

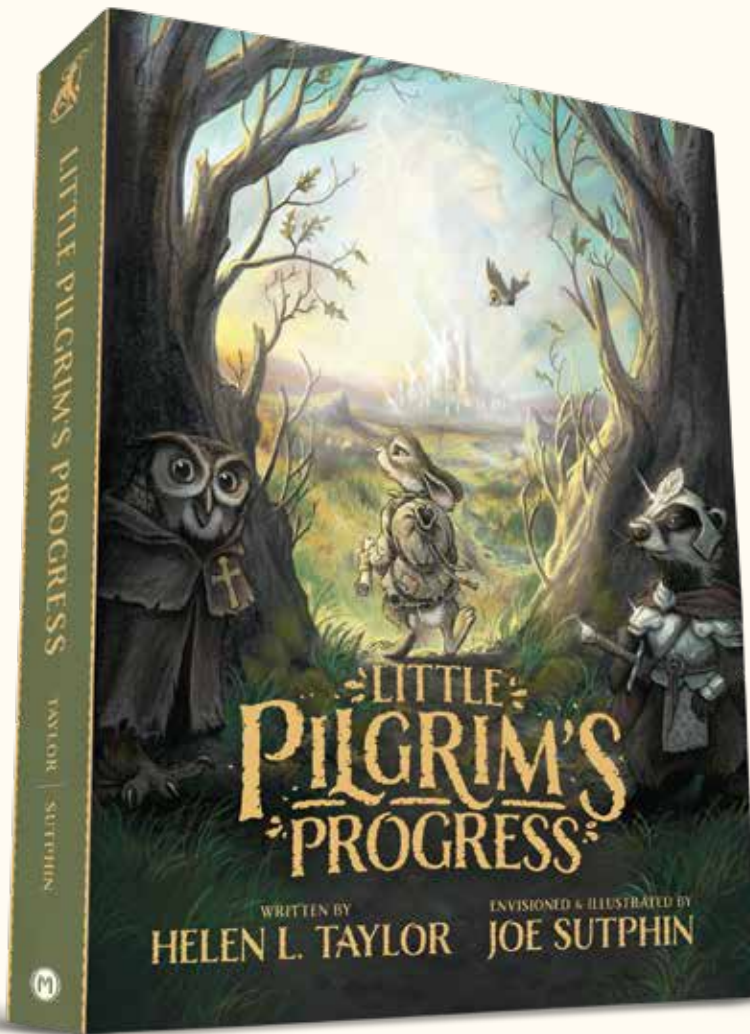
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The Little
PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS

WRITTEN BY
HELEN L. TAYLOR

ENVISIONED & ILLUSTRATED BY
JOE SUTPHIN



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*Little
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Progress*

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*For little pilgrims—
long is the journey, good is the King*

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Preface

Although *The Pilgrim's Progress* is read with delight by hundreds of children, few of them, probably, are able to grasp more than a faint idea of its meaning. The “dark and cloudy words, which do but hold the truth, as cabinets enclose the gold,” are quite beyond their comprehension; and, to the young mind, the record of Christian’s pilgrimage is attractive simply as a story of adventure, and its perusal affords infinite pleasure, but not much profit.

If John Bunyan were alive at the present time, I think he would forgive me for the liberty I have taken in attempting to unlock his treasury and to bring “that gold, those pearls, and precious stones” a little nearer to the childish hands, which are always so ready to receive such gifts.

I am glad to find that, as a serial, my story has given pleasure to the readers of *Sunday*; and I trust that, in its present form, it may prove equally acceptable to other children.

—Helen L. Taylor

Publisher's Preface

Our goal is, and always will be, to preserve the wonder and honesty of Helen Taylor’s beloved children’s masterpiece. Throughout this illustrated edition, you may note two types of updates we have decided to make. Some artistic license has been taken in this anthropomorphic story—both illustrative and narrative—for the purposes of the characters’ development and the reimagining of them in an animal world. In addition, we have made some minor updates to language, examples, and stories that will read more familiar, accurate, and helpful to today’s audience.

—Moody Publishers



























Part One

Christian





I. *Little Christian Hears of the Celestial City*



Little Christian lived in a great city called Destruction. Its streets were full of very young animals who laughed and played all day long. This was in the summertime when the sun was shining and the city looked bright and pleasant. On the rainy days in winter the children did not feel so happy, and they would sometimes be glad to sit quietly and listen to stories.

Now and then strangers would come to the city for a little time, and these kind visitors always tried to make friends with the children and were willing to tell them stories whenever they would listen.

“There is a beautiful country,” they would say, “far away from this city. A very good and wise King rules over it, who loves little creatures dearly. The Prince to whom your city belongs is wicked and cruel, and he hates our good King. But one day an army will come from the King’s country to fight against your Wicked Prince, and this city will be burned, and all the townsfolk in it will be killed.”

Then the children asked, “What will become of us?”

And the wise strangers always answered, “You must leave this city now, while you are young and strong, and travel to the King’s country. In the Celestial City where He lives you will be quite safe.”

Little Christian heard this many times, and he often thought about it; but whenever



he said to his playfellows, "Shall we go to the Celestial City?" they laughed at him and told him that it was only a make-believe story about the King, and that no city could be better or safer than their own.

But little Christian felt quite sure that the strangers had spoken the truth; and one day he found an old Book, in which were written the very same things about the King and the Celestial City and their own Wicked Prince and his city, which would certainly be burned when the King came.

He showed the Book to his companions, but they laughed all the more and said, "That Book was written hundreds of years ago. It is of no use now. The King's army has never come, and very likely it never will. At any rate we may as well play as long as we can."

But little Christian did not want to play. He felt tired and unhappy, and he sat down and wondered whether he could find the way to the Celestial City by himself. He was such a little rabbit that he was afraid he might be lost if he tried to make a long journey alone. He opened his Book again, and he read a beautiful story in it about the King's own Son, who had once visited the City of Destruction and had spoken kindly to the young animals in the street, saying, "Let the little children come unto me."

If He were only here now, thought little Christian, perhaps He would take me back with Him; but I could never go all that long way alone!

Then the tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. They fell upon his whiskers and his fur and his clothes, and as he brushed them away, he saw how soiled and dusty his little suit had become. He had worn it a long time, and he had played so much that the cloth was getting quite thin and shabby. This added to his sadness, for he thought that if he *did* find his way to the Celestial City, his clothes would be worn out long before he got there, and how could he expect the King to receive a little rabbit dressed in nothing but rags?



At last he took up his Book and went home, and his nanny wondered why he looked so tired and sad. He told her that he would like to go to the Celestial City; but she laughed as his playmates had done, and said, “You are a silly boy. There is no Celestial City. If you go wandering along the roads after those strangers, you will get lost.”

So little Christian went to bed and cried until he fell asleep.

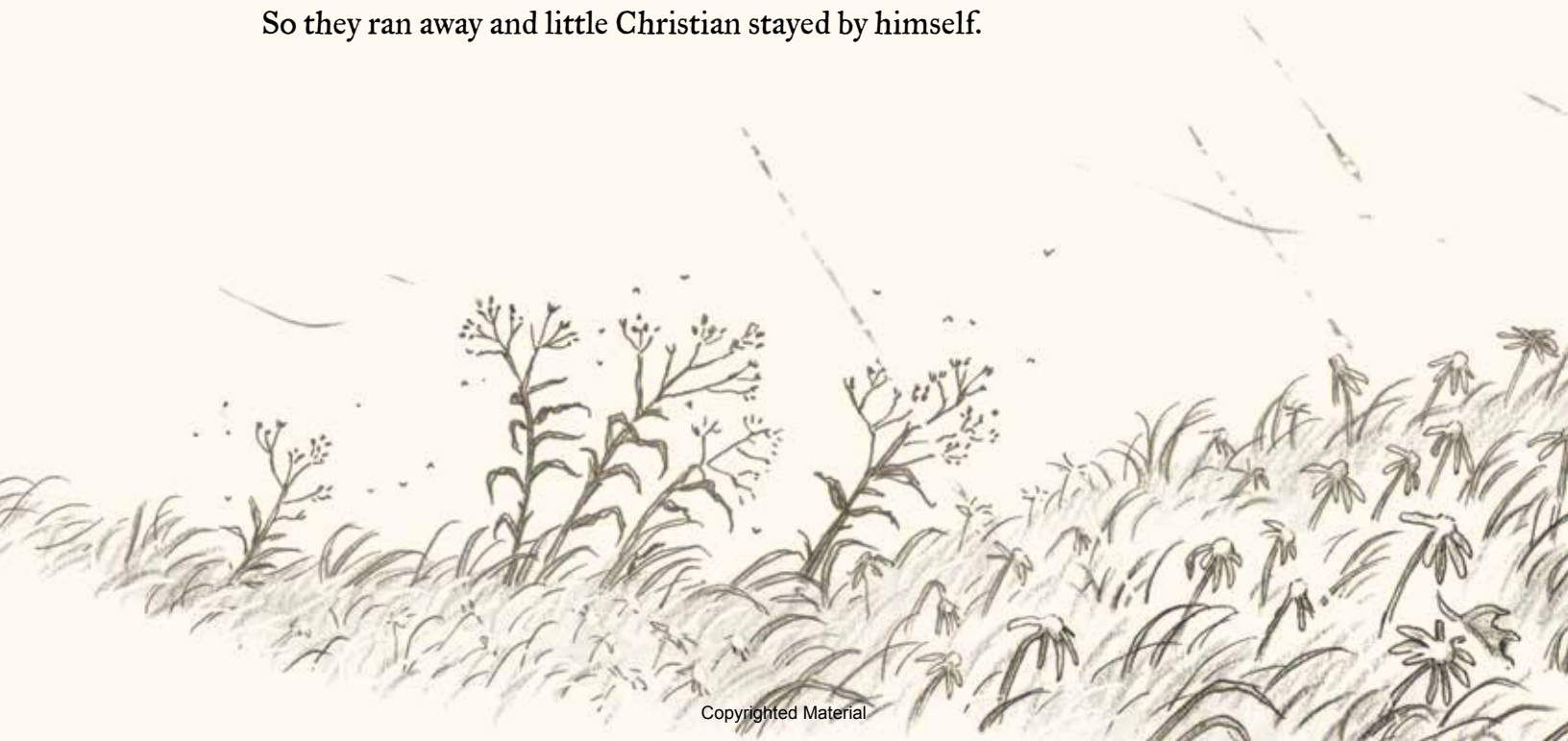
2. Little Christian Is Found by Evangelist



When little Christian went out the next morning the sun was shining and his companions were running about. They called to him to join them, but he said, “I cannot play. I think we ought to start on our journey.”

“What a foolish boy you are,” they cried, “to be always talking about that Celestial City! You had better go and look for it instead of crying up and down and spoiling all our fun.”

So they ran away and little Christian stayed by himself.



Presently Christiana came down the street with her baby sister. She had been standing by when the boys had laughed at Christian the day before, and she had felt very sorry that he should be teased. Christian liked Christiana, and he was glad to see her coming.

She stopped to speak to him.

“You are crying again, little Christian! You should not listen to what the strangers say if it makes you so unhappy. Come into the fields, and we will make daisy chains for baby.”

Little Christian thought he would like that. Christiana was gentle, and though she did not believe the stories he had told her out of his Book, she never teased him as the boys did.

“You know,” he said, as they walked along, “I *must* go to the King, because I have a burden to carry, and no one but He can take it from me.”

“Where is your burden?” asked Christiana.

“It is on my back, and it feels so heavy that it makes me too tired to play.”



Christiana looked very serious. “I think you must be ill, little Christian, if you fancy such things. You haven’t any burden on your back.”

“Ah,” said the little rabbit, “you cannot see it, but I can feel that it is there, and I shall always be tired until it is gone.”

The three children stayed in the fields and were very happy together; but when Christian went home at night he began to think of the Celestial City again and fretted until his nanny was quite angry with him. He had no kind mother to love and comfort him, and his father was one of the great men of the city and had no time to notice his little son.

Christian hoped that he would meet Christiana again in the morning, but she was busy at home; and the other boys and girls would have nothing to do with him, because they said he was dull and stupid and could not play properly. So he wandered off into the fields by himself and sat down upon a bank to think. After a while, he heard a step near to him, and looking up he saw one of the strangers on his way to the City—an owl with a serious and pleasant face, whose name was Evangelist. He had seen little Christian before, and he turned aside to speak to him.

“What are you crying for?” he asked, for there were tears in the child’s eyes.

Little Christian felt so comforted by the sound of Evangelist’s gentle voice that he told him all his troubles at once. How he wished to obey the King, and how his playmates had laughed at him, and how even his nanny and Christiana did not believe that the stories about the Celestial City were true.

Then Evangelist looked at him very kindly. “The stories are all quite true,” he said. “The King loves little children. If you will obey Him and begin your journey, He will watch over you all the way, and when you reach the Celestial City you will be happy forever.”

“I would go now,” said little Christian, “if I only knew the way.”



Evangelist turned around and looked across the field, along the path by which he had come. “Do you see there is a gate at the other side of the plain?” And he pointed to it with the tip of his wing.

But little Christian’s eyes were still dim with tears, so he could not see the gate.

“Well,” said Evangelist, “there is a light shining above it. Can you see that?”

“Yes,” said the little rabbit. “I think I can.”

“The way to the Celestial City is through that gate. Now I will give you a message from the King.” And Evangelist drew out a paper, which he put into little Christian’s hand.

There were words written upon it in gold and beautiful colors, and Christian read them aloud:

“I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME,
AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.”

“That is the King’s promise to all His little children. So do not cry anymore, but go quickly to that gate and knock. One of the King’s servants will open it, and he will tell you where to go next.”

3. Obstinate and Pliable



Some of the boys were playing near the gate of the city, and they saw Evangelist speaking to little Christian. They were not surprised at this, because they knew that the strangers who said they came from the Celestial City always talked to the children, but when Evangelist turned away, and little Christian began to run across the plain toward the Narrow-gate [some called it the Wicket-gate], they all wondered where he was going.

“Little Christian is running away!” cried one.

“He must be going to look for that Celestial City,” said another.

“Then he will be lost!” exclaimed a third.

“We ought to go after him and bring him back.”

There were two young moles named Obstinate and Pliable, who knew little Christian very well. They were older than he was, but the three had often played together. Obstinate was not a pleasant companion, for he loved to have his own way, and Pliable used to give in to him for the sake of peace. Little Christian did not care much for either of them, but he liked Pliable better.

These two moles were vexed when they saw their little playmate running alone over the fields, for although they were often cross and disagreeable to him, they did not like to think of his being lost.

“We must make him come back,” said Obstinate. “What a stupid rabbit he is to believe everything he is told!”

“Come along, then,” said Pliable. “I will go with you.”

So the two boys went off, and as they ran, they shouted to little Christian to wait for them.

But the child was frightened when he heard their voices and would not even look around.

If they take me back, he thought, perhaps I may never be able to get away again.

He ran as fast as he could, but he soon began to feel tired because of the burden upon his back, and Obstinate and Pliable were taller and stronger than he was, so before long they overtook him.

“Where are you going?” cried Obstinate. “I wonder what you mean by making us run after you in this way!”

“I am going to the King’s City,” said little Christian. “Won’t you come with me?”

Obstinate laughed. “I should think not! What would be the good, when we are as happy as possible at home?”

“We should be a great deal happier with the King. His City is more beautiful than this, and we shall be quite safe there. I have told you before that our own city is not a safe place.”

“As if you knew anything about it!” said Obstinate. “Why do you talk such nonsense?”

“It is not nonsense. It is written in my Book.”

Then Obstinate laughed again. “How many times am I to tell you that your Book is full of rubbish? There is not one word true. Now, are you coming back or not?”

Obstinate looked very cross, and little Christian’s heart began to beat faster and faster, but he answered bravely, “No, I am going to the King.”

“Well, you may go, then,” said Obstinate. “Come, Pliable, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of running after such a silly rabbit. He doesn’t know when he is well-off.”

But Pliable stood still. “Don’t you laugh at him,” he said. “Just supposing the Book is true, he will be better off than we are. I think I shall go too.”

“Oh, do come with me!” cried little Christian. “You do not know how happy we shall be when we are living with the King.”

“Are you sure you can find the City?” asked Pliable.

“Yes, for Evangelist told me what to do. We must go to that gate beyond the plain, and the gatekeeper there will show us the way.”

“You don’t mean to say you are going?” said Obstinate. “Why, even if there were a Celestial City, two boys like you could never find it.”

Pliable did not answer, but he made a few steps forward by the side of little Christian. He had often listened to the words of the strangers, and he thought, *I may as well go as far as the Narrow-gate and see what the road is like.*

“I’m not surprised at little Christian,” continued Obstinate, “but really, Pliable, you ought to have more sense. Just come back with me, and I’ll not tell anyone that you said you were going.”

But Pliable was not very fond of Obstinate, and he felt pleased at the idea of having his own way, so he answered, “It’s no use talking. I’ve made up my mind. Good-bye, if you won’t come too.”

“No, thank you! I’m glad enough to get rid of you both.” And, with a mocking smile on his face, Obstinate turned back toward the City of Destruction.

4. *The Slough of Despond*



ow,” said Pliable, when the two boys were left alone, “tell me what sort of place this Celestial City is.”

“It is very beautiful,” replied little Christian. “Have you not heard the strangers talk about it? The King lives there, and His followers never feel tired or unhappy. They wear shining clothes that can never be soiled and never grow old.”

“I don’t suppose they will let us in.”

“Oh yes, they will; Evangelist said so. See, he gave me this,” and little Christian unfolded the King’s message and let Pliable read the words for himself. “The King sent that to me, that I might know He would like me to go to His City.”

“He hasn’t sent me one.”

