I got up, and went with him. So as we walked, and as travellers usually do, I was as if we fell into a discourse; and our talk happened to be about Christian and his travels; for thus I began with the old man.

Sir, said I, what town is that there below, that lieth on the left hand of our way?

Then said Mr Sagacity (for that was his name), It is the City of Destruction, a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people.

I thought that was that city, quoth I: I went once myself through that town; and therefore know that this report you give of it is true.

SAG. Too true! I wish I could speak truth in speaking better of them that dwell therein.

Well, sir, quoth I, then I perceive you to be a well-meaning man, and so one that takes pleasure to hear and tell of that which is good. Pray, did you never hear what happened to a man some time ago of this town (whose name was Christian), that went on a pilgrimage up towards the higher regions?

SAG. Hear of him! Ay, and I also heard of the molestations, troubles, wars, captivities, cries, groans, frights, and fears, that he met with and had in his journey. Besides, I must tell you all our country rings of him: there are but few houses that have heard of him and his doings but have sought after and got the records of his pilgrimage; yea, I think I may say, that his hazardous journey has got many well-wishers to his ways; for, though when he was here he was fool in every man's mouth, yet now he is gone he is highly commended of all. For 'tis said he lives bravely where he is: yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, yet have their mouths water at his gains.

They may, quoth I, well think, if they think anything that is true, that he liveth well where he is; for he now lives at and in the Fountain of life, and has what he has without labour and sorrow, for there is no grief mixed therewith. But, pray, what talk have the people about him?