valley and him; for I never saw him better in all his
pilgrimage than he was in that valley.

Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and
kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley, Lam. iii.
27–29. He would now be up every morning by break
of day, tracing and walking to and fro in the valley.

But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley
of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost
my man: not for that he had any inclination to go
back; that he always abhorred; but he was ready to
die for fear. Oh, the hobgoblins will have me! Oh, the
hobgoblins will have me! cried he, and I could not beat
him out of it. He made such a noise and such an out-
cry here, that had they but heard him, it was enough to
courage them to come and fall upon us.

But this I took very great notice of, that this valley
was as quiet when we went through it, as ever I knew
it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had
now a special check from our Lord, and a command not
to meddle until Mr Fearing had passed over it.

It would be too tedious to tell you of all: we will
therefore only mention a passage or two more. When
he was come to Vanity Fair, I thought he would have
fought with all the men in the fair. I feared there we
should have been both knocked on the head, so hot was
he against their fooleries. Upon the enchanted ground
he was very wakeful. But when he was come at the
river where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy
case. Now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever,
and so never see that face with comfort, that he had
come so many miles to behold.

And here also I took notice of what was very remark-
able: the water of that river was lower at this time
than ever I saw it in all my life: so he went over at
last, not much above wetshod. When he was going up
to the gate, I began to take leave of him, and to wish
him a good reception above. So he said, I shall, I shall.
Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more.

Hon. Then it seems he was well at last?