

**THE PILGRIM AND
OTHER WORKS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649531417

The Pilgrim and Other Works by Mrs. C. A. Westbrook

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

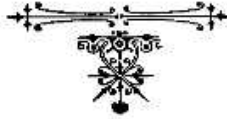
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. C. A. WESTBROOK

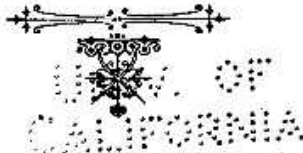
**THE PILGRIM AND
OTHER WORKS**

MRS. C. A. WESTBROOK.



The Pilgrim:

AND OTHER WORKS.



St. LOUIS:

PIERROT & SON, PRINTERS.

1886

PS 3158
W97 P5
1886
MAIN



DEDICATION



TO the Youths of Texas, I dedicate this, my first work, hoping it may assist them in climbing life's rugged hill. And that the good old book "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" may possess some attractions in its new dress, I have tried to cull fair flowers from the best writers, and arrange them in a bouquet which I pray may send forth rich fragrance to gladden each heart. Of one thing they may be assured: There is no thorn of sophistry concealed to pierce the soul. I seek not to derive pecuniary profit from its sale. My purpose is to appropriate the proceeds to beneficent purposes.

Your friend most truly,

MRS. C. A. WESTBROOK.

PRÆM.

THE radiance of Bunyan's star was resting on my heart
When forth its worship came, unbid—of life a very part.
The brightest day from darkest night is sometimes seen to
spring,

And captives oft, 'mid prison's gloom, the sweetest anthems sing.
And as I sat in silence bound, and sought the wondrous goal,
The worship—faint at first—became, the passion of my soul.
New peace and love with hope and joy, in holy beauty blend,
And yet I tremble to the world my little book to send,
For some will frown, and some will smile, and others look askance ;
Some will peruse, some ha'f read o'er, while others deign a glance ;
But if the Father doth approve the offering of His child,
His loving benediction grant, and bless her with His smile,
'Twill prove reward enough to bless for hours of thoughtful care
And onward to the "promised rest" her hastening footsteps bear.
Oh grant, Dear Father, in this book, as in a mirror bright,
Our youth may see the narrow way that leadeth up to light,
And learn to shun within themselves, the faults which they condemn
When brought to view as "blight and blast" in lives of other men,
Inscribing on the inmost heart the precept "Know thyself"—
Esteem above Fame's passing breath or cankering hoard of pelf
The soul God-given, which shall outlive the utmost bound of time
And rise to greet the Cherubim and join the hymn sublime.



THE PILGRIM.

→ * AWAKENING. † DEPARTURE. * ←

WH thou now borne on Fancy's eager wing,
Back to the season of life's happy spring!
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget,
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale,
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail.
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style
May touch the gayest, make the wisest smile.
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord
Speaking in parables his slightest word,
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame.
Yet, now, in Life's late autumn day,
That deftly crowns my brow with silver gray,
Revere the man whose "Pilgrim" marks the road
And guides the "progress" of the soul to God.
Oh poet, sad the effulgent beam
That lighted eell, and shone in dream,
Burned in thy heart, inspired thy pen
And made thee great, 'mid fellow men.
The goddess Wisdom never sped her dart
More grandly, nor with more skilled art,
Than when she rent the Dreamer's night away,
And turned his darkness into healthful day.
But, now methinks I hear you say
You've slightly wandered from your theme away.
Thus Bunyan wandered through the world, it seemed,
And while he wandered, thus, the Dreamer dreamed.

TO VINU
AMBONIAO

+ 8 +

A man he saw, a wretched one,
Forlorn, in rags, unpitied and undone,
Standing alone, within a certain space ;
A book was in his hand, and on his face
An anxious look, upon his back a burden bore,
His straining form was turned afrom his door.
Opening the book, with trembling dire he read ;
And as the truth burned in his soul, in dread
Cried out, with loud and piercing cry,
"What shall I do, Oh, whither must I fly !
I'm filled with sin, death's doom is o'er my door ;
I dare not rest me here, I know not where to go !"
Then, coward as he was, he hushed his deep distress
Lest his deriding wife would mock his wild unrest.
Silent he could not be, for stirred conscience strove,
And of his former sins a death-pall wove.
Louder he cried, "Oh! who can me relieve
Of this great burden. Who my soul retrieve!
My friends, this city will be burnt with fire.
The God of justice will his risen ire
Vent on you all, unless you now repent.
Oh flee, oh flee, at this His message sent."
His friends deriding him, with jest invoke
Morpheus to lull him, and thus avert the stroke,
But night as daylight, doth its horror keep,
And thought's dread spectres haunt the deepest sleep.
The day's dark clouds had settled over our hero's mind ;
At night the thunder came ; he cried : where can I find
Relief ! What shall I do—oh, tell me—to be saved !
And tortured thus, he loudly, madly raved.
With prudence rude one asked, "Say, wherefore dost thou cry ?"
"Oh friend, this book informs me I'm condemned to die,
And after death to judgment I must come,
And there receive the sinner's hopeless doom,
I cannot do the first, I cannot bear the last,
My life is full of anguish, and yet I hold it fast."
EVANGELIST. "If this thy case, oh man, why standest thou stock still ?"
THE MAN. "I know not where to go. Oh, why did Satan fill
My cup so full of woe!" A roll to him he gave and bade him haste
to fly.
"Seest thou that gate ? If not, you steadfast fix your eye
Upon that shining light which you can clearly see.

