

**GOTTFRIED'S  
PILGRIMAGE:  
AN ALLEGORY**

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Gottfried's pilgrimage: an allegory by Wyndham M. Hutton

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**WYNDHAM M. HUTTON**

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# GOTTFRIED'S PILGRIMAGE:

In Allegory



BY

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for increasing Poor Benefices in the Archdeaconry of Stafford.*

# GOTTFRIED'S PILGRIMAGE :

An Allegory.

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WYNDHAM M. HUTTON.

" The prize, the prize secure !  
The Athlete nearly fell ;  
Bare all he *could* endure,  
And bare not always well ;  
But he may smile at troubles gone,  
Who sets the victor's garland on."

**In Memory of M. A. P.**

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"The Lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penn'd ;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end ;  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died."



## CHAPTER I.

" From darkness here and dreariness,  
We ask not full repose,  
Only be Thou at hand to bless  
Our trial hour of woes.  
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
By the clear rill and balmy shade?  
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,  
The gate of heaven unclosed?"

**P**OOOR Gottfried, when very young, had been left a stranger in a strange land, and knew little or nothing of his Father except from what friends and neighbours told him. They said, indeed, that "He was a loving and righteous King, that His country was far distant, that He wished all who were subject to His government to be good and happy, and that the prosperity of His people appeared to be His ruling motive." They said, moreover, that "He had for a while sojourned among them, and that, after He had been withdrawn from their sight, the effect of His wise acts were still visible, and



people often spoke of Him, and were never so well contented as when singing songs in His praise. But yet as years fled by, and various other matters engaged their attention, the voice of praise was less and less frequently heard in their midst, until at last the name of the Good King was well-nigh forgotten."

While the boy listened to these and similar words, he longed for a more full and trustworthy account of his Parent. He looked at his soiled raiment and neglected state, and thought within himself, "Can it be indeed true? Am I, to all appearance a wretched beggar, the son of a King?" and the contrast between his actual condition and this ideal rank only made him feel more lost and forlorn than ever. Ignorant and miserable as he was, he could not divest himself of the feeling that he was really born to a higher lot, and that he would never be happy until he had regained his alienated birthright. He would constantly repeat the scarce understood name of his Father; he would try to find out all that the country folk knew or remembered of Him; and, in a word, he lived on the thought of this un-

seen One. When night approached, and the shadows were stretching along the lands, he would lay himself down to rest on his little straw pallet, and fall asleep with the word "Father" on his lips ; and often in his dreams would he smile for joy, fancying that he had at last regained all, and was safe at home with his loved but long-lost Parent. Then, on waking, disappointed and sad at heart, finding that the pleasure had been "only a dream," he would exclaim,

"O Father, reveal Thyself unto me ! Lead me to Thee where Thou art. Even if I be but a servant in Thy house, I want to be at home. Oh ! bring me home." At such moments a voice seemed to whisper to him in tender accents, "Be patient,—be faithful."

Time passed on, and yet Gottfried did not become one whit more reconciled with his lot. But one day, as he was wandering to and fro, murmuring to himself words, which (so men told him) his Father used to love, there came to him an aged man, dressed in the garb of an Elder, and said, "Why are you so thoughtful ? Do you not think that this is a fair and pleasant land ? Are you not content to remain here ?" The boy

raised his blue eyes to the face of him who thus talked with him, and seeing there only friendliness and compassion, took courage and answered, "Yes, sir, this is truly a lovely place, but yet after all it is a land of exile to me: it is not my home. My home is very distant. My Father has gone there long ago, leaving me here alone; but I do not wish to dwell here, I want to be at home with Him;" and the youth wept. The stranger looked on Gottfried and loved him; he was so gentle, and spoke so tenderly of his Father, that the bowels of his sympathy yearned over him, and he said, "Do you see yonder hill? Come thither with me, and I will show you a sight which, if I mistake not, will rejoice your heart, and make your eyes to overflow with tears of gladness."

Onward they walked to the hill, speaking the while of the King, about Whom the man knew much, and of Whose love and mercy he had many tales to tell. The flowers seemed to become more beautiful,—the sun to shine with increased glory,—and the whole face of nature to be transfigured, as they thus conversed. The way, though in reality long, beguiled by the sweet stories and holy words