

fore they signified to those of the house, that it was convenient for them to be up and going. Then said Joseph to his mother, It is proper that you forget not to send to the house of Mr. Interpreter, to pray him to grant that Mr. Great-heart should be sent unto us, that he may be our conductor the rest of the way. Good boy, said she, I had almost forgot. So she drew up a petition, and prayed Mr. Watchful, the porter, to send it by some fit man to her good friend, Mr. Interpreter; who, when it was come, and he had seen the contents of the petition, said to the messenger, Go, tell them that I will send him.

When the family where Christiana was saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they called the whole house together, to give thanks to their King for sending of them such profitable guests as these. Which done, they said unto Christiana, And shall we not show thee something, as our custom is to do to pilgrims, on which thou mayest meditate when thou art upon the way? So they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy into the closet, and showed them one of the apples that Eve ate of, and that which she also did give to her husband, and that for the eating of which they were both turned out of Paradise; and asked her what she thought that was. Then Christiana said, It is food or poison, I know not which. So they opened the matter to her; and she held up her hands and wondered. (Gen. iii. 1-6; Rom. vii. 24.)

Then they had her to a place, and showed her Jacob's ladder. Now at that time there were some angels ascending upon it. So Christiana looked and looked to see the angels go up; so did the rest of the company. (Gen. xxviii. 12.) Then they were going into another place, to show them something else; but James said to his mother, Pray, bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight. So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes

with this so pleasing a prospect. After this, they had them into a place where did hang up a golden anchor. So they bid Christiana take it down; for, said they, you shall have it with you, for 'tis of absolute necessity that you should lay hold of that within the veil, and stand steadfast, in case you should meet with turbulent weather: so they were glad thereof. (Joel iii. 16; Heb. vi. 19.) Then they took them, and had them to the mount upon which Abraham our father offered up Isaac his son, and showed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife; for they remain to be seen to this very day. When they had seen it, they held up their hands, and blessed themselves, and said, Oh! what a man for love to his Master, and for denial to himself, was Abraham!

After they had showed them all these things, Prudence took them into a dining-room, where stood a pair of excellent virginals: so she played upon them, and turned what she had showed them into this excellent song, saying—

“Eve's apple we have showed you;
Of that be you aware:
You have seen Jacob's ladder too
Upon which angels are.

“An anchor you received have;
But let not these suffice,
Until with Abra'm you have gave
Your best a sacrifice.”

Now about this time one knocked at the door; so the Porter opened, and, behold, Mr. Great-heart was there. But when he was come in, what joy was there! for it came now afresh again into their minds how, but awhile ago, he had slain old Grim Bloody-man, the giant, and had delivered them from the lions.

Then said Mr. Great-heart to Christiana and to

Mercy, My Lord has sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; he has also sent the boys some figs and raisins, to refresh you in your way.

Then they addressed themselves to their journey; and Prudence and Piety went along with them. When they came to the gate, Christiana asked the porter, if any of late went by? He said, No; only one, some time since, who also told me, that of late there had been a great robbery committed on the King's highway, as you go; but, said he, the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives. Then Christiana and Mercy were afraid; but Matthew said, Mother, fear nothing, as long as Mr. Great-heart is to go with us, and to be our conductor.

Then said Christiana to the Porter, Sir, I am much obliged to you for all the kindnesses that you have showed me since I came hither; and, also, for that you have been so loving and kind to my children. I know not how to gratify your kindness: wherefore, pray, as a token of my respect to you, accept of this small mite. So she put a gold angel in his hand; and he made her low obeisance, and said, Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head want no ointment. Let Mercy live, and not die, and let not her works be few. And to the boys he said, Do you fly youthful lusts, and follow after godliness with them that are grave and wise; so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart, and obtain praise of all that are sober-minded. So they thanked the Porter, and departed.

Now I saw in my dream that they went forward until they were come to the brow of the hill, where Piety, bethinking herself, cried out, Alas! I have forgot what I intended to bestow upon Christiana and her companions; I will go back and fetch it. So she ran and fetched it. While she was gone,

Christiana thought she heard in a grove, a little way off on the right hand, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these—

“Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.”

And listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying—

“For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.”

So Christiana asked Prudence who it was that made those curious notes. They are, she answered, our country birds: they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I often, said she, go out to hear them; we also oftentimes keep them tame in our house. They are very fine company for us when we are melancholy; also, they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places desirous to be in. (Sol. ii. 11, 12.)

By this time Piety was come again; so she said to Christiana, Look here, I have brought thee a scheme of all those things that thou hast seen at our house, upon which thou mayest look when thou findest thyself forgetful, and call those things again to remembrance for thy edification and comfort.

Now they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful; so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana, This is the place where your husband met with the foul fiend

Apollyon and where they had that dreadful fight that they had: I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage; as long as you have here Mr. Great-heart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare the better. So when these two had committed the pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.

Then said Mr. Great-heart, We need not be so afraid of this valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it to ourselves. It is true that Christian here did meet with Apollyon, with whom he had also a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips which he got in his going down the hill; for they that get slips there, must look for combats here. And hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name. For the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of opinion that that place is haunted with some foul fiend or evil spirit; when, alas! it is for the fruit of their own doing that such things do befall them there.

This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over; and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place.

Then James said to his mother, Lo, yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon; let us go and see what it is. So they went, and found there written, "Let Christian's slips, before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after."

Lo! said their guide, did not I tell you that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place? Then, turning himself to Christiana, he

said, No disparagement to Christian, more than to many others whose hap and lot it was. For it is easier going up than down this hill, and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man, he is at rest; he, also, had a great victory over his enemy: let him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he.

But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is fat ground; and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is; also, how beautified with lilies. (Sol. ii. 1.) I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation (for "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble;" James iv. 6; 1 Pet. v. 5); for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some, also, have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over: but the way is the way, and there is in end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith: so they hearkened, and he said—

"He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much ;
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

"Fulness to such a burden is,
 That go on pilgrimage ;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age."

Then said their guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet. But we will proceed in our discourse.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his country-house ; he loved much to be here : he loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shalt be free from the noise, and from the hurryings of this life ; all states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him into a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life. (Hos. xii. 4, 5.)

Did I say our Lord had here in former days his country-house, and that he loved here to walk? I will add, in this place, and to the people that love and trace these grounds, he has left a yearly revenue, to be faithfully paid them at certain seasons for their maintenance by the way, and for their further encouragement to go on in their pilgrimage.

Now, as they went on, Samuel said to Mr. Great-heart, Sir, I perceive that in this valley my father and

Apollyon had their battle; but where about was the fight? for I perceive this valley is large.

GREAT-HEART. Your father had the battle with Apollyon at a place yonder before us, in a narrow passage just beyond Forgetful Green. And, indeed, that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts; for if at any time pilgrims meet with any brunt, it is when they forget what favours they have received, and how unworthy they are of them. This is the place also where others have been hard put to it; but more of the place when we are come to it; for I persuade myself, that to this day there remains either some sign of the battle, or some monument to testify that such a battle was fought there.

Then said Mercy, I think I am as well in this valley as I have been anywhere else in all our journey: the place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places, where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels: methinks here one may, without much molestation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him; here one may think, and break at heart, and melt in one's spirit, until one's eyes become "as the fish-pools in Heshbon." They that go rightly through this "valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain" that God sends down from heaven upon them that are here, "also filleth the pools." This valley is that from whence, also, the King will give to his their vineyards (Sol. vii. 4; Ps. lxxxiv. 5-7; Hos. ii. 15); and they that go through it shall sing, as Christian did, for all he met with Apollyon.

'Tis true, said their guide; I have gone through this valley many a time, and never was better than when here. I have also been a conductor to several pilgrims, and they have confessed the same. "To this man will I look (saith the King), even to him

that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word."

Now they were come to the place where the afore-mentioned battle was fought. Then said the guide to Christiana, her children, and Mercy, This is the place; on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him: and, look, did I not tell you, here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones to this day! Behold, also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place some of the shivers of Apollyon's broken darts; see, also, how they did beat the ground with their feet, they fought, to make good their places against each other; how, also, with their by-blows, they did split the very stones in pieces: verily, Christian did here play the man, and showed himself as stout as Hercules could, had he been here, even he himself. When Apollyon was beat, he made his retreat to the next valley, that is called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, unto which we shall come anon.

Lo, yonder, also, stands a monument, on which is engraven this battle and Christian's victory, to his fame, throughout all ages. So because it stood just on the wayside before them, they stepped to it, and read the writing, which, word for word, was this—

“ Hard by here was a battle fought,
Most strange, and yet most true ;
Christian and Apollyon sought
Each other to subdue.

