drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang:

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway-side.
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them; and he who can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not as yet at their journey's end), they ate, and drank, and departed.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels: so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way, Numb. xxi. 4. Wherefore as still they went on, they wished for a better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let's go over it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

HOPE. But, how if this path should lead us out of the way?

CHR. That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the way-side? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy to their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence; so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, to the celestial gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell