Telepathy, HYSLOP 92.
Theology, Ancient Schools, PEAKE 193 (W. F. Adeney).
,, and Truth, MARSHALL 281.
,, Biographical Method, PEAKE 177 (A. Gordon).
,, Hindu, DEUSSEN 54.
,, Recent Changes, MARSHALL 210.
,, Systematic, CURTIS 183.
Thessalonians, SODEN 27, 324.
Tongues, Gift, WALKER 1.
Transmigration, DEUSSEN 313.
Trinity, CURTIS 483.
Truth as Coherence, JOACHIM 64.
,, as Correspondence, JOACHIM 7.
,, in Independent Entities, JOACHIM 31.
Truth in Religion and Theology, MARSHALL 9.
Unemployment, KEEBLE 149 (G. W. McArthur).
Unity of Israel, EDGHILL 140.
Universality in the Prophets, EDGHILL 156.
Upanishads, DEUSSEN 1.
Vaticination, HYSLOP 391.
Veda, DEUSSEN 1.
Wesley, ROWNTREE 229.
Wisdom of the East, PEAKE 283 (T. W. Rhys Davids).
Woman and Social Problems, KEEBLE 247 (M. Stuart).
,, Subjection, WESTERMARCK 629.
Wordsworth, Mysticism, INGE 173.
Worlds, Other, ANDREWS 78.
Yoga, DEUSSEN 382.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELMAN, JUN., M.A., EDINBURGH.

The Combat.

IN its second stage, temptation changes from a discussion to an onslaught of blind passion. The activity and energy of Apollyon are here as great as his cunning was seen to be in the earlier part. Altogether, Mr. Froude is right in calling him 'a more effective devil than Diabolus of *The Holy War*.' As for Christian, he has not rushed out to meet this battle before it naturally comes. All the initiative is left to Apollyon. In the argument we have observed in him a certain great and settled quality of character, which reassures us. For, to a worthy and intelligent man, the chief danger lies in the stage of thinking things out. We are less afraid of Christian yielding to blind passion than to thought.

Apollyon is presented as giving himself away by getting into this rage. It is a hopeful moment for the enemy when either combatant in any fight loses self-control and gives way to violence. The prize-fighter who begins to strike out wildly has come near to the end of his game. In Mansoul, afterwards, Apollyon advocates cunning, but Beelzebub decides for open rage, and loses by it.

Christian claims the protection of 'the King's Highway'—a claim which, in the condition of early English roads, was very intelligible, and even suggested the romantic. The worst of temptation is, that the position in which it finds a man often makes it seem legitimate. So long as we are in the King's Highway of honest duty-doing, temptation has no such rights. Yet there are paroxysms now and then when Apollyon straddles 'quite over the whole breadth of the road.' With rights or without them, the fact remains that for the moment the temptation is the only thing that the man can see, and the very Highway is blotted out by its menacing form. It is very close to experience, yet at this point Bunyan ventures to the edge of the ludicrous, with his Apollyon assuring his victim that 'I am void of fear.' Obviously, when the fiend says that, the man is in good case, and the probability is that the fiend is lying. The closing thrust, 'Here will I spill thy soul,' is worthy of the villain in melodrama, and reminds one of the bombastic Pistol, with his

> The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.
> Therefore exhale.

The actual onset of Apollyon reminds us of Tasso (iv. 1):

> The grand foe of man
> Against the Christians turned his livid eyes,
> Bit both his lips for fury, and in sighs
> And bellowings, like a wounded bull enraged,
> Roared forth his inward grief and envy unassuaged.

The flaming dart, another figure of the sharpest moments of temptation, is caught on the shield of faith. He remembers what Christ has done for him, and how He trusts him; or he recalls the eternal things and sets them against the momentary perilous thoughts and seductions. Thus it is

in God's name that he fights the devil. Long afterwards, his friends, passing that way, shall see the ground strewn with fragments of these shivered darts. There is nothing more inspiring to see, or more likely to bring victory to new generations, than just the fact that the faith of a good man has in the past been effective against very keen temptation. He who assures posterity of the practical effectiveness of faith is a true benefactor.

