.' Then he was glad, for he thought that some one who feared God was in this valley, as well as himself, and he hoped to overtake him and have

company by and by.

Now morning being come, he looked back to see by the light of day what dangers he had gone through in the night. So he saw more plainly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the mire that was on the other, also how narrow the way was that lay between them both. He saw, too, the hobgoblins and dragons, but all afar off, for after break of day they came not nigh.

About this time the sun was rising, and this was a great help to Christian, for you must know that though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, through which he had to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous. For, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along so full of snares, traps, and nets here, so full of pits, pitfalls, and deep holes down there, that

if it had been dark, he would almost surely have been lost, but as I said just now, the sun was rising. In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley.

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little hill, and going up he looked forward and saw Faithful before him. Then said Christian, 'Stay, and I will be your companion.'

And when he overtook Faithful they went very lovingly on together, and talked of all that had happened to them in their pilgrimage.

Then I saw in my dream that when they got out of the wilderness they saw a town before them, and the name of that town was Vanity, and at the town there was a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It was kept all the year long.

At this fair there were sold houses, lands, trades, husbands, wives, children,

silver, gold, pearls, and precious stones. And, moreover, at this fair, there were at all times cheats and jugglers and knaves and rogues.

Now the way to the Celestial City lay just through this town, so the pilgrims had to go through the fair.

The Prince of princes Himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that on a fair-day too. And, I think, it was Beelzebub the chief lord of this fair that invited the Prince to buy of his vanities. Beelzebub even said he would have made Him lord of the fair, if He would have done him reverence as He went through the town. Yea, because the Prince was so great a person, Beelzebub took Him from street to street and showed Him all his kingdoms, that he might, if possible, tempt the Prince to buy some of his vanities. But the Blessed One did not wish any of these vanities,

and therefore left the town without spending so much as one farthing upon these vanities.

Now these pilgrims, Christian and Faithful, as I said, had to go through this fair.

Well, so they did, but behold, whenever they entered into the fair, it and the town itself were in a hubbub about them. For the pilgrims were clothed with raiment that was very different from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people gazed upon Christian and Faithful and called them outlandish men.

Then also, they wondered at the pilgrims' speech, as few could understand what they said, for they spoke the language of the Celestial City. But those that kept the fair spoke the language of the city of Vanity Fair, and they could not understand one another.

Now when these pilgrims would not buy their wares and would not even look at them, the sellers were angry and mocked these men, and some called on others to smite them.

At last the master of the fair told his men to question the pilgrims. And when Christian and Faithful told the men that they were strangers in the world and were going to the Celestial City, the men thought they were mad. Therefore they took them and beat them and threw mud at them, and then they put them in a cage to be a show to the people at the fair.

But when they were tired of mocking them, these two pilgrims were again examined and charged as guilty of the great disturbance in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair. Then Christian and Faith-

ful behaved so wisely and patiently, that the others were still more angry, and said they would put these men to death.

Therefore, after a trial, Faithful was brought out, to do with him according to their law. And first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they stoned him with stones, then they pricked him with their swords, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake.

Now I saw behind the people a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who was taken by it through the clouds, the nearest way to the Celestial City.

Then was Christian sent back to the prison, where he dwelt for a time, till he escaped and went again on his way. But he did not go alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful, who left the town of Vanity, and was a companion to Christian in his pilgrimage.

They went on their way till they came to a pleasant river. Now their way lay just along the bank of the river, and Christian and his companion walked there with great delight. They drank also of the river, and ate of the fruit that grew on the trees by its bank.

On either side of the river was also a meadow, very beautiful with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie safely.

Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, when the river and the way parted, and at this they were very sorry, yet they dare not go out of the way.

A little before them was a meadow and a stile to go over into it. Then said Christian, 'If this meadow lies along by our path, let us go over.' He went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay along-

side of the way, on the other side of the fence.

'That is as I wish,' said Christian. 'Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.'

'But,' said Hopeful, 'what if this path should lead us out of the way?'

'That is not likely,' said the other. 'Look, it goes along by the wayside.' So Hopeful, being persuaded by Christian, went after him over the stile. When they had gone over and had got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet. And as they looked before them they saw a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence. So they called after him, and asked where this way led.

He said, 'To the Celestial City.'

'Look,' said Christian to Hopeful, 'did I not tell you so? You see, we are right after all.' So they followed Vain-confidence, and he went before them.

But behold, the night came on, and

it was very dark, so that they that went behind lost sight of him that went before.

Vain-confidence then went on, not seeing the way before him, and fell into a deep pit which was there. This pit was made by the Prince of those grounds on purpose, to catch such foolish men as Vain-confidence. He, then, fell into the pit and was dashed to pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and Hopeful heard him fall, so they called to know what was the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning.

Then said Hopeful, 'Where are we now?' But Christian was silent, for he began to be afraid that he had led Hopeful out of the way.

Now it began to rain and thunder and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the river flowed over the banks.

And Hopeful groaned, 'Oh that 1 had kept on my way.'

By this time the waters were greatly risen, so that to go back was very dangerous.

Yet they tried to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that as they went they were nearly drowned nine or ten times, and they could not reach the stile again that night.

Wherefore at last, coming to a little Shelter, they sat down, but being weary they fell asleep.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, and the owner of the castle was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds the pilgrims were now sleeping. Wherefore the giant, getting up early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep.

Then with a grim and surly voice he woke them, and asked them what they were doing in his grounds.

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

The giant said, 'You have trampled on my ground, and slept on it, and therefore you must go along with me.' So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. Also they said very little, for they knew they had done wrong.

The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any one to speak to them.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and he told her he had taken a couple of men prisoners, because they were sleeping on his grounds. Then she told him that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.



The owner of the castle
was Giant Despair

So Giant Despair got a cudgel, and went down to the dungeon and beat Christian and Hopeful fearfully, so that they could not move. Then the giant left them, and they spent their time in sighs and bitter tears.

The next night Giant Despair again talked to his wife, and she said, 'Tell your prisoners to kill themselves, for they will never escape from the dungeon.'

So when morning came, the giant went to them in a surly manner, and seeing they still ached with the stripes he had given them, he told them to poison themselves, for they would never get away from him in any other way.

But they asked the giant to let them go.

That made him so angry that he rushed on them and would have killed them, but he fell into a fit and lost for a time the use of his hand, wherefore he

withdrew and left them as before.

