

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

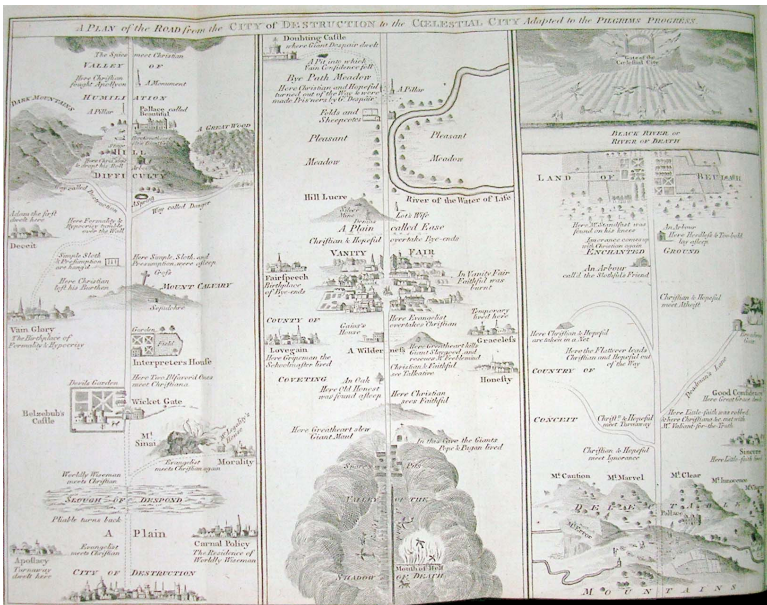
'John Bunyan - Forgotten Protestant Christian Mystic'

Issue Twenty Nine

Compiled by Marilynn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Map from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City in Works of John Bunyan

(To have your Questions, Articles, Poetry or Art included in future editions, submit to: MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org!)

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The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilynn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

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The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'John Bunyan - Forgotten Protestant Christian Mystic'

Issue Twenty Nine

By Marilyn Hughes

John Bunyan wrote the mystical work 'The Pilgrims Progress' while in prison during a time of great religious persecution. This only makes his work more poignant and real. He even wrote an apology for the form of his book, which is profound and convicts each one of us of the vices we often would prefer to remain below the surface and unseen to even our own eyes. But Bunyan was a man of profound faith, and in prison, he wrote the second best selling book of all time next to the bible and it became this because it IS one of the greatest mystical allegories of all time. There is little doubt to me that this book was given to him in dreams and visions.

John Bunyan's Apology

The Pilgrims Progress, By John Bunyan, [1678]

sacred-texts.com

The Author's Apology

For His Book

When 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 was 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 and infinitum, and eat out
 The Book that I already am about.

Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
 To shew to all this World my Pen and Ink
 In such a mode; I only thought to make
 I knew not what: nor did I undertake
 Thereby to please my Neighbor; no not I;
 I did it mine own self to gratifie.

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 pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd
 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 shew'd them others, that I might see whether
 They would condemn them, or them justifie;
 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 straight, 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 gratifie,
 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 stile as this?
 In such a method too, and yet not miss
 Mine 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 spues out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the Fisher-man 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 grop'd for, and be tickled too,
 Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

How doth the Fowler seek to catch his Game
 By divers means, all which one cannot name?
 His Gun, 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 those 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 try'd.

Why, what's the matter? It is dark. What tho?
 But it is feigned: What of that I tro?
 Some men, by feigning words as dark as mine,
 Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.
 But they want solidness. Speak man thy mind.
 They drowned 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 time 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 shew 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 inclose the Gold.

The Prophets used much by Metaphors
To set forth Truth; yea, whoso 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 Stile 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 turns 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 Judgment, rectifies the Mind,
Pleases the Understanding, makes the Will
Submit; the Memory too it doth fill

With what doth our Imagination please;
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

Sound words I know Timothy is to use,
And old Wive's Fables he is to refuse;
But yet grave Paul him nowhere doth 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 now a-days)
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 Plow,
 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 shew 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 shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,

What he leaves undone, also what he does;
 It also shews you how he runs and runs,
 Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.

It shews 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 Burrs,
 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.

Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldst thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not
what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.

The Pilgrims Progress, By John Bunyan, [1678]
sacred-texts.com

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
Question and Answer Forum!

Please Send Your Questions to:

MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from Adnan, Coast to Coast AM Listener:

1.) I always felt that if I needed something that I could not make happen through my own doing that I could simply ask God and have faith that somehow my prayers would be answered. For a long time I did not have any basis upon which I based my beliefs. There was the Muslim religious beliefs which were kind of pushed on me by my family. But even when I was little I had a very hard time believing everything I was told. Over time I found it a blessing that I was kind of freed from all the religious dogma of Muslims, Christianity and other religions and went my own spiritual way. But the more and more I walked the path of finding enlightenment I found more and more of what I believe to be religious dogma in spirituality. I would read different books or listen to different people which had information that I simply found in my heart to be true but they would talk about praying to Jesus or Buddha or whatever religious figure. This brings me to my question. If God is the Supreme Being and creator of all, why pray to Jesus or Buddha when I feel that I should pray to God and he would decide who to send to help me if I deserve it? Please don't misunderstand me, I believe that Jesus and other religious figures are very

enlightened beings and through their love and compassion deserve to be on the right hand side of God, but are not God themselves. That is something that really confuses me and does not make sense to me.

