them. Psychic phenomena are in themselves pure quality, while their cause, being situated in space, is quantity. How, then, can you say that the utmost freewill and the most absolute determination are inconceivable or even incongruous? 'The problem of freedom'—this is Professor Bergson's own concluding sentence—'has thus sprung from a misunderstanding: it has been to the moderns what the paradoxes of the Eleatics were to the ancients, and, like these paradoxes, it has its origin in the illusion through which we confuse succession and simultaneity, duration and extensity, quality and quantity.'

To the study of primitive religion an original and notable contribution has been made by the Rev. John Mathew, M.A., B.D. Mr. Mathew spent six years among the Kabi and Wakka natives of Queensland, and was admitted to an unusually intimate knowledge of their habits of life. He has now published the knowledge which he thus gained in a book entitled *Two Representative Tribes of Queensland* (Fisher Unwin; 5s. net). It is not Mr. Mathew's first book. His *Eaglehawk and Crow* has already given him a place among the most reliable students of ethnology, although it has to be admitted that his theory of the origin of the Australian race has not yet found universal acceptance. In the present book he reviews that theory and strengthens it. But the value of this book is independent of any theory of origins. It lies in the value of the minute and accurate record of all that he learned of those two primitive tribes during the time that he lived amongst them.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

By the Rev. John Kelman, M.A., D.D., Edinburgh.

THE LAST STAGE.

Temporary—Reasons for and Manner of Backsliding.

Apart from the companionship of Save-self, four reasons are given for the defection of such men as Temporary. It is noteworthy that these are given, not by Christian, but by Hopeful. The personal reminiscences to which Christian has skilfully led him have awakened him sufficiently, not merely to get over those two last miles, but to exert his mind to serious and competent discourse, such as Christian had somewhat forcibly to provide before. The reasons given are as follows:—(1) There had been no radical change. This, indeed, is the main point, which we have already noticed in connexion with grace and perseverance. Temporary had been indeed deeply affected. He had sometimes travelled three miles to see Hopeful. But it had only been from Graceless to Vanity Fair. His fear had been the wrong fear, not the right fear of which we have heard so much. He is badly scared by thoughts of hell, and more or less attracted by sentimentalities about heaven. There is obviously nothing radical in this.

> The fear of hell's a hangman's whip,
> To keep the wretch in order;

and the fancy for heaven is not more respectable, if it be but a fancy. The opening sentence explains the whole case, 'Though the consciences of such men are awakened, yet their minds are not changed.' The language is not that of present-day psychology, and indeed it is inaccurate. Yet one can see what it means. The emotional energies of conscience are touched, but not the intellectual and volitional ones. A recent novel has very cleverly described a similar surface affection as 'the result, not of repentance, but of the restlessness that dogs an evaporating pleasure.' It was the fear of such backsliding that drove Ned Bratts, in Browning's Bunyan poem, to insist upon his judges hanging him, lest his ardour should cool and his soul be lost—a case which presents interesting points for discussion in the controversy regarding perseverance and efficient grace, and a peculiarly interesting contrast to the same poet's Joannes Agricola. (2) The second reason is the fear of men. This is in curious contrast to Ignorance, whose defect in right fear is matched by Temporary's

excess of wrong fear. The fear of men is always contemptible, and at its best it argues ignorance of men. The vague sense of criticism which gets on many weak persons' nerves is a preposterous thing. Think of your supposed critics one by one, and you will find that many of them are as much afraid of you as you are of them, that to the vast majority of them your actions and thoughts are absolutely indifferent, and that those whose character and wisdom are such as to justify your fear of them are the very persons who are surest to seek rather to help than to injure you. Temporary reminds us of The Knight Coward, in *The High History of the Holy Grail* (Dent; vol. i. p. 82): 'And in strange fashion came he. He bestrode his horse backwards in right outlandish guise, face to tail, and he had his horse's reins right across his breast, and the foot of his shield bore he topmost, and the chief bottom-most, and his spear upside down, and his habergeon and chausses of iron trussed about his neck . . . he turneth him not to look at Messire Gawain, but crieth to him aloud, "Good Knight, you that come there, for God's sake do me no hurt, for I am the Knight Coward!" "By God!" saith Messire Gawain, "you look not like a man to whom any ought to do hurt!"' (3) The third reason is the shame attending religion —a subject on which Hopeful was well qualified to speak, as we have seen already in the narration of his own encounters with Shame. (4) The last reason is that they do not like to think about disagreeable things such as guilt and fear and impending misery. The luxurious habit has paralyzed their powers of thought and conscience. Living for the day, and refusing to face the actual needs and dangers of the morrow, their self-indulgent choice of the pleasant thing has deprived them of all defence against the facts of the case or preparation for the inevitable future. Parkman, in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, describes the thriftlessness of Algonquin Indians, who 'in the hour of plenty forget the season of want,' until 'stiff and stark, with haggard cheek and shrivelled lip, he lies among the snowdrifts; till, with tooth and claw, the famished wildcat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs.' This grim picture, which reminds us of one not unlike it in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* is but too true an emblem of those who in spiritual and moral matters adopt the policy of living for the hour and letting the future look after itself.

Christian closes the conversation with an exposition of the manner of backsliding. This vivid and searching 'Rake's Progress' is too simple to need any detailed commentary, and it is so true to experience that every reader may recognize himself in it at one point or another. It is a very minute analysis of the progress from little playful and secret deviations to hardened and shameless apostasy. The memorable fact which it displays with terrible clearness is the inseparable connexion between inward thought and outward action. It is in the secret life of the mind and imagination and desires that all the barricades of the soul are strengthened or torn down, and it is that secret life which determines the open and outward life of future days. Leckie has pointed out that a man may live a double life, and that for years his inward imaginations may be kept entirely different from his outward actions. But such cases are exceptional, and it only requires a sufficiently strong temptation, and a sufficiently favourable set of circumstances, to let the secret life of any man rush into open expression.

The Land of Beulah.

Romance.

This is one of John Bunyan's most practical conceptions, and one of those which are most directly in the line of the early English and French literature of romance. In the old romances of chivalry there are two kinds of enchantment which cast their spell over regions and men, one dangerous and sinister, the other blessed. Bunyan has placed the two regions side by side, for here we are still in an enchanted land where there is mystery and magical influence, but now we exchange the evil for the good enchantment. Part III. rather cleverly describes this land of Beulah as one of aromatic perfumes, which revive the spirits drooping from the sleepiness of the former tract. All such conceptions of a region under a supernatural spell are really forms of the conviction that this life has connexion with the other world beyond the veil of sense, and that at certain times and under certain conditions the powers of that world may make themselves clearly manifest in this. Walter Pater, in the brilliant passage when he introduces Marius the Epicurean for the first time to a company of early Christian believers, says of the old and young Christians whose faces had been transfigured by

their faith, 'Was some credible message from beyond "the flaming rampart of the world"—a message of hope, regarding the place of men's souls and their interest in the sum of things—already moulding anew their very bodies, and looks, and voices, now and here? At least, there was a cleansing and kindling flame at work in them, which seemed to make everything else Marius had ever known look comparatively vulgar and mean.' Especially may such a sense of the supernatural be looked for as the journey draws towards its close. The veil grows thinner then, for many saintly souls, and the light breaks through, and now and then there is felt and seen the beat of wings.

On its purely literary side, it belongs to the literature of Gardens. 'It is a shaggy world,' says R. L. Stevenson, 'and yet studded with gardens; where the rough and tumbling sea receives rivers, running among reeds and lilies.' That again takes us back to Bacon's famous essay on Gardens, with their thirty acres of wilderness, pleasance and grove; their trimmed and arched hedges, their fountains and aviaries. And so we are led back at last to the first garden planted by God in Eden, with its four rivers and its mystic trees. But, for literature, this whole subject has been immensely enriched by the classical conception of the Elysian fields, those 'happy isles' somewhere in the Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, but vague in the primitive geography of ancient times. Sometimes the fields are represented as places of voluptuous feasting, sometimes of complete innocence and gentle refinement of happiness. Their bowers are ever green, their streams clear, their meadows thick with asphodel. The air is wholesome, serene, and temperate. Birds are ever warbling there, and the inhabitants are blessed with another sun and other stars. Their employments are various and congenial, Achilles fighting wild beasts, and the Trojan chiefs managing horses and exercising themselves in arms as of old.[1] Virgil's famous passage in the sixth book of his *Æneid* comes to mind, and Homer (*Od.* 24) tells how 'They came to the stream of the Ocean and the Leucadian Rock, and they went near the gates of the sun and the people of dreams; and they quickly came to the meadow of asphodel where dwell the souls, the images of the dead.' It must be remembered, however, that these were poetic dreams, and that the actual thought of the people was sad when it contemplated the theme, reserving those fields for the favoured few, while the rest, in Hades, were but 'spent copies' of the earthly life.