Well, towards evening the giant went down again to the dungeon to see if his prisoners had followed his advice and poisoned themselves. He found them alive, but because of their wounds and for want of bread and water they could do little but breathe.

Now at night the giant's wife said: 'Take the prisoners into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those prisoners you have already killed. Tell them that in a week you will tear them to pieces, as you have torn your other prisoners.'

When the morning was come, the giant went to them again and took them into the castle yard, and showed them all his wife had bidden him.

'These,' said he, 'were pilgrims once as you are, but they walked in my grounds as you have done. And when I

thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do to you. Get you down to your den again,' and he beat them all the way there.

That night, about midnight, Christian and Hopeful began to pray, and they prayed till dawn of day.

Now just at dawn Christian spoke in sudden amazement. 'How foolish we are to lie here, when we might be free after all. I have a key in my pocket called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.'

Then said Hopeful, 'That is good news, pull it out of your pocket and try.'

Christian pulled it out and began to try the dungeon door, and the bolt, as he turned the key, yielded, and the door flew open, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the door that led to the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also, after that he

went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too. That lock was terribly hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape in haste, but, as it opened, that gate made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who got up hastily to follow his prisoners, but he could not run after them, for again he took one of his fits.

Then Christian and Hopeful went on till they came to the King's highway and so were safe, because they were out of the giant's grounds.

Now when they had got over the stile, they began to wonder what they should do to keep other pilgrims from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they agreed to put up there a pillar, and to write on it this sentence: 'Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who

despiseth the King of the Celestial Country and seeks to destroy His holy pilgrims.'

Many pilgrims, that came after, read what was written and escaped Giant Despair.

They then went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains. These mountains belonged to the Lord of the steep hill which Christian had climbed.

So they went up these mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains. There, too, they drank and washed themselves and ate the fruit of the vineyards.

Now there were Shepherds on the mountains, who welcomed them lovingly and showed them many wonders. First they took them to the top of a hill which was very steep on one side, and bid them look down to the bottom.

So Christian and Hopeful looked

down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had had from the top.

'These,' said the Shepherds, 'are for an example to others to be careful not to clamber too high, or to come too near the brink of this mountain.' The name of this mountain was Error.

Then the Shepherds took them to the top of another mountain, and the name of it was Caution, and the Shepherds bid them look afar off.

When the pilgrims did this, they saw, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there. And they saw that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them.

Then said Christian, 'What means this?'

The Shepherds then answered, 'Did

you see a little below these mountains a stile that led into a meadow?'

They answered, 'Yes.'

'From that stile,' said the Shepherds, 'there goes a path that leads straight to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair. These men,' and the Shepherds pointed to those among the tombs, 'came once on a pilgrimage as you do now. But when they came to the stile, because the right way was rough, they went over it into the meadow. Here they were taken by Giant Despair and cast into Doubting Castle. After they had been kept some time in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes. Then he led them among those tombs, and left them to wander there till this very day.'

Then Christian and Hopeful thought of their escape from Doubting Castle, and they looked at one another with tears in their eyes. But yet they said

nothing to the Shepherds.

Now I saw in my dream that the Shepherds brought them to another place, where was a door in the side of a hill, and they opened the door and bid the pilgrims look in. They looked in therefore and saw that within it was very dark and smoky. They also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry as of some in trouble.

Then said Christian, 'What means this?'

The Shepherds said, 'This is a byway to hell.'

And the Shepherds said one to another, 'Let us show the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our glass.'

So they took Christian and Hopeful to the top of another high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look.

They tried to look, but the remem-

brance of that last thing the Shepherds had showed them made their hands shake, so that they could not look steadily through the glass. Yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the beauty of the place.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bid them beware when they met the Flatterer. The third bid them take heed that they did not sleep upon the Enchanted Ground. And the fourth bid them 'Godspeed.' So I awoke from my dream.

And I slept and dreamed again, and I saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains and along the highway.

They went on then till they came to a place where they saw another path that seemed to be as straight as the way which they should go. And here they knew not

which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them, therefore here they stood still to think.

And as they were thinking about the way, behold, a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there.

They answered they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take.

'Follow me,' said the man. 'It is there I am going.'

So they followed him in the path that had joined the way, and this path slowly turned, and at last turned them so far from the City that they wished to go to, that in a little time their faces were turned away from it. Yet they still followed him.

But by and by before they knew what had happened, he led them both into a

net, in which they were so entangled that they knew not what to do. Then the white robe fell off the black man's back, and they knew that he was the Flatterer and had brought them into his net.

Wherefore there they lay, crying some time, for they could not get themselves out. And as they lay weeping in the net, they saw a Shining One coming toward them with a whip of small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they were doing there.

They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white. 'He bid us,' said they, 'follow him, for he was going thither too.'

Then said the Shining One, 'It is a Flatterer, that has clothed himself like an angel of light.' So he rent the net and let

the men out. And he said to the pilgrims, 'Follow me,' and he led them back to the way which they had left when they followed the Flatterer.

The one with the whip then asked them where they slept last night.

They said, 'With the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains.'

He asked them if the Shepherds had not given them a note, telling them about the way.

They answered, 'Yes,' but they had forgotten to read it.

He asked them also if the Shepherds did net tell them to beware of the Flatterer.

They answered, 'Yes,' but they did not think that this man who spoke so well could be he.

Then I saw in my dream that the Shining One commanded them to lie down. And he took his whip, and when

he had whipped them he said, 'As many as I love I rebuke and punish, be careful therefore and repent.'

This done, he bid them go on their way and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds.

So they thanked the Shining One for all his kindness, and went gladly along the right way.

Now I saw in my dream that when the pilgrims had got safely over the Enchanted Ground, they entered a beautiful country where the air was very sweet and pleasant. Every day they heard continually the singing of birds, and every day they saw the flowers appear in the earth. In this country the sun shineth night and day, and here they were within sight of the City to which they went.

So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the

light.

These men asked the pilgrims where they came from, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way, and they told them.

Then said the men that met them, 'You have but two difficulties more to meet and then you are in the City.' So they all walked together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I saw that between them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was deep. At the sight of the river Christian and Hopeful were stunned, but the men that went with them said, 'You must go through, or you cannot come in at the gate.'