2.) Many times I have heard of our physical self and our spiritual self, but never heard a clear understandable answer to what this relationship is. Do we all have a higher spirit of ourself that is aware of everything or is the true us that in a way splits apart to have a portion of it live as this dummed down version which is us to learn things which it is lacking? And that eventually we will merge with it, or do we still maintain our individuality as we are now and continue to learn all that we can about every aspect of life?

3.) This question is very personal to me and over time I've realized that not everybody likes to talk about it or finds it appropriate to talk about it. But I never understood what the big deal was, after all how is one supposed to know if they don't ask :). Everybody that knows me, knows that I have a vulgar sense of humor say things that are often inappropriate because they are sexual in nature. Jokes, Innuendos or what not. But when it comes down to it I have a very strong sense of morality and have high standards. I do what I say, and help people where I can without wanting anything in return and after listening to you on the radio explaining that it is the selfless intention that is recognized by God and not the good outcome with

selfish intentions made me very proud that I was already living my life that way. So getting back to what I was originally trying to say. I look at life as one experience after another from some we learn and from others we don't and we do them over and over again until it starts effecting us in a bad way where we hit a wall that forces us to deal with it or self-distrust. Every experience so far was a matter of do and learn but when it came to sex it was not as simple as that.

Most people that I've talked to it was all about the experience, one sexual partner, two, three... I'm sure you get the picture. To everything that I was seeking an answer to I just had to look deep inside me and know what's wrong and what's right. For some reason that I cannot explain, I could not understand how people did not have this moral compass when it came to their individual sexual experiences. I felt that we always share ourselves in certain ways with others through telling others about ourselves, helping others and giving something of us to the other individual that they can take with them whether it would be in the form of wisdom, a piece of memorabilia that meant something to us all the time. But when it came to the gift of love in that form I would think it should not be shared that easily and not that cold hearted as most people do. So finally, my question is. Is there a certain view that is upheld by the other side (spiritual side) regarding this subject or should I throw all the morals and standards out the window and take life for what it is a sequence of experiences?

Marilynn: You absolutely can pray straight to God, that is absolutely fine. Christians pray to Jesus because of the belief that He is the Son of God. Muslims revere Christ as a prophet, and you might not have known that about Christians. Pray directly to God, it will work fine for you. Frankly, that's what I do most of the time myself although I also practice other forms of prayer.

Our bodies and our spirits are united while we are living but they remain separate entities. You find this out if you have an out-of-body experience or near death. We do have a higher part of our soul which we merge with after death, but not always immediately. This higher part of our soul is guiding our experiences towards the things we need to learn this time around.

As to your final question, the Blessed Virgin in the apparitions at Fatima in 1917 showed the three visionary children hell. She also told them that more souls go to hell for sins of impurity than any other. You are right to view the sexual act as a sacred thing between man and wife, and I'm proud of you for trying to live this way. Ignore what you think everyone else is doing, and be chaste. You will be glad of it the day you marry the woman you are meant to spend your life with.

*Many Blessings to you, Adnan.
Hope this helps,
MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org
www.outofbodytravel.org*

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

Different Voices!

This is our section devoted to the writings and opinions of others, which may not reflect the views of author, Marilyn Hughes. Inclusion of any author's writings or work does not denote an endorsement or recommendation in regards to their writings.

Some of these will be individual writings of others on subjects of spiritual interest, other people's out-of-body experiences - some which may agree with and/or contradict the experiences of the author, poems, journals of spiritual transformation, and critiques - both positive and negative opinions and/or analysis, of the author's work.

We choose to include ALL of these because we feel that the ability to discuss our similarities and differences openly is 'ALL GOOD' as GANDHI used to say.

We welcome and encourage your submissions for possible future inclusion in this section, although we stress that we are a non-profit organization and payment is not available:

MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org

We have found that some of the best critiques, analysis, writings and experiences come from people all over the world in different walks of life who are pursuing their spiritual path with passion and are completely unknown.

THANK YOU ALL, whether you agree or disagree with our work, FOR YOUR COMMITMENT TO SEEK THE TRUTH IN WHATEVER WAY THAT TRUTH MAY COME TO SEEK YOU!

EXCERPTS FROM:

The Pilgrim's Progress

By John Bunyan

Section I.

The Pilgrim's Progress, In The Similitude Of A Dream

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, 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 cloathed 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. I looked, and saw him open the Book, 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?

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 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; 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 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.

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?

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. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist, coming to him, and 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, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

Christian no sooner leaves the World but meets Evangelist, who lovingly him greets With tidings of another: and doth shew Him how to mount to that from this below.

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. And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to Prison, I am not fit 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 he 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. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining Light? 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.

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; but the Man out 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.

The Neighbors 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 resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the Man was got a good distance from them; but however they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the Man, Neighbors, 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, 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 Neighbors, and go along with me.

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

Chr. Yes, said Christian, for that was his name, because that all which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that that 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: 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, and it is laid up in Heaven, 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?

Chr. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the Plow.

Obst. Come then, Neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these craz'd-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.

Pli. Then said Pliable, Don't 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 Neighbor.

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

Chr. Come with me, Neighbor 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 exprest therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it.

Pli. Well, Neighbor Obstinate, said 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?

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 Neighbor, 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 mis-led, 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 Neighbor 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, Neighbor Christian, since there are 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 lye.

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chr. There is an endless Kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting Life to be given us, that may inhabit that Kingdom for ever.

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.

Pli. This is excellent; 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.

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chr. There we shall be with Seraphims and Cherubins, 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; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever. 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.

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 hereof?

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.

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this Burden that is upon 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. 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 Neighbor 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 'twixt 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 was upon his back: But I beheld in

my Dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder Gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

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

Then I stepped to him that pluckt him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder Gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry Slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there

ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place: And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers also have, by the direction of His Majesties Surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here hath been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of Dispond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

True, there are by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this Slough; but at such time as this place doth much spue out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men through the dizziness of their heads, step besides; and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the Gate.

Now I saw in my Dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house again. So his Neighbors came to visit him: and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian: others again did mock at his cowardliness; saying, Surely since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties. So Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

Now as Christian was walking solitary by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the Town of Carnal Policy, a very great Town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man then meeting with Christian, and having some inkling of him, - for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the Town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town-talk in some other places, - Master Worldly Wiseman therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian.

World. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Chr. A burdened manner indeed, as ever I think poor creature had. And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, Sir, I am going to yonder Wicket - gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy Burden.

World. Hast thou a Wife and Children?

Chr. Yes, but I am so laden with this Burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none.

World. Wilt thou hearken to me if I give thee counsel?

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

World. I would advise thee then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy Burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then; nor canst thou

enjoy the benefits of the blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chr. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy Burden; but get it off myself, I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my Burden.

World. Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy Burden?

Chr. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name as I remember is Evangelist.

World. I beshrew him for his counsel; there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something (as I perceive) already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Dispond is upon thee; but that Slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way: Hear me, I am older than thou; thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, Wearisomeness, Painfulness, Hunger, Perils, Nakedness, Sword, Lions, Dragons, Darkness, and in a word, Death, and what not! These

things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

Chr. Why, Sir, this Burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, so be I can also meet with deliverance from my Burden.

World. How camest thou by the Burden at first?

Chr. By reading this Book in my hand.

World. I thought so; and it is happened unto thee as to other weak men, who meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions; which distractions do not only unman men (as thine I perceive has done thee), but they run them upon desperate ventures, to obtain they know not what.

Chr. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

World. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Especially, since (hadst thou but patience to hear me) I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thyself into; yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add, that instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

Chr. Pray Sir, open this secret to me.

World. Why in yonder Village (the village is named Morality) there dwells a Gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders: yea, to my knowledge he hath done a great deal of good this way; ay, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his Son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old Gentleman himself; there, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy Burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy Wife and Children to thee to this village, where there are houses now stand empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable

rates; Provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure there thou shalt live by honest Neighbors, in credit and good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand, but presently he concluded, If this be true which this Gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice; and with that he thus farther spoke.

Chr. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high Hill?

Chr. Yes, very well.

World. By that Hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr Legality's house for help; but behold, when he was got now hard by the Hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside, did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the Hill should fall on his head;

wherefore there he stood still, and he wot 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 sweat and did quake for fear.

When Christians unto Carnal Men give ear,
 Out of their way they go, and pay for 't dear;
 For Master Worldly Wiseman can but shew
 A Saint the way to Bondage and to Wo.

And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. And with that 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, and thus began to reason with Christian.

Evan. What doest thou here, Christian? said he: at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist farther, Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?

Chr. Yes, dear Sir, I am the man.

Evan. Did not I direct thee the way to the little Wicketgate?

Chr. Yes, dear Sir, said Christian.

Evan. How is it then that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

Chr. I met with a Gentleman so soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my Burden.

Evan. What was he?

Chr. He looked like a Gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this Hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evan. What said that Gentleman to you?

Chr. Why, he asked me whither I was going; and I told him.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He asked me if I had a family; and I told him. But, said I, I am so loaden with the Burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chr. He bid me with speed get rid of my Burden; and I told him 'twas ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder Gate, to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would shew me a better way, and short, not so attended with difficulties as the way, Sir, that you set me; which way, said he, will direct you to a Gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these Burdens: So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my Burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said) of danger: but I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then, said Evangelist, stand still a little, that I may shew thee the words of God. So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on Earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from Heaven. He said moreover, Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draws back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. He also did thus apply them, Thou art the man that art running into this misery, thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Mountains Delectable they now ascend,
 Where Shepherds be, which to them do commend
 Alluring things, and things that Cautious are,
 Pilgrims are steady kept by Faith and Fear.

Shep. These mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his City; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Chr. Is this the way to the Coelestial City?

Shep. You are just in your way.

Chr. How far is it thither?

Shep. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Chr. Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shep. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe, but transgressors shall fall therein.

