

ชีวิต

จอห์น บันยัน เกิดเมื่อ ค.ศ. 1628 ในตระกูลชนชั้นกลางที่เป็นปีกแผ่น เขาเป็นบุตรของช่างตีบุกแห่งเบ็ตฟอร์ดไชร์ เขาได้ไปโรงเรียนและดำเนินอาชีพตามรอยบิดา บันยันเป็นผู้มีความซื่อสัตย์และมีศรัทธาแก่กล้าในศาสนา ในตอนต้น ๆ ของชีวิตเขาผ่านการต่อสู้ทางใจมามาก ซึ่งเราจะเห็นได้จากผลงานอัตชีวประวัติของเขาชื่อ **Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners** จากวัย 16 ถึง 19 ปี เขารับใช้ชาติในกองทัพของสภา เขาแต่งงานกับหญิงจน ๆ ซึ่งมีเพียงหนังสือที่เกี่ยวกับศาสนา 2 เล่ม เป็นสินสอด เล่มหนึ่งก็คือ **The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven** ซึ่งจะมีอิทธิพลต่อเขามากกว่าหนังสือเล่มใด ๆ ยกเว้นพระคัมภีร์ไบเบิล ในวัยเด็กเขาชอบอ่านนิทานเกี่ยวกับอัศวิน ยักษ์และมังกร หลังจากที่เขาเปลี่ยนไปนับถือนิกายแบบทิสต์แล้ว เขาก็สนใจในการฟังเทศน์ การอ่านและถกเถียงเกี่ยวกับพระคัมภีร์และงานเขียนทางศาสนา เขาใช้ชีวิตทั้งหมดในเบ็ตฟอร์ดไชร์ไปในการซ่อมหม้อ กะทะและการเทศน์ เขาถูกจับในฐานะเป็นนักเทศน์เถื่อน หลังจากสมัยคืนสุราชบัลลังก์แล้วและถูกขังคุกอยู่ประมาณ 12 ปี ซึ่งเขาก็ได้ใช้เวลานั้นเทศน์สอนนักโทษอื่น ๆ และเขียนบทความทางศาสนา เขาได้รับอนุญาตให้เทศน์ได้ในปี 1672 แต่แล้วก็ถูกจับขังอีกเป็นระยะสั้น ๆ ในระหว่างปี 1675—1676 ซึ่งในตอนนี้องที่ที่เขาได้เริ่มเขียน **The Pilgrim's Progress**

งาน

บันยันนั้นเป็นทั้งนักเทศน์และผู้ให้ความเพลิดเพลิน นักศีลธรรมและศิลปิน ผู้เผยแพร่สามัญสำนึกที่มีความคิดอันกระฉ่างชัดและนักฝันกลางวันผู้เต็มไปด้วยจินตนาการ หนังสือของเขากลายเป็นนิยายเปรียบเทียบที่ยิ่งใหญ่ที่สุดในภาษาอังกฤษ แม้เขาจะเป็นผู้ที่ได้รับการศึกษาน้อยตามมาตรฐานของสมัยของเขา ใน **The Pilgrim's Progress** บันยันก็ได้เป็นผู้นำพัฒนาการทางวรรณคดีที่จะเป็นไปในช่วงเวลา 100 ปีต่อมา คิปลิง ขนานนามเขาว่า “บิดาแห่งนวนิยาย” ซึ่งที่จริงเราจะพบลักษณะสำคัญต่าง ๆ ของนวนิยายอังกฤษได้ครั้งแรกในหนังสือเล่มนี้ เช่นเค้าโครงเรื่องตรงไปตรงมา คือ เรื่องของตัวเอกและเพื่อน ๆ ของเขาและการผจญภัยบนทางหลวงของคนเหล่านั้น ถนนนั้นก็คือ ถนนในนวนิยายอังกฤษและอเมริกันหลาย ๆ เรื่อง ภายหลังจากนั้นคือ ถนนที่นำเด็กหนุ่มจากเมืองเล็ก ๆ ไปยังเมืองใหญ่ ฉากต่าง ๆ บรรยายไว้อย่างมองเห็นภาพได้ ตัวละครก็เหมือนชีวิตจริง บทสนทนาเป็นธรรมชาติ **The Pilgrim's Progress** ให้ภาพของมนุษย์อย่างกว้างขวาง บันยันรู้จักธรรมชาติมนุษย์ดีพอที่จะไม่ให้เรื่องของเขามีแต่นักบุญและคนบาป เช่นในบทบาทของ Ignorance ซึ่งได้เรียนรู้เมื่อสายเกินไปว่าจากประตูสวรรค์ก็มีทางไปนรกได้เช่น

เดียวกันกับจาก City of Destruction บันยันทิ้งภาพ Mr. Fearing ผู้กลัวที่จะก้าวไปข้างหน้าและไม่กล้าถอยหลังทั้งที่ถอยต่อความยากลำบากทุกอย่าง และมีความสำเร็จรออยู่ที่ปลายทางสำหรับทุกคนที่มีความมานะอดทน

ในฐานะนักเขียน ความสำเร็จของบันยันทิ้งอยู่ที่ว่าเขาารู้เรื่องที่เขาจะเขียนและรู้ว่าเขาจะเขียนเพื่อใคร เขารู้จากประสบการณ์ทางใจของเขาเองว่านักเดินทางจะต้องย่างก้าวไปทางใดบ้างเพื่อจะเดินทางจาก City of Destruction ไปยัง Celestial City รวมทั้งหลุมบ่อขวากหนามที่อยู่ระหว่างทางด้วย ตัวเขาเองเคยได้ไปยัง Slough of Despond, By-path Meadow, Doubting Castle, และ Vanity Fair มาแล้ว เขาได้เคยพบเพื่อนร่วมทางทั้งที่เป็นมิตรและศัตรูของผู้เดินทางแสวงบุญ เช่น Faithful, Hopeful, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Great-heart, Lady Feigning, Madame Bubble ฯลฯ เขาไม่เพียงแต่มีจินตนาการที่กว้างขวางที่สุดเท่านั้น แต่เขายังมีความสามารถที่จะเล่าเรื่องและถ่ายทอดวัตถุติบจากประสบการณ์และจินตนาการของเขาเองได้อย่างแจ่มชัดและเป็นรูปเป็นร่าง

The Pilgrim's Progress

งานชิ้นนี้ปรากฏอยู่ในโลกมาเกือบ 300 ปีแล้ว งานที่ตอนแรกมีเพียงคนจน ๆ ในอังกฤษอ่านได้กลายเป็นหนังสือคลาสสิกของวรรณคดียุโรป จะมีเพียงพระคัมภีร์ไบเบิลเท่านั้นที่แพร่หลายกว้างขวางมากกว่า *The Pilgrim's Progress* ได้ข้ามมหาสมุทรแอตแลนติกไปยังอเมริกาและเป็นหนังสือภาษาอังกฤษเล่มแรก ๆ ที่ตีพิมพ์ในอเมริกา มันเป็นหนังสือที่สมบูรณ์แบบสำหรับผู้จาริกแสวงบุญและผู้บุกเบิก

ภาคแรกนั้นตีพิมพ์ในปี 1678 ภาคสองซึ่งตีพิมพ์เมื่อปี 1684 นั้น ไม่เป็นแต่เพียงตอนต่อของภาคแรกเท่านั้น มันยังอธิบายและเสริมให้เรื่องในภาคแรกมีพลังมากขึ้น ในภาคนี้รวมเรื่องครอบครัวของ Christian และคนอื่น ๆ ไว้ด้วย เหตุการณ์และอุบัติเหตุในชีวิตประจำวันมีมากขึ้น ความชื่นชมในการเดินทางแสวงบุญจะมากกว่าความยากลำบาก และนอกเหนือไปจากศรัทธาและความหวังในภาคแรกแล้ว เขายังเติมคุณธรรมที่ยิ่งใหญ่ที่สุดคือ การให้ทานเข้าไปด้วย ทั้งสองภาครวมเข้าเป็นเล่มหนังสือสมบูรณ์ ซึ่งเป็นหนังสือทางศาสนาที่มีอิทธิพลที่สุดที่ได้เขียนเป็นภาษาอังกฤษ

