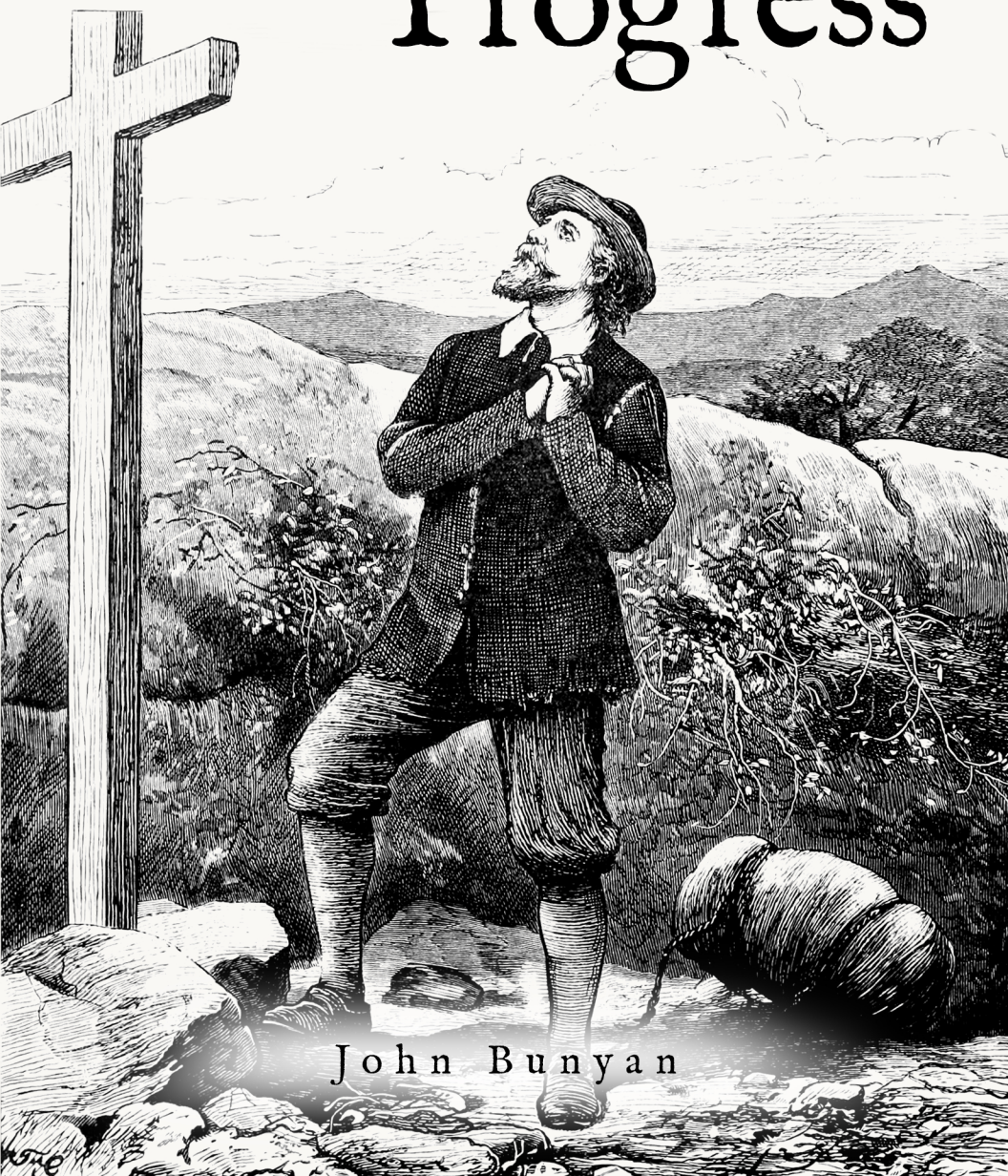


# The Pilgrim's Progress



John Bunyan

# AMBLESIDE ONLINE USERS

For families following a 36-week school schedule, this book has been divided into weekly readings. The † symbol indicates the stopping point for each week. If you are reading this book for leisure or under a different schedule, please ignore these markers.