Chr. Is there in this place any relief for Pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shep. The Lord of these Mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgotten to entertain strangers; therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my Dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were way-faring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places) as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? For but few of them that begin to come hither do shew their face on these Mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon

them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their Tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said moreover, We would that ye should stay here a while, to be acquainted with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They then told them, that they were content to stay; and so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my Dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the Mountains; so they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Shall we shew these Pilgrims some wonders? So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a Hill called Error, which was very steep on the furthest 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 from the top. Then said Christian, What meaneth this? The Shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus, as concerning the Faith of the Resurrection

of the Body? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this Mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied (as you see) for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this Mountain.

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another Mountain, and the name of that is Caution, and bid them look afar off; which when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the Tombs that were there; and they perceived 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 not see a little below these Mountains a Stile, that led into a Meadow, on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, From that Stile there goes a path that leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; and these men (pointing to them among the Tombs) came once on Pilgrimage, as you do now, even till they came to that same Stile; and because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that Meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair, and cast into Doubting Castle; where, after they had been

awhile kept in the Dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those Tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the Wise Man might be fulfilled, He that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the congregation of the dead. Then Christian and Hopeful looked upon one another, with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the Shepherds.

Then I saw in my Dream, that the Shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a Hill, and they opened the door, and bid them 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 of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of Brimstone. Then said Christian, What means this? The Shepherds told them, This is a by-way to Hell, a way that Hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their Birth-right, with Esau; such as sell their Master, as Judas; such as blaspheme the Gospel, with Alexander; and that lie and dissemble, with Ananias and Sapphira his Wife. Then said Hopeful to the Shepherds, I perceive that these had on them, even everyone, a shew of Pilgrimage, as we have now; had they not?

Shep. Yes, and held it a long time too.

Hope. How far might they go on in Pilgrimage in their day, since they notwithstanding were thus miserably cast away?

Shep. Some further, and some not so far as these Mountains.

Then said the Pilgrims one to another, We had need to cry to the Strong for strength.

Shep. Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it too.

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forwards, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the Mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here shew to the Pilgrims the Gates of the Coelestial City, if they have skill to look through our Perspective-Glass. The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of a high Hill, called Clear, and gave them their Glass to look.

Then they assayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had shewed them,

made their hands shake, by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the Glass; yet they thought they saw something like the Gate, and also some of the Glory of the place.

Then they went away and sang this song,

Thus by the Shepherds Secrets are reveal'd:
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd
Come to the Shepherds then if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a Note of the way. Another of them bid them beware of the Flatterer. the third bid them take heed that they sleep not on the Incharmed Ground. And the fourth bid them GodsPEED. So I awoke from my Dream.

And I slept, and Dreamed again, and saw the same two Pilgrims going down the Mountains along the Highway towards the City. Now a little below these Mountains, on the left hand lieth the Country of Conceit; from which Country there comes into the way in which the Pilgrims walked, a little crooked Lane. Here therefore they met with a very brisk Lad, that came out of that Country; and his name was

Ignorance. So Christian asked him From what parts he came, and whither he was going?

Ignor. Sir, I was born in the Country that lieth off there a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Coelestial City.

Chr. But how do you think to get in at the Gate, for you may find some difficulty there?

Ignor. As other good people do, said he.

Chr. But what have you to shew at that Gate, that may cause that the Gate should be opened to you?

Ignor. I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I Pray, Fast, pay Tithes, and give Alms, and have left my Country for whither I am going.

Chr. But thou camest not in at the Wicket-Gate that is at the head of this way; thou camest in hither through that same crooked Lane, and therefore I fear, however thou mayest think of thyself, when the reckoning day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy

charge that thou art a Thief and a Robber, instead of getting admittance into the City.

Ignor. Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me, I know you not; be content to follow the Religion of your Country, and I will follow the Religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the Gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our Country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it, nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine pleasant Green Lane, that comes down from our Country the next way into the way.

When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful whisperingly, There is more hopes of a fool than of him. And said moreover, When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool. What, shall we talk further with him, or outgo him at present, and so leave him to think of what he hath heard already, and then stop again for him afterwards, and see if by degrees we can do any good of him? Then said Hopeful,

Let Ignorance a little while now muse
 On what is said, and let him not refuse
 Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain
 Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.

God saith, Those that no understanding have,
(Although he made them) them he will not save.

Hope. He further added, It is not good, I think, to say all to him at once; let us pass him by, if you will, and talk to him anon, even as he is able to bear it.

So they both went on, and Ignorance he came after. Now when they had passed him a little way, they entered into a very dark Lane, where they met a man whom seven Devils had bound with seven strong cords, and were carrying of him back to the Door that they saw on the side of the Hill. Now good Christian began to tremble, and so did Hopeful his Companion; yet as the Devils led away the man, Christian looked to see if he knew him, and he thought it might be one Turn-away that dwelt in the Town of Apostacy. But he did not perfectly see his face, for he did hang his head like a Thief that is found. But being gone past, Hopeful looked after him, and espied on his back a paper with this inscription, Wanton Professor and damnable Apostate. Then said Christian to his fellow, Now I call to remembrance that which was told me of a thing that happened to a good man hereabout. The name of the man was Little-faith, but a good man, and he dwelt in the Town of Sincere. The thing was this; At the entering in of this passage, there comes down from Broad-way Gate, a Lane called Dead Man's Lane; so called because of the Murders that are commonly done there; and this Little-faith going on

