

## Pilgrim's Progress

Great-Heart

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 they went on, and Great-heart walked before them. The way was narrow and sometimes steep — but they were refreshed and strong, and so they felt no weariness.

They passed the place where Christian's burden had fallen from his back; and they saw the tomb into which it had tumbled.

They passed also by the cliff where Christian had seen Simple, Sloth, and Presumption lying asleep.

Thus they went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; and there Great-heart showed them everything that would interest them to see.

"Here," said he, "is the spring that Christian drank from, before he went up the hill. And here are the two byways where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. These are very dangerous paths. They have lately been stopped up with posts and chains, as you see — but still there are many who venture into them, rather than take the pains to climb the hill."

After they had rested a little while, they set forward to go up the hill; and Great-heart led the way. But before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant for very weariness.

"Surely, this is a difficult hill," she said; "I don't wonder that some people try to go around it."

Mercy, too, was very tired, and the youngest of the boys began to cry.

"Come, come," said Great-heart, "be brave a little longer. There is an arbor a little above, and there you may sit down and rest."

Then he took the little boy by the hand and led him the rest of the way; and at the hardest places he lifted him and carried him.

"Well, how do you like being a pilgrim?" he asked, when they had reached the top.

"Very well, sir, and I thank you," answered the boy. "It is like going up a ladder; but I would rather climb a ladder, than fall into a pit."

So they went on till they came in sight of the lions.

Now Great-heart was a strong man and was not afraid of the beasts; but the boys cringed behind him, and were much alarmed.

"Well, well!" said Great-heart. "You boys were brave when there was no danger; but now you wish someone else to be brave."

Then he drew his sword and went forward to meet the lions; but suddenly an ugly giant stood in the road before him. The name of this giant was GRIM, and it was his custom to waylay pilgrims who were going through this lonely place.

"How now?" he cried to Great-heart. "What are you doing here?"

Then answered the brave guide, "These women and children are going on a pilgrimage. This is the way they must go, and I will lead them safe through, in spite of giants and lions."

"Indeed, you shall not," roared Grim. "You shall not go past me and my lions."

But Great-heart was not afraid. He said not another word — but rushed upon the giant with his sword. The big fellow drew back, and defended himself with his club.

"Ha! Do you think you will slay me here on my own ground?" he cried.

"We are on the King's highway," answered Great-heart. "You shall not hinder these pilgrims from passing."

And with that he gave the giant a blow which brought him to his knees. With that same blow he broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off his arm.

The giant roared so hideously that the women and children were greatly frightened. But when they saw him sprawling on the ground they were glad.

Now the lions were all the time roaring, and tugging at their chains; and the noise was so great and fearful that the pilgrims would have fled in terror, had it not

been for their guide. But he, taking the little boy by the hand, said to the others, "Come, now, and follow me. No hurt shall happen to you from the lions."

So they went on — but the women trembled as they passed the raging beasts. The boys looked as if they would die of fear; but they clung close to their guide, and all got by in safety.

And now, looking up, they saw the House Beautiful not far ahead of them; and going on with haste, they soon came to the porter's lodge. Night was already come, and all was dark and silent within. But Great-heart went up to the gate and knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" cried the porter.

"It is I," answered Great-heart.

The porter knew his voice, for the brave guide had been there many times before. He hurried down and opened the gate; and when he saw Great-heart standing there, he said, "How now, Mr. Great-heart? What is your business here so late at night?" For he did not see the women and children who were behind him in the darkness.

"I have brought some pilgrims," answered the guide. "They wish to lodge here and rest for a while."

"They are indeed welcome," said the porter. "But why are you so late?"

"We should have come much earlier," said Great-heart, "but we were hindered by old Giant Grim who has often waylaid pilgrims and helped the lions. I had a long and hard fight with him, and I guess he will give no further trouble."

"Well, well! That is good news," said the porter. "Now come in and stay till morning."

"The pilgrims will go in," answered Great-heart, "but I must return at once to my master."

Then Christiana spoke up and thanked him. "You have been so loving and faithful, and you have fought so stoutly for us. How can we go on without you?"

"Yes," said Mercy, "we would have perished if you had not led us. Oh, that we might have your company to our journey's end!"

Then the little boy took him by the hand and said, "Oh, sir, won't you go on with us and help us? We are so weak, and the way is so rough and dangerous!"

"I must obey my master," answered Great-heart. "Tonight I must return to him. But if he shall afterwards bid me be your guide — I will gladly come and wait on you. And so I bid you adieu."

And with that he turned and went back through the darkness.

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