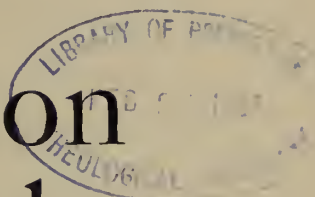


The Princeton Theological Review



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The Princeton Theological Review

OCTOBER, 1928

JEREMIAH'S PLAINT AND ITS ANSWER

In the third verse of the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah we have a prophet's report of divine speech heard in a revelation-sleep. The content of what was related after the awakening holds a peculiar place among the prophecies of Jeremiah: "Jehovah appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn out long lovingkindness unto thee." Whilst a large part of the discourses of this prophet is given to rebuke of sin and prediction of judgment, the message here is one of promise. It transports us into the final world-order, when the chaos and ruin, the sin and the sorrow shall have been overpast, nay changed into their opposites. No wonder that one, who had had to deliver so many prophecies of woe and destruction, should have delighted in seeing and reproducing this vision of restoration and blessedness, that after having been so long employed in rooting up and plucking out, he should have rejoiced more than ordinarily in this planting of new hopes, a pause of rest and healing also for his own weary and distracted soul.

In taking the comfort of the prophetic promises to our hearts we do not, perhaps, always realize what after the tempest and tumults, in the brief seasons of clear shining which God interposed, such relief must have meant to the prophets themselves. For they had not merely to pass through the distress of the present; besides this they were not allowed to avert their eyes from the terrifying vision of the latter days. In anticipation they drank from the cup "with wine of reeling" filled by Jehovah's hand. Nor did the prophets see only the turbulent surface, the foaming upper waves of the

BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS TERCENTENARY*

Leaving the noisy and ill-smelling street in a now rather shabby part of the city, one enters by an ancient iron gateway into Bunhill Fields, one of London's most famous burial grounds. Venerable trees with their outstretched arms cast their shadows across the closely crowded tombs of the dead. On the benches along the paths, poor and decayed old men, more welcome among the dead than the living, sit and chat amiably together undisturbed by their gloomy surroundings. Passing down one of these narrow lanes between the graves, the visitor surveys a dismal harvest of the trophies and tokens of mortality. But here and there the eye lights upon a name which can never die. Here, on this stone, he reads the name, Susanna Wesley, the great mother of the Wesleys; and here on another tomb the name Isaac Watts, and as he looks he seems to hear the melody of Watts' grand hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross." And over here is the grave of Daniel DeFoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, one of the two most popular books in the English tongue. And not far off is another famous grave. Before the visitor can make out the name carved upon it, the sculptured relief of a Pilgrim kneeling at the foot of the Cross, while his bundle rolls from his back, tells him that he is standing by the grave of the author of the other best known English book, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Bunyan was born in November, 1628, near Elstow, a hamlet not far from Bedford. When Bunyan was born, Richard Baxter was eight years of age, George Fox, the founder of the Friends, was four; Cromwell was twenty-eight, going up to take his seat in Parliament; John Milton

* The "Stone Lectures" for 1928 were delivered by Dr. Macartney in Miller Chapel on the afternoons of November 19-23, the subject being "Sons of Thunder." That the first of these lectures should deal with Bunyan was especially appropriate in view of the Bunyan Tercentenary. Unavoidable delay in the publication of the REVIEW has made it possible to include this lecture in this issue. [Ed.]

was twenty, beginning to dream of writing poetry "such as the world would not willingly let die"; Shakespeare had been sleeping for twelve years beneath the stone in the church on the banks of quiet Avon; the New England Colony had passed through the storms and trials of eight winters; Charles I was on the throne of England, and on the political horizon some could discern a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but a cloud which was to grow and swell in dimension and blackness until it broke over England in the storm of the Civil War.

Bunyan's father, like himself, was a tinker. "My father's house," he says, "being of that rank that is the meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." Yet he rejoices that by this humble door God brought him into the world to partake of the grace in life that is in Christ by the Gospel. Although he was of the meanest rank, the father of Bunyan saw to it that his son learned to read and write and sent him to the grammar school. When visiting Elstow in July, 1928, I was struck with the unfamiliarity of the church sexton with the history of the church whose attendant he was. But he at length explained his inability to answer my questions by telling me that he could neither read nor write. This was in England in July 1928! But three hundred years ago the son of a poor tinker was sent to the grammar school and learned to read and write. What would the world have missed had John Bunyan's father not sent him to school to learn to read and to write!

For the story of Bunyan's boyhood and youth, his conversion, his early preaching, and the first part of his prison experience, we must depend upon his own *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, a work written in the prison and one of the most remarkable autobiographies and confessions ever penned. In this book where he unveils and reveals the inmost of his soul, Bunyan describes himself in childhood and youth as a great sinner. It has been a fashion with his biographers to say that as in the case of Augustine and his *Confessions*, we must not take these self-condemnations too literally, but

as the exaggerated expressions of a mind which has come to know the Lord and regrets the days of ignorance and unbelief. Macaulay even goes the length of saying, "It is quite certain that Bunyan was at eighteen years what in any but the most austere puritanical circles, would have been considered as a young man of singular gravity and innocence." But there are those who will still prefer to take Bunyan at his word when he said that he was "filled with all unrighteousness, both in my heart and life, and that from a child I had but few equals both for cursing, swearing, lying and blaspheming the Holy name of God." He intimates very plainly that had it not been for the miracle of his conversion, he would not only have perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but would have suffered the righteous judgments of this world. In one of his sermons he makes the confession that he was not only a sinner himself, but a great sin breeder: "I infected all the youths of the town where I was born with all manner of youthful vanity."

In an age when no one doubted the existence of heaven and hell, devils and angels, this boy of tremendous imagination had anxious and troubled nights, with apprehensions of devils, wicked spirits, and thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire. So much was this so, that he tells us that even as a boy he wished either that there had been no hell or that he had been a devil, so that if he must go to hell, he might be rather a tormentor than tormented himself. He had three narrow escapes from death—twice from drowning and once from the bite of an adder. But these incidents did nothing to awaken his soul to righteousness. It is in connection with this that Bunyan makes a casual mention of his experience in the Civil War, an experience which he dismisses with a single sentence: "When I was a soldier, I with others was drawn to such a place to besiege it, but when I was just ready to go one of the company desired to go in my room, to which when I consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet and died." That is all Bunyan has to say about the Civil War.

He does not even tell us on what side he fought, although it has been generally supposed that he fought in the Parliamentary Army, and that the siege to which he referred, was the siege of Leicester. This is the view taken by Kipling in his stirring verses "The Holy War," written during the World War :—

A tinker out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God—

Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His single hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name!

We would give a great deal to have from Bunyan's pen, so apt to describe battles and sieges and councils, an account of some of the battles and personalities of the Civil War. Was he at Naseby, or Marston Moor, and did he see Cromwell, or Fairfax, or Monk, or Prince Rupert? But not a word does he tell us save to relate his own, and to him, providential, escape from death. The war in which he was interested was not England's Civil War and the struggle between Crown and Parliament, but the civil war within the heart of man where Heaven and Hell contend for the mastery of the soul. He could say with another and a greater spiritual gladiator, "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against the spiritual wickedness in high places."

When he returned from the war, about the age of seventeen or eighteen, Bunyan married a girl whom he described as "poor as poor might be." He says they came together "not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt them." But this girl-bride brought with her two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety*. Out of these two books she was wont to read to her tinker husband, wherein he says, "I found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me." His marriage and the reading of

these books begat within him a desire to reform his vicious life, and he fell in very easily with church going and had a great and almost superstitious reverence for the priest and the clerk at the church. But all the while his heart was at enmity with God.

One day the Elstow parson preached on the evils of Sabbath breaking. Bunyan felt that the sermon was directed toward him, for this was a vice, he confesses, "in which I did solace myself." He went home greatly loaded with the sermon; but when his dinner was over, he felt better and returned to the green to play one-o'-cat with his companions. He had struck one blow from the hole, and was just about to strike the second time, when suddenly he heard a voice from heaven which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" It seemed to him that the Lord Jesus was looking down upon him and "hotly displeased" with him. He hesitated for a little, and then in despair concluded that he "had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and went on with his sport, his only fear being that he should die before he could get his fill of sin. Yet that voice left a disturbing echo in the youth's mind.