As the battle grows closer, Christian is wounded in the head, the hand, and the foot. Temptation has got at his thoughts, his deeds, and his walk. In all of these he is aware of evil. He no longer fights as a pure man, a white warrior. The whiteness of his innocence is gone. When this has happened, some men reckon that all is lost, their fight terminating with the first wounds. In this there is more of self-conceit and pride than of necessity. Why should any of us make the condition with life that we shall have either a victory complete in every detail, or none at all? R. L. Stevenson sent on a true and wise thought in the ringing words: 'Honour can survive a wound: it can live and thrive without a member. The man rebounds from his disgrace; he begins fresh foundations on the ruins of the old; and when his sword is broken, he will do valiantly with his dagger. To cling to what is left of any damaged quality is virtue in the man.'

The final phase of the combat is that sore wrestling body to body with Apollyon in which is portrayed the utmost intensity and nearness of tempting evil, which now seems to be close to his own very breast. At last he receives a dreadful fall, and his sword flies out of his hand. The incident is common in the Romances, and an interesting and relevant passage may be found in Weyman's *Gentleman of France* (p. 359). Not even for 'a dreadful fall' will this dogged fighter and tempted man give up the conflict. To the end of life he will be not only a wounded soldier, but a fallen Christian, who has no record of unbroken purity any longer to live up to. To fall thus in battle is to lose one of the main incentives to success—that of maintaining honour untarnished. Yet, once again, honour can survive a fall as well as a wound, and it is just as noble a thing to fight in order to retrieve it, as it is to fight for its preservation. Sometimes it is even nobler, inasmuch as it is more difficult, and has to be done under a cloud of shame.

So, just then, a strange thing happened. When all seemed lost, the man caught his sword again and succeeded in wounding his enemy (cf. *Gentleman of France*, pp. 213, 359). The devil then, it seems, is vulnerable; and it is a great thing to realize that fact. Milton's invulnerable fiends, who are put out of action without injury, are a clumsy part of his creation. Bunyan's are truer to experience as well as to art. It is an actual fact that not only the tempted but the temptation is steadily losing strength. However difficult it may be to realize, it is nevertheless true that every hour a man can hold on is lessening the temptation he resists, even when that temptation seems to be steadily increasing. Temptation fattens upon compliances, and dies out at last by refusals.

So at last it comes to pass that the tempter flies away. After long resistance, when it seemed as if he were stationed for ever behind our shoulder, he one day suddenly is not there, and life without temptation is almost incredible in its peacefulness. 'A Greek poet,' says Lytton, 'implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief from pain: there is a nobler bliss still, the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.' Yet though the devil leaveth him, it is only 'for a season,' as it was even in the Prince's tempting. And the tempter seldom flees far away. In Part II. we find that he had gone from Christian only into the next valley.

Retrospect.

There is a shudder in the words with which Bunyan dismisses the scene and its events. He still hears the appalling sound of the tempter's crying, and the 'sighs and groans' which burst from Christian's heart. The phrase is one redolent of the religion of the seventeenth century, and George Herbert's famous verses under that title may have been known to Bunyan. The battle had lasted half a day—but in that half-day John Bunyan had seen compressed the experience of years of conflict. He must have envied his own Pilgrim!

> They said the war was brief and easy:
> A word, a look, would crush the throng.
> To some it may have been a moment's conflict:
> To me it has been fierce and long.

A man's temptations are often a good measure of his moral and spiritual manhood. Many men escape temptation such as this because there is not

enough of them to be so tempted. So regarded, temptation is seen to be an honour and a high mark of God's confidence.

> Why comes temptation but for man to meet
> And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
> And so be pedestaled in triumph? Pray
> 'Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!'
> Yea, but, oh Thou whose servants are the bold,
> Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
> Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
> That so he may do battle and have praise!

Then follows a verse, in which Jesus is referred to as 'blessed Michael,' appropriately introduced as dragon-slayer in this place. Then the passage closes with the beautiful figure of the hand that brings healing leaves from the Tree of Life. The hand is ever the tenderest or the terriblest of symbols, and the tenderest of all its works is healing. Wounds gained in the battle with temptation are not usually difficult to heal. From them comes no permanent pain, nor even any scar, except in desperate cases. The wounds that ache and throb through a lifetime, the chronic open sores of the soul, are those that are got in the service of the devil, whose servants are all sooner or later 'wounded in the house of their friend.'

