

CLASSICS

STORYUISION

John Bunyan's

Pilgrim's

Progress

Part Three

For teens and adults

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Produced by Genesis Research Corporation

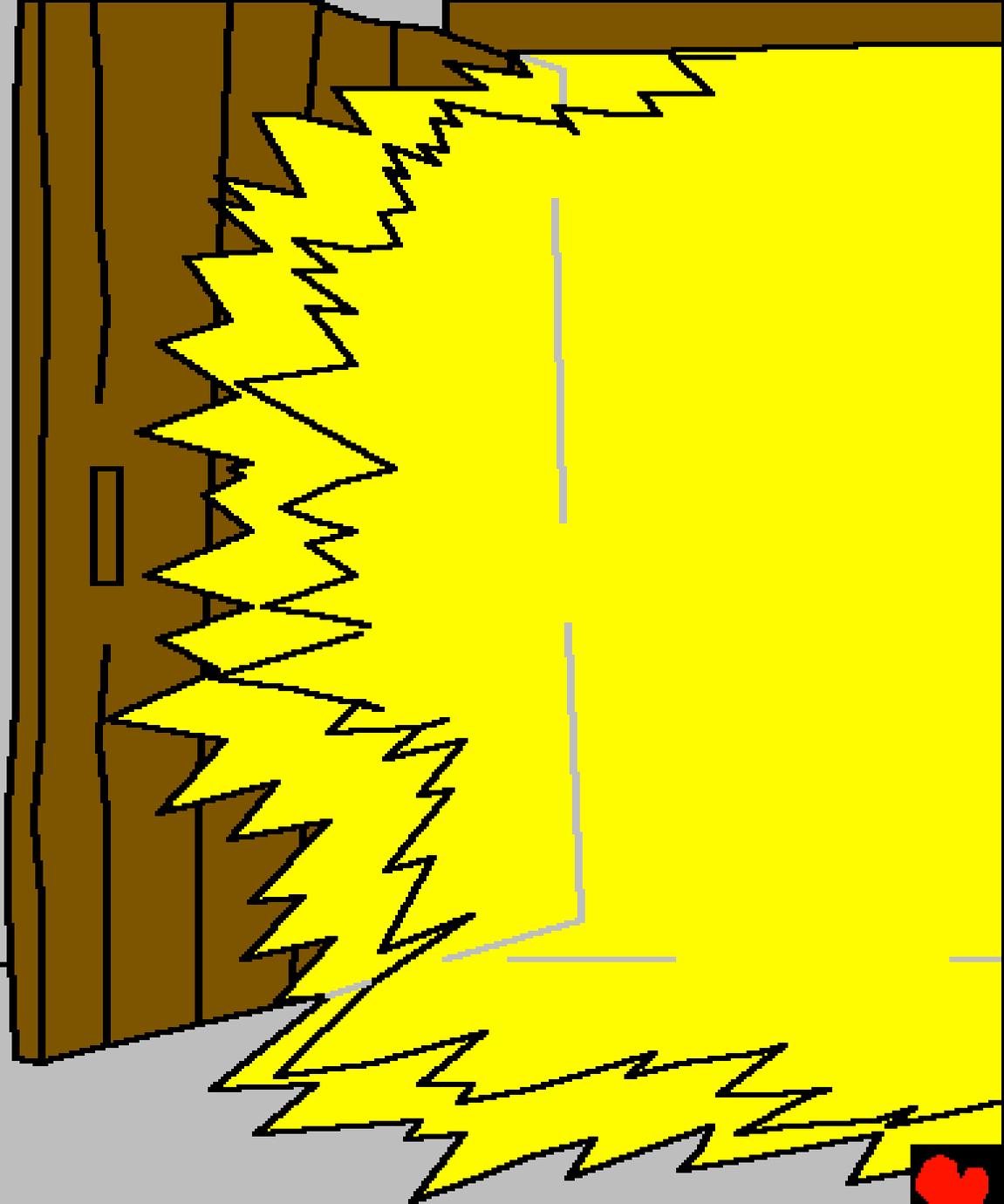
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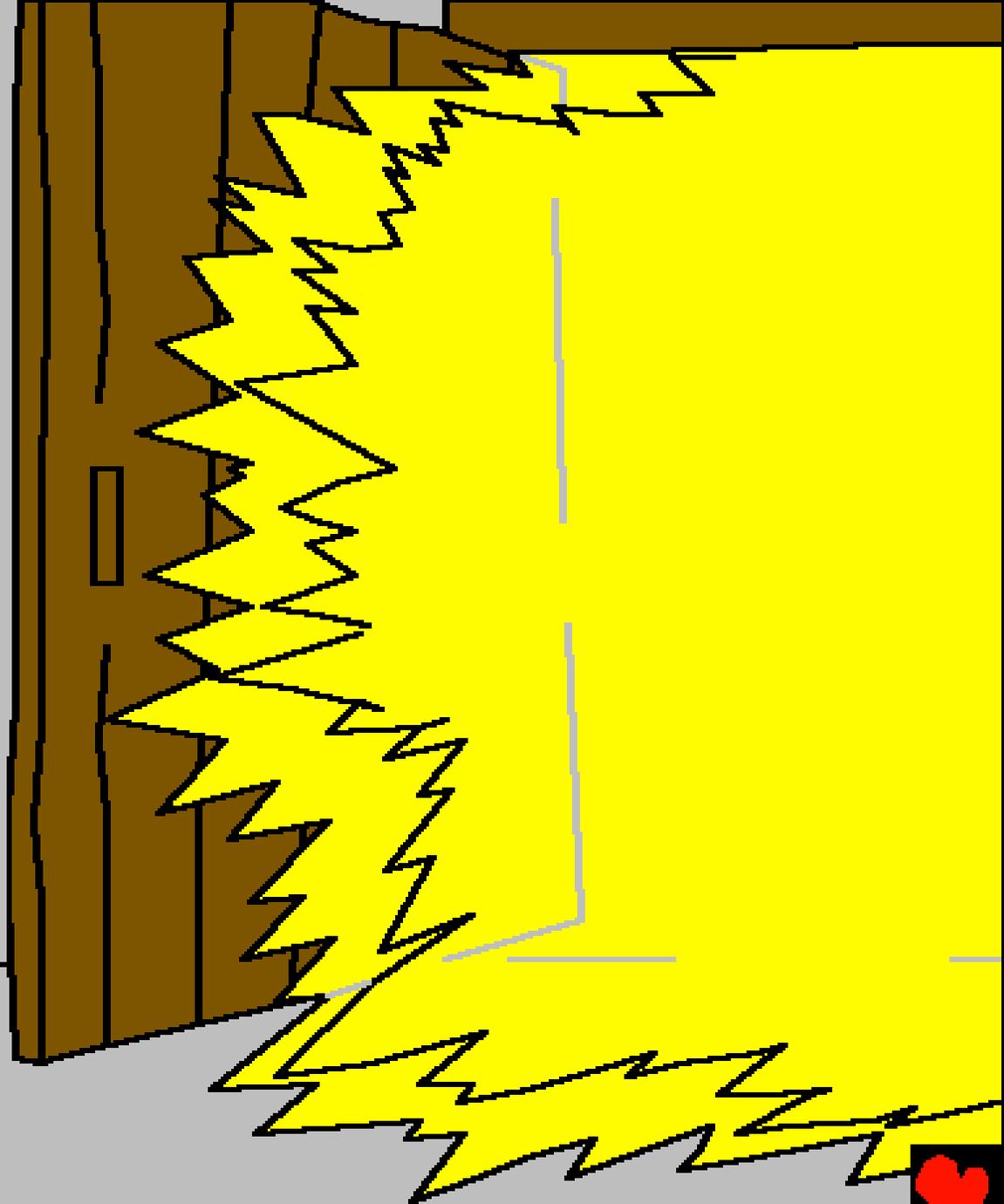
"An open door is set before you and no man can shut it," Goodwill told Pilgrim. "But how is it that you came alone?" "Because none of my neighbors saw their danger as I saw mine,"

Pilgrim answered.



Then Pilgrim told Goodwill about his wife and children scoffing him; how Pliable started then turned back; and how he was no better than Pliable, since he himself went off the path on the

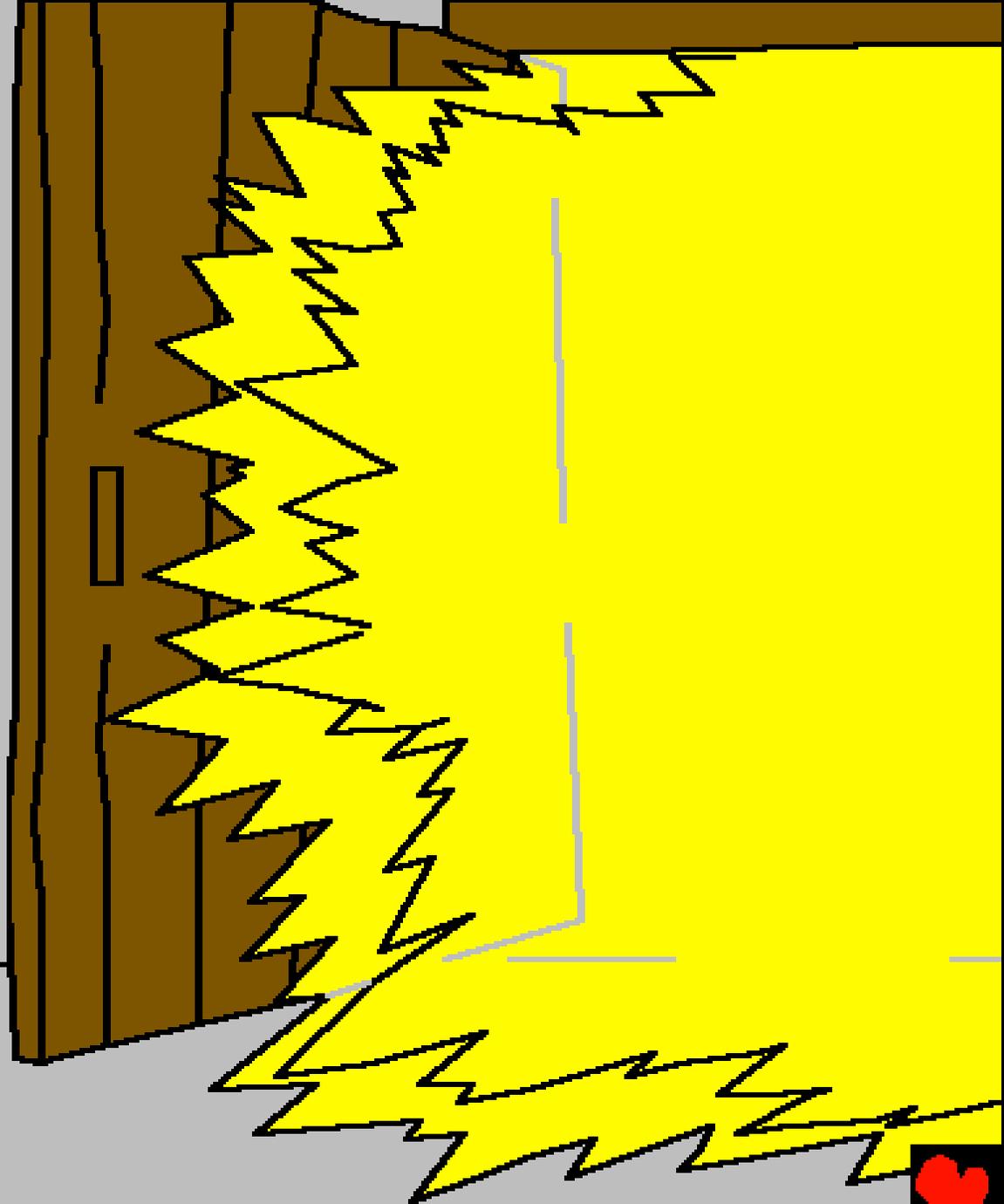
advice of Mr. Worldly Wiseman.



"I am more fit for death than to be standing here talking with my Lord," Pilgrim concluded. "But oh, what a favor this is to me, that I am yet admitted entrance here."

"All who come are

in no way cast out," Goodwill assured him.



Goodwill showed Pilgrim the next stage in his journey.

"The path is straight and narrow," he pointed out. "The wrong paths are crooked and wide. Though these wrong paths come close, the right path is always straight and narrow."