“You didn’t meet Evangelist. But never mind, I am sure the King will be pleased to see you.”

“Well, tell me something else. What shall you do when you get to the City?”

“First of all, I should like to see the King; and if He is very kind, I shall ask Him where my mother is.

You know she went away when I was very young, and sometimes I have wanted her so much. One of the strangers told me that she was with the King, so I think she must be living in the Celestial City.”

“I wonder how long it will take us to get there. Did you ask Evangelist? We might walk a little faster, I think.”





“I wish I could!” sighed little Christian, who was tired already. “I’m afraid I shall be a very long time on the way. It is this burden, which is so heavy that it makes me walk slowly.”

Pliable was just going to say, “What do you mean by always pretending that you have a burden to carry?” when suddenly his feet sank deep into the grass, and he saw that he had walked into a marsh that lay in that part of the plain. “Oh!” cried he, “where are we now?”

“I don’t know,” said poor little Christian, whose burden made him sink deeper than Pliable into the soft green mud. “Let us try to get out.”

But the boys were frightened and confused, and they could not tell which was the way out of the marsh. It was called the Slough of Despond, and it was



a dangerous place even for grown-up animals. Every step the children took seemed to lead them farther into it, and at last Pliable grew very angry.

“See what a mess we are in!” said he. “And it is all your fault! I wish I had not come. If this is the beginning of our journey, what else may we expect on the road? Just let me get out of this horrible marsh and I shall go straight home again. You may look for the City by yourself!”

Little Christian did not answer, for he was too frightened and unhappy to speak. His clothes and fur were covered with mud, and every moment he feared that he would be smothered in the Slough. How he wished that Evangelist would come to help him, but he could not see anyone near to him. Far away, across the plain, shone the light above the Narrow-gate, and behind him lay the

City of Destruction. Pliable turned away from the light, and at last succeeded in getting out of the marsh; but he never stopped to help his companion, and when little Christian looked back he saw the mole running home as fast as he could. Oh, how desolate the poor little boy felt when Pliable was out of sight!

“But I *will* go to the King!” he said, and once more he struggled on, trying to find some firm ground. Then, when he was almost in despair, he heard a voice saying, “Wait a bit; I am coming to help you.”

5. Help Finds Little Christian



Little Christian felt very much inclined to cry when he heard the voice of a friend. He had almost made up his mind that the Evangelist was wrong, and that the King did not care to have little children traveling along the road to His beautiful City.

I am so small, he thought, and so stupid! I cannot even get safely across this plain, and what should I do if I came to a high mountain or a deep river?

But, just at that moment, a squirrel named Help, who was one of the King’s servants, came near to the Slough and saw poor little Christian struggling in the mire. Help was a kindhearted boy, and he ran at once to see what he could do for Christian.

“How did you fall in?” he asked, but little Christian could not tell him.

“Evangelist said I was to go to the Narrow-gate, and I did not know about the marsh.”

“Didn’t you see the stepping-stones?”

“No, I was talking to Pliable, and we were not looking at the ground.”

“That was foolish. Where is Pliable?”

“He got out, but he went home and did not try to help me.”

“Well, don’t be frightened. I shall be able to reach you in a minute. The King will always take care of you. I wondered why He sent me over the plain today, but it was because He knew you would need me. Take hold of my hand, and put your foot here. There! You are quite safe.”

Little Christian stood trembling, with tears in his eyes.

“You are very kind,” he said. “I should never have got out by myself.”

“No,” replied Help, “I don’t think you would have. Are you going to the Celestial City?”

“I wish to go, but I am afraid the way will be too hard for me. Perhaps I had better wait until I am older.”

“No, you must not wait. The King will watch over you, and whenever you need a friend to help you, He will send somebody.”



“Are you sure?” asked little Christian. “I am such a little rabbit, and the others all said I was stupid.”

“Never mind what they say. If you are one of the King’s pilgrims, you are quite safe. You may find the road long and hard, but if you keep on bravely, you will come to the City at last; and then you will forget your trouble, because you will be so glad to see the King.”

He spoke so kindly that little Christian did not feel afraid of talking to him.

“Do you think I shall find my mother in the Celestial City?” he said. “She is with the King.”

“If she is with the King, you will find her. Is it long since she went away?”

“She went when I was very young. I can’t remember her at all, but we have her picture at home, so I shall be sure to know her. She looks so sweet and kind! Sometimes I cry because she cannot love me.”

“But she *does* love you,” said Help. “The King does not let His creatures forget. I have no doubt He has told her already that you are coming to the City, and she will be watching for you.”

He had been kneeling on the ground, wiping the mud from little Christian’s clothes and fur with tufts of soft grass. He rose now, saying, “You have soiled your things very much, but you will have new ones before you get to the City. Don’t lose sight of the light over the Narrow-gate, and walk as quickly as you can until you reach it. Good-bye, and, remember, the King will take care of you.”

“Just tell me one thing,” said little Christian. “Have you been to the City yourself?”

“No. I have been very nearly to its gates, and then the King gave me some work to do for Him, and I shall not go to live in the City until it is finished.”

“How long will it take me to get there?”

“I can’t tell you that; the journey is longer for some than for others. But if you love and obey the King, He will be sure to guide you to the City at the right time. Now I must go. If you are frightened again, cry to the King, and He will hear you.”

6. Little Christian Meets with Worldly



Not very far from the City of Destruction, there was a hill, and beyond the hill a little village. In this village lived a number of animals who called themselves the King’s servants and pretended to love and obey Him, although they did not really care about anything but their own pleasure and safety. They had been afraid to stay in the city, because of all that the strangers had told them, but they did not wish to have the trouble of going to the King’s country; so they built houses and made fields and gardens for themselves beyond the hill, and fancied in that place they were quite safe.

A young mink from the village, whose name was Worldly, happened to be strutting across the plain on the very day little Christian began his journey. Worldly knew little Christian by sight, because the animals from the village often went into the city to visit their old friends; and when Worldly saw the little rabbit coming, he wondered what Christian was doing so far from home.

“Is that you, little Christian?” he said. “You are a long way from the city.”

Worldly was a fine-looking mink, and little Christian felt pleased to be noticed by him, so he answered at once. “I am going to the Narrow-gate.”

“The Narrow-gate! What for?”

“To get rid of my burden.”

“Oh, of course,” replied Worldly. “I know those burdens are tiresome things.”

It isn't everybody who can feel them; but when you do feel them there is no comfort for you till they are gone."

Little Christian was surprised to hear Worldly speak in this way, for the boys and girls in the city had all laughed at him and had declared that his burden was only imaginary.

"I hope I shall not have to carry it much longer," he said. "I am making haste to the Narrow-gate."

"Who put it into your head to go there?" asked Worldly.

"I met a very kind owl named Evangelist, and he told me to go."

Worldly laughed. "He may be very kind, but he is very stupid. I know him quite well. Look here, little Christian. I can tell you a much better way of losing your burden. Don't trouble yourself to go on that journey. Yes, you see, I know exactly what Evangelist said to you. He tells everyone the same thing. You have been in that horrid slough already, and if you go through the Narrow-gate, you will find worse troubles than that. There are wild beasts and all sorts of dangers, and very likely you will just die of hunger and fatigue."

"But my burden is so heavy," sighed little Christian. "I *must* get rid of it, and Evangelist said that was the best way."

"Well, of course you can do as you like," replied Worldly, "but I think you are very silly. How did you ever know that you had a burden at all?"

"I read in the King's Book that everyone has a burden."

"I thought so. That Book is all very well for clever, grown-up creatures, but little rabbits like you can't understand it. You read it, and you don't know what it means, and you just get your head full of nonsense. Now, I'll tell you what to do. I wouldn't go back to the city, because you will always feel frightened, and it really isn't a nice place to live in. If I were you, I should go round the hill to the village. I've some friends living in the first house you come to, and if you tell

them that I sent you, they will take you in and be as kind as possible. Then in a few days, you'll forget all about your burden, and I don't suppose you will ever feel it again."

Little Christian felt puzzled. Worldly spoke so kindly that he could scarcely help believing what he said, and he thought it would be nice to live near to his old home and be able to see Christiana sometimes.

"You can't do better than take my advice," continued Worldly. "Never mind Evangelist. That is the way—past the hill. You can't mistake the house, because it is the first you come to."

Then he put his hands in his pockets and strutted off whistling a merry tune; and little Christian forgot all about the King and His message, and turned away from the Narrow-gate to go to the village beyond the hill.

7. In the Wrong Path



Little Christian went on toward the village as quickly as he could, but he soon became very tired indeed. His burden seemed to grow heavier every minute, until at last he felt ready to fall down beneath its weight. By the time he reached the hill he could scarcely walk, and he wondered whether he would ever be able to get to the house in which the friends of Worldly lived.

But when he turned the corner of the road that led round the hill, he almost forgot his burden, for he had never before seen anything so terrible as that path. The side of the hill was rugged, and the rocks hung over the road and were just ready to fall.



Little Christian went a short way, but he was soon so frightened that he dared not take another step. He fancied he could see flames of fire darting out between the rocks, and he shook all over with fear.

“Oh, I wish I had not come!” he sobbed. “What *shall* I do?”

Presently a figure appeared at a little distance, and as it came nearer, Christian saw that it was Evangelist. He had no smile on his face, and poor little Christian felt so ashamed and miserable that he almost wished the rocks would fall and hide him from the sight of the friend whom he had disobeyed.

“What are you doing here?” said Evangelist.

But little Christian hung down his head, whiskers drooping, and he did not speak.

“Are you not the little rabbit whom I found crying outside the City of Destruction?”

“Yes,” sobbed Christian.

“Did I not show you the way to the Narrow-gate?”

“Yes.”

“Then how is it you are here? For this is not the way to the gate.”

“Oh,” cried little Christian, “I did not mean to do wrong, but I met a young mink who told me I could get rid of my burden in the village. And I was so tired I thought I would come; but I am sure the hill will fall on me, and I am so frightened!”

Then Evangelist said, “Listen to me. The King sent me to tell you about the Celestial City, and you had His promise that He would love you and watch over you. When you fell into the Slough, you know He sent Help to pull you out, and you have read in your Book that He will always take care of those who trust in Him. Why did you believe what Worldly said and turn away from the right path?”

Poor little Christian was now crying bitterly, and Evangelist laid his wing

gently across the little rabbit's shoulders.

“You have grieved the King very much,” he said, “but if you are sorry, He will forgive you.”

“I will never be naughty again,” cried little Christian. “I am very, very sorry indeed. But are you sure that the King *will* forgive me?”

“Yes, the King will always forgive you, for the sake of His dear Son who loved the little children.”

“And I may go back to the Narrow-gate, or will the gatekeeper turn me away?”

“The King does not allow him to turn anyone away. You have only to knock, and he will open the gate for you at once. Take my wing, and I will go with you past the hill.”

Little Christian wiped away the tears from his eyes and whiskers and was glad for Evangelist to lead him back into the fields. The hill with its terrible overhanging rocks was soon left behind, and the light above the Narrow-gate could be clearly seen.

“If you make haste,” said Evangelist, “you will reach the gate before it is dark, and you can stay there and rest until morning.”

Then, with a gentle pat on the head and a smile, he told the child good-bye, and little Christian started once more on his journey.

8. Little Christian Enters the Narrow-Gate



he sun was just setting when little Christian reached the Narrow-gate. He had walked very quickly, for he did not wish to be in the fields after the darkness came on, and he was now so



tired that he felt very glad indeed to see the gate quite close to him.

It stood in a beautiful stone archway; and over it hung a lamp, which burned so brightly that its light could be seen even when the sun was shining. Round the top of the arch some words were carved upon the stone, and little Christian stopped to read them. The words were these:

“KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU.”

That was just what Evangelist said, thought Christian, and he began to knock upon the door. His ears twitched as he listened, but he could not hear anyone coming, so he knocked again, and in a few minutes the door was opened by an owl who looked something like Evangelist. He wore the same kind of long robe, and his feathered face was serious and quiet. He smiled when he saw Christian and said, “Who is this little child?”

