

Pilgrim's Progress

In Peril in the Enchanted Ground

By [John Bunyan](#)

The Pilgrim's Progress from this world — to that which is to come, in the similitude of a dream

Retold for Children and Adapted to School Reading, by James Baldwin, 1913

Now I saw in my dream, that the pilgrims, by and by, came to the *Delectable Mountains*, where Christian and Hopeful had aforetime refreshed themselves. There the *shepherds* met them and welcomed them, and there they rested themselves from their toilsome journey.

Then they went on, and in due time were got to the *Enchanted Ground*. There the air was heavy, and all who breathed it were filled with drowsiness. The ground also was, for the most part, overgrown with briars and brambles. But, here and there were enchanted arbors, in which were flowers and birds and rippling brooks and mossy beds inviting one to tarry and rest.

The *flowers*, however, were laden with deadly perfumes; the *birds* sang songs of witchery; and the tinkling of the *brooks* lulled the unwary to sleep. And he who gave himself up to slumber in these places — was not likely to rise or wake again in this world.

Through this wilderness way they therefore went; and Great-heart went before them, for he was their guide. They went on here, each man with his sword drawn in his hand, for they knew it was a *dangerous* place!

Now, they had not gone far when a *great mist* fell upon them all, so that they could scarce see one another. They were therefore forced to grope their way, being guided by the voice of Great-heart; for they walked not by sight. Sorry going it was for the best of them all; but worse for the women and children, whose feet and hearts were tender.

Nor was there in all this wilderness way, any *inn* where they might lodge and refresh themselves. But there was much puffing and sighing and complaining. Now one would tumble over a bush, another would stick fast in the dirt, and still another would lose his shoes in the mire.

At length they came to an *arbor*, warm and shady, with pleasant mossy seats offering rest. Here, too, was a couch whereon they might lie; and here were all things that could tempt the weary traveler. But not one of the pilgrims would seek rest or loiter there a moment; for their guide had told them of the *dangers* of the place.

They therefore went on, and the way grew dark again so that they could not see. And here even the guide was apt to lose his way. But he had in his pocket a *map* of all the roads and paths leading to the Celestial City. Therefore, he drew his tinder box from his pocket and struck a light, that he might look at the map. He looked, and when he had found the place, he saw written over against it the words,

"Keep to the right."

So now he knew which way to turn. But if he had not looked at the map — he would have taken the *broader road* and turned to the left, and all would have been smothered in the deep mud.

They went on, then, in this Enchanted Ground until they were well out of the darkness. And at length they came to another enticing bower built close by the roadside.

There they saw two men lying, whose names were HEEDLESS and TOO-BOLD.

These men were fast asleep with their heads pillowed on couches of moss and leaves. Great-heart and the pilgrims stood still and looked at them; and some shook their heads, not knowing what to do.

Then Mercy and Great-heart went to them to awaken them; that is, if they could. But each cautioned the other not to sit down or recline upon the tempting couches in the arbor, lest they too should in like manner fall asleep.

They spoke to the men. They called them by name. There was no answer. Then Great-heart shook them hard, and did what he could to arouse them. *Heedless* groaned and opened his eyes a little.

"I will pay you when I get my money," he muttered; and with that he turned over and was fast asleep again.

Then Great-heart shook the other one, whose name was *Too-bold*. He did not even so much as move; but he stammered, "I'll fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand."

At this, one of the children laughed; but the guide looked sorrowful.

"What does all this mean?" asked Christiana.

"They talk in their sleep," answered Great-heart. "But no man can rouse them from this sleep. We have done what we could."

So now all desired to go onward, lest they too should be overcome. And as the way was growing darker, they begged the guide to strike a light. He therefore took his tinder box again, and lighted a little lantern which he had with him; and so they were helped on their way.

The children began soon to be sorely weary; and they cried unto the friend of pilgrims to make their way more comfortable. And behold, by the time they had gone a little farther, a wind arose that scattered the darkness; and the air became more clear. Then they went on to the borders of the Enchanted Ground.

At one place they caught glimpses of a tall and *beautiful lady* who flitted hither and thither in the shadowy bowers. She beckoned to them — but would not come near. She called, and her voice was soft and sweet.

They saw that she was clad in beautiful garments, and she wore a large purse by her side. In this purse she kept one hand, fingering her *money* — which was her heart's delight.

"Oh, see the beautiful lady!" cried the little boy. "Let us go to her, and rest in one of her bowers." And he began to run joyfully towards her.

"Nay, look not at her face, heed not her call," said the guide. "She is the *queen* of this Enchanted Ground, and her name is MADAM BUBBLE! Whoever goes into one of her bowers will never come out again. Let us hasten away from her enchantments!"

So they went forward, hand in hand, and were soon safely out of the Enchanted Ground.

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