

the Eternal Father. The all-night prayer typifies the eternal communion of love, and teaches us to bring our minds into harmony with the Divine Spirit by endeavouring to purify ourselves as He is pure.

Not Safe except on your Knees.—In a recently published volume Dr. Geo. Adam Smith relates the following incident. He was mountain climbing in the Alps. Reaching the summit of a lofty peak, after eight hours' hard climbing, his foremost guide stepped on one side, that the doctor might be the first to plant his feet upon the hard won heights. What followed is best told in his own words. 'And I with the long labour of climbing over, and exhilarated by the thought of the great view awaiting me, but forgetful of the high gale that was blowing on the other side of the rocks, sprang eagerly up them and stood erect to see the view. The guide pulled me down with the exclamation, "On your knees, sir! you are not safe there except on your knees."'

God lifts us all to the summits in life, high, splendid, perilous. We need to erect our altars on the mountain-tops of experience, knowledge, friendship, love, and success, and not alone in the valleys of difficulty and defeat.

OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife.
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

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The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

The Valley of the Shadow of Death

—(continued).

THE description goes on adding new horrors with a swiftness which shows the terrible fertility of Bunyan's brain in this sort of imagination.

The Mouth of Hell.

Once again the pilgrim sees this dreadful thing. Formerly it was just where he stood; here it is 'hard by the wayside,' for this is no theoretical vision of hell, but a matter of personal danger and fear. The mouth of hell, in the form of a whale's wide open jaws, was a familiar part of the property of the mediæval morality plays. Dante's conception of it is a cave in the wild wood. Bunyan supplied it with abundance of flame and sparks and smoke and hideous noises, suggesting a hillside vent from some volcano which intermittently rose and subsided. What exactly he meant by it, it would be difficult to say. It may have been simply the fear of damnation, or it may have been suicide, or the plunge into sin that he might end suspense. All of these Bunyan could remember

as temptations in his own experience, and there had been times when, like Tomlinson,

He yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there, as the
light of his own hearth-stone.

Whatever it was, the flames and the sounds of it chased him with the sense of 'rushings to and fro.' In this we have a fuller horror than could be supplied by any more definite portraiture. It is the omission and suggestion which by their indefiniteness give the most terrible quality to the picture. These also were things that cared not for his sword—another very horrible touch. The enemy which you can see but cannot strike, the weapon passing through the spectre, supplies the point on which many weird stories have depended for their horror. Shakespeare, indeed, boldly speaks of 'taking arms against a sea of troubles,' but Bunyan knew well that melancholy of this sort cannot be fought even by the armed power of will. This kind goeth not out but by prayer, and he betakes himself to the mystic weapon. It will be noted, however, that will sends him steadily forward with undelayed and active march through all. It is one thing to pray idly, and a very

different and more useful thing when prayer goes with the swift foot.

The rushings to and fro, and the imagined 'company of fiends,' have a very skilful reticence about them. Interesting parallels will be found in Dante's *Inferno*, Cantos 3 and 21, but it is characteristic of the two writers that while Dante goes into a mediæval fulness of detail, which for us tempers the horror by its grotesqueness, Bunyan, with a more skilful touch, says just enough to stir up the imagination, and leaves the effect to the reader's own mind. Nathaniel Hawthorne makes these fiends bear the faces of individual sins of his own which stretch out their hands to claim him. It is true that the worst fiend for any man to meet is that which bears the likeness of his sin, and the conscience-stricken may grow mad by looking into the reflection of their own eyes. Yet the possibilities of this valley include many other kinds of horror. Whittier, expressing in his own way what Bunyan expresses by his weapon All-prayer, gives us a great song of the valley in *My Soul and I*—

Why fear the night? Why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and man.
Peopling the shadows we turn from Him,
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother.

