


THE GREAT JOURNEY
A Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears
to Mount Zion,
the city of the living God

By John MacDuff, 1855.

“He spoke many things unto them in parables.” Matthew 13:3

As there are infinite varieties in Christian experience, so there is a propriety in narrating the great story of the Christian’s pilgrimage in different forms. Those who have read Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress” will find MacDuff’s allegory no copy, but a spirited example of the same style.

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CHAPTER 1

As I was walking along *the Highway of Time*, I came to a new milestone; and being wearied with my journey, “I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream.” — *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

Methought I saw a dwelling, situated by itself in one of the world’s secluded valleys. In front of its simple, rustic lintels stood an aged man, pale and agitated. His eyes were pensively fixed on the ground; or if they were occasionally lifted to take a hurried glance at some distant object, it seemed a relief when he could replace them on the green grass at his feet, and resume his deep and expressive thoughtfulness. The tear which now and then involuntarily fell from his eye, read some unwonted tale of sadness, while the other inhabitants of the household, who were gathered around him, manifested, by word and look, how amply they shared his embittered feelings.

The appearance of their home itself, as well as what was around it, indicated nothing but happiness and enjoyment. The sunbeams, at the moment, were dancing and sparkling in a rivulet which murmured by. A cluster of rugged trees behind were casting fantastic shadows on the sward; while birds of varied plumage were responding to one another from bough to bough in joyous music.

When pondering the possible cause of these strange emotions, I observed some one fast disappearing in the distance, whose footsteps the group surrounding the cottage door were wistfully following. Their broken accents soon revealed his history. It was a member of their family, who had just bidden farewell to the home of his youth, and commenced, all alone, the world’s great pilgrimage! His father had followed him, a few minutes before, to the threshold, with many benedictions. Warning him to “flee from the wrath to come,” he had directed his footsteps to the *Celestial City*, whose shining gates terminated the Valley of Tears.

“My son,” were his parting words, “if sinners entice you, consent you not. Walk not you in the way with them; refrain your foot from their path.” Full of filial love, *Pilgrim* (for that was the name of the traveler) had promised a dutiful obedience, and set out, staff in hand, on his journey.

Before proceeding far, he arrived at the outskirts of a forest, through which his path had led. There he found himself in an open space, in sight of two diverse roads, at the entrances to which were gathered crowds of wayfarers, varying in outward appearance, but whom he at once concluded to be fellow-travelers.

As the footpath he had hitherto been following terminated here, and it was necessary to select one or other of the ways, methought I saw him seated on a stone, close by, hesitating between the two. There was no difficulty in discovering which was the favorite. It was a *Broad* way, without any gate on it. It seemed, also, from its appearance, pleasanter than the other. Shady trees were planted on either side; and the multitudes which were crowding into it seemed light-hearted and happy, with little care on their countenances, and little sorrow in their hearts.

The adjoining way was very *Narrow*, and had a *Strait Gate* at its entrance; moreover, it was frequented only by a small number — a few straggling travelers — and many of these with tears in their eyes, and burdens on their backs.

“I never can think of joining these unhappy wayfarers,” said *Pilgrim* to himself, as he rose and advanced in the direction of the *Broad* road. And yet, as he approached nearer the latter, he listened to sounds to which his ear had been hitherto unaccustomed, and which made him tremble. Travelers, whose several names were *Drunkard*, *Liar*, *Swearer*, *Profligate*, *Infidel*, *Scoffer*, he found were to be his companions. He called to mind words which had been impressed upon him by a father’s prayers: “There is a way which seems right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death!”

Now I saw that, as he was preparing to retrace his steps, an individual from the crowd came up and accosted him. His name was *Deceiver*, a well-known character to all the *Broad-way-men*, and one of the most powerful vassals of the Prince of Darkness.

“How now, good traveler!” exclaimed he, with assumed gentleness. “I see you are faint-hearted, as many before you have been, in entering this *Broad way*. Tell me the cause of your fear.”

“The way of the ungodly shall perish”, replied *Pilgrim*, firmly. “I had almost resolved to select it; but I see abundant reason now for preferring the other, narrow and deserted though it be. I shall, at all events, make trial of that narrow entrance. If it disappoint my expectations, it will be no difficult matter to retrace my steps.”

“You mistake it, ignorant youth,” replied the other; “once enter that gate, and there is no possibility of turning back. The determination once taken can never be recalled. If you will only be persuaded to make trial of the *Broad way*, there is no necessity to pursue it further than inclination leads you.”

“But how can I possibly enter with such company?” said *Pilgrim*.

“Good friend,” said *Deceiver*, still assuming a tone of kindness, “you see the worst of the way at its commencement — your companions will improve upon you as you advance. It is only because you are not accustomed to such company that you are averse to it. Moreover,” continued he, “though there be one *entrance* to the *Broad way*, there are many footpaths in it. If you have a dislike to the openly profane and vicious, there is no necessity to walk in fellowship with them. I shall introduce you to others more adapted to your taste.”

In an unguarded moment, *Pilgrim* forgot his resolutions; and, under the guidance of *Deceiver*, was conducted until he arrived at a wicket-gate, close under the wall which separated the two ways.

He thought he could not be wrong in attempting this pathway; and yet he could not forget, among the other warnings he had received, that “many *Deceivers* were gone out into the world.” But there was no room left for hesitation. Before long he discovered that he and his guide had been insensibly advancing, leaving the entrance at a considerable distance behind. *Deceiver*, having thus accomplished his object, returned back to exercise upon others the same unscrupulous dissimulation. He felt he could with confidence leave the new traveler in the hands of those who, similarly duped as himself, had now become confirmed *Broad-way-men*. In one thing his conductor had not misled him. The further *Pilgrim* proceeded, the less did he feel the aversion, which he experienced so strongly at first, to mingle with his fellow-travelers. Their language, their manners, their tastes, became every day more in accordance with his own. He even began to wonder he could have made the selection of this road matter of hesitation. There were, indeed, some moments when a father’s warnings were vividly recalled; particularly when he happened to be in the company of two noted individuals in the *Broad way*, with bloated faces and haggard looks, called *Profligacy* and *Intemperance*. Often then would living words, with which he had been familiar from his boyhood, sound in his ears: “Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.” Or, again: “Come out from among them, and be you separate, and touch not the unclean thing.” He would also, at such times, call to remembrance how his father used to speak of a day when the *Lord Immanuel* was to be seated on a *Great White Throne*; when before him were to be gathered all the way farers who had ever traversed the *Valley of Tears*, and when he was to say to every worker of iniquity: “Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire.” He would remember how he was used to tell of the end of those who obeyed not the *King of the Way*; and particularly of a *bottomless pit*, at the termination of a dark and deceitful road, where thousands were continually perishing without any hope of mercy. The thought at times would flash across him: Could it be that he was treading this dreadful highway? — that, forgetful of a parent’s counsels, he was hurrying on to such certain and irretrievable ruin? The fearful possibility occasionally seemed utterly to overwhelm him — he would pause, and tremble, and weep; or, stealing away from the boisterous merriment of his fellows, watch some favorable opportunity, unseen to them, of retracing his steps. This, however, was not so easy a matter. He had already, as I have said, advanced far on the way. The road which had been so broad and spacious at first, was now, in many places, narrow and confined. Fresh travelers were coming in; he was unavoidably carried along with the press; and the attempt to return would only expose him to ridicule. His companions, moreover, found it was no difficult matter to laugh what they called his fits of moping melancholy away. And if, on some occasions, these proved more obstinate than at others, they had ever an easy remedy at hand, by enticing him into one of the many *Arbors of Pleasure* erected by the Prince of Darkness along the road. There, amid new fascinations, and carnal delights, they succeeded in dispelling his passing convictions and fears. Thus, day by day, was *Pilgrim* found hurrying along with the crowd — his heart growing less susceptible of impression with every resisted warning. The unhappy victim of a thousand base passions soon had no leisure to inquire where his footsteps were hurrying him. But, although he knew it not, the *Pit of Destruction* was at hand, and he was about to be summoned to take his stand on its confines.

I saw in my dream, that one night the shadows of evening were closing around, as, weak and exhausted, he found himself at the mouth of a valley. Precipitous rocks, on either side, frowned above his head, and cast an ominous gloom on the path below; while a foaming river, dark and troubled, was hemmed in between their narrow ledges. It was the *Valley of Death!*

As the traveler entered, a horror of great darkness came upon him. He recollected of being told of a star — the Star of Bethlehem — which gave light and peace to those passing through. He looked for it now in vain; and the further he advanced the more intense was the gloom. The ground began to heave under his feet. Peals of thunder echoed on every side. The lightning's momentary glare only served to disclose to him that he was on his way to *Outer Darkness!* On reaching the end of the valley, he witnessed, straight before him, columns of smoke and flame issuing from the mouth of a bottomless pit. Groans, too, resembling the cries of dying men, were carried to his ear. "Verily, there was but a step between him and death!"

"What shall I do to be saved? What shall I do to be saved?" exclaimed the agonized man, making a hopeless effort to retrace his footsteps; but, from his weakness, he sunk powerless to the ground. Dreadful was the spectacle which then presented itself. Hundreds around him were tumbling over the precipice, uttering wild imprecations; others, already in the gulf, sending up the vain entreaty for a single drop of water to cool their tongues. "O God, have mercy!" they cried; "save us from this place of torment! Our punishment is greater than we can bear." *Pilgrim* had no time to gaze on the scene. The crowds from behind were pressing him, every moment, nearer the brink; and he, also, would have been precipitated headlong into the flames, had there not been within his reach a ledge of projecting rock, which he grasped in the agonies of death. As he continued thus trembling by the side of the abyss, an individual approached, with a dark and gloomy countenance. His name was *Despair*, and a smile of fiendish triumph was seated on his lips.

"Well, good traveler," said he, addressing *Pilgrim*; "you have well-near reached the end of your journey. There is now but one step between you and perdition, and the quicker that step is made, the better for yourself!"

"O wretched man that I am!" said *Pilgrim*, uttering a shriek of agony; "is there no one who can deliver me from this abyss of death? Tell me, if you have any compassion on a miserable soul, is there no possible way of deliverance from such torments?"

"None! none!" replied *Despair*; "there never was a traveler before you who ventured to ask such a question; the moment you entered that valley your Eternity was lost!"

"No; but methinks," said *Pilgrim*, who was so stupefied with terror as to be scarce able to collect his thoughts to reply, "I once heard of one as undone as myself, called *Malefactor*, who stood where I now am, on this dread precipice; and just as he was about to plunge in, he cried out, in imploring accents, 'Lord, remember me!' Immediately a golden chain of grace was let down from heaven, and that day he was with Jesus in paradise."

"That is but some dream of your own, unhappy traveler," said *Despair*. "Had you thought of returning as you journeyed through the wilderness, or before you came in sight of the *Valley of Death*, some hope might have remained; but now all possibility of escape is at an end. Besides, had the *King of the Narrow way* desired your rescue, he would have stopped you long before now. But since he has suffered you to proceed so far, it shows that he has no wish for you to turn, but desires your death."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed a stranger, arresting the arm of *Despair*, which had just grasped *Pilgrim*, to hurl him into the depths below; "I am sent by King Immanuel," said he; "his minister and messenger to perishing sinners like yourself. Hear, and your soul shall live!"

"The chief of sinners! the chief of sinners!" cried the agonized man, first smiting on his bosom, and then pointing to the gulf beneath; "there can be nothing for me but this same fearful looking for of vengeance and fiery indignation, which I see devouring the adversaries of God. What else can I expect, who have been treasuring up for myself wrath against the day of wrath?"

"There is yet hope," said the other; "I am an ambassador from the court of Immanuel. I carry with me a treaty of peace. Here are the articles of treaty," he continued, unfolding the *gospel roll*, which he carried under his arm. "And now, as an ambassador for Christ, I pray then, in his stead, be reconciled unto God."

"Alas! alas!" responded *Pilgrim*, in plaintive accents, "your scroll can contain nothing for me but 'lamentation, and mourning, and woe.' I am a sinner to the very *uttermost*; and my wages are eternal death."

"Listen," said the other, "to what the *Lord Immanuel* has to say to you." Now I saw upon this, that the messenger opened the roll of parchment, and read to *Pilgrim* as follows: "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dies; but rather that he would turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn you, turn you, why will you die?" "Therefore he is able also to save them to the *uttermost*."

“Salvation to the *uttermost!*” cried the desponding man — the amazing accents sounding like music in his ear: “can it be that there is still ‘forgiveness with God, that he may be feared?’”

