

Pilgrim's Progress

The Fate of Mr. By-Ends

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 Christian was not alone as he left the town of Vanity. For he had as companion, one who had been a citizen of that town, and whose name was now *HOPEFUL*.

"I will go with you," said this man Hopeful, "because I have seen how gently and patiently and bravely, you bore your sufferings at the Fair. And there are many others who witnessed the glorious death of Faithful and will follow after us."

Now they had not gone very far on their way when they overtook one who was going before them. This person was very smartly dressed, he walked with his head thrown back, and he had ever a proud smile upon his face.

"Good-morning, fellow traveler," said Christian. "How far go you in this way?"

"I am from the town of *Fair-speech*, and I am going to the Celestial City," he answered.

"From Fair-speech!" said Christian. "Is there anything good in that town?"

"I hope so!" was the answer.

"I have heard of that town. They say it is a very wealthy place," said Christian.

"Indeed, that is true," said the traveler. "I have a good many rich kindred there."

"Pray, sir, what may we call you?" asked Christian.

"I am a stranger to you, and you to me," was the answer. "If you are going this way — I shall be glad to go with you. I will say to you that I belong to a very *respectable family*. True, my great grandfather was only a ferryman, rowing one way — and looking the other; but I have become a gentleman of the first quality."

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow, Hopeful, and said, "This man will not tell me his name — but I'm quite sure that he is the noted *Mr. BY-ENDS* of *Fair-speech*."

"Ask him," said Hopeful; "he will surely not be ashamed of his name."

So Christian came up with him again and said, "I think I have a good guess at you. Isn't your name Mr. By-ends?"

"That is not my real name," answered the man; "but some people who don't like me have given it to me as a nickname."

"Did you never do anything to deserve such a name?"

"Never, never! The worst I ever did was to happen always to be on the same side as the company I am with. I never go *against* wind or tide. I like to go to *church* when I can wear my silver slippers. So why should men call me By-ends?"

"Well, if you go with us — you must go *against* wind and tide," said Christian.

"Indeed," answered By-ends, "if you don't wish my company, I can get along very well by myself." And with that he dropped behind, and Christian and Hopeful went onward with quickened steps.

Soon the road became broader and easier, and presently they saw spread out before them a beautiful plain called *EASE*. The way was now so pleasant that the pilgrims sang for joy; the plain was very level and they were soon across it.

At the farther side of the plain there was a hill, and in that hill there was a *silver mine*; but it was a little way off from the road.

As the pilgrims were looking at the hill — they saw a man whose name was *DEMAS* standing beside it and beckoning to them.

"Ho, you travelers!" he said, "come over here, and I will show you something."

"What is it?" asked Christian.

"It is a silver mine!" answered Demas, "and there are men here digging for treasure. If you would become rich, now is your time."

"Let's go and see!" said Hopeful.

"Not I," answered Christian; "I've heard of this place before. There is a *pit* close by it, and many who have been lured that way have fallen into it and perished!"

Then he turned again to *Demas* and asked, "Isn't that mine a very dangerous place for pilgrims?"

"Oh, no — not *very* dangerous," answered Demas; but he *blushed* as he spoke.

Then Christian took Hopeful by the hand and said, "Let us still keep on our way."

So they went on, and Hopeful, looking backward, said, "I'd warrant you that when By-ends comes up — he will turn in to see that mine."

"No doubt of it," said Christian; "for he is that sort of man."

And it happened just so. For when By-ends came within sight of the hill and the mine, he had great longing to see the treasure that was hidden there. And when Demas beckoned to him, he ran over to the place — and was seen no more! But whether he fell into the pit by looking over, or whether he went down to dig, or whether he was smothered by the gases in the mine — of these things I am not certain.

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