Not long after this incident on the green, he was sitting on a bench outside of a neighbor's shop window, "cursing and swearing and playing the madman after my wonted manner." Within the window was a very loose and ungodly woman, who, shocked at his profanity, expostulated with him and told him that his words made her to tremble. This reproof silenced him and sobered him, and from that forward he was able to leave off swearing. This rebuke was followed by a talk with "one poor man who made profession of religion and who talked pleasantly of the scripture." This led Bunyan to the reading of the Bible. He says that he took great pleasure in reading the historical parts, but as for St. Paul's Epistles and such like Scriptures, "I could not away with them." His confessions give every indication of a sincere desire on his part to lead a moral and religious life, yet he says of himself, that he was "nothing but a poor, painted hypocrite, who

loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly." It was a year before he could give up his dancing, and it was only after a hard battle that he could relinquish the pleasure of bell ringing. At first he would go to the steeple house and look on while others rang the bell. Then he began to think, "How if one of the bells should fall?" This led him to take his stand under a main beam, thinking that if the bell fell he would be safe there. Then he thought to himself, "What if the bell first hit the wall and then rebounded upon me?" This made him move to the steeple door. But then it came into his head, "What if the steeple itself should fall?" and with that he fled. We are at a loss to know just why Bunyan so reproached himself with bell ringing, unless because it was done out of season. His fondness for the music of bells comes out in the last page of *Pilgrim's Progress*, where we have a sweet echo of Elstow's melodious bells, for as Hopeful and Christian came up out of the river, "they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto."

The next step in his illumination was hearing three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God. Their talk was of the new birth, of the work of God in their hearts, and how they were comforted and refreshed by the love of Christ. As he went about his employment, mending the pots and pans of the neighborhood, "their talk and discourse went with him." He felt that they were happy and that he was wretched. Although groping in the darkness, he puts himself on record as thanking God that he was kept free from the abominations and impurities of those who were spoken of as "Ranters." "This," he says, "was all the more wonderful because these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man and my nature in its prime. But God who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

In his anxiety to know whether or not he had faith, he was tempted to work a miracle, and one day between Elstow and

Bedford, he was about to say to the puddles that were in the horse path, "Be dry," and to the dry places, "Be you puddles." If he had faith, he ought to be able to work miracles. But just as he was about to speak, this thought came into his mind, "Go under yonder hedge and pray first that God would make you able." When he had prayed he concluded that he had better not try the experiment, because if he failed he would have to look upon himself as a castaway. "Nay," thought I, "if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer." This incident reminds one of what Rousseau tells us in his *Confessions* about his anxiety concerning election. He determined to decide the matter as to whether or not he was of the elect by throwing an apple at a tree. If he missed, he was doomed to be lost. If he hit the tree, he was of the elect. He tells us that he hit the tree, but confesses that he had chosen a tree of considerable diameter.

After his talk with the poor women sitting in a door in the sun, Bunyan had a dream or vision in which he saw these poor people sitting on the sunny side of a high mountain refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while he was shivering and shrinking in the cold. Betwixt himself and them he saw a wall that was encompassed about the mountain, and through this wall his soul greatly desired to pass concluding that if he could he would go even into the very midst of them and there also comfort himself with the heat of their sun. By a great effort and a "sideling striving," he contrived to get his shoulders and body through and was comforted by the light of the sun. He concludes that the mountain signified the church of the living God, the sun that shone thereon the comfortable shining of His merciful face on them that were in; the wall he took to be the world which separated between Christians and the world, and the gap which was in the wall was Jesus Christ. None could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them, "for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin." In this passage we hear sounding the first

note of that music which was to thrill and charm the world in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

In his earnest attention to the matter of eternal life, Bunyan was tormented by fears as to whether or not he was reprobate and whether or not he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Some passages in the Bible, such as, "For it is neither in him that willeth nor in him that runneth, but in God that showeth mercy," filled him with despair rather than hope; and yet at times he would hear the music of such promises as these; "And yet there is room," and the words of Christ, "Follow Me." He wished in his heart that he had been born in the age of Peter and John, so that when he heard Christ say to them, "Follow Me," he could have leaped to follow Him. "But, Oh, I feared he would not call me."

In Bedford at this time there was a Baptist minister, a Mr. Gifford, who frequently talked with Bunyan in his home and tried to lead him in that path of life. This Gifford had formerly been an officer in the Royal Army, and a wicked and licentious man. He was condemned by Fairfax to be hanged. The night before the day set for his execution, he escaped and finally found his way to Bedford, where he settled down to the practice of medicine. Through the reading of a Puritan book he was suddenly and mightily converted and straightway became an exhorter and preacher among the dissenters of Bedford. In 1650 he became the minister of the dissenting congregation. It was to his church that Bunyan was called when he came out of prison in 1672. Gifford did what he could to help him, yet Bunyan confesses that his state was sad and terrible, and that looking back at his condition at that time often made him think of the child which the father brought to Christ, "who while he was yet coming to him, was thrown down by the devil, and also so rent and torn by him, that he lay and wallowed foaming." In moments of great despair he would lay hold upon such passages of Scripture as these, "without shedding of blood is no remission"; "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." But

just when he was beginning to take some comfort and hope, the tempter began to assail him with doubts as to the Scriptures: "How can you tell but that the Turks had as good scriptures to prove their Mahomet the Saviour as we have to prove our Jesus? And could I think, that so many ten thousands in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowledge of the right way to heaven (if there were indeed a heaven), and that we only, who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Everyone doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors, and Pagans; and how if all our faith, and Christ, and scriptures, should be but a think so too?" After all, doubt in the seventeenth century is much the same as doubt in the twentieth, the tenth or in the first century.

But the hardest battle which Bunyan had to fight was a battle with the temptation "to sell Christ." For the space of a year this temptation followed him continually, so that he was not rid of it a day or a month, sometimes not an hour in the day unless he were asleep. The tempter would say to him, "Sell him; sell him; sell him," and he would answer, "I will not; I will not; I will not—no, not for a thousand, thousand, thousands of worlds." But one morning, fiercely assaulted by this temptation, and after he had answered many times, "No, no, not for thousands of worlds," at least as many as "twenty times," wearied with the battle, he said, "Let him go if he will. And down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair." Getting out of his bed he went moping into the field like a man bereft of life. In his desperation he began to compare his sin first with the sin of David, whose adultery and murder were heinous crimes. But these sins were against the law of Moses from which the Lord Christ could deliver him. But his were against the Gospel, against the Mediator thereof—he had sold his Saviour. Then he compared his sin with the sin of Peter. The sin which came nighest to his own, for he had denied his Saviour. Yet he found no comfort in this comparison, for he considered that Peter's was but a denial of

his Master, whereas his was a selling of his faith. From Peter he turned to Judas, feeling that if his sin should differ from that of Judas so that by the breadth of an hair, what a happy condition his soul would be in. The result was that he found Judas did his intentionally, whereas his was against prayer and striving, and that Judas committed his crime with much deliberation, but his was done in a fearful hurry. All the while there kept reverberating in his mind the words of the Epistle, "That profane person, Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright." Yet in his agony he would lay hold upon words like these, "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out"; or, again, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Finding no comfort or satisfaction in comparing his sin with those of any particular individual or saint in the Scriptures, he hit upon the plan of putting all their sins together against his alone, thinking that although his sin was greater than that of anyone, yet, if it should prove to be only equal to all their sins, there would be hopes for him. But here, too, he was doomed to disappointment. His sin was point blank against his Saviour. "Oh! methought this sin was bigger than the sins of the country, of a kingdom or of the whole world."

The breaking of the day for him was a voice which he heard as he was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, "Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?" Then he began with more hope to seek the Lord, and with strong cries to pray, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, show me that Thou hast loved me with an everlasting love." When the devil tempted him and told him that it was idle for him to pray, for his sin was unpardonable, the Scripture, "O man, great is thy faith," came to him as if one had "clapped him on the back, as he was on his knees before God." There darted in upon him, too, another verse, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Through such a Slough of Despond as this, the poor pilgrim struggled and panted, until at length, kneeling at the Cross, and relying not upon his own efforts, but upon the righteousness of Christ, he lost the burden of his

sin and saw it no more. He tells us that his final period of eclipse and darkness and gloom was ended by his hearing the words sounding in his heart, "I must go to Jesus. At this my former darkness and atheism fled away and the blessed things of heaven were set within my view." Perhaps those words were still ringing in Bunyan's mind when, on the August day, 1688, at the home of Mr. Strudwick, in London, just before he breathed his last, he said, "Take me, for I come to Thee." The long struggle was ended. He was "safe in the arms of Jesus."

