

CLASSICS

STORYUISION

John Bunyan's

Pilgrim's

Progress

Part Two

For teens and adults

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Produced by Genesis Research Corporation

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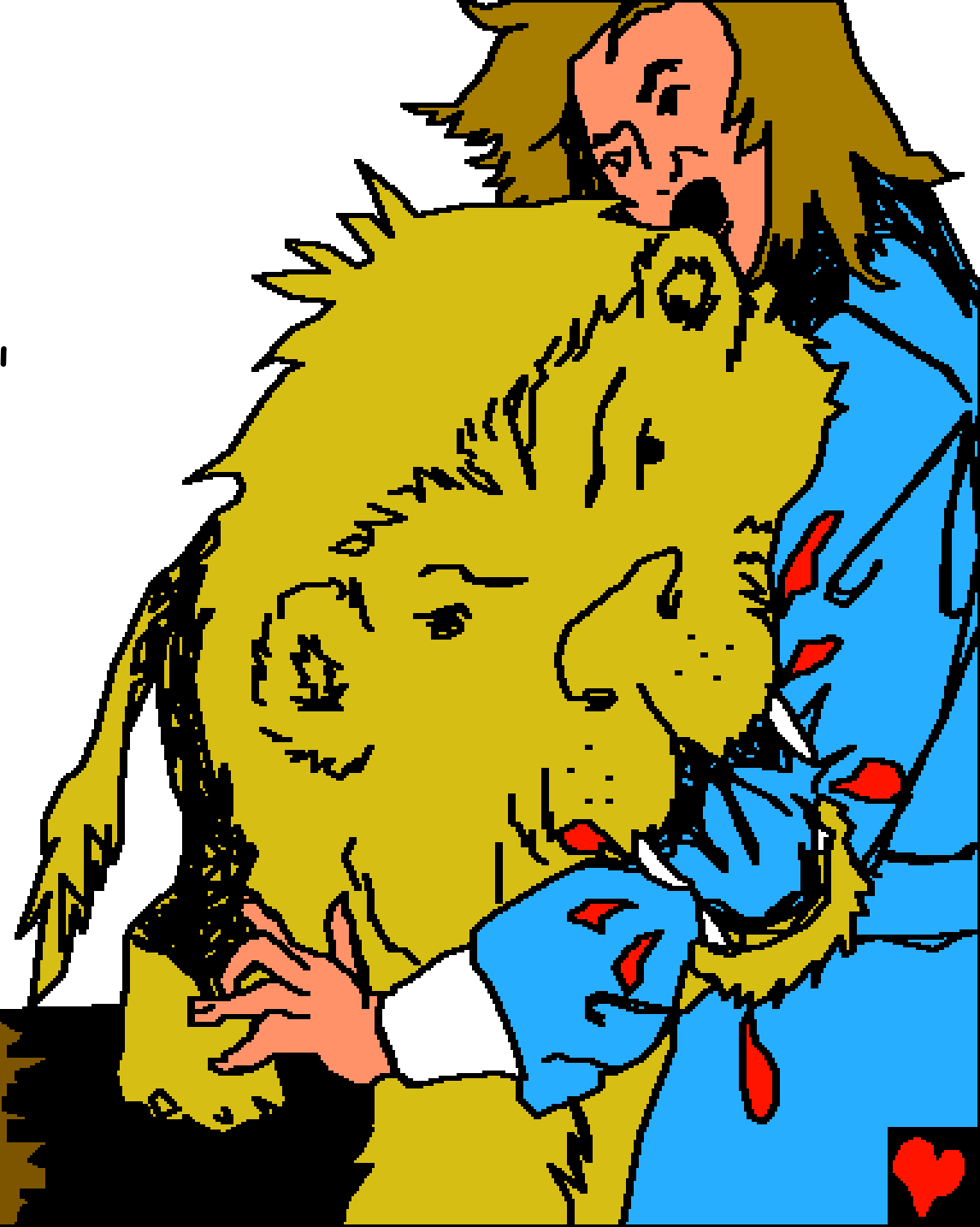
"In heaven, we'll see elders wearing golden crowns; we'll see men who suffered on earth. Some were beaten, some burned, some eaten by wild beasts because they loved the Lord of Heaven. Now they are well clothed with eternal life."



"Hearing all this makes my heart excited," Pliable cried. "But are these things really there for us to enjoy? How shall we get to share the joys of heaven?" Pilgrim held up his Bible. "The Lord, the Governor of the heavenly country, has recorded it all in this Book."



"Everything that is recorded here, if we are truly willing to receive, He will bestow on us freely."



The more Pliable heard about the country to which he and Pilgrim travelled, the more speed he wanted to make. Jumping up, he reached out a hand to help Pilgrim to his feet. "Come, my good companion," he said. "I am glad to hear about these things. Let's hurry on."



Brushing dust and dry grass from his tunic, he handed Pilgrim his Bible.

"Let's go," he repeated.

Pilgrim sighed deeply.

"I cannot go as fast as I would like to, because of this burden on my back."

Together, the two men started walking towards the far side of the field. But they weren't watching the path carefully.

Suddenly . . .



... there, right in the middle of the path, lay a dirty, deep, dangerous swamp called the Slough of Despond. One moment, the men were happily discussing the joys of the new country they were heading for. Next moment, they were stuck in the mud.

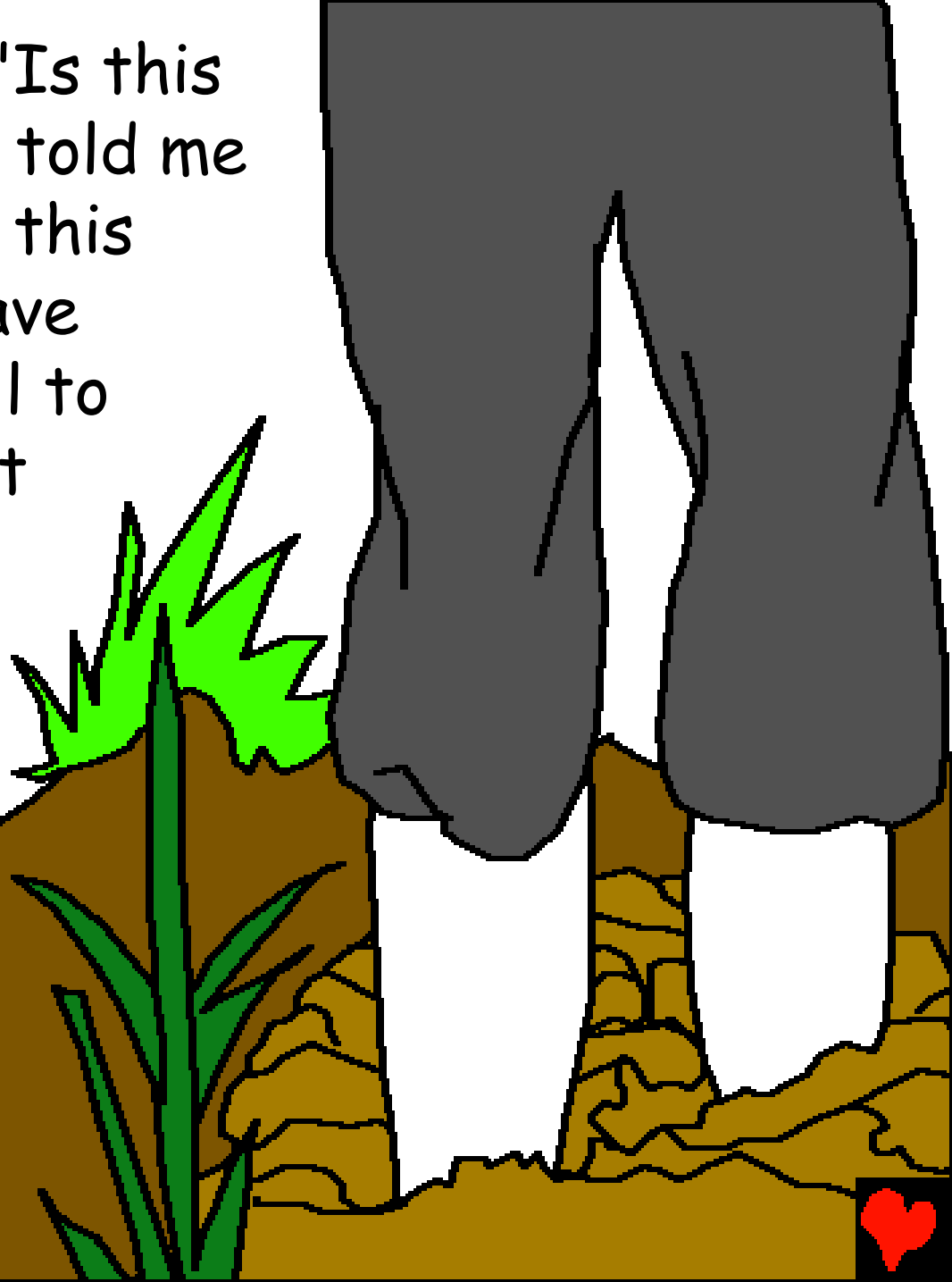


Soon, both travelers were covered in mud. Pilgrim began to sink in the mud because of the heavy burden on his back. "Ah, neighbor Pilgrim, where are you now?" Pliable asked. "Truly, I don't know," Pilgrim replied.