[1] Cf. Lemprière, *Classical Dictionary*, etc.

EXPERIENCE.

All this, however, is but the scaffolding for a piece of religious work, describing a very distinct and recognizable plan of Christian experience. It is founded on Is 62[4], 'Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.' Bunyan, accepting the traditional view of the Song of Solomon, transfers to this prophecy the full significance of the word Beulah (= married) referring it to the Church (or rather to the souls of individual believers) as the Bride of Christ, who here renews His marriage contract with His spouse.

Here we are deep in the Old Testament, and allegory yields to the abundance of quotation from Scripture. 'Be'ulah' means 'a land of Baal' in its original significance. It takes us back to the Semitic idea of the union of a god with his land, described under the figure of marriage, which gave place, in Israel, to the conception of the people as the Bride of Jehovah. (Cf. Principal G. A. Smith, *Twelve Prophets*, i. 242.) Yet these voluptuous Hebrew images of bridals, vineyards, and corn are not far removed from the literary progenitors of Bunyan's allegory. By their aid we have here communion with God linked with the romances of chivalry; and indeed the Hebrew language and spirit supplied to Puritanism the Romance of Faith. Men who had cast themselves finally off from that gay and bright world in which English Literature had dwelt for centuries, rekindled the extinguished light at the more ancient flame, and borrowed the colours of the more ancient poetry for their desolated world.

Spiritually interpreted, Beulah represents a time of clear spiritual vision and close communion with God, possible only to those who have attained to a high degree of sanctification. Spiritual vision is no longer a matter of glimpses breaking in upon the routine of anxious pilgrimage, but the habitual and effortless condition of the soul. This passage, significantly passed over without

mention by Froude, in whose scheme of life it has apparently no place, is quoted by the late Professor A. B. Bruce in his *Parabolic Teaching* as an illustration of 'the full corn in the ear.' Mr. Scott Lidgett also quotes it in his *Spiritual Principle of the Atonement*: 'A "good fight of faith" is going on, and it is amid struggles that eternal life is laid hold of. But such expressions as "knowing," "abiding in," "having fellowship with" Christ, speak of attainment, of habitual insight, of consummated union, of closest intimacy. Here the believer has penetrated into realms of blessed life which are almost beyond the reach of the enemy.'

Such quotations naturally lead us to ask whether this is to be taken as a description of the normal old age of Christians. Probably it is so intended, and Dr. Kerr Bain's beautiful description of a day in 'our chequered climate' expresses the sense of the allegory: 'By sunset, the clear soft air is full of calm, and men come to their doorways, or pause on their road homewards, to look at the spectacle of the sun's going down,—so glowing it is with unearthly colours, so superbly mantled in the very clouds that threatened to quench it; and, as they look, the glory shifts and fades, and the far stars come forth to sparkle their peacefulness upon the cloudless night. It is a natural parable of the Christian's way. He goes on amid vicissitudes of sky, though the sun is up; but without fail, the sky gets golden ere the night is in, and the night itself is a sparkling universe of peace.' Browning, in his 'Rabbi ben Ezra,' accepts a similar view of growing old:

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made. . . .
> And I shall thereupon
> Take rest ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new.

Many such lines occur to the memory of every reader.

Payson writes, 'When I formerly read Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah, where the sun shines and the birds sing day and night, I used to doubt whether there was such a place; but now my own experience has convinced me of it, and it infinitely transcends all my previous conceptions.' 'Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant.' Such an ending was awaiting John Bunyan himself, before he lay down to rest in that noisy sleeping-place of his in Bunhill Fields.

