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PILGRIM'S Progress
FROM
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TO
That which is



The THIRD PART.

Delivered under the
Similitude of a *DREAM*;

SHEWING
The several *Difficulties* and *Dangers* he met
with, and the many *Victories* he obtained
over the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*.

Together with
His happy Arrival at the *Cœlestial City*, and
the *Glory* and *Joy* he found to his *Eternal*
Comfort. *To which is added,*

The *LIFE* and *DEATH* of
JOHN BUNYAN, AUTHOR of
The *First* and *Second Parts*; [Compleating
the *Whole Progress*.]

The TWENTY-FIRST EDITION.

London: Printed for L. Hawes, and Company, at the
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the *Golden-Ball*, in *Ludgate-Street*: S. Crowder,
at the *Looking-Glass*, in *Pater-noster-row*:
And M. Richardson, in *Pater-noster-row*. 1770.

THE
WILKIN'S PROPERTY
FROM



Licensed and Entered

According to Order.



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T H E

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Christian Reader.

R E A D E R,

IN this Book is set forth a tedious Pilgrimage, through the many dangerous Hazards of the Wilderness of this World, to the Heavenly Canaan of eternal Rest and Peace: In which tho' under the Similitude of a Dream, is lively represented the State of our Christian Warfare, wherein fighting valiantly under the Banner of Christ, (the Great Captain of our Salvation,) we shall assuredly overcome our Spiritual Enemies, and be victorious Conquerors over those Temptations that beset frail human Nature, and would hinder us from leaving in good Time, the City of Destruction (which is this World, and its fruitless Pleasures, Cares, and Incumbrances) to Journey towards the Heavenly Jerusalem, which is the true Center of our endless Happiness, in the Fruition of unspeak-

The Preface to the Reader.

able and Soul-ravishing Joys, that know no Date nor Consummation,

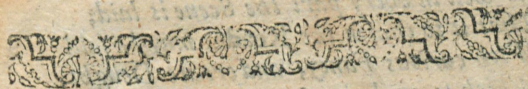
This has been in the former, as well as present Age, a Way of Writing that has been extremely taking, representing to the Mind Things that command our most serious Thoughts and attention, and work more upon the Minds of Men, than if delivered in plainer Terms: However, to the discerning Christian, there is nothing in this that is obscure and difficult to be understood, nothing but what is grounded upon Sacred Truths, and the Mercies of God in Jesus Christ, held forth to us by his assured Word.

It is a Piece so rare and transcending what has hitherto been publish'd of this Kind, that I dare, without any further Apology, leave it to the Censure of all Mankind, who are not partial or biassed. And so, not doubting but it will render Comfort and Delight, I subscribe myself, as heretofore,

Your Soul's hearty Well-wisher, and Fellow-Labourer in the Vine, and of our Lord Jesus,

J. B.

To



To his Worthy Friend, the Author of
the Third Part of the Pilgrim's Progress,
upon Perusal thereof, &c.

TH^{O'} many Things are writ to please the Age,
Amongst the rest, for this I dare engage;
Where Virtue dwells, it will Acceptance find,
And to your Pilgrim, most that read, be kind,
But all to please, would be a Task as hard,
As for the Winds from blowing to be barr'd,
The pious Christian in a Mirroir here
May see the promis'd Land and without Fear
Of threaten'd Danger, bravely travel on,
Until his Journey he has safely gone,
And does arrive upon the happy Shore,
Where Joys increase and sorrow is no more.
This is a D R E A M, not fab'lous as of old,
In this express the Sacred Truths are told
That do to our Eternal Peace belong,
And after Mourning change unto a Song
Of glorious Triumphs that are without End,
If we but bravely for the Prize contend.
No Pilgrimage like this can make us blest,
Since it us brings to everlasting Rest.

*So well in every part the Scene is laid;
That it to charm the Reader may be said
With curious Fancy, and create Delight,
Which to an Imitation must invite.*

*And happy are they, that through stormy Seas,
And Dangers, seek Adventures like to these;
Who sell the World for this great Pearl of Price,
Which, once procur'd, will purchase Paradise.
He who in such a Bark does spread his Sails,
Need never fear at last those prosp'rous Gales
That will conduct him to a Land where he;
Shall feel no Storms, but in a Calm shall be;
Where, crown'd with Glory, he shall sit and sing
Eternal Praise to his Redeeming King.
Who conqu'ring Death despoiled of his Sting.* }

So wishes your faithful Friend.

B. D.



These

These Lines are humbly Recommended
to the READER ; [Written upon the
Perusal of this BOOK, &c.]

IN Reading of this BOOK, I plainly find
The Thoughts are suited to the Author's Mind.
For he who Virtue loves, of Virtue speaks.
And the strong Chain of Vice with Courage breaks ;
What here at first seem'd clouded, soon reveals
The Pilgrim's Joys, Which he no more conceals ;
But still he tires his Patience and his Love,
To travel tow'rds the Kingdom that's above :
Some interposing Fears have Time to reign ;
But these by Faith expell'd, his Soul again
Clears up, and like the Bow that paints the Skies,
After a Shower, (on which Mankind relies
As a sure Pledge the Deluge shall no more
Make all one boundless Sea without a Shore)
Gives certain Hopes that Heaven's Anger's past,
And he his Lot in a bless'd Land has cast.
You write so plainly, that the weakest Mind,
Under Similitudes, may Comfort find.
A Guide to you, that by the Hand does lead
Those Pilgrims that the heavenly Road does tread.

*And tells them always where the Danger is,
 How to step over, or to wisely miss
 The Stumbling-blocks that Satan daily lays,
 To overthrow them that mind not their Ways:
 So being bruiz'd against Rocks of Despair,
 Or Doubt, or Fear, they know not how nor where,
 They faint and languish in the middle Way,
 Or back to Egypt haste without Delay,
 Preferring Darkness to the glorious Day.
 They were approaching. This Book has my Voice.
 And is, of all in this Kind, the most Choice;
 Peruse it well, and you will find it reach
 From Earth to Heav'n, in what it well does
 Teach:
 If you'd be blest, then mind what it does Preach.*

L. C.



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T H E
PILGRIM'S Progress.

Delivered under the
Similitude of a *DREAM*.

The THIRD PART.

AFTER the two former Dreams concerning *Christian*, and *Christiana*, his Wife; with their Children and Companions Pilgrimage from the City of *Destruction*, to the *Region of Glory*, I fell asleep again, and the Visions of my Head returned upon me. I dreamed another Dream, and behold, There appeared unto me a great Multitude of People, in several distinct Companies and Bands, travelling from the City of *Destruction*, the Town of *Carnal Policy*, the Village of *Morality*, and from the rest of the Cities, Towns, Villages and Hamlets that belong to the Valley of *Destruction*: For so was the whole Country called that lay on this Side of the Wicket-Gate, which the Man *Evangelist* shewed unto *Christian*; and so was also all that Country called, that was situa-

ted wide of the Gate on the Right-hand, and on the Left extending itself along the Walls and Borders of that Region, wherein lay the Way to the Heavenly Country. This was the Name of that Country, even the Valley of *Destruction*.

Now I saw in my Dream, that all the Highway Roads and Lanes that led from the Valley of *Destruction* towards the Gate of the *Way of Life*, were full of People, who were travelling toward that Gate, and some of them walked along very vigorously, others halted, and grew weary, through the Violent Heat of the Season, which made them even ready to faint;

* *Time of Persecution.*

for it was in the * hottest Time of all the Year; and the Sun burnt up the Herb of the Field, and scorched the poor Travellers, so that many of them were forced to sit down and rest themselves, and in the Night-time many of them returned back again to their old Habitations; others more hardy than the rest, went on till they came to the *Slough of Despond*, where *Pliable* forsook *Christian*, and there falling into the Filth and Mire of that Place, where so dishearten'd, that they returned in whole Drovers to their own Dwellings again, and very few they were, who would venture through the Slough; yet some got very dexterously over the Steps, without being in the least bemired, whilst others, through Ignorance, or Heedlessness, missing the Steps, were forced to wade though the Dirt, which was very deep, and made their Passage exceeding painful; but at length, with much ado, they weather'd the

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Point, and master'd the Difficulties of that horrid Quagmire, and got safe upon dry Ground.

Among the rest of the Travellers that got over this Slough, I saw a Young Man of an amiable Countenance, walking by himself, after he had got clear of the Slough; but he was all over bedaubed with the Filth of that Place, which made him go very heavily on; for what with struggling to get thro', and what with the Apprehensions he lay under during his Passage, he was extremely weakned, and his Joints were loosened: Besides, it was the Nature of the Dirt of this Place, to cause a Trembling and Disorder in the Limbs of those that were defiled with it, and to whatsoever Part of their Body it stuck, there it would do them some Injury. Now the Young Man being all over clammed with it, he went with a very slow Pace, his Head hanging down, his Hands quivering, and his Feet tripping at the least Unevenness or Ruggedness in the Way, and a Speck or two of the Dirt being spatter'd in his Eyes, made him dim-sighted, so that he groped along like one that is blind, and sometimes stepped out of the Path.

In this Condition he was, when at length I saw in my Dream, that he sat down upon the Ground to bemoan his sad Estate, and he wept very bitterly; and behold, a bright Cloud hover'd over his Head, which gradually descending, overshadowed him, and out of the Cloud a Hand was reached forth, which, with the Tears, that ran like Rivers from his Eyes, washed the Dirt from off his Face and his Whole Body, so that in a Moment (as it were) his Sight and his Strength were restored to him.

him again, and a Voice came out of the Cloud, saying, *Son of Man, go on in the Strength of the Lord thy God.* So he was mightily comforted and refreshed after this, and began to rouse up himself, being more nimble and active, more vigorous and strong than ever he was before; and his Eyes being healed also, he clearly saw the shining Light that *Evangelist* shewed to *Christian*. Then he tript along over the Plain, and made directly up to the shining Light, by Means of which he quickly found the Wicket-gate, at which he knocked aloud, minded what was written over the Gate, viz. *Knock, and it shall be opened.*

Now I saw in my Dream, that as soon as he had knocked at the Wicket-gate, a whole Shower of Arrows shot at him from the Castle of *Belzebub*, so that he was wounded in several Places, and extreemly frightened at the Adventure; which made him knock again and again, very hard, for fear that those that shot at him should come and kill him outright before he could get in: But presently, to his great Comfort, the Gate was open'd to him, and when he that open'd the Gate saw the Arrows sticking in his Flesh, he bid him haste in, for fear of more Danger: So he stepped in, and made Obedience to him that open'd the Gate, for he seem'd to be a Person worthy of Reverence, by his grave Countenance and composed Behaviour. So he spake to the Man, whose Name was *Goodwill*, and said, Sir, Having heard of the Fame of the Heavenly Country, and being informed by several Travellers, that the Way to it was by this Gate, I being weary of living in the Valley of

Destruction.

Destruction, and earnestly desirous to see that Region of *Bliss*, humbly made bold to knock at this Gate, which you have been graciously pleased to open to me; for which high Favour I return you my humble and hearty Thanks: But as I stood at the Gate, after I had knocked the first Time, I was shot with these Arrows, which you see sticking in my Flesh, and I fear am mortally wounded, for my Spirits fail me, and there is a Mist before my Eyes. And with that he fell at *Good-will's* Feet, begging him to tell him where he might find one that had Skill to probe his Wounds, and cure him, if not mortal. So *Good-will* taking Compassion on the Young Man, asked him his Name: My Name, replied the Young Man, is *Tender-conscience*, I was born and bred up in the Town of *Vain delights*. Then *Good-will*, having register'd the Young Man's Name, wrote a Certificate and gave it to him, bidding him deliver it at the next House, which was the House of the *Interpreter*, withal shewing him the Way to it, for it was but a little Way off from the Gate: There, says he, you will find a Remedy for your Wounds, and see many glorious Things.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Good-will* gave to *Tender-conscience* a strong Crutch made of *Lignum Vitæ*, or the *Tree of Life*, to rest himself upon, and ease his Feet as he went along, he having nothing before in his Hand, but a weak Twig of *Vain-opinions*, which he gather'd from the *Tree of Knowledge*, growing on the Banks of the Waters of *Confusion*. This weak Reed was all the Staff that *Tender-conscience* leaned upon in his Journey,

till

till such Time as *Good-will* bidding him throw it away, gave him the aforesaid Crutch, which he bid him be sure not to part with, for that it would be of singular Use to him all the Way, and especially now he was wounded; for it had a particular Virtue to stay the Bleeding of Wounds. So *Good-will* having given *Tender-conscience* ample Directions to find the Way, bid him Farewell, and left him to go forward on his Journey.

Then *Tender-conscience* began to pluck up his Spirits, being much comforted, eas'd, and supported by the Crutch which *Good-will* had given him; for no sooner was he in Possession of it, but his Wounds abated in bleeding, and by that Time it grew warm in his Hand, it sent forth a certain odoriferous Perfume, which exceedingly refreshed his Spirits, and he found himself grow stronger and stronger, by the healing Virtue of this wonderful Crutch. Thus travell'd he, 'till at length he arrived at the House of the *Interpreter*, where, knocking at the Door, one presently open'd it, and asking his Business, *Tender-conscience* made answer, I would speak with the *Interpreter*, who I understand is the Master of the House: So he called the *Interpreter*, who came to *Tender-conscience*, and demanded what he would have.

Tender-conf. Sir, said *Tender-conscience*, I was recommended to you by one *Good-will*, who keeps yonder Wicket-Gate: For travelling from the Town where I was born (in the Valley of *De-struction*) toward the *Region of Life*, I came to the Wicket-Gate, as I was directed, and as soon as I had, knock'd there, I was shot with these Arrows that

that you see now sticking in my Flesh, and when the Gate was open'd, I made my Condition known to *Good-will*, and told him, I was afraid some of my Wounds were mortal, desiring him to acquaint me where I might find a Physician; so he directed me to you, giving me this Certificate of his Hand, bidding me deliver it to you, assuring me, that in this Place I should find a Cure for my Wounds, and see many glorious Things: He likewise gave me this strong Crutch, which you see in my Hand, which has afforded me great Comfort and Assistance, by refreshing my fainting Spirits, supporting me in the Way, and putting a Stop to the excessive Bleeding of my Wounds; but 'tis from you that I hope for the finishing Cure.

