

eloquent preachers in the pulpits, and hear delightful music in the galleries,

*Har.* All that seems very nice. Pray, what else is there?

*Dr M.* The inhabitants are exact in paying their debts,—that they were always famous for; and very particular in saying their prayers,—this has rather grown upon them of late. They do not care to associate with the “City of Destruction men,” because they are in rather bad repute—unless, indeed, it is to persuade them to come and live in their town, which many do. Though, you must know, most of the dwellers in the town of Morality are bred and born there. Paul used to live there when his name was Saul. And that young ruler was born there who ran after our Lord, asking Him what good thing he should do. And many very high families make it their abode, and bring up their children there.

*Har.* Well, I do not wonder at that.—They seem very good sort of people. What else?

*Dr M.* What else? I’ll tell you.—They are all as deaf as adders, and as blind as moles.

*Har.* What! all blind and deaf?

*Dr M.* All blind and deaf—every man and woman of them. There is stupidity in their consciences, and hardness in their hearts; and spite of all their religious talk, in their souls they hate the Lord Jesus, and reject the only way of salvation. And some sneer at the pilgrim’s path, while others even go so far as to persecute the pilgrims themselves.

*Har.* Oh, how very shocking! Well, then, I cannot wonder you made up your mind to leave them. But how came you to get away?

*Zill.* Especially, dear uncle, as you must have been deaf and blind, of course, like all the rest?

*Dr M.* That would be too long a story. Certainly, my dear, I was quite deaf to the voice of God, and totally blind to spiritual things. Suffice it to say, a kind physician anointed my eyes and unstopped my ears. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard the mountain, which overhangs the place, rumble fearfully, and I saw flames and smoke issuing from it. I arose and fled for my life, and found my way, by the help of the same kind friend, into the christian’s

narrow path.—But how is this, Harold? You and I have been keeping all the conversation to ourselves!

*Mr S.* Never mind, doctor. We are all as much entertained as Harold with your account of the town of Morality.

*Har.* Well, but who was that Mr. Worldly Wiseman who advised Christian to go and live there?

*Zill.* Why, just what his name signifies, to be sure. You may meet old Wiseman at the corner of every street.

*Per.* And find him (if you search narrowly) in almost every pew at church.

*Dr M.* Where is he not? Luther used to say “every man had a pope in his inside.” I think every man has a Worldly Wiseman in his heart, urging the very same advice as the man in the allegory.

*Har.* Well, but he seems a pleasant sort of man enough.

*Zill.* Oh yes; very respectable indeed! And very wise in his own eyes!

*Har.* Why,—didn’t he tell Christian to get rid of his burden as soon as he could? That was all right, wasn’t it?

*Dr M.* No, it was all wrong. It was the best advice he could offer, however, seeing he was bred in “the town” of Carnal Policy. If he had been taught in Spiritual Policy, he would have told him to go straight to Jesus Christ, burden and all.

*Mr S.* Those, of whom this man is a type, are the greatest enemies to real religion in the world. By their influence they keep many half-awakened souls from salvation.

*Mrs S.* Their dislike of Bible reading, and their misrepresentation of religion as morose and gloomy, and full of horrors, is well brought out in Wiseman’s speeches.

*Per.* But what do they make of the new birth?

*Dr T.* To be born again is, with them, nothing more than to be baptized, or, at most, to become reformed from grosser sins, and outwardly moral in their conduct.

*Mr S.* And to believe in Christ is just to assent to a creed; and the work of the Spirit in the heart is only a figure of speech; and every preacher who, like Evangelist, warns men faithfully to flee from the wrath to come, is a Methodist and an impostor.

*Dr M.* And a common disturber, who ought to be put down by authority.