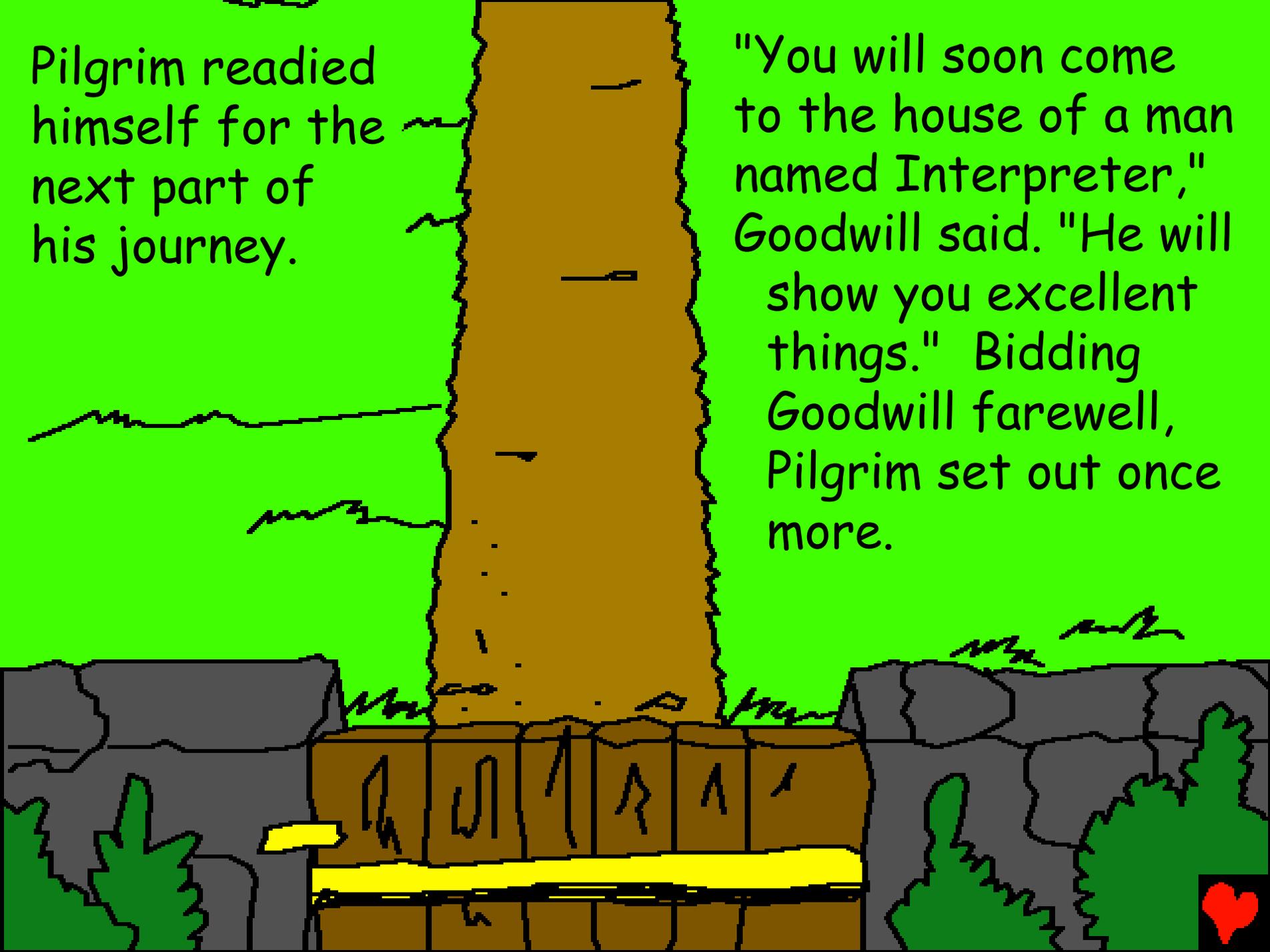
"Can you help me get this burden off my back?" Pilgrim pleaded.

"Be content to bear it a little longer until you come to the place of deliverance," Goodwill answered. "When you get there, the burden will fall off your back by itself."

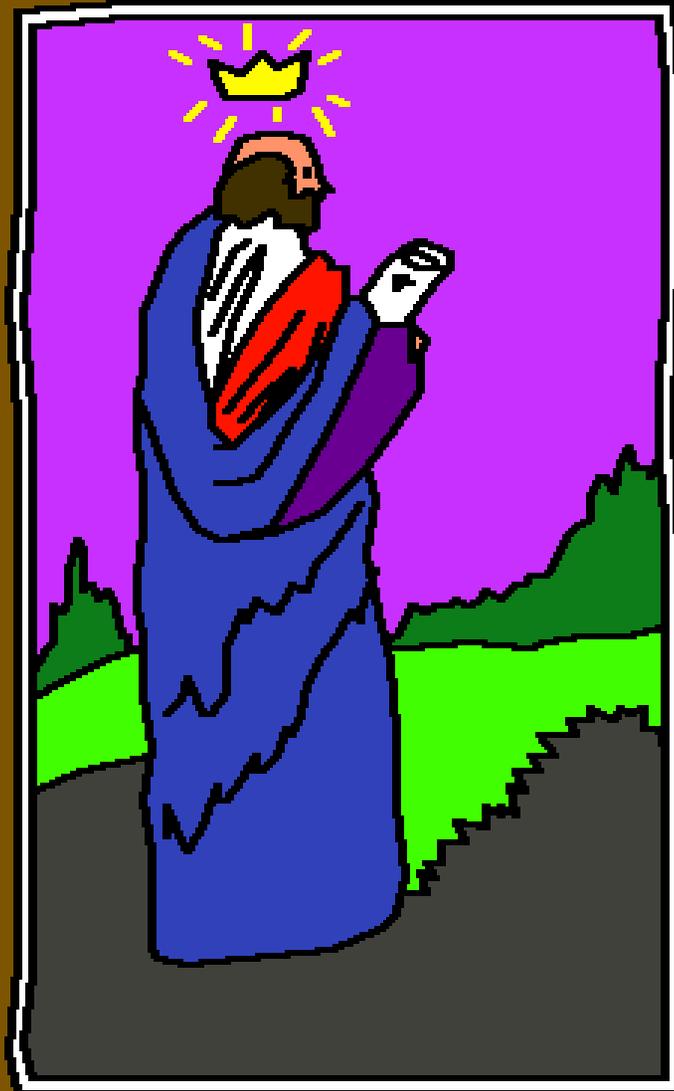


Pilgrim readied himself for the next part of his journey.

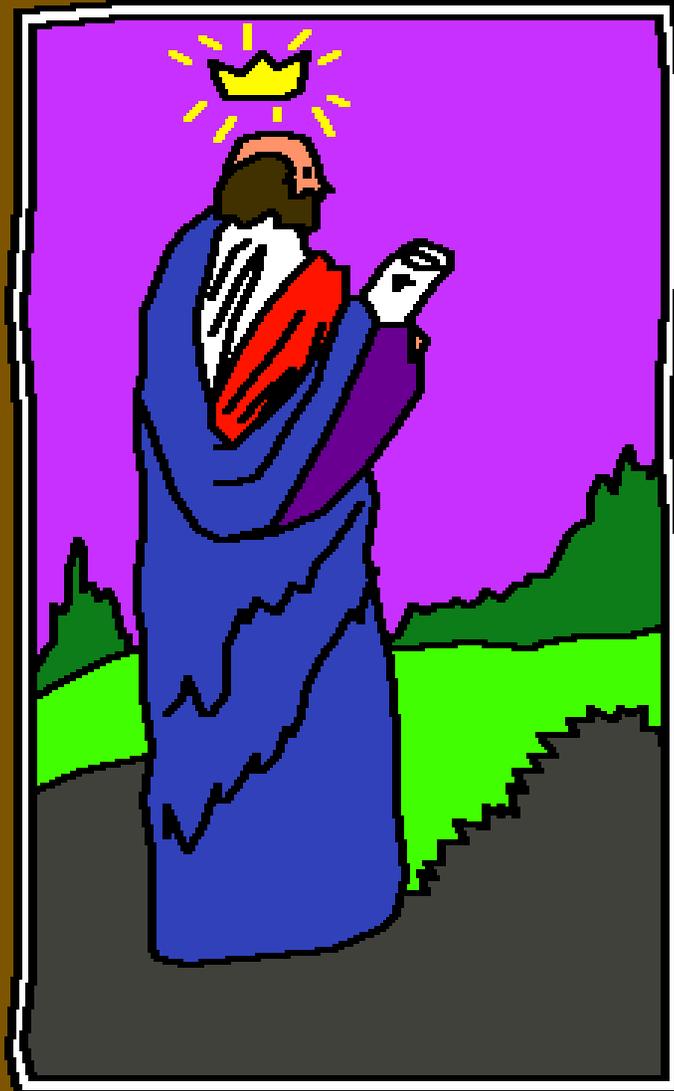
"You will soon come to the house of a man named Interpreter," Goodwill said. "He will show you excellent things." Bidding Goodwill farewell, Pilgrim set out once more.



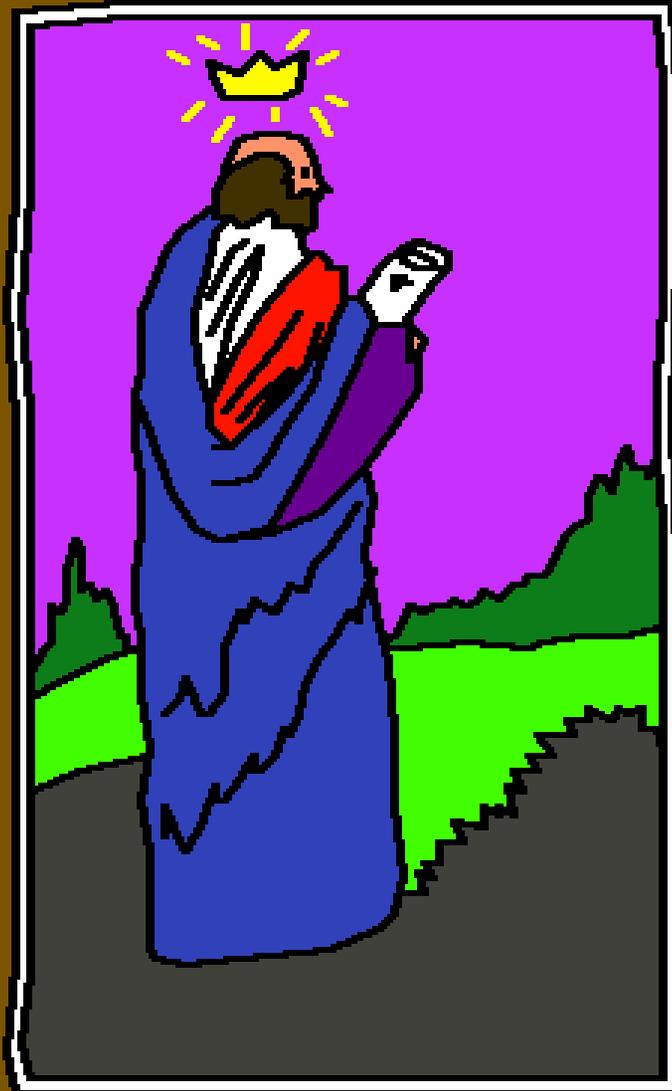
Reaching Interpreter's house, Pilgrim received a warm welcome. "Come in," Interpreter invited. "I will show you things that will be profitable for you." Lighting a candle, Interpreter led Pilgrim into a private room.



A man's picture hung on the wall. His eyes looked towards heaven; the best of Books was in his hands; the law of truth was written on his lips; and, the world was behind his back. He stood as if pleading with people; and a golden crown hung over his head.



"The Lord has authorized this man to be your guide in all difficulties before you," Interpreter said. "Heed what I show you, remember what you see here. Others may pretend to lead you right, but their way goes down to death."



Pilgrim was then led into a large room full of dust. A man started sweeping so busily that Pilgrim was almost choked by the dust. "Bring water and sprinkle the room,"

Interpreter commanded a servant girl. Soon the room was swept clean.



"What does this mean?" Pilgrim asked. "The room is a man's heart never cleansed by the Gospel," Interpreter said. "The first sweeper represents the law. You were nearly

choked. That shows the law stirs up sin, but does not cleanse it."

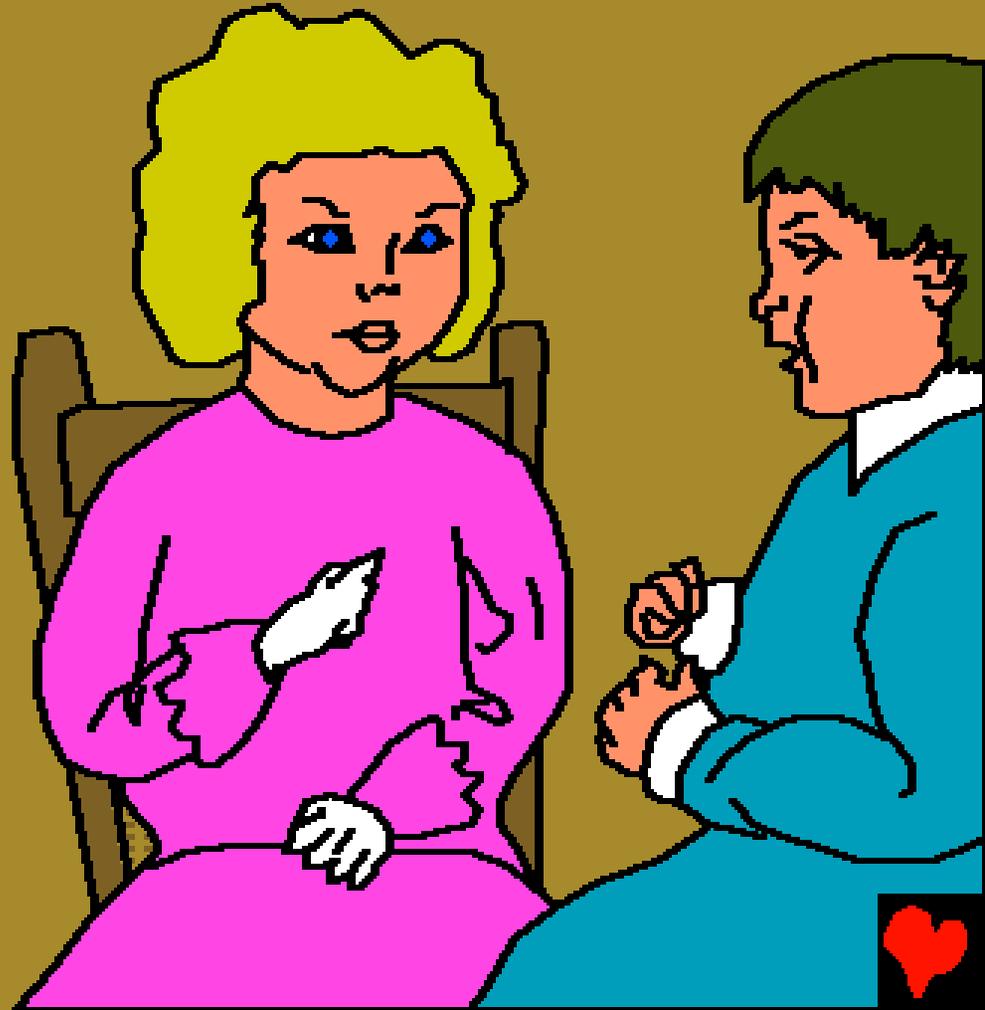


"But the girl who sprinkled the water to settle the dust represents the power of the Gospel to, through faith, make your heart and soul clean and fit for the King of Glory to live in,"

Interpreter finished up.