Interp. Welcome, Young Man, said the *Interpreter* (after he had read the Certificate) come in and partake of the good Things of this House; and before you go away, I hope to see you whole and sound. So he conducted him into a Parlour, and ask'd him several Questions concerning his Country, and the manner of his Life there; to all which *Tender-conscience* gave particular answers, giving him an exact Account of his Education, and how he had spent his Time till that Day; after which the *Interpreter* narrowly searched the Wounds which he had received by the Arrows that Day, and applied a sovereign Balsam to them, whereby *Tender-conscience* became straightways whole and sound; and the *Interpreter* caused the Arrows that he had pulled out of his Body to be laid up safe, as a Memorial of his narrow Escape from Death. Then he carried him into the Dining-room, and

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entertained him at a rich, yet frugal Banquet, feasted him with the best Restoratives in the World, for he consider'd that *Tender-conscience* was weak and feeble, and had a tedious Journey to go; therefore he judg'd it necessary to treat him with Diet of strong Nourishment, that he might be the better enabled to undergo the Hardships of Travel in that tiresome Road.

After the Banquet was over, he carried him into the several Apartments of the House, and shewed him all the excellent Things which *Christian* and *Christiana* his Wife, with their Children and Companions had seen in this Place. And when it grew toward the going down of the Sun, he conducted *Tender-conscience*, into the Dining-Room, where they took a moderate Repast together, and spent the Residue of the Evening in profitable Discourse; the *Interpreter* taking that Opportunity to inform him fully of the Laws and Customs of that Country, and to instruct him in his Way, with Directions what Company he should keep or avoid, and how he should behave himself all along the Road. Then he shewed him to his Chamber, and left him to his Repose.

The next Morning, by Break of Day, *Tender-conscience* arose, and prepared for his Journey; and the *Interpreter* having perform'd all the good Offices of compleat Hospitality, told him, he would bear him Company a little Way; which kind Offer *Tender-conscience* gladly embrac'd, both because he was a Stranger altogether in those Parts, and because he was in Love with the *Interpreter's* good Conversation. So they walked out together, and

taking their Way over a large Corn-field, through which there lay a Path into the high Road from the *Interpreter's* House, they came to a Lane, on each Side of which there stood a Manor-house, with Lands belonging to each of them. Then *Tender-conscience* took notice that the Grounds of one Farm were all in a flourishing and prosperous Condition, a plentiful Crop of Corn, lovely Fat Pastures, and those well stocked with Catel; the Fences every where strong and close, and all Things in exceeding good Case: Whereas on the other Side, the opposite Farm lay at Sixes and Sevens (as the old Saying is) some Part of the Ground was overgrown with Nettles, Briars, Thorns, and all manner of unprofitable Weeds; the other Part was uncultivated, and lay covered with Stones, the Fences down, and Wild Beasts brouzing up and down on what they could find, all Things lying at Rack and Manger, so that there was not the least Sign of a future Harvest. At which *Tender-conscience* greatly marvelled, and asked the *Interpreter* the Reason, Why there was so great a Difference between the two Farms, which lying so close together, the one was a daily Reproach to the other! To which the *Interpreter* replied, He that owns the Farm on the Right-hand, which you see in so fair and flourishing a Condition, is the King's Tenant, as likewise is the other, for both the Manors belong to the King of the Country. Now upon a Time, the King taking a Progress this Way, and being informed that he had two fair Farms in this Place, Un-tenanted, and that for want of looking after, they were both run to Ruin; for at that Time they

they were both alike; he put them presently into the Hands of these two Men who live in them now, telling them withal for their Encouragement, that they should not only live Rent-free (saving some Homage to be paid at his Court) but should also be removed to Places of inestimable Dignity and Value, provided they would but be industrious, and cleanse his Farms, and improve them with the best Husbandry they could, because he loved not that any of the Crown-lands should run to Ruin. So these two Men were put into Possession of the Farms, and had each his House and Lands a-part.

Now the Man on the Left-hand taking a Survey of his new Farm, and finding it all over-grown with Weeds and Briars, cover'd with Stones, and Fences down, Wild Beasts ranging up and down in the Grounds, and all Things like a Wilderness, he sat down and folded his Arms, despairing ever to cleanse his Farm, or bring it into any Order: So he fell to Rioting and Drunkenness, to Gaming and Wantonness, never regarding his Farm, or so much as once thinking of it, so that he has run deeply in Debt, and has lost his Reputation among all his Neighbours; and unless he speedily take up, and set himself to cleansing and manuring his Farm, he will certainly fall into the King's Displeasure, who will cast him into Prison for neglecting his Farm (for so he threatned them at the first) whence he cannot escape, till he has made full Satisfaction to the King for his hincous Offence.

But on the contrary, the Tenant on the Right-hand, having survey'd his Farm in like manner as the other did, and finding it in the same Condition,

all

all to Ruin and Disorder, he consider'd with himself the great Favour he had receiv'd in being entrusted with one of the King's Farms, and how heinous a Crime it would be to slight such a Benefit as was propos'd to him, both for the present and future, if he would but improve his Gift. Then he consider'd likewise, that tho' it was a great Farm, and in a Manner like a Wilderness, yet by endeavouring every Day to cleanse it, in Time he should compass the whole.

These Considerations made him set about it with all Speed, and he began by little and little to weed it, and remove the Stones from off the Ground; and so by daily labouring at it, he at length reduced it to this good Order that you see it in now; and now he is in assured Hopes of obtaining the King's Promise, and of being removed to a more noble and honourable Station.

In my Opinion, said *Tender-conscience*, the Farmer on the Left-hand is very much to blame, in neglecting so fair an Opportunity of raising himself: Had he but followed the Steps of his opposite Neighbour, and done something every Day toward the cleansing of his Farm, he might by this Time have reaped the Benefit of it, and had the Returns of plentiful Crops, besides the Continuation and Increase of the King's Favour, who would, no doubt, in Time have been as good as his Word, and preferred him to higher Dignity.

Interp. Just such, said the *Interpreter*, is the Condition of you Travellers, who come from the Valley of *Destruction*, and are going to the Region of *Life and Glory*: The King of that Place

Place only requires of you to Husband well his Gifts and Graces, to improve your Talents, and preserve to the End of your Pilgrimage, and then you will be translated to eternal Mansions. Now the Way to this, is not to be discouraged with the Length of your Journey, nor frightened with the Apprehensions you may have of the Difficulties to be overcome, and the Dangers to be encounter'd by the Way; but you must arm yourself with a firm Resolution to go through all, making some Progress every Day, for to stand still is to go back: And therefore, like the wise and industrious Farmer on the Right-hand, who every Day weeded and stoned some Part of his Grounds so must you daily go on and gain Ground; thus, like him, you will in due Time perfect your Labour and Travel, and finish your Course with Joy. The *Interpreter* gave him many more good Counsels and Admonitions as they walked along, till they came to the Highway that was fenced in on either Side with the Wall of Salvation, and there the *Interpreter* gave to *Tender-conscience* the King's Royal Pass, signifying to him, that it would be of singular Use to him throughout his Journey to the Heavenly Country. So wishing him a prosperous Journey, and eternal Happiness, he bid him eternally Farewel.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Tender-conscience* wept when he was to part with the *Interpreter*, being ravished in Spirit with inexpressible Love for his Company, forasmuch as he had healed his Wounds, entertained him

most

most courteously, shewed him many excellent and glorious Things, and gave him the King's Warrant to pass, whereby he should be enabled to travel more securely and quietly to the *Region of Life*: Besides, he was naturally very affectionate, and could not brook a Separation from such a Friend without bursting into Tears: But at length overcoming his Passion, he set forward on his Journey, and came to the Place where the Cross stood, where *Christian's* Burthen fell off from his Back, and tumbling into the Sepulchere (which was at the Bottom of the rising Ground whereon the Cross stood) was there buried.

