HON. Knew him! I was a great companion of his; I was with him most an end; when he first began to think upon what would come upon us hereafter, I was with him.

GREAT. I was his guide from my Master's house to the gates of the Celestial City.

HON. Then you knew him to be a troublesome one?

GREAT. I did so! but I could very well bear; for men of my calling are oftentimes intrusted with the conduct of such as he was.

HON. Well, then, pray let us hear a little of him, and how he managed himself under your conduct.

GREAT. Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Every thing frightened him that he heard anybody speak of, if it had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I have heard that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month together; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they many of them offered to lend him their hands. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City—he said he should die if he came not to it: and yet he was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshiny morning, I don't know how, he ventured, and so got over; but when he was over, he would scarcely believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was. So he came up to the gate, you know what I mean, that stands at the head of this way, and there also he stood a good while before he would venture to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy. For, for all he got before some to the gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand shaking and shrinking; I dare say it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him. Nor would he go