Pliable became angry. "Is this the happiness you have told me about? If I get out of this with my life, you can have the heavenly country all to yourself." With a great effort, Pliable dragged himself free, turned his back on Pilgrim and set off for home.

Pilgrim never saw him again.



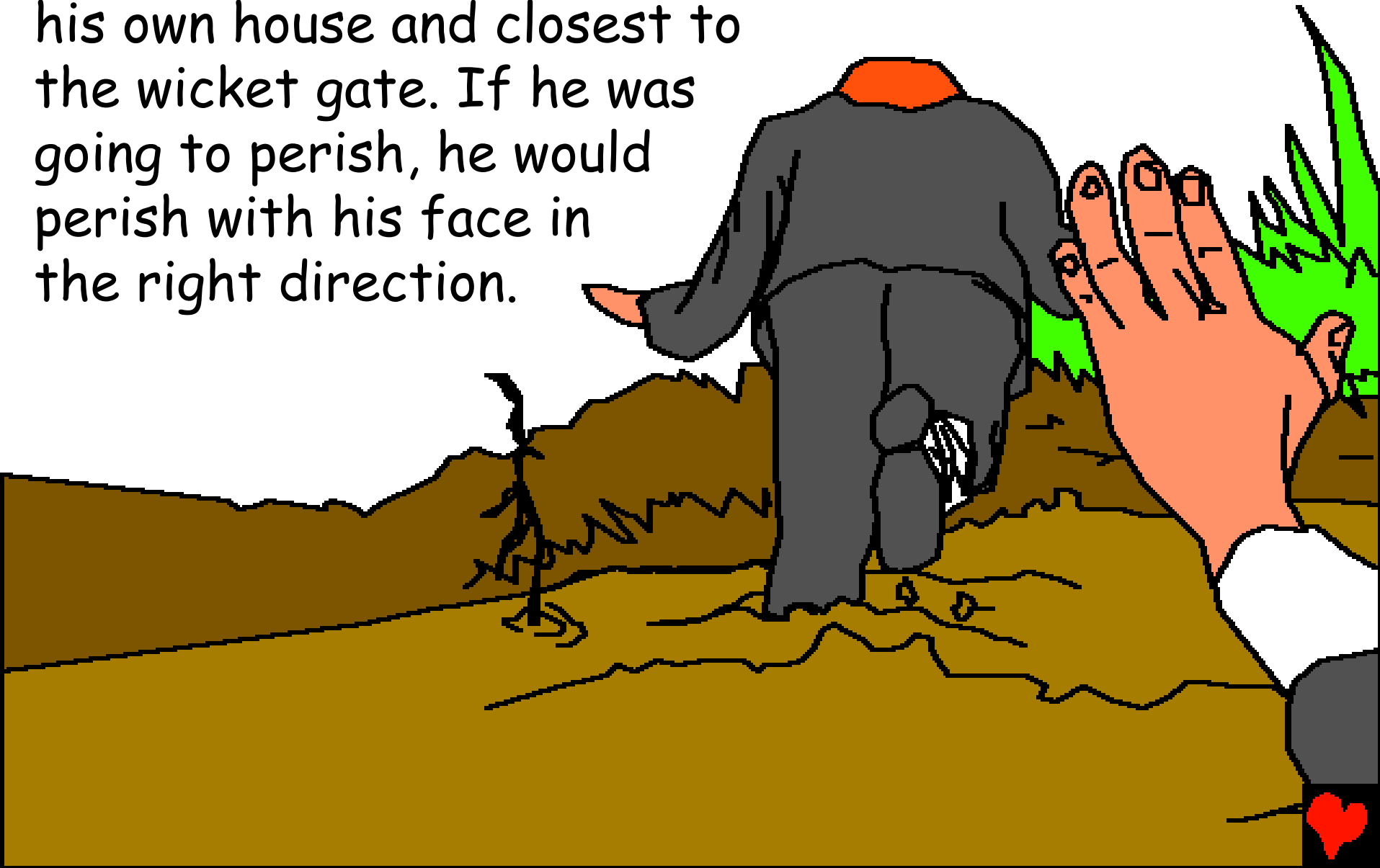
Now Pilgrim was left to stumble in the Slough of Despond alone. How awful to be in that swampy, muddy water.

Gasping and heaving, Pilgrim tried to reach solid ground. What a struggle he made.

But he couldn't get out.



Still Pilgrim endeavored to reach that side of the swampy pond that was farthest from his own house and closest to the wicket gate. If he was going to perish, he would perish with his face in the right direction.



Again and again Pilgrim tried.
But the heavy burden on his
back weighed him down, pulled
against his desperate
efforts. It looked
like the pilgrimage
ended right there
in the mud.



As the waters sucked him deeper, it looked
like everything was finished for Pilgrim.



Just then, a man named Help came along the path. Seeing Pilgrim, he stopped. "Oh, ho!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing there?" Still struggling in the miry pond, Pilgrim explained.



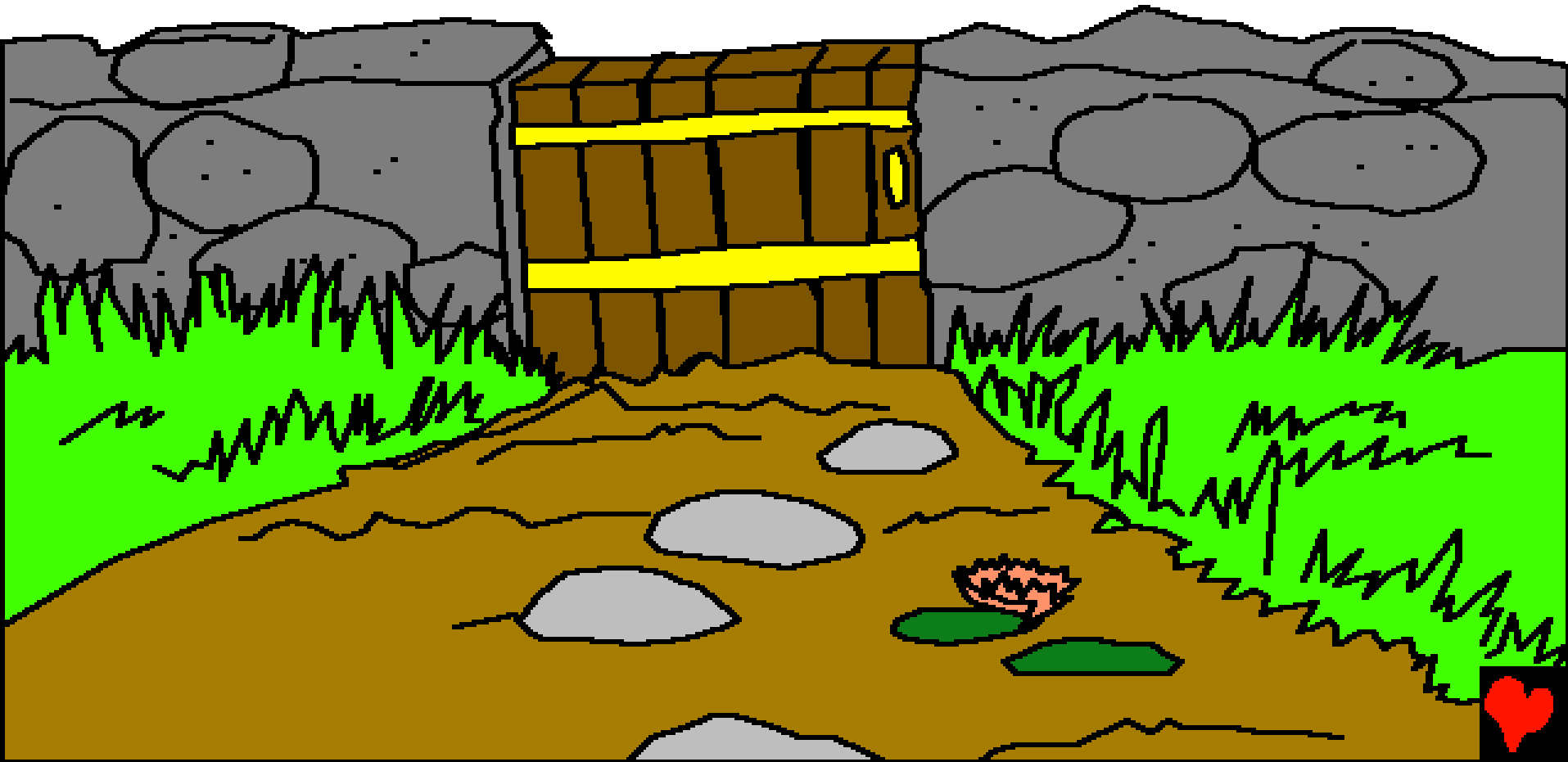
"I was told to come this way by a man called Evangelist." Pilgrim pointed to the wicket gate. "He told me that if I go through yonder gate I will escape the wrath to come. As I was going for the gate, I fell in here."