“I am little Christian,” replied the little rabbit. “May I come in?”

“Are you come from the City of Destruction?” asked the gatekeeper, whose name was Goodwill.

“Yes, and I wish to go to the King.”

Then Goodwill opened the gate quite wide. As Christian was stepping in, Goodwill covered the young rabbit with his wing.

“Why did you do that?” asked Christian.

And Goodwill answered, “The Wicked Prince has a castle very near to this gate, and when he sees anyone leaving his country and entering the Way of the King, he commands his soldiers to shoot arrows at him.”

Little Christian looked out and saw the arrows lying upon the ground, and he felt very pleased to see Goodwill close the door.

“Now I am safe,” he said.

Goodwill led him into his own house, which was just beyond the gate, and

made him sit down to rest while he prepared some food for him.

“Who told you the way to the gate?” he asked.

“Evangelist,” replied little Christian. “And he said you would tell me where to go next.”

“Yes, I will tell you. But how is it that you came alone? Have you no father or mother?”

“My mother is with the King, and my father has so much to do that he cannot spare time for a journey, so I was obliged to come by myself.”

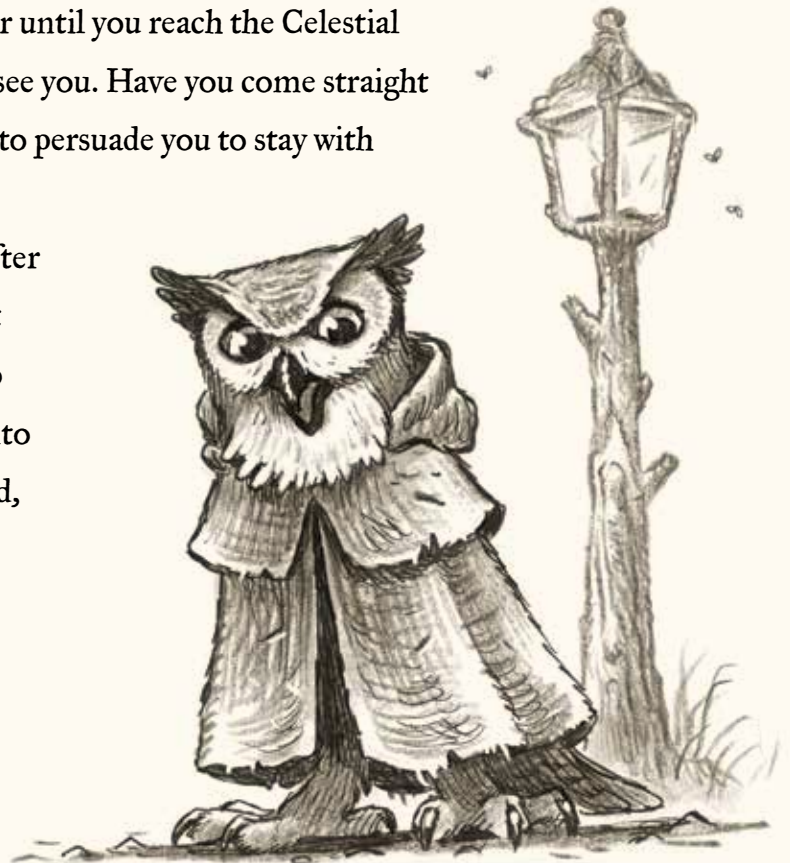
“If your mother is with the King, she must have passed through this gate. No doubt you will hear of her as you go on your way.”

“Do you think I shall?” said little Christian eagerly, for the greatest wish he had was to know something more of that dear mother whom he had lost so long ago. “Help said that the King would tell her I was coming, and she would watch for me. Is that true?”

“Quite true. You will not see her until you reach the Celestial City, but she will often be able to see you. Have you come straight from home? Did not the boys try to persuade you to stay with them?”

“Obstinate and Pliable came after me, and Obstinate was angry; but Pliable said he would like to go to the Celestial City. Then we fell into the Slough, and he was frightened, so he went back again. I thought I should never get out, but Help came, and he was good to me.”

“And what then?”



Little Christian blushed. “I was as bad as Pliable,” he said, “for when I met Worldly, I listened to him and turned away toward the village. The road was so dreadful, and I was afraid the rocks would crush me. But Evangelist found me and brought me into the fields again.”

“And now you have entered the King’s gate, and you are one of His little pilgrims. Tonight you must sleep here, and tomorrow I will show you the way to the Celestial City.”

9. Little Christian Visits the Interpreter



When the morning came, little Christian felt quite rested and ready for another day’s journey. Goodwill brought him out and showed him a narrow pathway, which went straight across the plain.

“Are there any turnings?” asked Christian. “How shall I know if I come to a place where there are two roads?”

“The Way of the King is always quite straight,” said Goodwill, “and all the paths that lead out of it are crooked. And the wrong paths are generally wide, while the right path is narrow. If you look carefully, you will not mistake it.”

“I wonder whether you could unfasten my burden for me,” said little Christian when he was saying good-bye. “I could walk so much better without it.”

“I cannot do that,” said Goodwill. “You must carry it patiently until you come to the Cross, and then it will fall off, and you will never see it again.”

“How glad I shall be!” sighed little Christian. “Are there any other houses on the way besides this one?”

“Yes, about the middle of the day you will pass the house of the Interpreter. He

is very kind, and if you ask to see him, he will show you many wonderful things.”

The morning was bright and pleasant, and little Christian enjoyed his walk very much. The birds were singing so merrily that he felt as if he must sing with them, and the air was so fresh and sweet that it seemed to take away all the weariness that had troubled him in the City of Destruction.

There is nothing to hurt me here, he thought. Worldly did not speak the truth when he said I should be frightened.

Just when he was beginning to think that he would like to rest for a little while, he saw a large house standing near the road, and he knew that it must be the house of the Interpreter. He went up to the door and knocked, and presently a servant came to ask what he wanted.