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# The Pilgrim's Progress

*by*

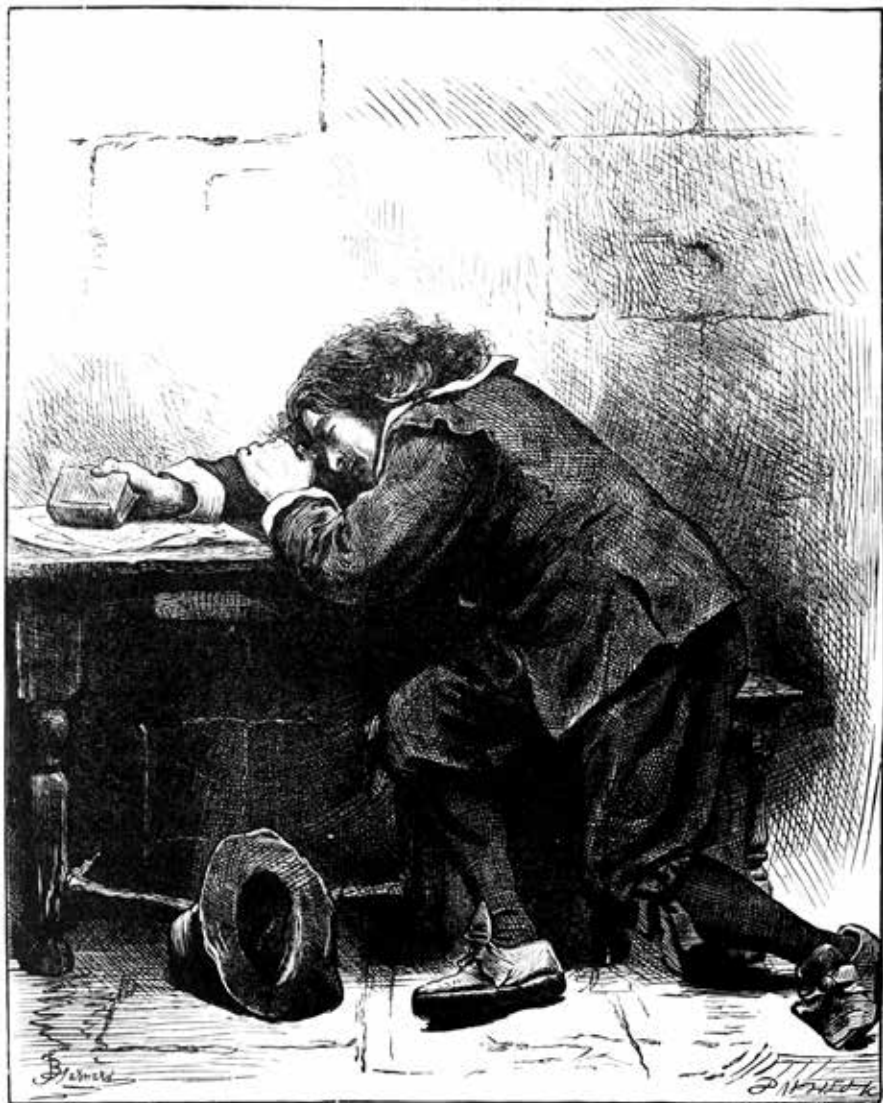
JOHN BUNYAN






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*"As I slept, I dreamed a dream."*

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

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

And thus it was: I, writing of the way  
And race of saints, in this our gospel day,  
Fell suddenly into an allegory  
About their journey, and the way to glory,  
In more than twenty things which I set down.  
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;  
And they again began to multiply,  
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.  
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,  
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last  
Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out  
The book that I already am about.  
Well, so I did; but yet I did not think  
To show to all the world my pen and ink  
In such a mode; I only thought to make  
I knew not what; nor did I undertake  
Thereby to please my neighbour: no, not I;  
I did it my own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend  
In this my scribble; nor did I intend  
But to divert myself in doing this  
From worsser thoughts which make me do amiss.  
Thus, I set pen to paper with delight,  
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.  
For, having now my method by the end,  
Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned  
It down: until it came at last to be,  
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,  
I showed them others, that I might see whether  
They would condemn them, or them justify:  
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die;  
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;

