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which stand for sixty-two. To put the matter in a nutshell: with the cuneiform documents before us, and the agreement thereto of the Scripture account in several important particulars, there certainly seems some ground for the presumption that this is a case in which the numerals have suffered corruption, and that the number sixty-two is at fault, even though we cannot be sure what number ought to stand in its place.

CHARLES BOUTFLOWER.

ART. V.—"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

ALLEGORY has an undying interest for the human heart, and is one of the most effective ways of conveying and impressing religious truth. It was employed by our Lord; and all allegorists who have had a lesson to teach and have been true to nature have been general favourites with the people. Of those who have followed our Lord in this matter, the greatest is certainly John Bunyan, and the greatest of his works is undoubtedly "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Bunyan," wrote Lord Macaulay, "is indeed decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity; but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love." Macaulay tells us that though "The Pilgrim's Progress" was translated into several foreign languages during the author's lifetime, and passed far and wide amongst the people, it was not highly rated by the critical and fashionable world in the eighteenth century. The poet Young placed Bunyan among very inferior writers. Late in the eighteenth century Cowper did not venture to do more than to allude to the great allegorist:

> "I name thee not, lest so despised a name
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

It is not so now. Macaulay was, of course, attracted towards Bunyan by his religious and political principles; but he speaks with discrimination, and notices points of weakness. "That wonderful book," he says of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it." Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour

of "The Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland "The Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favourite than "Jack the Giant-killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the thinker John Bunyan has wrought.

Hallam does not give him quite so lofty a place, but his estimate is also very high. Speaking of romance and the deficiency of early English literature in this department, he says that "The Pilgrim's Progress" essentially belongs to it, and John Bunyan may pass for the father of our novelists. His success in a line of composition, like the spiritual romance or allegory, which seems to have been frigid and unreadable in the few instances where it had been attempted, is doubtless enhanced by his want of learning and his low station in life. He was therefore rarely, if ever, an imitator; he was never enchained by rules. Bunyan possessed in a remarkable degree the power of *representation;* his inventive faculty was considerable, but representation is his distinguishing excellence. He saw, and makes us see, what he describes; he is circumstantial without prolixity, and in the variety and frequent change of his incidents never loses sight of the unity of his allegorical fable.

I will quote one more estimate, that of the historian Green. Speaking of "The Pilgrim's Progress," he says that its publication was the earliest result of Bunyan's long imprisonment for preaching, and that the popularity which it enjoyed from the first proves that the religious sympathies of the English people were still (even in the reign of Charles II.) mainly Puritan. "Before Bunyan's death, in 1688, ten editions of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' had already been sold. . . . It is now the most popular and the most widely-known of all English books. In none do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. The English is the simplest and homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer; but it is the English of the Bible. The images of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' are the images used by prophet and evangelist; it borrows for its

tenderer outbursts the very verse of the Song of Songs, and pictures the Heavenly City in the words of the Apocalypse. But so completely has the Bible become Bunyan's life, that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He has lived in the Bible till the words have become his own. He has lived among its visions and voices of heaven till all sense of possible unreality has died away. He tells his tale with such a perfect naturalness that allegories become living things, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to us as places we see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly Wiseman as if we had met them in the street. It is in this amazing reality of impersonation that Bunyan's imaginative genius specially displays itself. But this is far from being his only excellence. In its range, in its directness, in its simple grace, in the ease with which it changes from lively dialogue to dramatic action, from simple pathos to passionate earnestness, in the subtle and delicate fancy which often suffuses its child-like words, in its playful humour, its bold character painting, in the even and balanced power which passes without effort from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land 'where the shining ones commonly walked because it was on the borders of heaven,' in its sunny kindliness unbroken by one bitter word, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is among the noblest of English poems. For if Puritanism had first discovered the poetry which contact with the spiritual world awakes in the meanest souls, Bunyan was the first of the Puritans who revealed this poetry to the outer world. The journey of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly City is simply a record of the life of such a Puritan as Bunyan himself, seen through an imaginative haze of spiritual idealism in which its commonest incidents are heightened and glorified. He is himself the pilgrim who flies from the City of Destruction, who climbs the Hill Difficulty, who faces Apollyon, who sees his loved ones cross the River of Death towards the Heavenly City, and who, 'because the hill on which the river was framed was higher than the clouds, they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went.'"

Bunyan was born in the quiet little village of Elstow, in Bedfordshire, in the latter part of the year 1628, and was baptized in the parish church the last day of November. Elstow is about a mile on the south side of Bedford, on the road leading towards Ampthill and the Chiltern Hills, which are about four miles distant. It is still an old-fashioned place, probably little altered since the time of Bunyan. The year 1628 was momentous in the history of England. Charles I.

had reluctantly granted the Petition of Rights; Strafford, as President of the North, had begun his policy of "Thorough"; Buckingham had just been murdered; Charles was promoting the very men against whom the Commons petitioned, and generally, with steady and determined hand, sowing the wind from which he, Strafford, Laud and the Church of England were to reap the whirlwind. The tide of Puritanism was rising, swelled by what seemed the wilful arbitrariness of the heads of Church and State.

The Bunyans had long been settled in Bedfordshire, and in former generations had owned property. The great writer's father, Thomas, was a brazier, or whitesmith, working in his own cottage. To call him a tinker gives a wrong impression, for, though he carried his wares to distant places, he had his workshop at home at Elstow. John was a vigorous, lively, popular boy, the leader of all the village sports. His homely wit, vigorous powers of expression, quickness, and observation, his kindness and good-temper, as well as strength and agility of body, must have endeared him to all his companions. After his conversion, when he began to review his conduct with more than ordinary strictness, he accuses himself of great sinfulness. He published a sort of spiritual autobiography in a work written during his twelve years' imprisonment called "Grace Abounding," which is almost as remarkable as "The Pilgrim's Progress" itself, and may be compared to the Confessions of St. Augustine. He distinctly says that he was never unchaste, and he married at the early age of twenty. The sins he laments are neglect of God, indifference to religion, dancing, indulging in sports on the village green on Sunday afternoon, and the habit of perpetual swearing. He was much interested in the services of the parish church, and was one of the bell-ringers. The habits he thought so sinful would, with the exception of the swearing, be quite in accordance with the standard of James I.'s "Book of Sports." "In spite of his self-reproaches," says the historian Green, "his life was a religious one; and the purity and sobriety of his youth was shown by his admission, at seventeen, into the ranks of the 'New Model'"—that is, he enlisted in a regiment of Cromwell's army. Two years later the war was over, and when he was scarcely twenty the young soldier married a girl of the set whom it was the fashion of the day to call "godly." As they neither of them had any money, nor even a plate or a spoon, they lived with Bunyan's father, and John worked with him in his trade.

When still a child of but nine or ten years old, John was racked with convictions of sin and haunted with religious fears. He had fearful dreams and dreadful visions, and was

haunted in his sleep with apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits. The thought of the Day of Judgment and the torments of the lost often came over him as a dark cloud in his boyish sports. This was evidently the result of the Puritan atmosphere acting on a growing lad of vivid imagination and keen nervous excitability. As he grew older he put all these impressions aside. He could not even endure to see others read pious books: "it would be as a poison to me." Yet he had a secret reverence and respect for those who were truly good; and hearing on one occasion a religious man swear made his heart ache. Conviction of sin burst upon him through a sermon of the Vicar, Christopher Hall, on Sabbath-breaking. His young wife also had been preparing him for this by reading with him some pious works which her father had left her. For a month or more after the sermon John resolutely put away all thought of reformation. But a poor godly neighbour induced him to read the Bible; and then he began to lead a stricter life. He was not yet converted in the full sense of the word, and says that for a whole year after this change of habit he, poor wretch as he was, was ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish his own righteousness, and had perished therein had not God in mercy shown him more of his state by nature.

