Holy. Then said Mr Holy-Man, There are two things that they have need to possess who go on pilgrimage; courage, and an unspotted life. If they have not courage, they can never hold on their way; and if their lives be loose, they will make the very name of a pilgrim stink.

Love. Then said Mr Love-Saints, I hope this caution is not needful among you. But truly there are many that go upon the road, who rather declare themselves strangers to pilgrimage, than strangers and pilgrims on earth.

Dare. Then said Mr Dare-not-Lie, 'Tis true. They have neither the pilgrim's weed, nor the pilgrim's courage; they go not uprightly, but all awry with their feet; one shoe goeth inward, another outward; and their hosen are torn; there is here a rag, and there a rent, to the disparagement of their Lord.

Pen. These things, said Mr Penitent, they ought to be troubled for; nor are the pilgrims like to have that grace upon them and their Pilgrim's Progress as they desire, until the way is cleared of such spots and blemishes.

Thus they sat talking and spending the time, until supper was set upon the table; unto which they went, and refreshed their weary bodies, so retired to rest.

Now they stayed in the fair a great while, at the house of Mr Mnason, who in process of time gave his daughter Grace unto Samuel, Christiana's son, to wife, and his daughter Martha to Joseph.

The time, as I said, that they stayed here, was long, for it was not now as in former times. Wherefore the pilgrims grew acquainted with many of the good people of the town, and did them what service they could. Mercy, as she was wont, laboured much for the poor: wherefore their bellies and backs blessed her; and she was there an ornament to her profession. And, to say the truth, for Grace, Phebe, and Martha, they were all of a very good nature, and did much good in their places. They were also all of them very fruitful: so that Christian's name, as was said before, was like to live in the world.