ANSWER.

My Christiana, if with such thou meet,
By all means, in all loving wise them greet;
Render them not reviling for revile;
But if they frown, I prythee on them smile;
Perhaps 'tis nature, or some ill report,
Has made them thus despise or thus retort.

Some love no fish, some love no cheese, and some
Love not their friends, nor their own house or home;
Some start at pig, slight chicken, love not fowl,
More than they love a cuckoo or an owl.
Leave such, my Christiana, to their choice,
And seek those who to find thee will rejoice:
By no means strive, but in most humble wise
Present thee to them in thy Pilgrim's guise.

Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest;
And wish what thou shalt shew them may be bless'd
To them for good, and make them choose to be
Pilgrims by better far than thee and me.
Go then, I say, tell all men who thou art;
Say, I am Christiana, and my part
Is now, with my four sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a Pilgrim's lot.

Go also, tell them who and what they be
That now do go on pilgrimage with thee;
Say, Here's my neighbour, Mercy; she is one
That has long time with me a pilgrim gone:
Come, see her in her virgin face, and learn
'Twixt idle ones and pilgrims to discern.
Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
The world which is to come, in any wise.
When little tripping maidens follow God,
And leave old doating sinners to his rod,