



ZEPHYR BOOKS

THE
PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS

by

John Bunyan

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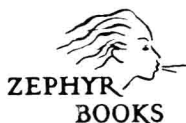
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The Author's Apology for his Book.

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

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

Well, so I did ; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode ; I only thought to make
I knew not what : nor did I undertake

Thereby to please my neighbour ; no, not I ;
I did it mine own self to gratify.

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 my 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 you are thus divided,
I print it will ; and so the case decided.

For, thought I, some I see would have it done,
Though others in that channel do not run :
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it, thus to gratify,
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, *Offend you I am 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 groped 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 a toad's head dwell,
 And may be found too in an oyster-shell ;
 If things that promise nothing do contain
 What better is than gold, who will disdain,
 That have an inkling of it, there to look,
 That they may find it? Now, my little book
 (Though void of all these paintings that may make
 It with this or the other man to take)
 Is not without those things that do excel
 What do in brave but empty notions dwell.

*Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
 That this your book will stand when soundly 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 that writeth things divine to men;
 But must I needs want solidness, because
 By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,
 His gospel laws, in olden time held forth
 By 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 enclose the gold.

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

Am I afraid to say that holy writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is 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-clouts I find,
 Informs the judgment, rectifies the mind ;
 Pleases the understanding, makes the will
 Submit ; the memory too it doth fill
 With what doth our imagination please ;
 Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

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

Let me add one word more : O man of God,
 Art thou offended ? Dost thou wish I had
 Put forth my matter in another dress ?
 Or that I had in things been more express ?
 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, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams ; nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.

And now, before I do put up my pen,
I'll 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 labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be ;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its direction understand ;

Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
The blind also delightful things to see.

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

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

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy ?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation,
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation ?
Dost thou love picking meat ? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep ?
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm ?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines ? O then come hither.
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Part First.

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. lxiv. 5. Luke xiv. 33. Ps. xxxviii. 4. Hab. ii. 2.) 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 ii. 37.)

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 bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me: moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be 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 xvi. 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 asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second. (Heb. ix. 27. Job xvi. 21, 22. Ezek. xxii. 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. xxx. 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. iii. 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. vii. 13, 14.) The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? (Ps. cxix. 105. 2 Pet. i. 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 (Luke xiv. 26); but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him (Gen. xix. 17), but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbours also came out to see him run, and, as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; 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, "Neighbours, wherefore are you come?" They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can