"These are Patience and Temper," Interpreter explained. "Patience is very quiet, but Temper is very discontented." He told Pilgrim that Patience is willing to wait for the good things promised him but Temper demands them all now. The children's teacher came in and gave Temper a big bag of rich treasures.



Temper laughed at Patience and scooped up the treasures. But soon they had disappeared and Temper's clothes became rags. "Explain this further," Pilgrim asked. "Temper is like the worldly person who says 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Patience does not covet things that are now, but waits for God's glorious gifts in God's time."





Again, Interpreter took Pilgrim's hand and led him to another part of the house where a fierce fire burned brightly against a wall. A man threw water on the fire to put it out - but it increased in spite of his efforts.





"This fire is the work of God's grace burning in human hearts," Interpreter said. "The Devil throws water to put it out. Here is why he fails." He showed Pilgrim the other side of the wall. There, a man poured oil on the blaze.

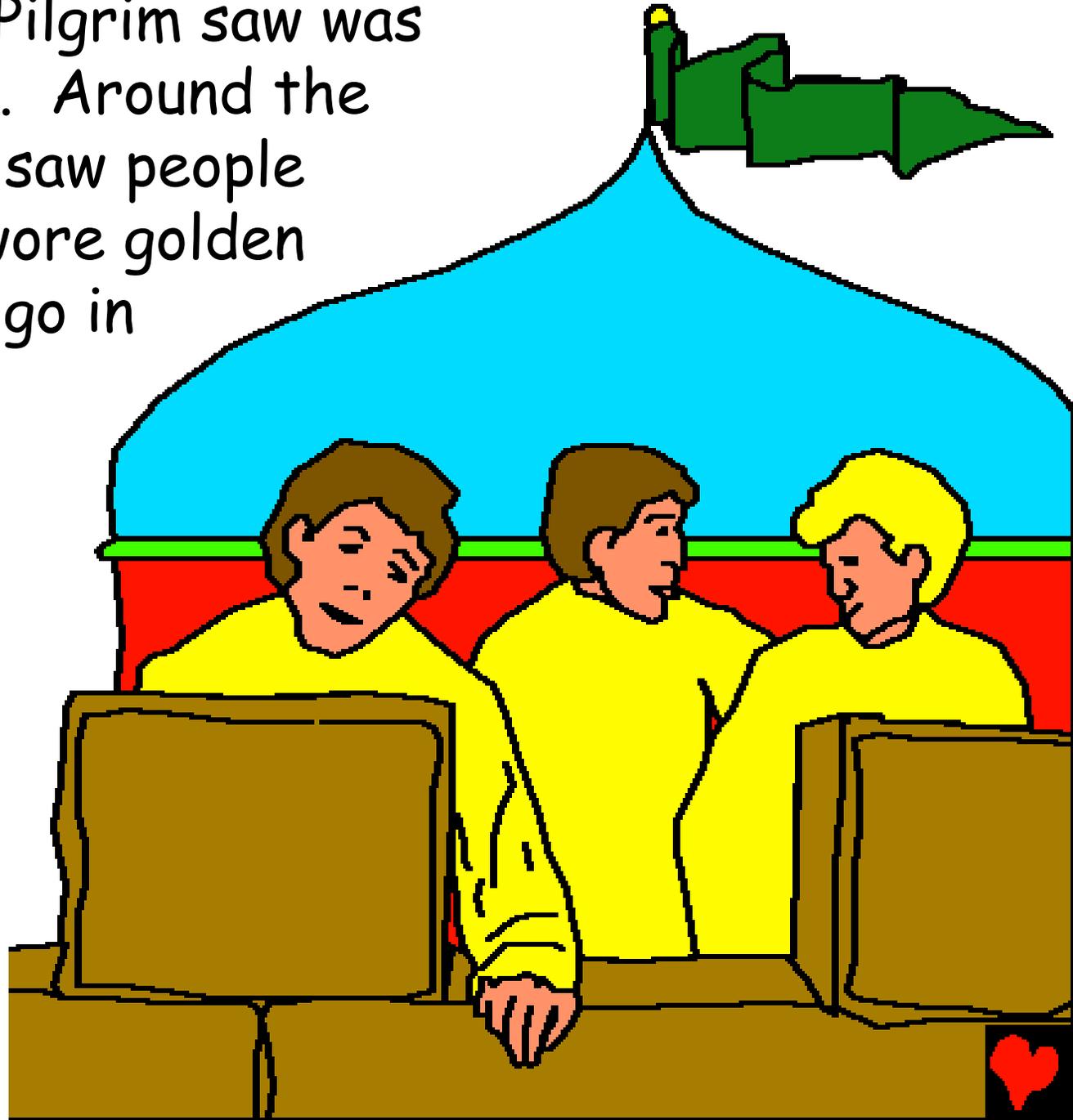




"This is Christ!" Pilgrim's teacher told him. "He maintains His own work in hearts with the oil of His grace. The wall there shows you how hard it is for those tempted by the Devil to see that Christ's work goes on."

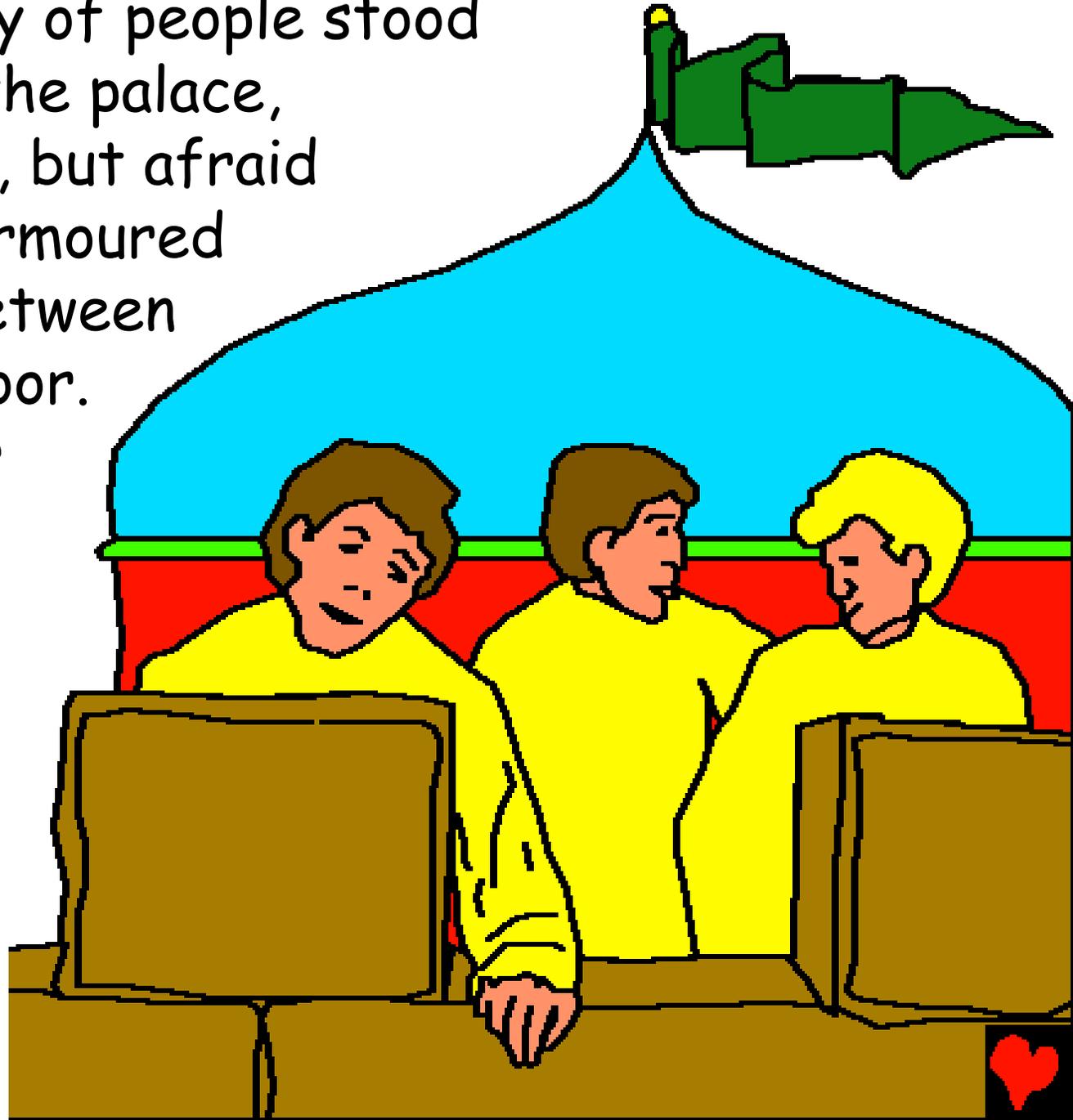


The next sight Pilgrim saw was a stately palace. Around the battlements he saw people walking. They wore golden robes. "Can we go in there?" Pilgrim requested.

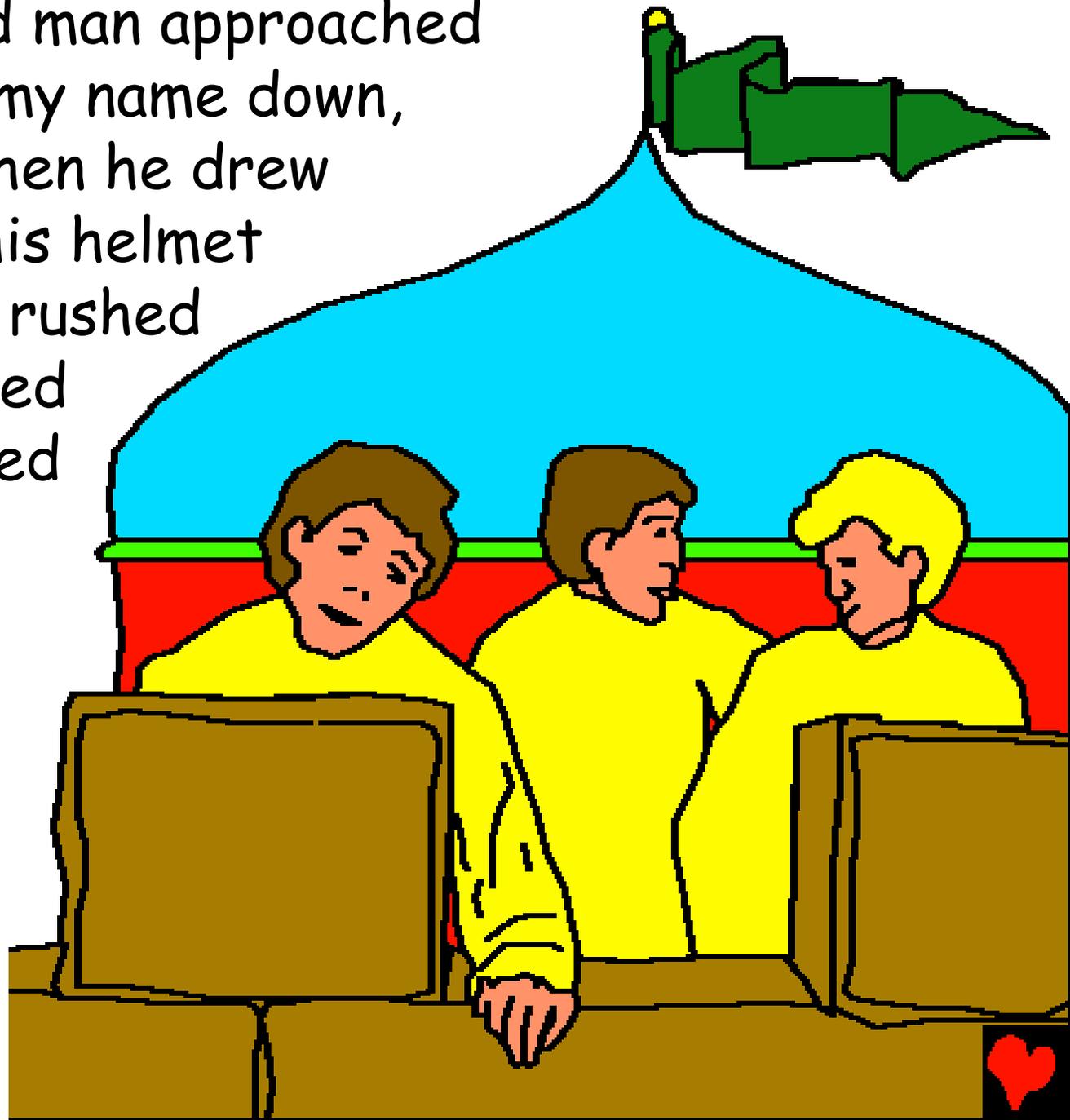


A great company of people stood at the door of the palace, wanting to go in, but afraid to because of armoured men standing between them and the door.

The doorkeeper had a book and pen ready to record the names of those who entered.



One determined man approached the door. "Put my name down, sir," he said. Then he drew his sword, put his helmet on his head and rushed against the armed men. He received and gave many wounds - but he pressed forward and entered the palace.





As soon as the victorious man reached the palace door, a chorus of voices from those who walked the battlements in golden robes cried out, "Come in, come in. Eternal glory you shall win."





Joyfully the man entered. Soon he too was dressed in gold, his battles and wounds forgotten in the happiness of his new home. Soon he, too, joined in the glad song of praise and rejoicing which filled the air and spilled over to Pilgrim's ears.





Turning to Interpreter, Pilgrim smiled. "I think I already know what this means," he said. He gazed again at the beautiful palace and its golden-robed occupants. "Now let me go there, too," he begged.





But Interpreter wanted to show Pilgrim other helpful things. He took Pilgrim into a dark room where there sat a man in an iron cage. The man gazed sadly at the ground, sighing as if his heart was broken.





"Who are you?" Pilgrim asked the man. "I was once a religious man, happily expecting to reach the Celestial city," the man replied. "Now I am a man of despair, shut up in this iron cage. I cannot get out."





"I sinned against the light of the Word and the goodness of God," the caged man told Pilgrim. "For lust, pleasure and profit I grieved the Spirit and He is gone. I tempted the Devil and now I cannot repent."