For a number of years after his conversion, Bunyan remained an inconspicuous member of the Baptist meeting at Bedford. But those who had listened to him give an account in private of his religious experience, urged him to speak a word of exhortation unto them at one of their meetings, to which he says, "Though at first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet being still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their request, and did twice at two several assemblies, but 'in private, though with much weakness and infirmity, discover my gift amongst them." After several experiments in this kind of exhortation, he was solemnly set aside and called forth by prayer and fasting to "a more ordinary and public preaching of the word." At first, he could not believe that God could speak to the heart of man by him, and yet when he saw how many were touched by what he said, and loved him for his witness, he blessed God that He had counted him an instrument to show them the way of salvation. Here was a man who had seen Heaven and Hell, and the crowds resorted to his preaching. With the crowds there came, too, the adversaries and the enemies. "When I first went to preach the word abroad, the doctors and priests of the country did open wide against me; but I was persuaded of this, not to render railing for railing; but to see how many of their carnal professors I could convince of their miserable state by the law, and of the want and worth of Christ."

In the archives of the House of Lords, there is still to be seen a petition from the parishioners of Yelden against their

rector because on a Christmas Day he had suffered "one Bunyan of Bedford, a tinker," to speak in his pulpit. What would that church at Yeldon, or any church in the Protestant world in Christendom today, not give to hear Bunyan, the tinker, preach in his pulpit!

In his preachings, Bunyan says that the Lord led him to begin where His word begins with sinners, that is to condemn all flesh:

I preached what I felt, what I smartingly did feel; even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed, I have been as one sent to them from the dead; I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience, that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror, even to the pulpit door, and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before; yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.

For two years he preached in this way crying out against men's sins. Then he tells us he altered in his preaching, for Christ did give him many "sweet discoveries of his blessed grace." He still preached, he says, what he saw and felt, but now did much labor to "hold forth Jesus Christ in all his offices, relations, and benefits unto the world, and did strive also to discover, to condemn, and remove those false supports and props on which the world doth lean, and by them fall and perish."

He tells us that he cared little for controversial preaching. "But it pleased me much to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of Jesus: but I say, as to other things, I should let them alone, because I saw they engendered strife. Besides, I saw my work before me did run in another channel, even to carry an awakening word; to that therefore I did stick and adhere." On the whole, this was true. Yet his first volume was directed against the Quakers whose idea of an inner light or guidance equal to the Scriptures made him exceedingly mad. Bunyan seems to have identified the Quakers with

sects like the Ranters and others who at that time plagued England. He expresses astonishment that either the earth does not swallow them up or the devil does not take them away alive. The title of his work against them is hardly in keeping with what he says in *Grace Abounding* of his purpose to avoid controversy:

Some Gospel truths open according to the Scriptures, or the divine and human nature of Jesus Christ, His coming into the world, His righteousness, death, resurrection, ascension, intercession and second coming to judgment, plainly demonstrated and proved, and also answered the several questions with profitable direction to stand fast in the doctrine of Jesus the son of Mary against the blustering storms of the devil's temptations which do at this day like so many scorpions break loose from the bottomless pit to blight and torment those who have not tasted the virtue of Jesus by the revelation of the Spirit of God. Published for the good of God's chosen ones by that unworthy servant of Christ, John Bunyan of Bedford, by the grace of God, preacher of the Gospel of His dear Son.

This "preacher of the Gospel of His dear Son," by the grace of God, confesses to sore temptation in the early days of his preaching. Sometimes he was subject to great discouragement, fearing that he would not be able to speak a word of edification. At other times strange faintness, strengthlessness seized upon his body so that his legs could scarce carry him to the place of preaching. Again, as he was in the midst of his sermons he would be violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy and tempted to utter them before the congregation. At other times when he had begun to speak with clearness and liberty, he became so confused and blinded and straitened in speech "as if my head had been in a bag all the time of my exercise." Most of all, he felt the temptation which has come to so many preachers to avoid certain texts because the sermon preached on them condemned the preacher also. "I thank the Lord, I have been kept from consenting to these so horrid suggestions, and have, rather as Samson, bowed myself with all my might, to condemn sin and transgression wherever I found it. Let me die, thought I, with the Philistines, rather than deal corruptly with the blessed Word of God."

A sample of his early preaching is his sermon "Sighs from Hell, or The Groans of a Damned Soul," on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. This is the sermon which Charles II is said to have had bound between the covers of a salacious French novel. But however the light-minded Charles received the sermon, it must have been heard with fear and trembling by those to whom it was preached. The sermon reverberates with the groans and cries of the lost. The following passage out-Edwards Edwards in its description of the anguish of the lost.

Set the case: You should take a man and tie him to a stake, and with red-hot pincers, pinch off his flesh by little pieces for two or three years together, and at last, when the poor man cries out for ease and help, the tormentors answer, Nay; "but, besides all this," you will be handled worse.

We will serve you thus these twenty years together, and after that we will fill your mangled body full of scalding lead, or run you through with a red-hot spit; would not this be lamentable? Yet this is but a flea-biting to the sorrow of those that go to Hell. There they shall be ever whining, pining, weeping, mourning, ever tormented without ease, and yet never dissolved into nothing; if the biggest devil in Hell might pull thee all to pieces, and dissolve thee into nothing, thou wouldst count this a mercy. But here thou mayest lie and fry, scorch and broil, and burn forever.

No one today could preach the terrors of the law in terms like that. The problem of the modern preacher of the modern pulpit is how to keep the great note of future retribution reverberating through the Church and the world, and yet not repel by the employment of the figures of speech of Jonathan Edwards and John Bunyan.

But Bunyan could strike other notes as a preacher, and he testifies that when he was engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ without work it was as if an angel of God had stood at his back to encourage him. His own idea of the office and the work of the preacher is beautifully presented to us in *Pilgrim's Progress*. Evangelist first encounters the pilgrim, gives him a parchment roll on which was written, "Flee from the wrath to come" and then points him over the wide field to the Wicket Gate, where was a Shining Light. When Chris-

tian was lured out of the way by Worldly Wiseman to go to Mr. Legality's house for help, Evangelist again appears unto him, shows him how the just shall live by faith, and leads him back to the way to the Wicket Gate. When he comes to the Interpreter's House, the Interpreter shows him what is profitable for him. "He had him into a private room and bade his man open the door, the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to Heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." The sculptor of the Bunyan monument took his inspiration from this picture in the house of the Interpreter and embodied it in the statue. It represents Bunyan standing with his eyes lifted up to Heaven, and the Bible in his hand as if he pleaded earnestly with men.

Bunyan's conception of the office of the minister is further illustrated by what he tells us of the shepherds who kept their flocks on the top of the Delectable Mountain. The names of the Shepherds were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful and Sincere. They are the Shepherds of the flock of God, pointing them the way to Heaven and warning them against the dangers by the way. Before the pilgrims go forward, the Shepherds permit them to look through the perspective glass from the top of the hill called Clear. Although their hands shook, yet they thought they saw something like the Gate of the Celestial City, and also some of the glory of the place. Then they went away and sang this song:—

Thus by the Shepherds secrets are reveal'd,
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd.
Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.

If to these representations of the ministerial office be added what Bunyan tells us of Watchful, the porter at the Palace Beautiful, who examines those who would enter the Palace, we have the work of the ministry set forth as that of one who

warns, instructs, pleads, examines, and lures men on to seek after Eternal Life. We can be sure that Bunyan, in his ministerial and pastoral office, was sometimes Evangelist, giving the conscience stricken sinner the roll to carry; at another time, Interpreter, explaining to him the word of God. Again, Watchful, scrutinizing the motives of the heart and observing the habits of the life. And again, the Shepherd, opening up to men the Unseen, and in the midst of the mortal world showing them the glories of the Eternal World and the Celestial City.

In his preaching, as in his writing, Bunyan was, as Macaulay has called him, "a living concordance." Yet for the most part, his Bible exegesis is marked by a noble common sense. In the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, Prudence questions Matthew about the Bible.

PRUDENCE: "What do you think of the Bible?"

MATTHEW: "It is the holy word of God."

PRUDENCE: "Is there nothing written therein but what you understand?"

MATTHEW: "Yes; a great deal."

PRUDENCE: "What do you do when you meet with such places therein that you do not understand?"

MATTHEW: "I think God is wiser than I. I pray, also, that He will please to let me know all therein that He knows will be for my good."

The above dialogue is to be read on a tablet on the walls of Canterbury Cathedral. It has a world of sense in it, and Bunyan was not unmindful of these principles in his own preaching.

Assailed by temptations from within to cease from preaching, Bunyan was also assailed from without. "But when Satan perceived that his thus tempting and assaulting me, would not answer his design; to wit, to overthrow the ministry, and make it ineffectual, as to the ends thereof; then he tried another way, which was, to stir up the minds of the ignorant and malicious to load me with slanders and reproaches: now therefore, I may say, that what the devil could devise, and his instruments invent, was whirled up and down the country against me, thinking, as I said, that by that means

they should make my ministry to be abandoned. It began therefore to be rumoured up and down among the people, that I was a witch, a jesuit, a highwayman, and the like. But that which was reported with the boldest confidence, was that I had my misses, my whores, my bastards, yea, two wives at once, and the like."

All these slanders, Bunyan lived down by the purity of his life. He gloried in them as "cast upon me by the devil and his seed. . . . And should I not be dealt with thus wickedly by the world, I should want one sign of a saint, and a child of God. 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake.' So then, what shall I say to those who have thus bespattered me? Shall I threaten them? Shall I chide them? Shall I flatter them? Shall I entreat them to hold their tongues? No, not I. Were it not for that these things make them ripe for damnation that are the authors and abettors, I would say unto them, 'Report it' because it will increase my glory. Therefore I bind these lies and slanders to me as an ornament. I rejoice in reproaches for Christ's sake."

The most serious attack on Bunyan by Giant Slaygood, in Assault Lane was in connection with a country maiden, Agnes Beaumont, in 1674. A suit was made to this maiden by a local lawyer, Farry. But as he was a man of the world, Bunyan opposed the match. This aroused the enmity and stirred the vengeance of Farry. The disappointed father also forbade Agnes going to the Bedford Meeting. On a winter day, Bunyan, passing Agnes on the road, took her up to ride behind him on the way to a preaching service. This was observed by those who were eager to bring a "railing accusation" against him. The girl was refused admittance to her home by her angry father, and spent the night in an out-house. The same night her father was taken with a sudden illness and died before help could reach him. At once ugly rumours were abroad that the girl had poisoned her father and had been instigated to do it by Bunyan. This report threatened the girl with a terrible fate, and involved the good

name of Bunyan, his family, and his congregation. But at the coroner's inquest, the evidence showed that Beaumont had died from natural causes, and that there was no ground for the charge against the young woman. Such were some of the trials through which this great preacher had to pass.

The printed sermons of Bunyan which have come down to us have the terrible prolixity and endless Scriptural citation which marked the sermons of the Puritan preachers. Some of his sermons are nothing short of a theological treatise and must have been greatly enlarged after their delivery. But if in some of his sermons, he seems to sound only the note of doom and condemnation, in others he is the earnest ambassador for Christ, and sounds the note of hope and welcome. This we hear in his sermon, "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ." In the conclusion of that sermon, he speaks of heavenly things as a troubador for Christ:

Art thou coming? This is also by the virtue of illumination. Art thou coming? This is because God has inclined thine heart to come. Art thou coming to Jesus Christ? It is God that giveth thee power. Coming sinner, hast thou not now and then a kiss of the sweet lips of Jesus Christ, I mean some blessed word dropping like a honey-comb upon thy soul to revive thee, when thou art in the midst of thy dumps? Does not Jesus Christ sometimes give thee a glimpse of Himself, though perhaps thou seest Him not so long a time as while one may tell twenty? Hast thou not sometimes as it were the very warmth of His wings overshadowing the face of thy soul, that gives thee as it were a gload upon thy spirit, as the bright beams of the sun do upon thy body, when it suddenly breaks out of a cloud, though presently all is gone away!

At times Bunyan could command a very lofty style as in his introduction to the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*:—

For that wickedness like a flood is like to drown our English world; it begins already to be above the tops of the mountains; it has almost swallowed up all; our youth, our middle age, old age, and all, are almost carried away of this flood. O debauchery, debauchery, what hast thou done in England! Thou hast corrupted our young men, hast made our old men beasts; thou hast deflowered our virgins, and hast made matrons bawds; thou hast made our earth to reel to and fro like a drunkard; it is in danger to be removed like a cottage; yea, it is, because transgression is so heavy upon it, like to *fall and rise no more*. O! that I could mourn for England, and for the sins committed therein.

This passage reminds the reader of some of the passages of

Sir Walter Raleigh, notably, his celebrated "Apostrophe to Death."

An early account of Bunyan describes him in countenance as of a stern and rough temper; in conversation, mild and affable.

He had a sharp quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his latter days, time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest.

One of Bunyan's great contemporaries was Dr. John Owen, who at first consented to write an introduction to Bunyan's pamphlet on *Differences about Water Baptism*. He was afterwards persuaded to withdraw his endorsement; for which Bunyan was not sorry, saying, "perhaps it was more for the glory of God that truth should go naked into the world than as seconded by so mighty an armour bearer as he." This same Owen frequently heard Bunyan preach when he came to London, notably at Pinner's Hall, where Bunyan, Owen, Bates, Collins, Jenkyn, Manton and Baxter were the preachers. When Charles II once rallied Owen on going to hear an ignorant tinker preach, Owen replied that he would gladly give up all his power and learning for that "tinker's power of preaching."

Not far from Bedford on the banks of this same river Ouse which Bunyan in the town lock-up had watched flow past his prison, William Cowper, in his "Leucononnos" gave us his conception of the preacher's office and rank. When we think of John Bunyan in the pulpit, we recall those words from Cowper's "Task":—

The pulpit,
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth. There stands
The legate of the skies; his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear,

By him, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

Above all else, Bunyan possessed the crowning grace and virtue of the preacher, a burning desire to help and save those who heard him.

When I have been preaching, I thank God my heart hath often all the time of this and the other exercise, with great earnestness cried to God, that He would make the word effectual to the salvation of the soul; still being grieved lest the enemy should take the word away from the conscience, and so it should become unfruitful; wherefore I should labour so to speak the word, as that thereby, if it were possible, the sin and person guilty might be particularized by it. Oh! that they who have heard me speak this day, did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell and the curse of God is; and also what the grace, and love, and mercy of God is, through Christ. And, indeed, I did often say in my heart before the Lord, "That if to be hanged up presently before their eyes, would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented. . . . If any of those who were awakened by my ministry did after that fall back (as sometimes too many did), I can truly say, their loss hath been more to me, than if my own children begotten of my own body, had been going to the grave. Oh these words! 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, doth save a soul from death.'"

In 1660, political Puritanism had fallen, Cromwell was dead, and Charles the Second ascended the throne of England. One of the first acts of the Restoration was the revival of an act of Elizabeth's reign suppressing Non-Conformist worship, and forbidding the preaching of other than the established clergy. The Bedford Baptists refused to obey the edict and the most conspicuous of their martyrs was John Bunyan. Of his arrest and imprisonment, Bunyan says:—

When, by the good hand of my God, I had for five or six years together, without any great interruption, freely preached the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; the devil, that old enemy of man's salvation took his opportunity to inflame the hearts of his vassals against me, insomuch, that at the last I was laid out for, by the warrant of a justice, and was taken and committed to prison.

Bunyan was arrested on the twelfth of November, 1660, at a Bedfordshire farmhouse just as he was about to preach to the gathered congregation. He tells us that, had he been so minded, he could have escaped arrest, for he received a warn-

ing that the officers were on his trail. He could have escaped prison, and at any time been released from his imprisonment, had he promised that he would not publicly preach and address the people. This he would not do, and although never formally convicted, he lay in prison for twelve years. At the time of the coronation of Charles II, when it was a custom to release prisoners, Bunyan's second wife, Elizabeth, made an appeal to Justice Hale and other judges at the Swan Inn on the banks of the Ouse, not far from Bunyan's prison. Justice Hale treated Bunyan's wife with great kindness and regretted that he could not answer her petition, taking the ground that Bunyan must sue out a pardon, failing that, she would have to apply herself to the king, or get a writ of error. Seeing that her petition was of no avail, Elizabeth went out from the chamber in sorrow, not so much for herself and her imprisoned husband, as for the judges who did him this wrong. "Only this I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord, when they shall there answer for all things whatsoever they have done in the body whether it be good or whether it be bad."

The indictment against Bunyan was as follows:—

That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our Sovereign Lord the King.

Bunyan gives a graphic account of his interviews with constables, justices, clerks, and others, clergy and laymen, who volunteered to appear against him. A Dr. Lindale taunted him, saying that there was a certain Alexander, a copper-smith, who did much oppose and disturb the apostle, "aiming," says Bunyan, "at me because I was a tinker." Bunyan answered briefly and to the point that he had read of many

priests and Pharisees also that had their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. When Bunyan quoted Scripture to the effect that every man must minister as he hath received the gift, Justice Keelin retorted that he would a "little open" that Scripture to Bunyan. "If any man hath received a gift of tinkering as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering, and the divine his calling." Bunyan responded with a proper exegesis that in the passage quoted the apostle was speaking of preaching the Word.