Pilgrimage as we do now, chanced to sit down there and slept. Now there happened at that time, to come down the Lane from Broad-way Gate, three sturdy Rogues, and their names were Faint - heart, Mistrust, and Guilt. (three Brothers) and they espying Little-faith where he was, came galloping up with speed. Now the good man was just awaked from his sleep, and was getting up to go on his Journey. So they came up all to him, and with threatening language bid him stand. At this Little-faith looked as white as a Clout, and had neither power to fight nor fly. Then said Faint-heart, Deliver thy Purse. But he making no haste to do it (for he was loth to lose his Money) Mistrust ran up to him, and thrusting his hand into his Pocket, pull'd out thence a bag of silver. Then he cried out, Thieves, Thieves. With that Guilt with a great Club that was in his hand, struck Little - faith on the head, and with that blow fell'd him flat to the ground, where he lay bleeding as one that would bleed to death. All this while the Thieves stood by. But at last, they hearing that some were upon the road, and fearing lest it should be one Great-grace that dwells in the City of Good - confidence, they betook themselves to their heels, and left this good man to shift for himself. Now after a while Little-faith came to himself, and getting up made shift to scabble on his way. This was the story.

Hope. But did they take from him all that ever he had?

Chr. No; the place where his Jewels were they never ransacked, so those he kept still; but as I was told, the good man was much afflicted for his loss, for the Thieves got most of his spending Money. That which they got not (as I said) were Jewels, also he had a little odd Money left, but scarce enough to bring him to his Journey's end; nay, if I was not misinformed, he was forced to beg as he went, to keep himself alive, for his Jewels he might not sell. But beg, and do what he could, he went (as we say) with many a hungry belly the most part of the rest of the way.

Hope. But is it not a wonder that they got from him his Certificate, by which he was to receive his admittance at the Coelestial Gate?

Chr. 'Tis a wonder but they got not that, though they missed it not through any good cunning of his; for he being dismayed with their coming upon him, had neither power nor skill to hide anything; so 'twas more by good Providence than by his endeavour, that they miss'd of that good thing.

Hope. But it must needs be a comfort to him that they got not this Jewel from him.

Chr. It might have been great comfort to him, had he used it as he should; but they that told me the story said that he made but little use of it all the rest of the way, and that because of the dismay that he had in their taking away his Money; indeed he forgot it a great part of the rest of his Journey; and besides, when at any time it came into his mind, and he began to be comforted therewith, then would fresh thoughts of his loss come again upon him, and those thoughts would swallow up all.

Hope. Alas poor man! This could not but be a great grief to him.

Chr. Grief! ay, a grief indeed. Would it not have been so to any of us, had we been used as he, to be robbed, and wounded too, and that in a strange place, as he was? 'Tis a wonder he did not die with grief, poor heart! I was told that he scattered almost all the rest of the way with nothing but doleful and bitter complaints; telling also to all that over-took him, or that he over-took in the way as he went, where he was robbed, and how; who they were that did it, and what he lost; how he was wounded, and that he hardly escaped with his life.

Hope. But 'tis a wonder that his necessity did not put him upon selling

or pawning some of his Jewels, that he might have wherewith to relieve himself in his Journey.

Chr. Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the Shell to this very day; for what should he pawn them, or to whom should he sell them? In all that Country where he was robbed, his Jewels were not accounted of; nor did he want that relief which could from thence be administered to him. Besides, had his Jewels been missing at the Gate of the Coelestial City, he had (and that he knew well enough) been excluded from an Inheritance there; and that would have been worse to him than the appearance and villainy of ten thousand Thieves.

Hope. Why art thou so tart my Brother? Esau sold his Birth-right, and that for a mess of Pottage, and that Birth-right was his greatest Jewel; and if he, why might not Little-faith do so too?

Chr. Esau did sell his Birth-right indeed, and so do many besides, and by so doing exclude themselves from the chief blessing, as also that caitiff did; but you must put a difference betwixt Esau and Little-faith, and also betwixt their Estates. Esau's Birth-right was typical, but Little-faith's Jewels were not so: Esau's belly was his god, but Little-faith's belly was not so: Esau's want lay in his fleshly appetite, Little-faith's did not so.

Besides, Esau could see no further than to the fulfilling of his lusts: For I am at the point to die, said he, and what good will this Birth-right do me? But Little-faith, though it was his lot to have but a little faith, was by his little faith kept from such extravagancies, and made to see and prize his Jewels more than to sell them, as Esau did his Birth-right. You read not anywhere that Esau had faith, no not so much as a little; therefore no marvel if where the flesh only bears sway (as it will in that man where no faith is to resist) if he sells his Birth-right, and his Soul and all, and that to the Devil of Hell; for it is with such, as it is with the Ass, who in her occasions cannot be turned away. When their minds are set upon their lusts, they will have them whatever they cost. But Little-faith was of another temper, his mind was on things Divine; his livelihood was upon things that were Spiritual, and from above; therefore to what end should he that is of such a temper sell his Jewels (had there been any that would have bought them) to fill his mind with empty things? Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with Hay? or can you persuade the Turtle-dove to live upon Carrion like the Crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal Lusts, pawn or mortgage, or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot; yet they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so. Here therefore my Brother is thy mistake.