"I'll show you just one more thing, then you shall go your way," Interpreter said. He then led Pilgrim into a chamber where a man was getting up from his night's sleep. The man shook and trembled as he put on his clothes.





"Why is he trembling?" Pilgrim whispered. The man answered. "I just dreamed about God's final judgement," he said. "It was dreadful. Everybody who ever lived was there. Some were taken to heaven, but I was left behind."



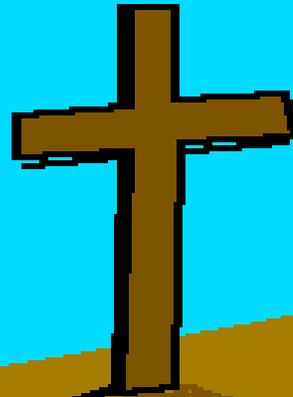


"These things put me in hope and fear," Pilgrim told Interpreter. As Pilgrim prepared to leave, Interpreter prayed, "The Comforter be always with you, good Pilgrim, to guide you in the way that leads to the Celestial city."



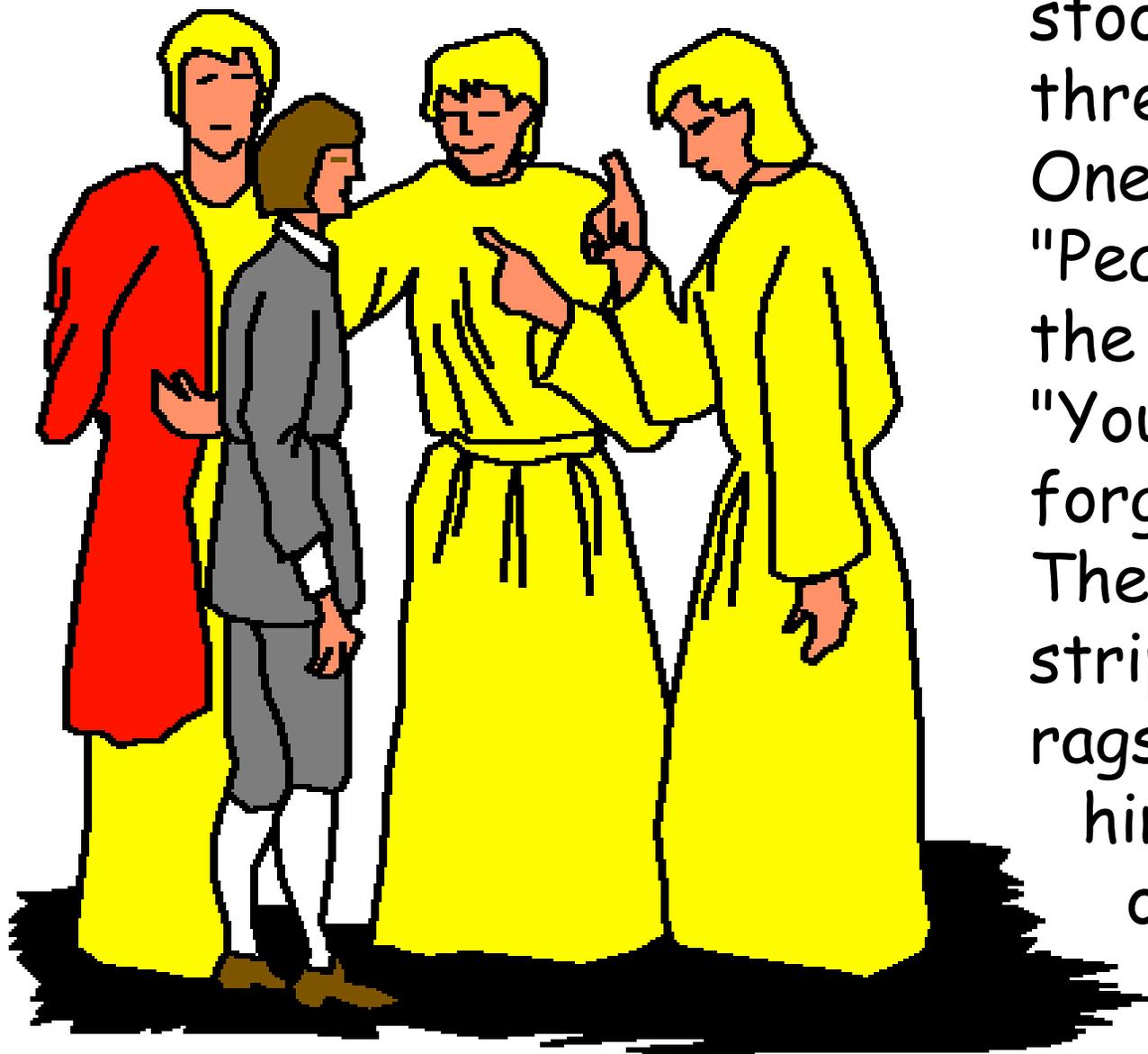
The highway which Pilgrim followed was fenced on either side with a wall. The wall had a name. It was called Salvation. Though the road wound upwards, Pilgrim ran in his eagerness. It was a difficult journey because of the great burden Pilgrim carried on his back. But he hurried on until he arrived at a hill.

A cross stood there and, a little below the cross, a cave-like tomb.



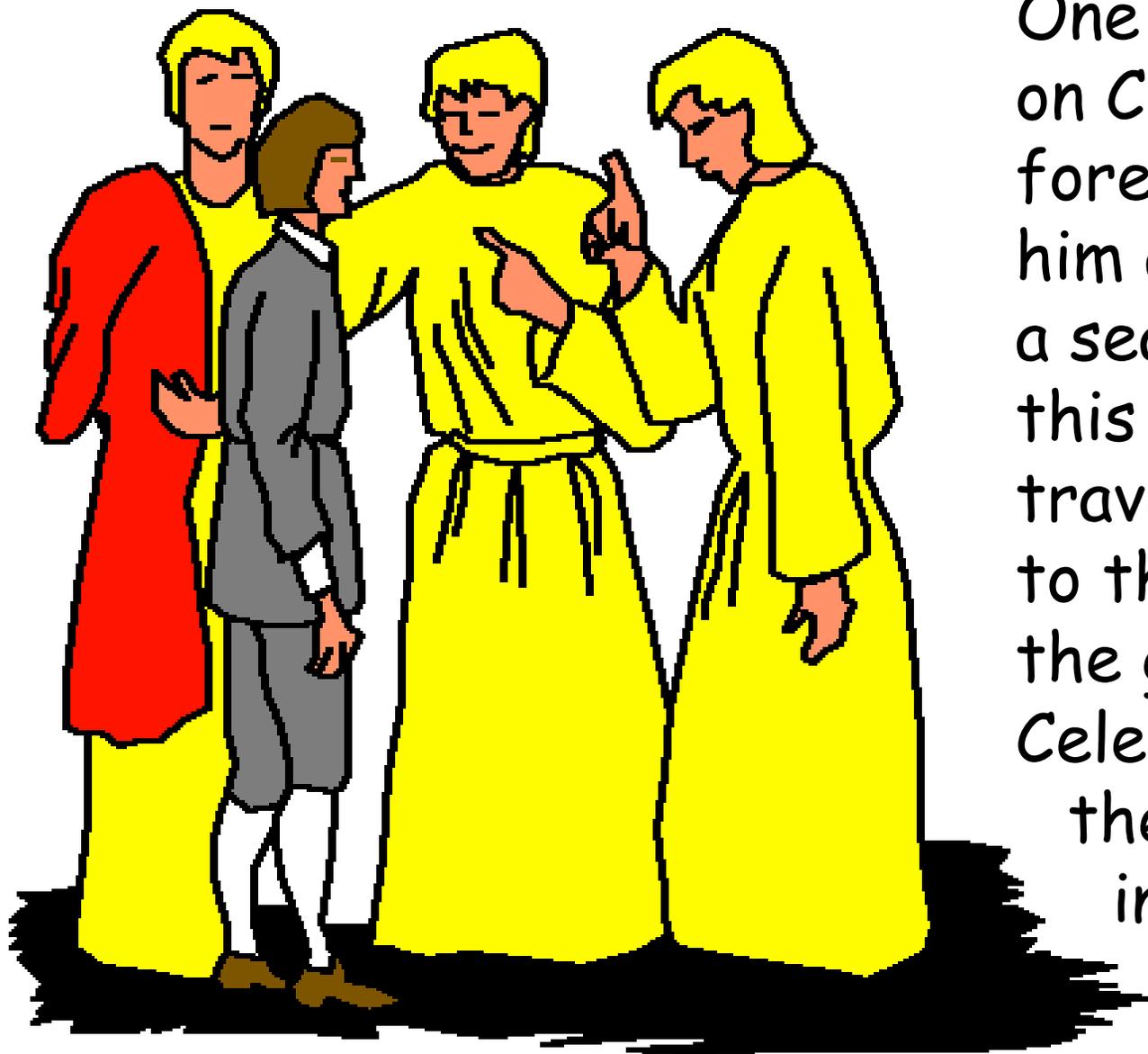
As Pilgrim came to the cross, his burden fell off his back and tumbled down the hill to disappear into the tomb. Christian, for that was now his name, never saw his burden again. He gazed at the cross in wonder, grateful tears running down his face.





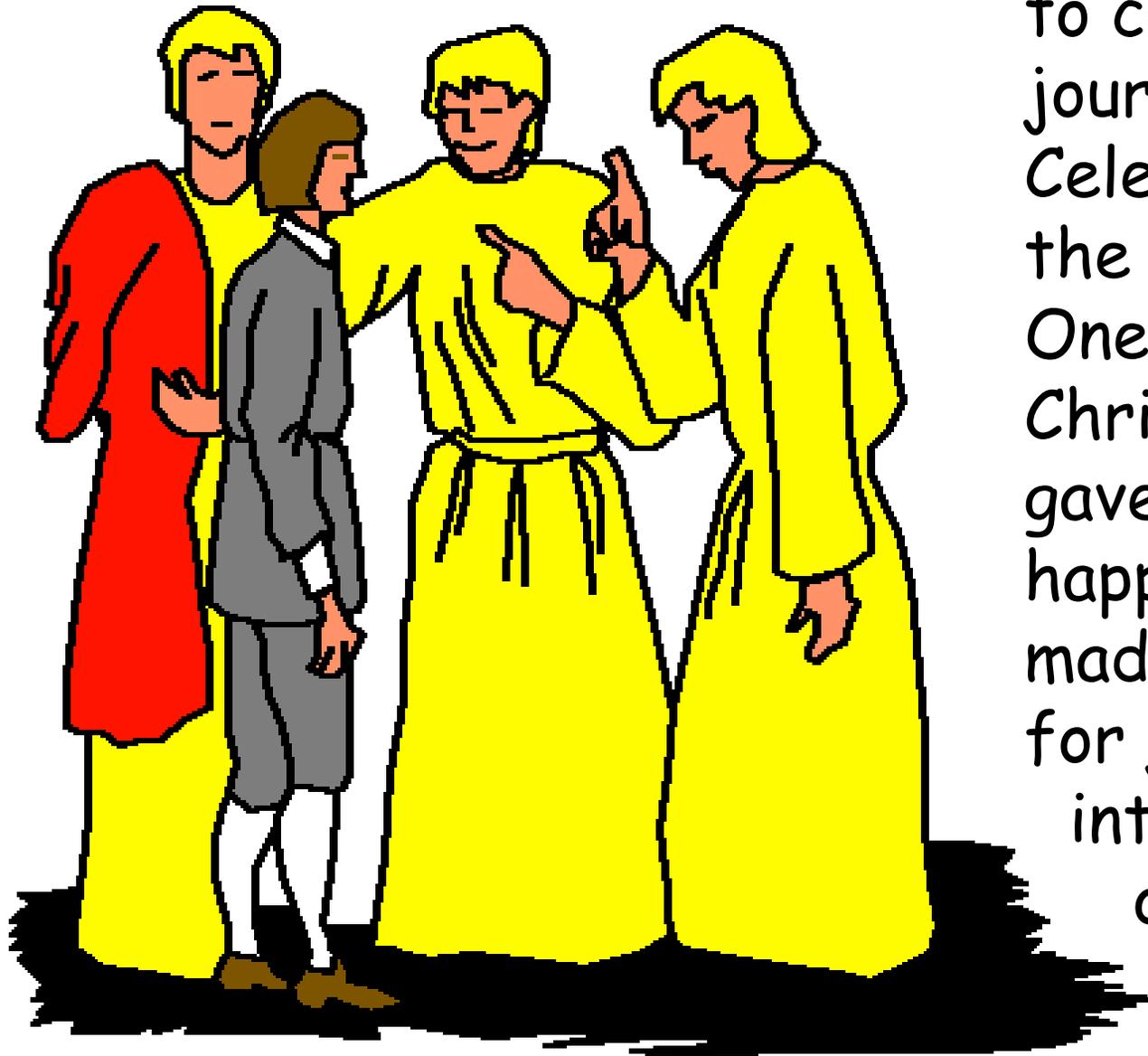
As Christian stood weeping, three Shining Ones saluted him. "Peace be to you," the first One said. "Your sins are forgiven you." The second One stripped him of his rags and clothed him with change of raiment.