“With the Lord,” replied the other, “there *is* mercy, and plenteous redemption. It is, indeed of his mercies you are not consumed; for he might justly have sworn in his wrath, that you should never enter into his rest. But he sends me to bring you back from the gates of death, and to proclaim that it is still a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that the Lord Immanuel came into the world to save sinners, of whom you are the chief.”

“The chief! the chief indeed!” again cried *Pilgrim*; “for mine iniquities have gone over my head; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart fails me. Am I not a brand plucked from the burning?”

Despair made one remaining effort to push *Pilgrim* off the rock, and plunge him into the gulf beneath. But the servant of the *Lord Immanuel* caught him; and led him to the only way of escape, called the Path of Life.

CHAPTER 2

Afterward, in my dream, methought I saw *Pilgrim* standing before the gate of the *Narrow way* soliciting admission. Above its portals were inscribed, in large characters, the words, “KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED.”

As he stood knocking, he observed near him two men, who evidently purposed to be the companions of his journey. There was, however, something about their manner and appearance very unlike what he would have expected from those who were waiting for the opening of the gate. The one, whose name was *Procrastination*, was lying on the grass, half asleep, with his bundle and all its contents carelessly scattered around him. The other, called *Presumption*, was seated at the foot of a tree, humming the words of a song. At first *Pilgrim* hesitated whether he would address them; but seeing no others with whom he could enter into converse, he accosted them thus —

“You are intending travelers to Zion, good friends, I presume?”

“We are,” replied the strangers.

“Then it is probable we shall journey together,” continued *Pilgrim*; “provided, that is, you have no objections I share your company.”

“That depends very much,” said *Procrastination*, elevating himself, “if your taste corresponds with ours. From our past experience, there are few of the *Narrow way* travelers who feel disposed to make our acquaintance; and, if I may judge from the way in which you were just now knocking at the gate, there is no great likelihood you will prove an exception.”

“I suppose we are at one,” replied *Pilgrim*, “in our desire to escape as fast as possible from this place of danger, and get inside the gate.”

“True,” said *Procrastination*; “it is my firm purpose to be a *Narrow way* traveler, and at last to reach the *New Jerusalem*; but I am not inclined to commence the journey too abruptly. I have not recovered my former fatigues. Before leaving my present resting-place, I must have ‘a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.’”

“I would have you consider well, fellow-traveler,” answered *Pilgrim*, assuming an earnest tone, “if it be safe to trifle any more of that time away which is soon to come to an end. ‘The night is far spent, the day is at hand.’ ‘He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.’ If you resign yourself to slumber *now*, you may sleep the sleep of death. It is surely time, no, ‘it is high time to awake out of sleep!’”

Procrastination made no reply — merely waving his hand and muttering, “Go your way for this time; at a more convenient season I will think on these things.” He gradually sunk down, resumed the position from which he had raised himself, folded his arms, and once more was steeped in slumber.

“You need be under no apprehension of our safety,” said his companion *Presumption*, addressing *Pilgrim*; “we have placed ourselves, as you see, close *beside* the gate. We are so near it that we can enter at any time. I shall take care to keep watch for the coming of the Herald of judgment; and there are but just a few paces between us and safety.”

“Take care,” said *Pilgrim*, “that you be not deceiving yourself. You seem to have little idea of your dreadful and imminent peril. If you wait until the Avenger of Blood be in sight, before the key be turned in the lock he may cut you down! Besides, by presuming on the patience of the *King of the Way*, he may leave you to your fate, and ‘mock when your fear comes.’”

“Ah! but I know,” replied *Presumption*, “that *Free Grace* keeps the keys of the gate; and he never yet was known to reject a traveler that applied for admission.”

“Not, indeed,” said *Pilgrim*, “a traveler who seeks entrance there from love to the *Lord Immanuel*; but to one like yourself, who desires merely to elude the Avenger’s sword, and escape coming wrath, I question if he would attend to your knockings.” “Hark!” continued he, as he heard the sound of footsteps from within, approaching the gate. They were accompanied by a voice, exclaiming, “Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!” The bolts were drawn aside, and the bars unloosed. *Pilgrim*, with a heart throbbing with joy, as he saw the door about to be opened, once more urged the two indifferent travelers to cast in their lot with his; but they only repeated their former reply.

Seeing remonstrance was in vain, he eagerly ran up to the gate, exclaiming, "Whatever others do, as for me, I will serve the Lord!"

"Who stands without, knocking?" demanded a voice from within.

"A poor traveler," replied *Pilgrim*, "who received a warrant from the *Lord Immanuel* to apply at this gate for admission."

"What is your name?" asked *Free Grace*, the keeper of the gate.

"My hereditary name is *Sinner*," said the other; "my surname, *Pilgrim*."

"What righteousness have you?"

"My righteousness," was the reply, "is as filthy rags."

"What plea, then," inquired the *Keeper*, "have you to offer?"

"None," said *Pilgrim*, "but this, that I am 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:' but I have come here 'to buy of you gold tried in the fire, that I may be rich; and white clothing, that I may be clothed; and have my eyes, which are still scorched with the glare of the pit, anointed with eye-salve, that I may see.' Be pleased to 'open unto me this gate of righteousness', that I may enter into it and be safe."

"This way was made," replied the *Keeper*, "and this gate opened, just for such sinners as you. 'Come in, you weary, heavy-laden one, and the *Lord Immanuel* will give you rest.'"

So saying, the gateway turned on its hinges, and disclosed to *Pilgrim* an aged man, with a benignant and heavenly expression.

"For six thousand years," said he, "have I stood at this gate, and been authorized by the *Lord of the Way* to fling it open to weary travelers; and he is as willing now to welcome them in as when first it was opened. His love for sinners the lapse of ages cannot diminish. 'Come in, you blessed of the Lord, wherefore stands you without?'"

Now I saw that he conducted *Pilgrim* within the portico of the entrance. Immediately opposite the door of the lodge in which *Free Grace* dwelt, was a lake or fountain of water, surrounded with trees and shrubs crowned with verdure of surpassing beauty, and which were reflected in many hues of loveliness on the calm surface. Immediately behind rose a temple, on the pinnacle of which was a winged cherub, called *Gospel*, with a trumpet in his hand; with which, at intervals, he sounded the proclamation, "Ho! every one that thirsts, come you to the waters"; while a choir of youthful voices from below responded: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that hears say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

"Can this," inquired *Pilgrim* of *Free Grace*, "be the fountain which, a little while ago, I heard celebrated in song by some travelers to Zion?"

"It is," said the *Keeper*; "and before you advance further on your journey, it will be needful for you to receive a suit of white clothing, washed in its waters."

So saying, he assisted *Pilgrim* in tearing off the remains of his ragged covering of self-righteousness. A robe of white linen, which was steeping in the pool, he dried in the rays of the sun, and clothed him in it.

Pilgrim stooped over the fountain, and seeing his image reflected in it, he exclaimed, in a transport of holy joy, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he has clothed me with the garments of salvation, he has covered me with the robe of righteousness!"

CHAPTER 3

Now I saw that the *Keeper*, followed by *Pilgrim*, entered his dwelling by the side of the gate. They ascended together, by a winding stair, to a turret overlooking the rest of the buildings, and whose window commanded an extensive prospect of the whole *Narrow way*. The walls of this chamber were hung with pieces of armor and coats of mail, which, from their high polish, shone brilliantly in the morning sun. In the center of the apartment stood a table, with some rolls of parchment lying upon it, and writing materials.

“Here it is,” said the *Conductor*, “that travelers receive the whole armor of God, that they may be able to stand in the evil day. See,” continued he, pointing to the walls around him, “how amply the *Lord of the Way* has provided for the equipment of wayfarers; and, truly, this is not too much, considering what is before them.”

“What!” said the other in astonishment, “methought, when once within this gate those enemies which infest the *Broad way* would annoy its travelers no more.”

“Ah!” said *Free Grace*, “you will before long discover your mistake. Even he who has been allowed to be the boldest champion that ever trod this way, when he reached the gate of heaven, having fought the good fight of faith, was covered with the blood and dust of battle. Ofttimes was he heard, in the course of his journey, to exclaim: ‘Let us labor, therefore, to enter into rest.’ ‘I fight not as one that beats the air, but I keep my body under, lest that by any means I myself should be a castaway.’”

Encouraging his fellow-soldiers, he used to say, “Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation.” “Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.”

“But who *are* my enemies?” said *Pilgrim*; “so that when they come upon me I may be prepared to meet them.”

“That I cannot tell,” said the *Keeper*; “their name is Legion, for they are many. You will have to ‘wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.’ Their wiles and stratagems will be numerous; sometimes they will contend with you in open warfare; sometimes they will try to decoy you from your path; sometimes they will use flattery; sometimes deceit; sometimes threatening. The great adversary, the devil, you may encounter, at one time, in the form of an angel of light, at another, as a roaring lion.”

“Alas!” exclaimed *Pilgrim*, greatly alarmed at what he had just heard, “if our foes be thus numerous, which of us can stand? ‘I much fear,’” said he, with tremulous voice, “that I must resign the conflict.”

“Yes, truly,” said the *Keeper*, “if you went the warfare on your own charges; but I should have told you, that the great Captain of salvation, who has been made perfect through suffering, has himself trodden all the way. He has stopped the mouths of many ravenous lions; quenched with his own blood the violence of many fires; turned to flight the armies of many aliens; through death, he has destroyed him that had the power of death, and dragged him in triumph, covered with wounds, at the wheels of his chariot. And now, having thus paved the way, he assures every desponding traveler, that if he only ‘put on the whole armor of God, he will be able to stand in the evil day.’”

So saying, *Free Grace* took down, one by one, the pieces of armor which hung round the walls of the *Prospect Chamber*, and assisted *Pilgrim* in girding them on. The first he presented to him was a large oval shield of burnished steel. On the front of it was inscribed a selection of the divine promises; and, in the inside, carved in larger characters, “FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH YOU; BE NOT DISMAYED, FOR I AM YOUR GOD.”

“This,” said he, “is the *Shield of Faith*, burnished with the imputed righteousness of the *Lord Immanuel*. So hard is its metal, that the missiles of the adversary will rebound as they touch it, and be able to do you no harm. Here, again,” continued he, “is another part of your panoply;” and he put a massive bronze helmet on his head, whose plumes nodded over his brow. “This is called the *Helmet of Salvation*, with which to cover your head in the day of battle. And this,” continued he, “is the *Breastplate of Righteousness*. With it you will protect your heart, against which (being most vulnerable) the fiery darts of the wicked will frequently be directed.”

“And here, again,” said he, reaching his hand to a higher part of the wall, “here is a weapon *of-fensive* as well as *de-fensive*. It is the *Sword of the Spirit*, without which the rest of the armor would prove ineffectual.” The *Keeper* drew out the naked weapon from its sheath. It gleamed flashes of light on the other pieces of armor. “Take this,” said he, “in your hand, and never let it go until you be safe within the walls of the New Jerusalem.”

“Will you be pleased,” said *Pilgrim*, “to fasten the sheath by the belt which surrounds my waist?”

“Not so,” replied the other; “the sheath must remain with me; never can there be a moment in your journey when that sword can, with safety, be returned to its scabbard, and forsake the hand which grasps it.”

“But how then,” inquired *Pilgrim*, “can I retain its polish, and keep in their present brightness the rest of my armor? If they have no covering or preservative, a few hours will corrode them, and render them unfit for use.”

“You are right,” said *Free Grace*; “and I was about to supply you with what you desire.” So I saw that he opened with a key, suspended by his side, an ancient oaken cupboard, from one of the shelves of which he brought down a box, carefully sealed. “Here,” said he, “is a box of *polish*, which you must never omit morning and evening to use. It is called *Prayer*; and with it you will be able to keep bright and shining ‘the whole armor of God.’ Be careful, especially in seasons of peculiar danger and temptation, when the enemy is at hand, to keep rubbing your *shield*, so as to preserve its brilliancy, and not allow the rust to dim its luster, or obliterate the promises inscribed on it. These,” he continued, “form the principal part of your attire. Here, too, is the golden *Belt of Truth*, to fasten round your waist; to which I shall presently attach a drinking-cup, by which you may refresh yourself at the fountains in the way. Also, the *Sandals of Gospel peace*, which will preserve your feet from the rough and rugged stones scattered in your path. And this, last of all, is the *Ring of Adoption*,” taking a richly-chased gem from his jewel-box, and putting it on the same hand with which *Pilgrim* held the shield; “this is the pledge of your sonship, the earnest of your admission into the royal family of heaven, and the glorious liberty of the sons of God.”

“Behold,” said *Pilgrim*, in a transport of adoring wonder, as he listened to the last words which fell from the lips of *Free Grace*; “Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon me, that *I* should be called the son of God!”