Hope. I acknowledge it; but yet your severe reflection had almost made me angry.

Chr. Why, I did but compare thee to some of the Birds that are of the brisker sort, who will run to and fro in trodden, paths, with the Shell upon their heads; but pass by that, and consider the matter under debate, and all shall be well betwixt thee and me.

Hope. But Christian, these three fellows, I am persuaded in my heart, are but a company of Cowards; would they have run else, think you, as they did, at the noise of one that was coming on the road? Why did not Little-faith pluck up a greater heart? He might, me-thinks, have stood one brush with them, and have yielded when there had been no remedy.

Chr. That they are Cowards, many have said, but few have found it so in the time of Trial. As for a great heart, Little-faith had none; and I perceive by thee, my Brother, hadst thou been the man concerned, thou art but for a brush, and then to yield. And verily since this is the height of thy stomach, now they are at a distance from us, should they appear to thee as they did to him, they might put thee to second thoughts.

But consider again, they are but journeymen Thieves; they serve under the King of the bottomless Pit, who, if need be, will come in to their aid himself, and his voice is as the roaring of a Lion. I myself have been engaged as this Little-faith was, and I found it a

terrible thing. These three Villains set upon me, and I beginning like a Christian to resist, they gave but a call, and in came their Master: I would, as the saying is, have given my life for a penny; but that, as God would have it, I was cloathed with Armor of proof. Ay, and yet though I was so harnessed, I found it hard work to quit myself like a man: no man can tell what in that Combat attends us, but he that hath been in the Battle himself.

Hope. Well, but they ran, you see, when they did but suppose that one Great-grace was in the way.

Chr. True, they have often fled, both they and their Master, when Great - grace hath but appeared; and no marvel, for he is the King's Champion. But I tro you will put some difference between Little-faith and the King's Champion. All the King's Subjects are not his Champions, nor can they when tried do such feats of War as he. Is it meet to think that a little child should handle Goliath as David did? Or that there should be the strength of an Ox in a Wren? Some are strong, some are weak; some have great faith, some have little: this man was one of the weak, and therefore he went to the wall.

Hope. I would it had been Great-grace for their sakes.

Chr. If it had been he, he might have had his hands full; for I must tell you, that though Great-grace is excellent good at his Weapons, and has, and can, so long as he keeps them at Sword's point, do well enough with them; yet if they get within him, even Faint-heart, Mistrust, or the other, it shall go hard but they will throw up his heels. And when a man is down, you know, what can he do?

Whoso looks well upon Great-grace's face, shall see those scars and cuts there, that shall easily give demonstration of what I say. Yea, once I heard he should say, (and that when he was in the Combat) We despaired even of life. How did these sturdy Rogues and their fellows make David groan, mourn, and roar? Yet, Heman and Hezekiah too, though Champions in their day, were forced to bestir them when by these assaulted; and yet notwithstanding they had their Coats soundly brushed by them. Peter upon a time would go try what he could do; but though some do say of him that he is the Prince of the Apostles, they handled him so, that they made him at last afraid of a sorry Girl.

Besides their King is at their whistle. He is never out of hearing; and if at any time they be put to the worst, he if possible comes in to help them; and of him it is said, The Sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold, the Spear, the Dart, nor the Habergeon:

he esteemeth Iron as Straw, and Brass as rotten Wood. The Arrow cannot make him fly; Sling-stones are turned with him into Stubble, Darts are counted as Stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a Spear. What can a man do in this case? 'Tis true, if a man could at every turn have Job's Horse, and had skill and courage to ride him, he might do notable things; for his Neck is cloathed with Thunder, he will not be afraid as the Grasshopper, the glory of his Nostrils is terrible, he paweth in the Valley, rejoiceth in his strength, and goeth out to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth back from the Sword. The Quiver rattleth against him, the glittering Spear, and the Shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the Trumpet. He saith among the Trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the Battle afar off, the thundering of the Captains, and the Shoutings.

But for such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood; for such commonly come by the worst when tried. Witness Peter, of whom I made mention before. He would swagger, ay he would; he would, as his vain mind prompted him to say, do better, and stand more for his Master than all men; but who so foiled and run down by these Villains as he?

When therefore we hear that such Robberies are done on the King's High - way, two things become us to do: First, To go out harnessed and to be sure to take a Shield with us; for it was for want of that, that he that laid so lustily at Leviathan could not make him yield; for indeed if that be wanting he fears us not at all. Therefore he that had skill hath said, Above all take the Shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

'Tis good also that we desire of the King a Convoy, yea that he will go with us himself. This made David rejoyce when in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: and Moses was rather for dying where he stood, than to go one step without his God. O my Brother, if he will but go along with us, what need we be afraid of ten thousands that shall set themselves against us? But without him, the proud helpers fall under the slain.

I for my part have been in the fray before now, and though (through the goodness of him that is best) I am, as you see, alive; yet I cannot boast of my manhood. Glad shall I be, if I meet with no more such brunts, though I fear we are not got beyond all danger. However, since the Lion and the Bear have not as yet devoured me, I hope God will also deliver us from the next uncircumcised Philistine. Then sang Christian,

Poor Little-faith! Hast been among the Thieves?
 Wast robb'd Remember this: Whoso believes
 And gets more Faith, shall then a victor be
 Over ten thousand, else scarce over three.