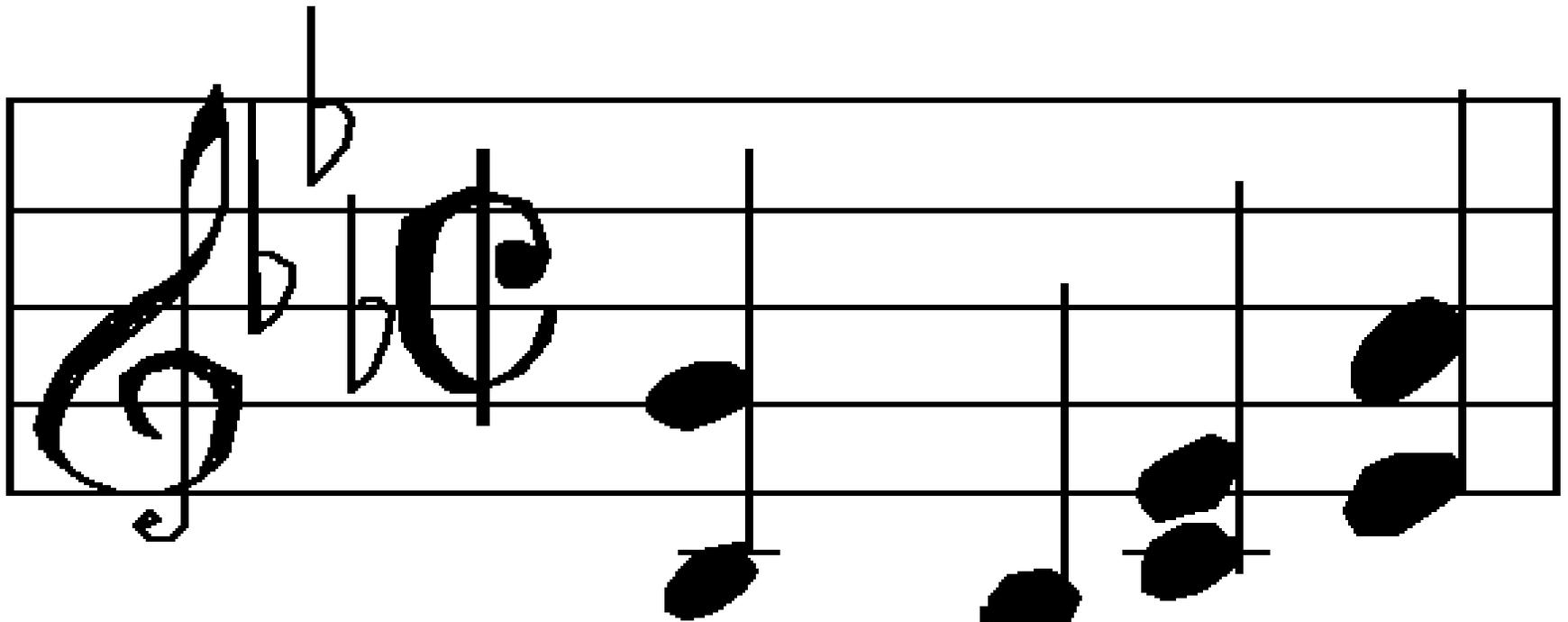
The third Shining One set a mark on Christian's forehead and gave him a letter with a seal on it. "Read this letter as you travel and hand it to the person at the gate of the Celestial city," the Shining One instructed.





Leaving Christian to continue his journey to the Celestial city, the three Shining Ones went away. Christian's tears gave way to happiness as he made three leaps for joy and burst into a happy song of praise.

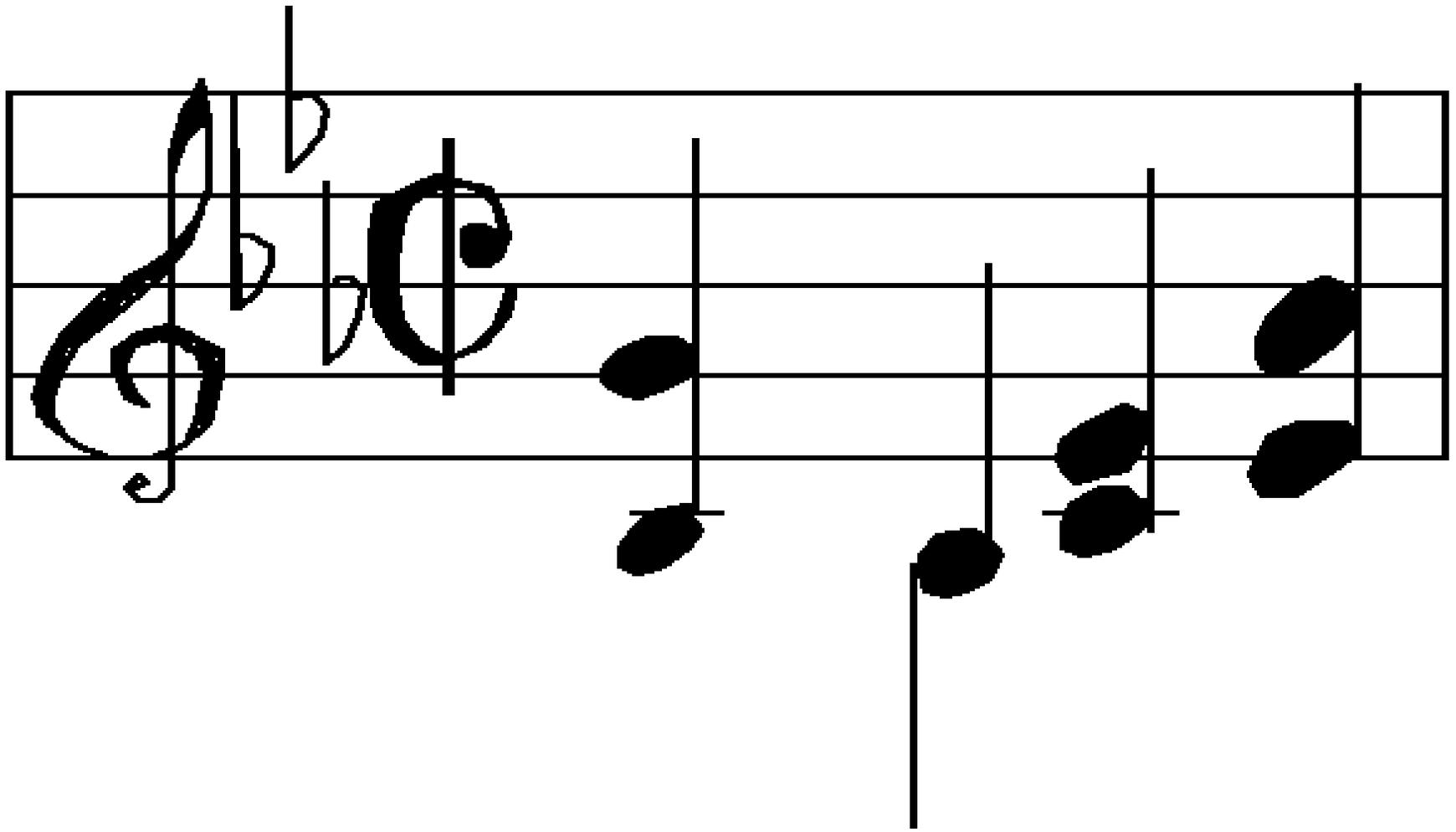




This was Christian's song.

'Thus far did I come laden with my sin;
And nothing eased the grief that I was in,
Till I came here; Oh, what a place is this!
Here must be the starting of my bliss!'





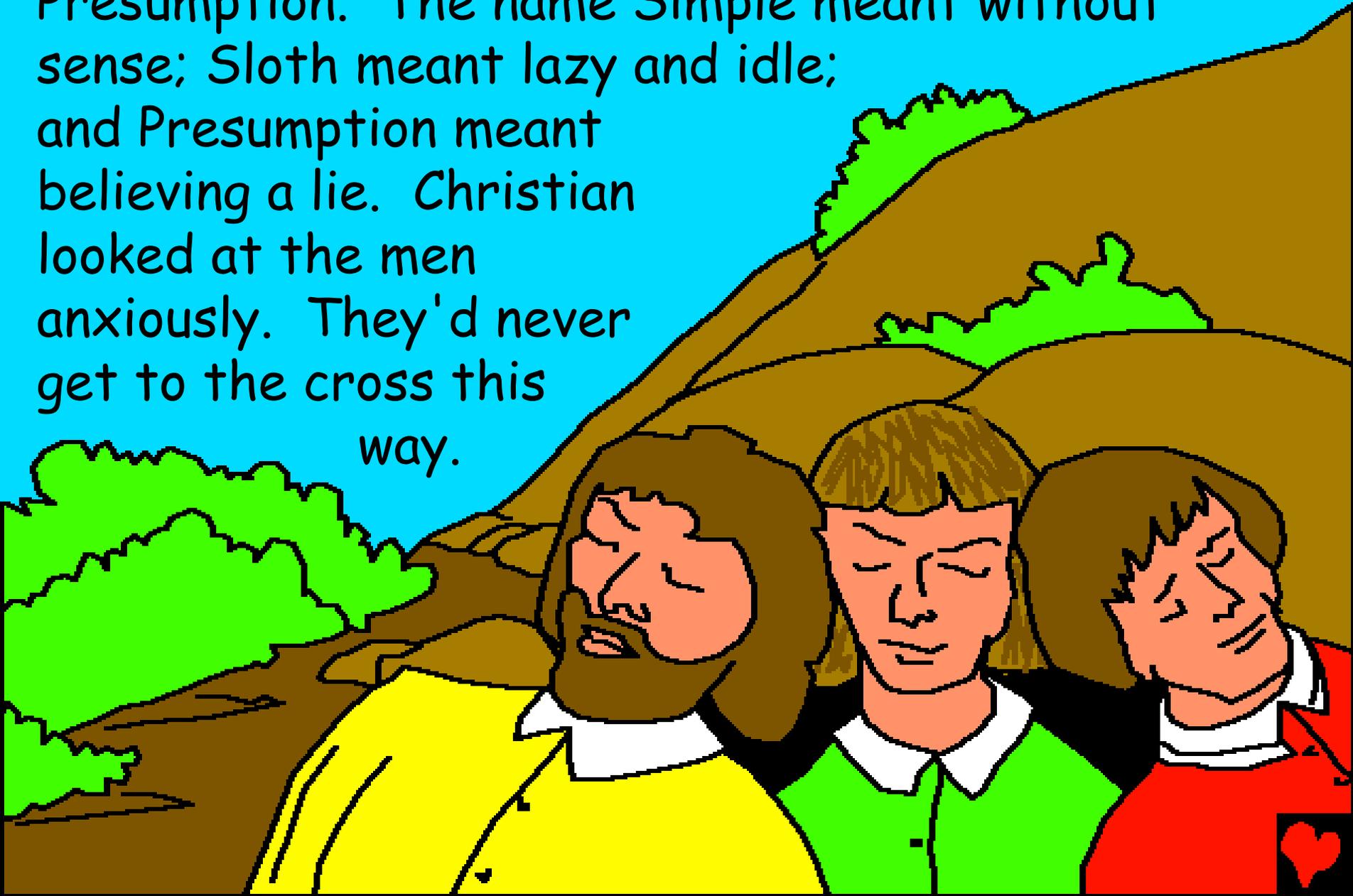
'Here the burden fell from off my back!
Here the strings that bound it to me cracked!
Blest Cross! Blest Tomb! Blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!



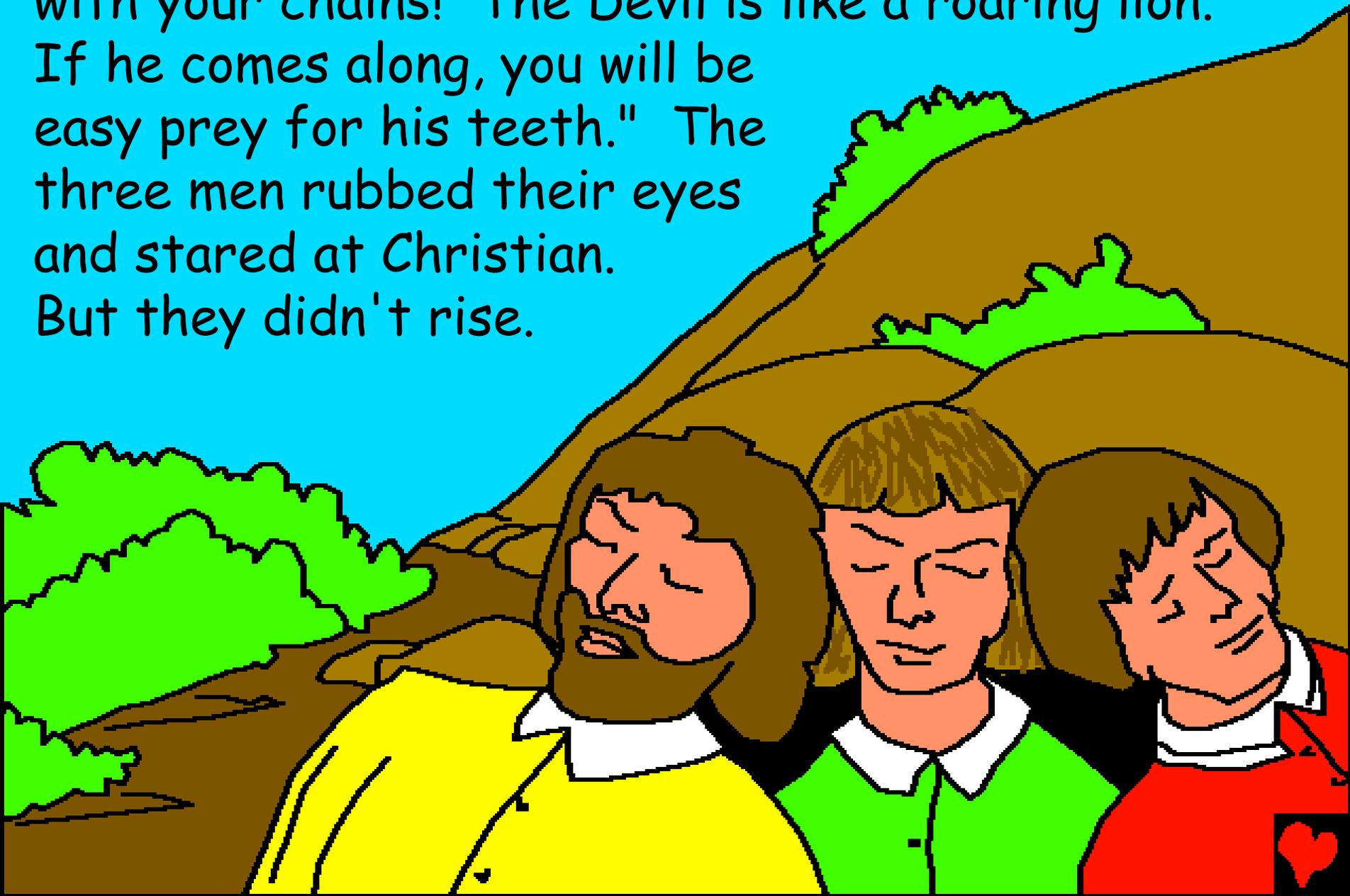
Leaping and laughing and praising God,
Christian carried on along the Salvation
highway. Making his way down
the hill, he stopped in surprise.
There, at the bottom, lay
three men with chains on
their feet. The men
were fast asleep.



The men's names were Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. The name Simple meant without sense; Sloth meant lazy and idle; and Presumption meant believing a lie. Christian looked at the men anxiously. They'd never get to the cross this way.



"Wake up!" Christian cried. "I'll help you off with your chains! The Devil is like a roaring lion. If he comes along, you will be easy prey for his teeth." The three men rubbed their eyes and stared at Christian. But they didn't rise.



Simple looked around. Behind him; in front; to each side; even upwards. "I see no danger," he said. Beside him, Sloth yawned a great big yawn. "I need a little more sleep," he said. Christian waited to hear what Presumption would say.



"Every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

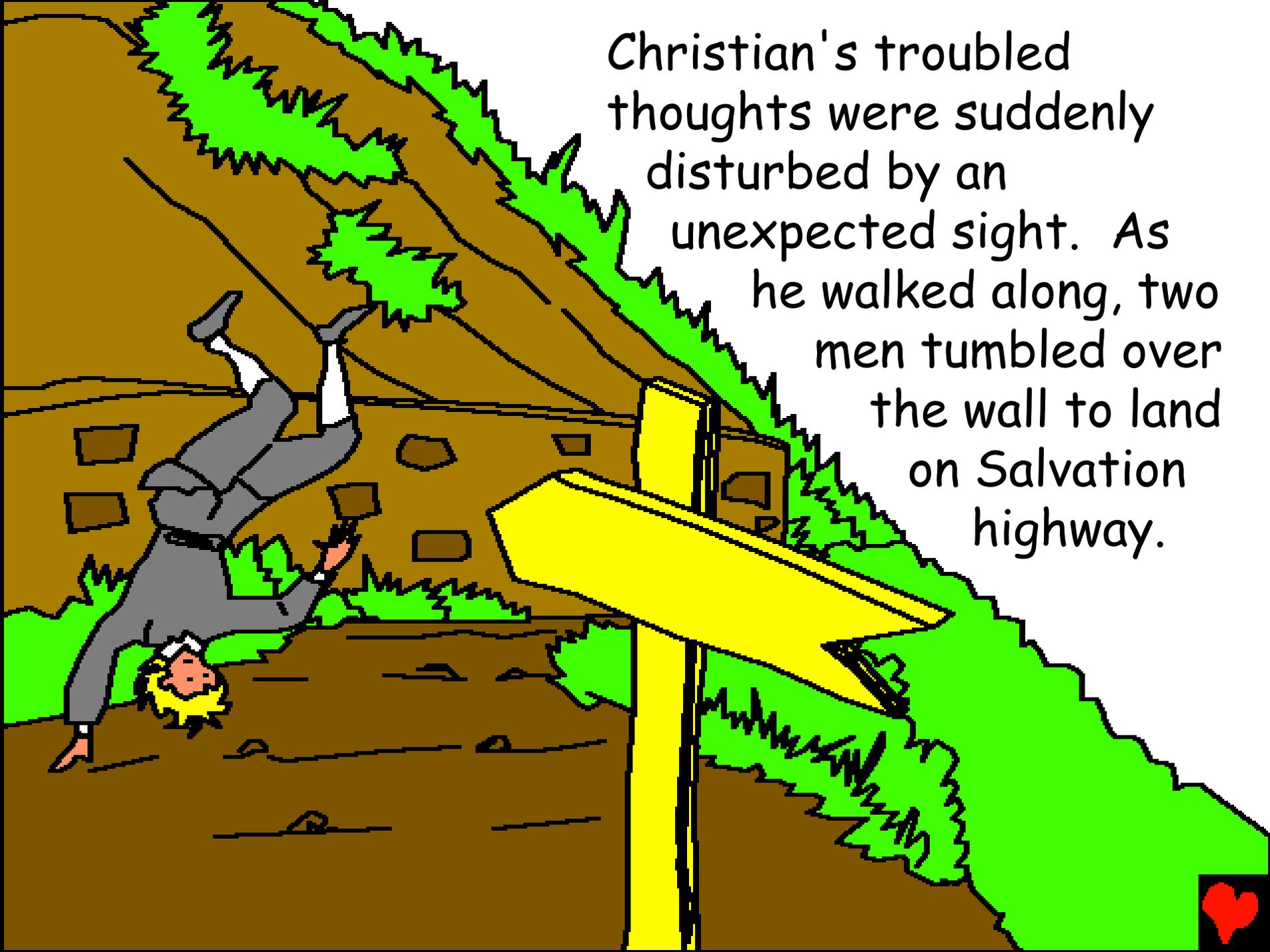
What a strange statement
Presumption
made. It was
probably a polite
way of telling
Christian to go
his own way and
leave them to go
theirs. They
didn't want to
hear his words
of warning.



As the three men settled back to sleep Christian walked away, sad and thoughtful. It troubled him that they should think so little of his kind effort to help them by awakening them, advising them, and offering help with their chains.

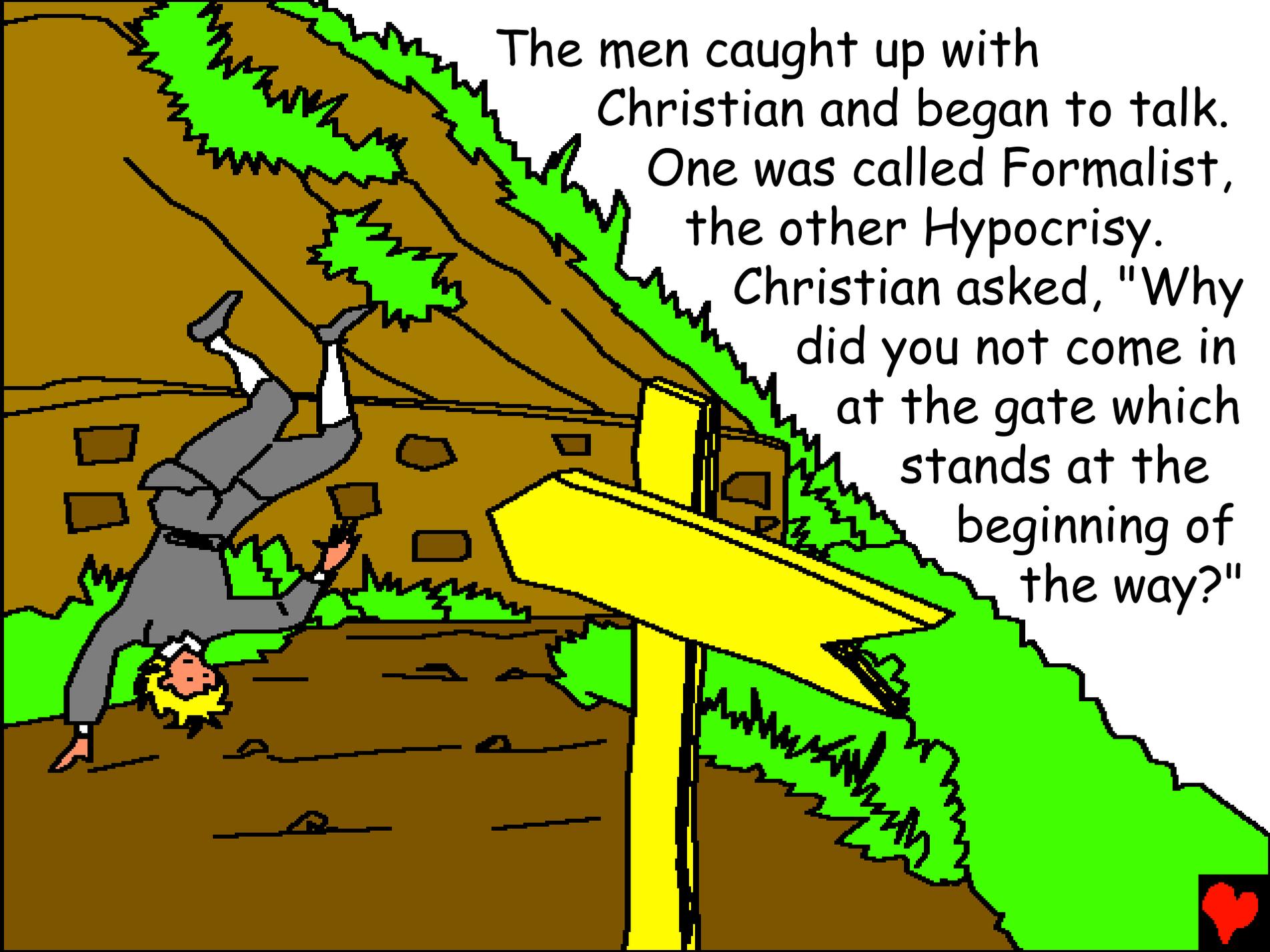


Christian's troubled thoughts were suddenly disturbed by an unexpected sight. As he walked along, two men tumbled over the wall to land on Salvation highway.

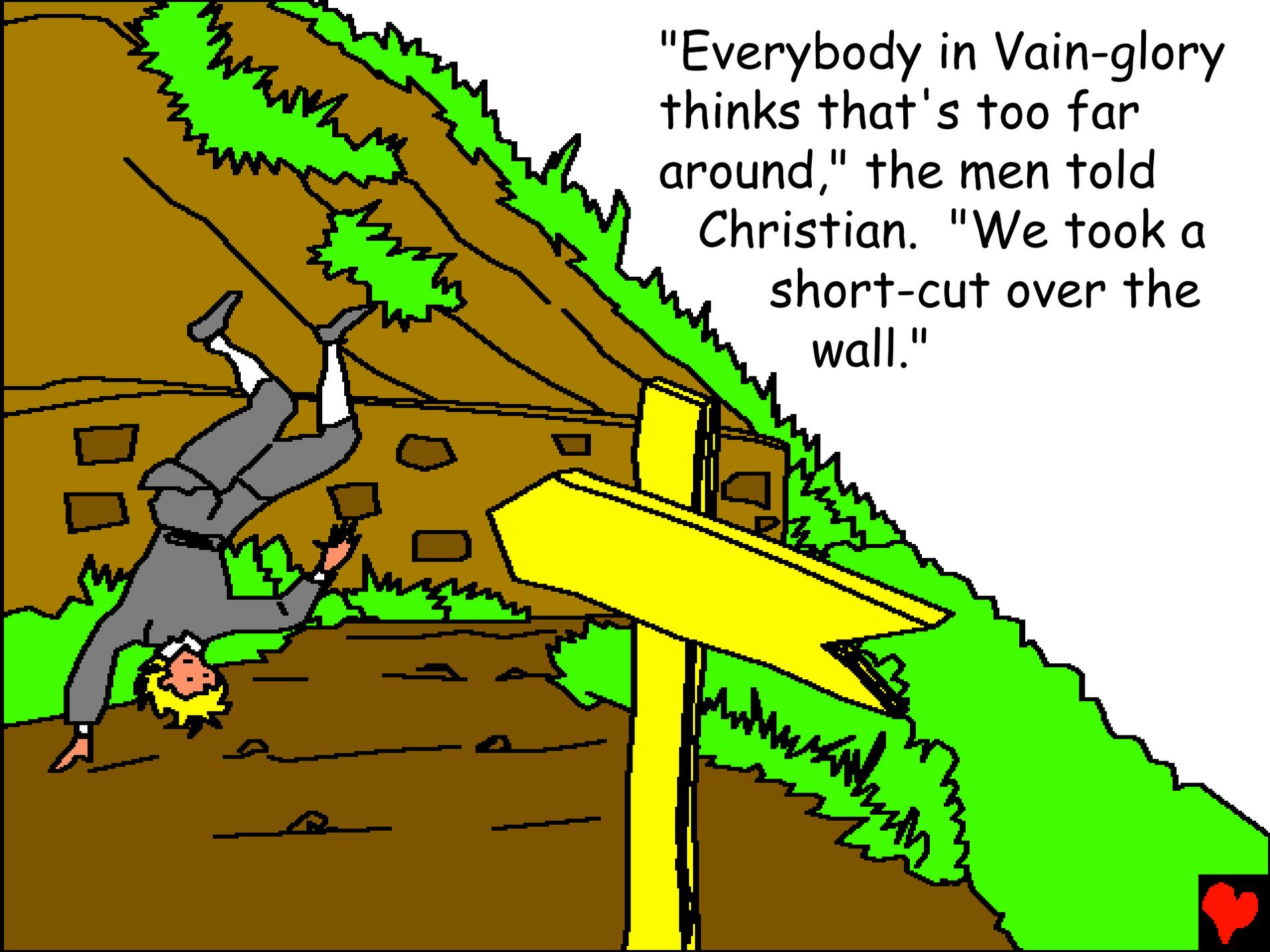


The men caught up with Christian and began to talk. One was called Formalist, the other Hypocrisy.