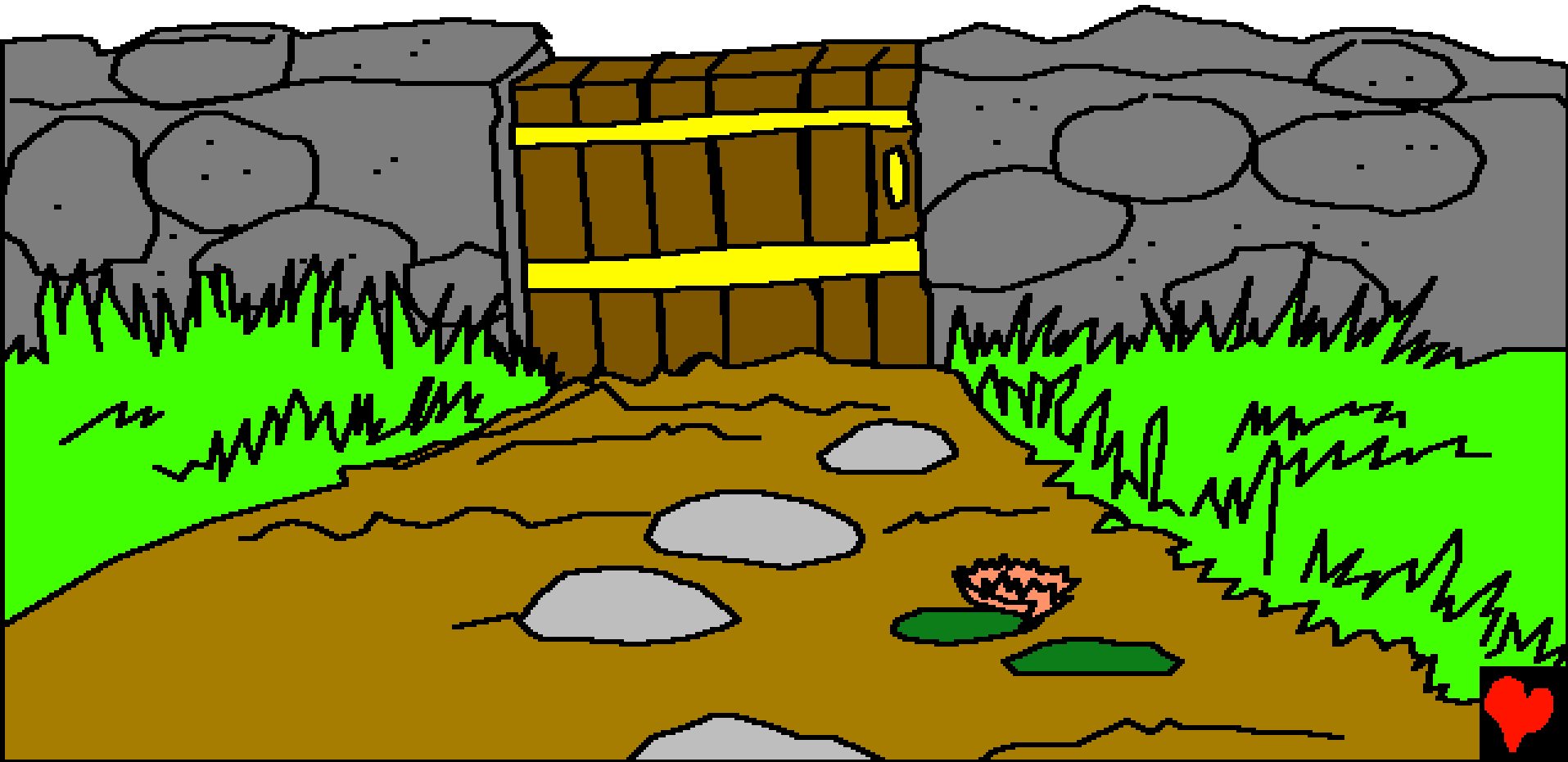
"Give me your hand," Help said. Leaning far over the water's edge, Help gripped Pilgrim's outstretched hand and pulled him up onto the dry ground. "Now, carry on your way," Help advised.



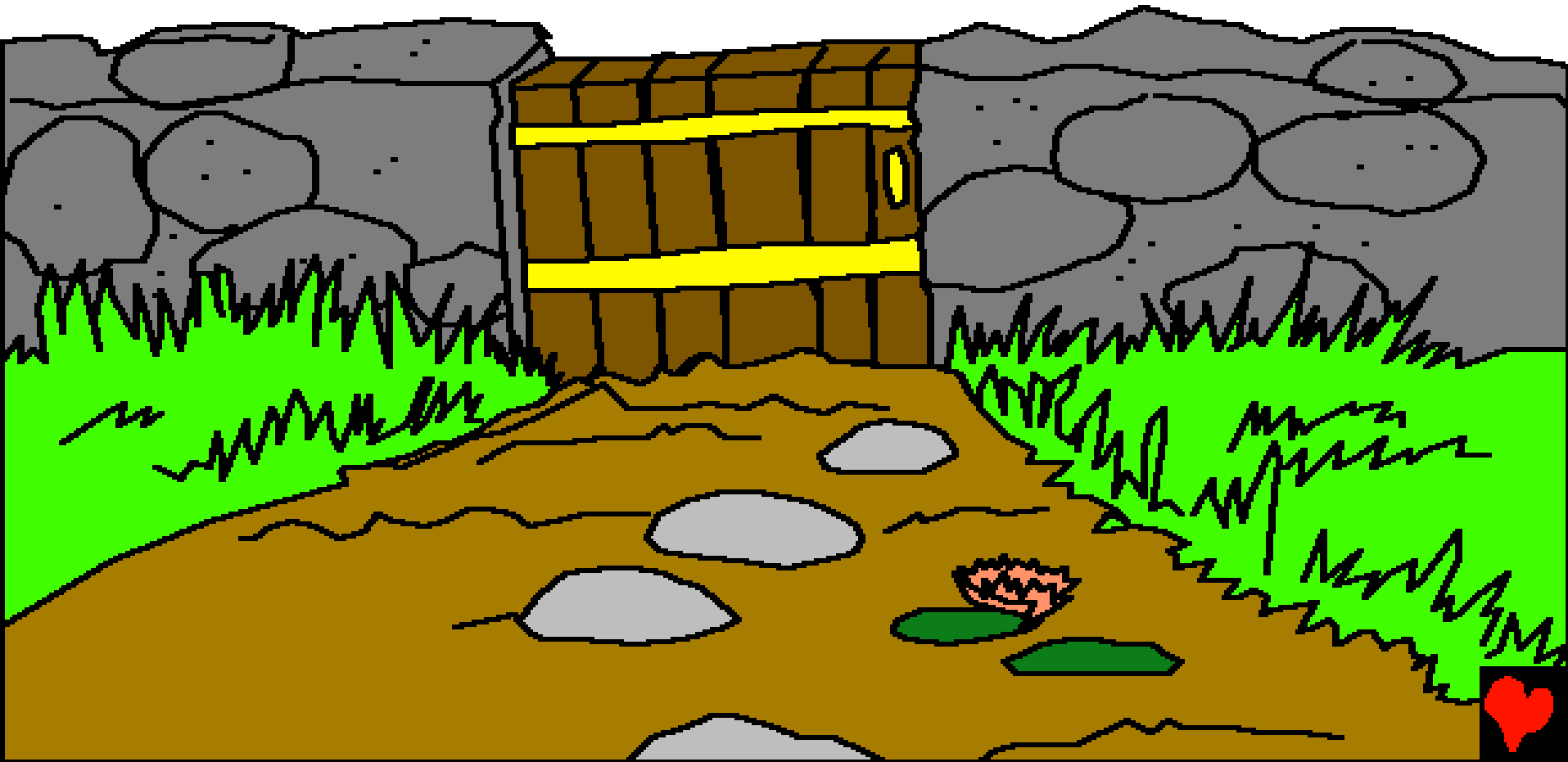
Since Help seemed friendly and wise, Pilgrim asked him a question. "Why is this dangerous swamp not drained so that pilgrims like me can walk safely?"



