behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their hearts good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil’s tinder-box.

Now supper was ready, the table spread, and all things set on the board; so they sat down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had. His song was this:

The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed;
How can I then want anything
Whereof I stand in need?

When the song and music were ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim’s life. Christiana answered, First the loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that was but natural affection. Then after that came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have drawn me into the pond, but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way.

INTER. But met you with no opposition before you set out of doors?

CHR. Yes, a neighbour of mine, one Mrs Timorous: she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back for fear of the lions. She also befuddled me, for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure; she also urged what she could to dishearten me from it, the hardship and troubles that my husband met with in the way; but this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had of two ill-looking ones, that I