

# THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

DOVER THRIFT EDITIONS

John Bunyan

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## DOVER THRIFT EDITIONS

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, England, in November, 1628. His father was a maker and mender of pots and kettles, and the son followed the same trade. Though he is usually called a tinker, Bunyan had a settled home and place of business. He had little schooling, and he describes his early surroundings as poor and mean. When he was not yet sixteen his mother died; in two months his father married again; and the son enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War in November, 1644, though whether on the Parliamentary or Royalist side is not certain. The armies were disbanded in 1646, and about two years later Bunyan married a wife whose piety redeemed him from his delight in rural sport and the habit of profane swearing. He became much interested in religion, but it was only after a tremendous spiritual conflict, lasting three or four years, that he found peace. His struggles are related with extraordinary vividness and intensity in his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." In 1655, the year in which he lost his wife, he began to exhort, and two years later he became a regular Non-conformist preacher, continuing, however, to practise his trade. His success as a preacher roused opposition among the regular clergy, and in 1658 he was indicted at the assizes. His writing began with a controversy against the Quakers, and shows from the first the command of a homely but vigorous style.

With the reenactment of the laws against non-conformity at the Restoration, Bunyan became subject to more severe persecution, and with a short intermission he was confined to prison from 1660 till 1672. Again and again he might have been released, but he refused to promise to desist from preaching, and there was no alternative for the justices but to keep him in confinement. Sometimes lax jailers permitted him to preach at church meetings; he frequently ministered to his fellow-prisoners; and he supported his family, now looked after by a second wife, by making laces. He had apparently abundant leisure, for he wrote in prison a large number of books, the first one of importance being that already mentioned, "Grace Abounding"

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

(1666). *"The Pilgrim's Progress"* was also written in jail, but probably during a later confinement of six months in 1675.

In 1672 Charles II suspended the laws against Non-conformists and Roman Catholics, and Bunyan was released. He was called to be minister to a Non-conformist congregation in Bedford, and preached in the barn which served them as a church. But his ministrations were not confined to Bedford. He made preaching tours over a wide district, and even to London, and attracted great crowds of listeners. Meanwhile he continued to write. The first edition of *"The Pilgrim's Progress"* in 1678 was followed by others with additions, and in 1684 by the second part. *"The Life and Death of Mr. Badman"* appeared in 1680; *"The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus"* in 1682. If the works left in manuscript at his death be included, the total of his books amounts to nearly sixty. He died in 1688, leaving a widow and six children, and a personal estate of less than £100. *"The Pilgrim's Progress"* became at once popular, and has continued to be by far the most widely read of all his works, and one of the most universally known of English books. Though in the form of an allegory, the narrative interest is so powerful, the drawing of permanent types of human character is so vigorous, and the style is so simple and direct that it takes rank as a great work of fiction. The best sides of English Puritanism have here their most adequate and characteristic expression, while the intensity of Bunyan's religious fervor and the universality of the spiritual problems with which he deals, raise the work to a place among the great religious classics of the world.

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

### FOR HIS BOOK

*WHEN at the first I took my Pen in hand  
Thus for to write; I did not understand  
That I at all should make a little Book  
In such a mode; Nay, I had undertook  
To make another, which when almost done,  
Before I was aware I this begun.*

*And thus it was: I writing of the Way  
And Race of Saints, in this our Gospel-day,  
Fell suddenly into an Allegory  
About their Journey, and the way to Glory,  
In more than twenty things which I set down:  
This done, I twenty more had in my Crown,  
And they again began to multiply,  
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.  
Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,  
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last  
Should prove ad infinitum, and eat out  
The Book that I already am about.*

*Well, so I did; but yet I did not think  
To shew to all this World my Pen and Ink  
In such a mode; I only thought to make  
I knew not what: nor did I undertake  
Thereby to please my Neighbor; no not I;  
I did it mine own self to gratifie.*

*Neither did I but vacant seasons spend  
In this my Scribble; nor did I intend  
But to divert myself in doing this  
From worser thoughts which make me do amiss.*

*Thus I set Pen to Paper with delight,  
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.*