Some said, It might do good; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see  
Which was the best thing to be done by me:  
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,  
I print it will, and so the case decided.  
For, thought I, some, I see, would have it done,  
Though others in that channel do not run:  
To prove, then, who advised for the best,  
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I further thought, if now I did deny  
Those that would have it, thus to gratify.  
I did not know but hinder them I might  
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,  
I said to them, Offend You I Am Loth,  
Yet, since your brethren pleased with it be,  
Forbear to judge till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;  
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.  
Yea, that I might them better palliate,  
I did too with them thus expostulate:—  
May I not write in such a style as this?  
In such a method, too, and yet not miss  
My end—thy good? Why may it not be done?  
Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.  
Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops  
Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,  
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,  
But treasures up the fruit they yield together;  
Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit  
None can distinguish this from that: they suit  
Her well when hungry; but, if she be full,  
She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take  
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make?  
Behold how he engageth all his wits;  
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets;  
Yet fish there be, that neither hook, nor line,  
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine:  
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,  
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

How does the fowler seek to catch his game  
By divers means! all which one cannot name:

His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and bell:  
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can tell  
Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these  
Will make him master of what fowls he please.  
Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this,  
Yet, if he does so, that bird he will miss.

    If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,  
And may be found too in an oyster-shell;  
If things that promise nothing do contain  
What better is than gold; who will disdain,  
That have an inkling of it, there to look,  
That they may find it? Now, my little book,  
(Though void of all these paintings that may make  
It with this or the other man to take)  
Is not without those things that do excel  
What do in brave but empty notions dwell.  
'Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,  
That this your book will stand, when soundly tried.'

    Why, what's the matter? 'It is dark.' What though?  
'But it is feigned.' What of that? I trow.  
Some men, by feigned words, as dark as mine,  
Make truth to spangle and its rays to shine.  
'But they want solidness.' Speak, man, thy mind.  
'They drown the weak; metaphors make us blind.'

    Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen  
Of him that writeth things divine to men;  
But must I needs want solidness, because  
By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,  
His gospel laws, in olden times held forth  
By types, shadows, and metaphors? Yet loth  
Will any sober man be to find fault  
With them, lest he be found for to assault  
The highest wisdom. No, he rather stoops,  
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,  
By calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams,  
By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,  
God speaketh to him; and happy is he  
That finds the light and grace that in them be.

    Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude  
That I want solidness—that I am rude;  
All things solid in show not solid be;  
All things in parables despise not we;  
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,

And things that good are, of our souls bereave.  
My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold  
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.  
The prophets used much by metaphors  
To set forth truth; yea, who so considers Christ,  
his apostles too, shall plainly see,  
That truths to this day in such mantles be.  
Am I afraid to say, that holy writ,  
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,  
Is everywhere so full of all these things—  
Dark figures, allegories? Yet there springs  
From that same book that lustre, and those rays  
Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.

Come, let my carper to his life now look,  
And find there darker lines than in my book  
He findeth any; yea, and let him know,  
That in his best things there are worse lines too.

May we but stand before impartial men,  
To his poor one I dare adventure ten,  
That they will take my meaning in these lines  
Far better than his lies in silver shrines.  
Come, truth, although in swaddling clouts, I find,  
Informs the judgement, rectifies the mind;  
Pleases the understanding, makes the will  
Submit; the memory too it doth fill  
With what doth our imaginations please;  
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

Sound words, I know, Timothy is to use,  
And old wives' fables he is to refuse;  
But yet grave Paul him nowhere did forbid  
The use of parables; in which lay hid  
That gold, those pearls, and precious stones that were  
Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.