"This depressed hollow cannot be levelled," Help replied. "It is the place where all the horrible filth of sin runs into. Fear, doubt, uncleanness, all settle here. It is a place of dread for souls who would be clean."



"It is not the King's will that this place should remain bad. But the King's Word reveals steps even in this swamp." Help smiled to encourage Pilgrim. "The ground is good on the other side of the gate," he promised.



By this time, mud-spattered, foot-weary Pliable was back home. Some neighbors called him a wise man for returning; some called him a fool for ever leaving. Some called him a coward for deserting the path at first signs of difficulty.



Pliable tried to explain why he had first of all gone with Pilgrim, then decided to return home. Soon, the neighbors left Pliable alone and began to mock Pilgrim and his desire to be saved.



Meanwhile,
exhausted and
perhaps a little
afraid of what
other difficulties
he might run into,
Pilgrim dragged
his lonely way
towards the
wicket gate
where he
hoped to
find help.



Just then, a large shadow fell across Pilgrim's path. The weary pilgrim looked up. There, straddling the pathway, stood a man. "I'm Mr. Worldly Wiseman," the man introduced himself.

"A citizen of the town of Carnal Policy." Carnal Policy was a town where everybody did what they wanted, not what God wanted.



Mr. Worldly Wiseman stared curiously at Pilgrim. He had an idea who the mud-covered traveller was because the story of Pilgrim's flight from his home city of Destruction had become the talk of the whole country.



"Well, good fellow, where are you going in such a burdened manner?" Worldly Wiseman asked. Pilgrim sighed. "Burdened indeed," he agreed. "I'm going to yonder wicket gate where I'll be told how to be rid of my burden." "You have a wife and children?" the other man enquired. "Yes," said Pilgrim, "but I am so burdened that I cannot take pleasure even in my family."



"Will you listen if I give you advice?" the man asked. "Yes, if it's good advice. I need help," Pilgrim replied. "My advice is, get rid of your burden as quickly as possible," the man said. "That's what I'm trying to do," Pilgrim pointed out. "I can't take it off myself. Nor do I know any man who can!"



"Who told you to go to the wicket gate to get rid of your burden?" Mr. Worldly Wiseman asked. "A man that appeared to me, a very great and honorable person," Pilgrim answered. "His name, as I remember, is Evangelist."



"I don't think much of his advice," the other man frowned. "There's not a more troublesome way in the whole world than the path he told you to follow. You'll find out, if you just keep following his advice. The dirt on you now is just the beginning!"



"Listen to me, I'm older than you," the man went on. "In this path, you'll meet weariness, pain, hunger, dangers, swords, lions, dragons, darkness, even death. Why should you cast your life away by giving heed to a stranger's advice?"



"Why, sir," said Pilgrim,
"this burden on my
back is more
terrible than
these things
you mention.
I don't
care what
happens to
me on the way,
so long as I arrive
at the place where
I find deliverance from
this burden of mine."



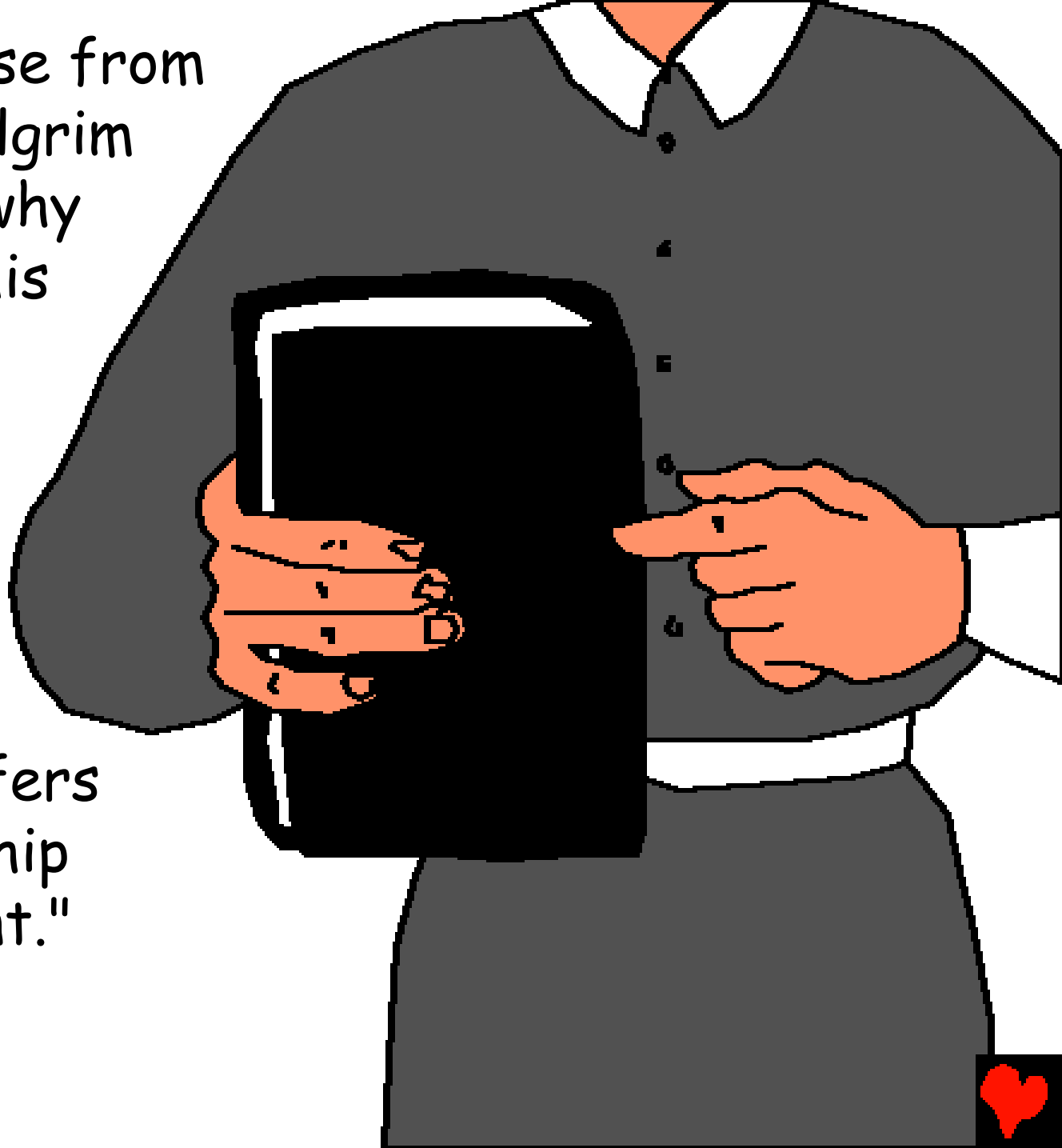
"How did you come to have the burden in the first place?" the man asked.

"By reading this Book in my hand," Pilgrim replied. "I thought so," the man said.

"Like other weak men you've been meddling with things too high for you."



"I must find ease from this burden," Pilgrim insisted. "But why search for it this way?" the man responded. "I can direct you to relief by a way that avoids the dangers and offers safety, friendship and contentment."



Mr. Worldly Wiseman pointed to a village close by. "In yonder village of Morality," he said, "there lives a man named Legality and his son, Civility. He has skill to remove burdens off people's shoulders. He has helped many others."



"If he's not home," Mr. Worldly Wiseman advised, "his son can help as much as the old man himself. There, in Morality, with the help of Legality and Civility, you can be eased of your burden."



Pilgrim's new counsellor had more advice. "If you want to move from your town to Morality, there are empty houses for rent; send for your wife and children and live happily among good neighbors."



'If this is true,' Pilgrim thought, 'my wisest course is to take his advice.' "Sir!" he asked. "What is my way to this honest man's house?" "Cross yonder high hill and the first house you come to is his," was the reply.



So Pilgrim turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help. But when he got near the hill, it seemed fearfully high and hung over him as if it was about to fall on his head. He stood still, not knowing what to do.



Also, Pilgrim's burden now seemed heavier to him than when he was on the way Evangelist had shown him.

As he stood there, great flames of fire burst out of the hillside. Fearing he would be burnt to a cinder, Pilgrim trembled and sweated in terror.



Now Pilgrim regretted he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's advice. As he stood there, he noticed somebody coming to meet him. When he saw who it was, he blushed with shame. It was Evangelist. When he reached Pilgrim, Evangelist gazed at him sternly. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.



Pilgrim looked this way and that way. He didn't know what to say. Hanging his head in shame, he stood speechless. "Aren't you the man I found crying within the walls of the city of Destruction?" Evangelist questioned. Pilgrim nodded. "Yes, dear sir, I am the man." Evangelist's face showed his displeasure.



Evangelist: "Did I not point out to you the path to the little wicket gate?"

Pilgrim: "Yes, dear sir."

Evangelist: "Then why are you so quickly turned aside? You are now off the path."