Christian, however, had not reached so healthy a point of view as this. First of all, he hesitates and is kept back from retreat mainly by the thought that the danger of going back might be greater than that of going forward. It may seem a poor defence, but a breastwork may be thrown up in an emergency out of any rubbish that lies in the neighbourhood. So Christian resolves to go on. During the war of emancipation in America the town of Petersburg was besieged, and the work of storming the walls fell to the black contingent. For a little time they advanced, but the fire of the guns was deadly, and they halted and were about to retreat. The only man who kept on his way was the old standard-bearer, who advanced alone with the colours. The colonel shouted to him, 'Come back here, old Sam! The answer was, 'These here colours never go back, Colonel!—Come you up here, Colonel!' The contingent turned and the town was taken. Yet

as we see Christian advancing through the darkness, we hear the name of God uttered in a vehement cry like the stormy clang of consecrated bells bidding back the fiends. All-prayer again prevails. We may remember that scene in Faust where the soldiers, reversing their swords, present to Mephistopheles the sign of the Cross, so that he cannot advance. It is a happy fancy that the sword-hilt may become the mystic Cross, prayer thus being but another side of action.

Whispers in the Soul.

The confusion of the place had entered into him, and this element of disorderliness greatly intensifies the horror, introducing the classic dread of *Chaos*, of which Carlyle speaks continually. Perhaps it is the greatest victory of all when a man's courage does not fail him even then, but overcomes perplexity. The specific form which the confusion here takes is noteworthy. A fiend whispers to him from behind, and he mistakes the language for his own utterance. This experience is continually recurring in *Grace Abounding*, where all manner of blasphemies and foul thoughts persecute Bunyan until he compares himself to a kicking and screaming child carried off by a gipsy. It is a curious psychological fact, this persecution by alien imaginations; and unfortunately it is a very common one in highly strung natures. It is safe to say that such haunting thoughts and words in no case become sinful until they are welcomed and deliberately harboured. Sinful things, disowned and repudiated, may seem to haunt a man only the more insistently for that; but until he chooses them for his own they are no sin of his. A very wise and able treatment of this subject will be found in the late Dr. Bruce's *Parabolic Teaching of Christ*, page 139.

Company.

After this long misery of haunted loneliness there comes the infinite relief of the human voice as he hears great words spoken by a man going before him. One remembers in Carlyle's *Everlasting Yea* the similar emergence of Teufelsdröckh from the darkness, when he breaks forth into the great passage beginning 'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow-man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity,' that is the highest meaning of this sudden companionship. Each of the two men had imagined he was alone, and

each makes that most amazing and revolutionary discovery that there are other people in the world besides himself. The fountains of compassion and sympathy and the desire to help are opened, and the soul is refreshed by them. But the very sense of company, apart from its fuller meanings, is a blessed thing at such times. One of the most striking things that Nansen tells of his experiences is his account of the feelings with which he first heard a dog bark in Franz Josef Land, after his long wandering. Bunyan could not have invented anything which would have given the sense of relief more perfectly than this voice. We may perhaps be justified in remembering that, as yet, Christian has made no friends among other pilgrims. From this point onwards we shall never see him alone again. Had he from the first cultivated the love of men and clung to their companionship, it might have gone better with him in the valley. But then, in these first stages of difficult and anxious pilgrimage a man has little heart for company. It is a part of the journey on which God sends most pilgrims alone.

Dawn in the Valley.

The verse which the unseen man is saying is from the 23rd Psalm, where there is as yet no word of ending, and the comfort comes simply from the fact that God is with the man. By and by the day breaks, and Bunyan, who was intensely sensitive to the changes of light and darkness, finds a deep satisfaction in the new light. His poems of sunrise are well worth consulting. There is in them that authentic note of true poetry which reminds us sometimes of Chaucer and sometimes of Spencer. They contain the finest touches in his printed poems. The verse that Christian utters is from Amos 5 and 8: it is the same that is engraved upon the tomb of Dr. Guthrie. Christian had need of light, for the second part of the valley which remained yet to travel was more dangerous than that through which he had found his way in the dark. All manner of traps and pitfalls seem to exhaust the cunning of the evil one. These may represent special circumstances of difficulty and temptation which beset a man whose nerves have long been on the strain, and who now comes out from mental wrestling into the practical difficulties of the world. Nothing could render him more unfit for sudden and petty irritations than

the experience he has just passed through. Scott's note is valuable here, 'Believers are not in most danger when under the deepest distress.' It is worthy of notice that the mood of the man is represented cleverly, by the fact that the daylight has not driven away the hobgoblins, but only kept them visible at a distance. Neither has it ended the dangerous narrowness of the path between quag and ditch, but only revealed it. It is with the full consciousness of the horrors which had tortured him in the dark that he is now called upon to gather his wits together, and pick his way with the most painful carefulness among the new dangers of the active life. Part third cleverly invents a kind of trap which is like a noose hanging in the air, so that at this point the only safety is in lowly stooping.

Pope and Pagan.

This passage leads us to the subject of persecution. Bunyan had studied history mainly in the pages of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. In his own day Protestants were persecuting one another, taking up the rôle which the Papacy had so recently laid down. The Act of Uniformity, with its threats of the gallows, hung like a dark cloud over the imagination of John Bunyan. In Elizabeth's time the poet Southwell had been executed for avowing that he had come into England to preach the Roman Catholic religion, and it was long after this before any adequate realization of the real meaning of toleration could be found either on the one side or the other of the papal controversy. Naturally, however, both on account of the far greater extent of its persecutions and on account of Bunyan's own attitude to it, it is the Roman Church which stands as the modern type of persecutor to Bunyan. The Bloodmen in the Holy War have Captain Pope for their chief, whose escutcheon is 'the stake, the flame, and good men in it.' Here and there in provincial hospitals an operating table may be seen round which there are iron rings fixed in the floor by which the patients were tied down before the use of anæsthetics. The thrill of horror which such a sight produces upon those in whose youth this was the manner of operating, may give us some imagination of Bunyan's feelings towards the recent stake and axe.

There is a passage in *Sir Bevis of Southampton* which may have suggested the gruesome picture

of the end of the valley at the mouth of the cave.
There two lions inhabit such a cave, and

Whan Bevis cam from hynntyge
In the cave, at the begynnyng
As he went inwarde for the nonys,
He sawe a man gnawen al to the bones.

Pope and Pagan inhabit the same cave. The reading of any Church History, of Lecky, or of Hatch's *Hibbert Lecture*, supplies innumerable instances in which it is seen that the policy of the Church of Rome has been to incorporate and baptize the ancient Paganism; and the same thing may be witnessed in the policy of Roman missionaries in many mission fields to-day. As a matter of expediency, there is, no doubt, much that may be said on both sides of this question. Many of the pagan beliefs and customs which have led men in some fashion towards God, may offer the best means in certain circumstances for sending on the new life. On the other hand, there are obvious dangers connected with such a policy, and no law can be laid down which will cover all the individual sets of circumstances.

There is, however, a deeper sense in which Pope and Pagan have often been allied. It has been said that 'Romanism' is the paganism of Christianity. . . her strength is a pagan strength.' This means that the same outwardness, materialism, and worldly power have characterized the two systems; and it is true that not in persecution only, but in her whole point of view, the Church of Rome has elements that make this her danger. At the same time, it would be unjust and untrue to imagine that that is a complete statement of the case. It cannot be forgotten that there is a spiritual side to the ritual and the doctrines of Rome which has produced some of the finest types of devotional Christianity. The danger in all such discussions is that, through the circumstances of the individual thinker's case, only one aspect of that which he is opposing will present itself to him. Nathaniel Hawthorne puts Transcendentalism into this cave instead of Pope and Pagan; and a well-known divine has asserted that not the Pope but Hegelianism is the 'man of sin.' The cave is wide, and there is room in it for the pet aversions of many generations of earnest men.

Pope.

It is very curious to remember that with a few alterations the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been adapted

for the use of Roman Catholics. The question as to which army Bunyan fought in at the time of the Civil War has given rise to much discussion. In a former reference the view was expressed that probably he fought in the Royalist side. It ought to have been stated that Dr. Brown, in his life of Bunyan, brings forward, in favour of the contrary view, lists of the names of soldiers in the army which fought against the king at Leicester. In these lists there is the name of John Bunion; and if this be the same John Bunyan who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the evidence is conclusive. It still remains true that at one period Bunyan seems to have been in a state of mind, according to his own confession, far more congruous with the Royalist than the Roundhead way of thinking. Cheever says of him, 'his mind seems to have been in that state of bondage which we call *priest-ridden*; heartily as he afterwards hated the Pope, it would not have taken much at this time to have carried him completely over to Rome.'

However this may be, it is certain that in his later time his antipathy to Roman Catholicism was intense. He trusted the indulgence of Charles the Second in which Papists were excepted, and afterwards wrote his uncompromising *Discourse on Anti-Christ*. The view he here takes of the Roman Church is that its day is done, and the picture of Pope is that of one outworn. Through the days of James II. and Charles II., when the Papacy threatened the English throne, he kept in the main aloof from politics, and trusted the march of progress to render the Papacy obsolete. Like Christian, he held his peace and passed on.

The wisdom of this point of view has been called in question. It is said that the genius of Roman Catholicism 'has the old will if he had the old way.' Now and then some priest or cardinal is quoted as advocating the revival of the Inquisition; and there are some who absolutely disbelieve in progress within the Roman Church, and distrust the power of society to defend itself from the barbaric methods of the Middle Ages. Of such an attitude Dr. Kerr Bain happily says that 'Chronic alarm does more to foster and flatter the giant than to quell him.' It is to be hoped that all sensible people in every Church will eventually agree with Praed's vicar,

That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

As to the undoubted recent advances of the Roman Church in this country, these bear witness to the fact that there is a perpetual element in society for whom authority and high ritual is the natural way of worship. Protestantism appeals to those who are willing and able to undertake the intellectual and spiritual responsibility of religious thought and life, and who are prepared in a time of questioning such as the present to do without the comfort of a more luxurious trustfulness.

The passage in Part III. which corresponds to this is peculiarly interesting and happy. On the place over against the cave of these two giants it invents another cave where there sits 'a middle-aged man of a mild, grave, and venerable countenance.' The name of this man is *Reformation*, and his function is to guard and keep clear the inscription on a pillar which is erected there—the pillar of History. Nothing could be better than that as a view of the situation between Protestant and Catholic faith. It is history that is against the Papacy, and its form of faith is an anachronism. Its house is in the valley of the shadow, and humanity moves towards the light and the sunshine. Of course, there will always be people who prefer to live and to worship in that mediæval shadow, and they will and ought to be allowed to do so. It is progress and not propagandism to which Protestants have to trust. There will always be pre-Raphaelites in the Kingdom of God as well as moderns, but there is no danger of Roman Catholicism becoming again the general faith in Protestant countries. There may be a real danger of its being allowed to speak in the name of Christianity; in which case the bulk of the nation

would cross over into scepticism. The moral of the situation appears to be that the Protestant appeal to conscience and to reason must be insisted on with all urgency and human sympathy, so that the Christian faith shall always present to the thinking world the aspect of a living force of thought, and not the mere beauty of ancient tradition.

Pagan.

Pagan is said to be dead in the allegory, and the reference is to the persecutions of the past centuries. It must be remembered that in the times of the Crusades and the Romances the word Pagan was applied to Mohammedans, and their God or idol was spoken of as a Mawmet. Sir Bevis of Southampton supplies many instances of this. In such outward senses as these it is quite true that Pagan is dead, and yet no one knew better than Bunyan how terribly alive in the heart of man is the subtle spirit of Paganism. In every generation of men there is the inward conflict of Pagan and Puritan. Given certain conditions social and otherwise, and great masses of the population lapse into a state which justifies the title 'Heathen England'; and even in those who have not lapsed there is an element which responds but too readily to the Pagan ideals. Readers of Fiona Macleod's *Green Fire* will remember the rush back to nature of the Christian; and though the popularity of Omar Káyyám is a literary rather than a moral phenomenon, yet there can be little doubt that its frank Paganism has had a wide appeal. The victory of Jesus Christ over the Pagan world has to be fought out and achieved in the heart of every Christian.

Recent Foreign Theology.

The Doctrine of the New Birth.¹

THIS is a really interesting and valuable book, though it is not so much an investigation, in spite of the title, as the demonstration and illustration of a thesis. Herr Gennrich has no doubt about

¹ *Die Lehre von der Wiedergeburt: die christliche Zentrallehre in dogmengeschichtlicher und religionsgeschichtlicher Beleuchtung.* Von Lic. theol. P. Gennrich, Konsistorialrath in Berlin. Leipzig: Georg Böhme, 1907.

what regeneration is. 'In faith the Christian experiences his re-creation or regeneration; yes, we may say right out, his faith is his regeneration (p. 24). This he regards as not only the genuinely New Testament view, but also the genuinely Lutheran view; and his book aims at vindicating it, and bringing it again to the front (p. 251). It begins with an excellent examination of New Testament teaching on the subject, creditably free from all quibbling on words, and in wholesome