“Yes,” replied the other, “it *is* a glorious privilege; the highest seraph in the *Celestial City* knows no higher. But remember, that though an adopted son, you are yet a far way off from your heavenly Father’s house, and it becomes you now to prepare well for the journey before you. But come with me,” said his *Conductor*, “and before you proceed, I shall point out, by means of this large telescope, the country through which your road lies, and the different landmarks which may serve to guide you in safety to *Mount Zion*.” So saying, he opened the window of the turret, which led out to a little balcony. It commanded an extensive prospect. Lofty mountains in the far distance, on the right and on the left, sparkled in the rays of the midday sun; their undulating slopes were studded here and there with towns, villages, and hamlets; the whole forming one great valley, terminated by the blaze of glory which hid from mortal vision the palaces of *Zion*. In the midst of this scene a mountain soared majestically above the rest of the landscape; and *Pilgrim* observed with the naked eye, and more distinctly with the telescope, that the *Narrow way* led directly up its steeps.

“This valley,” said *Free Grace*, “through which your path lies, is still the *Valley of Tears* — a continuation of the same which was the place of your birth, bounded by those bright portals which no human eye has ever penetrated.”

Pilgrim endeavored to direct the telescope to the Gate of Heaven. His eyes, however, could not endure the brightness; but, from the momentary glance, he caught a view of countless myriads of blessed spirits, arrayed in vestures of white, with harps in their hands, and crowns on their heads.

“Who are these,” said he, “arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?”

“These are they,” answered the other, “who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the waters of this same fountain; therefore are they now before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

“And methinks,” said *Pilgrim*, still looking through the telescope, “that I see, ranged on the turrets of its golden palaces, crowds of spectators, their eyes directed on this *Valley of Tears*, watching the travelers as they journey to *Zion*.”

“These,” replied the other, “are the redeemed from the earth — the patriarchs, and saints, and prophets of former generations, who, ‘through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.’ Their warfare is accomplished; but they still delight to follow the travelers they have left behind. ‘Wherefore, seeing you also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you.’”

“After leaving this gate,” said *Free Grace*, “continue to follow the strait and narrow path, without deviating to the right hand or to the left. Do not forsake it because of its becoming too narrow, or of its assuming a dreary and wilderness aspect. Was it not this which tempted you at first to stray down the *Broad road*, that there was no seeming beauty nor loveliness in the *Narrow* one to make it desirable?”

“True,” replied *Pilgrim*; “I shall faithfully follow your directions.”

“Well,” continued the other, “prosecute this narrow path until it brings you to the *Mount of Ordinances*. There you will find a lodging-place, prepared by the *Lord of the Way* for the rest and refreshment of travelers, where you will receive further directions for prosecuting the journey.”

On returning to the chamber, the *Keeper* took one of the rolls of parchment which lay on the table, and folding it carefully up, requested *Pilgrim* to deposit it in his bosom, underneath his breastplate. “This,” said he, “is your *Passport* and *Charter*, written with blood, shed by *Immanuel*, the Son of the Highest, which will be demanded of you at the Gate of Heaven, and without which entrance cannot be obtained. Beware lest you lose it and perish by the way. Many who, like yourself, wish to arrive at the *Celestial City* by a short way from the *Broad road*, try to avoid the *Narrow gate* by climbing over the wall; but having no passport when they arrive at the portals of *Mount Zion*, their plea is rejected, and they are shut out at last.”

Pilgrim, on unfolding this charter of his spiritual privileges, found it to contain these amazing words — “SON, BE OF GOOD CHEER; YOUR SINS BE FORGIVEN YOU.” “BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE YOU A CROWN OF LIFE.”

Being now fully equipped, and ready for his journey, he descended, in company with his *Conductor*, the stair which led from the armory. He was just about bidding *Free Grace* farewell, when the latter said: “Hark! hear you that distant music?”

Pilgrim listened, and a melodious sound came floating to his ear; but wafted from such a distance as to be scarcely audible.

“What anthem of triumph is that?” inquired *Pilgrim*.

“It is,” replied the other, “the joy in heaven over another returning sinner. The first glimpse the heavenly watchmen, who crowd the battlements of *Zion*, caught of your burnished armor, was the signal for that burst of jubilee. Your entrance within the *Narrow Gate* will not suffer a harp, this day, there to be silent.”

Pilgrim felt greatly strengthened by such a thought; and his *Conductor*, once more pressing his hand, committed him to the keeping of the *King of the Way*.

“The Lord be with you,” said he, still keeping his arms extended as he pronounced his benediction on the departing traveler; “the Lord be with you, and keep you; the Lord cause his face to shine upon you; the Lord give you peace. The Lord be your stay on your right hand; the Lord suffer not the sun to smite you by day, nor the moon by night.”

Then went *Pilgrim* on his way rejoicing, and saying: “The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man shall do unto me. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Who shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No, in all these things I shall be more than conqueror. Thanks be to God, who gives me the victory!”

CHAPTER 4

Now I saw in my dream that, in obedience to the injunctions of the *Keeper* of the gate, *Pilgrim* continued his journey. Lofty trees spread their foliage over his head, brooks of water flowed at his side, and, here and there, flowers, said to be transplanted from the gardens of the *Celestial City* by the *Lord of the Way*, filled the air with their fragrance.

As he proceeded, however, the aspect of the road began to change; the path he had hitherto been following became less defined. Sometimes it lay through a narrow ravine, sometimes through marshy ground, or intersected with torrents of water; sometimes it led up steep places, in the ascent of which, had it not been for the sandals with which *Free Grace* had provided him, he would frequently have slipped. He was even, at times, tempted to forget the strict directions he had received, not to deviate from the straight road on account of its ruggedness; but whenever he did so, he had abundant reason for regret. I saw, indeed, on one occasion, in following a forbidden path, that he stumbled, and lost one of his sandals. The shock made him fall with violence to the ground. His shield, too, rolled into the mud. But he forthwith opened his *box of polish* to restore its brightness. This he did on his bended knees, confessing that “he stumbled, being disobedient;” entreating that the *Lord of the Way* would show him the path wherein he should walk, and “lead him in the way everlasting.”

I observed that, after advancing a considerable way, he was walking, at nightfall, through a retired valley. As he paused, for a moment, to enjoy the quiet scene, his ear was arrested with plaintive cries, at no great distance from the path. They were accents of deep distress. He listened again, and heard the moanings as if of a dying man, accompanied with bitter lamentations. *Pilgrim*, being possessed of a feeling heart, forthwith proceeded to the spot whence the melancholy sounds were heard. He had not advanced many steps before perceiving an individual whose similarity of dress revealed him to be a fellow-traveler. He lay covered with dust, blood trickled from a wound in his side, his sword was flung away from him, and he was uttering doleful shrieks and cries. *Pilgrim* could only gather up, in the interval between his sobs, the burden of his lamentations; and the man seemed, for a long time, unconscious of his presence. “O!” exclaimed the melancholy sufferer, as he wrung his hands in agony, and then beat his breast; “O, that it were with me as in months past, when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness!”

“Alas! poor man,” said *Pilgrim*, coming up and trying to comfort him, “what is the cause of your deep dejection?”

The stranger made no reply, but continued to groan more bitterly, and cry more loudly: “The Lord has forgotten to be gracious, and his tender mercies are clean gone forever.

“What is your name?” again asked *Pilgrim*, the tear of heartfelt sympathy rolling down his own cheek.

“My name,” said the other, startled by the unexpected feeling manifested by a stranger — “my name is *Backslider*; and rightly have I been so called.”

“How came you,” said *Pilgrim*, “to be here in this bed of dust? Where is your shield?”

“I have thrown it away,” replied the other, “because it is of no more use to me. You will find it yonder,” continued he, pointing to a place covered with mud, a few yards from his side.

Pilgrim lifted up a plate of rusted metal, which he never could have recognized to be a shield, once as brilliant and shining as that which he had in his own hand. The promises inscribed on it were either entirely effaced, or so covered with rust as to be illegible.

“How came you,” said he, as he returned it to its firmer owner, “thus to throw away a weapon so indispensable to your safety, and suffer it to be thus corroded with rust? Did not *Free Grace* supply you at the *Narrow Gate* with *Prayer-polish*, to keep bright your whole coat of armor?”

“He did! he did!” replied the agonized man — the recollection of the fact extracting a deeper sigh from his bosom; “but last night, after I had climbed the steep rock you must have a little ago ascended, I felt so fatigued that I lay down to sleep, omitting to polish my armor; when I awoke in the morning, not only had the rust begun to cover it, but, lo! on examining my bag, I found that, during the night, the *box of polish* had dropped out, and had rolled down to the bottom of the precipice.”

“But did you not return to recover it?” inquired *Pilgrim*.

“No,” said *Backslider*. “I felt greatly disinclined again to descend the rock. Besides, there is here close by me a bed of sand, with which I tried to remove the rust; and it seemed to answer the purpose so well, that I thought I could manage to dispense with my lost *polish*.”

“Foolish traveler!” said *Pilgrim*, “to forget so soon the injunctions of the *Porter* at the gate. But how is it that you do not turn and recover it without delay?”

“Alas!” replied he, in a tone of deep despondency, “I cannot. I am so weak from the loss of blood, that I am utterly unable to rise.”

“How came you to receive that wound?” inquired *Pilgrim*.

“In an unguarded moment,” said the other, “when I ventured to lay my armor aside, an adversary, called ‘*Besetting Sin*,’ took a deadly aim — a poisoned arrow sped from his bow, and pierced my heart. For many hours I have been lying here, stretched on this couch of tears and blood, listening to nothing but the echo of my own piteous cries, unable to go even the length of that little brook to moisten my parched tongue. Had the King of the road,” continued he, “been intending to save me, he would, long before now, have given me support; but ‘my way is surely hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God.’ He is justly weary of me, and leaves me to perish.”

“No, no, poor sufferer!” replied *Pilgrim*, “Have you not known, have you not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, faints not, neither is weary? Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.’ ‘Wait on the Lord, then; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord.’”

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* ran and filled the silver drinking-cup which had been given him at the gate with the water of the adjoining brook. He put it to the man’s pallid lips. He had no sooner tasted the refreshing draught than a glow of new life suffused his countenance. His sunken eye revived, and was lighted up with returning animation.

“Whoever,” said the sufferer, as for the first time he spoke in a tone of calm composure, (the tear, not of sorrow, but of gratitude starting to his eye) — “whoever gives a cup of cold water to a fainting disciple, shall not lose his reward.”

Pilgrim bathed his brow with the cooling draught, washed his wound, and stanchd it by applying some fresh linen, which had been given him by the *Keeper of the Gate*. He opened also his Bag, and shared, with the reviving man, a part of the Bread of Life. Producing his *box of polish*, they united together in endeavoring to restore the corroded shield to its former brightness. Having assisted him in buckling on his armor, and shaken off the remaining dust which adhered to it, he conducted him once more to the *Narrow path* from which he had wandered. Here they separated — *Backslider* to return to recover his lost *polish*; *Pilgrim* to prosecute, without delay, his journey *Zionward*.

CHAPTER 5

Now I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* had entered a richer and more fertile country. The mountains and valleys which for some time he had been traversing, and many of which were bleak and sterile, were exchanged for a region waving with crops of great luxuriance, relieved, at times, with verdant meadows and wooded slopes. He arrived at a place shadowed, on either side, with trees of enormous size, whose umbrageous tops formed a noble archway over his head; and the walls, which rose on either side, intimated that he was in the neighborhood of some princely residence. He had not advanced far when he observed the road was terminated by a gateway surmounted with the arms of royalty. The gate was flung open for the free passage of travelers; and on inquiring at the lodge to whom it belonged, he was informed it was the *Palace of the Royal Psalmist of Israel*, who had made provision, in his regal mansion, for the comfort and refreshment of wayfarers to *Zion*.

Pilgrim had now been for some days without sleep, and he rejoiced at the prospect of approaching rest. As he walked along the avenue which led to the Palace, his ear caught melodious sounds proceeding from the interior of the building. He stood for many minutes entranced with delight, as he listened to the morning orison of praise, in which timbrel, and lute, and harp, and organ, seemed to have combined their richest harmonies in summoning all nature to rise and do homage to its Maker —

Praise you the Lord.

Praise you the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise you him, all his angels: praise you him, all his hosts.

Praise you him, sun and moon: praise him, all you stars of light.

Praise him, you heavens of heavens, and you waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He has also established them forever and ever: he has made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, you dragons, and all deeps:

Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord:

For his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalts the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise you the Lord.

