

Pilgrim's Progress

Rest in the Land of Beulah

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 Great-heart led the pilgrims onward till they came to the Land of Beulah, where the sun shines day and night. Here, because they were weary — they betook themselves awhile to rest.

They sat under the sheltering vines and walked in the pleasant orchards. And they partook of the fruit as they had a mind for; for everything belonged to the King of the Celestial Land, and he desired that all pilgrims should partake of his bounty.

But here the bells did so ring, and the trumpets sounded so sweetly, that they could not sleep; yet they were as much refreshed as though they had slumbered peacefully.

Here, every little while, the cry was heard, "More pilgrims have arrived in the land!"

And the answer would be trumpeted back, "Many went over the water today, and were let in at the golden gates!"

At length Christiana and her children, being much refreshed, went a little farther on their way. And now their ears were filled with heavenly sounds, and their eyes were delighted with celestial visions. In this place they heard nothing, saw nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing — but what was pleasing to their hearts and minds.

In this place the children went freely into the King's gardens and gathered sweet-smelling flowers. Here also grew all kinds of trees that are precious for their perfumes and their spices. So the rooms of the pilgrims, while they stayed there, lacked nothing for fragrance and beauty. And they bathed and anointed themselves, and kept themselves in readiness, for the call to go over the *river*.

Now, one day, as they were waiting for the good hour, a sound was heard as of music and voices. And someone who was watching cried, "A postman has come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance for Christiana!"

She, therefore, went to the door to see what it was. The postman greeted her, and gave her the letter; and when she had broken the seal, she opened and read it:

"Hail, good woman! I bring you tidings that the Master calls you. Within these ten days, he expects you to come and stand before him, clothed in garments of immortality!"

When Christiana had read the letter, and knew that her time was come — she called for Great-heart, the guide, and told him how matters were.

He answered that he was heartily glad of her good fortune, and that he would have been even more glad — had the summons come for himself.

Then she asked how she should prepare for her journey, and what she should do while crossing the river.

Very kindly he told her, saying, "Thus and thus it must be; and we that are left behind will go with you to the riverside."

She called for her children and gave them her blessing. She told them how glad she was that they had kept their garments so white; and she cautioned them to be always faithful, waiting for the summons to go onward into the city. "Be watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end."

Now, at length, the day came on which Christiana must be gone. The road was full of people to see her take her journey; and the bank on the farther side of the river, was crowded with chariots and Shining Ones that had come to accompany her to the gates of the *Celestial City*.

So she came forth joyfully, and entered the river; and as she did so, she beckoned farewell to her children and friends who were left behind. And the last words which they heard her speak were, "Lord, I come to be with You!"

Then when she had gone out of their sight, her children returned to their place. They returned weeping — but Great-heart and some others that were with, them played upon the cymbal and the well-tuned harp of joy. And Christiana, with the host of Shining Ones, went up to the Celestial City. She called at the gate, and entered with all the ceremonies of joy that had greeted her husband before her.

Glorious indeed it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed

instruments. These all welcomed her as she passed through the *gate beautiful*. And while her children wept on this side of the river, she was received with songs of triumph in the palace of the King.

And as I looked and listened, I awoke; and, behold — this too was a dream!

Now may this little book a blessing be
To those who love this little book and me,
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away;
Yea, may this Second Pilgrim yield that fruit,
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit;
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their feet and heart to the right way,
Is the hearty prayer of the Author,
— John Bunyan

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