One day, as he was in Bedford, he came upon three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking of the things of God. These women were members of the congregation of the holy Mr. John Gifford, the prototype of Evangelist in "The Pilgrim's Progress," who subsequently became Rector of St. John's Church, Bedford, and Master of the Hospital. The words of these women opened a new spiritual region to John. "They spoke of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief, of their miserable state by nature, of the new birth, and the work of God in their souls, and how the Lord refreshed them and supported them against the temptations of the devil by His words and promises." It was the happiness of these poor women that struck John. Religion had seemed to him a matter of restrictions and commands. Of religion as a Divine life kindled in the soul, and flooding it with a joy which creates a heaven on earth, he had no idea whatever. "They spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world." The young soldier felt that they knew something of which he, with all his efforts, was still quite ignorant. He made it his business to go again and again into the company of those good women. The more he heard the more he was dissatisfied with himself. The salvation of his

soul became the one great question of his life. At every spare moment he studied the Bible. "I read it with new eyes, as I never did before. I was, indeed, then never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation." The Epistles of St. Paul, which before he could not away with, were now sweet and pleasant to him. He was ever crying out to God that he might know the truth and the way to heaven and glory. He became troubled about election and predestination. "Oh, that he had turned sooner! Oh, that he had turned seven years before! What a fool he had been to trifle away his time till his soul and heaven were lost! Was he called?" All those who seemed truly converted were now lovely in his eyes. "They shone, they walked like people that carried the broad seal of heaven about them. Oh, that he were like them, and shared in their goodly heritage!"

At last he took counsel. He spoke to the good women of Bedford to whom he had so often listened. By them he was introduced to the admirable and excellent Mr. Gifford. For a time his experiences were discouraging. The more he heard, the more hopeless his condition seemed, and the stronger grew his love of those habits which bound him to the world, and which he thought he ought to give up. He thought his case solitary. "This much sunk me. I thought my condition was alone; but how to get rid of, to get out of, these things I knew not." The very ground of his faith was shaken. "Was the Bible true, or was it not rather a fable and cunning story? All thought their own religion true. Might not the Turks have as good Scriptures to prove their Mahomet Saviour as Christians had for Christ? What if all we believed in should be but a 'think so,' too?"

For some years he continued like this. At times God's light and favour shone upon him, at others he was in the depths of despair. He thought he had sold Christ. His health began to suffer. Pains in his chest made him fear that he would burst asunder like Judas; it was Puritanism acting on a sensitive conscience, a vivid imagination, and a real gift of genius, without proper guidance. At last deliverance came. As he was walking in the fields, still with fears in his heart, the sentence fell on his soul: "Thy righteousness is in heaven." He looked up, and "saw with the eyes of his soul our Saviour at God's right hand." "There, I say, was my righteousness, so that wherever I was, or whatever I was a-doing, God could not say of me: 'He wants My righteousness,' for that was just before Him. Now did the chains fall from off my legs. I was loosed from my affliction and irons. My temptations also fled away, so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures left off to trouble me. Oh, methought,

Christ, Christ, there was nothing but Christ that was before mine eyes. I could look from myself to Him, and should reckon that all those graces of God that were now green upon me, were yet but like those crack-groats and fourpence-halfpennies that rich men carry in their purses, while their gold is in their trunks at home. Oh, I saw that my gold was in my trunk at home—in Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Further, the Lord did lead me into the mystery of union with the Son of God. His righteousness was mine, His merits mine, His victory also mine. Now I could see myself in heaven and earth at once; in heaven by my Christ, my Head, by my Righteousness and life, though on earth by my body or person. These blessed considerations were made to spangle in mine eyes. Christ was my all—all my Wisdom, all my Righteousness, all my Sanctification, all my Redemption."

The rest of the story of his life is easily told. He became a member of Mr. Gifford's congregation. His spiritual torments had nearly ruined his health, but now his robust constitution began to recover. Two daughters were born to him—one in 1650, the other in 1654. He left Elstow, and settled in Bedford, near his spiritual friends. A great sorrow befell him: his first wife died. Then he began to preach, following, though he did not know it, the example of the Primitive Church, and the maxim of the greatest of the Apologists, Justin Martyr, who said: "He who knows the Gospel, and can preach the Gospel, and does not preach it, is guilty before God." At first he preached with diffidence and modesty, then his wonderful gifts of genius brought him growing fame. He preached with all the directness, the fervour, the absolute conviction and the power of illustration of the great preacher of modern days, Mr. Spurgeon. He was still subject sometimes to his old fears: his natural self was hard to part with. The authorized ministers of the Commonwealth were just as tenacious of their supposed exclusive rights and prerogatives as any rectors or vicars of the discarded Church could afterwards be. Religious liberty meant to them only religious liberty to themselves. So bitter was the feeling aroused against him by the marvellous success of his irregular ministry, that his enemies, even before the restoration of Church and Crown, tried to put the arm of the law in motion to restrain him. In the better days of the medieval Church he would have been recognised, utilized, canonized, and become after his death St. John of Elstow; in these meagre days of faction and exclusiveness he was thwarted and threatened. But he persisted. He disputed openly with the Quakers for explaining away all the ordinances of the Christian Church. It was against them that he published his first book; we may be

grateful to them for teaching him to put his thoughts into writing. To a rejoinder of their champion he replied. In 1658 appeared his third book, in 1659 his fourth.