The man so bravely play'd the man,
He made the fiend to fly ;
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify.”

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death; and this valley was longer than the other; a place, also, most



P.P.

Page 253.

Pilgrims in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify; but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

When they were entered upon this valley, they thought that they heard a groaning as of dying men—a very great groaning. They thought, also, that they did hear words of lamentation, spoken as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake, the women, also, looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little farther, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard, also, a kind of hissing, as of serpents, but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place? But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

Now James began to be sick, but I think the cause thereof was fear; so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that had been given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr. Skill had prepared, and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the valley; and then Christiana said, Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us; a thing of such a shape as I have not seen. Then said Joseph, Mother, what is it? An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing, said she. But, Mother, what is it like? said he. 'Tis like I cannot tell what, said she. And now it is but a little way off. Then said she, It is nigh.

Well, said Mr. Great-heart, let them that are most afraid keep close to me. So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered

they what had been said some time ago : " Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

They went therefore on, as being a little refreshed ; but they had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came a great padding pace after ; and it had a hollow voice of roaring ; 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. Great-heart went behind, and put the pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on apace, and Mr. Great-heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when he saw that it was determined that resistance should be made, he, also, drew back, and came no farther. (1 Pet. v. 9.)

Then they went on again, and their conductor went before them, till they came to a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way ; and before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and a darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the pilgrims, Alas ! what now shall we do ? But their guide made answer, Fear not, stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also. So they stayed there, because their path was marred. They then, also, thought that they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies ; the fire, also, and smoke of the pit were much easier to be discerned. Then said Christiana to Mercy, Now I see what my poor husband went through ; I have heard much of this place, but I never was here before now. Poor man ! he went here all alone in the night ; he had night almost quite through the way : also, these fiends were busy about him, as if they would have torn him in pieces. Many have spoken of it, but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean until they come in it themselves. " The heart knoweth

its own bitterness ; and a stranger intermeddled not with its joy." To be here is a fearful thing.

GREAT-HEART. This is like doing business in great waters, or like going down into the deep ; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains ; now, it seems as if the earth, with its bars, were about us for ever. "But let them that walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God." For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this valley ; and have been much harder put to it than now I am ; and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not my own saviour. But I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke, not only these, but all the Satans in hell.

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance ; for there was now no let in their way ; no, not there where but now they were stopped with a pit. Yet they were not got through the valley : so they went on still, and behold great stinks and loathsome smells, to the great annoyance of them. Then said Mercy to Christiana, It is not so pleasant being here as at the gate, or at the Interpreter's, or at the house where we lay last. Oh but, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always ; and, for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us, is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us.

Well said, Samuel, quoth the guide ; thou hast now spoken like a man. Why, if ever I get out here again, said the boy, I think I shall prize light and good way better than ever I did in all my life. Then said the guide, We shall be out by and by.

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

guide, Look to your feet, for we shall presently be among the snares. So they looked to their feet and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now, when they were come among the snares, they spied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn. Then said the guide, That is one Heedless, that was going this way; he has lain there a great while. There was one Take-heed with him when he was taken and slain, but he escaped their hands. You cannot imagine how many are killed hereabouts, and yet men are so foolishly venturous as to set out lightly on pilgrimage, and to come without a guide. Poor Christian, it was a wonder that he here escaped! But he was beloved of his God: also, he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never have done it.

Now they drew towards the end of this way; and just where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, How many times have you been forbidden to do these things? Then said Mr. Great-heart, What things?—What things! quoth the giant; you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade. But pray, said Mr. Great-heart, before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight. (Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do.) Quoth the giant, You rob the country, and rob it with the worst of thefts.—These are but generals, said Mr. Great-heart; come to particulars, man.

Then said the giant, Thou practisest the craft of a kidnapper; thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom. But now Great-heart replied, I am a servant of the God of heaven;

my business is to persuade sinners to repentance. I am commanded to do my endeavours to turn men, women, and children "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" and, if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt.

Then the giant came up, and Mr. Great-heart went to meet him; and, as he went, he drew his sword; but the giant had a club. So, without more ado, they fell to it; and at the first blow the giant struck Mr. Great-heart down upon one of his knees. With that the women and children cried out. So Mr. Great-heart, recovering himself, laid about him in full lusty manner, and gave the giant a wound in his arm: thus he fought for the space of an hour to that height of heat, that the breath came out of the giant's nostrils as the heat doth out of a boiling cauldron.

