

moveing, have given and granted, and by these presents do give, grant, and confirm unto the said Elizabeth Bunyan, my said wife, all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate Rings, household stuffe, Apparel, utensils, Brass, pewter, Beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable, of what kinde, nature, quality, or condition soever the same are or be, and in what place or places soever the same be, shall, or may be found, as well in mine own custodes, possession, as in the possession, hands, power, and custody of any other person or persons whatsoever. To have and to hold all and singular the said goods, chattels, debts, and all other the aforesaid premises unto the said Elizabeth, my wife, her executors, administrators and assignes, to her and her proper uses and behoofs, freely and quietly, without any matter of challenge."

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are the most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in *editions de luxe*, on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

"Of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" writes Dr. Punshon, "it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober gray,' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are as familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions