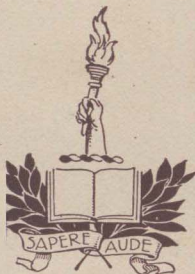


Pilgrim's
Progress



JOHN BUNYAN



H M 
CALDWELL
COMPANY
NEW YORK

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

FOR
HIS BOOK.

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

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel-day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down:
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*,* and eat out
The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what, nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbor; no, not I;
I did it my own self to gratify.

* Without end.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble ; nor did I intend
But to divert myself, in doing this,
From worser thoughts, which make me do amiss.

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white ;
For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pull'd, it came ; and so I penn'd
It down ; until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I show'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify :
And some said, Let them live ; some, Let them die :
Some said, John, print it ; others said, Not so :
Some said, It might do good ; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me :
At last I thought, Since ye are thus divided,
I print it will ; and so the case decided.

For, thought I, some I see would have it done,
Though others in that channel do not run :
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.
I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it, thus to gratify ;
I did not know, but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.
For those which were no for its coming forth,
I said to them, Offend you, I am loath ;
Yet since your brethren pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge, till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone ;
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone ;
Yea, that I might them better moderate,
I did too with them thus expostulate :

May I not write in such a style as this?
 In such a method, too, and yet not miss
 My end—thy good? Why may it not be done?
 Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.
 Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
 Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
 Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
 But treasures up the fruit they yield together;
 Yea, so commixes both, that in their fruit
 None can distinguish this from that; they suit
 Her well when hungry; but, if she be full,
 She spews out both, and makes their blessing null.

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

How does the fowler seek to catch his game?
 By divers means, all which one cannot name:
 His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and bell;
 He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can tell
 Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these
 Will make him master of what fowls he please
 Yea, he must pipe and whistle, to catch *this*;
 Yet, if he does so, *that* bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in toad's head dwell,
 And may be found, too, in an oyster-shell;
 If things that promise nothing, do contain
 What better is than gold; who will disdain,
 That have an inkling * of it, there to look,

* Hint, whisper, insinuation.

That they may find it? Now, my little book
(Though void of all these paintings that may make
It with this or the other man to take),
It is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave but empty notions dwell.

“Well, yet I am not fully satisfied
That this your book will stand, when soundly tried.”

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

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

Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
That I want solidness—that I am rude:
All things solid in show, not solid be;
All things in parable despise not we,
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets inclose the gold.

The prophets used much by metaphors
To set forth truth : yea, who so considers
Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see
That truths to this day in such mantles be.

Am I afraid to say, that holy writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is everywhere so full of all these things,
Dark figures, allegories? Yet there springs
From that same book, that lustre, and those rays
Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.

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

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

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

Let me add one word more. Oh, man of God,
Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in another dress?

Or that I had in things been more express?
 To those that are my betters, as is fit,
 Three things let me propound, then I submit.

1. I find not that I am denied the use
 Of this my method, so I no abuse,
 Put on the words, things, readers, or be rude
 In handling figure or similitude,
 In application ; but all that I may
 Seek the advance of truth this or that way.
 Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave,
 (Examples, too, and that from them that have
 God better pleased, by their words or ways,
 Than any man that breatheth now-a-days,)
 Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
 Things unto thee that excellentest are.

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

3. I find that holy writ, in many places,
 Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
 Do call for one thing to set forth another :
 Use it I may, then, yet nothing smother
 Truth's golden beams : nay, by this method may
 Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.

Add now, before I do put up my pen,
 I'll show the profit of my book ; and then
 Commit both thee and it unto that hand
 That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

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

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be ;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand.
Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
The blind also delightful things to see.

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

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect :
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy ?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
Would'st thou read riddles, and their explanation ?
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation ?
Dost thou love picking meat ? Or would'st thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?

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

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE FIRST STAGE.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den,* and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. (Isa. 64 : 6; Luke 14 : 33; Psalm 38 : 4.) I looked and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts 2 : 37; 16 : 30; Habak. 1 : 2, 3.)

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and restrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children, and thus he began to talk to them. "O, my dear wife," said he, "and you the children of my bow-

Bedford Jail, in which the author was a prisoner for conscience's sake.

els, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me ; moreover, I am certainly informed that this our city will be burnt with fire from heaven ; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered." At this his relations were sore amazed ; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head ; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day ; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, " Worse and worse ; " he also set to talking to them again ; but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriage to him ; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery ; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying : and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind ; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, " What shall I do to be saved ? " (Acts 16 : 30, 31.)

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run ; yet he stood still because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked

then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, and he asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment (Heb. 9: 27); and I find that I am not willing to do the first (Job 10: 21, 22), nor able to do the second." (Ezek. 22: 14.)

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet. (Isa. 30: 33.) And sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come." (Matt. 3: 7.)

The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), "Do you see yonder wicket gate?" (Matt. 7: 13, 14.) The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" (Psalm 119: 105; 2 Pet. 1: 19.) He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eter-

nal life!" (Luke 14 : 26.) So he looked not behind him (Gen. 19 : 17), but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run (Jer. 20 : 10); and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be: you dwell," said he, "in the city of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and dying there sooner, or later you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

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

CHR. Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that all which you forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that I am seeking to enjoy (2 Cor. 4 : 18); and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. (Luke 15 : 17.) Come away, and prove my words.

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

CHR. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away (1 Peter 1 : 4); and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there (Heb. 11 : 16). to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

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

CHR. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the plough. (Luke 9 : 62.)

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

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

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

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor Pliable ; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book ; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it. (Heb. 9 : 17-21.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHR. Yes, verily; for it was made by him that cannot lie. (Tit. 1: 2.)

PLI. Well said; what things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom forever. (Isa. 65: 17; John 10: 27-29.)

PLI. Well said; and what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us; and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven. (2 Tim. 4: 8; Rev. 22: 5; Matt. 13: 43.)

PLI. This is very pleasant; and what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes. (Isa. 25: 8; Rev. 7: 16, 17; 21: 4.)

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims (Isaiah 6 : 2 ; 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17 ; Rev. 5 : 11) : creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place ; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy ; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance forever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns (Rev. 4 : 4) ; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps (Rev. 14 : 1-5) ; there we shall see men, that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bare to the Lord of the place (John 12 : 25) ; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment. (2 Cor. 5 : 2.)

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

CHR. The Lord, the governor of the country, hath recorded that in this book (Isaiah 55 : 1, 2 ; John 6 : 37 ; 7 : 37 ; Rev. 21 : 6 ; 22 : 17) ; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.

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

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

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

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

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

PLI. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was farthest from his own house, and next to the wicket gate; the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back: but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

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

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

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

HELP. Then said he, Give me thine hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out (Psalm 40: 2), and he set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the city of Destruction to yonder gate, is it, that