

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE FIRST STAGE.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den,* and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. (Isa. 64: 6; Luke 14: 33; Psalm 38: 4.) I looked and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts 2: 37; 16: 30; Habak. 1: 2, 3.)

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and restrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "O, my dear wife," said he, "and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear

* Bedford Jail, in which the author was a prisoner for conscience' sake.