When the cadence of this anthem had died away, *Pilgrim* approached the door, and on knocking, a servant of the palace welcomed him in. On entering he found himself in the center of a hall, built of the choicest timber from the cedar forests of Lebanon, and hung all around with the trophies of battle. On one side were many gleaming coats of mail, which had been taken as spoil from the giants of Philistia, several of which measured six cubits in length. On the other he beheld the tawny hide of a lion, with the fleece of a little lamb by its side, the memorials of some hard-won encounter with this monarch of the forest. A few stones suspended in a sling, hung over an enormous javelin, whose staff was like a weaver's beam, and read the story of a bloody encounter, in which the prowess of some daring champion had been humbled by a few pebbles from the brook.

After gazing on these, *Pilgrim* was conducted by the attendant to the hall from which the music proceeded, and which still rolled on in solemn grandeur. When he entered, he beheld an aged monarch, his head silvered with years, seated on a golden throne, with a harp in his hand. Around him were collected groups of singers and choristers, performing on different instruments.

The Royal Psalmist cast a glance at the stranger; but without interrupting the sacred song, he beckoned on him to come and join their chorus: "O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." "Come, you that fear the Lord, and tell what he has done for your soul."

"I sought the Lord," said *Pilgrim*, unable any longer to keep silence, "and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears." "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

The Psalmist converted this into a new theme of thanksgiving, and again he awoke his harp-strings: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." "O, fear the Lord, you his saints; for there is no want to those who fear him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but those who wait on the Lord shall not lack any good thing." And then, turning to the bands of youthful choristers below, he continued his song: "Come, you children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desires life, and loves many days, that he may see good? Keep your tongue from evil, and your lips from speaking guile; depart from evil, and do good. Seek peace, and pursue it."

Sometimes a more plaintive chord was struck; and the recollection of by-gone transgression coming before the mind of the aged monarch, would draw a tear to his eye. At other times, not himself, but the triumphs of the *King of the Way* formed the burden of his song: "You have ascended on high. You have led captivity captive. You have received gifts for men; yes, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." At others, his eye, glowing with prophetic fire, would make the chords tell of the glories of a millennial morning, when, instead of a few solitary travelers, the *Narrow way* would be crowded with *Pilgrims to Zion*, and the *Lord Immanuel* would be exalted on the throne of universal empire. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. Those who dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him, and his enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish, and of the isles, shall bring presents. The kings of Seba and Sheba shall offer gifts. His name shall endure forever. It shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him. All nations shall call him blessed."

When these majestic notes had died away, *Pilgrim* was conducted by his attendant to a chamber in the Palace, where he had prepared for him water to wash his feet, and refresh himself.

"How often does your Royal Master," inquired he, engage in these exercises of devotion?"

"Seven times a day," answered the other, "does he praise God because of his righteous judgments. Often does he 'meditate upon him in the night-watches' and at midnight rises to give thanks to him for his mercies!"

On his return to the banqueting-hall, he shared with the aged king "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." Besides these, there was a plate of heavenly manna, gathered in the pleasure-grounds of the Palace; a jar full of pure water from the *Fountain of Salvation*, and honey from the rocky sides of *Mount Pisgah*, which, from the window, rose full in view. When the banquet was finished, the monarch poured some of the living water into the cup of salvation, saying, "Let us take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Let us now pay our vows together, in the presence of his people."

I saw that the guest and his entertainer, as they continued sitting together, encouraged one another with conversation touching the *Lord of the Way*, and the glories that were in keeping for his travelers.

"What shall we render," exclaimed *Pilgrim*, bursting into a transport of holy gratitude for the rich provision which was set before him — "what shall we render unto God for all his benefits toward us?" "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name!"

"I will sing," exclaimed the other, "unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praises to my God while I have my being." "O how great is his goodness, which he has laid up for those who fear him; which he has wrought for those who trust in him before the sons of men!"

"The sorrows of death," said *Pilgrim*, again detailing the wonder God had done for him — "the sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then I called upon the name of the Lord. O Lord! I beseech you, deliver my soul." "He delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; and he has now set me in a large place, and delivered me, because he delighted in me. He has fed me also with the finest of the wheat; and with honey from the rock has he satisfied me." "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men!"

“I have been young,” responded the aged monarch, detailing, in his turn, the experience of an eventful life — “I have been young, and now am old; yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Happy is he who has the God of Jacob for his help: whose hope is in the Lord his God.”

With such themes of converse the *Psalmist of Israel* and the traveler to Zion regaled themselves at the close of the day. Night was beginning to close around them. Rock, and forest, and mountain, which were spread before them in the extensive prospect from the window of the banqueting chamber, began to be enveloped in its sable covering. Soon after, the sky was bespangled with stars, and the silvery moon rose behind the summit of *Mount Pisgah*. The Psalmist, with his harp in his hand, conducted *Pilgrim* out to a large balcony in front of the window. The harp-strings were once more awakened; and amid the stillness of night, the air was again vocal with praise.

“The heavens,” commenced the aged king, joining his voice with the music; “the heavens declare the glory of God; and the skies shows forth his handiwork. Day unto day utters speech, and night unto night shows knowledge.” “When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers; the moon and the stars, which you have ordained; what is man, that you are mindful of him? and the son of man, that you visit him?”

Their evening ascription being ended, *Pilgrim* was again conducted to his sleeping apartment, where he mused in gratitude on all the goodness and mercy which had been made to pass before him; and having imparted a brighter than ordinary polish to his armor, he cast himself on his couch, and closed his eyes in slumber. His sleep was crowded with dreams of the preceding day; and he continued to enjoy his soothing rest undisturbed, until an early hour in the morning, when, once more, the soft cadence of the harp stole upon his ear. Raising himself from his pillow, he listened. It was the aged monarch already begun his orisons. The words reached him: “My voice shall you hear in the morning, O Lord! in the morning will I direct my prayer unto you, and will look up.” “I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me!” “My soul waits for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than those who do watch for the morning!” “When I awake, I am still with you!”

Pilgrim could joyfully have tarried many days on this spot of holy ground; but he saw it would be needful for him to prosecute his journey. He resolved, therefore, to set out without delay, in hopes that the morrow’s dawn would find him on the summit of *Pisgah*, across which his pathway led, and from whence he would obtain a nearer glimpse of the *Land of Promise*, and the *Celestial City*. Accordingly, having anew girded on his armor, he bade his royal entertainer an affectionate farewell. The aged Psalmist once more embraced his guest, and committing him to the keeping of the *King of the Way*, invoked on his harp a benediction on his departure: “The Lord hear you in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend you; send you help from the sanctuary, and strengthen you out of Zion. Remember all your offerings, and accept your burnt-sacrifices. Grant you according to your own heart, and fulfill all your counsel.” *Pilgrim* proceeded on his journey until the last faint sound of the melody died away on the morning breeze. He was soon once more outside the gate in the depths of the forest; but, full of faith and hope, “he went on his way rejoicing.”

CHAPTER 6

Now I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* continued to pursue, for many days, his path unobstructed; his heart filled with “all peace and joy in believing.” His way led through a rich undulating country, where quiet rivers wound their way through wooded knolls and verdant meads. Shepherds and their flocks were every here and there reposing on the meadows, or seeking shelter from the sultry heat amid the thickets which fringed the margin of the streams. *Pilgrim* delighted at times to enter into conversation with them; and often did they sing together words with which he had become familiar in the palace of the sweet Psalmist of Israel: “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures: he leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul: he leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.”

But though now enjoying these periods of spiritual refreshment, he was soon to be reminded of the great truth of which he had been forewarned by the *Keeper of the Gate*, that the pathway to the *Celestial City* is one of “much tribulation.”

After advancing some days on his journey, he beheld in the distance, in the very center of the *narrow way*, a large fire, resembling a blazing furnace. It was called “*The Furnace of Affliction*.” On reaching it he trembled with fear, his knees smote one against the other, the *Shield of Faith* fell with its face to the earth, and he wrung his hands in despair. Standing with his eyes fastened on the ground, they happened to glance on the inside of his shield, on which he read the inscription: “Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God. When you pass through the fire, you shall not be burned.” With this promise of the *Lord of the Way*, he tried to resume his courage, and made an effort to lift up the weapon, which, from its fall, was covered with the mire of the road. But his hand again fell powerless, and he himself sunk to the earth! Now I saw, as he thus lay, fainting under the heat of the fire, and terrified at the thought of being obliged to pass through its flames, a stranger was seen approaching. It was a female figure clothed in a sable robe, with a meek expression on her countenance. Her name was *Resignation*. She came up with slow and silent step, and addressed *Pilgrim* thus

“Think it not strange, afflicted traveler, concerning this fiery trial that is to try you, as if some strange thing happened unto you; but rather rejoice.”

“How can I rejoice,” said *Pilgrim*, his voice quivering as he spoke, “to plunge into tormenting flames?”

“No, no,” replied *Resignation*; “you *might* have known that the *Lord Immanuel*, whose nature and whose name is love, would never have placed that on the way which would destroy those he has bought with his own blood.”

“Is it not the property of fire,” replied *Pilgrim*, “to destroy?”

“Yes,” said the other, “there are fires for destruction, but there are fires for purification also. The flames in the bottomless pit, which once you saw, are flames to consume; but these,” continued she, pointing to the furnace before her, “are flames to refine. And the light sufferings they inflict, which are ‘but for a moment will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’”

“But,” said *Pilgrim*, “I have no strength of my own for passing through this dreadful furnace!”

“Fear not!” replied *Resignation*; “the *Lord of the Way* has promised to ‘perfect his strength in weakness.’ No,” said she, pointing to the center of the flames, “see you not in the midst of that burning fiery furnace ‘one like unto the Son of God?’ Immanuel himself who was made perfect through a furnace of suffering, more scorching far than this, waits to conduct you through. Only be strong, and of a good courage; gird on your armor, walk boldly forward, and a hair of your head shall not be singed.”

“But,” continued *Pilgrim*, his faith still wavering, “is there no by-road which the *King* has provided, by which travelers may avoid this great and unnecessary evil?”

“Call it not unnecessary, faithless one,” said the other; “had you not, in your trepidation, thrown away your shield among the mud of the way, you would have read, as one of the most comforting of all the promises, inscribed there: ‘I afflict not willingly, nor grieve the children of men.’ That fiery furnace would never have been there could it have been spared.”

So saying, *Resignation* lifted up the shield from the mud. She applied to *Pilgrim* for the *Prayer-polish* to restore its brightness, and recover to view the many obliterated promises which covered its face. He sprung up

from his posture of weakness, and once more assayed his armor. "It is deep ingratitude in me," said he, addressing the stranger, thus to distrust the *Lord of the Way*, when I remember what great things he has done for me in times past: and therefore, now I shall resolutely 'go in the strength of the Lord God.' 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* immediately rushed into the midst of the flames, *Resignation* following him. He uttered a few cries from their smartings; but He whose form he had seen in the midst of the fires, supported him with his arm, divided the flames before him, and whispered words of peace in his ear. He gave him some ointment, called "*Grace*," to enable him to bear the pain, and put a bracelet on his arm, as another pledge of adoption; on which *Pilgrim* afterward found the inscription: "Whom the Lord loves he chastens."

Moreover, with a censer full of much incense which he held in his hand, he perfumed his person, and gave a perpetual efficacy to the *Prayer-polish*. And after pointing him upward to the top of the *Mount of Ordinances*, saying, "There I will meet with you and commune with you from off the Mercy-seat," he vanished out of his sight. No sooner had *Pilgrim* come forth from the furnace, than he broke out into a song of triumphant joy: "It was good for me that I was afflicted." "God has been my refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble." "You have upheld me by your right hand." When I said, "My foot slips, your mercy, O Lord, held me up." "Heart and flesh fails; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

Looking to his armor, it shone with a greater luster; the plumes of his *helmet*, which had lost their original hues by being covered with the dust of the way, were purified; his *sword*, bedimmed by long exposure, gleamed with fresh brilliancy; the rust, contracted in the plates of his *armor*, was removed by the flames. He himself had acquired fresh ardor for his journey; and memory long continued to cherish the *furnace* as a place of "reviving and refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

It was now evening, and he was approaching the base of *Mount Pisgah*; the full moon had again risen on its rocky steeps, and vied with the fires he had just left behind him in lighting up his path. *Resignation*, before parting, directed him on the way; and though the mountain was lofty, and almost precipitous, he felt such enlargement of heart that, before long, he found himself in safety on the summit. The pale moon-beams just shed sufficient light to conduct him to a grotto hollowed out in the rock, where a natural couch was formed. On this, after covering himself carefully with his shield, he flung himself down to rest; and in a few minutes his eyes were closed in slumber, not without a longing expectation of the prospect awaiting him on the approaching morning.