หนังสือของบันยันทิ้งมีอิทธิพลต่อหลายวงการ มันมีส่วนคลจใจต่อภาพเขียนของ William Blake ดนตรีของ Vaughan Williams และคนอื่น ๆ มันถูกดัดแปลงเป็นอุปรากร บัลเลต์ และละครเสียดสี มันได้ให้ชื่อเรื่องและแนวความคิดแก่นักเขียนและศิลปินมากมาย ศตวรรษที่ 20 อ่านหนังสือเล่มนี้เพื่อความเพลิดเพลินที่ได้จากจินตนาการสร้างสรรค์ของบันยันทิ้งมากกว่าที่จะแสวงหาคำสั่งสอนทางศาสนา ซึ่งเป็นสิ่งที่ตรงกันข้ามกับวัตถุประสงค์ดั้งเดิมของผู้ประพันธ์

คำขออภัยของบันยันในการเสนอ The Pilgrim's Progress ภาคแรก

เขาแต่งเรื่องนี้เพื่อความพอใจของตนเองในเวลาว่าง เมื่อเสร็จแล้วก็ให้คนอื่นอ่านเพื่อออกความเห็นว่าจะพิมพ์หรือไม่ ในที่สุดเขาก็ตกลงใจพิมพ์เพื่อเป็นการทดสอบใครอยากอ่านจะได้มีโอกาสอ่าน ใครไม่ชอบก็อย่าอ่าน

สไตล์การเขียนของเขาอาจจะอ่านยาก แต่ถ้ามันให้ผลดีก็สมควรแล้ว ของบางอย่างนั้นต้องแสวงหาด้วยวิธีที่เหมาะสมจึงจะได้มา หนังสือของเขาแม้จะไม่มีภาพประกอบแต่ก็ยังมีคุณค่ากว่าบางเล่มที่ทำทางดีแต่ไม่มีสาระเลย

มีผู้กล่าวว่าหนังสือเล่มนี้มีอุปมาอุปไมยมากเกินไป ไม่มีแก่นสาร เขาเห็นว่าแม้ในพระคัมภีร์ซึ่งเป็นคำสอนของใครสื่อก็ยังเต็มไปด้วยอุปมา ผู้อ่านต้องตีความเอาเอง แต่มันก็เป็นหนังสือที่ให้ความสว่างแก่มนุษย์ หนังสือของเขาก็เช่นกัน สรุปก็คือ

1. ไม่ได้มีการห้ามไม่ให้เขาใช้วิธีการเขียนเช่นนี้
2. คนที่สูงส่งก็ยังเขียนแบบสนทนาโดยไม่มีใครติเตียน
3. พระคัมภีร์ไบเบิลก็ใช้วิธีการเดียวกับเขา ไม่มีอะไรจะบดบังความจริงได้

เขาชี้ให้เห็นประโยชน์ของหนังสือของเขาซึ่งแสดงให้เห็นภาพมนุษย์ที่ใสสะอาดแสวงหารางวัลที่คงอยู่ชั่วนิรันดร์ว่าเขามาจากไหน จะไปไหน ทำอะไร และไปถึงจุดหมายปลายทางอย่างไร เหตุที่บางคนไม่บรรลุเป้าหมายเป็นเพราะอะไรบ้าง

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode: nay, I had undertook
To make another: which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my crown:
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove ad infinitum, and eat out
The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did: but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode: I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour: no, not I:
I did it my own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble: nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this
From worsè thoughts which make me do amiss.

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For, having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came: and so I penned
It down: until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,

I showed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, Let them live: some, Let them die:
Some said, John, print it: others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good: others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print if will, and so the case decided.

For, thought I, some, I see, would have it done,
Though others in that channel do not run:
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I futher thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it, thus to gratify:
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, Offend you I am loath,
Yet, since your brethren pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone:
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.
Yea, that I might them better palliate,
I did too with them thus expostulate:

May I not write in such a style as this?
In such a method, too, and yet not miss
My end, thy good? Why may it not be done?
Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.
Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the fruit they yield together:
Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit
None can distinguish this from that: they suit
Her well when hungry: but, if she be full,
She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish: what engines doth he make !
Behold ! How he engageth all his wits:
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets:
Yet fish there be, that neither hook, nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine:
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be caught, whate'er you do.

How doth the fowler seek to catch his game
By divers means! all which one cannot name:
His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and bell:
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can tell
Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what fowls he please.
Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this;
Yet, if he does so, that bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster-shell;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold; who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look
That they may find it? Now, my little book
(Though void of all these paintings that may make
It with this or the other man to take)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave but empty notions dwell.

“Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
That this your book will stand, when soundly tried.”

Why, what's the matter? “It is dark.” What though?
“But it is feigned.” What of that? I trow
Some men, by feigned words, as dark as mine,
Make truth to spangle and its rays to shine.
“But they want solidness.” Speak, man, thy mind.
“They drown the weak; metaphors make us blind.”

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men;
But must I needs want solidness, because
By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,

His gospel laws, in olden times held forth
By types, shadows, and metaphors? Yet loath
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams.
By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,
God speaketh to him; and happy is he
That finds the light and grace that in them be.

Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
That I want solidness, that I am rude;
All thing solid in show not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we,
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls bereave,
My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.

The prophets used much by metaphors
To set forth truth; yea, who so considers
Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see,
That truths to this day in such mantles be.

Am I afraid to say that holy writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is everywhere so full of all these things-
Dark figures, allegories. Yet there springs
From that same book that lustre, and those rays
Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.

Come, let my carper to his life now look,
And find there darker lines than in my book
He findeth any; yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.

May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor one I dare adventure ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his lies in silver shrines.
Come, truth, although in swaddling clouts, I find,
Informs the judgement, rectifies the mind;

Pleases the understanding, makes the will
Submit: the memory too it doth fill
With what doth our imaginations please;
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

Sound words, I know, Timothy is to use,
And old wives' fables he is to refuse;
But yet grave Paul him nowhere did forbid
The use of parables; in which lay hid
That gold, those pearls, and precious stones that were
Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.

Let me add one word more. O man of God,
Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in another dress?
Or that I had in things been more express?
Three things let me propound: then I submit
To those that are my betters, as is fit.

1. I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the words, things, readers; or be rude
In handling figure or similitude,
In application; but, all that I may,
Seek the advance of truth this or that way.
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave
(Example too, and that from them that have
God better pleased, by their words or ways,
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellentest are.

2. I find that men (as high as trees) will write
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight
For writing so: indeed, if they abuse
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
To that intent; but yet let truth be free
To make her sallies upon thee and me,
Which way it pleases God; for who knows how,
Better than he that taught us first to plough,
To guide our mind and pens for his design?
And he makes base thing usher in divine.

3. I find that holy writ in many places
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing, to set forth another;
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams: nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.

And now before I do put up my pen,
I'll show the profit of my book, and then
Commit both thee and it unto that Hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes;
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable?
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember
From New Year's day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies; they will stick like burs,
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

Wouldest thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Wouldest thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Wouldest thou read riddles, and their explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldest thou see
A man in the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldest thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldest thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Wouldest read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

จากข้อความที่ตัดตอนมานี้ เป็นการบรรยายถึงความฝันของผู้เล่าเรื่องนี้ว่า เขานอนหลับแล้วฝันไป ในฝันนั้นเขาเห็นชายผู้หนึ่งแต่งกายด้วยผ้าขาดกระรุ่งกระริงถือหนังสืออยู่ในมือและมีสัมภาระอยู่บนหลังท่าทางเต็มไปด้วยความทุกข์ ชายผู้นี้ (คือ Christian ตัวเอกของเรื่อง) เล่าให้บุตรภรรยาฟังว่า นครที่พวกเขาอาศัย จะถูกทำลายด้วยไฟจากสวรรค์ ทุกคนจะตายหมดถ้าไม่หาทางหนี ญาติพี่น้องเขาไม่เชื่อหาว่าเขาเป็นบ้า คนเหล่านั้นพากันเยาะเย้ยเขาต่าง ๆ นานา จนกระทั่งเขาต้องปลีกตัวไปเดินตามลำพังในทุ่งนา วันหนึ่งเขาก็ได้พบนักเทศน์เข้าคนหนึ่งซึ่งเข้ามาถามว่าเขาร้องให้ทำไม เขาก็ตอบว่าเป็นเพราะหนังสือที่เขาอ่านอยู่บอกว่าเขาจะต้องตายและต้องถูกตัดสิน เขากลัวตายเพราะคิดว่าภาระที่เขาแบกอยู่จะถ่วงให้เขาจมลงก้นบึ้งของนรก นักเทศน์ก็แนะนำให้เขาหนีไปจากความพิโรธของพระเจ้าเสียโดยมุ่งไปหาแสงสว่างที่เห็นอยู่เบื้องหน้า แล้วก็จะเห็นประตูบานหนึ่งซึ่งเขาจะต้องเคาะและจะรู้เองว่าจะต้องทำอะไรต่อไป คริสเตียนจึงเริ่มออกเดินทาง ลูกเมียของเขาก็ร้องให้ขอร้องอย่าให้ไป แต่เขาก็ไม่ฟังเสียงทัดทานของผู้ใด เพื่อนบ้านสองคนคือ Obstinate (หัวรั้น) กับ Pliable (ยืดหยุ่นได้) พยายามจะบังคับให้เขากลับมา แต่คริสเตียนบอกว่าเขาเกิดมาในนครแห่งความพินาศ และเขาไม่อยากจะตายในเมืองที่กำลังจะถูกทำลายลงไปในนี้ เขาจึงจะต้องหนีไปและชักชวนให้คนทั้งสองไปกับเขาด้วย

The
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

: :

As I WALKED through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do ?"

In this plight, therefore, he went home and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased, Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: O my dear wife, said he, and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered. At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse: he also set to talking to them again: but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw, upon a time when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, What shall I do to be saved ?

Christian no sooner leaves the world but meets
Evangelist, who lovingly him greets
With tidings of another; and doth show
Him how to mount to that from this below.

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still,

because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry?

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgement, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils ? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgement, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still ? He answered, Because I know whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come."

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly ? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket-gate ? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shinging light ? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life ! Life! eternal life! So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbours also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and, among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbours, wherefore are ye come ? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be; you dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I was born: I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.

คำนำของบันทึกในการเสนา The Pilgrim's Progress ภาคสอง

เป็นการแนะนำตัวละครคือคริสเตียนากับลูก ๆ ซึ่งเป็นภรรยาและบุตรของคริสเตียนตัวเอกในภาคแรก พวกเขาได้ทิ้งบ้านเพื่อการจาริกแสวงบุญและได้พบความลำบากต่าง ๆ กว่า จะถึงที่หมาย

ข้อกังขาที่ 1 อาจมีผู้สงสัยว่าหนังสือเล่มนี้จะไม่ใช่ของแท้

คำตอบ หนังสือปลอมนั้นอ่านแล้วก็รู้ได้เอง ถ้าไม่แน่ใจเขาจะเป็นผู้ยืนยันเอง

ข้อกังขาที่ 2 จะทำอย่างไรกับผู้ที่ยังเกลียดหนังสือเล่มนี้

คำตอบ อย่างกลัวไปเลย หนังสือของเขาเป็นที่ต้อนรับในหลาย ๆ ประเทศโดยเฉพาะในแถบนิวอิงแลนด์ในอเมริกา คนหนุ่มสาวและเด็กก็ชอบอ่าน ผู้ที่ยังไม่ได้อ่านก็อยากอ่าน ผู้ที่ไม่ชอบแต่แรกพออ่านแล้วก็แนะนำให้ผู้อื่นอ่านบ้าง

ข้อกังขาที่ 3 บางคนคิดว่าหนังสือเล่มนี้ยากเกินไป

คำตอบ อะไรที่ดูยากยิ่งทำทหายปัญญาและจะเป็นที่จดจำได้นานกว่า อีกอย่างหนึ่งคริสเตียนาจะได้สานต่อสิ่งที่คริสเตียนทิ้งเอาไว้

ข้อกังขาที่ 4 จะทำอย่างไรกับผู้ที่ไม่ชอบวิธีเขียนแบบนิยายของเขา

คำตอบ ทำดีกับพวกเขาเพราะคนเราต่างจิตต่างใจ

ขอให้หนังสือของเขาทำประโยชน์ให้ผู้อ่านให้กลายเป็นผู้แสวงบุญที่ดี ให้คริสเตียนาเล่าว่าใครไปแสวงบุญกับเธอบ้าง (มีความเมตตา ความซื่อสัตย์ ความกลัว ปัญญาอ่อน ใจกล้าพร้อมที่จะหยุด กล้าหาความจริง สิ้นหวัง กลัวมาก) ขอให้หนังสือเล่มนี้ชักจูงให้ผู้ที่หลงทางกลับตัวกลับใจมาสู่ทางที่ถูกที่ควร