What danger is the Pilgrim in,
 How many are his Foes,
 How many ways there are to sin,
 No living mortal knows.

Some of the Ditch shy are, yet can
 Lie tumbling on the Mire;
 Some tho' they shun the Frying-pan,
 Do leap into the Fire.

After this I beheld until they were come unto the Land of Beulah, where the Sun shineth Night and Day. Here, because they was weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this Country was common for Pilgrims, and because the Orchards and Vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Coelestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the Bells did so ring, and the Trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep never so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked the Streets, was, 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 to-day. They would cry again, There is now a Legion of Shining Ones just come to Town, by which we know that there are more Pilgrims upon the road, for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their Sorrow. Then the Pilgrims got up and walked to and fro; but how were their Ears now filled with Heavenly Noises, and their eyes delighted with Coelestial Visions!

In this Land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their Stomach or Mind; only when they tasted of the Water of the River over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the Palate, but it proved sweeter when 'twas down.

In this place there was a Record kept of the names of them that had been Pilgrims of old, and a History of all the famous Acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the River to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place the Children of the Town would go into the King's Gardens and gather Nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew Camphire with Spikenard

and Saffron Calamus and Cinnamon, with all its Trees of Frankincense Myrrh and Aloes, with all chief Spices. With these the Pilgrim's Chambers were perfumed while they stayed here, and with these were their Bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the River when the time appointed was come.

Now while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the Town that there was a Post come from the Coelestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana the Wife of Christian the Pilgrim. So enquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the Post presented her with a Letter, the contents whereof was, Hail, good Woman, I bring thee Tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence in Cloaths of Immortality, within this ten days.

When he had read this Letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true Messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an Arrow with a point sharpened with Love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this Company that was to go

over, she called for Mr Great-heart her Guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the News, and could have been glad had the Post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her Journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the River-side.

Then she called for her Children, and gave them her Blessing, and told them that she yet read with comfort the Mark that was set in their Foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their Garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the Poor that little she had, and commanded her Sons and her Daughters to be ready against the Messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her Guide and to her Children, she called for Mr Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places shewed yourself true-hearted, be faithful unto Death, and my King will give you a Crown of Life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my Children, and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them.

For my Daughters, my Sons' Wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the Promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr Stand-fast a Ring.

Then she called for old Mr Honest, and said of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no Guile. Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the River dry - shod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone, for however the Weather is in my Journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr Ready-to-halt to see her. So she said to him, Thy Travel hither has been with difficulty, but that will make thy Rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready, for at an hour when you think not, the Messenger may come.

After him came in Mr Dispondency and his Daughter Much-afraid, to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your Deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that Mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful and cast away Fear, be sober and hope to the end.

Then she said to Mr Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the Light of the Living forever, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to

repent thee of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness before he sends for thee, lest thou shouldest when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. 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 down from above to accompany her to the City Gate. So she came forth and entered the River, with a beckon of Farewell to those that followed her to the River-side. The last word she was heard to say here was, I come Lord, to be with thee and bless thee.

So her Children and Friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the Gate with all the Ceremonies of Joy that her Husband Christian had done before her.

At her departure her Children wept, but Mr Greatheart and Mr Valiant played upon the well-tuned Cymbal and Harp for Joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time there came a Post to the Town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt.

So he enquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of him whom thou hast loved and followed, tho' upon Crutches; and my Message is to tell thee that he expects thee at his Table to sup with him in his Kingdom the next day after Easter, wherefore prepare thyself for this Journey.

Then he also gave him a Token that he was a true Messenger, saying, I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord.

After this Mr Ready-to-halt called for his fellow Pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr Valiant to make his Will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his Crutches and his good Wishes, therefore thus he said, These Crutches I bequeath to my Son that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done.

Then he thanked Mr Great-heart for his Conduct and Kindness, and so addressed himself to his Journey. When he came at the Brink of the River he said, Now I shall have no more need of these Crutches, since yonder are Chariots and Horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say was, Welcome Life. So he went his way.

After this Mr Feeble-mind had Tidings brought him that the Post sounded his Horn at his Chamber-door. Then he came in and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master has need of thee, and that in very little time thou must behold his Face in Brightness. And take this as a Token of the Truth of my Message, Those that look out at the Windows shall be darkened.

Then Mr Feeble-mind called for his Friends, and told them what Errand had been brought unto him, and what Token he had received of the Truth of the Message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a Will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go. Nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest Pilgrim; wherefore when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr Valiant, would bury it in a Dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the River as the rest. His last words were, Hold out Faith and Patience. So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Dispondency was sent for. For a Post was come, and brought this Message to him, Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the

next Lord's day, to shout for Joy or thy Deliverance from all thy Doubtings.