Now I saw in my Dream, that hard by the Cross were built two Houses, the one was called the *House of Mourning*, and the other was called the *House of Mirth*, and they were situated on each Side of the Cross, the one on the Right-hand, and the other on the Left. Now as *Tender-conscience* kept the path up the Hill, there came out of the *House of Mirth* some Young Men to meet him, and they spake to him, saying, *Whence comest thou, and whither art thou going?* Then *Tender-conscience* made answer, I come from the Valley of *Destruction*, and am going to the *Heavenly City, the Region of Life and Glory*; but I perceive it grows late, and I am a Stranger in the Way, and therefore would be glad to rest myself this Night somewhere hereabout, if I might find so much Favour with the Inhabitants of this Place. Then the Young Men made answer, and said, There are none but these two Houses which thou seest in all this Parish, that give Entertainment to Strangers, and if thou wilt

wilt go along with us to yonder House (pointing to that on the Left-hand) there you will find good Usage, merry Company, and all Things your Heart can wish for; and in the Morning we will travel along with you, for we only lodge here To-night, and in the Morning we will set forward toward the Heavenly City. By such enticing words and Persuasions as these, they prevailed upon *Tender-conscience* to go along with them. So as he drew near to the House, he heard a great Noise, as of them that make merry, Singing, Dancing, and playing on musical Instruments, with much Laughter; at which *Tender-conscience* was greatly astonish'd; but as he drew near to the House, he saw written over the Door these Words, **THIS IS THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.** Then he remembered the Words of the Wise Man, **That it is better to go to the House of Mourning, than to go to the House of Feasting.*

* *Eccles. vii. 2.*

† *Eccl. vii. 4.* And again, † *The Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning, but the Hearts of Fools are in the House of Mirth.* So he asked the Young Men, what that House was called, on the other Side of the Cross? And they told him it was called, **THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.** Moreover, they railed and scoffed at the People that lived in it, and told him, That none but a few dull phlegmatick Fools ever frequented it. But *Tender-conscience* weigh'd more the Words of the Wise Man, than their slanderous Words, and told them, He would go seek a Lodging at the *House of Mourning.* Then they laughed at him, and called out to the rest of their Companions

to

to deride him ; but he departed from them, and passed by the Cross ; at the sight of which he was transported with unspeakable Love, Grief, Compassion, and such like Affections ; the young Men and their Companions all the while following him, and making a Mock at his Tenderness ; and as he wept at the Foot of the Cross, they fell a laughing, ranting and roaring, till at length he rose up, and made haste to the *House of Mourning* ; where he was no sooner arrived, but two grave, yet comely Women bid him kindly welcome, saying to him, We saw you were like to be seduced into the *House of Mirth*, and were rejoiced to behold your resolution not to enter into the seat of Vanity : We also saw your Constancy in withstanding their taunting Scoffs and Mockeries, and how you were not ashamed of the Cross, but the sight of it pierced your Heart with Divine Love, and caused your Eyes to pour forth Rivers of Tears, while those profane Wretches laughed you to Scorn, all this we beheld with great Satisfaction. And now come in, thou blessed of the Lord, and rest in this Place till To-morrow, and then thou mayest go in Peace. So *Tender conscience* went in along with the courteous Matrons, who washed his Feet, and having refreshed him with a Morsel of Bread and a little Wine, a few Figs, Raisins, and Almonds, they fell into Discourse about the Person who suffered Death on the Cross ; and the Eldest Matron spoke to this Effect :

Eldest Matr.] How vain and profane are those poor Wretches who despise the Cross of Christ, and are become Enemies both to him and his Sufferings :

ings: They profess to believe God, and worship him, yet at the same Time, give both him and themselves the Lie in their practise: they profess to believe in Christ crucified for our Sins, yet at the same Time they crucify him themselves afresh, and put him to open Shame. They lay an Embargo on their Faith, and suffer it not to launch beyond the narrow Limits of their Senses; and taking up their Religion on the Credit of Flesh and Blood, their carnal Passions are made the Standard of its practise, and whatsoever thwarts their Lusts, is banished their Conversation. Hence it comes to pass, that what at first was esteemed dull and unpleasing, was by Degrees slighted and neglected, till at length it became the Object of their Derision and Scorn, as you saw experimentally in the *House of Mirth* this Evening.

Youngest Matron. And that which is the more surprizing is, that these very Persons pretend to be Honourers of the Cross and Disciples of Christ Jesus: Their House is built as near the Cross outwardly as ours is, and yet at the same time they are Enemies to those who tread in the Steps of him who suffered that ignominious Death for our Sakes.

Tender-consc. Aye, said *Tender conscience*, the Three young Men told me they were going towards the Heavenly City as well as I, and if I would but repose myself in the *House of Mirth* this Night, they would bear me Company on the Morrow; but as soon as they perceived that I would seek a Lodging in the *House of Mourning*, they turned their Compliments into Scoffs, their pretended Civility into real Rudeness, and their feigned

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pious Purposes into open Prophaness, railing at you and your House, and all your Guests, deriding and laughing at me for a Madman; like those *Greeks*, to whom the Cross of Christ was Foolishness, and all that took it up, or bore any Affection to it, were esteemed as the Off-scouring of all Things. Such was my Entertainment among them; for whereas before they were merry in the house, singing, dancing, and playing on Instruments of Musick; so soon as the Three young Men gave Intimation to them of my Design, they forsook their Melody, and came running out of the House to mock and deride me, ranting and roaring, and raising great Laughter, while I sat weeping by the Cross.

Elder Matr. It is worth one's Observation to see by what Degrees Men arrive to that Height of ridiculous Vanity, as well as notorious Impiety: First, They let loose the Reigns to their wanton Humour, in trivial and small Matters, delighting in nothing so much as in a Jest or Droll, in common and ordinary Conversation; thus having habituated and used themselves to a jocular Way, they can hardly forbear to play the Wag with Things of more serious Importance; as the Affairs of Justice, and the publick state: then being as it were steeled and hardened in this wanton Humour, they at last fall to mocking, and jesting at the most Holy and Religious Things; verifying the Saying of the Wise Man, *He who contemns little things, shall fall by little and little.* Certainly vain Mirth, and excessive Laughter do but raise a Dust in the Eyes of the Soul, and in-

terrupt her more serene and stedfast Prospect of
 better Things: and the most innocent Jestings may
 be reckoned like Mushromes, which well ordered
 and spiced may do no Harm, but can do no Good.
 Whatever Habit the Soul gets, it is hard to re-
 move it, and the Habit of excessive Laughter is
 most difficult to be overcome; because it is a Fa-
 culty essential to our Nature to laugh, and he that
 gives way to it, and to common Jestings, betrays
 his Mind to an unmanly Lightness, and an habi-
 tual Vanity, which afterwards he will find it dif-
 ficult to root out. And therefore seasonable was
 the Advice of the holy Apostle *Paul*, when he
 * *Eph. v. 4.* counsell'd the * *Ephesians* to avoid
 † *Thes. v. 21.* the † *Thessalonians* to abstain from
 all Appearance of Evil. Now
 what was said to them, no doubt, is written for
 our Instruction, and all Christians are obliged to
 observe the same counsel in this as well as other
 Matters; and not to pick and chuse what Pre-
 cepts and Counsels we please to obey, as if we
 would compound with God for a Quarter or Half
 Performance of his Will. And tho' this Prohibi-
 tion of vain Jestings and foolish Mirth, seems to be
 of small Moment with some, yet it is good to ob-
 serve every Tittle of the Word of God with Re-
 verence. And you have done the Part of a Wise
 Man in forsaking the *House of Mirth*, and coming
 to the *House of Mourning*: For they think this
 Life to be but a Pastime, or a Market for Gain,
 * *They drink Wine in Bowls:*
 * *Isa. v. 12, 14.* *The Harp and the Viol, the Tim-*
brel

bral and the Pipe are in their Feasts; but they regard not the Work of the Lord, neither consider they the Operation of his Hands. Therefore Hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her Mouth without Measure, and their Glory, and their Multitude, and their Pomp, and he that rejoiceth in them, shall descend into it.

Young Mart.] Neither is it less worthy of Remark, by what artifices and Misrepresentations the people belonging to the House of Mirth do endeavour to frighten Travellers from coming to our House, bringing an ill Name upon it, and telling them we are sad melancholy Folks, nothing to be heard but Sighing, Lamenting, and Groaning; and that many poor Travellers have been driven to Despair in this Place, and made away with themselves: Whereas there is nothing of this true; for our Sorrow is not Wordly Sorrow, which bringeth Death, but Mourning and Repentance unto Life, which needeth not to be repented of. In our Sighs we rejoyce, and in our Tears we smile as it is written, *They that sow in Tears, shall reap with Joy*: And the deepest of our Groans are but Fore-runners of the Soul's Triumph over Sin and Death; and there is so near a Neighbourhood betwixt this kind of Grief, and the most extaled Pleasure, that it is hard to distinguish between one and the other: Whilst our Eyes rain Tears, the Clouds that cause them are scatter'd from our Hearts; and that very Tempest of Sights and Groans which threatens to rend our Breasts in pieces, does but sweep and cleanse the Air of our Souls, and renders it more calm and serene than

it was before; thus springeth Light from Dark-
ness, Peace from War, and Life from Death.
And so far is this House from leading any to De-
spair, or from being the Occasion of their de-
stroying themselves, that on the contrary, many
who have come from the *House of Mirth* in that
Condition, when their means were all spent in
Rioting and Mirth, have desir'd Harbour with us,
and in a little Time have recovered their Judg-
ment, Reason, and Strength again; and have
gone away full of comfort and Satisfaction.

Now by this Time it grew late, and they broke
up Company, causing one of the Houfhold to
shew *Tender-conscience* to his Lodging; having
wishing him a good Repose, he returned them
heartly Thanks for their good Counsel and edify-
ing Discourse, took his Leave for that Evening,
and went to Rest. In the Morning he rose
early, and prepared for his Journey, being ex-
treamly pleased with the Entertainment he found
in this Place, so that he burst out a Singing in
this Manner:

*Blessed be God, who Travellers doth guide,
And with his Wing doth them from Dangers hide:
My foot had well nigh slipt, when I was led
Within the House of Mirth to take a Bed:
But better Things rememb'ring, I retir'd
And I was by the Grace of God inspir'd:
They laugh'd, I wept; they mock'd, while I did wail;
And at the House of Mourning they did rail.
The House of Mourning solid Joys does bring,
Whilst that of Mirth behind it leaves a Sting.*

Now

Now whilst he was singing the last Words, he heard a great Noise without, and looking out of Window, he saw several that belonged to the *House of Mirth*, who had beset the *House of Mourning*, and demanded to have the Man delivered to them, that came in there the last Night. This put *Tender conscience* into no small Fright, so that he fell to prayer; and behold Three Shining Ones appeared to him, and bid him be of good Cheer, for they would deliver him out of his Enemies Hands: Then one of them breathed on him, saying *Be thou changed*, and he was immediately transformed, and became a new Creature; and his Face, which before looked meager and pale, now become ruddy and shining, his Eyes sparkling like Diamonds; so that those that had seen him before, could not know him now. The Second presented him with a White Robe whereas before he was in a Crimson-colour'd Garment. The Third also set a Mark on his Forehead, giving him such a Roll with a Seal upon it, as *Christian* had given to him; so the Three Shining Ones pronounced a Blessing on him, and bid him go away in Peace, for that no Evil should befall him. Then *Tender conscience* acquainting the Matrons with what had happen'd to him, and taking his Leave of them, went boldly out with his Crutch in his Hand, and passed through the midst of the Liers-in-wait, and no man knew him, or had Power to say to him, *Who art thou?* but departed from them in Peace, as the Shining Ones had foretold him.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Tender conscience* walked a great Pace, till he was out of Sight of the House, and of the Liers-in-wait; for he had still some dread remaining upon him, which spurred him on to hasten out of their Reach. Thus he walked till he came to the Foot of the Hill *Difficulty*, and having drank nothing that Day, he stooped down and drank of the Spring that ran by the Bottom of the Hill. Then he sat down a while, and consider'd which Way to go; for there were three Paths, one right up the Hill, and the other two went round by the Bottom of the Hill to the Right-hand and to the Left. That Path which went straight up the Hill, was very steep and cragged; and that which went round the Bottom on the Left-hand, was broad and even, curiously shaded with Rows of Trees on each Side, and the Spring winding along by the Path-side, which was very pleasant and inviting: Again, that on the Right-hand was smooth and even, shady and pleasant, and seemed to wind about upwards. So that *Tender conscience* thinking this Path would bring him to the Top of the Hill, as well as the steep one, he made choice of it: Now the Name of this Path was *Danger*, and the Name of the other on the Left-hand was *Destruction*. So he went on in the Path of *Danger*, which brought him up round by the Side of the Hill into a great wood, which he entered, the Path leading him though the Middle of the Wood: Now the wood seem'd very pleasant and delightful at the first Entrance, for the Birds singing in the Trees, and the Wind ruffling the Leaves

made

made a very sweet Harmony, and the Path was green and smooth, but as he walked farther in, the Trees over-shaddowed it, and stood so thick, that it seem'd dark and dismal; moreover he heard the Howlings and Roarings of Wild Beasts; for the Wood was infested with Wolves, Bears, Leopards, Dragons, and other fierce Creatures of Prey, which made *Tender-conscience* to tremble for Fear, and his Heart failed him, so that he immediately returned again by the same Way by which he came in, and ran as fast as he could, till he got clear back again out of the wood; and then he slacken'd his Pace by Degrees, till at length he came up to the Spring at the Bottom of the Hill *Difficulty*, and there he sat down again to consider which Way to go, or what Course to take, At length, after much musing, he called to Mind that Saying, *Narrow is the way that leads to Life, and few there be that find it. And again Broad is the Way that leads to death, and many there be that enter in thereat.* So he viewed that Path that led directly up the Hill, and it was exceeding narrow, and the other two Paths that went round by the Bottom were very broad. Upon which he presently concluded, that he must take the steep and narrow Path, how difficult soever it seemed to Flesh and Blood. So he went panting and gasping for Breath, so tiresome was that Way; and by that Time he had gone half Way up the Hill, he was very much spent, and grew so faint and giddy, by reason of the great Heighth and Steepness of the Ascent, that he was ready to tumble down backwards again. At length

he came up to a Place, where was a Cave in the Side of a Hill, and at the Mouth of the Cave sat a man, whose Name was *Good-resolution*. Now he seeing *Tender conscience* coming up the Hill panting and gasping, and almost beat off his Legs, saluted him in this manner:

Good-resolut. Brother, I see thou art weary and faint, therefore I pray the turn in here with me into this Cave, and rest thyself a while; and when thou hast refreshed thyself, and gathered Strength, then go forward in the Name of the Lord. I am placed here by the King's Order to administer Relief to poor tired Pilgrims.

Tender conscience. Then said *Tender conscience*, Sir, I thank you for your kind Invitation, which I gladly accept of: for indeed I am quite spent, and my Heart fails me.