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

*For having now my Method by the end,  
Still as I pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd  
It down, until it came at last to be  
For length and breadth the bigness which you see.*

*Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,  
I shew'd them others, that I might see whether  
They would condemn them, or them justify:  
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die;  
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:  
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.*

*Now was I in a straight, and did not see  
Which was the best thing to be done by me:  
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,  
I print it will, and so the case decided.*

*For, thought I, some I see would have it done,  
Though others in that Channel do not run.  
To prove then who advised for the best,  
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.*

*I further thought, if now I did deny  
Those that would have it thus, to gratify,  
I did not know but hinder them I might  
Of that which would to them be great delight.*

*For those which were not for its coming forth  
I said to them, Offend you I am loth,  
Yet since your Brethren pleased with it be,  
Forbear to judge till you do further see.*

*If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;  
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone:  
Yea, that I might them better palliate,  
I did too with them thus Expostulate:*

*May I not write in such a stile as this?  
In such a method too, and yet not miss  
Mine end, thy good? why may it not be done?  
Dark Clouds bring Waters, when the bright bring none.  
Yea, dark or bright, if they their Silver drops  
Cause to descend, the Earth, by yielding Crops,  
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,  
But treasures up the Fruit they yield together;  
Yea, so commixes both, that in her Fruit  
None can distinguish this from that: they suit*

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

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*Her well, when hungry; but, if she be full,  
She spues out both, and makes their blessings null.*

*You see the ways the Fisher-man doth take  
To catch the Fish; what Engines doth he make?  
Behold how he engageth all his Wits,  
Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks, and Nets.  
Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook, nor Line,  
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engine can make thine;  
They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,  
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.*

*How doth the Fowler seek to catch his Game  
By divers means, all which one cannot name?  
His Gun, his Nets, his Lime-twigs, Light, and Bell;  
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea who can tell  
Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these  
Will make him master of what Fowls he please.  
Yea, he must Pipe and Whistle to catch this;  
Yet if he does so, that Bird he will miss.*

*If that a Pearl may in a Toad's head dwell,  
And may be found too in an Oyster-shell;  
If things that promise nothing do contain  
What better is than Gold; who will disdain,  
That have an inkling of it, there to look,  
That they may find it? Now my little Book  
(Though void of all those Paintings that may make  
It with this or the other man to take)  
Is not without those things that do excel  
What do in brave, but empty notions dwell.*

*Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,  
That this your Book will stand, when soundly try'd.*

*Why, what's the matter? It is dark. What tho?  
But it is feigned: What of that I tro?  
Some men, by feigning words as dark as mine,  
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.  
But they want solidness. Speak man thy mind.  
They drown the weak; Metaphors make us blind.*

*Solidity indeed becomes the Pen  
Of him that writeth things Divine to men;  
But must I needs want solidness, because  
By Metaphors I speak? Were not God's Laws,*



## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

*His Gospel-Laws, in olden time held forth  
 By Types, Shadows, and Metaphors? Yet loth  
 Will any sober man be to find fault  
 With them, lest he be found for to assault  
 The highest Wisdom. No, he rather stoops,  
 And seeks to find out what by Pins and Loops,  
 By Calves, and Sheep, by Heifers, and by Rams,  
 By Birds, and Herbs, and by the blood of Lambs,  
 God speaketh to him. And happy is he  
 That finds the light and grace that in them be.*

*Be not too forward therefore to conclude  
 That I want solidness, that I am rude:  
 All things solid in shew not solid be;  
 All things in Parables despise not we;  
 Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,  
 And things that good are, of our souls bereave.*

*My dark and cloudy words they do but hold  
 The Truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold.*

*The Prophets used much by Metaphors  
 To set forth Truth; yea, whoso considers  
 Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see,  
 That Truths to this day in such Mantles be.*

*Am I afraid to say that Holy Writ,  
 Which for its Stile and Phrase puts down all Wit,  
 Is everywhere so full of all these things,  
 Dark Figures, Allegories? Yet there springs  
 From that same Book that lustre, and those rays  
 Of light, that turns our darkest nights to days.*