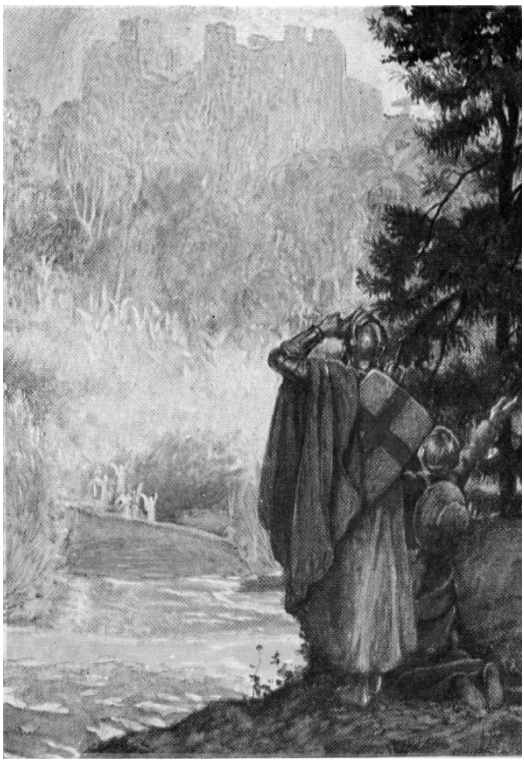
The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to be afraid, and looked this

way and that way, but could find no way by which to escape the river. Then they entered the river, and Christian began to sink and to cry out to his friend Hopeful, saying, 'I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head.'

But Hopeful cheered Christian, and said he felt the ground under his feet. Yet a great horror and darkness fell upon Christian, for he thought he should never reach the Celestial City, and Hopeful had much difficulty to keep his friend's head above water.

Then I saw in my dream that at last Christian took courage, and soon he found ground to stand upon, and the rest of the river was Shallow. Thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who waited there for them, and led them toward the gate.



They were within sight of the
City to which they went.

The City stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that with ease, talking gladly to their shining companions, and thus they came up to the gate.

And over the gate there were written in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do the King's Commandments and may enter in through the gates into the City.'

I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo! as they entered they were transfigured. And they had raiment put on that shone like gold. They had harps given to them to praise on, and crowns were given to them in token of honour.

Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them,

and behold, the City shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold. And I heard many voices saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.'

And after that they shut up the gates, and when I had seen this, I wished I myself were within.

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

The Second Part

Now as I lodged in a wood, I slept, and as I slept, I dreamed again.

And in my dream I saw that Christiana (for that was the name of the wife of Christian from the day that she with her children began a pilgrim's life) could not rest after she heard that her husband had gone over the river.

With grief she remembered how she had refused all his loving entreaties that she and her sons should go with him to Mount Zion. Especially his bitter cry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' rang in her ears.

And she said to her children, 'Sons, I was foolish not to go with your father and not to let you go.'

Then the boys began to cry and said they would go after their father, and

Christiana wept with them and they all cried, 'Oh woeful was the day we let him go alone.'

The next night Christiana had a dream. She thought she saw two evil ones standing near her bed and saying, 'What shall we do with this woman? She cries for forgiveness for all the wrong things she has done, both when she wakes and when she sleeps. We shall soon lose her as we lost her husband Christian. If we cannot make her think of other things rather than of her sins, she will also become a pilgrim.'

Now Christiana awoke in great fear, and she trembled much, but after a while she fell asleep again.

And then she thought she saw Christian, her husband, in a very happy land. He had a harp in his hand and was playing upon it before One who sat upon a throne, with a rainbow around his head.

She saw also that Christian bowed his head at his Prince's feet, saying, 'I thank Thee, with all my heart, my Lord and King, for bringing me to this place.' Then a great number of those that stood around the One that sat on the throne harped on their harps, but no one could tell what they said, except Christian and his companions.

The next morning, when Christiana was up and had prayed to God and talked with her children, some one knocked at the door.

'If thou comest in God's name, come in!' she called aloud. So the door opened and one came in, who said, 'Peace be to this house.'

Then he said, 'Christiana, knowest thou why I have come?'

Then she blushed and trembled and longed to know from whence he had come and what was his message to her.

So he said to her, 'My name is Secret, and where I come from it is said that thou hast a wish to become a pilgrim. The Merciful One has sent me to tell thee that He inviteth thee into His presence, and Christian and many of his companions will be glad when they hear the sound of thy feet step over the threshold of the Celestial City.

As she heard this she bowed her head to the ground, while her visitor went on to say, 'Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from Him who is thy husband's King.' So she took it and opened it, and the fragrance of it was as the fragrance of flowers. Also it was written in letters of gold, and it said that the King wished her to do as Christian had done, for that was the way to come to His City, and to dwell with joy in His presence.

Then Christiana wept and said, 'Sir,

will you carry me and my children with you that we also may worship this King?'

But her visitor said, 'Thou canst, like Christian, only after dangers, enter this Celestial City. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband. Go to the Wicket-gate yonder, and I wish thee all good-speed. Also, take this letter, that thou may'st read it to thyself and thy children. It is one of the songs thou must sing while thou art a pilgrim, and thou must also give it in at the Celestial Gate.'

Then Christiana called her sons together, and told them of the dream that had made her tremble with fear in the night, and of the encouragement the strange visitor had brought her in the morning.

'Come, my children,' she said, 'let us pack up and go to the gate that leads to the Celestial City, that we may see your father and be with him and his com-

panions in peace.'

Then did her children burst into tears of joy, because they and their mother would journey together to the Celestial City.

So their visitor said farewell, and Christiana and her children prepared to go on their journey.

But while they were preparing to go, two women that were Christiana's neighbours came to her house and knocked at the door.

And when they came in and saw she was going away, they began to ask her where she was going.

Christiana answered, 'I am preparing for a journey.'

'For what journey?' they asked her.

'Even to go after my dear husband,' said Christiana, and she began to weep.

Then she told her neighbours of her dream, and of the strange visitor, and of

the letter he had left with her.

And she took out her letter and read it to them, and said, 'Now what do you say to this?'

Then one of the neighbours said, 'We have heard of the dangers Christian met with from the lions, from Apollyon, from Giant Despair, and in Vanity Fair. And if he, though a man, found the way so hard, what canst thou, being but a poor woman, do? Even if thou art so rash as to wish to go away, keep thou at home, for the sake of thy four sweet children.'

But Christiana said, 'Tempt me not, my neighbour, for I must go to the Celestial City.'

