The origins of the poster date back to Charlotte Reihlen (1805-1868), the cofounder of the house of deaconess Stuttgart.
Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and 
broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction and many there 
be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow 
is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.


**Excerpt from Bruce Chatwin's *On the Black Hill*, pages 89-90.**

He [Benjamin] was also very religious.
Crossing the pasture one evening, he watched the swallows glinting low over the 
dandelion clocks, and the sheep standing out against the sunset, each one ringed with an 
aureole of gold – and understood why the Lamb of God should have a halo.

He would spend long hours patterning his ideas of sin and retribution into a vast 
thological system that would, one day, save the world. Then, when the fine print tired 
his eyes – both the twins were a little astigmatic - he would pore over Amos's colour 
print of 'The Broad and Narrow Path.'

This was a gift from Mr. Gomer Davis, and hung beside the fireplace in its frame 
of gothic niches.

On the left side, ladies and gentlemen were strolling in groups towards “The 
Way of Perdition.” Flanking the gate were statues of Venus and the Drunken Bacchus; 
and, beyond them, there were more smart people — drinking, dancing, gambling, going 
to theatres, pawning their property and taking trains on Sunday.

Higher up the road, the same sort of people were seen robbing, murdering, 
enslaving, and going to war. And finally, hovering over some blazing battlements – 
which looked a bit like Windsor Castle – the Devil’s Attendants weighed the souls of 
sinners.

The right side of the picture was the 'Way of Salvation,' and here the building 
was unmistakable Welsh. In fact, the Chapel, the Sunday School, the Deaconesses’ 
Institution – all with high-pitched gables and slate roofs - reminded Benjamin of an 
illustrated brochure from Llandrindod Wells.

Only the humbler were seen on this narrow and difficult road, performing any 
number of pious acts, until they too trudged up a mountainside that looked exactly like 
the Black Hill. And there, on the summit, was the city of New Jerusalem, and the Lamb of 
Zion, and the choirs of trumpeting angels . . . !

This was the image that haunted Benjamin’s imagination. And he believed, 
seriously, that the road to Hell was the road to Hereford, and the Road to Heaven led up 
to the Radnor hills.

Then the war came . . .