Now I saw in my dream, that when the morning began to break, *Pilgrim* started from his couch; and having carefully polished his armor, and buckled it on, he came out of the grotto which had formed his nightly resting-place. The sun was pouring a flood of light on the valley at his feet, and which, in the far distance, was terminated by the glittering palaces of *Mount Zion*.

Behind him lay the long road he had lately traversed, with its varied landscape of forest and mountain. When he thought of the way by which the Lord had led him — of the difficulties he had overcome, the enemies he had vanquished, the seasons of refreshment he had enjoyed — he could not refrain from following the example of other travelers, by setting up a stone of remembrance at the mouth of his grotto, with this inscription: "Hitherto has the Lord helped me."

Never, as yet, during the course of his journey, did *Pilgrim* feel such enlargement as here. The previous night of weeping and affliction was well worth enduring, on account of the joy that now came in the morning. The pure atmosphere he breathed, far above the vapors which overhung the path below, gave him a buoyancy of spirit to which before he had been a stranger; nor could he forget that much of this holy joy he owed to the refining furnace, through which he had so lately passed, and which, at the time, had appeared so terrible.

Now I saw that he repaired to an eminence, which, being immediately adjoining, often gave its name to the entire mountain. It was called the *Mount of Ordinances*. Here he found an arbor erected for the refreshment of travelers, hollowed out of the living rock, blooming with flowers of varied loveliness, which had been transplanted by the *King of the Way* from the gardens of the *Celestial City*. On a little table in the center was placed some bread and wine, of which travelers were invited to partake, as memorials of His dying love, as well as for the nourishment of their own souls.

The words were chiseled on the rock, above the entrance: "Do this in remembrance of me."

On entering, he found himself welcomed by a servant of the *Lord Immanuel*, with the Gospel Roll in his hand.

“Welcome,” said the latter, “to this gracious feast the *Lord of the Way* has provided for you: ‘Eat, drink! yes drink abundantly, Beloved!’”

Pilgrim gladly partook of the gracious provision. “Surely,” exclaimed he, as he broke in his hands the heavenly manna, “surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God; this is the very gate of heaven!”

“The great Captain of your salvation,” said the other, “delights to meet you on this holy ground of Communion; and in these emblems gives you tokens of his love, and pledges that that love shall never be withdrawn. Here thirsty travelers are refreshed, troubled ones comforted, the downcast revived, and the weary and heavy-laden obtain rest.”

“Lord, evermore,” exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he continued to partake of the feast spread before him — “‘Lord, evermore give me this bread!’ I have more joy than the men of the world have, even when their corn, and their wine, and their oil, do most abound; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him!”

“The *Lord Immanuel*,” continued the other, “desires to make this not only a place of *Commemoration*, but a place of *Covenant*. While he seeks that these memorials should remind you of his dying love, he desires you also to renew here your engagements to be his only, and his wholly, and his forever!”

Then did *Pilgrim*, rising from the table, and lifting up his hands, swear by Him who lives forever and ever, that “whatever others do, as for him he would serve the Lord!”

“I have sworn,” said he, “and will perform. ‘Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?’ I will follow you, O great Captain of my salvation, wherever you see meet to lead me. ‘Where you go I will go, and where you dwell I will dwell; your people shall be my people.’ Yes, death itself shall not separate between you and you!”

“The *Lord Immanuel*,” replied the other, “accepts the vows your lips have uttered, and by these outward tokens ratifies, on his part, all the blessings of the *Covenant*.” So saying, methought I saw the ambassador of the King taking the charter which *Pilgrim* had received from *Free Grace*, and sealed it afresh with a golden seal, or signet; the motto on which was: “Be you faithful unto death, and I will give you the Crown of Life!”

Precious to *Pilgrim* were these moments of communion on the *Mount of Ordinances*. Often would he interrupt the conversation, and exclaim: “Lord, it is good for me to be here!” At last they began to descend the mountain path — the Lord’s ambassador embracing him, and exhorting him to run with patience the race still set before him. “What time soever,” said he, your heart is overwhelmed, and in perplexity, look back to this *Mount of Ordinances*, and remember the glorious things which you did there see and hear.”

“What!” said *Pilgrim*, in astonishment, “do you speak of sorrow, and perplexity, and darkness, as yet awaiting me? Methinks this holy joy which now I feel can never be clouded. No man will ever be able to take it from me.”

“Alas!” replied the other, “you know little of the pilgrimage in which then are engaged, if you do suppose your struggles and conflicts at an end. See you,” continued he, pointing to the golden towers of the *New Jerusalem*, “see you yonder shining battlements? Never shall your spiritual joys be complete, never shall your conflicts cease, until you are safe within those gates!” This season you have now enjoyed is only a transient foretaste, to refresh your spirit. It would not be well were it otherwise. Were no cloud to disturb your present joys, it would lead you to forget your dependence on an arm stronger than your own, and to think you had strength when you have none. No, no; you must not yet speak of *rest*; that is not a word for earth. It is known only in heaven. Often still in this Valley of Tears will you be covered with the scars of battle. Can you not, even now,” continued he, pointing to a remote part of the landscape, “discern that dense smoke? There lies the *City of Carnality*, the chief stronghold of the *Prince of Darkness*, wherein many a hapless traveler has perished. The *Narrow way* passes right through its streets; and its inhabitants, who are known by the name of ‘*Worldlings*,’ will lay wait for you, and try to sift you as wheat. But fear not! The *Lord of the Way* will be with you. He has prayed for you, that your faith fail not. His grace will be made sufficient for you; only be strong, and of a good courage, and the rest that remains for you within the gates of *Zion* will be all the sweeter and more refreshing, by reason of the conflicts which have preceded it.”

So saying, he pronounced his benediction of peace; and *Pilgrim*, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow, parted from him to prosecute his journey. He felt this season of *communion* an earnest of what was awaiting him within the gates of the *Celestial City*, when he would be “forever with the Lord.” Full of thankfulness, he went on his way praising and blessing God for all the things which he had heard and seen, singing, as he went along, one of the loveliest of those songs which had been taught him by the sweet Psalmist of Israel — O send out your light and your truth. Let them lead me — let them bring me unto your holy hill, and to your tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy. Yes, upon the harp will I praise you, O God, my God. Why are then cast down, O my soul? and why are you disturbed within me? Hope in God — for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

CHAPTER 7

Now I saw in my dream that, as evening drew on, *Pilgrim* was desirous of pausing at the nearest resting-place to obtain lodging for the night. Wreaths of smoke ascending in the calm sky, directed him to a village in the distance, embosomed in wood. The last beams of the sun were falling on its humble abodes as he approached. Here and there the lights in the little oriel windows, blending with the lingering sunbeams, proclaimed the return of the peasant from his toil; while, at times, the simple notes of the evening hymn of praise were wafted to his ear.

Approaching the first cottage of the hamlet by a wicket-gate, he knocked and solicited admission.

“Who stands without?” demanded a gentle voice from within.

“A traveler to Mount Zion,” replied the other, “who is fleeing from the ‘wrath to come,’ and claims from a stranger that hospitality which was never denied by one humble follower of the *Lord Immanuel* to another.”

“Neither shall it be so now,” said the speaker, unbarring the door, and disclosing the figure of an aged female, simply attired. Her name was *Poverty*; and a little handmaid, called *Contentment*, shared with her the frugal comforts of her lot. On the entrance, above the doorway, he observed these words inscribed —

“A little that a just man has is better
Than the riches of many wicked.”

Now I saw that, after assisting *Pilgrim* to wash his feet, and providing him with necessary refreshment, they entered into mutual converse about their respective history and condition.

“You seem,” said *Pilgrim*, addressing the elder of the two, “to be strangers to many outward comforts; and yet, methinks, happier disciples of the *Lord Immanuel* I have not seen in the course of my journey.”

“We are poor in this world,” replied *Poverty*; “but God has made us to be rich in faith, and heirs together of the kingdom of heaven. I feel, that in this village of *Godliness*, with my handmaid *Contentment*, I have ‘great gain.’”

“But methinks,” said *Pilgrim*, “I remember one of your name, perhaps a kinsman of your own, a *Broad way* traveler, who seemed of all men the most miserable. He was accompanied by two associates, called *Improvvidence* and *Vice*, and was an object of abhorrence even to the worst of the *Broadway men*.”

“Alas!” replied the other, “if bereft of *God*, I would be bereft indeed; no condition is there more pitiable than godless poverty, none more blessed than poverty when sanctified. ‘The Lord is my portion,’ and I feel I need no other.”

“Enviably lot!” said *Pilgrim*. “You also seem to be blest with devout neighbors; but, if poor as yourself, I see not how, in the midst of their daily toil, they can find time for the service of the Lord Immanuel.”

“Where there is a will there is a way,” replied the other. “You will generally find the man who is most diligent in business to be most fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Besides, in our lowly estate, as there are fewer prizes which worldly ambition holds out to us, we have greater inducement to seek our treasure in heaven — we have fewer of the ‘many things’ about which to be ‘careful and troubled;’ and have more leisure to think of the ‘one thing needful.’”

“Methinks, also, in that precious volume,” continued *Pilgrim*, pointing to the sole occupant of the table — “methinks, in that great Guide-Book to Immanuel’s land you will find much to make you rejoice that this lowly condition has been your.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied she, “our lot *is* a blessed one, inasmuch as in its very lowliness we are like our Divine Master. The *Lord Immanuel* was himself a *Poor Man*. For our sakes he became poor; so poor, that ‘while the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, the Son of man had not where to lay his head.’”

“Most true,” said *Pilgrim*. “Besides, I have always thought it one of the wonders of that sacred Volume,” pointing to the book at their side, “that it is emphatically the *poor man’s*.”

“Yes, verily,” replied *Poverty*; “while it contains truths the noblest and most sublime, it contains truths so plain and simple that the humblest can understand them. I feel, when reading of prophets and apostles, and of

the Lord of apostles, that I am following the footsteps of the poor. Thus I see that poverty can have no disgrace, for it was honored and sanctified by the *Lord Immanuel* himself, who chose it as his only birthright.”

Thus *Pilgrim* continued his conversation with these humble strangers, until the fatigues of the day induced him to retire to rest. As morning dawned, he once more resumed his journey, leaving behind a memorial of gratitude for the kindness bestowed on him; and receiving, in recompense, the parting benediction of grateful hearts: “Blessed is he that considers the poor.”

Now I saw in my dream that he pursued his journey without interruption until nightfall. His path led through a succession of wooded glades, intersected occasionally with marshy ground. As he proceeded, the country began to have few traces of human habitations, until even a shepherd and his flock were rarely seen to relieve the solitude; and the only refreshment he himself could obtain was at the streams of water which, now and then, crossed the way. As the shadows of evening began to fall, he arrived at a secluded place, in the center of a forest, where was a large building, called “*The King’s Hospital*.” There travelers who had grown weak or faint, or had been wounded by enemies, resorted for cure to the “*Great Physician*,” — by which name the *Lord Immanuel* was here known. Nor was it confined to *Narrow-way-men* only: occasionally some *Broad way* travelers, wounded by *the arrows of conviction*, or fainting under trial, sought shelter in it. But in their case the residence was brief; for, not submitting to the *Physician’s* cure, and preferring false ones of their own, they soon returned to the *way of destruction*.

Now I saw that one of the servants of the *Great Physician* conducted *Pilgrim* to a large hall in the *Hospital*, filled with beds and couches, on which the sick and wounded were laid. Some of these were groaning heavily; others were lying with pallid lips and sunken eyes, scarce able to endure the feeble light admitted from above; others cast an imploring look of mercy toward the door as they saw the stranger enter.

“We shall go,” said the conductor, “first to the ward where the more hopeless patients are laid. They are *Broad-way-men*, driven here by fear, or often by the stunning blow of trial, to take temporary refuge; but ‘they endure only for a while.’ Their hearts get hardened, and the latter end is worse with them than the beginning! But follow me,” continued he, “perhaps the admonition of a *Narrow way* traveler, like yourself, may induce them to think of their dreadful peril and danger.”

The first bedside at which they stood was that of a patient called *Self-Righteousness*. “This,” said *Pilgrim’s* guide, “is a man who now fancies himself ‘rich, and having need of nothing;’ whereas, you see he is ‘wretched, and miserable, and naked.’”

On approaching his couch, the attendant offered him some white linen, which had been prescribed by the *Great Physician*, to stanch the blood flowing from a wound in his side; but the other tore it away, and persisted, instead, to bind it with some squalid rags scattered on his pillow.

