that things are right betwixt the Prince of pilgrims and your soul. For he saith, "Blessed is the man that feareth always," Prov. xxviii. 14.

Valiant. Well but, brother, I pray thee, tell us what was it that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees even now; was it for that some special mercy laid obligations upon thee, or how?

Stand. Why, we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground; and as I was coming along, I was musing with myself of what a dangerous nature the road in this place was, and how many that had come even thus far on pilgrimage had here been stopped, and been destroyed. I thought also of the manner of the death with which this place destroyed men. Those that die here, die of no violent distemper; the death which such die is not grievous to them. For he that goeth away in a sleep, begins that journey with desire and pleasure. Yea, such acquiesce in the will of that disease.

Hon. Then Mr Honest interrupting him, said, Did you see the two men asleep in the arbour?

Stand. Ay, ay, I saw Heedless and Too-Bold there; and, for aught I know, there they will lie till they rot, Prov. x. 7. But let me go on with my tale. As I was thus musing, as I said, there was one in very pleasant attire, but old, who presented herself to me, and offered me three things, to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now the truth is, I was both weary and sleepy: I am also as poor as an owlet, and that perhaps the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and again, but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry; but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said if I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy; for, said she, I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me. Then I asked her name, and she told me it was Madam Bubble. This set me further from her; but still she followed me with enticements. Then I betook me, as you saw, to my knees, and with hands lifted up, and cries, I prayed to Him that had said he