

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, IN VERSE,
EMBRACING THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN
FROM HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY
OF DESTRUCTION TO HIS ENTRANCE
INTO THE CELESTIAL CITY**

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Eliza Eberle
BY MRS. ELIZA EBERLE.



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BUNYAN'S PILGRIM

IN VERSE.

As I walked through this wilderness
To seek my crown, it seemed,
I lighted on a certain den
In which I slept and dreamed!
I saw a man all clothed in rags,
And they were filthy, too,
Not fit to come before the king,
With whom he had to do.
A burden, too, was on his back,
Which press'd him with its weight
Just like a cart beneath its sheaves—
The burden was so great.
His face was now turned from his house,
And in his hands a book,
For on the things he once so loved,
He now did shun to look.
I saw him reading in his book,
All trembling and afraid—
Then, with a cry of loud lament,
"What shall I do!" he said.
In this sad plight he reach'd his home—
There sought to be resign'd,
That neither wife nor child might know
The troubles of his mind.

But silence he could not endure,
And thus I heard him say :—
As he to wife and children talked
In this affecting way—
“Oh! my dear wife, with whom I live,
And children that I love,
A heavy burden lies on me
Which I cannot remove:
Moreover, I have been informed
God will this city burn—
This very place, wherein we dwell,
He will to ashes turn.
And you, my wife, and our sweet babes
His judgment will o’ertake,
Unless some unknown way be found
Whereby we may escape.”
At this his friends were sore amazed,
Not that they thought ’twas true,
But feared some phrenzy ailed his brain
That would his mind undo.
And they, as night was drawing nigh,
Besought him to repose,
In the vain hope that soft’ning sleep
Would gently soothe his woes.
But sleep refused to lend her aid
In banishing his fears,
And all that long and troublous night
He spent in sighs and tears.
So, when the morning light was come,
They asked him how he was;
He told them he was worse and worse,
And then explained the cause.
But as he talked, they harshly chid,
Their hearts had harder grown;
They thought to drive his gloom away
By such unkindness shown.

Wherefore, he then withdrew himself
To some secluded place ;
And breath'd a fervent prayer to God
To give them all his grace.
Sometimes he read, sometimes he prayed,
And sometimes walked the fields,
Still seeking for that pearl of price,
Which God to man reveals.
Now, as he read his fears increased,
His griefs, they stronger grew,
He cried, as he had done before—
"Lord save! what shall I do?"
His eyes, they wandered here and there,
As if he sought to run ;
He dream'd not of that blessed path
To thee, Eternal One !
Then one, Evangelist, drew near,
"Oh! wherefore dost thou cry?"
He answered with a trembling heart—
"I am condemned to die!"
'Twas thus he answered, in his turn,
"This book that's in my hand
Informs me of a Judgment bar
At which I fear to stand.
My soul will not consent to death—
Judgment I cannot bear—
The thought falls heavy on my heart,
Must I be summoned there?"
Evangelist then made reply,
"Oh! man, dost thou suppose
That death makes man's condition worse,
Since life is full of woes?"
He answered, "Sir, I am afraid
It will be worse with me,
Because this burden on my back
Will seal my misery.

"T will sink me lower than the grave,
Where devils clank their chains,
And bind me in that doleful cell
Where death eternal reigns.
The things of judgment and of death
Are placed before mine eye;
I feel so unprepared for them,
That these things make me cry."
"If this be thy condition, then,
Why stands't thou still!—oh, fly!—
'Tis sure destruction to remain—
Why wilt thou stay to die?"
He answered: "Darkness reigns around,
Here thorns and brambles grow—
Alas! the way is new to me,
I know not where to go!"
Evangelist gave him a roll,
With these words written on:—
"Now is the time—escape for life!
Flee from the wrath to come!"
Then read the man the parchment roll,
And with an anxious sigh
Looked steady on Evangelist,
Saying, "Whither shall I fly?"
Evangelist, then pointing to
A narrow wicket gate,
Said, "Run, but turn to neither side,
Because the way is straight."
He said: "I cannot see the gate,
Because of yonder field;
Is this the way the Pilgrims pass
With helmet, sword and shield?"
Evangelist then asked him if
He "saw you shining light,
Lit up for those who pass this way
To guide their steps aright?"

He answered thus: "I think I see
A gleaming from afar,
Just like a single shining spark,
Or like a rising star."
"Keep in thy eye that gleaming light—
The path it maketh straight,
And go directly up thereto,
So shalt thou see the gate;
At which, when thou hast gone and knocked,
Thy duty shall be plain,
For one will tell thee what to do
Who can these things explain."
Then in my dream I saw the man
When speaking he had done,
As one who had fresh courage took
Set out with speed to run.
Now he had run, as I perceived,
But short way from his door,
When wife and children seeing him,
Cried, "give the journey o'er."
He put his fingers in his ears,
Cried, "Life, eternal life!"
Ran on, looked not behind, nor heard
His children or his wife.
The neighbors then came out to see—
Some thought the man insane:
He heeded not, but ran towards
The middle of the plain.
Some angry, threatened—others mocked—
When two resolved this course:
"If fair will not, foul means will do—
We'll bring him back by force."
Dream as it was, I recollect—
I do remember well—
The name of one was Obstinate,
The other, Pliable.

Now, by this time, the man had got
Some distance off from them ;
But so resolved, and swift their feet,
They soon caught up to him.

The man then said, when they drew nigh,
"Friends, wherefore are ye come?"
"To take you back with us," they said—
"Back to your native home."

The man then said : "This cannot be :
By no means I'll return ;
Your city is Destruction, sirs—
There also was I born.

And all that die there, I am told,
Sink lower than the grave,
Where flames of sulph'rous fire arise,
And round their spirits rava.

Oh, then, good neighbors, be content,
And go along with me ;
Your city is a fearful place,
I have been made to see."

Said Obstinate : "What! leave our friends
And comforts all behind?

I never can do this I think,
Unless I change my mind."

"All you forsake," then Christian said,
(For Christian was his name,)

"Cannot be worthy to compare
With what will be your gain.

Yes, if you'll go along with me,
You, like myself, shall share ;
I'm going where there is enough,
And also some to spare."

Said Obstinate : "What are the things
You leave your all to find—

The things you think outvalue all
That you must leave behind?"