chain, but also by being hedged up: yet they will choose to go there.

CHR. They are idle; they love not to take pains; uphill way is unpleasant to them. So it is fulfilled unto them as it is written, “The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns,” Prov. xv. 19. Yea, they will rather choose to walk upon a snare, than go up this hill, and the rest of this way to the city.

Then they set forward, and began to go up the hill, and up the hill they went. But before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant, and said, I daresay this is a breathing hill; no marvel, if they that love their ease more than their souls choose to themselves a smoother way! Then said Mercy, I must sit down; also the least of the children began to cry. Come, come, said Great-Heart, sit not down here; for a little above is the Prince’s arbour. Then he took the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto.

When they were come to the arbour, they were very willing to sit down, for they were all in a pelting heat. Then said Mercy, How sweet is rest to them that labour, Matt. xi. 28, and how good is the Prince of pilgrims to provide such resting-places for them! Of this arbour I have heard much; but I never saw it before. But here let us beware of sleeping; for, as I have heard, that cost poor Christian dear.

Then said Mr Great-Heart to the little ones, Come, my pretty boys, how do you do? what think you now of going on pilgrimage? Sir, said the least, I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand in my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as a ladder, and the way to hell is down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death.

Then said Mercy, But the proverb is, To go down the hill is easy. But James said (for that was his name), The day is coming when, in my opinion, going down the hill will be the hardest of all. That’s a good boy