In the same recess was a patient of the same name. He was not, like the other, laid on a couch, but was pacing, with haughty air, the floor of the hall in which he was confined. A hectic flush suffused his face — such as deceives the consumptive patient when he mistakes, for a sign of returning health, the token of death. His miserable dress was here and there relieved by a bright patch, or gaudy tinsel, which only made the rest appear more wretched. “There,” said the conductor, “is a deluded maniac, who fancies himself the heir of a kingdom, while he is the most miserable of beggars.”

Now I saw that *Faithful*, (for that was the name of the attendant.) approaching, invited *Self-Righteousness* to come to the opposite side of the apartment, where was a large mirror, called the “*Mirror of the Law*,” into which he urged him, in vain, to look. “This,” continued he, addressing *Pilgrim*, “is the grand means of disclosing to such patients their real condition. So long as they continue ‘measuring themselves by themselves,’ and comparing themselves among themselves’, there is little hope of recovery. But by this *Law Mirror* they obtain a ‘knowledge of sin’, and become convinced, that unless they have another clothing of righteousness than their own, ‘they will in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Passing on from these, *Pilgrim* and his conductor stood by an adjoining couch, where was a patient, whose name was *Indifference*. His countenance bore a still more ghastly appearance than those they had already witnessed. His pale cheek and languid eye revealed death to be at hand.

“You are madly trifling with your eternal all!” said *Faithful*, unwilling to pass the couch of the deluded man without a word of admonition. “You are hovering on the confines of two worlds! Do you not consider that the breath of your nostrils is all that is between you and the bar of God?” But, reckless of his situation, he

smiled at the fears of his attendants, received with cold and heartless concern the warnings sent him by the *Great Physician*, and, turning himself on his pillow, pursued his idle song.

At his side lay a miserable man, named *Despair*; a painful contrast to the other. He was not, like him, insensible to his condition. On the contrary, his groans and cries wrung piteously through the hall. *Pilgrim's* attendant attempted, once and again, to mix a soothing draught, and present it to his lips, which would have ministered to him immediate relief; but he dashed it to the ground, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, "Undone! undone!" *Faithful* sought to remonstrate. He assured him that still there was hope: for in representing his case to the *Great Physician*, he had received the reply: "I have no pleasure in his death; but far rather that he would turn and live."

"No," replied the agonized sufferer, "the medicine which might heal others can be of no avail for me. Let the footsteps of *Death* approach when they may, my doom is sealed; to dream of recovery is vain."

"Neither your name nor your language, unhappy man," said *Pilgrim*, "should be heard here. *Despair* is not a word for earth. It is known only in the bottomless pit. *Giant Despair* is the gloomy warder of that place where hope never enters; and it is only when he turns his key, and leaves you in the blackness of eternal darkness, that you can disbelieve the efficacy of the *Great Physician*. He is now able to save 'even to the uttermost.' Where is the patient he has either failed or refused to cure?"

But the man would not listen to admonition. He wrapped himself in his bed-clothes, again wrung his hands, and cried louder than ever: "Lost! lost! lost!"

Now I saw that they next stood at the couch of a patient called *Procrastination*, a kinsman of the traveler *Pilgrim* met outside the *Narrow way* gate. He was laid on his back, breathing heavily, and the symptoms of death were fast gathering round his pillow. "This," said the conductor, "is an example of the folly of delaying to adopt the prescribed remedy. Here is a man who received a wound in his hand, which he considered too trifling to demand attention. He urged one night's delay. But delay has only aggravated the suffering. The fatal symptoms increase, and now the venom has spread through the whole arm."

"Poor patient!" continued *Faithful*, addressing the sufferer, "will it not be better far for you, if your right hand offend you, to cut it off, and cast it from you, and to enter into life maimed, than that your whole body be cast into hell fire?"

"Yet one other night," feebly whispered the other, "and tomorrow I promise to submit."

"To-morrow," said the conductor, "may come; but come too late. Today if you will hear the voice of the *Great Physician*, harden not your heart. Behold! now is the accepted time; for, be assured, by another night your pulse will be still, and you will be beyond the reach alike of physician and cure."

"Well, perhaps," replied the other, unwilling to offend, and yet reluctant to submit, "perhaps, before evening comes, I may consent; but 'go your way at least for this time; at a more convenient season I will call for you.'" So saying he once more closed his eyes, and left *Pilgrim* and his guide to pursue their way.

CHAPTER 8

Now I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* was conducted by *Faithful* into an ante-chamber. “This,” said his guide, “is a room appropriated for aged and infirm travelers, who, on account of their years, are able to prosecute their journey no further.”

On entering the apartment, he beheld an individual whose locks were whitened with age. The armor, too, which the veteran warrior had still girded on, though bearing the marks of many hard encounters, had lost none of its brightness. His sword, though exhibiting a blunted edge, yet gleamed with a brilliancy as dazzling as on the day when it was unsheathed in the armory at the *Narrow Gate*. *Pilgrim* just approached as the last tear he had to shed was standing in his eye. “It is enough!” said he. “Now, Lord, let you your servant depart in peace.” A placid smile suffused his countenance — his eye was fixed on the gates of the *Celestial City*. While other objects around him were growing dim, this glorious vision seemed to be brightening. “Go on,” said he addressing the stranger, “go on this *Narrow way* that leads unto life, and take the assurance of one who has trod it long, that it is a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace. ‘I have fought a good fight,’” continued the departing saint, raising himself once more, and the last glow of life beaming on his face, “‘I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day.’ We shall meet no more until we meet within the gates of yonder *Celestial City*. Farewell! farewell!” He muttered one parting groan, and next moment was sleeping sweetly in Jesus.

Now I saw that angels were waiting with a chariot ready to carry him to the gates of *Mount Zion*. *Pilgrim* followed the bright retinue until the last of the train was lost in the glories which encompassed the *New Jerusalem*.

Returning again to the chamber they had just left, *Pilgrim* and his conductor approached a patient whose name was *Sorrow*. She was arrayed in a sable mantle, with a tear on her cheek. At her side sat *Resignation*, the same benevolent and pious female whom *Pilgrim* met in passing through the Fiery Furnace. She had a book in her hand, from whose pages she was endeavoring to soothe her companion, who sat brooding, in silent dejection, over the wreck of some treasured joys.

“This is one,” said *Faithful*, “who dwelt, not long since, in an arbor near the *City of Carnality*. It was once trellised and adorned with some of the loveliest plants which the *Valley* could supply. Shady gourds combined with flowers of various tints and fragrance to spread a covering over her head, and to form a defense from the noonday sun. But, in an unexpected moment, a canker worm preyed on the roots. One bud alone survived when the rest had perished; but this, too, has just been plucked by the hand of Death, and now, as you see, lies blighted and withered at her feet. Her earthly flowers having perished, she has come here seeking the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Lily of the Valley*, and to have her bosom soothed with the *Balm of Gilead*, which, she has heard, the *Great Physician* applies to bleeding hearts.”

Now I saw that when *Pilgrim* approached, he heard *Resignation* singing, in plaintive strains, the following lines to her companion —

“Why weep for the beautiful flower,
As if premature plucked away?
Survived had its blossoms that hour,
Would have lived, but have lived to decay!
“But now it has left this cold scene
To blossom in regions above,
Where no storm, where no clouds intervene
To darken the sunshine of love!
“O happy, thrice happy, the time,
When again you shall meet, never to sever,
With that flower, in that happier clime,
To bask in bright sunshine forever!”

“Yes,” said *Resignation*, dwelling on the last words she had uttered; “wait until that day of cloudless sunshine, and in ‘God’s light you will see light.’ Then will you be brought to confess that he was ‘righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.’”

“‘His way,’ indeed, seems to be ‘in the sea,’” replied the other, “‘and his path in the deep waters, and his judgments unsearchable.’ But I know ‘the *Lord of the Way* does all things well.’”

“Yes,” said *Resignation*; “he will himself be a richer portion than any earthly one. The Living Fountain will supply the broken cistern.”

“I have found it! I have found it!” said the weeping mourner, rejoicing through her tears. “The *Great Physician* has cheered my solitary hours with his own blessed presence, and lighted up this heart with untold joy. I never knew the tenderness of his dealings until now. He seems to be ‘touched with a feeling of all my infirmities.’”

“And methinks you can bear testimony,” said *Pilgrim*, “that you did obtain no cordial to heal your aching breast until you received it from *Him*.”

“None! none!” said the other: “every other earthly joy seemed but a mockery. Earthly refuges were refuges of lies. Earthly comforters in vain sought to soothe my woes. But when I came seeking the balm in Gilead, and the Physician there, he said to me, ‘I will not leave you comfortless. Peace I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto you: not as the world gives.’”

“What else said he unto you?” continued *Pilgrim*.

“He told me,” replied the other, “what his own precious name once was: ‘THE MAN OF SORROWS’; that there was not a pang I could feel but his own holy bosom had been rent with the same; that ‘in all my afflictions he had been afflicted.’ And when I spoke to him of my crosses and losses, he answered me in tones of tender rebuke, ‘Was there any sorrow like unto *my* sorrow?’”

I see you feel,” said *Pilgrim*, “as all his suffering people have felt, that the *Lord of the Way* makes up for the loss of earthly blessings.”

“I do.” said the other. “‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.’ Many have been my trials; this *Valley of Tears* seems every day truer to its own name; but, God be thanked, amid the wreck of earthly blessings, I have still left the better Friend — Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.”

“Who the Lord loves,” continued *Resignation*, reading still from the volume she held in her hands, “‘he chastens, and scourges every son whom he receives.’ ‘He afflicts not willingly, nor grieves the children of men.’ ‘We know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.’ ‘What I do you know not now, but you shall know hereafter.’”

“Even so!” replied the submissive sufferer, clasping her hands — “‘even so, Father; for so it seems good in your sight.’ ‘I will be dumb; I will open not my mouth, because you did it.’ ‘Not as I will, but as you will.’ ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord takes away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’”

Having been refreshed and strengthened, before departing, by the *Lord of the Way*, and again warned of the dangers he would have to encounter in the city which had been pointed out to him from the *Mount of Communion*, *Pilgrim* commenced, with renewed ardor, the journey which yet remained, cheered with the prospect of the glorious crown which the *Lord of the Way* held out as the covenanted reward of the “faithful unto death.”

Now I saw in my dream that, before he had advanced far, he was overtaken by a fellow-traveler, girded from head to foot with the Christian armor, whose eye was steadily directed to the gate of the *Celestial City*. So eagerly, indeed, did he pursue his way, that he would have passed *Pilgrim* unobserved, had not his attention been arrested by one of the Songs of Zion, with which the latter was cheering himself in a solitary part of the road.

“Where are you bound, my good traveler?” inquired the stranger, addressing *Pilgrim*. “Methinks, from your attire, as well as your song, you are a brother journeying to *Immanuel’s land*.”

“You have conjectured right,” said *Pilgrim*; “and I was even now comforting myself with the thought, that so much of the wilderness is over, and that the time is so near at hand when these weapons of warfare will be needed no more. I am enfeebled with many wounds; but one hour within yonder gates will make me forget

them all; therefore, 'though faint, I am still pursuing', and have the assurance of my heavenly Lord and Master that final victory will at length be mine."

"You speak well," replied the other, "and as if love to the *Lord of the Way* really burned in your bosom. So crowded is this *Narrow way* now-a-days with false professors, (ever since a powerful potentate, called *Fashion*, took down the wall of separation which formerly divided it from the *Broad way*.) that I cannot but regard with suspicion its reputed travelers, lest they should be *Broad-way-men* in disguise. But," continued he, "I am persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though I thus speak. Perhaps, if we pursue our journey together, we may prove, by the blessing of our common King, comforters in each other's sorrows, and helpers of each other's joys."

"Gladly," replied *Pilgrim*, "will I accept of your proffered friendship; for truly my spirit quails for fear as I behold the smoke of yonder *City of Carnality* darkening the plain, and when I think of the evils that may likely befall me there."

"Never fear," replied the stranger, "you have a stronger arm than that of a fellow-traveler to lean upon, and to conduct you safe through its dangers. But come, meanwhile, and as we pursue our journey let us recount our experiences of the Lord's kindness, that so we may be the better prepared for the trials which may there await us. Tell me, I pray you," continued he, "your history and fortunes — when it was the *Lord of the Way* in mercy first snatched you from destruction, and arrayed you in your present attire?"

Here *Pilgrim* minutely related the marvelous interposition of the *Lord Immanuel*, as well as the other manifestations of grace he had subsequently experienced. The stranger, at intervals, could not repress his feelings. *Pilgrim* felt his own gratitude heightened and increased in calling afresh to his recollection the wondrous things the *King of the Way* had done for him.

"Be pleased, kind friend," said *Pilgrim*, after he had concluded his own narration, "to recount to me, in turn, the adventures which have befallen you in your journey. What is your name? and what first induced you to turn your face *Zionward*?"

"My name," answered the other, "was once *Neglecter*; but it has been changed by the *King of the Way* into *Theophilus*, which, by interpretation, is *Lover of God*. The place of my birth was adjoining your own, in a village hard by the *Broad road*. I was the familiar friend and companion of those very men you met with on the way, *Formality*, *Church-goer*, and *Almost-persuaded*, and induced, like yourself, to adopt their creed. I thought my own religion, on an average, far above my neighbors'; for I was not a despiser, as most of them were, but only a *Forgetter*. I was not an *Enemy* to salvation, but only *neglected* it; and hence my name."

"But were there none of your own household," said *Pilgrim*, "to remind you of your danger, and the consequences of such neglect?"

"Alas!" said *Theophilus*, "it was in my case too true that a man's foes are those of his own household. My awakened convictions would often have roused me from my sloth had they not been overborne by those who professed most to love me. They told me that I was as good as others; that I had apologies which other men had not, from press of business, for postponing the question; and that, if I would only have patience, the time was coming when they would all join me, and seek it in good earnest."

"And how, then," inquired *Pilgrim*, "were you at last roused to a sense of your dreadful danger?"

"Ah!" replied the other, "the *Lord Immanuel* would not suffer me to get rest by day, nor sleep by night, by reason of his loud and earnest remonstrances. The mingled severity and sweetness of his entreaties is still sounding in my ears."

"How did he speak with you?" said *Pilgrim*.

"So great was his love," answered the other, "and so resolved was he to effect my rescue, that he sent messenger after messenger to my door to plead for admission. He knocked by *Providence*, by *Affliction*, by *Bereavement*, by *Prosperity*, by *Adversity*; and each one of these, in a voice louder than the rest, sounded the question in my ears: 'How shall you escape if you neglect such great salvation?' That question allowed me no peace. It followed me in my solitary walks; it crowded my waking hours by day, and disturbed my dreams by night. I tried to drown it in the cup of intemperance, and chase it away amid scenes of mirth; but if I succeeded in hushing it at night, it was sure to return upon me louder than ever in the morning!"

"And what said your family all this while?" said *Pilgrim*. "Did they observe your anxiety of mind, and make no effort to minister alleviation?"

“Miserable comforters they were”, replied the other; “they called me madman and fool, laughed at my childish anxieties, and only invited new guests to banish what they called the fit of frenzy away.”

“But I have only interrupted you. I long to hear the result.”

“Well,” continued *Theophilus*, “as I lay one night stretched on my couch, a messenger was once more sent by the *Lord Immanuel* to renew his accustomed knockings. Never before were they so long nor so loud: so much so, indeed, that even some of my own family were startled from their slumbers. Now, it so happened that I had two servants in the house; the name of the one was *Conscience*, and the name of the other was *Will*; both of whom were roused by the knockings, and ran to the door to inquire the errand of the stranger. *Conscience* no sooner listened to his words of tenderness and kind admonition, than she was desirous to grant him admittance; but *Will*, who was naturally of a depraved and obstinate disposition, stoutly remonstrated, and, being the stronger of the two, she put her back to the door, secured the lock, and refused to open.”

“Well do I understand the struggle you describe,” said *Pilgrim*. “But say on.”

“You are acquainted, I presume,” continued the other, “with one of the *Lord Immanuel’s* servants in the *Narrow way Hospital* called *Faithful*.”

“I am,” was the reply; “and, methinks, you would find him as faithful by nature as he is by name.”

“Faithful indeed,” proceeded *Theophilus*; “for no sooner was he acquainted with my case, and the strange conflict in my bosom, than he came to assist *Affliction* in her knockings. With a large hammer, called the hammer of the word, which he wielded in his hand, he broke open the door, stood by my couch with his hands and his lips full of messages of mercy from the Master he served, and never left me until he had brought me to the *Narrow-way Gate*.”

“But,” said *Pilgrim*, “were you suffered to leave without an effort being made for, your rescue?”

“Not so,” replied *Theophilus*; “my companions, and neighbors, and friends, came running after me with imploring voice: some entreating me to return, some using threatening, others ridicule, others bribes. My wife and children, with tears in their eyes, upbraided me for my cruel desertion, and employed every persuasive to induce me to return. But the *Lord of the Way* sent his messenger to whisper in my ear: ‘Whoever leaves father, and mother, and wife, and children, and houses, and lands, for my name’s sake, and the gospel’s, shall receive in this life a hundred-fold, and in the world to come, life everlasting.’ ‘But whoever loves father and mother, or wife and children, more than me, is not worthy of me.’”

“And had you long to wait at the entrance-gate?” inquired *Pilgrim*.

“No,” replied the other; “*Free Grace*, the keeper, was in readiness for my reception. Only one other traveler was at the moment soliciting admission; for the crowd were all flocking down the opposite way to *Destruction*. The traveler’s name was *Waverer*; he was a native of the border-country, lying between King Immanuel’s territories and those of the Prince of Darkness. He had a bundle on his back, containing *heart-lusts*, *heart-sins*, and *heart-idols*, which he too much valued to be induced to part with, and yet he seemed equally reluctant to abandon the way of life. He would willingly have entered, provided he could have retained his bundle; but it was too large, the gate was too strait and narrow to admit it. So he turned down the *Broad road*, and I saw his face no more.”

“Wretched man!” said *Pilgrim*; “I remember him well; and I verily think him more to be pitied than any of his fellow-*Broad-way-men*; for he knows just enough of the *Narrow way* to make him miserable, but not enough to give him peace. Let us learn from his sad fate the danger of trifling with besetting sins.”

“And you can, doubtless, add your experience to mine,” said *Pilgrim*, “concerning the *Lord of the Way*, since the first hour you were enrolled in his service, that, however faithless you may have been to him, he has never been unfaithful to you.”

“It is true, it is true,” answered the other, the tear again starting to his eye; “often, often have I wounded His loving heart. Often have I fainted and been weary of him; but never has he fainted or been weary of me. It is my consolation, when called to mourn the fickleness of my own heart, that his heart changes never!”

Now I saw in my dream that, as the two fellow-travelers thus continued to encourage one another with mutual experiences of the Lord’s past kindness to them, they gradually approached the walls of the Great Metropolis, whose smoke had been pointed out to *Pilgrim* from the *Mount of Ordinances*. It seemed to cast a temporary gloom over their spirits, as they thought how speedily their converse was to be interrupted by the din and bustle of a city of abounding iniquity. But with their eyes uplifted to the *Everlasting Hills*, whose

summits were crowned with the glittering battlements of *Zion*, and with a confidence in the *Lord of the Way*, they boldly approached its walls.

CHAPTER 9

Now I saw in my dream that the *Narrow way* conducted straight through the *City of Carnality*; for the *Prince of Darkness*, who, from the extent of his territories, was called the *god of this World*, had built many cities and villages close by, for the purpose, if possible, of enticing Zionward travelers. And this, at the time of *Pilgrim's* journey, he could accomplish the more easily, as the walls which were used, in former times, to separate the *Broad* from the *Narrow-way-men*, had been in great part demolished. For long there had existed between there a deadly enmity. But the *Prince of Darkness's* vice-regent, *Fashion*, had interposed as mediator between the contending parties. It was now counted no disgrace, as in former times, for a *Broad-way-man* to be ostensibly enlisted in *Immanuel's* ranks. But the others suffered by their guilty compromise; for their communion with the *Broad way* travelers had led them to imbibe many carnal maxims and principles, and to conform to the practices of a "world lying in wickedness."

Now I saw that the *Prince of Darkness* had erected his metropolis near the extremity of the *Valley of Tears*; and many who had given fair promise of making the journey to *Zion*, and that, too, with their faces there, were entangled by the snares laid for them in this city, and never advanced a step nearer the *Celestial Gates*.

The shadows of evening were beginning to fall as *Pilgrim* and his companion approached its walls. Even from the twilight glimpse they obtained, they were awed by its dimensions and magnificence. In the center, crowning the heights, they beheld a palace, with a royal banner waving from its towers, and many lights gleaming from the windows of its banqueting halls. This, as *Pilgrim* afterward learned, was the residence of *Freethinker*, a powerful vassal of the *King of the Broad way*, who had been rewarded with ample honors for the service he had rendered to his lord. It was kept by a porter called *Mammon*, who made it his business to exact as large a revenue as he could for the *Prince of Darkness*, whose servant he was. The two travelers trembled as they stood in the presence of this man, who was of a harsh and repulsive countenance. On attempting to pass, he rudely approached them, and, with rough voice, demanded payment of tribute for the *King's Highway*.

"We are travelers to *Mount Zion*," answered *Theophilus*; "and the *Lord Immanuel*, to secure our admittance there, has already paid costlier tribute-money than we have to offer. We have not been redeemed, and the *Celestial City* is not to be purchased, 'with corruptible things such as silver and gold.'"

"If you have no tribute-money," replied the other, it will be at least needful to leave behind you, in pledge, some part of your armor, which, during your adjourn in the city, will only encumber you; and it will be restored to you on your return."

"Return we cannot — we *dare* not," said *Pilgrim*, "we have our faces *Zionward*; and woe be to us if we turn back."

Now *Theophilus* seemed inclined to further and useless disputation; but I saw that a mild and modest messenger beckoned *Pilgrim* to turn aside and follow her without delay. It was evident that they were about to enter the city by the wrong avenue.

Pilgrim, therefore, at once retraced a few of his steps, and went along, by a narrow path, to a lodge by the side of the city wall. He was conducted within by his guide, (whose name was *Piety*,) and who there resided with her sister *Devotion*. They assisted him in brightening his armor, wiped the dust from his sandals, and replenished his bag with some simple food. After which, being warned of the imminent dangers with which he would be beset, and exhorted to "consider *Him*" who, himself once a pilgrim in that same city, "had endured such contradiction of sinners against himself", they directed him up the street, named *Watch* and *Pray*, to the residence of the *Christian Graces*, at the opposite gate, where he would be again refreshed, and receive further directions regarding his journey.

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* proceeded boldly into the heart of the town; and had penetrated a considerable way before he encountered any serious molestation.

Before long, however, the citizens began to be attracted by the peculiarity of his traveling attire. A crowd followed: some mocking, some deriding; some even lifting the mud and filth off the streets, and besmearing his armor. He tried first to remonstrate with them; then to rebuke and threaten. With the *Sword of the Spirit* grasped firmly in his hand he succeeded in parrying off many of the blows aimed at him; their stones and

missiles rebounded from the *Shield of Faith*, with which he covered his head; and he felt it no small encouragement when his eye fell on one of the verses inscribed underneath: "If you were of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hates you."

I saw in my dream, that before he had been able to proceed half way through the city, night overtook him. He began to despair of being able to reach the mansion where he had been directed at the lodge, and which he had intended making his resting-place for the night. Besides, the broad and open street which he had been pursuing was now involved in devious windings, and frequently became so narrow as to create in his mind serious apprehensions that he must have missed his way. When he ventured to make inquiry of the citizens, and solicit their assistance in regaining it, he was treated with rudeness and incivility; for the *Christian Graces*, and their residence, were, with them, hated names, and their visitors invariably treated with discourtesy.

Now I observed that the *Lord Immanuel* had appointed spiritual *Watchmen*, with the *Lamp of Truth* in their hands, to guide the feet of his people in the way of peace, and to direct erring travelers who had "gone out of the way." Some of these *Watchmen*, indeed, were found unfaithful; some had no *oil of grace* in themselves; consequently, their lamps burned with a feeble and sickly luster, and the trumpet which hung at their side gave forth an uncertain sound. Others (during the age in which *Pilgrim* passed) had so covered their lanterns with painted glass and tinsel ornament, as greatly to obscure the pure light of truth. Others, however, were distinguished for their vigilant watchfulness; ever faithful at their posts, "holding not their peace day nor night." Their lamps, being liable to be dimmed by the smoke of the city, they kept constantly rubbing with the *Prayer-polish*; and when any of the *Zionward* travelers, through weariness, or exhaustion, or sleep, fell down on the street, these faithful ambassadors of the *Lord Immanuel* were heard sounding their trumpet of alarm, and exclaiming, "It is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed." As they met the *Narrow-way-men*, hurrying up the streets, sometimes they would accompany them for a little, to whisper words of encouragement in their ears if they saw them faint-hearted; at other times they allowed them to proceed, with the passing watchword, "ALL IS WELL!"

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* observed an individual with a haggard look running quickly up to one of these, and asking in great anxiety of mind: "Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?" His name was *Anxious Inquirer*; he had been awakened from a slumber of self-security by the *Trumpet of the Law*, sounded by a watchman whose name was *Boanerges*. From that moment he had been hurrying, in a state of agitation, from street to street, and from watchman to watchman, with the question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

"Have you found no one, poor man," inquired the individual he now so importunately addressed; "have you found no one to soothe your troubled breast, and direct you to the *Narrow way* that leads unto life?"

