Some say, His words and stories are so dark,  
They know not how by them to find his mark.

**ANSWER.**

One may (I think) say, Both his laughs and cries  
May well be guess'd at by his watery eyes.  
Some things are of that nature as to make  
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.  
When Jacob saw his Rachel with the sheep,  
He did, at the same time, both kiss and weep.  
Whereas some say, A cloud is in his head;  
That doth but shew his wisdom's covered  
With his own mantle, and to stir the mind  
To search well after what it fain would find.  
Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,  
Do but the godly mind the more allure  
To study what those sayings should contain,  
That speak to us in such a cloudy strain.  
I also know a dark similitude  
Will on the curious fancy more intrude,  
And will stick faster in the heart and head,  
Than things from similes not borrowed.  
Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement  
Hinder thy travels: behold, thou art sent  
To friends, not foes; to friends that will give place  
To thee, thy Pilgrims, and the words embrace.  
Besides, what my first Pilgrim left conceal'd,  
Thou, my brave second Pilgrim, hast reveal'd!  
What Christian left lock'd up, and went his way,  
Sweet Christiana opens with her key.

**OBJECTION IV.**

But some love not the method of your first:  
Romance they count it, throw 't away as dust.  
If I should meet with such, what should I say?  
Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay?