me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk
and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror
fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.
Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that
he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of
those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the
way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke
still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and
heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never
obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that
stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome
thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since
and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also
observed, that he was troubled with apparitions of
hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would
intimate so much by words.

Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his
brother’s head above water; yea, sometimes he would
be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would
rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour
to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men
standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer,
It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been hope-
ful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he
to Christian. Ah! brother, said he, surely, if I was
right, he would now arise to help me; but for my sins
he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me.
Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot
the text where it is said of the wicked, “There are no
bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they
are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued
like other men,” Psa. lxxiii. 4, 5. These troubles and
distresses that you go through in these waters, are no
sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try
you, whether you will call to mind that which hereto-
fore you have received of his goodness, and live upon
him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was in a
muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added these