The results of the battle appear in the later career of Christian. That is his last fight as an armed man, and after we have watched him go forward with drawn sword in his hand, watchful for new assaults, we shall not again hear anything of the armour or the weapons. Yet how precious that sword of his had now become to him, only those can realize who have seen the reverence with which an old campaigner handles a sword on which the blood drawn in mortal combat has rusted. Perhaps that watchfulness, with the drawn sword in hand, was the very reason why we hear no more of his answer. In this sense Bismarck's words are true indeed, 'Nothing but the sword can keep the sword in its scabbard.' For this part of the hero's adventures the writer always sees Christian with the bodily appearance of a young farm servant who had suffered much tormenting for his religion from his fellow-servants, and who (without any suspicion of priggishness) said that he had found he 'needed persecution.' Another result of the combat was that it had made a man of Christian, fixing a gulf between his old life and his new as no other experience could. Many a man has *found himself* through temptation overcome. Again, this had turned Humiliation into Triumph, and shown him for all time to come how sins and dangers may become means of grace. Yet there was no vainglory in his exultation. Bunyan did not find the conflict with Apollyon dangerous in that particular way. On one occasion he tells us how he was filled with a desire to preach; yet 'not for desire of vainglory,' he adds, 'for at that time I was most sorely afflicted with the fiery darts of the devil.' Lastly, it made him able to understand and sympathize and help others in their times of temptation. At one time Bunyan was himself oppressed with the fear lest he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. He opened his mind to 'an ancient Christian,' who told him he thought so too. 'Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but talking a little more with him I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil.'

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

This part of the Allegory is one of the most famous, because the condition which it describes is but too familiar. One of the most graphic of Borrow's casual touches in *The Bible in Spain* is his description of the imprisoned murderer who dwelt in this valley (quoted there in p. 227). The name, used in Ps 23, and again in Jer 2^6, seems to be a reminiscence of one of those narrow and malarial gorges which run like fissures across the eastern side of the Judean tableland. It is not Death itself that is meant, but the Shadow of Death, falling dark and deadly across some part of life. It is, in another form and a subtler, the continuation of the fight with Apollyon, who has, indeed, retreated no further than this valley from the place of his defeat. Christian need not seek repose as yet. He is kept from self-congratulation by new peril. One is reminded of the story of that young officer who in a long-continued battle came radiant to his superior, saying, 'Sire, I have taken a standard!' Receiving no reply he repeated his boast, only to hear the unexpected words, 'Then take another!'

The chief notes of this valley are *darkness, indefiniteness*, and *solitariness*. It is a time when the inner vitality seems dried up and dead; the poisonous morbid mood of *Accidia*, which mediæval Christians found so tormenting. In modern language it would be called Reaction. It is the nerves that have to pay the price of victory. After

enough of them to be so tempted. So regarded, temptation is seen to be an honour and a high mark of God's confidence.

> Why comes temptation but for man to meet
> And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
> And so be pedestaled in triumph? Pray
> 'Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!'
> Yea, but, oh Thou whose servants are the bold,
> Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
> Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
> That so he may do battle and have praise!

Then follows a verse, in which Jesus is referred to as 'blessed Michael,' appropriately introduced as dragon-slayer in this place. Then the passage closes with the beautiful figure of the hand that brings healing leaves from the Tree of Life. The hand is ever the tenderest or the terriblest of symbols, and the tenderest of all its works is healing. Wounds gained in the battle with temptation are not usually difficult to heal. From them comes no permanent pain, nor even any scar, except in desperate cases. The wounds that ache and throb through a lifetime, the chronic open sores of the soul, are those that are got in the service of the devil, whose servants are all sooner or later 'wounded in the house of their friend.'

The results of the battle appear in the later career of Christian. That is his last fight as an armed man, and after we have watched him go forward with drawn sword in his hand, watchful for new assaults, we shall not again hear anything of the armour or the weapons. Yet how precious that sword of his had now become to him, only those can realize who have seen the reverence with which an old campaigner handles a sword on which the blood drawn in mortal combat has rusted. Perhaps that watchfulness, with the drawn sword in hand, was the very reason why we hear no more of his answer. In this sense Bismarck's words are true indeed, 'Nothing but the sword can keep the sword in its scabbard.' For this part of the hero's adventures the writer always sees Christian with the bodily appearance of a young farm servant who had suffered much tormenting for his religion from his fellow-servants, and who (without any suspicion of priggishness) said that he had found he 'needed persecution.' Another result of the combat was that it had made a man of Christian, fixing a gulf between his old life and his new as no other experience could. Many a man has *found himself* through temptation overcome. Again, this had turned Humiliation into Triumph, and shown him for all time to come how sins and dangers may become means of grace. Yet there was no vainglory in his exultation. Bunyan did not find the conflict with Apollyon dangerous in that particular way. On one occasion he tells us how he was filled with a desire to preach; yet 'not for desire of vainglory,' he adds, 'for at that time I was most sorely afflicted with the fiery darts of the devil.' Lastly, it made him able to understand and sympathize and help others in their times of temptation. At one time Bunyan was himself oppressed with the fear lest he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. He opened his mind to 'an ancient Christian,' who told him he thought so too. 'Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but talking a little more with him I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil.'