Then the neighbour was angry and said, 'Come, Neighbour Mercy,' for that was the name of the younger one, 'we will leave her, for she will not listen to our counsel.'

But Mercy said, 'Nay, if Christiana

will go, I will go also a little way with her, and help her. And if I find what she says is true,' Mercy thought to herself, 'I shall also go on with her with all my heart.'

So the one neighbour returned to her house, but Mercy walked with Christiana and her children to help them on the way.

Then as they walked along together Christiana said, 'Well, Mercy, come with us, for the King, who hath sent for me and my children, loveth Mercy too. Besides, if thou wilt, thou shalt go with me as my servant, only we will share everything together.'

But said Mercy, 'How can I be sure that the King will welcome me too? If I were sure He wished me, I would go to Him though the way were very long.'

'Well, Mercy, I will tell thee what to do. Go with me to the Wicket-gate, and, if then thou art not encouraged to go on,

I will be content that thou return to thy home.'

'Then will I go thither,' said Mercy; and Christiana was glad at her heart. But when they had walked on some way they came together to the Slough of Despond, and Christiana stood still, for, said she, 'This is the place in which my dear husband was nearly smothered with mud.' She saw also that though the King had commanded that this place should be made better for pilgrims, yet it was rather worse than it used to be.

For many pretend to be the King's labourers, and they say they are mending the King's highways, but these bring dirt and mud instead of stones, and so they are spoiling the Slough of Despond instead of mending it.

But as Christiana and her boys stood and looked, Mercy said, 'Come, let us venture across, only let us be careful.'

Then they looked well to each step and managed to stumble over.

Now I saw in my dream Christiana and Mercy and the boys go all of them up to the gate. And since Christiana was the eldest it was arranged that she should knock for entrance, and that she should speak to Him that did open the gate, for them all.

So Christiana began to knock, and as her poor husband had done, she knocked and knocked again. But instead of any one opening the gate, they thought that they heard a dog barking at them—a dog, and a great one too, and this made the women and children afraid. Nor dare they knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them.

Now they were greatly puzzled and knew not what to do. Knock they dare not for fear of the dog. Go back they dare not for fear the Keeper of that gate

should see them and should be offended with them. At last they thought of knocking again, and knocked more loudly than at first.

Then said the Keeper of the gate, 'Who is there?' And the dog left off barking and He opened the gate to them.

Christiana bent in lowliness to Him, and said, 'Let not our Lord be offended, because we have knocked at His princely gate.'

Then said the Keeper again, 'Whence come you, and what is it you would have?'

Christiana answered, 'We are come from where Christian did come, and if it shall please you, graciously admit us by this gate, into the way that leads to the Celestial City.

The Keeper of the gate did marvel at that, saying, 'What, is Christiana a pilgrim now?'

Then she bowed her head and said, 'Yes; and so are these, my sweet children also.'

So He took her by the hand and led her in, and said also, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' and after that He shut the gate.

This done, He called to a trumpeter that was above, over the gate, to sound the trumpet for joy.

Now all this time poor Mercy did stand without, crying, for fear that she should not be allowed to enter. But when Christiana and her boys were within, Christiana began to tell her Lord that she had a companion who wished to be inside the gate.

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, for each minute was as long to her as an hour, wherefore she stopped Christiana's entreaty by knocking at the gate herself. And she knocked so loud,

that she made Christiana start.

Then said the Keeper of the gate, 'Who is there?'

And Christiana said, 'It is my friend.'

So he opened the gate and looked out; but Mercy had fallen down in a faint, for she was afraid that the gate would not be opened for her.

Then He took her by the hand and said, 'Damsel, I bid thee arise,' and He led her gently in.

Now I saw in my dream that He spake many good words to them, that made them glad. Then He left them for a little while in a summer parlour, where they talked together.

At last He came down to them again, and Christiana began to talk of their journey and to inquire about the way.

So He fed them and washed their feet and showed them the way. Then I saw in my dream that they walked on, and the

weather was very pleasant to them.

Now along the way that Christiana and her companions went was a wall, and on the other side of the wall was a garden. And some of the fruit trees that grew in that garden shot their branches over the wall. So Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the trees and with the fruit that did hang there, did pluck them and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing, but still the boys went on.

'Well,' said she, 'my sons, the fruit does not belong to us'; but she did not know that it did belong to the enemy.

So they journeyed on to the house of the Interpreter. Now when Christiana knocked, there came to the door a young damsel, named Innocent.

'Pray what is your name that I may tell my Lord?' said the damsel.

Christiana answered, 'I was the wife

of Christian, that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way, and these be his four children. This maiden is also my companion, and is a pilgrim too.'

Then Innocent ran in, and said to those within, 'Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children and her companion.' Then they leaped for joy and went and told their Master.

And the Master, who was the Interpreter, said, 'Why standest thou thus at the door? We were talking of thee just now, for tidings have come to us that thou art a pilgrim. Come, children, come in. Come, maiden, come in.'

So he brought them all into the house, and they were bidden to sit down and rest. Then those that waited upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled and another smiled, and they all smiled for

joy, because Christiana was a pilgrim.

After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into a room, where there was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also One over his head, with a celestial crown in His hand and offered to give him that crown for his muck-rake.

But the man did not look up, but raked for himself the straw, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

Then said the Interpreter, 'Thou seest this man cares more to rake up straw and sticks and the dust of the floor than to take the celestial crown. This is to show thee that heaven is like an unreal place to some, and that to them, here is the only real place. Thou seest too that the man could look no way but downwards. That is to let thee know that sometimes men love things on earth so

dearly that their hearts quite forget God.'

Then the Interpreter took them into another room where was a hen and chickens, and told them to look carefully. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes towards heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn from her to look up with thanks for all you receive from your Lord.'

'Sir,' said Christiana, 'let us see some more.' So he took them to where a butcher was killing a sheep, and behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death with patience.

Then said the Interpreter, 'You must learn of this sheep to suffer and to bear unkindness without murmuring or complaining. Your King doth call you His sheep.'

Now supper was ready, so they sat

down and did eat, when one had given thanks.

And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals, so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had.

His song was this:—

'The Lord is only my support,
And He that doth me feed,
How can I then want anything
Whereof I stand in need.'

Now when the song and music were ended and supper was over, they all went to bed.