So he went along with the Man into the Cave, and they sat down together on Seats cut out of the solid Rock. Now I saw in my Dream, that the Room where they sat was pure Alabaster, and did let in certain Sky-lights at the Top, which gave *Tender-conscience* a View of many rare Pieces of

Antiquity cut out of the Rock
* *Heb. xi. 4,* * There were the Figures and
5, 7, 8. Representations of many famous Worthies, and renowned

Men of Old, who through Faith had done many marvellous Things. There was the Representation of *Abel* offering a better and more acceptable Sacrifice than *Cain*; and of *Enoch*, who walked with God, and was Translated without seeing Death; of *Noah*, who was an Hundred and
Twenty

Twenty Years building the Ark, for the saving his Household, and all Kinds of living Creatures. There was also the Representation of *Abraham*, who when he was called, obeyed God, to go out into a Place, which he should afterwards receive for Inheritance, and he went out, not knowing whither he went. There was also represented, how by Faith he abode in the *Land of Promise*, as in a strange Country, as one that dwelt in Tents with *Isaac* and *Jacob*, Heirs with him of the same Promise: For they looked for a City having a Foundation, whose Builder and Maker is God. All these Men lived in Faith, believed the Promises, and receiving them thankfully, confessing they were Pilgrims and Strangers on Earth; for they that say such Things, declare plainly, that they seek another Country. For if they had been mindful of their own Country from whence they came out, they had Leisure to have returned: But they desired a better, that is, an Heavenly one; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, and hath prepared for them a City.

Now as *Tender-conscience* was greatly pleased, and much comforted with the Sight and Consideration of these Things; so he looked farther, and there he saw the Representation of *Abraham* offering up *Isaac* (to whom it was said, *In Isaac shall thy Seed be called*) and of *Isaac* blessing *Jacob* and *Esau*; and of *Jacob* blessing his Sons the Twelve Patriarchs. Then he looked on that side of the Room which was opposite to the Entrance of the Cave, and there was represented in Alabaster-work, how *Moses*

when he came to Age, refused to be called the Son of *Pharoh's* Daughter, chusing rather to suffer Adversity with the People of God, than to enjoy the Pleasures of Sin for a season: And how he forsook *Egypt*, not fearing the King's Wrath, but regarded him that is invisible: And how he led the people of *Israel* thro' the *Red-Sea* as on dry Land, which the *Egyptians* attempting to do, were all drowned. And how the Walls of *Jericho* fell down at the Sound of their Rams-Horns. Many more Things were there represented, as the famous Acts of *Joshua*, *Gideon*, *Baruc*, *Sampson*, and *Jephtha*, also of *David*, *Samuel*, and the Prophets; who through Faith subdued Kingdoms, wrought Righteousness, obtained the Promises, stopped the Mouths of Lions, quenched the Violence of Fire, escaped the Edge of the Sword; of weak were made strong, waxed valiant in Battle, turn'd to Flight the Armies of Aliens. And of others who had been tried by cruel Mockings and Scourgings, by Bonds and Imprisonments, who were stoned and hewn asunder, tempted and slain, wandering up and down in Sheep's-skins and Goat-skins, being destituted, afflicted, tormented, whom the World was not worthy of; they wander'd in Wildernesses and Mountains, in Dens and Caves of the Earth; and all these thro' Faith, having obtained a good Report, and received the Promises.

The whole Room where they sat was adorned round with such Kind of Figures as these; which *Tender-conscience* view'd with a great deal of Delight; and he took Courage from these glorious Patterns: His Spirit which before languished,

now

now began to revive and flourish within him, so that he burst out a Singing in this Manner:

*Ah puny Soul! faint hearted Mind!
Weak as the Chaff before the Wind!
Long have I wander'd to and fro;
But forward now I'll boldly go:
Since me such noble Patterns move,
I'll mount the Hill with Wings of Love.
Methinks my Heart within me burns,
And all inflamed to God-ward turns:
What, tho' on the Seraphic Fire,
My ravish'd Spirit should expire;
Yet Phoenix like it will revive,
And in immortal Glory live.*

Then Good resolution seeing Tender-conscience so mightily refreshed with the things he had seen, told him, That he had yet greater Things than these to shew him, such as would even ravish his Soul with Joy to behold. So he had him out of that Room, by a long Entry or Passage cut out of the Rock, and full of Sky-lights that were let in at the Top, and brought him to another Cave, where dwelt a Man named *Contemplation*: The Man sat still in a Chair of pure Diamond, musing and silent, neither said they any thing to him; or he to them; but just as he saw them enter, he drew back a Curtain which hung before the farther Part of the Room, and veiled half the Room, so that when any one came in first, he could not see what was in the farther Part of the Room. But so soon as the Man *Contemplation* had, with a String which he held in his Hand, draw back the Curtain, what a goodly and glorious Sight was there! How dazzling

dazzling were the Things that there presented themselves! for that Part of the Room was so contrived, that by letting in a certain Sky-light from the Roof of the Cave, your Eyes were immediately surprized with a Thousand Splendors, that Part of the Cave being all an intire Rock of Diamond, yet so artificially polished, that by the Reflection of the Sun-beams, it represented to you a most glorious City, whose streets were paved with pure Gold, and the Walls of precious Stones, the Inhabitants walking up and down in long Robes, and glittering like the Stars. Also it represented the King of that place sitting on a Throne of Glory, a fiery Stream issuing from before him, where Thousands of Thousands ministered unto him, And Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand stood before him, whose Faces where like the Lightning, their Eyes like Lamps of Fire, and their Arms and their Feet like to the polished Brass; in short the whole Appearance was full of Lustre and Magnificence.

Tender-conscience was astonished above measure at the Sight of these glorious Things, and ravished with an inexpressible Delight, inasmuch that he wished to live and die in that Place; for he had never yet seen such a goodly Sight before in all his Life. He continued gazing on the lovely Objects, neither could he take his Eyes off from looking, till such Time as *Good-resolution* drew the Curtain again, and so veiled them from his Sight, for he was afraid, lest by too long gazing on so much brightness, his Eyes might receive some Damage; remembering the saying of the Wise Man,

He

He that gazeth upon Majesty, shall be oppressed with Glory. So he had him back again thro' the Passage that led to his own cave, and when they were come into the cave, he desir'd *Tender-conscience* to sit down and meditate on what he had seen; so *Tender-conscience* sat down to meditate while *Good-resolution* got ready a small Collation of Fruits, of Herbs, and of Wine, to refresh him, and make him more vigorous and active in going up the rest of the Hill, Oh! Sir, said *Tender-conscience*, trouble not yourself for me, not take any care about Meat and Drink; for what I have seen since my coming into this Place, is both Meat and Drink to me; I feel myself strengthened by it, and my Spirits enlivened, so that methinks I could even fly up the rest of the Hill. Then *Good-resolution* made answer, If the bare Sight of these glorious Things has wrought such a wonderful Effect upon you, how much greater Influence may be expected from the mature consideration and Application of them? If the bare view of the Landscape be so pleasant, how much more delightful will it be to think that the City there represented, is the Place whither you are going; and that you shall live there for ever, and be cloath'd and crown'd with Robes and Crowns of endless Glory? But I must warn you of one Thing that will happen to you a little after your Departure from this Place, as it does usually happen to all Pilgrims who have seen the glorious Things of this Cave: For lest they shou'd be exalted above measure, thro' the Abundance of Revelations, there is generally given unto them a Thorn in the Flesh, a Minister of Satan, to buffet them,

them, because they shall not be exalted above Measure. And thus it is like to befall you, when you are gone from this Place: Now to the End you may not be dishearten'd when this Thing comes to pass, I tell you of it now, that being fore-warn'd you may also be fore-arm'd; and I exhort you to have always in your Mind the famous Examples of these Worthies which you see represented before your Eyes, who stemmed the Tide of Wordly Crosses and Persecutions, stood the Brunt of all manner of Temptations, till having at last weather'd the Point, and got the Start of the World, the Flesh and the Devil, they enter'd into the Joy of the Lord, and took Possession of an everlasting Inheritance. These Things you ought always to have in Remembrance, as you travel along, and especially when you meet with any Temptations or Dangers, as you must expect in this Journey: At such a time you ought to reflect on the glorious Things you saw in my Cave, and in the Cave of *Contemplation*, and in so doing you will find great Comfort and Relief. So he desir'd *Tender-conscience* to refresh himself with such Entertainment as his Cave afforded, assuring him, that tho' it was plain and homely Diet, yet he was heartily welcome to it, and would find the Benefit of it as he went up the rest of the Hill. Then *Good-resolution*, after the Repast was over, renew'd his Counsels to *Tender-conscience*, and told him what Houses and Inn he should use thereabout in his Way, and what he should refuse and avoid, adding many wholesome Instructions; at length, *Tender-conscience*, full of Courage and Joy,

took

took his Leave, giving him humble Thanks for the Favours he had done him.

Now I saw in my dream, that by that Time *Tender-conscience* was got a pretty Distance upward from the Cave, he was met by a Man whose Name was *Spiritual-pride*; but *Tender-conscience* knew not his Name at first: so the man saluted him in this Manner: Hail, thou beloved among the Sons of Men, thou Darling of the King of Heaven, who hast undertaken a great and tedious Pilgrimage from the Valley of *Destruction*, toward the Region of *Life and Glory*; who hast escaped the Temptation of the *House of Mirth*, and rather chose to go into the *House of Mourning*; who hast escaped the Paths of *Danger and Destruction*, and hast nobly ventured to ascend by the unpleasant and rugged Path of the *steep Hill Difficulty*, and hast enter'd into the *Cave of Good-resolution*, and seen the glorious Things of the *Cave*, and the more glorious Things in the *Cave of Contemplation*; Now I am sent to congratulate thy good Success, and to tell thee thy Journey is at an End; thou hast all along fought a good Fight, thou hast kept the Faith, and now thy Course is finish'd and there is laid up for thee a Crown of Righteousness; come turn in with me, and I will shew thee thy Reward, which is secured for thee, and thou needest not travel or toil thyself any more, but take up thy rest with me.

Then *Tender-conscience* was much astonish'd at the Man's Words, and wonder'd how he could tell him exactly what he had done, and where he had been; and said within himself, *Surely this Man is a Prophet,*

a prophet or greater than a prophet! So he began to be puffed up in his Mind, to think how the Man called him the Beloved among the Sons of Men, and Darling of the King of Heaven, Surely, said he in his Heart, *my Lot is fallen in goodly places, I have a fair inheritance.* So he follow'd the Man, who led him aside out of the Path that went directly up the Hill, and brought him to an exceeding high Tower, whose Top was higher than the Top of the Hill itself; but before they came to the Tower, even as they were going along, *Tender-conscience* cast his Eye upon the Back of the Man, and there he saw written SPIRITUAL PRIDE; So he remembr'd the Counsel of *Good-resolution*, how among the rest of his wholesome Instructions, he had bid him beware of *Spiritual-pride*, who would certainly meet him on the Way, and endeavour to seduce him to the Tower of *Lofty-thoughts*, and when he had got him to the Top, would cast him down headlong, and break him to pieces. So *Tender-conscience* made no more ado, but ran away as fast as he could back to the Path again, so went forward up the Hill, rejoicing that he had escap'd from *Spiritual-pride*, who with flattering Speeches and deceitful Words sought to entice him out of the Way, and bring him to Ruin and swift Destruction. Then I looked after *Tender-conscience*, and saw that he went a great Pace upward, till at length he came to the Top of the Hill, even, to the * Stage that

* Part 2. p. 60. was built to punish such upon who should be afraid to go farther on their Pilgrimage; where *Mistrust* and *Timourous* had their

Tongues

Tongues bored thro' with a hot Iron, for endeavouring to hinder *Christian* in his Journey, as was to be read on the Plates that hung before the Stage.

Now I saw in my Dream, as *Tender-conscience* went along, that an Old Man met him on the Way, whose name was *Carnal-security*, and he spake to *Tender-conscience* in this Manner: Friend, whence comest thou, and whither art thou going?

Tender-conf. To whom *Tender-conscience* replied, Sir. I came from the valley of *Destruction*, and am travelling towards the Heavenly Country.

Carnal-security. Truly you have undertaken a great and hazardous Journey, and the Perils you have gone thro' are many; but now the worst of your Way is past, the rest being pleasant, safe, and easy: It is convenient for you to rest yourself a while after your Toils, and the wearisome Steps you have trodden since you first set forth from your native Country, and especially since you must needs be tired and quite out of Breath, thro' the extream steepness of the Hill *Difficulty*, which you last ascended. Therefore if you please to take up your Quarters with me, you shall be heartily welcome; and you will be the better strengthened and enabled to go forward on your Journey. My house stands not far from this Place, and if you will accept of my Offer, I will be your Guide to my Habitation.

Tender-conf. Sir, I must confess your Civility is very acceptable to me, and very seasonable at this Time; for indeed I am pretty well beat out with Travel, and besides it grows towards Night; therefore, if you please, I will go along with you.

So they went along together, and the Old Man had him through a Lane on the Left-hand of the high Road, which brought him to a stately Palace, whose Gates stood wide open; and they came into the first Court, which was all Green, and full of Flowers, having several delightful Arbours, artificially built round it, and a Chrystal Fountain in the Middle of the Court: There were also beautiful Trees planted round it, on whose Boughs innumerable Birds of divers Kinds sat chirping and singing with admirable Harmony. So they walked together cross the Court, there they met an ancient Lady, accompanied by two beautiful young Damsels, on whom she leaned; The Name of the Lady was *Intemperance*, and she was the Wife of *Carnal-security*. Now it seems these two had built this Palace here, to inveigle Pilgrims, and seduce them out of their Way to the Heavenly Country; as the Palace called *Beautiful*, was built for the Relief, Comfort, and Direction of Pilgrims on their Journey. But poor *Tender-conscience* knew nothing of all this: He that had so lately escaped the Snare that *Spiritual-pride* had laid for him, was now caught in the Gins of *Carnal-security*.

