Now by that these pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good-will unto her; and his name was Mr Brisk; a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once, or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the most alluring.

Her mind also was to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon those that had need. And Mr Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her, that he was a very busy young man, and one who pretended to religion, but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which is good.

Nay, then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied, that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given to him; her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor would quickly cool his courage.

So the next time he came he finds her at her old work, making things for the poor. Then said he, What! always at it? Yes, said she, either for myself, or for others. And what canst thou earn a-day? said he. I do these things, replied she, that I may be rich in good works, laying up in store for myself a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life, 1 Tim. vi. 17-19. Why, prithee, what dost thou with them? said he. Clothe the naked, said she. With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come at her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said