**THE AUTHOR'S WAY
OF SENDING FORTH HIS
SECOND PART OF THE PILGRIM**

: :

Go now, my little book, to every place
Where my first pilgrim has but shown his face,
Call at their door. If any say, Who's there?
Then answer thou, Cristiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys; and then, as thou knowest how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came;
Perhaps they'll know them by their looks or name.
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not entertain
One Christian, a Pilgrim? If they say
They did, and were delighted in his way;
Then let them know that those related were
Unto him; yea, his wife and children are.

Tell them that they have left their house and home,
Are turned Pilgrims, seek a world to come;
That they have met with hardships in the way,
That they do meet with troubles night and day,
That they have trod on serpents, fought with devils,
Have also overcome a many evils.
Yea, tell them also of the next, who have
Of love to pilgrimage been stout and brave
Defenders of that way, and how they still
Refuse this world, to do their Father's will.

Go, Tell them also of those dainty things
That pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings.
Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
Beloved of their King, under his care:
What goodly mansions for them he provides,
Though they meet with rough winds and swelling tides,
How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
Who to their Lord and by his ways hold fast.

Perhaps with heart and hand they will embrace
Thee, as they did my firstling, and will grace
Thee and thy fellows with such cheer and fare,
As show will, they of Pilgrims lovers are.

OBJECTION 1

But how if they will not believe of me
That I am truly thine; 'cause some there be
That counterfeit the Pilgrim and his name,
Seek by disguise to seem the very same,
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who?

ANSWER

'Tis true, some have of late, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own my title set;
Yea others, half my name and title too
Have stitched to their book, to make them do;
But yet they by their features do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are.

If such thou meetest with, then thine only way
Before them all, is, to say out thy say,
In thine own native language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
If, after all, they still of you shall doubt,
Thinking that you, like gipsies, go about
In naughty wise the country to defile,
Or that you seek good people to beguile
With things unwarrantable; send for me,
And I will testify you Pilgrims be;
Yea, I will testify that only you
My Pilgrims are; and that alone will do.

OBJECTION II

But yet, perhaps, I may inquire for him
Of those that wish him damned, life and limb.
What shall I do, when I at such a door
For Pilgrims ask, and they shall rage the more?

ANSWER

Fright not thyself, my book, for such bugbears
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears.
My Pilgrims's book has travelled sea and land,
Yet could I never come to understand
That it was slighted, or turned out of door
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.

In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteemed a friend, a brother.

In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.

Highlanders and wild Irish can agree
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.

'Tis in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,
As to be trimmed, new clothed, and decked with gems,
That it may show its features and its limbs,
Yet more; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.

If you draw nearer home, it will appear,
My Pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear;
City and country will him entertain
With, Welcome, Pilgrim; yea, they can't refrain
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shows his head in any company.

Brave gallants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much, yea, value it above
Things of a greater bulk: yea, with delight,
Say my lark's leg is better than a kite.

Young ladies, and young gentlewomen too,
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim show.
Their cabinets, their bosoms, and their hearts,
My Pilgrim has, 'cause he to them imparts
His pretty riddles in such wholesome strains,
As yield them profit double to their pains
Of reading. Yea, I think I may be bold
To say some prize him far above their gold.

The very children that do walk the street,
If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well, and say,
He is the only stripling of the day.

They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his company, and hear him tell
Those Pilgrim stories which he knows so well.

Yea, some who did not love him at the first,
But called him fool and nobby, say they must,
Now they have seen and heard him, him commend,
And to those whom they love they do him send.

Wherefore, my Second Part, thou needest not be
Afraid to show thy head; none can hurt thee,
That wish but well to him that went before,
'Cause thou comest after with a second store
Of things as good, as rich, as profitable,
For young, for old, for staggering, and for stable.

OBJECTION III

but some there be that say he laughs too loud;
And some do say his head is in a cloud.
Some say his words and stories are so dark,
They know not how, by them, to find his mark.

ANSWER

One may (I think) say, Both his laughs and cries
May well be guessed at by his watery eyes.
Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.
When Jacob saw his Rachel with the sheep,
He did at the same time both kiss and weep.

Whereas some say, A cloud is in his head,
That doth but show how wisdom's covered
With its own mantles, and to stir the mind
To a search after what if fain would find:
Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,
Do but the godly mind the more allure;

To study what those sayings should contain,
That speak to us in such a cloudy strain.

I also know a dark similitude
Will on the fancy more itself intrude,
And will stick faster in the heart and head,
Than things from similes not borrowed.

Wherefore, my book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels. Behold, thou art sent
To friends, not foes; to friends that will give place
To thee, thy Pilgrims, and thy words embrace.

Besides, what my first Pilgrim left concealed,
Thou, my brave second Pilgrim, hast revealed;
What Christian left locked up, and went his way,
Sweet Christiana opens with her key.

OBJECTION IV

But some love not the method of your first;
Romance they count it, throw't away as dust;
If I should meet with such, what should I say?
Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay?

ANSWER

My Christiana, if with such thou meet,
By all means in all loving wise, them greet;
Render them not reviling for revile;
But if they frown, I prithee on them smile;
Perhaps 'tis nature, or some ill report,
Has made them thus despise, or thus retort.

Some love no cheese, some love no fish, and some
Love not their friends, nor their own house or home,
Some start at pig, slight chicken, love not fowl,
More than they love a cuckoo, or an owl;
Leave such, my Christiana, to their choice,
And seek those who to find thee will rejoice;
By no means strive, but in humble wise
Present thee to them in thy Pilgrim's guise.

Go then, my little book, and show to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,

What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest,
And wish what thou shalt show them may be blest
To them for good, may make them choose to be
Pilgrims better by far than thee or me.

Go then, I say, tell all men who thou art;
Say, I am Christiana, and my part
Is now, with my four sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a Pilgrim's lot.

Go also, tell them who and what they be,
That now do go on pilgrimage with thee;
Say, Here's my neighbour Mercy, she is one
That has long time with me a Pilgrim gone.
Come, see her in her virgin face, and learn
'Twixt idle ones and Pilgrims to discern.
Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
The world which is to come, in any wise.
When little tripping maidens follow God,
And leave old doting sinners to his rod;
'Tis like those days wherein the young ones cried
Hosanna! to whom old ones did deride.

Next tell them of old Honest, whom you found
With his white hairs, treading the Pilgrim's ground.
Yea, tell them how plain-hearted this man was,
How after his good Lord he bare his cross;
Perhaps with some grey head this may prevail
With Christ to fall in love, and sin bewail.

Tell them also how Master Fearing went
On pilgrimage, and how the time he spent
In solitariness, with fears and cries,
And show, at last, he won the joyful prize.
He was a good man, though much down in spirit,
He is a good man, and doth life inherit.

Tell them of Master Feeble-mind also,
Who, not before, but still behind would go;
Show them also how he had like been slain,
And how one Great-heart did his life regain.
This man was true of heart, though weak in grace,
One might true godliness read in his face.

Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
A man with crutches, but much without fault;
Tell them how Master Feeble-mind and he
Did love, and in opinions much agree.
And let all know, though weakness was their chance,
Yet sometimes one could sing, the other dance.

Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-truth,
That man of courage, though a very youth.
Tell every one his spirit was so stout,
No man could ever make him face about,
And how Great-heart and he could not forbear,
But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair.

Overlook not Master Despondency,
Nor Much-afraid, his daughter, though they lie
Under such mantles, as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook.
They softly went, but sure, and at the end
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their friend.
When thou hast told the world of all these things,
Then turn about, my book, and touch these strings,
Which, if but touched, will such music make,
They'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.

These riddles that lie couched within thy breast,
Freely propound, expound; and for the rest
Of thy mysterious lines, let them remain
For those whose nimble fancies shall them gain.

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.

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners:

ร้อยแก้วบทนี้สะท้อนให้เห็นความรู้สึกภายในของบันยันเอง ว่าเขารู้สึกว่าเขาได้กระทำบาปหนักชนิดที่พระเจ้าก็คงไม่อภัยโทษให้ เพราะเขาถูกล่อลวงให้ละทิ้งพระเจ้า เขาจึงไม่มีความสุขอยู่ตลอดเวลา จนวันหนึ่งเหมือนกับเขาได้ยินเสียงพูดว่า “See that ye refuse not him that Speaketh” ซึ่งอาจจะเป็นเสียงของพระเจ้าก็ได้ ทำให้เขามีความหวังขึ้นมาว่าใครสต์มิได้ทอดทิ้งเขา นอกจากนั้นข้อความในพระคัมภีร์ตอนหนึ่งก็ให้ความหวังกับเขา ตอนที่ใครสต์พูดว่า ใครก็ตามที่เข้าหาพระองค์จะไม่ถูกขับไล่ไสส่ง แต่ซาตานก็ยังพยายามจะเอาชนะเขาให้ได้ในตัวของเขาจึงเกิดความรู้สึกสับสน ขัดแย้งกันอยู่ระหว่าง อำนาจความดีกับความชั่ว แต่ในที่สุดเขาก็เอาชนะอำนาจฝ่ายต่ำได้ ทำให้เขามีความสุขขึ้น

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS

But to be brief, one morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together. But at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, Let him go, if he will! and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh, the diligence of Satan! Oh, the desperateness of man's heart!

Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field; but God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

I feared therefore that this wicked sin of mine might be that sin unpardonable, of which he there thus speaketh, 'But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation' (Mark iii. 29). And I did the rather give credit to this, because of that sentence in the Hebrews, 'For ye know, how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' And this stuck always with me.

And now was I both a burden and a terror to myself, nor did I ever so know, as now, what it was to be weary of my life, and yet afraid to die, Oh, how gladly now would I have been anybody but myself! Anything but a man! and in any condition but mine own! for there was nothing did pass more frequently over my mind, than that it was impossible for me to be forgiven my transgression, and to be saved from wrath to come.

Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting, also, this hard hap of mine, for that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing I should not be pardoned; praying also, in my heart, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it me. And being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was, as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, Didst ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ? And, withal my whole life and profession past was, in a moment, opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not; so my heart answered groaningly, No. Then fell, with power, that word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that seeketh' (Heb. xii. 25). This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to rear and bellow, and make a hideous noise within me. It showed me, also, that Jesus Christ had

yet a word of grace and mercy for me, that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul; yea, this was a kind of a chide for my proneness to desperation; a kind of a threatening me if I did not, notwithstanding my sins and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I knew not; or from whence it came I know not. I have not yet, in twenty years time, been able to make a judgment of it; I thought then what here I shall be loath to speak. But verily, that sudden rushing wind was as if an angel had come upon me; but both it and the salvation I will leave until the day of judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul, it persuaded me there might be hope; it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But, I say, concerning this dispensation, I know not what yet to say unto it; which was, also, in truth, the cause that, at first, I did not speak of it in the book; I do now, also, leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgement. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus, in the promise; yet, seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also show itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it. This lasted, in the savour of it, for about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust and to despair again.

This scripture did also most sweetly visit my soul, 'And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). Oh, the comfort that I have had from this word, 'in no wise'! as who should say, by no means, for no thing, whatever he hath done. But Satan would greatly labour to pull this promise from me, telling of me that Christ did not mean me, such as I, but sinners of a lower rank, that had not done as I had done. But I should answer him again, Satan, here is in this word no such exception; but 'him that comes, HIM, any him, 'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. And this I well remember still, that of all the sleights that Satan used to take this scripture from me, yet he never did so much as put this question, But do you come aright? And I have thought the reason was, because he thought I knew full well what coming aright was; for I saw that to come aright was to come as I was, a vile and ungodly sinner, and to coast myself at the feet of mercy, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end and I at the other. Oh what work did we make! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and I pulled; but, God be praised, I got the better of him, I got some sweetness from it.

คำถาม

1. เหตุใด The Pilgrim's Progress จึงเป็นงานเขียนที่มีอิทธิพลมากต่อชาวอังกฤษและอเมริกัน
2. บันยันท้าข้อแก้ตัวให้กับหนังสือภาคแรกของเขาอย่างไรบ้าง
3. ทำไมคริสเตียนจึงต้องหนีไปจากเมืองของเขา
4. บันยันท้องการให้หนังสือภาคสองของเขามีบทบาทอย่างไร
5. Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners สะท้อนให้เห็นศรัทธาที่บันยันทมีต่อพระเจ้าอย่างไร