Let me add one word more. O man of God,  
Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had  
Put forth my matter in another dress?  
Or, that I had in things been more express?  
Three things let me propound; then I submit  
To those that are my betters, as is fit. †

1. I find not that I am denied the use  
Of this my method, so I no abuse  
Put on the words, things, readers; or be rude  
In handling figure or similitude,

In application; but, all that I may,  
Seek the advance of truth this or that way  
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave  
(Example too, and that from them that have  
God better pleased, by their words or ways,  
Than any man that breatheth nowadays)  
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare  
Things unto thee that excellentest are.

2. I find that men (as high as trees) will write  
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight  
For writing so: indeed, if they abuse  
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use  
To that intent; but yet let truth be free  
To make her sallies upon thee and me,  
Which way it pleases God; for who knows how,  
Better than he that taught us first to plough,  
To guide our mind and pens for his design?  
And he makes base things usher in divine.

3. I find that holy writ in many places  
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases  
Do call for one thing, to set forth another;  
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother  
Truth's golden beams: nay, by this method may  
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.  
And now before I do put up my pen,  
I'll show the profit of my book, and then  
Commit both thee and it unto that Hand  
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes  
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;  
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes;  
What he leaves undone, also what he does;  
It also shows you how he runs and runs,  
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.  
It shows, too, who set out for life amain,  
As if the lasting crown they would obtain;  
Here also you may see the reason why  
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,  
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;  
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,  
If thou wilt its directions understand:  
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;

The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?  
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable?  
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember  
From New-Year's day to the last of December?  
Then read my fancies; they will stick like burs,  
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect  
As may the minds of listless men affect:  
It seems a novelty, and yet contains  
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.  
Wouldest thou divert thyself from melancholy?  
Wouldest thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?  
Wouldest thou read riddles, and their explanation?  
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?  
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldest thou see  
A man in the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?

Wouldest thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?  
Or wouldest thou in a moment laugh and weep?  
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm,  
And find thyself again without a charm?  
Wouldest read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,  
By reading the same lines? Oh, then come hither,  
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

John Bunyan †





*Christian, as seen by Bunyan in his Dream.*

*"I saw a man clothed with rags."*





## CHAPTER I.

**A**S I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den;<sup>1</sup> and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and 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 from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.”<sup>2</sup> I looked, and saw him open the book,<sup>3</sup> and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, “What shall I do?”<sup>4</sup>

---

1 The jail. Mr. Bunyan wrote this precious book in Bedford jail, where he was imprisoned 12 years for preaching the Gospel. His bonds were those of the Gospel; and, like Peter, he could sleep soundly in prison. Blessed be God for even the toleration and religious privileges we now enjoy in consequence of it. Our author, thus prevented from preaching, turned his thoughts to writing; and, during his confinement, composed *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and many other useful works. Thus the Lord causes “the wrath of man to praise Him.” The servants of Christ, when restrained by wicked laws from publishing the word of life from the pulpit, have become more abundantly useful by their writings —G. Burder

2 Isaiah 64:6; Luke 14:33; Psalms 38:4; Habakkuk 2:2; Acts 16:31.

3 You will observe what honour, from his Pilgrim's first setting out, Bunyan puts upon the Word of God. He would give to no inferior instrumentality, not even to one of God's providences, the business of awakening his Pilgrim to a sense of his danger; but he places him before us reading his book, awakened by the Word. And he makes the first efficacious motive in the mind of this Pilgrim a salutary fear of the terrors of that Word, a sense of the wrath to come, beneath the burden of sin upon his soul. —Cheever, Lect. 6 The alarms of such an awakened soul are very different from the terrors of superstitious ignorance, which, arising from fright or danger, are easily quitted, with the silly mummeries of priestcraft. —Andronicus

4 Acts 2:37.  
“What shall I do?” This is his first exclamation. He has not as yet advanced so far as to say, What shall I do to be saved? —Cheever, Lect. 6



*Christian tells his Wife and Children of his Distress.  
"At length he brake his mind to his wife and children."*