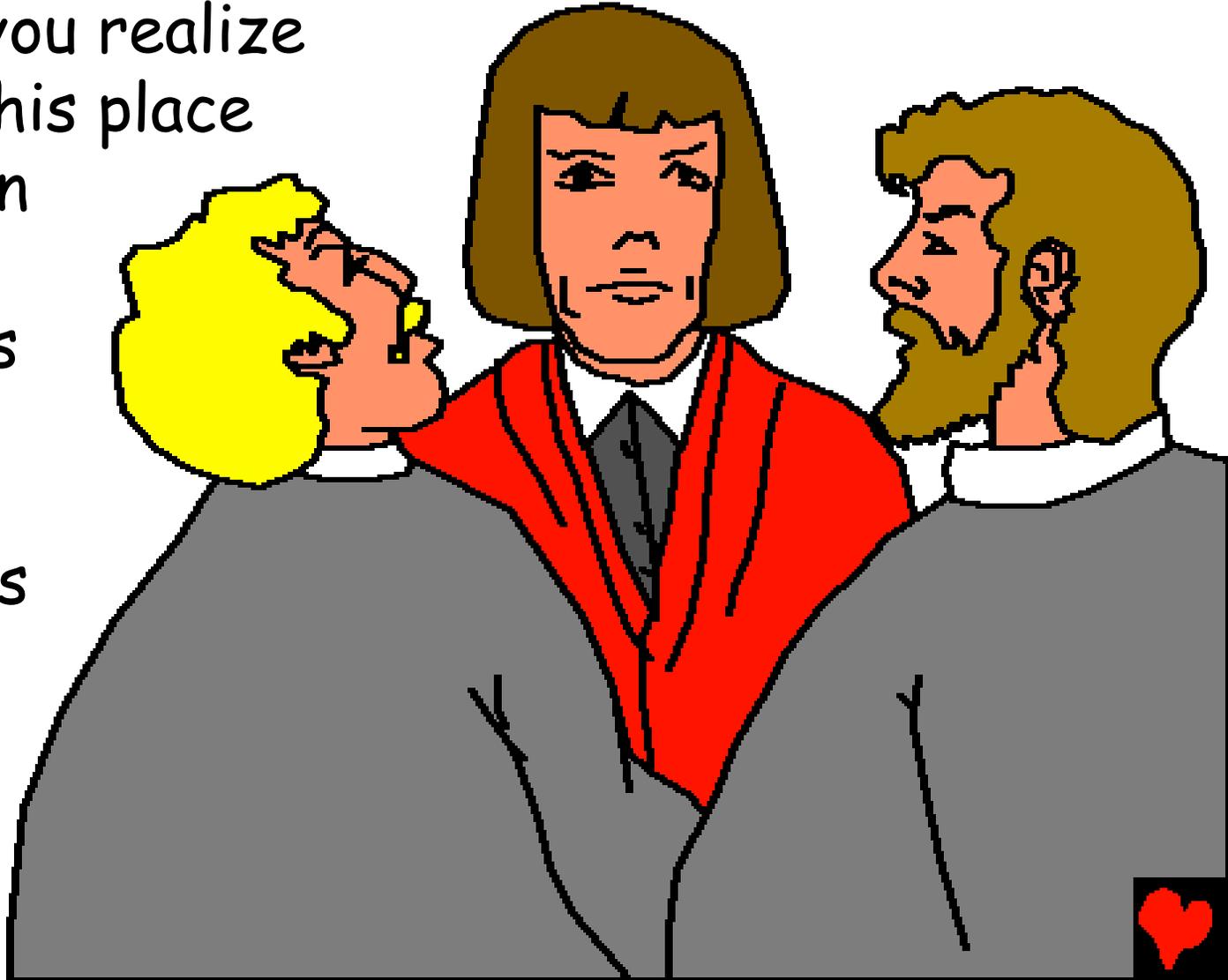
Christian asked, "Why did you not come in at the gate which stands at the beginning of the way?"



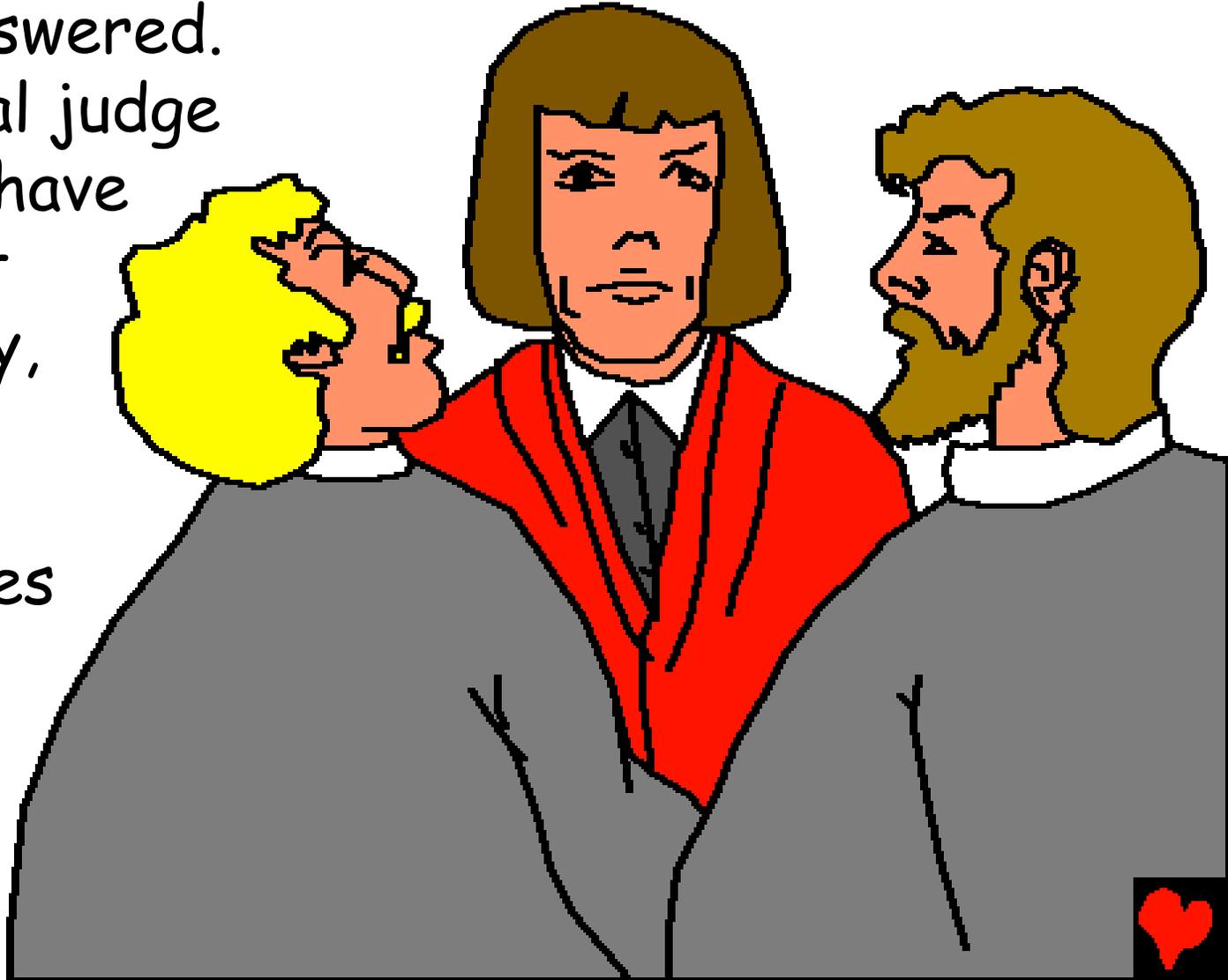
"Everybody in Vain-glory thinks that's too far around," the men told Christian. "We took a short-cut over the wall."



Christian told them the Lord's Word on the matter of entering the way. "Don't you realize the Lord of this place will count it an offence that you ignore His command and come the way you yourselves choose?" he challenged them.



"People have been doing it for more than a thousand years," Formality and Hypocrisy answered. "Any impartial judge of law would have to consider it legal. Anyway, as long as we get in to the way, what does it matter how?"



"You came through the gate," the men argued.

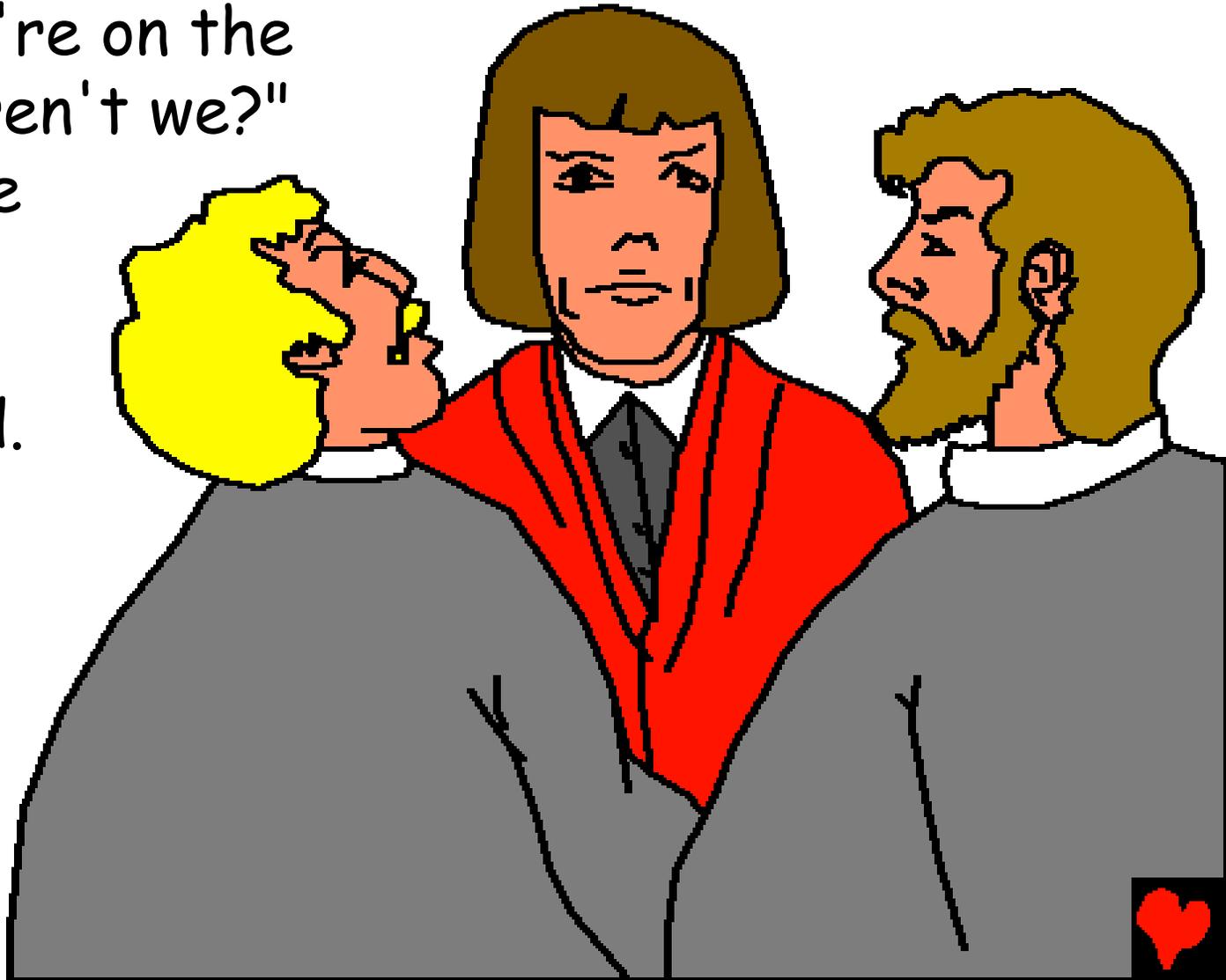
"We came tumbling over the wall. We're on the same road, aren't we?"

"I walk by the rule of my Master,"

Christian said.

"You came in without His direction.

You'll go out without His mercy."



"Just look out for yourself," the men responded. Then Formality and Hypocrisy told Christian they kept the laws as well as he did. They said the only difference they could see was that Christian wore a coat.



"You won't be saved by keeping laws, since you did not come in by the only door the Lord Himself provides," Christian told them.

"As for my coat, I got it from the Lord of the place to where I travel." He touched the lapel of his robe gently.



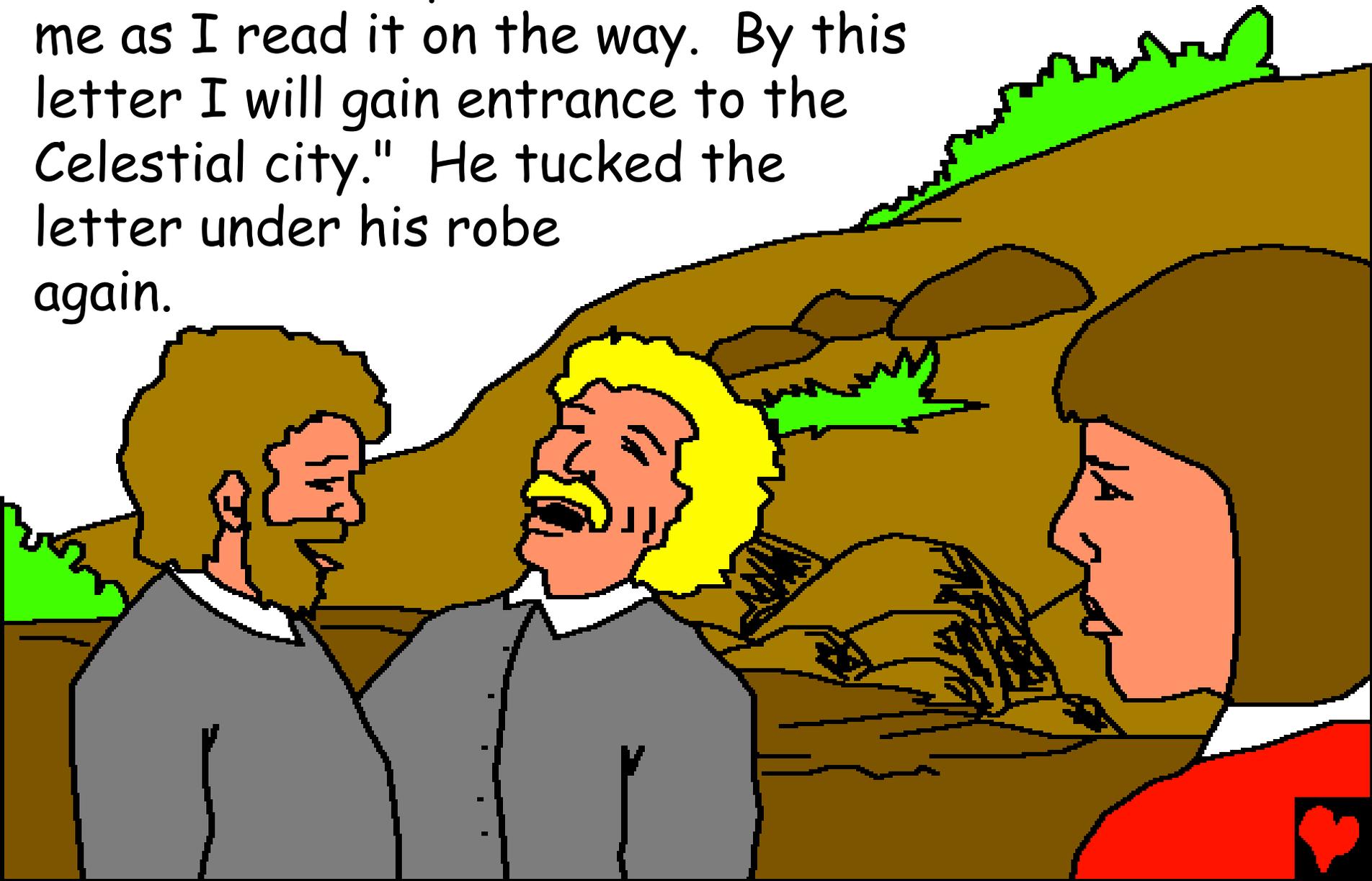
"This robe is my Lord's kind gift to me. I had nothing but rags before. It comforts me, too, because I think my Lord will know me by this robe when I arrive at the gate of the Celestial city." Christian smiled, then pointed to his forehead.