No one today regrets the injustice of Bunyan's judges or that he languished twelve years in the prison, for, as he put it, in one of his prison meditations:—

God sometimes visits prisoners more
Than lordly palaces,
He often knocketh at the door,
When he their houses miss.

But it must not be thought that Bunyan's imprisonment was an easy cross for him to bear. He tells us that he fortified himself with the Scriptures, and that never in all his life did he have "so great an inlet to the word of God as now. Those Scriptures that I saw nothing in before are made in this place and state to shine upon me—I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place and of my being with Jesus in another world." Yet there were times when his resolution was all but shaken, especially when he thought of the sufferings which must come upon his family.

I had often brought to my mind the hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likewise to meet with; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee.

From this trial of his resolution he was delivered by the consideration—"that if I should now venture all for God, I engage God to take care of my concern."

The thought came home to him that, possibly, his imprisonment might end at the gallows. "Satan laid hard at me, to

beat me out of heart, by suggesting thus unto me : But how if, when you come indeed to die, you should be of this condition ; that is, as not to savour the things of God, nor to have any evidence upon your soul for a better state hereafter?" At first, this greatly troubled him. But he put by any temptation to falter in his prison witness by saying, "It was my duty to stand to His word, whether He would ever look upon me, or save me at the last ; wherefore thought I, save the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no. If God doth not come in, thought I, I will leap off the ladder, even blindfold into eternity ; sink or swim, come heaven, come hell, Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do ; if not, I will venture all for Thy name."

Towards the end of his imprisonment, Bunyan wrote a glorious paragraph on his obedience to conscience and his witness to truth :—

Indeed, my principles are such as lead me to a denial to communicate in the things in the kingdom of Christ with the ungodly and openly profane. Neither can I, in or by, the superstitious inventions of this world consent that my soul should be governed in any of my approaches to God. But if nothing will do, unless I make of my conscience a continual butchery and slaughtershop, unless putting out my own eyes, I commit me to the blind to lead me, as I doubt is desired by some, I have determined the Almighty God being my help and shield yet to suffer if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on my eyebrows rather than thus to violate my faith and principles.

Some are inclined to speak as if Bunyan's twelve years' imprisonment was a light affair. It is indeed true that he must have had considerable liberty for reading and for writing, and that occasionally he was out of the prison. But the most wretched prison in England today is a paradise in contrast with the best of prisons of the seventeenth century. It is an interesting fact that the great prison reformer, John Howard, also lived in Bedford and purchased a home adjoining the Bunyan meeting house. Bunyan was formally pardoned and released by Charles the Second's declaration of indulgence in September 1672. Five months earlier, he had received a royal license to preach and now became the pastor

of the Bunyan Meeting. In 1675, he was again imprisoned, probably in the town lock-up on the bridge over the Ouse, for six months.

Bunyan emerged from the Bedford jail a national figure, and the books which he had written during those twelve years were widely read by the common people of England. From the time of his release in 1672, until his death in 1688, Bunyan pursued his calling as a preacher, pastor and author. Wherever he appeared crowds came to see him and to hear him. The closing chapter of his life was a worthy conclusion to the work of one who thought of himself as an ambassador of the Gospel of reconciliation. In August, 1688, he undertook a journey on horseback from Bedford to Reading, in the hope of reconciling an estranged father and son. He succeeded in the effort, but paid for it with his life. Riding from Reading to London he was overtaken on the road by a storm, and drenched and chilled reached the home of Mr. Strudwick, one of his London friends on Snow Hill. He preached in White Chapel on the following Sunday; but he had received his death blow. On Tuesday he took to his bed and never left it again. He died on August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. We like to think of him as following his own Pilgrim down into the dark river and up the steep slope on the other side and through the gates into the city, where "he heard all the bells therein to welcome him thereto." "And many Puritans to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the relics and tombs of saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" His last words were, "Take me, for I come to Thee." These words were an echo of the words Bunyan tells us he heard when sitting by the fire in his Elstow cottage at the end of his long struggle with darkness and despair, "I must go to Jesus." "At this, my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven were set within my view." So we may believe that when the end came there in the house on

Snow Hill, all his former darkness fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven which he had made so real and beautiful to others were set before his view.

Although living in a day when sects swarmed in the land, Bunyan was a catholic Christian. He had a vision of the Kingdom of God, and of the brotherhood of all true believers. He was baptized himself in the River Ouse, and was pastor of a Baptist Meeting House. Yet he was no "close communionist" and refused to take the ground that "water baptism," as he called it, was an essential initiatory rite for Christian fellowship. His debates are mostly with his own brethren, who were Immersionists, but one gets the impression from reading his tracts on the subject of baptism that he did not regard baptism of any kind as an essential condition of Christian fellowship and Church membership. In his tract, *Differences in Judgment about "Water Baptism" no bar to Communion*, the tract to which Dr. Owen had agreed to write an introduction, and then withdrew, and also the pamphlet, *A Reason of my Practise in Worship*, Bunyan outlines his views on baptism and Church fellowship. He gives expression to sentiments such as these, familiar now, but extraordinary then:—

Vain man! think not by the straightness of thine order in outward and bodily conformity to outward and shadowy circumstances, that thy peace is maintained with God; for peace with God is by faith in the blood of His cross, who hath born the reproaches of you both.—Wherefore he that hath communion with God for Christ's sake, is as good and as worthy of the communion of saints as thyself. He erreth in a circumstance, thou erreth in a substance.

Again:—

Thousands of thousands that could not confess thereto (that is, to water baptism) as we have, more gloriously than we are like to do, acquitted themselves and their Christianity before men, and are now with the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

Again:—

It is love, not baptism that discovereth us to the world to be Christ's disciples. I mean, when we love as saints, and desire communion with others because they have fellowship one with another in their fellowship with God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.

Again:—

Strange! Take two Christians equal in all parts but this, nay, let one go beyond the other far for grace and holiness; yet this circumstance of water shall drown and sweep away all his excellencies, not counting him worthy of that reception that with hand and heart shall be given a novice in religion, because he consents to water.

Again, stung by the charge that he was disloyal to his own communion, and that "Tis an ill bird that bewrays his own nest," Bunyan says:—

I know none to whom that title (that is, baptists) is so proper as to the disciples of John; and since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I will tell you I would be, and hope I am, a Christian, and choose, if God should count me worthy, to be called a Christian, a believer, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for those factious titles of Anabaptist, Independent, Presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they came neither from Jerusalem nor Antioch, but rather from Hell and Babylon, for they naturally tend to division—you may know them by their fruits.

To a nobler strain are these appeals with which Bunyan closes his debate on Baptism:—

I return now to those that are visible saints by calling, that stand at a distance one from another, upon the accounts before specified. Brethren, close, close, be one, as the Father and Christ are one. This is the way to convince the world that you are Christ's; to increase love; to savour and taste the Spirit of God in each other's experience; to see more in the word of God; to remove secret jealousies and murmurings; to bring them out of the world into fellowship that stand now off from the Gospel privilege for the sake of our vain janglings; to make anti-christ shake, totter, and tremble; to leave Babylon, as an habitation for devils and a cage for every unclean and hateful bird; to hasten the works of Christ's Kingdom in the world and to forward His coming to eternal judgment; to obtain much of that, "Well come, good and faithful servant," when you stand before His face.

Again:—

Well, God banish bitterness out of the Churches and pardon them that are the maintainers of schisms and divisions among the godly.

Thus Bunyan was the herald and prophet of a better feeling among the disciples of Christ.

With his wonderful gift of character delineation, and with an imagination whose wings never grew weary, it might have been expected that Bunyan would have written poetry of a first class order. But certainly such was not the case. At first read-

ing, his verses seem little better than rhyming doggerel. Yet, even in his doggerel, there is a note of vigor and originality. About his rhymes there is, as one of his biographers has well put it, "a tinkle and jingle reminiscent of his trade." Yet, now and then, Bunyan strikes a note that is worth listening to. The compilers of the *Oxford Book of Verse* have selected Christiana's song as the best example of his verse:—

Bless'd be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be;
And blessed also be the man
That thereto moved me.

'Tis true, 'twas long ere I began
To seek to live for ever;
But now I run fast as I can;
'Tis better late than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,
Are turned, as we see;
Thus our beginning (as one saith)
Shows what our end will be.

Bunyan's lines on "Death" have a real ring to them. The opening stanzas are as follows:—

Death, as a king rampant and stout,
The world he dare engage;
He conquers all, yea, and doth rout
The great, strong, wise and sage.

No king so great, nor prince so strong,
But death can make to yield;
Yea, bind and lay them all along,
And make them quit the field.

In his lines on "Heaven," Bunyan now and then gets out of the dust of mediocrity. For instance, where he sings:—

No night is here for to eclipse
Its spangling rays so bright,
Nor doubt, nor fear, to shut the lips
Of those within this light.

Here run the crystal streams of life,
Quite through all our veins,
And here by love we do unite
With glory's golden chains.

Here and there in his verses, he packs a sermon in itself. For example, in his lines on "Sin," where he says:—

Fools make a mock at sin, will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
How can it be (say they) that such a thing,
So full of sweetness, should e'er wear a sting?

Beholding the sun's reflection upon the clouds in a fair morning, moved Bunyan to write:—

Look yonder, ah! methinks mine eyes do see
Clouds edg'd with silver, as fine garments be!
They look as if they saw the golden face,
That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.

Most readers of English poetry will agree that Bunyan strikes his highest, perhaps his only truly poetic, note in his "Song of the Child with the Bird on the Bush." These are fine verses, and the effect is not altogether cancelled by the "comparison" tacked on at the end.

My little bird how canst thou sit,
And sing amidst so many thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth,
Five farthings none will give for thee;
But pr'ythee little bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is sunshine today,
To-morrow birds will have a storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering;
At days thy danger's great by kites,
How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat,
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plums, if thou them crave,
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at court,
Unthought of music thou shalt play,
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
No manner o' harm shall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo, behold, the bird is gone,
These charmings would not make her yield;
The child's left at the bush alone,
The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

Such are specimens of Bunyan's verse. But the real poet in the man speaks to us in *Pilgrim's Progress*, where in almost every paragraph his mind takes wing.

Bunyan's four chief works are *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, *Mr. Badman*, *The Holy War*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, where he describes the progress of the pilgrim "from this world to glory." Bunyan tells us that in *Mr. Badman* he wishes to set forth the "life and death of the ungodly, and of their travel from this world to Hell." This he does under the name and title of *Mr. Badman*. The story of Mr. Badman is cast in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive. Mr. Wiseman does the talking, and Mr. Attentive, as the name implies, does the listening, although now and then he asks Mr. Wiseman a significant question. Bunyan traces the history of Badman, which some have thought has an autobiographic note, through a wild and godless youth up to his manhood, and from manhood to death. This villain, pretending to be interested in religion, woos and wins a maid "that was both godly and one that had a goodly portion." She is no more won as his wife, than he throws off the mask and shows himself in his true and wicked colors. He is a drunkard, a whore-monger, and a dishonest man.

In commenting on Badman's drunkenness, Bunyan has a pungent paragraph in which he tells of a gentleman who had a drunkard to be his groom. When the groom had returned home one night drunken, his master in the morning, in order to convince the groom that he was worse than a beast, had him ride the horse to water. When he had done so, he told him to water him again. The fellow "rid him" into the water the second time; but his master's horse would now drink no more, so the fellow came up and told his master. Then, said his master, "Thou drunken sot, thou art far worse than my horse; he will drink but to satisfy nature, but thou wilt drink to the abuse of nature; he will drink but to refresh himself, but thou, to thy hurt and damage; he will drink that he will be more serviceable to his master, but thou, till thou art incapable of serving either God or man. O, thou beast, how much art thou worse than the horse thou ridest on."

The criticism has been made of Bunyan that he represents religious egoism and selfishness at its height, that is, he is a type of the man who is interested in saving only his own soul. He lets the City of Destruction look out for itself, and starts for the Celestial City. But such a criticism only shows how far Bunyan has succeeded in his allegory which like light hides itself while "revealing all beside its colorless and undistorting medium." For the City of Destruction is not a locality, but a state, a state of mind, and one which Wiseman does well to flee. In Mr. Badman, we have religion applied to daily life and business, not that Badman makes the application, but Bunyan shows how his life and practice violate the laws of Christian living. He describes how Mr. Badman fails after he has borrowed large sums from his friends and townsmen, and thus feathers his nest. In this respect, Mr. Badman belongs to the twentieth century as well as to Bedford and the seventeenth century.

At length, the heart-broken wife dies, warning her children not to be beguiled as she has been with fair words and the flatteries of a lying tongue. "But first," she said, "be sure of godliness, yea, as sure as it is possible for one to be in this

world." Before her death, thinking of the unanswered prayers she had offered for the conversion of her husband, Badman's wife had made this beautiful comment :—

Are my prayers lost, are they forgotten, are they thrown over the bar? No, they are hanged upon the horns of the golden altar, and I must have the benefit of them myself that moment that I shall enter into the Gate, in at which the righteous nation that keepeth truth shall enter. My prayers are not lost. My tears are yet in God's bottle. I would have had a crown and glory for my husband, and for those of my children that follow his steps, but so far as I can see yet, I must rest in the hope of having all myself.

Badman falls upon severe and poetic retribution, for after his wife's death, consorting with villainous and abominable women, at last "there was one too hard for him; for getting of him to her upon a time, and making of him sufficiently drunk, she was so cunning as to get a promise of marriage of him, and so held him to it, and forced him to marry her." Once married, she matched him with cursing and swearing, for she could give him oath for oath, and curse for curse.

Wiseman, like the reader of the story today, is curious to know about the end of Mr. Badman. Did he repent at the last? Did he show any signs of remorse for his wicked life? In the very article of death itself, what was his experience? Bunyan might have painted the death struggles of a wicked man, as so often they have been vividly painted. But his account of the passing of Badman is far more dramatic and powerful than any description of death struggles. Attentive asks, "Pray, how was he in his death? Was death strong upon him, or did he die with ease, quietly?" Wiseman answers, "As quietly as a lamb!" That brief reply opens for the reader the gates of future judgment and retribution, and lets him behold a great white throne and the books opened. It is a far more powerful reverberation of the mighty chord of future retribution than if Bunyan had described Badman as dying amid terrible convulsions and struggles. This brief answer, "As quietly as a lamb," is one of the high water marks of Bunyan's genius.

Of *The Holy War* Macaulay said that it would be the

greatest allegory in the English language if Bunyan had not written *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Grace Abounding* is the straightforward confession of Bunyan's religious experience. *Mr. Badman* shows him on an easy and familiar level of every day talk. *Pilgrim's Progress* reveals the poet and the dreamer in Bunyan, and is a voice from out of the depths of religious agony and ecstasy. But in *The Holy War* we have Bunyan in an altogether different rôle. Here he is speaking the grand language of princes and potentates, proclamations, conclaves and treaties. Like Milton in *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan in *The Holy War* takes us into the councils of the Almighty. He relates under this guise of Mansoul, the fall of the human race, and the efforts made by Emmanuel to retake it and redeem it. If he is happy in his names in *Pilgrim's Progress*, Bunyan is even more so in *The Holy War*. For example, the names of the captains in the army of Diabolus which marches to the siege of Mansoul—Captain Rage, Captain Fury, Captain Damnation, Captain Insatiable, Captain Brimstone, Captain Torment, Captain Sepulchre, and Captain Pasthope; or the names of the aldermen, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Scandalize and Mr. Atheism.

In the varying fortunes of Mansoul, first belonging to Emmanuel, then seduced and taken by Diabolus and his army, then rescued by Emmanuel, and again tempted, and again delivered, Bunyan deals with the great problem of the temptation, the fall and redemption of the human race. The criticism has been made upon *The Holy War* that he does not bring the thing to a triumphant consummation, for the allegory comes to a conclusion with the great address of Emmanuel, in which he pleads with the city to remember his love for it, to watch, to pray, to make war against his foes:—"Remember, therefore, O my Mansoul! that thou art beloved of me. As I have therefore taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes, so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee. O my Mansoul! how have I set my heart, my love upon thee! Watch.

Behold, I lay none other burden upon thee than what thou hast already. Hold fast till I come."

This is as far as Bunyan, or anyone else can go. Not yet do we see the end of the human drama. The morning cometh, but also the night. The sun arises, then come the clouds, and after the clouds, the sun again appears. In this world, we shall have tribulations. Bunyan's last note is also the last note of the divine revelation—"Hold fast till I come."

Bunyan is very happy in the introduction to all his works. Some of his most haunting melodies are struck in the opening words of *Pilgrim's Progress*. This is true also of *The Holy War* where he says:—"In my travels, as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous continent of Universe. A very large and spacious country it is. It lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heaven. It is a place well watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situated; and for the most part, (at least where I was,) very fruitful; also well peopled and a very sweet air." With such a noble beginning, worthy to take rank with Elizabethan prose at its best, Bunyan had a formidable task on his hands to maintain the high standard of this overture. But that he has succeeded, every reader will agree.

At the close of Bunyan's account of his imprisonment, he he writes:—"Many more of the dealings of God towards me I might relate, but these out of the spoils won in battle I have dedicated to maintain the house of God." Of all the spoils which Bunyan won in the battle of his imprisonment, the most precious, and today the most venerated, is *Pilgrim's Progress*. Much ink has been spilled in the debate as to when or where Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*; whether in the County Jail or in the town lock-up; during the first imprisonment, the second imprisonment, or between the two. It makes no difference when or where he wrote it. The only important and obvious fact is that he dreamed the great dream after he himself had passed through his Slough of Despond and found his way out of darkness into the City of

Light. The best account of the origin of *Pilgrim's Progress* is found in "The Author's Apology." Here he says:—

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.

The other book which he says was almost done when he fell into an allegory, was possibly *The Heavenly Footman*, based on I Corinthians ix. 24: "Run that ye may obtain," in which he likens the Christian's life to a race. It is quite possible that the development of that work led him naturally into the allegory and metaphor not of a race, but of a pilgrimage. This was probably during his first imprisonment. Then the partial sketch was perhaps laid aside and finished during his second imprisonment for six months, in the town lock-up, on the bridge over the river Ouse.

No world famous book ever cost its author so little and yet so much. He tells us his thoughts began to multiply like "sparks that from the coals of fire do fly." He had no particular plan in mind:—

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.

It was not a work to which he could devote his serious hours, but only his vacant seasons: —

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

When he had completed the allegory he submitted it to some of his friends to get their judgment as to whether or not it ought to be published:—

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.

Fortunately, Bunyan followed his own counsel and determined to send forth his little book and asked all its readers, they who would "be in a dream and yet not sleep," or who would "in a moment laugh and weep," who would read themselves, and yet read they knew not what, "to lay his book their head and heart together." He defends his use of metaphor and allegory from the Old Testament practise:—

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.

Although he tells us he was writing merely to divert himself and in his vacant hours, yet he confesses in the same "Apology" that he was not unconscious of a great and lofty purpose in writing the book, for he says:—

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.

Pilgrim's Progress was published in 1678 and immediately met with an enthusiastic reception throughout Great Britain and her colonies. By 1685, ten editions had been issued. The engraver's art had aided in the distribution and popularity of the book. Those who read the allegory in their childhood will never forget the terror and delight with which they beheld Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon as that black fiend spreads his wings in retreat, or the Pilgrim plunging through the Slough of Despond, walking the fiend-beset path in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, groaning in the prison of Giant Despair, or refreshed at the Palace Beautiful, or talking with the Shepherds in the Delectable Mountains. By the time he was ready to publish the second part of *Pil-*

grim's Progress Bunyan had an easy confidence in its success because of the great popularity of the first, for he says:—

My Pilgrim's book has travell'd sea and land,
 Yet could I never come to understand
 That it was slighted, or turn'd out of door
 By any kingdom, were they rich 'or poor.
 In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
 My Pilgrim is esteem'd 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 trimm'd, new clothed, and deck'd 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.

Popular with religious people of the middle and lower classes, *Pilgrim's Progress* did not at first meet the favor of the upper classes. But soon the verdict of the masses was accepted by the educated minority; perhaps the only instance, says Macaulay, where the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people. The wide range and appeal of *Pilgrim's Progress* is demonstrated in a striking manner by the various efforts to imitate it or improve it. Calvinists more strict than Bunyan have endeavored to amend it to suit their taste; Roman Catholics have left out Giant Pope with his toothless gums and bone-strewn cavern, and have turned the book into a manual of devotion for Catholics; Baptists have tampered with it so as to make immersion stand out as a condition of salvation; and Sacramentarians have amended it so as to give a chief place to the two Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The catholicity of the book is proven by these very efforts to change it and alter it to suit the desires or prejudices of different communions and sects.

The writing of *Pilgrim's Progress* cost the author, upon his own testimony, almost nothing. Never did a great work flow more spontaneously and easily from an author's mind

and pen. Yet never did a great work cost its author more. It is a book born, not made; but born in sore travail and anguish of spirit. As Froude puts it:—

The allegory is the life of its author cast in an imaginative form. Every step in Christian's journey has first been trodden by Bunyan himself. Every pang of fear and shame, every spasm of despair, every breath of hope and consolation which is there described, is but a reflection as on a mirror from personal experience. It has spoken to the hearts of all later generations of Englishmen because it came from the heart, because it is the true record of the genuine emotions of the human soul, and to such a record the emotions of other men will respond as one stringed instrument vibrates responsively to another.

The second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* has been called by Froude a "feeble reverberation of the first, like all second parts." But this hardly does it justice. The reader of the second part is at a certain disadvantage because he has already finished the journey of Christian and his companion. Nor is it to be expected that the reader of the second part can feel again the thrill he felt at the combat between Christian and Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation. Nevertheless in a very real sense the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* is more than just a sequel; it is a true conclusion and climax. The first part ends in tragedy, a door to Hell hard by the gate of Heaven, and Ignorance cast into hell by that door. But the second part ends in glory, as Standfast and the other pilgrims go through the River and are received with trumpets, singers and players, horses and chariots, as they come up to the Beautiful Gate of the City.

One of the reasons why *Pilgrim's Progress* has made so wide an appeal to the hearts of men is that it is the story of a man of like passions with ourselves. The Christian life is not a mid-summer night's dream, nor an ecstasy of perfection, but a struggle with self and circumstance, a warfare with sin from which there is no discharge. It is significant to recall that most of the trials and troubles and dangers which befell the pilgrim happened to him after he had got through the Slough of Despond and after the burden had fallen from his shoulders at the cross. Had Bunyan told us of a man who was converted, and then never had a doubt or

fear, a stumble or a fall, his book would never have been heard of. But because he tells us of struggles, doubts, stumbings and fallings, we feel that this is the Pilgrim of our own hearts and our own lives, everywhere tracked by the shadow of our lower selves. We feel he is coming very near to us when we hear him say in *Grace Abounding*:—"I have sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under, and yet at another time the whole Bible has been to me as dry as a stick, that I could not conceive the least of refreshment though I have looked it all over." Or again: "Of all the temptations that ever I met with in my life, to question the being of God, and truth of his Gospel is the worst, and the worst to be borne. When this temptation comes it takes away my girdle from me and removeth the foundation from under me."

If the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress* shows us a pilgrim assailed with temptations, ever struggling, desperately striving, sometimes deceived, tempted, and led astray, the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* is of help and comfort because it tells us of a different type of disciple and pilgrim than Christian, that is, men who had different religious experiences, some strong, some weak, and yet who all contrived to get safe to the Celestial City:—

They softly went, but sure, and at the end
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their friend.

There is old Mr. Honest, for example, who comes from the town of Stupidity, which lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction. No dread alarum, no terrible conviction of sin, has started Honest on his pilgrimage, but the Sun of Righteousness has warmed him even in his town so far off the sun, and therefore he has started on his journey. Then, in contrast with Great-Heart and Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth, we have other types of pilgrims such as Mr. Feeble-Mind with his "whitely look," and his uncle, Mr. Fearing, who had "a Slough of Despond in his mind." Then there is Master Ready-to-Halt, "a man with crutches, but without fault," and Master Despondency, with Much-Afraid, his

daughter. Yet these, too, get across the river and pass through the gate into the Celestial City. This is of no little comfort, for we are not all Christians, Great-Hearts, or Valiants-for-the-Truth.

The high water mark of the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress* is the passage where Bunyan describes what the Pilgrims saw and heard in the country of Beulah, a passage which can be laid, without fear of suffering by comparison, along side of the finest specimens of English prose:—

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

In the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan reaches his greatest height, in a sense, the real climax of his whole work, when he comes to tell how Mr. Standfast received his summons and passed over the river. Mr. Honest, Valiant-for-the-Truth, Christiana, and the rest of them, one by one, had received their summons. At length the post brought a summons for Mr. Standfast, telling him that his time has come, "for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer." Having set things in order, Mr. Standfast goes down to the river:—

When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he, also, went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about halfway in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it, also, have often frightened me; but now, me thinks, I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan. The waters indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am

going to, and of the convoy that waits for me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot, too. His name has been to me a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.