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from Heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both



*"He began to retire himself to his chamber to pray"*

myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered." At this, his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head;<sup>5</sup> therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, 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 would know how he did; he told them, worse and worse; he also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him. Sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and

<sup>5</sup> Sometimes I have been so loaden with my sins, that I could not tell where to rest, nor what to do; yea, at such times, I thought it would have taken away my senses. —Bunyan's Law and Grace



*Evangelist Points Christian To The Wicket-Gate.  
"Do you see yonder wicket-gate?"*

sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber to pray for, and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.<sup>6</sup>

Now I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"<sup>7</sup>

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go.<sup>8</sup> I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment;<sup>9</sup> and I find that I am not willing<sup>10</sup> to do the first, nor able<sup>11</sup> to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave; and I shall fall into Tophet.<sup>12</sup> And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then

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6 See the picture of a true penitent; a deep sense of danger, and solemn concern for his immortal soul, and for his wife and children; clothed with rags; his face turned from his house; studying the Bible with intense interest; a great burden on his back; praying; "the remembrance of his sins is grievous, and the burden of them is intolerable." Reader, have you felt this? —Dr. Dodd

7 Acts 16:30, 31.

8 Reader! be persuaded to pause a moment, and ask yourself the question—What is my case? Did I ever feel a deep concern about my soul? Did I ever see my danger as a sinner? Did I ever exclaim, in the agony of my spirit, "What must I do to be saved?" Be assured that real godliness begins in feeling the burden of sin. —G. Border

9 Hebrews 9:27.

10 Job 16:21, 22.

11 Ezekiel 22:14.

12 Isaiah 30:33.

he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come."<sup>13</sup>

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?<sup>14</sup> The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light?<sup>15</sup> He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.<sup>16</sup> So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return;<sup>17</sup> but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! life! Eternal life! So he looked not behind him,<sup>18</sup> but fled towards the middle of the plain.<sup>19</sup>

The neighbours also came out to see him run, and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force.<sup>20</sup> The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable.<sup>21</sup> Now by this time, the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they

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13 Matthew 3:7.

14 Matthew 7:13.

15 Psalms 119:105; 2 Peter 1:19.

16 The advice is to fly at once to Christ, and that he will then be told what to do. He is not told to get rid of his burden first, by reforming his life, and then to apply for further instruction to the Saviour. —J. B.

17 Luke 14:26.

18 Genesis 19:17.

19 When a sinner begins to fly from destruction, carnal relations will strive to prevent him; but the sinner who is in earnest for salvation will be deaf to invitations to go back. The more he is solicited by them, the faster he will fly from them. —MASON

20 Jeremiah 20:10.

21 The names of these two neighbours are admirably characteristic, not confined to any age or place, but always accompany the young convert to godliness, as the shadow does the substance. Christian is firm, decided, bold, and sanguine. Obstinate is profane, scornful, self-sufficient, and contemns God's Word. Pliable is yielding, and easily induced to engage in things of which he understands neither the nature nor the consequences. —THOMAS SCOTT

were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbours, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be. You dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born; I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone. Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.

What, said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us?<sup>22</sup>

Yes, said Christian, for that was his name, because that all “which you shall forsake,”<sup>23</sup> is not worthy to be compared with a little of that which I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself, for there, where I go, is enough and to spare.<sup>24</sup> Come away, and prove my words.

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

CHR. I seek an “inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,”<sup>25</sup> and it is laid up in Heaven,<sup>26</sup> and safe there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

OBST. Tush, said Obstinate, away with your book; will you go back with us, or no?