Then came the Restoration. Charles II.'s Declaration of amnesty and toleration from Breda put hopes into the hearts of the Puritans. But it was coupled with a proviso referring to the consent of Parliament, and the Parliament that once more assembled was full of those who had suffered severely from the sect that had dominated the Commonwealth. There was a reaction against Puritanism. Old laws were put in force against sectaries. In November, 1660, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of the brave and simple preacher who had no license. The authorities knew nothing of the Primitive Church or of the maxim of Justin Martyr; they cared nothing for policy or conciliation. They had suffered, and they meant to retaliate. They thought the Church could best be reunited by force, not by persuasion. John was advised by some of his friends to seek safety by flight; he refused. He was taken before a county magistrate—Mr. Wingate. With sturdy English independence and an unconscious loyalty to the Primitive Church, he refused to give up preaching, and was taken to Bedford county gaol.

His imprisonment lasted twelve years, but it was not very severe, for on several occasions he took part in the proceedings of his Church. His friends tried to get him out on bail, but he would make no concession. In January, 1661, he was tried at Quarter Sessions. The presiding judge was the blustering, bullying, time-serving, notorious Sir John Keating. John refused to amend. The Clerk of the Peace was sent to argue with his good neighbour Bunyan, but he failed. A general pardon was issued at the Coronation, in 1661; but John was omitted. His heroic wife (he had married again) went to London to appeal to the House of Lords. The matter was brought before the judges at the next assize in August. Three times his wife presented her husband's appeal for a re-hearing before the judges Twisden and Sir Matthew Hale. Twisden was violent; Sir Matthew explained that an alteration in the law was required. Again in January, 1662, John made an attempt to get a hearing; but he was not released till the twelfth year of his imprisonment, 1672.

The liberty which John had at first was gradually curtailed. Then it was withdrawn. Melancholy feelings and forebodings of death naturally followed. In order to support his wife and family he made hundreds of thousands of long-tagged laces, as St. Paul worked at tent-making. Like St. Paul, he preached in prison, with great effect. He had two books, the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," and these he con-

stantly studied. As in the case of St. Paul, gradually his life in prison became more endurable. For a short time in 1666 he was released, but soon again imprisoned. During the first half of his confinement his pen was very prolific; during the second half, after regaining his liberty for a space, he was naturally discouraged, and he wrote less. He did not regain his literary activity till his final release. The force that was mainly instrumental in obtaining the relaxation of the penal laws against sectaries was, oddly enough, that of his old opponents, the Quakers. He reaped the advantage of Charles II.'s Declaration of Indulgence, was licensed to preach in May, 1672, and four months afterwards was formally pardoned. How deplorable that this eminent servant of God, whose works, next to the Bible, have done more to bring the Christian faith home to the hearts of the people than those of any other writer, should, through the mistakes and misunderstandings of human controversies and arrangements, have spent twelve of the best years of his life in the county gaol of Bedford!

Among the works that he wrote during the earlier part of his imprisonment were the famous "Grace Abounding," "Praying in the Spirit," "Christian Behaviour," and "Defence of the Doctrine of Justification by Faith."

His later years were happy and uneventful, and consequently, as he was the least self-important of men, little is known about them. They were full of the purest and most zealous evangelistic work, though he did not abandon his trade as a brazier. His fame as a preacher rapidly spread, and he was urgently pressed to remove from Bedford to London; but he had no worldly ambition, and could not separate himself from his friends in and round Bedford. In 1675 he was again imprisoned for a short time, on some outburst of arbitrary fanaticism, but was released through the good offices of Dr. Owen, formerly Cromwell's chaplain, who had become a person of influence. During this later imprisonment he began "The Pilgrim's Progress." The first part was published in 1678, the second in 1685. Between the two he wrote the very shrewd and amusing counterpart, "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," which Macaulay says would have made him immortal even if he had never written his greater work. At this time he also composed his other celebrated allegory, "The Holy War."

In 1685 he was once more threatened with persecution; but the danger passed over. When James II., in his hope of restoring the Holy Roman Church, turned to the Dissenters for support of his pretended liberality, the assistance of Bunyan was sought in the endeavour to secure Bedfordshire.

Bunyan, with his natural shrewd sagacity, refused to be cajoled. His last days were full of peace and manifold good works. When civic honours in Bedford were offered him, he refused all worldly advancement. At last, when on a mission of kindness in London, he got wet through. Stricken with mortal illness, his strong frame succumbed on August 31, 1688, in his sixty-first year. His remains were buried in Bunhill Fields. A statue has lately been erected to him in Bedford; but neither in St. Paul's Cathedral nor Westminster Abbey is there any memorial to one who has done more than any other modern theologian to plant the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ in the hearts of the people.

Of "The Pilgrim's Progress," no better account could be given than that of Macaulay. It is the history of the growth of Bunyan's own soul, in all its varied experiences, translated into language and scenes of the most exquisite truth and beauty. The reader forgets that the writer is a humble sectary, and only realizes that he is a Christian after the very heart of St. Paul. His one limitation, that he believed with his whole heart and soul in the literal and verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture, a belief which had caused him years of anguish and torment, is in some degree the secret of his strength. At any rate, unhesitating belief and convinced enthusiasm have been the secret of every Christian achievement in all ages.

"The wicket-gate," says Macaulay, "and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons all clothed in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbour; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside (a description which he evidently borrowed on one of his journeys from the charming family religious House of Little Gidding); the chained lions crouching in the porch; the low, green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across ths whole breadth of the way to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the Pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides becomes blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly

discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants (Paganism and Popery) dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

"Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller, and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

"Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine and through the meadow of lilies, along the banks of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

"From the Delectable Mountains the way lies through the fogs and briars of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the Land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl on the other side of that black and cold river (of death) over which there is no bridge."

This is the briefest possible outline of the marvellous chain of spiritual experiences which the inspired allegorist weaves. Every incident is full of suggestiveness and instruction. Every thought is illuminated by truths of Holy Scripture. Every illustration carries conviction to the soul as in entire harmony with the very mind of Christ.

What strikes one most in reading again this immortal friend of our childhood is the extraordinary beauty of the whole narrative, and the exquisite grace of many a passage. I will conclude with a few. The style itself is a model of vigorous simplicity, equal to Sir Thomas Malory's beautiful "Morte d'Arthur."

Here is one. Christian is in the House Beautiful, and the charming sisters are talking with him. Prudence says: "Do you not find sometimes as if those things were vanquished which at other times are your perplexity?" Christian

answers: "Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me." "Can you remember," says Prudence, "by what means you find your annoyances at times as if they were vanquished?" "Yes," replies Christian, "when I think what I saw at the Cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; and when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it." "And what is it," asked Prudence, "that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?" "Why," answered Christian, "there I hope to see Him alive that did hang dead on the Cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there they say there is no death, and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell you the truth, I love Him, because I was by Him eased of my burden. And I am weary of my inward sickness; I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, 'Holy, holy, holy.'"

Or take this description of a time of spiritual peace and rest: "I saw then that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king called The River of God, but John The River of the Water of Life. Now their way lay just upon the bank of this river; here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the bank of this river, on either side, were green trees, with all manner of fruit, and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down to sleep. This they did several days and nights."

Or take this picture of the land of spiritual experience and contentment which comes towards the close of life: "Now I saw in my dream that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground (of spiritual self-satisfaction and other dangers) and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant. The way lying direct 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 on 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 from this place could they 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."

Lastly, what could be more beautiful than this passage from one of much greater length, and of no less eloquence throughout: "Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold! a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them, to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones: These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have forsaken all for His Holy Name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying: Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. There came out also to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious voices made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpets.

"This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high, so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they went, and as they walked, ever and anon those trumpeters, ever with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music by looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were those two men in Heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of Angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto; but, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed!"

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.