“I am a little pilgrim,” he said, “on my way to the King’s City. I stayed at the Narrow-gate last night, and Goodwill told me that the master of this house is his friend. May I speak to him?”

The servant went back and called his master, and soon the Interpreter came out. He was an old badger, with a tall figure and a long white beard, and Christian thought he looked very wise.

He put his hand on the child’s head, saying, “What can I do for you, my little rabbit?”

“Would you mind showing me some of your wonderful things?” asked little Christian.

He spoke timidly, for he could not help thinking that, although the Interpreter might be pleased to have grown-up visitors at his house, a little pilgrim like himself would perhaps be in the way. “Goodwill told me I might come to see you,” he added.

The Interpreter smiled. “Goodwill is my friend,” he said. “Are you one of the King’s little pilgrims? Come in, and I will find something that you will like to see.”



He took Christian's hand and led him into the hall, where the servant was still waiting. The Interpreter asked for a lamp, and when it was brought to him, he opened the door of a large room. Curtains were drawn before the windows, but the light of the lamp filled all the room with brightness. On the wall, opposite the door, hung a picture, and when little Christian saw it he clasped his hands and stood quite still.

It was the picture of a lion whose face was more beautiful than anything that little Christian had ever imagined. He was walking over a mountain path. All around Him, among the rocks, grew briars and thorns, which had torn His garments in many places; and His feet were bleeding, for the rough stones had wounded Him. In His arms He carried a little lamb. It was tired and had laid its head upon His shoulder, and He was looking down at it with gentle, loving eyes. Underneath the picture, in letters of gold, were written the words:

"HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM,
AND CARRY THEM NEAR HIS HEART."

"Was the lamb lost?" asked little Christian.

"Yes," replied the Interpreter, "lost and ready to die. Do you not see how tired it looks, and how its fleece is torn and soiled? But the Good Shepherd heard its cry, and He never rested until He had found it, and then He brought it home in His arms."

"It must have been a hard path," said little Christian. "The stones have cut His feet."

"It was a very hard path, but He did not mind that, because He loved His little lamb. I have shown you this picture first, because the Good Shepherd is our King's own Son, the Good Prince, and just as a shepherd loves his flock so He loves the pilgrims. The little pilgrims are like the lambs. You can think of this

when you are sad or frightened, and remember who is watching over you.”

“I am a little pilgrim,” said Christian, looking up at the Interpreter.

“A little pilgrim, and a little lamb in the flock of the Good Shepherd. Now I will show you something else.”

10. *Passion and Patience and the Brave Soldier*



Little Christian felt quite sorry to turn away from the picture of the Good Shepherd. *I shall never forget it*, he thought. *The Shepherd's face is even more beautiful than my darling mother's.*

The Interpreter took him upstairs into a pleasant room, which looked like a nursery. Two little chipmunks were sitting there, each in his own chair. One of them appeared to be quiet and happy, but the other was crying and seemed cross and discontented.

“These two little chipmunks are staying here for a time,” said the Interpreter. “The one who is crying is called Passion, and his brother's name is Patience.”

“Why is Passion crying?” asked Christian.

“He is a foolish creature,” replied the Interpreter. “There are some beautiful gifts coming soon from the King, and the children are each to have their share. Patience is willing to wait for them, but Passion is vexed because he cannot enjoy them at once. He wishes to have his pleasure now, instead of at the proper time.”

Just then the door opened, and a messenger came in carrying a quantity of books and toys and pretty things, which he spread upon the table before Passion. The first brother was delighted and, wiping away his tears, began to look at his treasures. Among them were some bags filled with bright golden coins, and

when Passion saw these he held them up in his hands and laughed at Patience, who had nothing with which to amuse himself.

“Passion is very happy now,” said the Interpreter, “but in a short time all his coins will be spent, and his pretty things will be torn and broken and spoiled, and when the King’s gifts come he will have no share in them. Then he will wish he had waited as Patience is waiting.”

“Are the King’s gifts better than these?” asked little Christian.

“Far better. They are treasures that cannot be spoiled, and Patience is wise to wait for them.”

“Passion is laughing now,” said Christian, “but I think Patience will have the best of it.”

“I am sure he will,” replied the Interpreter. “You must remember that everything I show you is meant to teach you something, and you may learn from this that it is not wise to wish too eagerly for pleasant things until the King sends them. He knows exactly what is good for each of us, and He will always give us what we really need, and that will make us happy. If we behave like Passion and try to be happy in our own way, we are sure to be disappointed.”

The Interpreter now took Christian out of the house and through his garden to a place from which they could see a beautiful palace not very far off. The roof of the palace was flat, and upon it a number of creatures were walking about dressed in garments that shone brightly like gold.

“Is that one of the King’s palaces?” asked little Christian.

“Yes, but it is not easy for anyone to enter it.”

Outside the palace Christian saw a great crowd of animals who looked as if they wished to go in but were afraid to do so. Then he saw that some other animals in armor were standing around the doorway. They had fierce, cruel faces, and the ones who were outside dared not try to pass by them. A little way

from the door a rabbit was sitting at a table, with a book before him, in which he wrote the name of anyone who tried to get into the palace. Little Christian felt very much interested in all of this, and he hoped that one of the animals would be brave enough to go into the palace while he was there.

“Why does not the King drive away the wicked soldiers?” he said. “He could drive them away, and then all those animals could go into the palace.”

“He could do it quite easily,” replied the Interpreter, “but He wishes to see how many of the animals really care about entering the palace. Those who love the King with all their hearts are not afraid of the soldiers. We can wait for a little while, and you will see someone go in.”

So they sat down upon the grass, and little Christian watched. Presently a rabbit, like Christian but grown, came out from the crowd and went toward the table near the doorway. His name was written in the book, and then he put on his helmet and drew his sword and rushed in among the soldiers. He fought with them for a long time, and Christian thought he would be killed; but although he received many wounds, he got into the palace at last, and then all the creatures upon the roof began to sing:

“COME IN, COME IN,
ETERNAL GLORY THOU SHALT WIN.”

Little Christian smiled. “Does that mean we are not to be frightened, because the King will help us and take us safely into His City?”

“Yes,” said the Interpreter. “I thought you would understand it for yourself. Now, you have seen enough for one day. We must find a little bed for you, and tomorrow you shall go on your journey.”

II. *Little Christian Comes to the Cross*



ittle Christian slept comfortably that night, and quite early in the morning he said good-bye to his kind friend.

Beyond the Interpreter's house the Way of the King was easy to find, for a high wall had been built on each side of the road. Little Christian thought this would make his journey less difficult, but the Interpreter told him that the wall did not go all the way to the Celestial City.

"When you have passed it," he said, "you must still keep to the straight path, and as long as you do that you will be safe."

Christian had almost forgotten his burden while he was with the Interpreter, but as he walked along and the day began to grow hot, he felt its weight again and wished that he could get rid of it.

Goodwill said I should lose it at the Cross, he thought. I wonder if that is very far away.

Presently he came to a place where there was a little hill by the side of the road, and upon the hill he saw the very thing for which he was longing. There stood the Cross, and the moment little Christian began to climb the path that led to it, he felt that the bands that fastened his burden were breaking. Then it fell from his shoulders and rolled to the bottom of the hill, and when he turned to see what had become of it, he found that it was quite gone.

At first he was so surprised that he could scarcely believe that he had really lost the burden that had been such a trouble to him.

I must be dreaming, he thought. But although he stood still for a few minutes, and rubbed his eyes, the burden did not come back. The birds went on singing,





and the sun shone brightly upon the Cross, and he knew that he must be awake and that the King had really taken the weight from his shoulders forever.

“Now I can walk as quickly as I like,” he said. And he stayed looking at the Cross, with his heart full of joy and thankfulness.

I told you before that the King’s own Son had once come to visit the country in which little Christian lived; but, although He was kind and good to everyone, many hated Him, and at last they seized Him and put Him to death in a very cruel manner, by nailing Him to a cross of wood. And this Cross was now placed by the wayside, so that pilgrims to the Celestial City might see it and remember what had been done for their sakes. Little Christian had read about all of this in his Book, and as he stood near the Cross he thought how good the King’s Son must be, and he did not wonder anymore why Evangelist and the other strangers loved Him so dearly and were never tired of talking about Him.

“Perhaps when they were pilgrims they carried burdens like mine,” he said to himself. “And then, when they came to the Cross, they lost them, just as I have done. But I wish the others had not been so cruel to the King’s Son!” And as he looked up at the Cross the tears came into his eyes.

Just then he heard a voice behind him, saying, “Peace be to thee.” Little Christian turned around quickly and saw three figures standing close to him. They wore shining white robes, and when Christian looked at them his eyes felt dazzled, as if he had been gazing at the sun.

They must have come from the Celestial City, he thought. They are so bright and beautiful.

“You have often displeased the King,” said one of them, “but I have come to tell you that He has quite forgiven you, and the naughty things that you have done will not be remembered anymore.”

Then the second took him by the hand, saying, “This little suit that you are



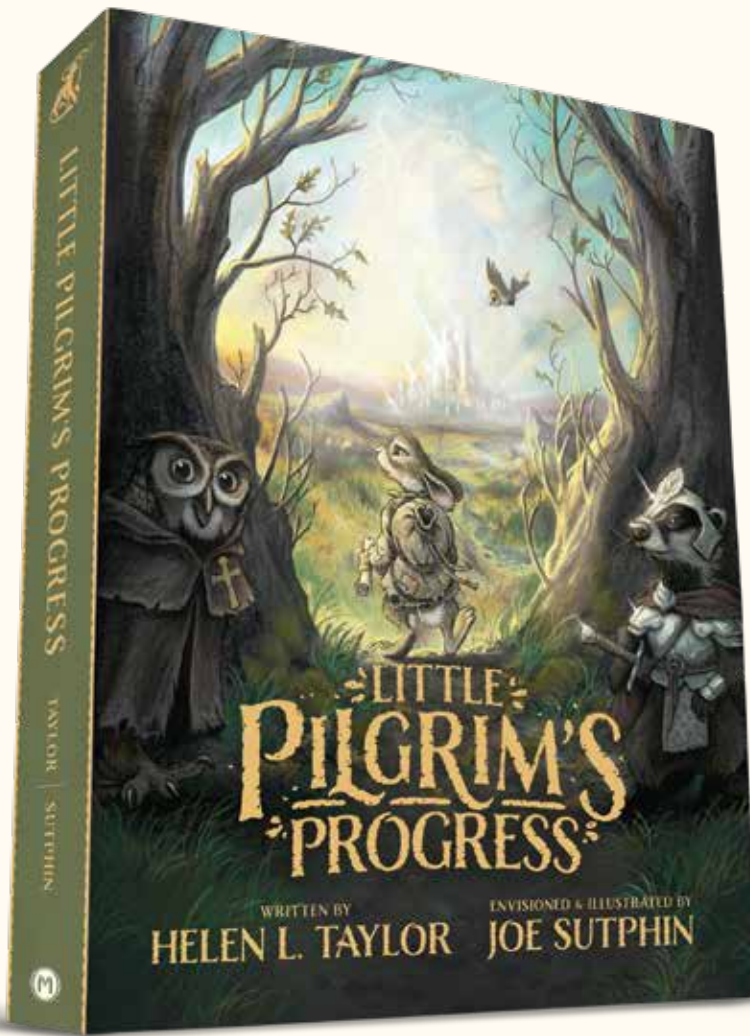
wearing is torn and soiled. The King wishes His pilgrims to wear clothes that are clean and neat, so I have brought you some new ones.”

And before little Christian had time to think what answer he should make, his shabby suit was taken off and he was dressed all in white.

Then the third, with a gesture, set the King’s mark upon his forehead and gave him a little roll of parchment in which, he said, Christian might read as he went along; and he must be sure to take

care of it, for he would be asked to show it at the gate of the Celestial City.

After this the three Shining Ones went away, and little Christian was left to rejoice over all that the good King had done for him.



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