---

22      Objection. If I would run as you would have me, then I must run from all my friends, for none of them are running that way. Answ. And if thou dost, thou wilt run into the bosom of Christ, and of God. And what harm will that do thee? Objec. But if I ran this way, I must run from all my sins. Answ. That's true indeed; yet if thou dost not, thou wilt run into hellfire. Objec. But I shall be mocked of all my neighbours. Answ. But if thou lose the benefit of Heaven, God will mock at thy calamity. Objec. But, surely, I may begin this, time enough a year or two hence. Answ. Hast thou any lease of thy life? Did ever God tell thee thou shalt live half a year or two months longer? Art thou a wise man to let thy immortal soul hang over hell by a thread of uncertain time, which may soon be cut asunder by death? —BUNYAN'S PREFACE TO THE HEAVENLY FOOTMAN

23      2 Corinthians 4:18.

24      Luke 15:17.

25      1 Peter 1:4.

26      Hebrews 11:16.



*Obstinate.*

CHR. No, not I, saith the other; because I have laid my hand to the plough.<sup>27</sup>

OBST. Come, then, neighbour Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazed-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.<sup>28</sup>

PLI. Then said Pliable, Do not revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my

neighbour.

OBST. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brainsick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbour, Pliable: there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides; if you believe not me, read here in this book, and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it.<sup>29</sup>

PLI. Well, neighbour Obstinate, saith Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him. But, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

27 Luke 9:62

28 Proverbs 26:16

29 Hebrews 13:20, 21; 9:17–21

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

PLI. Come then, good neighbour, let us be going. Then they went both together.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate; I will be no companion of such misled fantastical fellows. †

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse.

CHR. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me; had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt, of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbour Christian, since there is none but us two here, tell me now further, what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue; but yet since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

CHR. Yes, verily, for it was made by Him that cannot lie.<sup>30</sup>

PLI. Well said. What things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom forever.<sup>31</sup>



*Pliable.*

30 Titus 1:2

31 Isaiah 45:17; John 10:27–29.

PLI. Well said. And what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of Heaven!<sup>32</sup>

PLI. This is very pleasant. And what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.<sup>33</sup>

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with Seraphims, and Cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that Place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy, everyone walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance forever; in a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see men, that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the Place; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.<sup>34</sup>

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart; but are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

CHR. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded, that in this book, the substance of which is, if we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.<sup>35</sup>

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.<sup>36</sup>

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32 2 Timothy 4:8; Revelation 3:4; Matthew 13:43

33 Isaiah 25:8; Revelation 7:17; 21:4

34 Isaiah 6:2; 1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17; Revelation 7:17; 4:4; 14:1–5; John 12:25; 2 Corinthians 5:2–5.

It is interesting to compare this account of Heaven with that which Bunyan gave in the Preface to his *Sighs from Hell*, published 20 years before—"O sinner, sinner, there are better things than hell to be had, and at a cheaper rate by the thousandth part than that. O there is no comparison; there is Heaven, there is God, there is Christ, there is communion with an innumerable company of saints and angels."

—EDITOR

35 Isaiah 55:1, 2, 12; John 7:37; 6:37; Psalms 21:6; 22:17

36 Here you have another volume of meaning in a single touch of the pencil. Pliable is one of those who is willing, or think they are willing, to have Heaven, but without any sense of sin, or of the labour and self-denial necessary to enter Heaven.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now I saw in my dream, that, just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond.<sup>37</sup> Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Ah! neighbour Christian, where are you now?

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

PLI. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough 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 endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that

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But now his heart is momentarily fired with Christian's ravishing descriptions, and as he seems to have nothing to trouble his conscience, and no difficulties to overcome, the pace of an honest, thorough inquirer, the movement of a soul sensible of its distresses and its sins, and desiring comfort only in the way of healing and of holiness, seems much too slow for him. He is for entering Heaven at once, going much faster than poor Christian can keep up with him. Then, said Christian, I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back. —CHEEVER

<sup>37</sup> Satan casts the professor into the mire, to the reproach of religion, the shame of their brethren, the derision of the world, and the dishonour of God. He holds our hands while the world buffets us. He puts bears' skins upon us, and then sets the dogs at us. He bedaubeth us with his own foam, and then tempts us to believe that that bedaubing comes from ourselves. —GOOD NEWS TO THE VILEST OF MEN, VOL. 1, P. 69