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

This part of the Allegory is one of the most famous, because the condition which it describes is but too familiar. One of the most graphic of Borrow's casual touches in *The Bible in Spain* is his description of the imprisoned murderer who dwelt in this valley (quoted there in p. 227). The name, used in Ps 23, and again in Jer 2[6], seems to be a reminiscence of one of those narrow and malarial gorges which run like fissures across the eastern side of the Judean tableland. It is not Death itself that is meant, but the Shadow of Death, falling dark and deadly across some part of life. It is, in another form and a subtler, the continuation of the fight with Apollyon, who has, indeed, retreated no further than this valley from the place of his defeat. Christian need not seek repose as yet. He is kept from self-congratulation by new peril. One is reminded of the story of that young officer who in a long-continued battle came radiant to his superior, saying, 'Sire, I have taken a standard!' Receiving no reply he repeated his boast, only to hear the unexpected words, 'Then take another!'

The chief notes of this valley are *darkness, indefiniteness*, and *solitariness*. It is a time when the inner vitality seems dried up and dead; the poisonous morbid mood of *Accidia*, which mediæval Christians found so tormenting. In modern language it would be called Reaction. It is the nerves that have to pay the price of victory. After

all excitement of conflict there comes upon the overstrung victor a natural depression and melancholy. 'With me all is blackness,' says Carlyle on one occasion, 'lit by flashes of lightning.' In such a time of desertion of soul, will, and heart, hope and faith seem dead. Only imagination appears to remain alive, and that feverish and morbid.

In this anatomy of melancholy Bunyan was a past master, as every reader of *Grace Abounding* knows. Especially true is that reference to 'discouraging clouds of confusion.' At such a time, overstrung and then relaxed, it is not so much any definite horrors that assail the soul. The condition is one of nervousness about things in general, indefinite difficulties and impossibilities, moving states of mind whose uncertain moods cannot be expressed in words. The invisible has a 'power of darkness,' a fascination of horror, for all imaginative minds. All writers of the gruesome and uncanny know well and act upon the maxim that it is the unknown which holds the end of our chain. Not only is such a mood possible to a Christian. There is a depth of darkness which, as Bunyan here changes cleverly his text from Jeremiah to tell us, 'no man (*but a Christian*) passes through.' Only those who have lived in the glory of God's face can imagine the full bitterness of the times when that face is hidden.

The question has often been asked, whether such an experience as this is necessary or inevitable? The disciples of the Gospel of Healthy-mindedness—that greatest Word of God spoken in these latter days—will be apt to answer promptly that it is so in no case. Except in a few cases, where the mind is positively and chronically diseased, their answer is true. There are, indeed, some who are more naturally prone to such a state than others, but that only means that a greater or less effort is required according to the individual constitution. It is certain that by far the greater part of the suffering endured in this valley is avoidable, and that the majority of such sufferers accept as a doom those mental idiosyncrasies which ought to be taken only as a challenge. It may be further added that such experiences are not now nearly so excusable as they were in John Bunyan's time. Every reader of the *Pilgrim's Progress* must be touched by the constant recurrence of melancholy in one form or another. The Slough of Despond, the Castle of Giant Despair, and between them this valley, give a doleful itinerary of the Christian life. The times were evil then, and the thoughts of men had felt their gloom. Superstitious views of nature, unscientific theories of psychological phenomena, and a positive obsession of theological beliefs by conceptions both of God and of devils which are no longer held by educated men, contributed to this state of affairs. It is true that the *Weltschmerz*, in other forms, is with us still. But it may be confidently asserted that it is now neither so hopeless nor so universal as it was in former days. All the more earnestly should we regard as criminal those who would bring back as a fashionable modern disease that *Accidia* which attacked so many of the earlier generations. There are surely enough new diseases of mind and heart without reintroducing this old infection.

The Two Men.