In the morning they arose with the sun and prepared to go on their journey, but the Interpreter said, 'Tarry awhile.' Then he called Innocent the damsel, and told her to take the pilgrims into the bath and there wash them and make them

clean from the stains they had got by travelling. So Innocent, the damsel, took them to the bath, and they all went in and washed, and they came out of the bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much stronger. When they came in they looked fairer a great deal than when they went out to be washed.

The Interpreter looked upon them and called them 'Fair as the moon,' and he brought a seal and put his mark upon them, so that they might be known in the places they were yet to go.

Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel, 'Go and fetch garments for these people.'

So she went and fetched white raiment and laid it down before him. It was very fine and white and clean.

When the pilgrims had put on these garments they looked at each other in surprise, and then said each to the other,



The interpreter then called
for a man-servant of his,
named Greatheart.

'You are more fair than I.'

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, named Greatheart, and bid him take a sword and helmet and shield. 'Guide these pilgrims,' said he, 'and bring them to the palace Beautiful, at which place they rest next.' So he took his weapons and went before them, and the Interpreter said 'Godspeed.'

Now I saw in my dream that they went on, and Greatheart went before them. So they came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back and tumbled into the sepulchre.

Here then they stopped and thanked God, and Christiana said, 'Though I was very glad before, yet now I am ten times more joyful.'

Then they went on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, where their friend Mr. Greatheart told them what had happened to Christian there. So he

took them first to the spring, 'Lo,' saith he, 'this is the spring that Christian drank of before he went up the hill.' Therefore Christiana and Mercy and the boys drank also from the well.

Next he showed them the two paths that led round the foot of the hill. 'And,' said he, 'these are dangerous paths. Two pilgrims lost themselves here when Christian passed on. And though, as you see, these ways have since been stopped up with chains, posts, and a ditch, yet some will wander round these ways, rather than take the trouble to go up this hill.'

Then they set out and began to go up the hill, and up the hill they went. But before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant, and said, 'This is a very steep hill, it is no marvel that some choose a smoother way.'

And said Mercy, 'I must sit down,'

also the youngest child began to cry.

'Come, come,' said Greatheart, 'sit not down here, for a little above is the Prince's arbour.' Then took he the little boy by the hand and led him up.

When they were come to the arbour, they were all willing to sit down. And Christiana gave them a piece of pomegranate and some honeycomb to eat, and she gave them to drink out of a little bottle of spirits, which the Interpreter had given to her.

Now when they had eaten and drunk and had chatted a little longer, their guide said to them, 'The day wears away, let us prepare to be going.' So they got up to go and the little boys went before, but Christiana forgot to take her bottle of spirits with her, so she sent her little boy back to fetch it.

'I think this is a place for losing things,' said Mercy. 'Here Christian lost

his roll, and there Christiana left her bottle behind her.'

So they went on till they came within sight of the lions that had made Christian to fear. Now Greatheart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion.

But yet when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were now glad to hide behind, for they were afraid of the lions. At this their guide smiled. 'What is this, my boys, do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?'

Now as they went up Mr. Greatheart drew his sword to make a way for the pilgrims in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one that was on the lions' side, and he said to the guide, 'Why have you come hither?' Now the name of that man was Grim, and he was a giant.

And Mr. Greatheart said, 'These

women and children are pilgrims, and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.'

'This is not the way,' said Grim; 'neither shall the pilgrims go this way. I am come forth to hinder them, and I will back the lions.'

But Greatheart approached unto Grim, and fell on him so heavily with his sword that he made him go back a little.

Then said Grim angrily, 'Will you slay me on my own ground?'

'It is the King's highway we are in,' said the guide, 'and in His way it is that thou hast placed thy lions.' And he gave the giant a downright blow and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm. Then did Grim the giant roar so hideously that his voice frightened the women, and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling on the

ground.

Now the lions were chained and could of themselves do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim was dead Mr. Great-heart said to the pilgrims, 'Come now and follow me, and the lions shall not hurt you.'

They therefore went on, but the women trembled as they passed, and the boys were greatly afraid, but they all got safely by.

Now, then, they were in sight of the porter's lodge, and they made haste to reach it, because it was dangerous travelling there at night. So when they were come to the gate, the guide knocked, and the porter cried, 'Who is there?' But as soon as the guide had said, 'It is I,' he knew his voice and came down, for the guide had often before that come thither as a conductor of pilgrims.

When he was come down Mr.

Greatheart said, 'I have brought some pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's command, they must lodge.'

'Will you not come in and stay till morning?' said the porter.

'No,' said Mr. Greatheart, 'I will return to my lord to-night.'

'Oh, sir,' said Christiana, 'I know not how to be willing you should leave us. You have been so faithful and loving to us, and you have fought so bravely for us.'

Then said Mercy, 'How can we hold out in a way so full of dangers, without our guide?'

And James, the youngest of the boys, said, 'Pray, sir, go with us and help us, because we are so weak and the way so dangerous.'

'I am willing to go with you all the way, if my Lord chooses me to be your guide, however, just now I must return, and so good Christiana, Mercy, and you

dear children, farewell.'

Then Christiana, with Mercy and her children, was bidden to come in and sit down in a very large room, and the damsels of the household came in to welcome them. Now because it was late and because the pilgrims were tired with the journey, and faint with the sight of the fight and of the terrible lions, therefore they wished to prepare to go to rest.

'Nay,' said those of the family, 'eat first and refresh yourselves.'

So when they had had supper, they prayed and sang a song, and then went to bed.

And as Christiana lay awake that night, she heard Mercy laugh as she slept.

So, early in the morning, she said, 'Mercy, what made you laugh in your sleep? I suppose you were dreaming.'

'So I was, and a sweet dream it was.

But are you sure I laughed?'

'Yes,' said Christiana, 'you laughed aloud. But, Mercy, tell me thy dream.'

'I dreamed that I sat all alone,' said Mercy, 'in a lonely place. And I was sorrowful because my heart was not tender and kind. Now I had not sat there long, when I thought many people gathered round me to see why I was sad. And when they heard me lamenting that my heart was not more gentle, some of them laughed at me, some called me foolish, and some began to push me about. Then I dreamt that I looked up and saw some one with wings coming towards me. So he came and said, "Mercy, why are you sad?"

'Now when he had heard why I was sorrowful, he said, "Peace be to thee." He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief and clothed me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and

earrings in my ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand and said, "Mercy, come after me." So he went up and I followed till we came to a golden gate. Then he knocked, and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which One sat. And He said to me, "Welcome, Mercy." The place looked bright and twinkling like stars, or rather like the sun, and I thought that I saw Christian there. So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?'

'Laugh!' said Christiana, 'well might you laugh while you dreamed so good a dream. We need not lie awake in bed to talk with God. He can talk to us while we sleep and cause us to hear His voice.'

'Well,' said Mercy, 'I am glad of my dream, for I hope some day it will come true, and then it will make me laugh again.'

Then said Christiana, 'I think it is now time to get up and to find out what we must do.'

'Oh,' said Mercy, 'if they ask us to stay a little while, let us gladly stay.'

So when they came down, the damsels of the house begged them to stay for a while, and they said they would willingly stay for about a month.

Now Matthew the eldest son of Christiana was very ill while they stayed here. And he was in such great pain, that Christiana sent for Mr. Skill the doctor. When the doctor had come and watched the boy, he said to his mother, 'What has Matthew been eating?'

'Nothing but what is wholesome,' said Christiana.

But the doctor said, 'This boy has been eating something that has made him as ill as he is.'

Then Samuel, one of the boys, said,

'Mother, you remember Matthew ate some fruit that hung over a wall, soon after we left the Wicket-gate?'

'Yes, my child,' said Christiana, 'he did eat like a naughty boy, though I chid him for doing so!'

'I knew he had eaten something that was not wholesome,' said Mr. Skill. 'Many have died from eating this fruit.'

Then Christiana began to cry, and she said to the doctor, 'Pray, sir, do all you can for him, whatever it may cost.' So the doctor made a medicine for the boy; but though he was in great pain he did not wish to take it.

His mother tasted the medicine with the tip of her tongue. 'Oh, Matthew,' she said, 'this medicine is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, or if thou lovest thy brother, or if thou lovest Mercy, take it.'

So after much ado he took it, and it

caused him to sleep and rest quietly, and it soon took away all his pain. In a little time he was able to get up and walk about from room to room with the help of a staff.

Then Christiana thanked Mr. Skill with all her heart, and Mr. Skill bade Matthew take care what fruit he ate. Then he kissed him and went away.

Now about this time Christiana said they must go on their journey again, but first she sent a request to Mr. Interpreter, asking him to grant that Mr. Greatheart should go with them the rest of the way.

And Mr. Interpreter sent a message to tell Christiana that her request was granted, for, said he, 'I will send Mr. Greatheart to guide you on the way.'

Now about this time one knocked at the door. So the porter opened, and behold! Mr. Greatheart, and when he was come in what joy was there.

Then said Mr. Greatheart to Christiana and to Mercy, 'My Lord has sent each of you a bottle of wine and some parched corn and a couple of pomegranates. He has also sent the boys some figs and raisins to refresh them on the way.'

Now I saw in my dream that after Christiana had thanked the porter for all the kindness he had shown to her and to her children, they went forward on their pilgrimage till they came to the brow of a hill. And there they heard in a grove, a little way off on the right hand, most curious songs, full of melody. And one of the damsels had come to the brow of the hill with Christiana, and she told her that the songs were sung by the country birds.

'They sing but seldom,' she said, 'except in spring, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warmly, and then you hear them all day long. 'I often

go out,' she said, 'to hear them, and sometimes we keep them tame in our house.'

Then the pilgrims said farewell to the damsel, and they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a very steep hill and the way was slippery, but they were very careful, so they got down very well.

When they were down in the valley Christiana said, 'Is this the place where Christian, my husband, met with Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had?'

'It is true,' said Mr. Greatheart, 'that Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat. But we need not be afraid of this valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we bring it on ourselves.'

Now as they went on, Samuel said to Mr. Greatheart, 'Sir, the valley is large.

Where about was the fight my father had with Apollyon?'

'The battle was at a place yonder before us, in a narrow passage. And, indeed, that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts.'

When they came to the place where the battle was fought, the guide said to Christiana, her children, and Mercy, 'This is the place, and on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. Behold, also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place some of Apollyon's broken darts. See, also, how with their blows they did split the very stones in pieces. Verily Christian was very brave here. When Apollyon was beaten, he retreated to the next valley, that is called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and unto that valley we shall soon come.'

Then when they had passed this

place, they came to the borders of the Shadow of Death, and this valley was longer than the other. It was a place strangely haunted with evil things, but these women and children went more comfortably through it, because they had daylight and because Mr. Greatheart was their guide. When they had entered this valley they thought they heard a very great groaning. This made the boys afraid, the women also looked pale and sad, but their guide bade them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little further, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place were there. They heard also a kind of hissing as of serpents, but nothing was to be seen.

Then said the boys, 'Are we not yet at the end of this dreary place?' But the guide told them to have courage and to

watch their feet, 'Lest,' said he, 'a snare entrap you.'

Now James began to be ill, but I think the cause was fear. So his mother gave him some medicine she had got from Mr. Skill, the doctor, and the boy felt better again.

Thus they went on till they came to about the middle of the valley. Then Christiana said, 'I think I see something yonder upon the road before us, a thing of a shape I have never seen before.'

Then said Joseph, 'Mother, what is it?'

'An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing,' she said.

'But, mother, what is it like?'

'It is like, I cannot tell what,' said she, and now it was but a little way off.

Then said she, 'It is nigh!'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Greatheart, 'let them that are most afraid keep close to

me.'

So the shape came on, and the guide met it, but when it was just come to him, it vanished from all their sights.

They went on, therefore, being a little refreshed, but they had not gone far when Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something like a lion, and it followed after them at a great pace. And it had a hollow voice, and at every roar that it gave it made all the valley echo, and all their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide.

So it came up and Mr. Greatheart went behind and put the pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on, and Mr. Greatheart got ready to do battle. But when the lion saw that Mr. Greatheart meant to fight he also drew back and came no further.

Then they went on again and their guide did go before them, till they came

to a place where there was a great pit right across the way. And before they could get over it, a great mist and darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see.

And the pilgrims said, 'Alas, what shall we do?'

But their guide answered, 'Fear not, stand still and you will see that we shall overcome this difficulty also. So they stayed there, because the path was blocked.

Also they then thought they did hear more plainly the noise and rushing of enemies. The fire also and smoke of the pit were much more clearly to be seen.