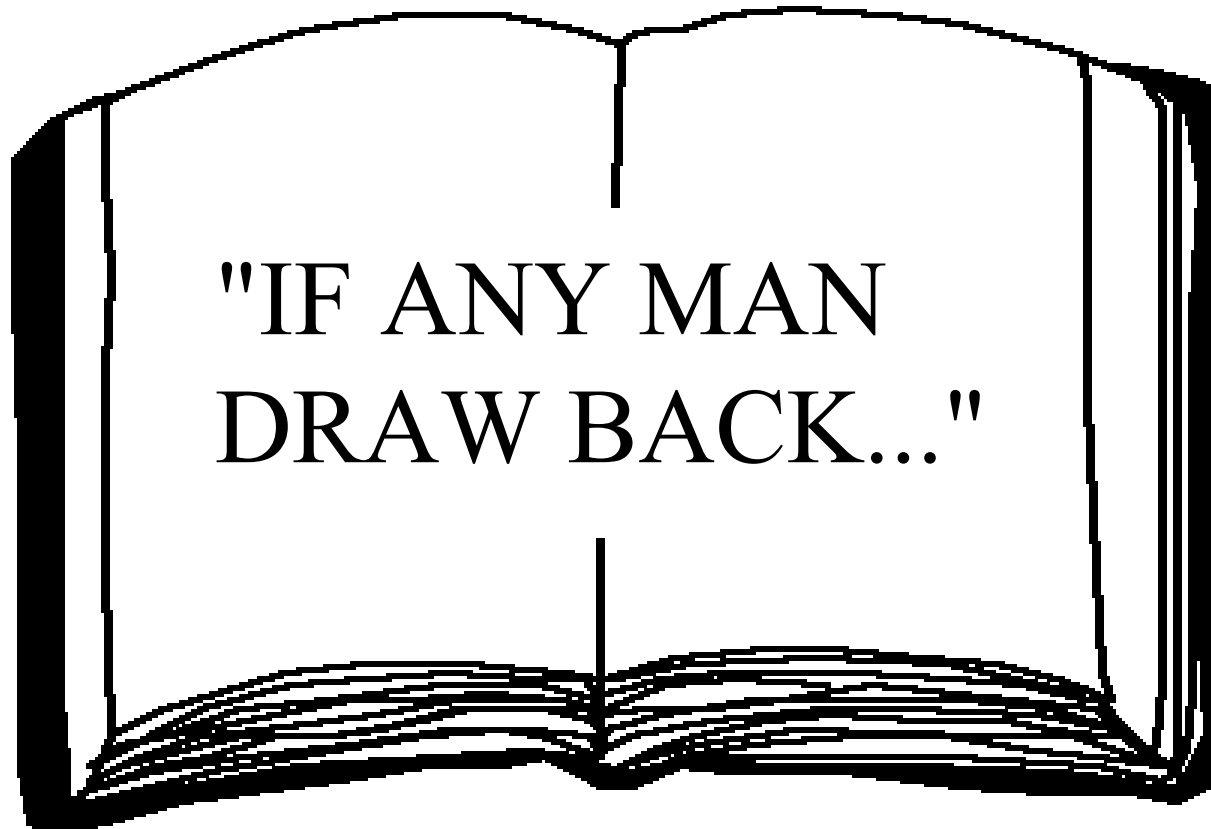
Pilgrim: "As soon as I got over the Slough of Despond, I met a gentleman who persuaded me that I would find in yonder village a man who could take away my burden."



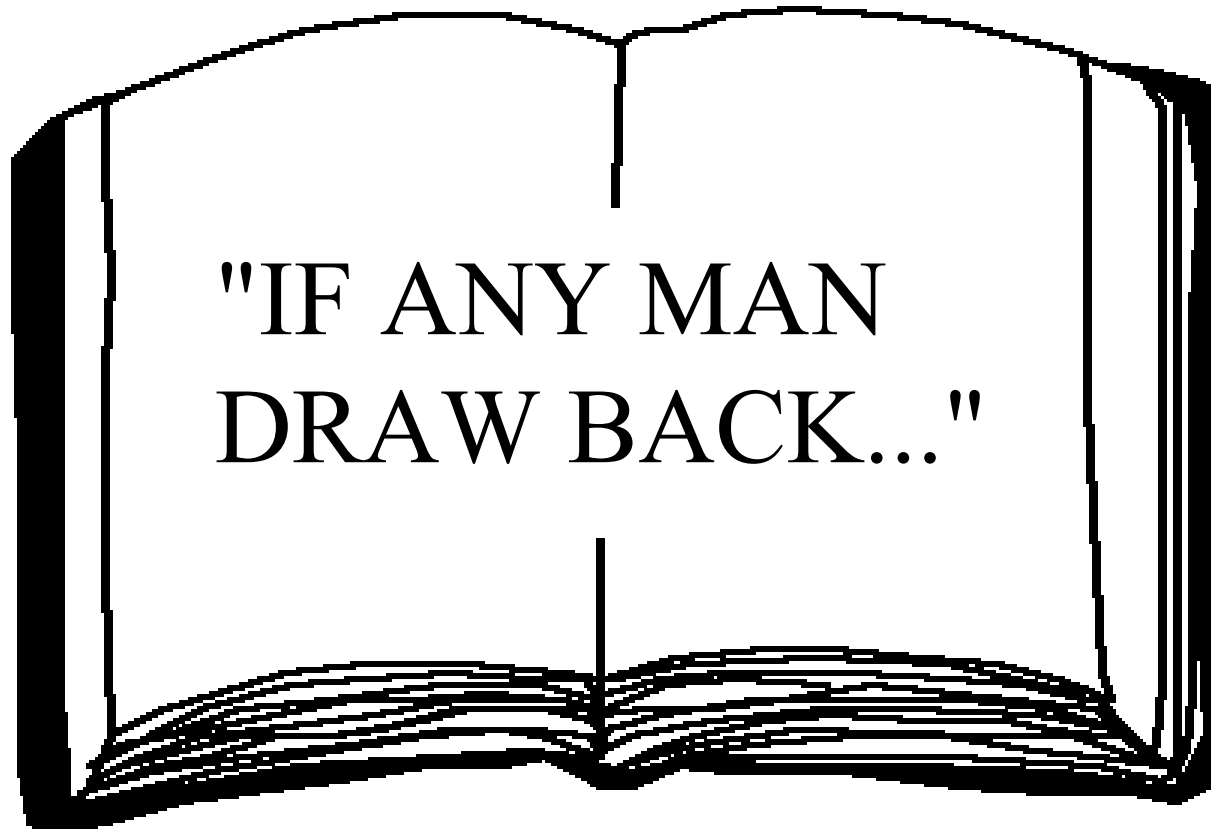
Pilgrim told Evangelist the whole story of how he got off the path. He looked up at the fearful mountain. "When I came to this place," he said, "fear stopped me going further. Now I don't know what to do."



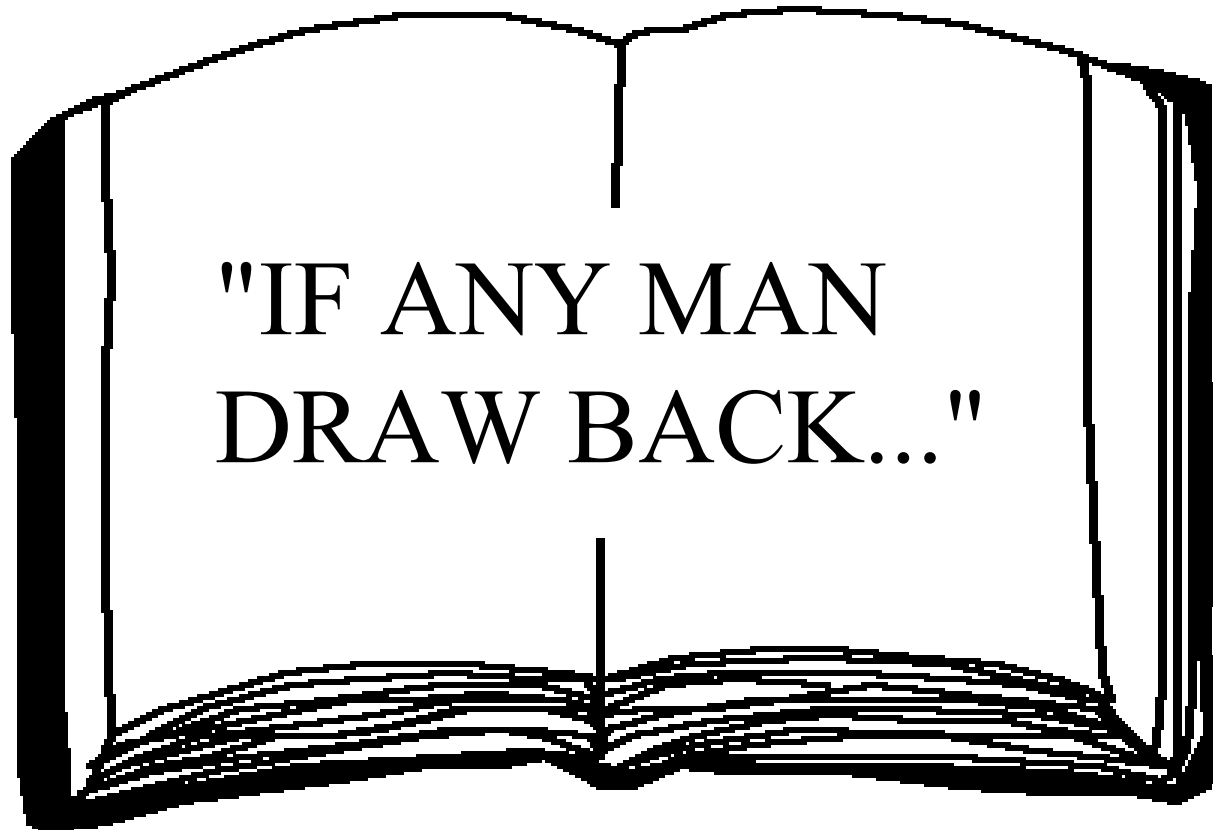
"I will show you the words of God," Evangelist told the trembling Pilgrim. Evangelist opened his Book. "See that you do not refuse Him who speaks," he began. "We will not escape if we turn away from Him who speaks from Heaven."