This exceedingly clever passage is one more variant upon Bunyan's favourite theme of the evils of retreat. These men have been interpreted by some as a mere literary trick, a revival of Timorous and Mistrust, introduced for the sake of heightening the sense of fearfulness and horror. Yet these two are real men, and the dialogue is a consummate piece of portraiture of quite a distinct type of human nature. In *A Gentleman of France*, Weyman describes with great power the demoralization of troops courageous enough for fighting, by the slow creeping up the valley of the blue mists which brought the plague. There are many who could face the lions from which the former pair of cowards fled, and who yet dare not enter such a valley as this. Lions, or human enemies, or the cannon's mouth, are definite dangers: this state of haunted depression, of melancholy suggestion and sinister hints of evil, unmans a different kind of mind by its indefiniteness. This is indicated by the vague answers which they give to Christian's questioning. They are in mortal terror, but they cannot tell what they are afraid of.

Christian, accordingly, meets them with a demand for particulars. Most of our troubles and all our fears owe much to the indefinite sense of ominousness. To analyse them is to end them. Set down in black and white, they will lose much of their terror and all of their impossibility. There never yet was a situation in which, when it was faced frankly and without flinching or reserve, there was not something immediately to be done.

When at last Christian has forced the new

cowards to state as well as they could the causes of their terror, his reply is, 'I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.' It is a very great answer, and he would have said it whatever they had reported. The dangers ahead are not the point of the situation. They are irrelevant side issues, and have nothing to do with a pilgrim's course of action. The point —the only point—is, Which is the way of God? To go in that way is indeed the only safe course, but even if it were not, it is the only right course, and therefore the only course. When fear says to our soul, 'A man must live,' Conscience had better repeat the old rejoinder, 'I fail to see the necessity.' There is only one necessity in the world, and that is to be faithful to God.

The Ditch and the Quag.

From this point onwards, Bunyan puts forth the whole strength of his imagination, yet he never for a moment allows himself to be carried out of sight of the actual facts of experience. The path is narrow, requiring great carefulness. There is no need for the officiousness of Part III., which diminishes this narrow path to a plank slushing up and down in the mire. The narrowness, with its danger of stepping aside to right or left, is all that is intended. The fact which this represents is the extreme danger which abnormal conditions such as this present, of sudden extravagances both intellectual and moral. The ditch, into which the blind have led the blind, appears to refer to theoretical error, of belief and principle; while the quag (cf. *quake*, and *quick*, in the old sense of *living*, moving) would stand for error in practice, of the nature of outward sin and scandal. These are the perils of such darkness as this. Anything, even what one would shrink from in normal times, may become a temptation and a danger if it only offer some definite and strongly marked sensation, in exchange for the vague and intangible gloom of the valley. Readers of *Jane Eyre* will recall some striking instances of such temptation.

Hawthorne, in *The Celestial Railroad*, cleverly lights up this valley with gas drawn from the coals of the infernal pit. Such gaslight is only too common as a remedy for such gloomy times as this. For the darkness which quenches the sight of actual facts as they are, actually quickens the imagination and so increases the terror. At every step the man is afraid, like Childe Roland, of what he is to put his foot on next:

> Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared
> To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek
> Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
> For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!

Through all this, the man steps on steadily. He who does this will find the darkness quicken his sight and so allay the very fear it induced. Meanwhile, he is like Whittier in 'My Soul and I':

> Nothing before, nothing behind:
> The steps of Faith
> Fall on the seeming void, and find
> The rock beneath.

The Great Text Commentary.

THE GREAT TEXTS OF ST. LUKE.

LUKE II. 49.

'And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?' —R.V.

EXPOSITION.

'How is it that ye sought me?'—He does not mean, 'You could very well leave me at Jerusalem.' The literal translation is: 'What is it, that you sought me?' And the implied answer is: 'To seek for me thus was an inadvertence on your part. It should have occurred to you at once that you would find me here.'—GODET.

'Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?'—'Engaged in My Father's business' is a possible translation, comp. τὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ (Mt 16[23], Mk 8[33]); τὰ τοῦ Κυρίου (1 Co 7[32, 34]). But 'in My Father's house' is probably right, as Gn 41[51]. The words indicate His surprise that His parents did not know *where* to find Him. His Father's business could have been done elsewhere.—PLUMMER.

These words are very memorable as being the *first recorded words of Jesus*. They bear with them the stamp of authenticity in their half-vexed astonishment and perfect mixture of dignity and humility. It is remarkable, too, that He does not accept the phrase 'Thy father' which Mary had employed. 'Did ye not know?' recalls their fading memory