formed this exploit, they took Mr Despondency and his daughter Much-Afraid into their protection; for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle to that tyrant Giant Despair. They, therefore, I say, took with them the head of the giant (for his body they had buried under a heap of stones), and down to the road and to their companions they came, and shewed them what they had done. Now when Feeble-Mind and Ready-to-Halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute: so since they were so merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-Halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter Much-Afraid by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you he footed it well: also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.

As for Mr Despondency, the music was not so much to him; he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him some of her bottle of spirits for present relief, and then prepared him something to eat: and in a little time the old gentleman came to himself, and began to be finely revived.

Now I saw in my dream, when all these things were finished, Mr Great-Heart took the head of Giant Despair, and set it upon a pole by the highway side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to pilgrims that came after to take heed of entering into his grounds.

Then he writ under it, upon a marble stone, these verses following:—

This is the head of him, whose name only
In former times did pilgrims terrify.
His castle's down, and Diffidence his wife
Brave Mr Great-Heart has bereft of life.
Despondency, his daughter Much-Afraid,
Great-Heart for them also the man has play'd.