Then they sat down to rest them, but Mr. Great-heart betook himself to prayer; also, the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested them and taken breath, they both fell to it again; and Mr. Great-heart, with a blow, fetched the giant down to the ground. Nay, hold, let me recover, quoth he; so Mr. Great-heart fairly let him get up. So to it they went again, and the giant missed but little of all-to-breaking Mr. Great-heart's skull with his club.

Mr. Great-heart seeing that, runs to him in the full heat of his spirit, and pierceth him under the fifth rib: with that the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer. Then Mr. Great-heart seconded his blow, and smote the head of the giant from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Mr. Great-heart also praised God for the deliverance he had wrought.

When this was done, they amongst them erected

a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote under it, in letters that passengers might read—.

“He that did wear this head was one
That pilgrims did misuse ;
He stopp'd their way, he spared none,
But did them all abuse :

“Until that I, Great-heart, arose,
The pilgrims' guide to be ;
Until that I did him oppose,
That was their enemy.”

Now I saw that they went on to the ascent that was a little way off cast up to be a prospect for pilgrims (that was the place from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful his brother). Wherefore, here they sat down and rested: they also here did eat and drink, and make merry, for that they had gotten deliverance from this so dangerous an enemy. As they sat thus and did eat, Christiana asked the guide if he had caught no hurt in the battle? Then said Mr. Great-heart, No, save a little on my flesh; yet that, also, shall be so far from being to my detriment, that it is at present a proof of my love to my Master and you; and shall be a means, by grace, to increase my reward at last.

CHRISTIANA. But were you not afraid, good sir, when you saw him come with his club?

It is my duty, said he, to mistrust my own ability, that I may have reliance on Him who is stronger than all. (2. Cor. iv.)

CHRISTIANA. But what did you think when he fetched you down to the ground at the first blow?

Why, I thought, replied he, that so my Master himself was served; and yet he it was that conquered at last.

MATTHEW. When you all have thought what you please, I think God has been wonderfully good unto us, both in bringing us out of this valley, and in

delivering us out of the hand of this enemy; for my part, I see no reason why we should distrust our God any more, since he has now, and in such a place as this, given us such testimony of his love.

Then they got up and went forward. Now, a little before them stood an oak; and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep: they knew that he was a pilgrim by his clothes, and his staff, and his girdle.

So the guide, Mr. Great-heart, awaked him; and the old gentleman, as he lifted up his eyes, cried out, What's the matter? Who are you? and what is your business here?

GREAT-HEART. Come, man, be not so hot, here are none but friends. Yet the old man gets up, and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they are. Then said the guide, My name is Great-heart: I am the guide of these pilgrims that are going to the Celestial country.

Then said Mr. Honest, I cry you mercy. I feared that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money; but now I look better about me, I perceive you are honest people.

GREAT-HEART. Why, what would or could you have done, to have helped yourself, if indeed we had been of that company?

HONEST. Done! why; I would have fought as long as breath had been in me; and had I so done, I am sure you could never have given me the worst on't; for a Christian can never be overcome, unless he shall yield of himself.

GREAT-HEART. Well said, father Honest, quoth the guide; for by this I know thou art a cock of the right kind, for thou hast said the truth.

HONEST. And by this also I know that thou knowest what true pilgrimage is; for all others do think that we are the soonest overcome of any.

GREAT-HEART. Well, now we are so happily met, pray let me crave your name, and the name of the place you came from.

HONEST. My name I cannot; but I came from the town of Stupidity; it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.

GREAT-HEART. Oh! are you that countryman? Then I deem I have half a guess of you: your name is Old Honesty, is it not?

HONEST. So the old gentleman blushed, and said, Not Honesty in the abstract; but Honest is my name, and I wish that my nature may agree to what I am called.

But, sir, said the old gentleman, how could you guess that I am such a man, since I came from such a place?

GREAT-HEART. I had heard of you before by my Master; for he knows all things that are done on the earth; but I have often wondered that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than the City of Destruction itself.

HONEST. Yes, we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless; but were a man in a mountain of ice, yet if the Sun of Righteousness should arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw. And thus it has been with me.

GREAT-HEART. I believe it, father Honest, I believe it; for I know the thing is true.

