whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose after that to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters.

Well, so soon as he saw Mr Great-Heart and his friends at the mouth of his cave, with their weapons, he demanded what they wanted.

GREAT. We want thee: for we are come to revenge the quarrels of the many pilgrims that thou hast slain, when thou hast dragged them out of the King's highway: wherefore come out of thy cave. So he armed himself and came out, and to battle they went, and fought for above an hour, and then stood still to take wind.

SLAY. Then said the giant, Why are you here on my ground?

GREAT. To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as I told thee before. So they went to it again, and the giant made Mr Great-Heart give back: but he came up again, and in the greatness of his mind he let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his weapon fall out of his hand. So he smote him, and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn. He also took Feeble-Mind, the pilgrim, and brought him with him to his lodgings. When they were come home, they shewed his head to the family, and set it up as they had done others before, for a terror to those that should attempt to do as he hereafter.

Then they asked Mr Feeble-Mind how he fell into his hands.

FEEBLE. Then said the poor man, I am a sickly man, as you see: and because death did usually once a-day knock at my door, I thought I should never be well at home: so I betook myself to a pilgrim's life, and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind, but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's