Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my first Pilgrim has but shewn his face;
Call at their door: if any say, Who's there?
Then answer thou, Christiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys: and then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came;
Perhaps they 'll know them by their looks or name;
But if they should not, ask them yet again,
If formerly they did not entertain
One Christian, a Pilgrim? If they say
They did, and were delighted in this way:
Then let them know, that these related were
Unto him; yea, his wife and children are.

Tell them that they have left their house and home;
Are turned Pilgrims; seek a world to come:
That they have met with hardships in the way;
That they do meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on serpents, fought with devils;
Have also overcome a many evils:
Yea, tell them also of the next who have,
Of love to pilgrimage, been stout and brave