Then the old gentleman saluted all the pilgrims with a holy kiss of charity, and asked them their names, and how they had fared since they set out on their pilgrimage.

Then said Christiana, My name, I suppose, you have heard of: good Christian was my husband, and these four are his children. But can you think how the old gentleman was taken when she told him who she was! He skipped, he smiled, he blessed them with a thousand good wishes, saying,

I have heard much of your husband, and of his travels and wars, which he underwent in his days. Be it spoken to your comfort, the name of your husband rings all over these parts of the world; his faith, his courage, his enduring, and his sincerity under all, have made his name famous.

Then he turned him to the boys, and asked of them their names, which they told him. And then said he unto them—Matthew, be thou like Matthew the publican, not in vice, but in virtue. Samuel, said he, be thou like Samuel the prophet, a man of faith and prayer. Joseph, said he, be thou like Joseph in Potiphar's house, chaste, and one that flies from temptation. And James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord (Matt. x. 3; Ps. xcix. 6; Gen. xxxix.; Acts i. 13, 14). Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her own town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, Mercy is thy name, by mercy thou shalt be sustained, and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of Mercy in the face with comfort. All this while the guide, Mr. Great-heart, was very well pleased, and smiled upon his companion.

Now, as they walked along together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing, that came on pilgrimage out of his parts.

HONEST. Yes, very well, said he. He was a man that had the root of the matter in him; but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met with in all my days.

GREAT-HEART. I perceive you knew him, for you have given a very right character of him.

HONEST. Knew him! I was a great companion of his; I was with him most an end: when he

first began to think upon what would come upon us hereafter, I was with him.

GREAT-HEART. I was his guide from my Master's house to the gates of the Celestial City.

HONEST. Then you knew him to be a troublesome one.

GREAT-HEART. I did so; but I could very well bear it; for men of my calling are oftentimes entrusted with the conduct of such as he was.

HONEST. Why, then, pray let us hear a little of him, and how he managed himself under your conduct.

GREAT-HEART. Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of, if it had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I have heard that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month together; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hands. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said, he should die if he came not to it; and yet he was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshiny morning, I don't know how, he ventured, and so got over; but when he was over, he would scarcely believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind—a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was. So he came up to the gate—you know what I mean—that stands at the head of this way, and there, also, he stood a good while before he would venture to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy. For, for all he got before some to the

gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand shaking and shrinking; I daresay it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him. Nor would he go back again. At last he took the hammer that hanged on the gate, in his hand, and gave a small rap or two; then one opened to him, but he shrunk back as before. He that opened stepped out after him, and said, Thou trembling one, what wantest thou? With that he fell down to the ground. He that spoke to him wondered to see him so faint, so he said to him, Peace be to thee; up, for I have set open the door to thee; come in, for thou art blessed. With that he got up, and went in trembling; and when he was in, he was ashamed to show his face. Well, after he had been entertained there awhile, as you know how the manner is, he was bid to go on his way, and also told the way he should take. So he went on till he came to our house; but as he behaved himself at the gate, so he did at my Master the Interpreter's door. He lay thereabout in the cold a good while before he would venture to call; yet he would not go back: and the nights were long and cold then. Nay, he had a note of necessity in his bosom to my Master to receive him, and grant him the comfort of his house, and also to allow him a stout and valiant conductor, because he was himself so chicken-hearted a man; and yet, for all that, he was afraid to call at the door. So he lay up and down thereabouts, till, poor man, he was almost starved; yea, so great was his dejection, that though he had seen several others, for knocking, get in, yet he was afraid to venture. At last, I think, I looked out of the window, and perceiving a man to be up and down about the door, I went out to him, and asked what he was. But, poor man, the water stood in his eyes; so I perceived what he wanted. I went therefore in, and told it in the

house, and we showed the thing to our Lord: so he sent me out again to entreat him to come in; but, I daresay, I had hard work to do it. At last he came in; and I will say that for my Lord, he carried it wonderfully lovingly to him. There were but a few good bits at the table, but some of it was laid upon his trencher. Then he presented the note; and my Lord looked thereon, and said his desire should be granted. So when he had been there a good while, he seemed to get some heart, and to be a little more comfortable. For my Master, you must know, is one of very tender bowels, especially to them that are afraid; wherefore, he carried it so towards him as might tend most to his encouragement. Well, when he had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the city, my Lord, as he did to Christian before, gave him a bottle of spirits, and some comfortable things to eat. Thus we set forward, and I went before him; but the man was but of few words, only he would sigh aloud.

When we were come to the place where the three fellows were hanged, he said that he doubted that that would be his end also. Only he seemed glad when he saw the Cross and the Sepulchre. There, I confess, he desired to stay a little to look, and he seemed for awhile after to be a little cheery. When he came to the hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions: for you must know that his troubles were not about such things as these; his fear was about his acceptance at last.

I got him into the house Beautiful, I think, before he was willing. Also, when he was in, I brought him acquainted with the damsels of the place; but he was ashamed to make himself much in company. He desired much to be alone; yet he always loved good talk, and often would get behind the screen to hear it. He also loved much to see ancient

things, and to be pondering them in his mind. He told me, afterwards, that he loved to be in those two houses from which he came last, to wit, at the Gate, and that of the Interpreter; but that he durst not be so bold as to ask.

When he went, also, from the house Beautiful, down the hill, into the Valley of Humiliation, he went down as well as ever I saw a man in my life; for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last. Yea, I think there was a kind of sympathy betwixt that valley and him; for I never saw him better in all his pilgrimage, than he was in that valley.

Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley. (Lam. iii. 27-29.) He would now be up every morning by break of day, tracing and walking to and fro in the valley.

But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man: not for that he had any inclination to go back—that he always abhorred; but he was ready to die for fear. Oh, the hobgoblins will have me! oh, the hobgoblins will have me! cried he; and I could not beat him out of it. He made such a noise and such an outcry here, that had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us.

But this I took very great notice of, that this valley was as quiet when he went through it, as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing had passed over it.

It would be too tedious to tell you of all: we will therefore only mention a passage or two more. When he was come to Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men in the fair.

I feared there we should have been both knocked on the head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the Enchanted Ground he was very wakeful. But when he was come at the river, where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case. Now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold.

And here, also, I took notice of what was very remarkable; the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life; so he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate, Mr. Great-heart began to take his leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above. So he said, I shall, I shall. Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more.

HONEST. Then it seems he was well at last?

GREAT-HEART. Yes, yes, I never had a doubt about him. He was a man of a choice spirit, only he was always kept very low, and that made his life so burdensome to himself, and so troublesome to others. (Ps. lxxxviii.) He was, above many, tender of sin: he was so afraid of doing injuries to others, that he often would deny himself of that which was lawful, because he would not offend. (Rom. xiv. 21; 1 Cor. viii. 13.)

HONEST. But what should be the reason that such a good man should be all his days so much in the dark?

GREAT-HEART. There are two sorts of reasons for it. One is, the wise God will have it so: some must pipe, and some must weep. (Matt. xi. 16, 17.) Now, Mr. Fearing was one that played upon the bass. He and his fellows sound the sackbut, whose notes are more doleful than the notes of other music are; though, indeed, some say the bass is the ground of music. And, for my part, I care not at all for that profession which begins not in heaviness of mind.

The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune. God, also, plays upon this string first, when he sets the soul in tune for himself. Only there was the imperfection of Mr. Fearing; he could play upon no other music but this, till towards his latter end.

I make bold to talk thus metaphorically for the ripening of the wits of young readers, and because in the book of the Revelation the saved are compared to a company of musicians, that play upon their trumpets and harps, and sing their songs before the throne. (Rev. vii.; xiv. 2, 3.)

HONEST. He was a very zealous man, as one may see by that relation which you have given of him. Difficulties, lions, or Vanity Fair, he feared not at all; it was only sin, death, and hell, that were to him a terror, because he had some doubts about his interest in that celestial country.

GREAT-HEART. You say right; those were the things that were his troublers; and they, as you have well observed, arose from the weakness of his mind thereabout, not from weakness of spirit as to the practical part of a pilgrim's life. I dare believe that, as the proverb is, he could have bit a firebrand had it stood in his way; but the things with which he was oppressed no man ever yet could shake off with ease.

CHRISTIANA. Then said Christiana, This relation of Mr. Fearing has done me good. I thought nobody had been like me. But I see there was some semblance betwixt this good man and I: only we differed in two things. His troubles were so great, that they broke out; but mine I kept within. His also lay so hard upon him, they made him that he could not knock at the houses provided for entertainment; but my trouble was always such as made me knock the louder.

