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investigation. The book is not written for that interesting individual, the young-man doubter; its topics are too high for him. But the serious reader of all ages will have no difficulty in understanding it.

The Sunday School Union has sent out its two annual volumes, *Young England* (5s.) for the young folk, and *The Child's Own Magazine* (1s.) for the younger folk. They come first, and they are likely to remain first. The best of both is the thoroughly healthy tone that runs through them.

The *Lectures on the Holy Eucharist*, by the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J., M.A., which have been edited by Hatherley More (Washbourne; 3s. 6d.), are very dogmatical and not very exegetical. For example, 'In the promise of the Holy Eucharist in the synagogue of Capharnaum, Christ said: "The Bread that I *will* give is My Flesh"; and in the institution of the Holy Eucharist in the Supper Chamber of Jerusalem, a year afterwards, He took bread and changing it into His Body, said: "This *is* My Body." If there is not here a literal promise and a literal performance, then human language is devoid of meaning.'

The artist or the traveller in search of the picturesque may do worse than betake himself to the Sahara. He may return from the trip duly impressed with the waste, howling wilderness, but he will at least carry away with him haunting memories of enchanting sunrise and sunset. On windy days the dust is very trying, but every day is not windy and dusty, and the freshness of the morning in the desert has a quality unfelt elsewhere—a purity, a crispness, a delicious sense of invigoration, that recall the Engadine in a fine August.

So much we learn from the latest addition to Messrs. A. & C. Black's series of Beautiful Books. This is a description of *Algeria and Tunis*, by Frances E. Nesbitt, elaborately illustrated by seventy of the writer's sketches in colour. It is an admirable companion volume to the earlier work dealing with Morocco. The authoress of this later work can write as vividly as she can paint. She has travelled through these North African possessions of France with wide-open, observant eyes, and has depicted many scenes from that everyday life of the native peoples which the march of European civilization threatens with destruction. As we turn over these pages and gaze upon some of the ruins of Carthage, the French occupation of Algiers and Tunis becomes, indeed, an affair of yesterday. But already Algiers is almost a European city; the modern locomotive and railway train journey across the desert, and even at Biskra in the Sahara, 'night after night wealthy Arabs may be seen in the Casino playing "petits chevaux" with stolid, immovable faces, taking their gains and losses with equal indifference.' Those who long for 'a lodge in some vast wilderness' will not find what they want in Biskra, which is described as 'far enough from the age of innocence.' It is the purpose of this volume, however, not only to depict for us the life of Algeria and Tunis as it is lived to-day, but also, as if by way of contrast, to recall the ancient civilization of this region as it may be seen in the ruins of Carthage, and in that impressive pile the Roman amphitheatre of El Djem.

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SUBJECTS.

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