Yet this is no rule without exception. Some lives of eminent piety and distinguished service fall upon bitterness towards their close. Physical conditions, and especially those connected with brain and nervous system, and wholly outwith the domain of either moral or spiritual responsibility, have to be reckoned with. The borderland between mind and body is a region of subtle forces which defy the analysis of either the biologist or the psychologist, and conclusions as to the religious condition based on the play of these forces are in the last degree precarious. Dr. Guthrie tells of a dying woman who missed all sense of the presence of Him whom she had served with exceptional faithfulness and enjoyment, that when questioned as to her state she replied, 'If God please to put His child to bed in the dark, His will be done.' Nothing could be better than that saying. In it we see the victory of faith over feeling, of reason over mood. Moods are but the weather of the soul, after all; and those who know whom they have believed and can steer a steady course through varying weathers to the haven, are the true victors in the lifelong fight of faith.

There are exceptions also of another kind. Beulah may be reached early in the pilgrimage, and there is many

> A happy soul that all the way
> To heaven hath a summer's day.

These gracious and sunny spirits are endowed with such a wealth of appreciation, such a capacity for delight, that they pass through the trials of life immune alike from misery and from temptation. It is of them that Wordsworth sings in his 'Ode to Duty':

> Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
> Who do thy work, and know it not.

These are they of whom the familiar lines are true:

> There are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of the everlasting chime;
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their souls some holy strain repeat.

Beulah has been admitted to be the normal condition of travellers nearing the end of their journey. Yet there are elements in all such conditions that are abnormal in the sense of being more or less unhealthy. Bunyan admits this, though unconsciously. Both his pilgrims fall sick with desire here, and indeed this state of mind tends towards morbidness. We have felt it in such hymns as 'Oh Paradise! oh Paradise!' and in others more popular, where the sentimental longing for death is even more morbid. Even in the beautiful poetry of Christina Rossetti there is a good deal of this sickly strain. In all cases it is questionable, and its indulgence is dangerous to the hardihood required for worthy pilgrimage.

The same holds true of the descriptions of the vineyards, whose lusciousness is in danger of becoming merely voluptuous. The vineyards tend to sleep, and the men talk more in their sleep than formerly. The familiar test of a poet, 'What kind of dreams has he?' reminds us of the high spiritual meaning that is here intended. The talk of sleepers is elsewhere mentioned by Bunyan. In *The Holy War* he writes: 'So taken were the townsmen now with their Prince that they would sing of Him in their sleep.' In Bunyan there was a rare combination of passionate spiritual voluptuousness with the sense of duty and wakeful practical sense. It is to be remembered, however, that his was a nature big enough for such combinations, far bigger than most of us can boast; and Part III., coarser as usual than the original which it copies, makes the pilgrims here become inebriated with the wines—an accident sufficiently common to justify this warning. Bunyan guards the danger by once again introducing the Church and her ministers under the similitude of the gardeners. Here we see them dispensing the finest spiritual dainties, and dealing with the most extreme spiritual conditions—a task which calls out their highest and most delicate qualities, moral and spiritual.

Once more, the excess of light is almost blinding. They are drunk with the sun, as, along other lines, such poets as Shelley and Francis Thomson are. Part III. ingeniously but incongruously counteracts this excessive light by making the shadow of the Celestial City reach to the land of Beulah. Bunyan supplies his pilgrims with an instrument, presumably some sort of 'dark glass,' to mitigate the brightness. There is a measure of spiritual light beyond which human nature is incapable of bearing the glory on this side of death. Unhappily the need of any such instrument as this is rare, yet in highly spiritual natures the experience occurs, and men cry out for a less intolerable brightness:

> A veil 'twixt us and Thee, dread Lord,
> A veil 'twixt us and Thee,
> Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,
> And unto madness see.

Ecstasy must give place to lowlier and less brilliant ways of faith; for here we see through a glass darkly—and it is well that we should thus see, though it is well also—unspeakably well—with those to whom are granted such glimpses of the intolerable light in which they shall yet dwell as may assure their faith with the foretaste of that life to which they journey. The whole passage has a most interesting and exquisite parallel in the later part of the wonderful anonymous poem of the fourteenth century, 'Pearl,' whose descriptions of the City seen across the River of Death are matchless for their splendour and jewel-like descriptions of colour and of light.

The last touch of description is perhaps the finest of all. Angels visit them in the land of Beulah. We are familiar with the traditions of angel visitants to young children and to the dying. Maeterlinck's *Les Avertis* gives a wonderful sense of the veil growing thin for the dying till it has become transparent, and the limits between the two worlds indistinct. But here we have the angels of old age. The naturalness is maintained, in spite of the supernatural. Old age, here as everywhere, delights in reminiscence, and the pilgrims talk with their angel visitors over the adventures of the way. No one who has been fortunate enough to enjoy the confidence and the love of an aged and saintly friend will miss the meaning of these angels of old age. We have seen their light and almost heard their voices as we have looked upon beloved forms wasted with the years yet radiant and wise beyond earthly wisdom, solitary and yet enjoying some secret and heartening fellowship that leaves us wistful and lonely amid the crowded years of younger life.

The two remaining difficulties of which the angels tell them have been the subject of much speculation. Surely the meaning is not so obscure. What else can these difficulties be but the river and the heights beyond? For death of itself

cannot complete a mortal's preparation for immortality. Presbyterian theology asserts that 'the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory.' Romanists view the dead painfully ascending the long hill of purgatory ere Paradise is won. How John Bunyan views the matter we shall soon discover.

But one memorable last word is spoken by the angels before we come to the River. The pilgrims ask for the company of their heavenly friends, and it is not denied them. Yet they say, 'You must obtain it by your own faith.' This is the rule all along the journey. 'The race is won by one and one, and never by two and two.' Companions, ministers of grace, may do much for us all, whether they be human or divine. But all the great events of the Christian life are solitary. In that very striking record of the Jerry Macaulay Mission in New York, published under the title *Down in Water Street*, we have case after case of reformed drunkards at the penitent form asking their friends to pray for them, and the wise reply is always, 'You must pray for yourself.' And, as thus we enter the Kingdom alone, in a transaction between the individual soul and God, so at the last must we enter heaven.

So they went on. Part III. says that they ran for their lives, but we do not believe it. All that is past now, and there has been much of it. Now is the time for the stately walk of tried and confident souls, along the last steps of their journey. They have mounted up with wings as eagles in their youth; they have run and not been weary in the strength of their vigorous manhood; now, by the grace of God, their aged steps shall walk and not faint—the crowning achievement of all true pilgrimage.

In the Study.

Prayer.

The Opening Words of the Invocation.

God.

O God—*Roman Breviary, Gelasian Sacramentary.*
Jehovah our God—*Spurgeon.*
O God, our God, our Fortress and our Deliverer—*Spurgeon.*
Blessed God—*Doddridge.*
O Thou Blessed God—*Spurgeon.*
Eternal God—*Rowland Williams, Martineau.*
O God, eternal and ever-blessed—*Berry.*
O Thou loving and eternal God—*Fairbairn.*
O Thou most holy and ever-loving God—*Collyer.*
O God, ever blessed and holy—*Martineau.*
Adorable God—*How.*

God Gracious and Merciful.

Most gracious God—*Dow.*
Most gracious God and Father—*Calvin.*
O God gracious and merciful—*C. G. Rossetti.*
O most merciful and gracious God—*Jer. Taylor.*
O merciful God—*Lady Jane Grey, Johnson.*
O most merciful God—*à Kempis.*
O Thou gracious, gentle and condescending God—*Arndt.*
O Thou forgiving God—*Robertson Nicoll.*

God Great and Glorious.

Great God—*Spurgeon.*
O great and lofty God—*Tersteegen.*
O most glorious God—*Jeremy Taylor.*
Eternal and most glorious God—*Donne.*
Most great and glorious God—*How.*
O Thou wonderful and mighty God—*St. Augustine.*

God of Goodness.

O Good God—*Liturgy of St. Mark.*
O Good God, lover of men—*Liturgy of St. Mark.*
O God of surpassing goodness—*Sarum Breviary.*
O God of love—*Coptic Liturgy of St. Cyril.*
O thou God of peace—*Albrecht.*
O God, our everlasting Refuge—*Martineau.*

Lord.

Lord—*Arndt, Leighton, Rowland Williams, Pusey, R. L. Stevenson.*
O Lord—*Sarum Breviary, T. Arnold, Andrew Murray.*
O Lord God—*à Kempis.*
O Lord God, King of Heaven and Earth—*Roman Breviary.*
Most Holy Lord—*Morris Stewart.*