MERCY. If I might also speak my heart, I must

say that something of him has also dwelt in me. For I have ever been more afraid of the lake, and the loss of a place in paradise, than I have been of the loss of other things. Oh, thought I, may I have the happiness to have a habitation there! 'Tis enough though I part with all the world to win it.

MATTHEW. Then said Matthew, Fear was one thing that made me think I was far from having that within me which accompanies salvation. But if it was so with such a good man as he, why may it not also go well with me?

JAMES. No fears, no grace, said James. Though there is not always grace where there is the fear of hell, yet to be sure there is no grace where there is no fear of God.

GREAT-HEART. Well said, James, thou hast hit the mark. For the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and to be sure they that want the beginning, have neither middle nor end. But we will here conclude our discourse of Mr. Fearing after we have sent after him this farewell:—

Well, Master Fearing, thou didst fear
Thy God, and wast afraid
Of doing anything, while here,
That would have thee betray'd.
And didst thou fear the lake and pit?
Would others do so too!
For, as for them that want thy wit,
They do themselves undo.

Now, I saw that they still went on in their talk. For after Mr. Great-heart had made an end with Mr. Fearing, Mr. Honest began to tell them of another, but his name was Mr. Self-will. He pretended himself to be a pilgrim, said Mr. Honest; but I persuade myself he never came in at the gate that stands at the head of the way.

GREAT-HEART. Had you ever any talk with him about it?

HONEST. Yes, more than once or twice ; but he would always be like himself, self-willed. He neither cared for man, nor argument, nor yet example ; what his mind prompted him to, that he would do, and nothing else could he be got to do.

GREAT-HEART. Pray, what principles did he hold ? for I suppose you can tell.

HONEST. He held, that a man might follow the vices as well as the virtues of pilgrims ; and that, if he did both, he should be certainly saved.

GREAT-HEART. How ? If he had said, it is possible for the best to be guilty of the vices, as well as to partake of the virtues of pilgrims, he could not much have been blamed ; for, indeed, we are exempted from no vice absolutely, but on condition that we watch and strive. But this, I perceive, is not the thing ; but, if I understand you right, your meaning is, that he was of opinion that it was allowable so to be.

HONEST. Ay, ay, so I mean, and so he believed and practised.

GREAT-HEART. But what grounds had he for his so saying ?

HONEST. Why, he said he had the Scripture for his warrant.

GREAT-HEART. Prithee, Mr. Honest, present us with a few particulars.

HONEST. So I will. He said, to have to do with other men's wives had been practised by David, God's beloved, and therefore he could do it. He said, to have more women than one was a thing that Solomon practised, and therefore he could do it. He said, that Sarah and the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and so did save Rahab, and therefore he could do it. He said, that the disciples went at the bidding of their Master, and took away the owner's ass, and therefore he could do so too. He said, that Jacob got the inheritance of his father in a way of guile and dissimulation, and therefore he could do so too.

GREAT-HEART. High base indeed! And are you sure he was of this opinion?

HONEST. I have heard him plead for it, bring Scripture for it, bring arguments for it, etc.

GREAT-HEART. An opinion that is not fit to be with any allowance in the world!

HONEST. You must understand me rightly: he did not say that any man might do this; but that those who had the virtues of those that did such things, might also do the same.

GREAT-HEART. But what more false than such a conclusion? For this is as much as to say, that because good men heretofore have sinned of infirmity, therefore he had an allowance to do it of a presumptuous mind; or that if, because a child, by the blast of the wind, or for that it stumbled at a stone, fell down and defiled itself in the mire, therefore he might wilfully lie down and wallow like a boar therein. Who could have thought that any one could so far have been blinded by the power of lust! But what is written must be true: they "stumble at the word, being disobedient; whereunto, also, they were appointed." (1 Pet. ii. 8.) Again, his supposing that such may have the godly men's virtues who addict themselves to their vices, is also a delusion as strong as the other. To eat up the sin of God's people (Hos. iv. 8), as a dog licks up filth, is no sign of one that is possessed with their virtues. Nor can I believe that one who is of this opinion can at present have faith or love in him. But I know you have made some strong objections against him; prithee what can he say for himself?

HONEST. Why, he says, to do this by way of opinion seems abundantly more honest than to do it and yet hold contrary to it in opinion.

GREAT-HEART. A very wicked answer. For, though to let loose the bridle to lusts, while our opinions are against such things, is bad; yet, to sin, and plead a

toleration so to do, is worse: the one stumbles beholders accidentally, the other leads them into the snare.

HONEST. There are many of this man's mind that have not this man's mouth, and that makes going on pilgrimage of so little esteem as it is.

GREAT-HEART. You have said the truth, and it is to be lamented; but he that feareth the King of paradise shall come out of them all.

CHRISTIANA. There are strange opinions in the world. I know one that said, it was time enough to repent when we come to die.

GREAT-HEART. Such are not over-wise; that man would have been loth, might he have had a week to run twenty miles in his life, to have deferred that journey to the last hour of that week.

HONEST. You say right; and yet the generality of them that count themselves pilgrims do indeed do thus. I am, as you see, an old man, and have been a traveller in this road many a day; and I have taken notice of many things.

I have seen some that have set out as if they would drive all the world before them, who yet have in a few days died as they in the wilderness, and so never got sight of the promised land. I have seen some that have promised nothing at first setting out to be pilgrims, and who, one would have thought, could not have lived a day, that have yet proved very good pilgrims. I have seen some who have run hastily forward, that again have, after a little time, run just as fast back again. I have seen some who have spoken very well of a pilgrim's life at first, that after awhile have spoken as much against it. I have heard some, when they first set out for paradise, say positively there is such a place, who, when they have been almost there, have come back again, and said there is none. I have heard some vaunt what they would do in case they should be opposed, that have,

even at a false alarm, fled faith, the pilgrim's way, and all.

Now, as they were thus on their way, there came one running to meet them, and said, Gentlemen, and you of the weaker sort, if you love life, shift for yourselves, for the robbers are before you.

Then said Mr. Great-heart, They be the three that set upon Little-faith heretofore. Well, said he, we are ready for them : so they went on their way. Now they looked at every turning when they should have met with the villains ; but whether they heard of Mr. Great-heart, or whether they had some other game, they came not up to the pilgrims.

Christiana then wished for an inn to refresh herself and her children, because they were weary. Then said Mr. Honest, There is one a little before us, where a very honourable disciple, one Gaius, dwells. (Rom. xvi. 23.) So they all concluded to turn in thither ; and the rather because the old gentleman gave him so good a report. When they came to the door, they went in, not knocking, for folks use not to knock at the door of an inn. Then they called for the master of the house, and he came to them. So they asked if they might lie there that night.

GAIUS. Yes, gentlemen, if you be true men, for my house is for none but pilgrims. Then were Christiana, Mercy, and the boys the more glad, for that the innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims. So they called for rooms ; and he showed them one for Christiana and her children and Mercy, and another for Mr. Great-heart and the old gentleman.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr. Great-heart, Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper ? for these pilgrims have come far to-day, and are weary.

GAIUS. It is late, said Gaius, so we cannot conveniently go out to seek food ; but such as we have you shall be welcome to, if that will content.

GREAT-HEART. We will be content with what thou

hast in the house ; for as much as I have proved thee, thou art never destitute of that which is convenient.

Then he went down and spake to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he came up again, saying, Come, my good friends, you are welcome to me, and I am glad that I have a house to entertain you in ; and, while supper is making ready, if you please, let us entertain one another with some good discourse : so they all said, Content.

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, Whose wife is this aged matron ? and whose daughter is this young damsel ?

GREAT-HEART. This woman is the wife of one Christian, a pilgrim of former times ; and these are his four children. The maid is one of her acquaintance, one that she hath persuaded to come with her on pilgrimage. The boys take all after their father, and covet to tread in his steps ; yea, if they do but see any place where the old pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same.

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, Is this Christian's wife ? and are these Christian's children ? I knew your husband's father, yea, also his father's father. Many have been good of this stock ; their ancestors dwelt first at Antioch. (Acts xi. 26.) Christian's progenitors (I suppose you have heard your husband talk of them) were very worthy men. They have, above any that I know, showed themselves men of great virtue and courage for the Lord of the pilgrims, his ways, and them that loved him. I have heard of many of your husband's relations that have stood all trials for the sake of the truth. Stephen, that was one of the first of the family from whence your husband sprang, was knocked on the head with stones. (Acts vii. 59, 60.) James, another of this generation, was slain with the edge of the sword. (Acts xii. 2.) To say nothing of Paul and Peter, men anciently of the family from