*Come, let my Carper to his Life now look,  
 And find there darker lines than in my Book  
 He findeth any; Yea, and let him know,  
 That in his best things there are worse lines too.*

*May we but stand before impartial men,  
 To his poor One I dare adventure Ten,  
 That they will take my meaning in these lines  
 Far better than his lies in Silver Shrines.  
 Come, Truth, although in Swaddling-clouts, I find,  
 Informs the Judgment, rectifies the Mind,  
 Pleases the Understanding, makes the Will  
 Submit; the Memory too it doth fill*

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

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*With what doth our Imagination please;  
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.*

*Sound words I know Timothy is to use,  
And old Wives' Fables he is to refuse;  
But yet grave Paul him nowhere doth forbid  
The use of Parables; in which lay hid  
That Gold, those Pearls, and precious stones that were  
Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.*

*Let me add one word more. O man of God,  
Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had  
Put forth my matter in another dress,  
Or that I had in things been more express?  
Three things let me propound, then I submit  
To those that are my betters, as is fit.*

1. *I find not that I am denied the use  
Of this my method, so I no abuse  
Put on the Words, Things, Readers; or be rude  
In handling Figure or Similitude,  
In application; but, all that I may,  
Seek the advance of Truth this or that way.  
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave,  
(Example too, and that from them that have  
God better pleased, by their words or ways,  
Than any man that breatheth now a-days)  
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare.  
Things unto thee, that excellentest are.*

2. *I find that men (as high as Trees) will write  
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight  
For writing so; Indeed if they abuse  
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use  
To that intent; but yet let Truth be free  
To make her sallies upon thee and me,  
Which way it pleases God. For who knows how,  
Better than he that taught us first to Plow,  
To guide our Mind and Pens for his Design?  
And he makes base things usher in Divine.*

3. *I find that Holy Writ in many places  
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases  
Do call for one thing, to set forth another;  
Use it I may then, and yet nothing smother.*

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*Truth's golden Beams: nay, by this method may  
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.*

*And now, before I do put up my Pen,  
I'll shew the profit of my Book, and then  
Commit both thee and it unto that hand  
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.*

*This Book it chalketh out before thine eyes  
The man that seeks the everlasting Prize;  
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,  
What he leaves undone, also what he does;  
It also shews you how he runs and runs,  
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.*

*It shews too, who set out for life amain,  
As if the lasting Crown they would obtain;  
Here also you may see the reason why  
They lose their labour, and like Fools do die.*

*This Book will make a Traveller of thee,  
If by its Counsel thou wilt ruled be;  
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,  
If thou wilt its directions understand:  
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;  
The blind also delightful things to see.*

*Art thou for something rare and profitable?  
Wouldest thou see a Truth within a Fable?  
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember  
From New-year's-day to the last of December?  
Then read my Fancies, they will stick like Burrs,  
And may be to the Helpless, Comforters.*

*This Book is writ in such a Dialect  
As may the minds of listless men affect:  
It seems a novelty, and yet contains  
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel strains.*

*Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?  
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?  
Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation?  
Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation?  
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see  
A man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?  
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?  
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?*

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*Wouldest thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,  
And find thyself again without a charm?  
Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,  
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,  
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.*

JOHN BUNYAN.

# THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

**A**S I walk'd through the wilderness of this world,  
 I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, The Jail  
 and I laid me down in that place to sleep;  
 and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and  
 behold I saw a Man cloathed 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. 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 brake out with a lamentable cry, saying *What* His outcry  
*shall I do?*

In this plight therefore he went home, and re-  
 frained 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 Chil-*  
*dren of my bowels, I your dear friend, am in myself*  
*undone by reason of a Burden that lieth hard upon*  
*me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this* This world  
*our City will be burned with fire from Heaven; in*  
*which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my*  
*Wife, and you my sweet Babes, shall miserably come*  
*to ruine, except (the which yet I see not) some way*  
*of escape can be found, whereby we may be deliv-*  
*ered.* At this his Relations were sore amazed; not He knows  
 for that they believed that what he had said to them no way of  
 was true, but because they thought that some frenzy escape  
 as yet

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Carnal  
physic for  
a sick soul

distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed: But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did; He told them, *Worse and worse*: he also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened: they also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him: Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to console his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his Book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, *What shall I do to be saved?*

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named *Evangelist*, coming to him, and asked, *Wherefore dost thou cry?*

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the Book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to Judgment, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

*Christian* no sooner leaves the World but meets  
*Evangelist*, who lovingly him greets  
With tidings of another: and doth shew  
Him how to mount to that from this below.