Then said Christiana to Mercy, 'Now I see what my poor husband went through. I have heard much of this place, but I have never been here before. Poor Christian! he went here all alone in the night. It was night almost all through the

valley. Also these fiends came near him, as if they would tear him to pieces. Many people have spoken of this valley, but none can tell what it really is till they themselves go through this Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

'For my part,' said Greatheart, 'as I have told you already, I have often gone through this valley and found it much harder than I do now, yet, you see, I am still alive. Come, let us pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness.' So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and help, for now they found that where the pit had stopped them there was now no pit. Yet still they were not out of the valley.

Then said Mercy to Christiana, 'This is not so pleasant as being at the Wicket-gate, or at the Interpreter's or at the Palace Beautiful.'

'Oh, but,' said one of the boys, 'it is

not so bad to go through here, as it would be to stay here always. Perhaps one reason why we go this way is that our home may seem all the sweeter to us.'

'That is true,' said the guide, 'thou hast spoken like a man, and we shall be out of the valley by and by.'

So they went on, and Joseph said, 'Cannot we see to the end of this valley yet?'

Then said the guide, 'Look carefully how you walk, for we shall soon be among snares.' So they watched their feet and went on, but they were troubled much with the snares.

Now when they were among the snares they saw a man fallen into a ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all scratched and torn.

And the guide said, 'This man was called Heedless, and as he went along this way he fell into the ditch. Also he

has lain there a great while. You cannot think how many are killed here, yet men are foolish and set out on their pilgrimage without a guide. Poor Christian! it was a wonder that he escaped here. But he was loved by his God, and also he had a brave heart, or he could never have done it.'

Now they drew towards the end of the valley, and just there, out of a cave, came forth Maul, a giant. This giant used to flatter and spoil young pilgrims.

When the giant saw Mr. Greatheart, he said to him, 'How often have you been forbidden to do these things?'

'What things?' said Mr. Greatheart.

'What things!' answered the giant, 'you know what things, but I will put an end to your doings,' and he prepared to fight.

'But,' said Mr. Greatheart, 'before we begin, let us know why we must fight.'

Now the women and children stood

trembling and knew not what to do.

Then said the giant, 'Thou art a kidnapper, for thou gatherest together women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, and so thou makest my master's kingdom weaker.'

'I am commanded to do all I can to bring men, women, and children out of thy master's kingdom, for thy master is Satan,' said Mr. Greatheart.

Then the giant came up, and Mr. Greatheart went to meet him, and as he went he drew his sword, but the giant had a club.

At the first blow, Maul, the giant, struck Mr. Greatheart down upon one of his knees.

When the women and children saw that, they cried.

So their guide got up again and gave the giant a wound in his arm. Thus they fought for about an hour, then they sat

down to rest, but Mr. Greatheart began to pray. Also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time the battle did last.

When they had rested and taken breath they both began again, and Mr. Greatheart with a blow brought the giant down to the ground. Then he ran to him and pierced him under the ribs, till the giant began to faint and could hold up his club no longer. So Mr. Greatheart smote the head of the giant from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Greatheart also rejoiced, and praised God for His help.

When this was done they put up a pillar, and fastened the giant's head on it, and wrote underneath in letters that pilgrims might read:—

He that did wear this head, was one
That pilgrims did misuse;
He stopped their way, he spared none,

But did them all abuse;
Until that I, Greatheart, arose,
The pilgrims' guide to be;
Until that I did him oppose
That was their enemy.'

Now as they went thus on their way, one came running to meet them, crying, 'Men and women, if you love your life, turn and flee, for robbers are before you.'

'Well,' said Mr. Greatheart, 'if they come, we are ready for them,' so they went on their way. Now they looked at every turning for the robbers, but perhaps they had heard of Mr. Greatheart, for they came not up to the pilgrims.

Christiana then wished for an inn for herself and her children, for they were weary.

So they came to the door of an inn, kept by a man called Gaius, and they asked if they might stay there all night.

'Yes,' said Gaius, 'if you are true

pilgrims, for this house is for none but these.'

Then were they all glad that the innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims, and they called for rooms. And Gaius showed them one for Christiana, one for her children, and one for Mercy, and another for Mr. Greatheart.

So after they had bathed, Gaius, the host, prepared supper for the pilgrims, and when they had all eaten, and after some talk of their journey, they all went to rest.

In the morning Samuel whispered to his mother, and said, 'Mother, this is a very good man's house. Let us stay here a long while, and let my brother Matthew be married to Mercy before we go any further.'

And Gaius heard what Samuel whispered to his mother, and said, 'You may stay with a very good will, my child.'

So they stayed there more than a month, and Mercy was married to Matthew, and about the same time Phebe, the daughter of Gaius, married James. After which they stayed yet ten days at Gaius's house, spending their time as pilgrims used to do.

When they were going to depart, Gaius made them a feast, and they did eat and drink and were merry.

Now the hour was come that they must go, wherefore Mr. Greatheart called for the bill.

But Gaius told him that at his house it was not the custom of pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He looked for his pay, he said, from his Master, who had promised at His return to faithfully repay all.

Then Gaius took his leave of them, and Mr. Honest, Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-Halt with his crutches,

also joined themselves with Mr. Great-heart and his pilgrims.

Thus, therefore, they went on. Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Honest went before, Christiana and her children went next, Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-Halt came behind.

I saw now that they went on till they came to the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains. Beside this river was a house built for the babes and little ones belonging to the women who went on pilgrimage. Also there was One here who would carry the babes, and if any of them were lost He would find them. Here they would be safe from thieves and robbers, for this Man would die rather than let one of those given into His care be lost. So here many pilgrims left their little ones.

Now they went on, and they came to the stile over which Christian with

Hopeful went when they were taken prisoners by Giant Despair. Here they sat down and wondered what was best to be done. Now that they were so strong and had Mr. Greatheart for their guide, should they not attack the giant? Should they not destroy his castle, and, if there were any pilgrims in the dungeons, set them free?

So one said one thing, and one said another, but at last Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Honest and Christiana's four sons set out for Doubting Castle to look for Giant Despair.

When they came to the castle gates they knocked with a great deal of noise, and the old giant came to the gate, and his wife followed him.

Then said the giant, 'Who dares to disturb Giant Despair?'

Mr. Greatheart replied, 'It is I, Greatheart, one of the King's guides. I demand

of thee that thou open thy gates and let me in. Prepare also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head and to destroy Doubting Castle.'

Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought no man could overcome him. So he put on his armour and went out. He had a cap of steel on his head, a breastplate of fire girded round him, and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand.

Then these six men attacked him behind and before, and when the giant's wife came up to help him, Mr. Honest killed her at one blow. Now they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground. He was very grieved to die, and struggled hard, but Greatheart was his death, for he did not leave the giant till he had cut off his head.

So they began to destroy Doubting

Castle, and that was easy to do since Giant Despair was dead. They were seven days in destroying it.

In the castle they found two pilgrims almost starved to death. One was Mr. Despondency, and the other was his daughter, Much Afraid. These two they saved, and they followed Mr. Greatheart and his company of pilgrims.

When these pilgrims had thus bravely slain Giant Despair, they went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful had seen wonderful sights.

Mr. Greatheart and these pilgrims also made themselves known to the Shepherds there, who welcomed them, as they had done Christian before, to the Delectable Mountains.

Then said the Shepherds, 'This is a great company. You are welcome to us,' and they made a feast for the pilgrims,

after which they all went to rest.

When morning was come, because the day was clear, the Shepherds took them out to the fields and showed them all they had showed to Christian before.

Then they took them to some new places. And one of these places was called Mount Innocent. There they saw a man clothed all in white. Two men were continually throwing dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt would in a little time fall off again, and his garment would look as clean as if no dirt had been thrown at it.

Then said the pilgrims, 'What means this?'

The Shepherds answered, 'The white garment is to show the goodness of this man's life. Now those that throw dirt at him are those that hate his goodness. But whoever try to make such good men dirty, try in vain. For in a little time God

makes their goodness as plain as the daylight.'

Next the Shepherds took them to Mount Charity. There they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor, yet his bundle of cloth was never smaller.

Then said the pilgrims, 'What does this mean?'

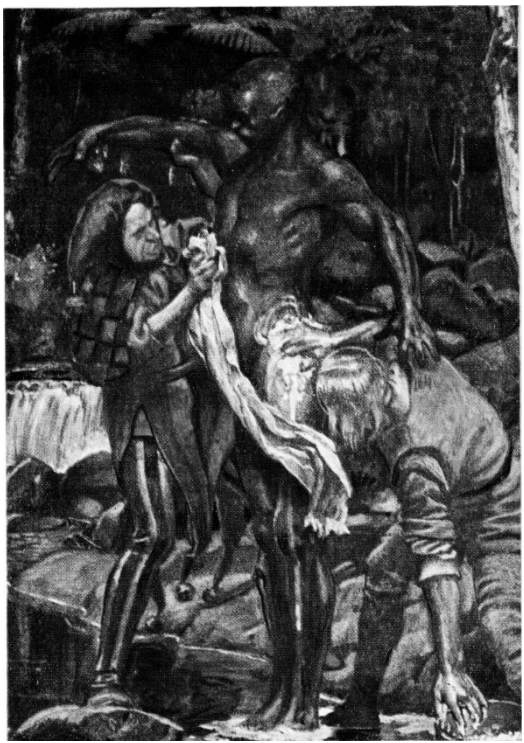
'This,' said the Shepherds, 'is to show you that whoever gives to the poor, shall never go without himself.'

The Shepherds then took them to a place where they saw one man called Fool, and another man called Want-wit, washing a man who came from a country where all men are black. And the more they washed the man the blacker he was. 'Thus,' said the Shepherds, 'shall it be with all who pretend to be what they are not.'

By this time they had got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air was very drowsy. And the place was all grown over with briers and thorns, except here and there, where there was an enchanted arbour, in which, if a man sits, or in which if a man sleeps, it sometimes happens that he never rises or wakes again in this world.

Over this forest then they went, with Mr. Greatheart going before as their guide. Now they had not gone far when a great mist or darkness fell upon them all, so that they could scarce see one another. The way also here was very wearisome through dirt, nor was there on all this ground an inn where they could refresh themselves.

Here, therefore, was puffing and sighing, while one tumbled over a bush, another stuck fast in the dirt, and the children, some of them, lost their shoes



They saw one man called Fool, and another man called Want-wit, washing a man who came from a country where all men are black.

in the mire.

One cried, 'I am down,' and another, 'Ho, where are you?' and a third, 'I am caught in the bushes and I think I cannot get away from them.'

Then the pilgrims asked their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of the way by the help of the light of a lantern. So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of the way, though the darkness was very great.

But the children began to be very weary, and they cried out unto Him that loveth the pilgrims, to make their way more comfortable.

When they had gone a little further a wind arose that drove away the fog, so the air became more clear, and the pilgrims went on in joy and trembling.

After this I beheld that they were come into the land of Beulah, where the

sun shineth day and night. Here, because they were weary, they rested a while. And because this country belonged to the King of the Celestial City, they might use the orchards and vineyards there, as if they were their own.

But a little while soon refreshed them here, for the bells did ring and the trumpets sounded so melodiously that they could not sleep, yet they were as refreshed as if they had slept very soundly.

Here also all those who walked in the streets cried, 'More pilgrims are come to town.' And another would answer, saying, 'And so many went over the water and were let in at the golden gates today.'

Then Greatheart and his pilgrims got up and walked to and fro. And they heard heavenly music and they saw beautiful sights.

In this place, too, the children would

go into the King's garden and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection.

Now after they had waited for about an hour, they heard in the town that a letter had come from the Celestial City, with news of great importance, to Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim.

When the letter was brought to Christiana, she read, 'Hail, good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee and expecteth thou shouldest stand in His presence within ten days.'

Then Christiana told Mr. Greatheart what was in her letter, and he said he was heartily glad of the news, and would have been glad if a letter had come for him.

And Christiana called for her children and blessed them, and told them she was glad to have them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so

white.

Now the day came when Christiana must go, so the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come to take her to the City gate.

So she came forth and entered the river.

The last word she was heard to say was, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee.'

So her children and friends returned to the town, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight.

And Christiana entered in at the gate, with all the joy that her husband Christian had done before.

When she went away her children wept, but Mr. Greatheart played on a harp for joy, and afterwards returned to his Master's house. He hoped that he

might guide many more of the holy pilgrims to the banks of the river that leads to the gates of the Celestial City.

Now day by day letters came to call away the pilgrims that had followed Mr. Greatheart, but as for Christiana's children, her four sons with their wives and children, I did not stay at the riverside till they went over. Also since I came away I heard they were still alive.