And said the Messenger, That my Message is true take this for a Proof; so he gave him The Grasshopper to be a Burden unto him. Now Mr Dispondency's Daughter whose name was Much-afraid said when she heard what was done, that she would go with her Father. Then Mr Dispondency said to his Friends, Myself and my Daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every Company. My Will and my Daughter's is, that our Disponds and slavish Fears be by no man ever received from the day of our Departure for ever, for I know that after my Death they will offer themselves to others. For to be plain with you, they are Ghosts, the which we entertained when we first began to be Pilgrims, and could never shake them off after; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the Pilgrims, but for our sakes shut ye the doors upon them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the Brink of the River. The last words of Mr Dispondency were, Farewell Night, welcome Day. His Daughter went through the River singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass a while after, that there was a Post in the town that enquired for Mr Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines, Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night to present thyself before thy Lord at his Father's house. And for a Token that my Message is true, All thy Daughters of Musick shall be brought low. Then Mr Honest called for his Friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no Will. As for my Honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the River. Now the River at that time overflowed the Banks in some places, but Mr Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good - conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr Honest were, Grace reigns. So he left the World.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a Summons by the same Post as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, That his Pitcher was broken at the Fountain. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Fathers, and tho' with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I

have fought his Battles who now will be my Rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the Riverside, into which as he went he said, Death, where is thy Sting? And as he went down deeper he said, Grave, where is thy Victory? So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a Summons for Mr Stand-fast, (This Mr Stand - fast was he that the rest of the Pilgrims found upon his Knees in the Incharned Ground) for the Post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof, were, that he must prepare for a Change of Life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Stand - fast was put into a muse. Nay, said the Messenger, you need not doubt of the truth of my Message, for here is a Token of the Truth thereof, Thy Wheel is broken at the Cistern. Then he called to him Mr Great-heart who was their Guide, and said, unto him, Sir, altho' it was not my hap to be much in your good Company in the days of my Pilgrimage, yet since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a Wife and five small Children, let me entreat you at your return, (for I know that you will go and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a Conductor to more of the holy Pilgrims) that you send to my Family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them moreover of my happy Arrival to this place, and of

the present late blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian and Christiana his Wife, and how she and her Children came after her Husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my Family, except it be Prayers and Tears for them; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.

When Mr. Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the River. Now there was a great Calm at that time in the River; wherefore Mr Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, he stood awhile, and talked to his Companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said,

This River has been a Terror to many, yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easy, my Foot is fixed upon that upon which the Feet of the Priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. The Waters indeed are to the Palate bitter and to the Stomach cold, yet the thoughts of what I am going to and of the Conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing Coal at my Heart.

I see myself now at the end of my Journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that

Head that was crowned with Thorns, and that Face
that was spit upon for me.

I have formerly lived by Hear-say and Faith, but
now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with
him in whose Company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and
wherever I have seen the print of his Shoe in the
Earth, there I have coveted to set my Foot too.

His Name has been to me as a Civit-box, yea,
sweeter than all Perfumes. His Voice to me has been
most sweet, and his Countenance I have more desired
than they that have most desired the Light of the Sun.
His Word I did use to gather for my Food, and for
Antidotes against my Faintings. He has held me, and
I have kept me from mine iniquities, yea, my Steps
hath he strengthened in his Way.

Now while he was thus in Discourse, his
Countenance changed, his strong man bowed under
him, and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto
thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open Region
was filled with Horses and Chariots, with Trumpeters

and Pipers, with Singers and Players on stringed Instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful Gate of the City.

As for Christian's Children, the four Boys that Christiana brought with her, with their Wives and Children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Also since I came away, I heard one say that they were yet alive, and so would be for the Increase of the Church in that place where they were for a time.

Shall it be my Lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it an account of what I here am silent about; mean-time I bid my Reader Adieu.

The Author's Vindication Of His Pilgrim, Found At The End Of His "Holy War"

Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,
 Insinuating as if I would shine
 In name and fame by the worth of another,
 Like some made rich by robbing of their Brother.
 Or that so fond I am of being Sire,
 I'll father Bastards; or if need require,
 I'll tell a lye in print to get applause.
 I scorn it: John such dirt-heap never was,
 Since God converted him. Let this suffice

To show why I my Pilgrim patronize.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
 And thence into my fingers trickled;
 Then to my pen, from whence immediately
 On paper I did dribble it daintily.

Manner and matter too was all mine own,
 Nor was it unto any mortal known,
 Till I had done it. Nor did any then
 By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
 Add five words to it, or write half a line
 Thereof: the whole and every whit is mine.

Also, for this thine eye is now upon,
 The matter in this manner came from none
 But the same heart and head, fingers and pen,
 As did the other. Witness all good men;
 For none in all the world, without a lye,
 Can say that this is mine, excepting I.
 I write not this of any ostentation,
 Nor' cause I seek of men their commendation;
 I do it to keep them from such surmise,
 As tempt them will my name to scandalize.
 Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,
 The letters make, Nu hony in a B.

John Bunyan.

The Pilgrims Progress, By John Bunyan, [1678]
sacred-texts.com

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'John Bunyan – Forgotten Protestant Christian Mystic'

Issue Twenty Nine

Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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Author, Marilyn Hughes, Photo by Harvey Kushner

The twenty ninth issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' we continue a series of issues covering forgotten mystics from different religious traditions, this issue following John Bunyan – Forgotten Protestant Christian Mystic.

This issue's 'Question and Answer' section contains an inquiry on to whom we should pray to, our physical and spiritual selves and how they are connected and chastity.

And in 'Different Voices' we will delve into 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the original version written in the 1600's.

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