The Pilgrim's Progress
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from this world to that which is to come
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'I have used Similitudes.'—Hos. 12:10.

John Bunyan
1628–1688
The Pilgrim’s Progress
from this world to that which is to come

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM; WHEREIN IS
DISCOVERED THE MANNER OF HIS SETTING OUT; HIS
DANGEROUS JOURNEY; AND SAFE ARRIVAL
AT THE DESIRED COUNTRY.

‘I have used Similitudes.’—Hos. 12:10.

John Bunyan

With Fourteen Illustrations by William Strang

THE BANNER OF TRUTH TRUST
List of Etchings

designed and etched by
William Strang

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Bunyan’s Wife Reading the Bible to Him

(Title page of the 1895 edition published by John C. Nimmo)
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 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 mine ownself to gratifie.
Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble; nor did I intend
But to divert my self in doing this,
From worser 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 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 straight, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since ye 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 that 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’t for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch’t, what e’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:
THE AUTHOR’S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

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 rayes to shine.
But they want solidness: Speak man thy mind:
They drownd 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; Was not God’s Laws,
His Gospel-Laws, in older 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 Style and Phrase puts down all Wit,
Is every where 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 durst adventure Ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his Lies in Silver Shrines.
Come, Truth, altho' 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 Wives Fables he is to refuse;
But yet grave Paul, him no where 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:
Deny'd, 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 salleys 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 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 shows too, who set out for life amain, As if the lasting Crown they would attain: 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.

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 drownded in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst 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, wouldest thou in a moment laugh, and weep?
Wouldest 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.

JOHN BUNYAN
PART THE FIRST

The Pilgrim’s Progress:
in the similitude of a dream.

As I walked 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 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. 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 may 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?
Christian Is Troubled
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.

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

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.
Children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the Man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on crying, *Life! Life! Eternal Life!* So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the Plain.

The Neighbours also came out to see him run, and as he ran some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; Now among those that did so, there were two that were resolv’d 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, Neighbours, *Wherefore are you come?* They said, To persuade you to go back with us; but he said, That can by no means be: You dwell (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!

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 Plough.

Obst. Come then, neighbour 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 Neighbour.

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. Nay, but do thou come with me, 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 express’d therein, behold all is confirmed by the Blood of him that made it.

Pli. Well, neighbour 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.
PART THE FIRST

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; and 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 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 we 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 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.

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, 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 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.

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 on my back.

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew nigh 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

Isa. 15:8.
Rev. 7:16-17.
ch. 21:4.

Isa. 6:2.
1 Thess. 4:16-17.
Rev. 5:11.

Rev. 4:4.
Rev. 14:1-5.
John 12:25.

2 Cor. 5:2,
3:5.

Isa. 55:12.
John 7:37.
John 6:37.
Rev. 21:6.
Rev. 22:17.

The Slough of Despond.
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! 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 ’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 directed 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 lifts him out.
Psa. 40:2.

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 plucked 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 directions of his Majesties Surveyors, been for above this sixteen hundred years employ’d 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 Despond 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
THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND
very Midst of this Slough; but at such time as this place
doeth 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 Neighbours 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 inckling 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
PART THE FIRST

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 Blessings 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 a 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 honourable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.
World. 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 Despond 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, if so be I can also meet with Deliverance from
my Burden.

World. How camest thou by thy 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 distrac-
tions do not only unman men (as thine I perceive have
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 these 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 Legal-ity, a very judicious man (and a man of a very good name) that has skill to help men off with such Burdens as thine is, 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 may’st go, and be help’d 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 may’st 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 may’st 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 neighbours, 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 further 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. 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 Wicket-gate?