"Perhaps you haven't noticed," Christian said.
"I have also a mark on my forehead. One of
my Lord's most trusted servants put
it there on the day that my burden
rolled off my shoulders.
And that's not all!"



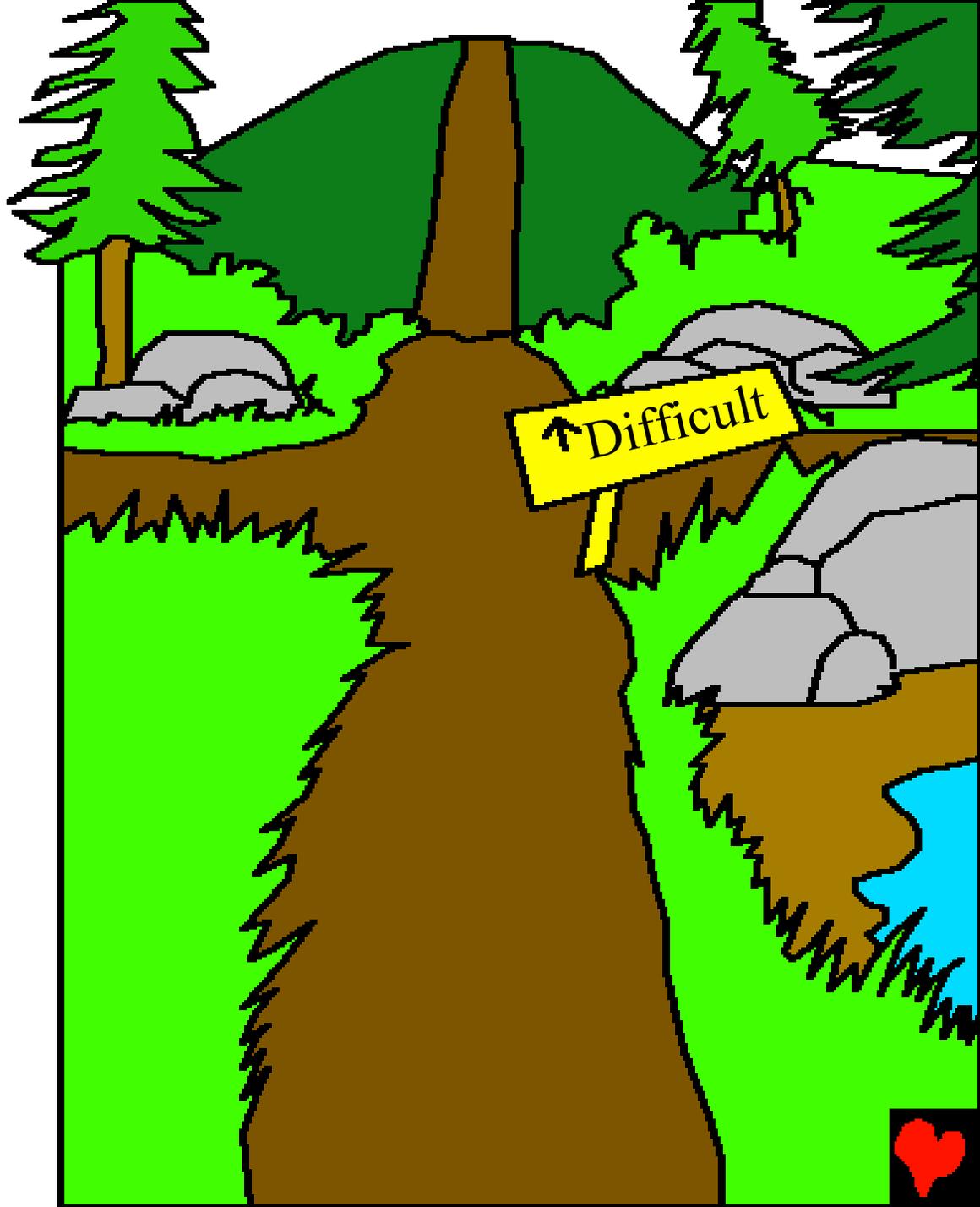
"I also have a letter, sealed with my Lord's seal." Christian held up the letter. "This is to comfort me as I read it on the way. By this letter I will gain entrance to the Celestial city." He tucked the letter under his robe again.



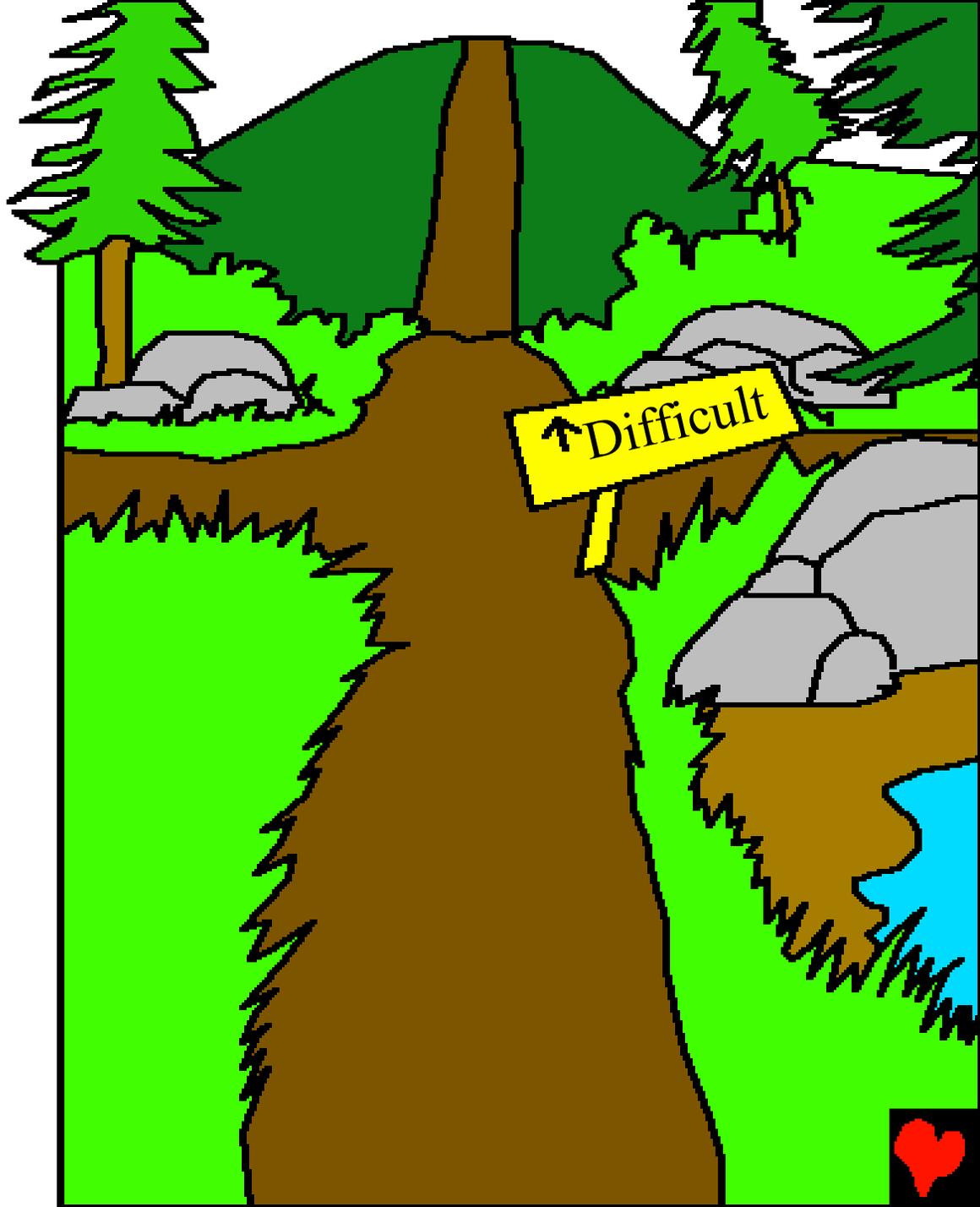
Formality and Hypocrisy made no answer, but looked at each other and laughed mockingly at Christian. Then they left him to walk alone. As he walked he read the letter given him by one of the Shining Ones at the cross.



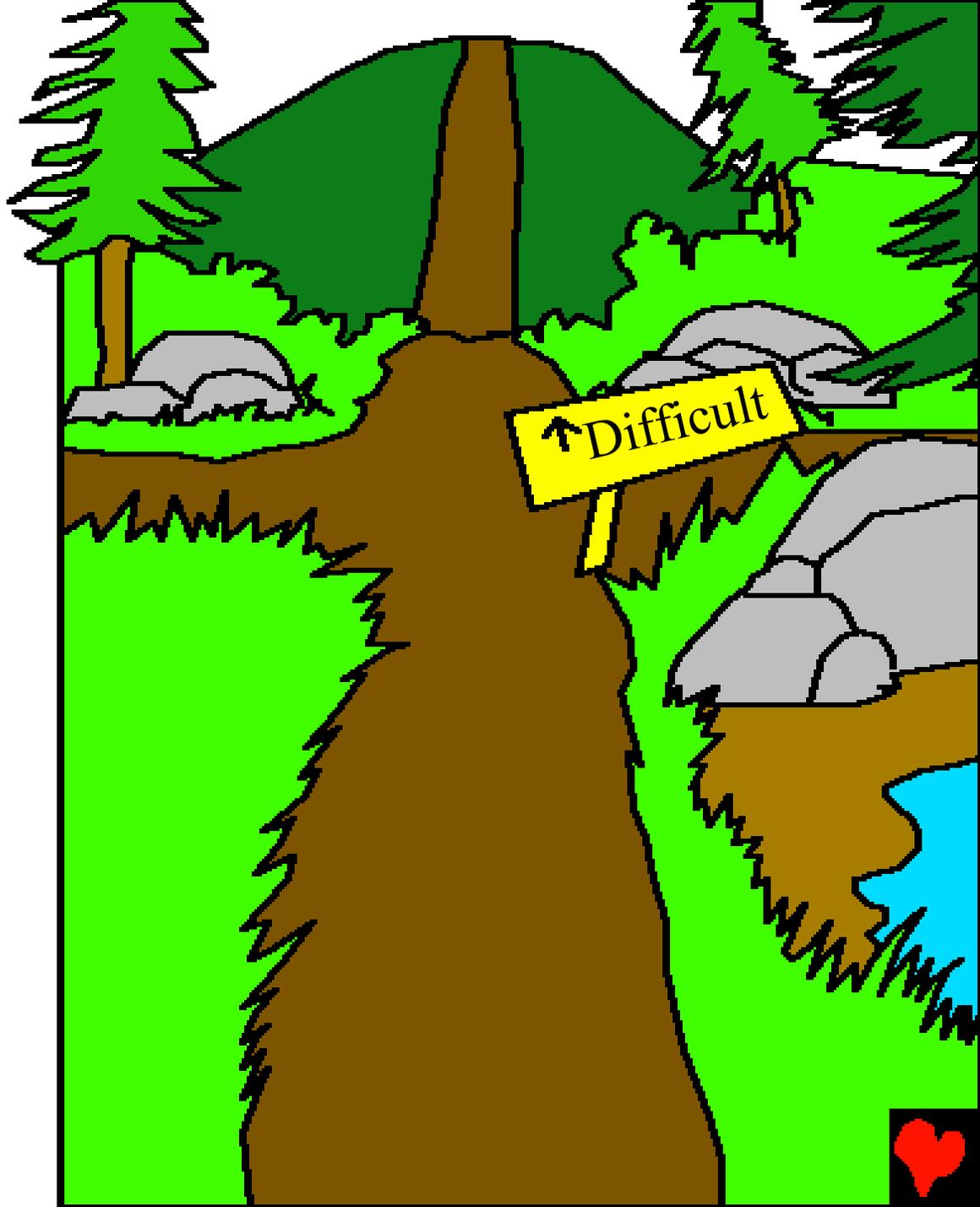
The men arrived at the foot of a hill called Difficulty. A spring of sparkling water flowed there, and two other paths joined in a cross-roads. One path was called Danger, the other Destruction.



Two paths led around the hill. The narrow way running straight up the hill was called Difficult. After stooping down to drink and refresh himself with the fresh water, Christian started up the hill along Difficult road.



Seeing how hard
Difficult road
looked, Formality
and Hypocrisy
examined the other
two paths. "They
probably join the
straight path
further on," they
decided. Formality
took Danger road,
Hypocrisy chose
Destruction. No
one saw them again.



To be
continued...