When at the gate, loud knock and it shall opened be."
 He swiftly set to run. His wife aloud did cry.
 No heed gave he to her, but with unswerving eye
 Bent on the cherished goal, entreaty he did spurn.
 "Eternal life I seek, I dare not now return."
 Ne'er looking back he sped him onward through the plain,
 With sinew stretched and body bent, he pressed the gate to gain.
 His neighbors mocking came, and two of them by force
 Would bring him back, for, with the wife they said, "he crazy is, of
 course."

The name of one was Pliable, the other Obstinate.

"Why come you, friends?" the runner cried. "To save you from the
 fate

You rush to seek. You're crazed, poor one." "Not so, I have my head,
 Destruction is your city's name. You dwell among the dead,
 I'm just from there myself, my friends, and this I know full well,
 Unless you hasten 'long this way, you'll sink with it to hell!

Go, go with me, I beg of you. Oh, heed my earnest call."

"What! go with you?" said Obstinate, "and leave behind our all!

We're sent for thee to bring thee back, but seeming you are bent
 To go your way, forsaking all! Whence comes this sharp intent!"

"I go," said Christian, "to a land where peace and joy abide;

No clouds are there, nor winter's storm. No good is there denied;

Bright flowers shed their fragrance sweet, o'er all the heavenly air;

No fade is there, no sorrow's tear; but gladness everywhere.

In seraph's lay, I too, may join, in that blest home above

Whose sun is Christ, whose people saints, whose king the God of Love."

"Your talk is foolishness, poor man! Think you we can be moved—

By frenzy such as this, you do but your own weakness prove."

"I say not of myself these words. I beg you take this book;

It hath withstood both fire and sword. Now open it, and look

And for thyself read its true words. You see the fearful flood

Of sin and anguish that must overwhelm, unless saved by the blood."

"Tut! with your book away, I say, will you with us return,

Or will you, like a senseless one, the voice of wisdom spurn?"

"My hand unto the plow I've put; within my heart doth burn

Such strong desire for that bright land, I would not now return

If all the world was offered me. Oh friends, I beg you heed

The warning of my book! 'Tis true. And while we run we'll read

Of that dread day when God shall come in vengeance dark and dire

To strike the guilty ones to doom and purge the world with fire.

Too late 'twill be amid the wreck to count the bitter cost;

Your only cry in that dread hour will be, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"
"Of this dread future which you speak, I have no fears at all;
Your talk is like the silly words when babbling children call.
Come, Neighbor Pliable, let's leave him to his weakish way,
He'll see his folly and turn back before the set of day."
Said Pliable with smirky smile: "I've listened all the while;
If what he says be honest truth, you sin, thus to revile.
It strikes me as I think on it I will with Christian go,
For to the judgment of that book I would not come, you know."
"What! go with him! Why, you will be the hy-word of the town;
Be wise, be wise, Friend Pliable; make not yourself a clown."
"Oh friends, give heed!" poor Christian cried, "the words I've said
are true;

This judgment is for all the world as well as me and you;
Escape we must, the book doth say, through Christ the only way,
Since in the blood alone is life, accept it I you pray!"
"You go your way, Friend Obstinate. To this I've made my mind,
With Christian to associate. These joys, I too would find."
"You'll get befogged, Friend Pliable. 'Twas only Christian's scare
That made him leave our goodly town, and on this venture dare."
"Not so," said Christian very bold. "I know whereof I speak,
Evangelist marked out the way. I'll find what now I seek.
We'll to our journey now, sweet friend;" and Pliable arose.
And bade "good bye" to Obstinate. With Christian then did close,
While Obstinate, with air of one who scorns and pities, too
Bade them—the poor misguided ones, a hasty, sharp adieu.
"I'm very glad I came with you, good Christian," with a smile
Said Pliable, in honeyed voice, "we can the way beguile
In talking o'er the gains we'll get from going in this way,
The riches, honor, peace and good, what are they, tell me pray?"
"Oh, words are very weakness, friend, when used to paint these things,
The human heart cannot conceive the joys this journey brings.
But, list me while I read my book, and then you'll catch a view,
Of glories that shine 'round about Jerusalem the New.
The great White Throne, the gates of gold, with gems bestudded rare,
Of crystal stream, with fadeless trees that heavenly fruitage bear."
"'Tis very beautiful, and I'm glad I choose to come with you,"
Said Pliable, as they strained on, "but are you sure 'tis true?"
Then Christian spoke in earnest words, "He shall its truth soon prove.
All this was writ for us by Him whose very name is Love,
And we shall crowns of glory wear; to us shall harps be given.
In glistening garments we shall stand and sing the songs of heaven.