"None! none!" was the reply; "the unfaithful watchmen that go about the city found me; they smote me, they wounded me. They tried to heal my hurt slightly, saying, 'Peace! peace! when there was no peace.' If you have any pity for a lost soul, tell me what time of night it is; for I am beginning to fear that 'the night is too far spent!' Methought, in hurrying along, I heard the tolling of the midnight bell, which seemed to say, as if with a living voice: 'Too late! too late!' and the gloomy warders who met me exchanged the same dismal watchword. Tell me, O, tell me, have I yet space to repent? Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?"

"The morning comes!" was the answer. "It is not yet come, but it comes fast. Though you are at the eleventh hour, yet see you how the star of *Hope* still twinkles in the sky? But, haste you, and follow me. Truly the night is far spent! Yonder bell will before long peal its last, proclaiming that 'time shall be no longer,' and that the hour of repentance is fled!"

So I saw that *Inquirer*, under the guidance of this devoted ambassador, hurried through the crowd in the direction of the gate of the *Narrow way*. The eye of *Pilgrim* followed them until they were out of sight. The promises on his shield reminded him of the glorious recompense awaiting such faithful watchmen as he to whose guidance *Inquirer* had intrusted himself. "Those who turn many unto righteousness shall shine as the stars in the skies, forever and ever.

By this time *Pilgrim* had arrived at the termination of a narrow lane, which diverged into two different paths; and it became matter of perplexity to know which to select. As he stood in indecision, he observed an individual coming up to him with a lamp at his side, similar to those he had seen in the hands of the *Watchmen*.

It emitted a feeble light; sufficient, however, to show that the stranger was attired in armor, which appeared similar to his own; and the manner of his address gave him reason to suppose that he was once more to be cheered by the company of a Zionward traveler. But he was mistaken. This man had only a name to live.

His name was *Professor*; he had the *Lamp of Profession* in his hand, but no *oil of grace* to feed it; he had just enough of light to distinguish him from his fellow-citizens, but not enough to let him see the way to the *Celestial City*. Though he had never entered by the *Narrow-way Gate*, he had contrived, at one time, to traverse, like many others, a considerable part of the way, with his face *Zionward*; but he had never got further than the town of *Carnality*, where he had taken up a permanent residence, oftentimes inviting passing travelers to the *Celestial City* to visit him, and thus had acquired a name for his hospitality. He was one of those whom *Pilgrim* had already frequently met in his journey, for whom he felt deep commiseration, whose pretended love for the *Narrow-way-men*, and partiality for their King, made them hated by the *Broad way* travelers; while they themselves had neither part nor lot with the subjects of *Immanuel*, either in their present privileges, or in their future glorious reward.

Pilgrim, after listening to his conversation, availed himself of his proffered invitation; and deferring his journey to the extremity of the city until morning, accompanied him to his residence to spend the night.

On arriving at the house of his new entertainer, *Pilgrim* found two guests seated at his table; and who, like himself, professed to be travelers to *Immanuel's land*. The name of the one was *Antinomian*, and of the other, *Lukewarm*. *Antinomian* had not so much as a shred of armor; no, he seemed even to glory in his state of fancied freedom from the self-imposed burdens (as he called them) to which his fellow-travelers unnecessarily subjected themselves. *Lukewarm*, again, was arrayed in the semblance of armor; but it hung so loosely upon him, and he talked so coldly of the *Lord of the Way*, and so slightingly of his blood-bought privileges, that it seemed matter of indifference to him whether he entered the gates of the *New Jerusalem* or no.

Supper was concluded; and *Pilgrim*, being fatigued with the exertions of the day, retired to rest. He arose as soon as morning began to break; and though urged by *Professor* to prolong his stay, he dreaded remaining longer in the company of those whose sentiments so little accorded with his own. Bidding his entertainer farewell, and whispering in his ear, before they parted, some serious counsel about his imminent danger, and that of his guests, he hastened once more to run with patience the race set before him.

Now I saw that, in prosecuting the remainder of his journey through the city, he passed immediately under the walls of *Freethinker's* palace, which he had observed particularly on entering. He hurried by as quickly as he could. Above the massive archway which formed the entrance, he saw the words emblazoned: "No soul," — "No judgment" — "No immortality" — "Death an eternal sleep" — "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." He shuddered on listening to the voices of the scoffers in the banqueting hall within. They were blaspheming the name of the *Lord of the Way*, and saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation!"

The porter, whose name was *Ridicule*, stood at the gate, as he was used, heaping derisions on all the travelers who passed. He called after *Pilgrim*, and invited him to partake of *Freethinker's* hospitality, denouncing all the promises inscribed on his shield as "cunningly devised fables" — the *Celestial City*, with its fancied glories, as a dream — and recommended him to return without delay, and resume his communion with the *Broad-way-men*. But *Pilgrim* only hastened his footsteps, and hurried more quickly past, replying to his solicitation: "Truly, if I had been mindful of the country whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, a heavenly."

Walking boldly onward, he at last attained the outer wall of the city, and, with joyful heart, left its din and bustle behind him. On proceeding a little further, he found himself standing in front of a gateway leading to an elevated mansion in the suburbs whereon he read the inscription: "here abides these three — *Faith, Hope, and Charity*." This was the place to which he had been directed at the lodge, by *Piety* and *Devotion*. It was the residence of the *Christian Graces*, who made it their delight to receive toil-worn travelers after their passage through the city — to wash their stripes, bind up their wounds, and supply them with necessary refreshment for completing their journey.

Sweet were the hours of converse which *Pilgrim* enjoyed in this sacred resting-place. Sometimes their conversation turned on the *Lord of the Way* himself — sometimes on the experience of travelers who had now entered into their rest — sometimes on the glories of the *Celestial City*, whose shining gates, from the elevated

situation which the mansion occupied, were full in view. On the top of the house was a balcony, where he often resorted in company with *Faith* and *Hope*, who directed his eye through telescopes, provided for the purpose, to the battlements of the *New Jerusalem*.

Being replenished, after a temporary sojourn, with what was needful for his journey, and having his shield and armor anew burnished with the *Prayer-polish*, which caused them to shine with dazzling brightness in the reflected beams from the *Celestial Gate*, *Pilgrim* once more found himself alone, a solitary traveler, hastening along the *Narrow way*, with his back to the *City of Carnality*, and his face to the *City of Zion*.

I saw that he continued to run with alacrity and joy the race which was still set before him, his path being like the “shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day.” The season of trial and vicissitude, indeed, was not yet over. Difficulties and temptations, sorrows and discouragements, were still there, to remind him that the valley which he trod was, to the last, a *Valley of Tears*. But these only made him long more ardently for the day when every tear would be wiped away, every pang forgotten, every sorrow ended; when the weapons of earthly warfare would be exchanged for robes of glory; faith swallowed up in sight, hope in fruition, and death itself in eternal victory!

CHAPTER 10

Now I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* had approached near to the walls of the *Celestial City*; but there still intervened a dark valley, which formed the only access to its gates. This valley was called the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*, similar in name and appearance to that which he formerly traversed. As he found himself about to enter it, he stood trembling with terror.

“Be you faithful unto death,” said a voice behind him, “and the *Lord Immanuel* will give you the crown of life!”

“Welcome! welcome!” replied *Pilgrim*, beholding by his side the *Embassador of the Lord Immanuel*, who had so often appeared to him by the way; “welcome, you man of God! much do I need your salutary counsel and companionship in so dreadful an hour.”

“A mightier than earthly counselor is with you,” was the reply. “Though unseen, the only Friend that can avail you is by your side. He himself has trodden this very valley before you: never yet has one of his travelers found him to fail. A few brief moments more, and sorrow and sighing will forever have fled, and you shall be in the uncreated presence of the Great King.”

“True! true!” replied the other; “the brief sufferings of this present hour are not worthy to be compared with the glory about to be revealed. One moment in yonder bright world will make me forget them all.” And with this he sung to himself one of the sweet strains which he had heard in the Palace of the Psalmist of Israel: “Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for you are with me; your rod and your staff they comfort me.

“Yes,” said *Faithful*; “no tear need bedim your eye. This hour which terminates your wanderings in a world of sorrow, is the commencement of a tearless immortality.”

“Amen! even so!” exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he seemed oppressed with the increasing gloom, and longing for the closing scene — “Even so! come, Lord Jesus! come quickly! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!”

Now I saw that they had arrived by the brink of a dark and turgid stream, which terminated the valley. A dense mist hovered all around, so as to obscure from their view, for a while, the glories of the *Celestial City*.

“I feel a haze gathering round my eyes,” said *Pilgrim*; “tell me, can this be death?”

“Your warfare is just closing,” said *Faithful*. “The gloom prevents you seeing the portals of glory, though you are on their very threshold. The passage through this river will be quickly over. Before you plunge in, let your eye rest, for the last time, on the shield of faith, and read there the promise of the *Omnipotent One* who will bear you through: ‘When you pass through the waters I will be with you.’”

“The darkness yet grows deeper,” said the other; “but though I cannot see, methinks I feel the support of arms underneath me. Is it so?”

“These,” said *Faithful*, “are the Everlasting Arms, with which the *Lord Immanuel* upholds his own covenant people in their last struggle through the billows of death, so that to sink were impossible.”

“But, hark!” said *Pilgrim*; “though mine eyes are failing, and mine ears can do no more than catch up the sound of your voice, methinks, hard by me, I hear the notes of celestial minstrelsy — the cadence of unearthly voices is falling on my spirit!”

“It is that of the angels of God,” replied *Faithful*, “who are waiting on the other side of the river to carry you into the presence of the Great King; it is the signal that the *Lord Immanuel’s* last intercessory prayer on your behalf has ascended and been heard: ‘Father, I will that they also whom you have given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory’; and that your name is now registered among the citizens of Zion!”

“Farewell, then! farewell!” said *Pilgrim*; the last faltering words of earth escaping from his tongue, and embracing in his arms the servant of his Lord — “Farewell! we shall meet in yonder bright world, where the Master you serve will not suffer you to lose your reward. Farewell, earth! farewell, sorrow! farewell, tears! Welcome, death! — Jesus! — heaven! — glory! — victory!” With these words he plunged in, and the *Embassador of the Lord Immanuel* saw his face in the Valley of Tears no more.

Now I saw that angels were waiting on the opposite side of the river to conduct him into the heavenly City. For a time he was lost sight of in the deep waters. Billow after billow swept over his head: at last he was borne

in safety through, and thus welcomed by the angelic band: “Well done, good and faithful servant; enter you into the joy of your Lord!”

Pilgrim found himself walking by the margin of a “river, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” The golden palaces of Zion were reflected in its still waters; and trees, waving with eternal verdure, and distilling immortal fragrance, lined its banks. It was called the *River of the Water of Life*. Aged travelers and once toilworn warriors reclined on its margin, and drank its crystal streams. Many of these had been covered with dust, others with blood; but in this placid river every vestige of pollution was taken away; and having washed their wounds, and bathed their temples, they hastened to ascend the *Hill of Zion*. Death-divided relatives were seen crowding to meet them, wearing blood-bought crowns and harps of gold. Joyous were the reunions!

Pilgrim had now arrived in front of the entrance. The gate itself was of solid gold. The pillars which supported it were composed of jasper and onyx, and all manner of precious stones, which shone with a brightness dazzling to behold. On presenting the Charter, sprinkled with the blood of *Immanuel*, which he had received at the *Narrow way Gate*, they opened to him the everlasting portals, exclaiming: “You shall walk with the *Lord Immanuel* in white; for you are worthy!” On being admitted, *Pilgrim* was overwhelmed by the blaze of glory which surrounded him. As he stood entranced in amazement, another retinue of angels came rushing down from the throne, singing hallelujahs, bearing in their hands a crown of pure gold, which they placed on his head, saying: “You are come unto *Mount Zion*, and unto the city of the living God, to the *Heavenly Jerusalem*, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven, to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect!”

Now I saw that he was borne away to the Third heavens, in company with these angels and saints, with shoutings and rejoicings. He passed along through prostrate ranks of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim. As he got nearer and nearer the eternal throne, their ascriptions of praise waxed louder and louder. When he first entered the gates of glory, it seemed as the sound “of much people;” as he ascended, it became “as the voice of a great multitude;” higher still, “as the noise of many waters;” until, at last, as the glory brightened, it became “as the voice of mighty thunderings”; and so loud were the deepening anthem-peals, that it awoke me from MY DREAM!