Evangelist also read these words. "The just shall live by faith; but if any man draws back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." He looked up. "You're that man," he charged. "You have rejected the counsel of the Most High."



Pilgrim fell down as if he were dead. "Woe is me. I am undone," he cried. Evangelist caught his right hand and helped him up. "All manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men," he said. "Be not faithless, but believing."



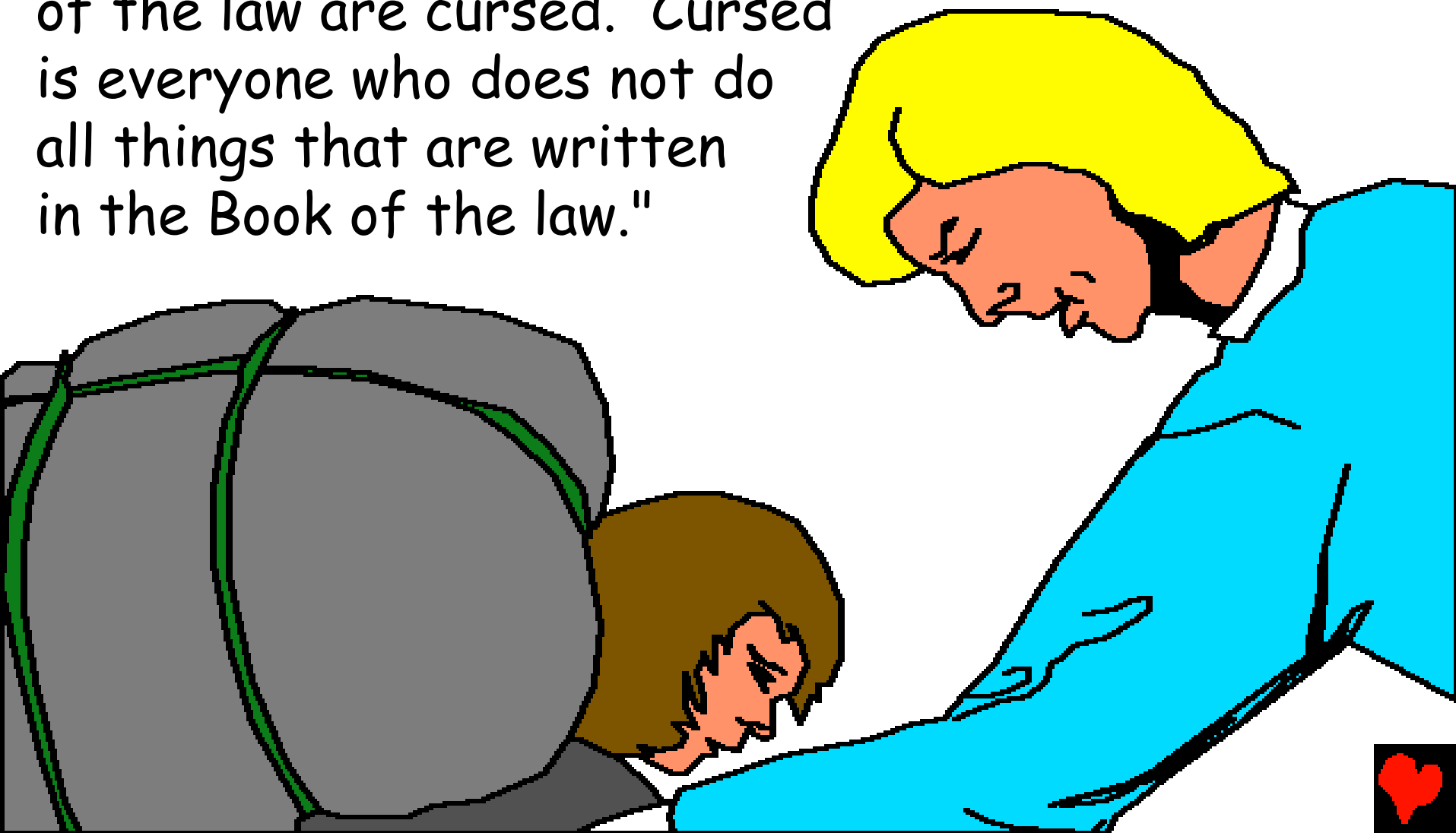
"Give great heed to the things I'll tell you now," Evangelist warned. "Mr. Worldly Wiseman deceived you. He wants to live by this world's ways; he hates God's ways (the cross) and therefore tries to deceive those who seek God's ways."



"Mr. Legality himself bears the burden of breaking God's law. He tells others to lose their burden by keeping God's law - but he hasn't found a way to keep it himself. He cannot help you, Pilgrim. Nor can his hypocritical son Civility."



After this, Evangelist called to the heavens. Pilgrim's hair stood up with fear as words thundered in the air. "As many as are of the works of the law are cursed. Cursed is everyone who does not do all things that are written in the Book of the law."



Now Pilgrim expected death for disobedience. He began to cry and regret that he had met Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He called himself a thousand fools for listening to such advice. He was ashamed he'd been so easily turned off the path.



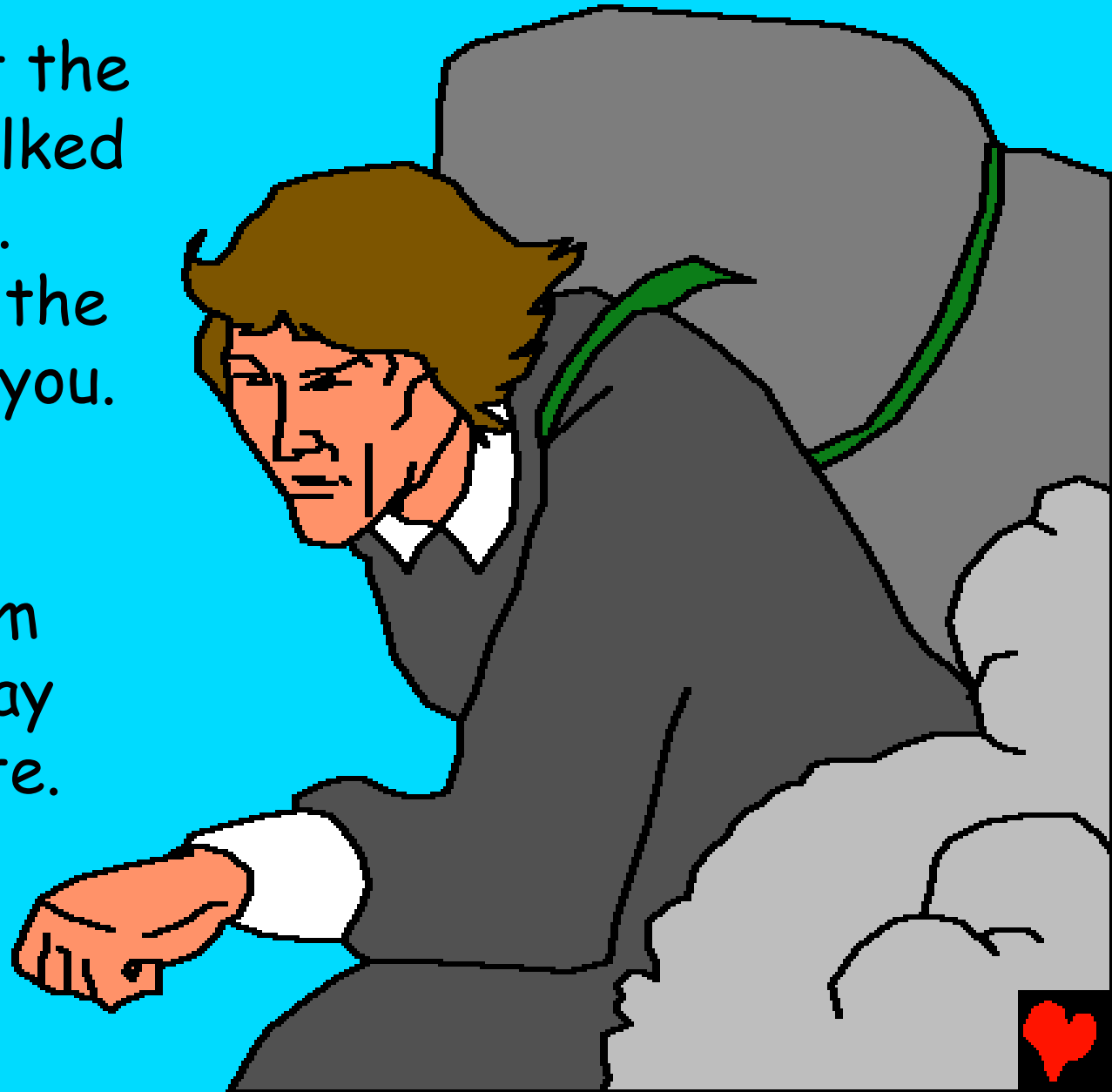
"What do you think, sir?"