Outside of inspired literature, there is nowhere to be found a passage which sets forth in such beautiful language the love of a believing soul for Christ, and how Christ is precious unto them that believe. Here we have the stern seventeenth century Puritan, a lover and a troubadour of Jesus Christ.

The way to the Celestial City has grown much easier in our day than it was in Bunyan's day. Indeed the question may be asked, Is there a City of Destruction and is there a City of Life? More and more the Christian pulpit turns away from an effort to answer the one great question of religion—"What must I do to be saved?" "Conviction of sin," writes Froude, "has become a phrase shallow and ineffective, even in those who use it most sincerely. Yet moral evil is still the cause of nine-tenths of human misery and it is not easy to measure the value of a man who could prolong among his fellow creatures the sense of the deadly nature of it even in the form of a decomposing theology." In the apparently decomposing theology of Protestant Christianity, it becomes more and more difficult to prolong a sense of sin among mankind. Yet a religion or a form of Christianity which cannot or dare not, declare the fact of sin, nor cares to busy itself with the problem of how men shall be delivered from the stain and burden of their sins, has no real business in the world because it has nothing to say to the world.

The present day drift away from evangelical Christianity, and the gradual subsidence of such promontories of truth as

conviction of sin, regeneration, atonement and judgment to come, with its reward and its punishment—all this was forecast by Hawthorne in his tremendous satire, *The Celestial Railroad*, perhaps the greatest of all the commentaries on *Pilgrim's Progress*. In his dream the new pilgrim visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. Having heard that a railroad had recently been established between this town and the Celestial City, he resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, he set out on a coach to drive to the station house. In his company was one, Mr. Smooth-it-Away, who was a director and large stockholder of the railroad. The Slough of Despond they crossed by a convenient bridge of elegant construction, the foundations for which had been secured by throwing into the Slough editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from quaint old Confucius and Hindu sages, together with a few ingenuous commentaries on texts of Scripture—all of which by some scientific process had been converted into a mass like granite. They alighted at the station house which had been erected on the site of the little Wicket Gate, which stood across the highway and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveler of liberal mind and expansive stomach. A large number of passengers were at the station house awaiting the departure of the train. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the change in attitude of all those undertaking the journey. Instead of a lonely and ragged man with a huge burden on his back, with the whole city hooting after him, the first gentlemen and the most respectable citizens in the neighborhood were setting out on the pilgrimage as if it were a summer tour. Among these travelers there was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business and politics, the lighter matters of amusement, while religion, undoubtedly the main thing at heart, was drawn tastefully into the background. Even an

infidel would have heard little or nothing to have shocked his sensibilities.

The Pilgrim was amazed to discover that the engineer was Christian's old enemy, Apollyon, with whom he had fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation. As the train rattled merrily on, covering a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian trudged over in a day, the travellers laughed to observe two dusty travellers in the old pilgrim's guise, with cockle shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs. As they were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders at the sight of the Cross, Mr. Smooth-it-Away, Mr. Live-for-the-World, Mr. Hide-Sin-in-the-Heart, Mr. Scaly-Conscience, and a lot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-Repentance began to decant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of their baggage. At the Hill Difficulty a tunnel had been constructed through the heart of the rocky mountain, and the materials taken from the heart of the hill had been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation, thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow. When the train shot into the Valley of the Shadow, the pilgrim had some palpitations of heart at the headlong rush over the causeway which had been constructed. But the Dark Valley had been illuminated with inflammable gas, and they contrived to get through without a mishap. Here and there, the Pilgrim thought he saw in the fiercely gleaming, gas lamps grim faces that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins or evil passions, but as the light of natural day began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted their escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At the end of the Valley was the Cavern, where as Bunyan related, dwelt the two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their den with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes were no longer

there, but into their deserted cave another terrible giant had thrust himself, making it his business to seize upon all the travellers and fatten them for his table with plentiful meals of moonshine, raw potatoes and sawdust. This giant was called Transcendentalist, but as to his form, his features, his substance and his nature generally, it was his chief peculiarity that neither he nor himself nor anybody for him had ever been able to describe him.

When the train steamed into the ancient City of Vanity Fair, he was surprised to discover that the pilgrims were quite popular at the Fair and spent no little time there, for almost anything could be purchased for a bit of script called Conscience. Almost every street had its church, and among the names of the preachers were the Rev. Shallow-Deep, the Rev. Stumble-at-Truth, the Rev. Mr. This-to-Day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. That-Tomorrow, together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment, the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-Spirit, and last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-Doctrine. Observing the buying and selling, the pilgrim thought he saw some foolish bargains. A young man who laid out a considerable portion of his fortune in the purchase of diseases, finally sold all the rest for a lot of repentance and a suit of rags; and a very pretty girl who bartered a heart as clear as crystal for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless.

Resuming his journey, the Pilgrim came up to the Castle of Giant Despair, but since his death, chartered by Mr. Flimsy-Safe, who there kept an excellent house of entertainment. After an hour's nap, the Pilgrim awoke as the train crossed the border of the pleasant land of Beulah. Soon the engine by its screams announced the close vicinity of the final station house. In sounding this, the closing, final blast on the siren, Apollyon outdid himself and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the Celestial Gate. At length they drew up alongside of the ferry-boat which lay in the river. The Pilgrim hurried aboard, but when

he turned to look back to the shore he was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-Away waving his hand in token of farewell. He cried out to him if he was not going over to the Celestial City. "Oh, no," answered Mr. Smooth-it-Away, "I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Goodbye, we shall meet again." The Pilgrim then rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling himself on shore, but the wheels as they began their revolution threw a dash of spray over him so cold, "so deadly cold with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven it was a Dream!"

The bell tower of the Abbey Church at Elstow stands a little distance apart from the church itself. The aged sexton told me if I ascended to the top of the tower I would find the bell John Bunyan used to ring on the northwest corner. Slowly I made my way up the winding stairway, the ancient stone steps well worn with the tread of more than three centuries of climbers. At length, brushing aside the cobwebs, and disturbing the retreat of bats and birds and pigeons, I emerged upon the topmost landing. Leaning over the parapet, I could see far beneath me the churchyard with its venerable flat tombs, the green on which Bunyan played one o' cat, the battered and scarred Moot Hall, Elstow with its brown thatched roofs, the river Ouse, and beyond it, Bedford. Looking out towards the north and west, I saw not far from the rectory, a swamp, which Bunyan made use of as the Slough of Despond; and away in the distance, hard by a woodland meadow, a steep hill, the Hill Difficulty; and far off on the horizon, a beautiful range of hills, the Delectable Mountains.

Here then, was what the natural eye of Bunyan saw before he painted for mankind the things invisible. Remembering what the sexton had told me about Bunyan's bell, I pulled the iron lever, and as the hammer fell, the tower shook with the mighty reverberation. But loosed from the confining

tower, the music of the great bell went floating out over the ivy-covered graves of the dead, over the sleeping hamlet of Elstow, across the Slough of Despond, on still, beyond the fields, to the Hill Difficulty, and far off into the distance, until the Delectable Mountains seemed to echo back the sweet melody.

Almost three hundred years have passed since Bunyan used to ring that bell. But the flight of years has not dimmed nor impaired its tone. It is just as deep and true and sweet today as when Bunyan used to ring it. The generation Bunyan knew, with many a generation after it, has passed away into dim silence since "he laid himself down in that place to sleep" and dreamed his dream. But human nature is still the same. Still man will wonder about a world not seen, and a life which is more than this life. Still there is no room for body and soul and sin. Still Sloughs of Despond will enmire, Hills of Difficulty confront, Valleys of the Shadow of Death affright, and Giants of Despair cast into their prison pilgrims who in this world set out to find the Everlasting World. Still is the way narrow and strait the gate that leadeth unto eternal life. Yet the pilgrim who undertakes the journey will find that there are still Evangelists and Interpreters to help him on his way, and Shepherds, too, to point out for him the distant glories of Emmanuel's Land. And as he travels toward that country, he will not go solitary and unattended, but will have the company of other pilgrims. The bell which Bunyan struck three centuries ago, high up in the tower of his allegory, still vibrates with its ancient melody, ever haunting the imagination of mankind, its tones as deep and sweet and true as ever, for they echo the deep, eternal truths of sin, atonement, redemption, regeneration, judgment to come, and life everlasting.

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