Now I saw in my Dream, that the Lady *Intemperance* bid *Tender-conscience* Welcome to her House; and so did the two young Damsels that attended her, who were her Daughters, the Name of the one was *Wantonness*, and the Name of the other was *Forgetfulness*. Then she desired him to approach nearer to the House; so they walked together through the first Court, and came to the
Entrance

Entrance of the second; there the Lady *Intemperance* desir'd them all to sit down, whilst she reach'd several Bunches of Grapes, which hung down from a Vine that cover'd the Place where they sat, and squeez'd them into the Golden Cup which she held in her Hand, and having tasted thereof presented it to *Tender-conscience*, bidding him drink it off; so he did accordingly, and presently he was intoxicated therewith, and began to dally with Mrs. *Wantonness*, at which the Lady *Intemperance* and her Husband *Carnal-security* seem'd not to be displeas'd, but rather to encourage him, by giving him another Cup full of the Juice of the Grapes, which work'd so mightily upon his weak Head, that having tumbled and dallied a-while with Mrs. *Wantonness*, on a Bank of sweet Flowers, at length he fell asleep in the Arms of Mrs. *Forgetfulness*. Then they caus'd him to be carried into the Palace by two of their Servants, and laid on a soft Bed in the best Chamber of the whole House, resolving if possible, to win him by all Means to tarry with them, and not go forward on his Journey. To this End they prepared an excellent Concert of Musick, who were planted out of Sight of the Bed whereon *Tender-conscience* lay, yet so as they might be heard as plain as tho' they had been by his Bed-side, but could not be seen by him, if he should awake out of his Sleep: And they were order'd to play the sweetest Airs and more melodious Tunes their Art could furnish them with, all the while he was asleep, and likewise to keep on playing, if he should chance to awake. For it was the Nature of these Grapes, of whose Liquor he had drank so
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plentifully to make some People sleep many Years together, others to sleep all their Life-time; and very few had the Power to awaken, especially in any short Time; and it was the Nature of the Musick to create Dreams in them that slept, pleasant, delightful, and enchanting Dreams: And those that died sleeping, were carried out of the Palace to a certain Place, where they were tumbled into the Lake of *Destruction*, which Lake is at the End of the Path which led to the Left-hand, at the Bottom of the Hill *Difficulty*. It is a burning Lake, and has burned from the Beginning of the World, and will do for ever and ever. Now this was the End of those poor Wretches, who being seduced to the House of *Carnal-security*, and having drank of the Wine of *Intemperance*, and committed folly with *Wantonness*, at length fell asleep with *Forgetfulness*; who if they die sleeping, are forthwith cast into the Burning Lake, *which is the Second Death*.

Now it came to pass, that tho' *Tender conscience* slept a great while, being lulled by the Sound of such incomparable Melody; yet they not having taken notice of his strong Crutch which he had in his hand, nor knowing its secret and wonderful Virtues, did not remove it from him; by which Means he at length awoke from his Sleep, rousing himself up, and wondering from whence all this delicious Harmony should come. For the Crutch being in his hand all the while he slept, at length as he went to turn himself in his Sleep, he hit himself a Blow on the Eyes with his Crutch, which awakened him. Then he began to wonder, as I
said,

said, where he was, and how he came there, and what Musick that was. At length he called to Mind, how an Old Man had invited him into his House very kindly, and how his Lady had given him of her Wine to drink, and how he had dallied with Mrs. *Wantonness*; but he could not call to Mind how he came upon this Bed, but concluded that he had been drunk, and so brought into the Palace; and with this Thought, and the pleasant Harmony of the Musick, he was just ready to fall asleep again, but that at the same Instant there came such a terrible Clap of Thunder, as was almost enough to have awaked the very Dead. At this his Heart quaked within him, and the Musick ceased playing. So he arose from his Bed, and looked out at the Window, he saw the Air extremely darkened, save only some intervals of Lightning, which accompanied with Thunder, seem'd to threaten the Destruction of the World. Poor *Tender-conscience* wept bitterly when he perceiv'd such a dreadful Tempest hanging over his Head, and he in a strange Place, not half Way his Journey; this made him very melancholy and pensive, and he burst out into these mournful Expressions by himself:

Wretch that I am, what will become me!
where shall I hide myself from the fierce Anger of the Lord, or how shall I escape his heavy Displeasure? I doubt I have done amiss in coming to this Place, and sleeping away my precious Time, which is the Reason that God is angry, and thunders in the Ears of my Soul: Horror and Confusion flash thro' my Conscience like Lightning: I know not
what

what to do, nor where to turn my Face for Comfort. Then he looked for his crutch, and could not find it at first, which made him lament very grievously; but at last he bethought himself of the Bed wherein he slept, so he ran thither, and there found it to his no small comfort and Joy. Then he prepared himself to go down stairs, but just as he was about to go from the Window where he stood, there came another Clap of Thunder, which made the very House to shake, and after the Thunder he heard a Voice whispering him in the Ear, and saying, *Get thee out of this Place, and beware of the Woman with the Golden Cup in her Hand, and of all that belongeth unto her, for her Ways are the Ways of Death: Sin no more, lest a worse Thing come upon thee.* This made poor *Tender-conscience* to tremble afresh, so that the joints of his Knees smote one against another, and he hasted to get down stairs; at which the Musick began to play again so sweetly, that he had much ado to leave it. But remembering the Thunder and Lightning, and the Voice he heard, he went resolutely down, and as he was going though the Hall, he saw the Table spread with all manner of Dainties, and heard the voice of the young Men and Maidens, as he thought, singing deliciously, which made him again stand still a while to listen to their Musick. Then came one to him named *Mr. Gluttony*, and desir'd him to sit down, and eat what liked him best, telling him withal, That the Entertainment he saw there before his Eyes, was prepared on purpose for Pilgrims; and how that many that were tarvelling toward

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the City of *Sion*, did call in here, and partake of the Dainties this Place afforded, it being built for the Ease and Pleasure of Pilgrims. Then the young Men and Maids seconded Mr. *Gluttony* in their Song, while several Instruments of Musick played to them in Concert; and this was their Song :

*Poor Pilgrims here may eat and sleep,
Whilst them in Safety their good Lord will keep.
Fall to, fall to, poor Man, and take thy Fill,
In Nature's Pleasure there can be no Ill.
In vain our King's indulgent Hand supplies
What peevish Man his longing Soul denies.*

This was enough to have stagger'd a flouter Man than *Tender-conscience*, and he himself could not have resisted so powerful a Temptation, had it not have been for the Remembrance of the Thunder and the Voice : Also he called to Mind that Saying of the Holy Jesus, *To do the Will of my heavenly Father, is both my Meat and my Drink.* So he turned away from Mr. *Gluttony*, and went apace out of the Hall, without giving him one Word, tho' he followed him, and intreated him to sit down, and make merry with the good Chear that was before him. Then old *Carnal-security* met him at the Hall-Door, which opened into the Inner-Court of the Palace, and took him by the Hand, asking him, Whither he was going in such Haste?

Tender-conf. To whom *Tender-conscience* replied, I am going forward on my Journey.

Carnal-security. Aye, but tarry and eat first, for you have a long Way to walk, before you find another House; and therefore it is not convenient for you to go out fasting from hence, lest you faint by the Way.

Tender-consc. It is written, *Man lives not by Bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the Mouth of God.*

Carnal-security. That is not applicable to your Case, you must not expect to be fed by Miracles; Meat and Drink are appointed for the Support of our frail Bodies; and therefore it is a foolish Preciseness to abstain from Eating, when we have absolute need of it.

Tender consc. Aye, but I have no such absolute Need of Eating or Drinking either at this Time, it being early in the Morning; I have read in a certain Book thus; *Woe be to thee, O Land, when thy Princes eat in the Morning; but blessed is the Land whose Princes eat in the due Season for Refreshment, and not for Riotousness.*

Carnal-security. Neither is this saying, any ways applicable to you; for you are no Prince, but a poor Pilgrim, and this is spoken altogether of Princes.

Tender-consc. Yes, I am a Prince, and am going to take possession of my Crown and Kingdom: For we are made Kings and Princes, and Princes unto God, and we shall reign with him for ever; and therefore cease to persuade me in this Manner, or to retard my Journey, for I will go on in the Strength of the Lord my God.

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