Pilgrim appealed to Evangelist.

"Is there any hope? May I return to the path which leads to the wicket gate? I'm sorry I listened to that man. May my sin be forgiven?"



"You committed two sins," Evangelist replied. "You left the good way, and walked a forbidden path. Still, the Man at the gate will receive you. Only, don't turn aside again." Gratefully, Pilgrim hurried all the way to the wicket gate.



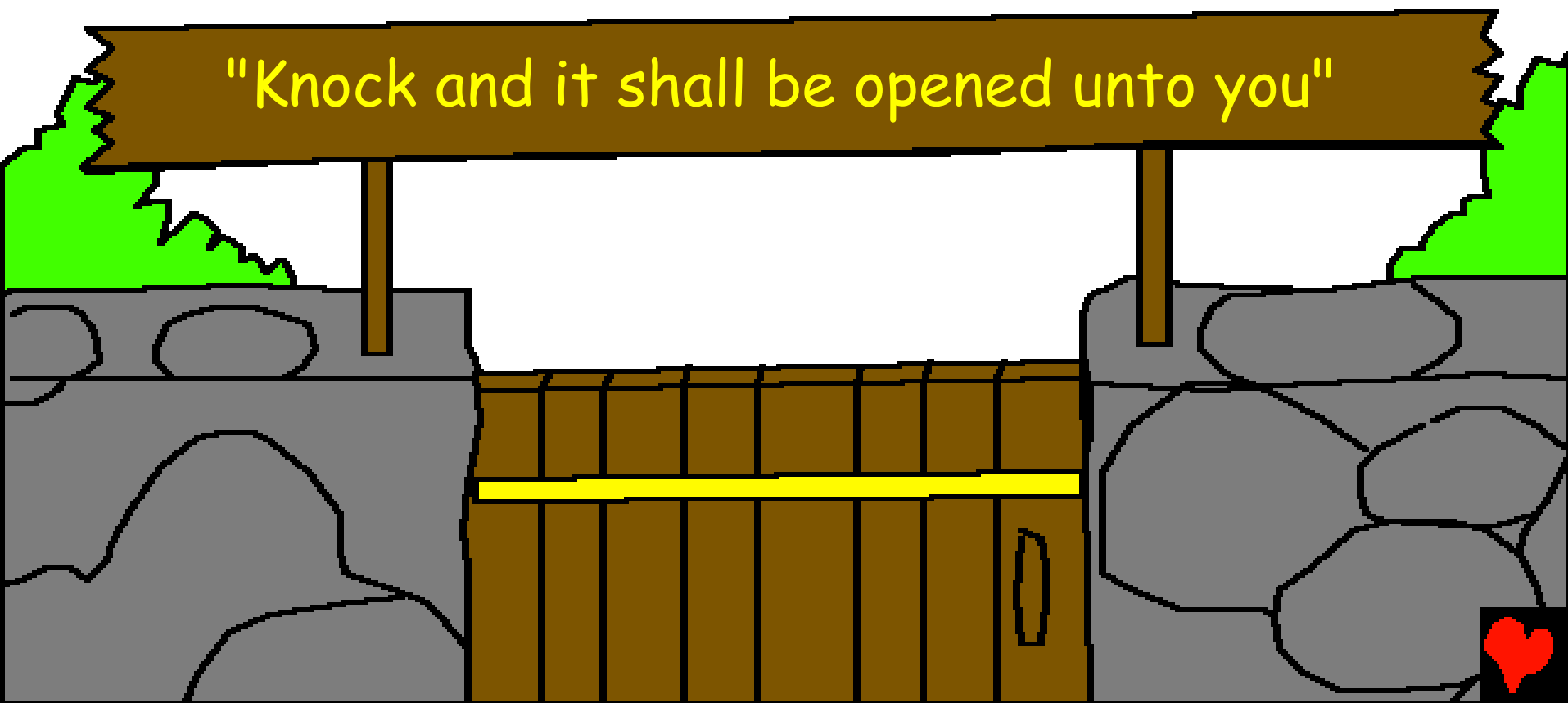
Knocking energetically at the gate, Pilgrim sang out:
"May I now enter here? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing His lasting praise on high."

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you"



Pilgrim knocked again and again. After some time a grave person named Goodwill answered his knock. "Who is there?" he called from inside the gate. "Where have you come from? What do you want?"

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you"

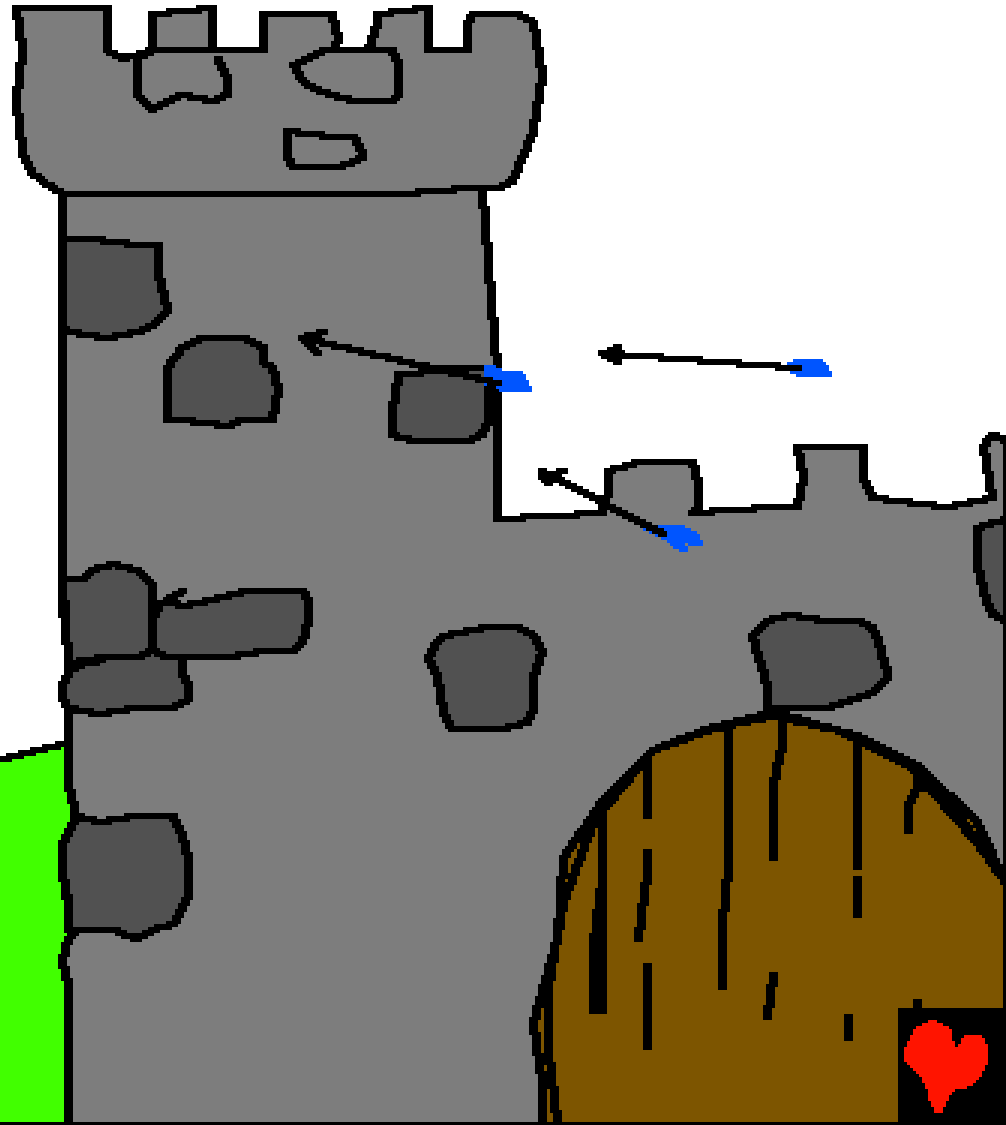


"I am a poor burdened sinner from the city of Destruction - but I go to Mount Zion that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I must pass through this gate to get there. Are you willing to let me in?"

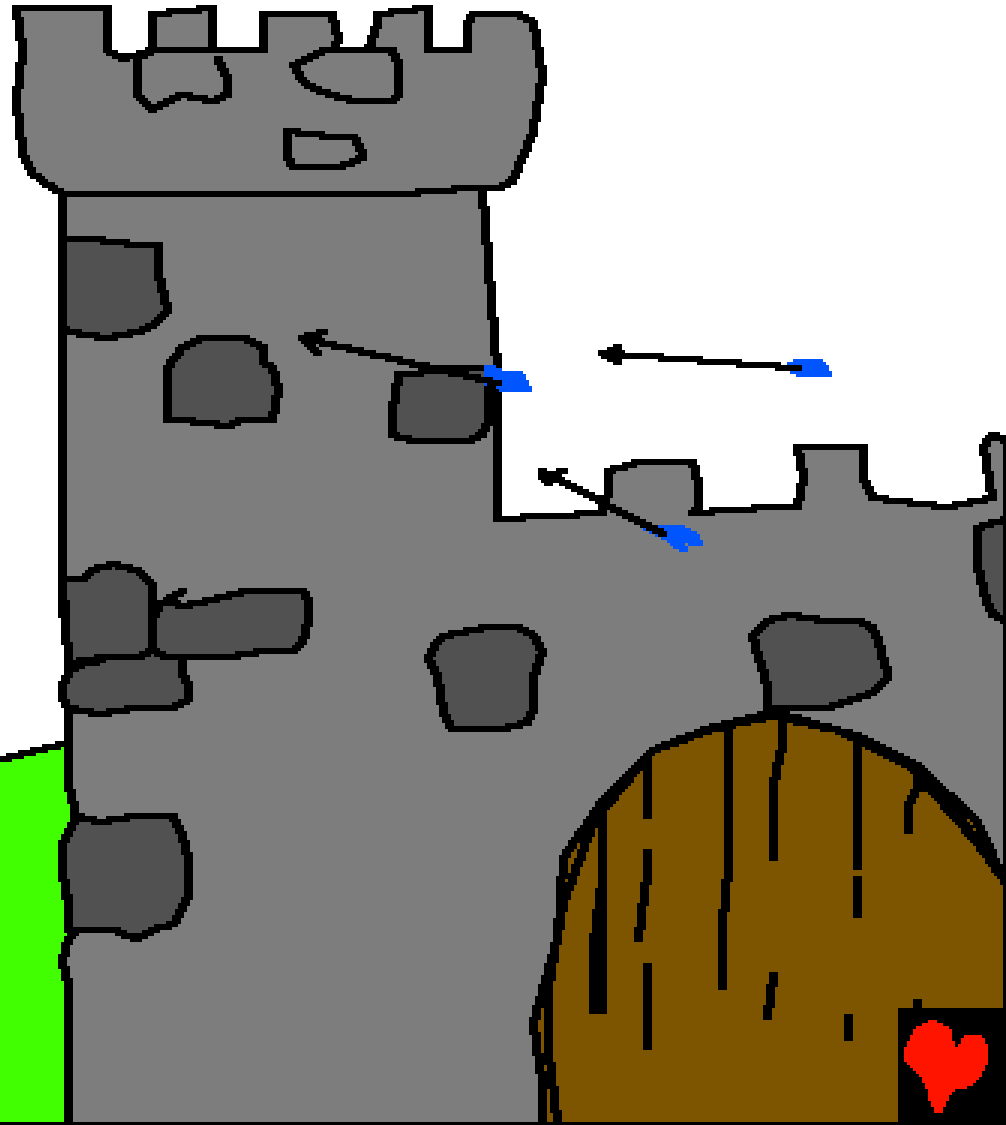
"Knock and it shall be opened unto you"



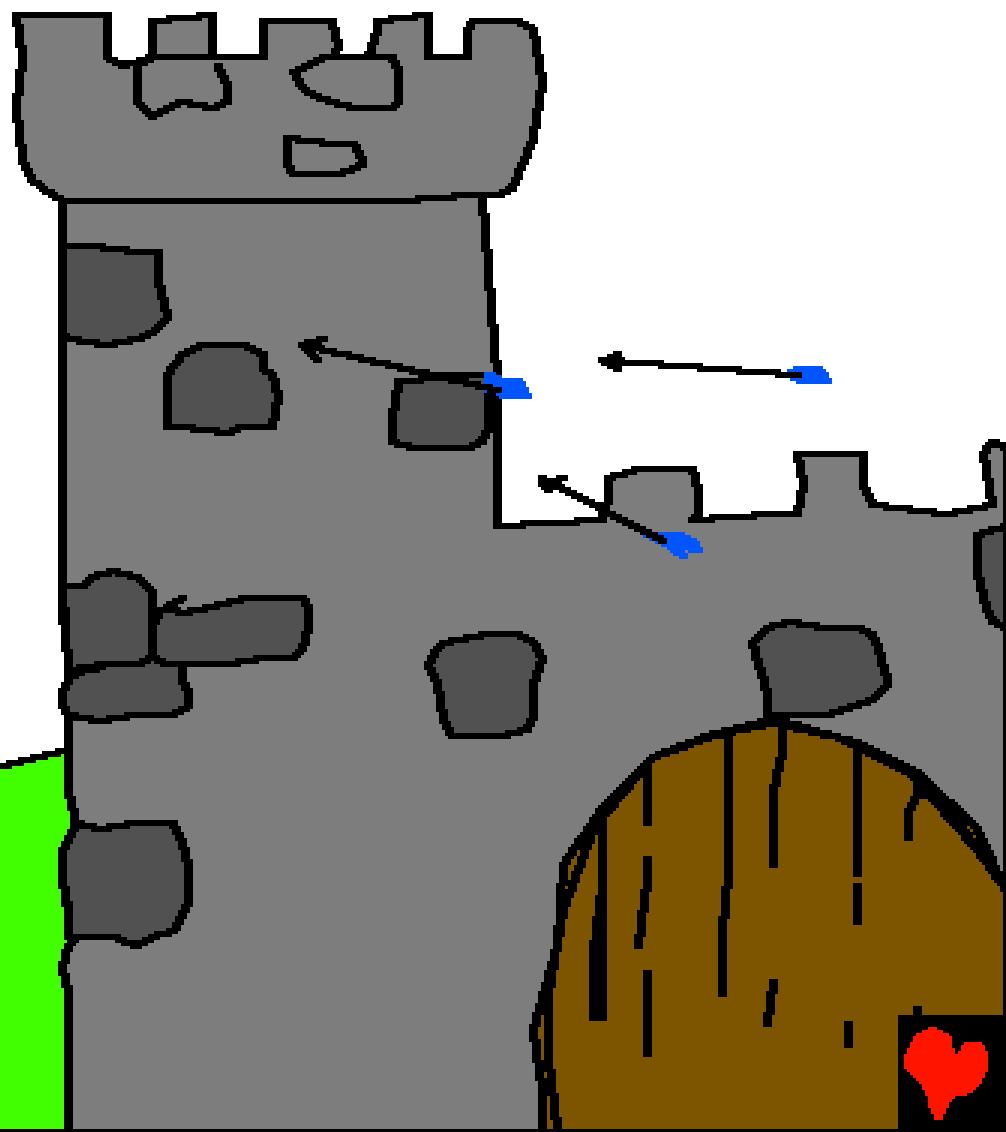
"I am willing with all my heart," Goodwill answered as he opened the gate. While Pilgrim stepped through, Goodwill caught his hand and pulled. "Why do you do that?" the puzzled Pilgrim asked.



"A little distance from this gate there stands a strong castle," Goodwill told Pilgrim. "Our enemy Captain Beelzebub and his soldiers shoot arrows at those who come to this gate. They'd rather pilgrims die than enter in."



Safely inside,
Pilgrim breathed
a sigh of relief.
"Who directed
you here?"
Goodwill asked him.
"Evangelist did,"
said Pilgrim. "He
told me that you,
sir, would tell me
what I must do."



To be
continued...