Then said *Evangelist*, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The Man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the Grave, and I shall fall into *Tophet*. And, Sir, if I be not

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

fit to go to Prison, I am not fit to go to Judgment, and from thence to Execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said *Evangelist*, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a *Parchment-roll*, and there was written within, *Fly from the wrath to come.* Conviction of the necessity of flying

The Man therefore read it, and looking upon *Evangelist* very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said *Evangelist*, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder *Wicket-gate*? The Man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining Light? He said, I think I do. Then said *Evangelist*, Keep that Light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. Christ, and the way to him cannot be found without the Word

So I saw in my Dream that the Man began to run. They that fly from the wrath to come,

Now he had not run far from his own door, but his Wife and Children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the Man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, *Life! Life! Eternal Life!* So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the Plain. are a gazing-stock to the world

The Neighbors also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was *Obstinate*, and the name of the other *Pliable*. Now by this time the Man was got a good distance from them; but however they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the Man, Neighbors, wherefore are you come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be; you dwell, said he, in the City of *Destruction*, the place also where I was born, I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the Grave, into a Obstinate and Pliable follow him

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

place that burns with Fire and Brimstone: be content, good Neighbors, and go along with me.

OBST. What, said *Obstinate*, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!

CHR. Yes, said *Christian*, for that was his name, because that *all* which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a *little* of that that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there where I go, is enough and to spare: Come away, and prove my words.

OBST. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

CHR. I seek an *Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*, and it is laid up in Heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my Book.

OBST. Tush, said *Obstinate*, away with your Book; will you go back with us or no?

CHR. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the Plow.

OBST. Come then, Neighbor *Pliable*, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these craz'd-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

PLI. Then said *Pliable*, Don't revile; if what the good *Christian* says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my Neighbor.

OBST. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Come with me, Neighbor *Pliable*; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more Glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this Book; and for the truth of what is

Christian  
and Obstinate  
pull  
for Pliable's  
soul



## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

express therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it.

PLI. Well, Neighbor *Obstinate*, said *Pliable*, I begin to come to a point: I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him: but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

*Pliable*  
contented  
to go with  
*Christian*

CHR. I am directed by a man, whose name is *Evangelist*, to speed me to a little Gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

PLI. Come then, good Neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said *Obstinate*; I will be no companion of such mis-led, fantastical fellows.

*Obstinate*  
goes rail-  
ing back

Now I saw in my Dream, that when *Obstinate* was gone back, *Christian* and *Pliable* went talking over the Plain; and thus they began their discourse.

Talk  
between  
*Christian*  
and  
*Pliable*

CHR. Come Neighbor *Pliable*, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me: Had even *Obstinate* himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, Neighbor *Christian*, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going?

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my Mind, than speak of them with my Tongue: but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.

God's  
things un-  
speakable

PLI. And do you think that the words of your Book are certainly true?

CHR. Yes, verily; for it was made by him that cannot lye.

PLI. Well said; what things are they?

CHR. There is an endless Kingdom to be inhabited,

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

and everlasting Life to be given us, that we may inhabit that Kingdom for ever.

PLI. Well said; and what else?

CHR. There are Crowns of glory to be given us, and Garments that will make us shine like the Sun in the firmament of Heaven.

PLI. This is excellent; and what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow, for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with *Seraphims* and *Cherubins*, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them: There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the Elders with their golden Crowns, there we shall see the Holy Virgins with their golden Harps, there we shall see men that by the World were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and cloathed with Immortality as with a garment.

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart; but are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers hereof?

CHR. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded *that* in this Book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this Burden that is upon my back.

Now I saw in my Dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry *Slough*, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog.