this is? pointing his finger at Christiana. It is Christianna, the wife of Christian, that famous pilgrim, who, with Faithful his brother, was so shamefully handled in our town. At that they stood amazed, saying, We little thought to see Christiana when Grace came to call us; wherefore this is a very comfortable surprise. They then asked her of her welfare, and if these young men were her husband's sons. And when she had told them they were, they said, The King whom you love and serve make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace.

Hon. Then Mr Honest (when they had all sat down) asked Mr Contrite and the rest in what posture their town was at present.

Contr. You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair time. 'Tis hard keeping our hearts and spirits in good order when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this, and has to do with such as we have, has need of an item to caution him to take heed every moment of the day.

Hon. But how are your neighbours now for quietness?

Contr. They are much more moderate now than formerly. You know how Christian and Faithful were used at our town; but of late, I say, they have been far more moderate. I think the blood of Faithful lieth as a load upon them till now; for since they burned him, they have been ashamed to burn any more. In those days we were afraid to walk the streets; but now we can shew our heads. Then the name of a professor was odious; now, especially in some parts of our town (for you know our town is large), religion is counted honourable. Then said Mr Contrite to them, Pray how fareth it with you in your pilgrimage? how stands the country affected towards you?

Hon. It happens to us as it happeneth to wayfaring men:—sometimes our way is clean, sometimes foul; sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill; we are seldom at a certainty. The wind is not always on our backs, nor is every one a friend that we meet with in the way.