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author is the Rev. W. H. Griffith-Thomas, D.D., Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. The work which Dr. Griffith-Thomas has done in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, and has been doing in *The Record* for a number of years, has made his name well known as an expositor. In this volume he has made a useful contribution to the devotional study of the first book of the Bible (R.T.S.; 2s.).

The new volume of Rivington's Oxford Church Text-Books is *A Short History of the Church in Scotland* (1s. net), by the Rev. Anthony Mitchell, B.D., Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. The Church in Scotland is not what we call the Church of Scotland. It is the Episcopal Church in that land, of which Canon Mitchell proves himself by this little book to be an ornament; for it is crowded with accurate fact, and tempered by fair judgment.

Mr. James Robinson has published three more volumes of miscellaneous sermons. The titles are *The Ladder of Life* (Talks to Young Men), *Great Texts of the Old Testament*, and *Great Texts of the New Testament* (each 3s. 6d. net). The miscellaneousness is carried just as far as it should go.

Let our Jewish readers, and students of Hebrew generally, take note of the fact that at 189 Whitechapel Road, E., there has been published *The Life of Christ*, a continuous narrative in the words of the Four Gospels, according to the Hebrew translation of Professor Delitzsch, with references and a systematic index, by J. I. Landsman.

From the University of Toronto there comes a volume which will be pounced upon by all true lovers of English literature. For it is got up in the true lover's binding, green half-morocco and gilt-top edges. And it is itself a true lover's treasure, being nothing less than Arthur Golding's translation of Theodore Beza's *Abraham Sacrifiant*. Arthur Golding finished the translation in 1575, and it was published in London in 1577. It has never been reprinted, and only one copy is now known to exist, the copy in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. This delightful edition has been prepared by Dr. Malcolm W. Wallace, Lecturer in English in University College, Toronto. The edition has been limited to 650 copies, of each of which the published price is 10s. net. It is published at the University of Toronto Library. Its title is *A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice*.

Dr. Wallace has written a scholar's introduction to the book, by a judicious use of which we could make some show of learning after him. But there is no occasion. We all know something of Beza, and some of us knew something even of Arthur Golding before, and that the combination of these two would give us something good in literature. Dr. Wallace is fit for the company he keeps. May the success of this book encourage him to edit other books, and may it encourage the University of Toronto to publish them as satisfactorily.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

Hopeful and By-ends.

Hopeful.

It is seldom that a man of Christian's strength and depth of character can so soon find any successor to a lost comrade, and we might have looked for a lonely stretch of journey beyond the city. Yet that depends partly on the temperament of the man. Loneliness would be the normal condition of Faithful's journey, but Christianity is a friendly and a social thing when it is proportionate and complete.

The new companion is made a pilgrim by the death of Faithful. This is very likely a reminiscence of Foxe. His accounts (to mention only two of many instances) of the effects of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence and St. Alban may

have been in Bunyan's mind. The classical words of Latimer at the stake—'Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust never shall be put out'—can hardly have been absent from his mind. He himself has elsewhere expressed the sentiment, 'That if to be hanged up presently before their eyes would be a means to awaken them and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented.' Christianity has ever been like the Phœnix, rising into new life from the ashes of its own death. Resurrection is the typical method of its progress; resurrection, not smooth and unbroken advance. The results of death in fresh life are not indeed always as rapidly apparent as in this case, and many of the worthiest Christians have taken a long time to show in outward choice the results of that which first impressed them. Hopeful, true to his name and nature from the first, tells Christian that there are many more men in the fair that would take their time and follow after.

It is striking that the peculiar type of Christian virtue that is produced by this atrocious martyrdom is that of Hope. No stroke in all the allegory is more suggestive than this. The reason for it is plain. Vanity Fair, with all its gaiety, is the very home of selfishness and cynicism. The lack is patent in it of any sincere and self-sacrificing enthusiasm. But here had been seen the spectacle of a man who had found a truth and a way of life for which he was willing to die. Nothing could be more inspiring, more rousing to the human spirit, than this. The rude but memorable verses inscribed on the Martyrs' Memorial in Edinburgh Greyfriars Churchyard express the sentiment triumphantly:

> Halt, passenger, take heed what you do see,
> This tomb doth show for what some men did die.

As to the allegorical significance of Hopeful, commentators have differed. Some have seen in the general structure of the allegory a symbolism intended to represent the three Christian graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity. This interpretation will not generally commend itself. It is rather in the more complex style of the English and French allegories of an earlier century, while Bunyan's characters are more real and livingly human. Faithful and Hopeful are friends of the man Christian, whose story is being told. But there is a symbolic reason for their names, and for the order of their coming. Christian, at the outset of his journey, is accompanied by one who brings the emphasis of his thought upon faithfulness: in the later stages, hopefulness is the virtue most in evidence. In the contrast between the two ideals we have really the two main directions and moods of the human spirit in all nations and times. With more or less accuracy these have been described as Hebraism and Hellenism, the two great nations of antiquity being taken as their most conspicuous representatives. Much suggestiveness may be found in the order in which Bunyan introduces them. The more broadly human interest and the more genial mood are legitimate and safe if they are preceded by the more austere. And, in that order, we find ourselves presented with a singularly attractive and wise optimism. This part of the structure of his allegory is Bunyan's great exposition of St. Paul's greater sentence, 'Experience worketh hope,' which is the watchword and epitome of all sound optimism, as well as its safeguard.

The part of the journey during which Hopeful is Christian's companion is far longer than that when Faithful was with him, and it has a much greater variety of experiences. The intercourse is less austere and more companionable and homely. Hopeful is pleasanter than Faithful, although he is, as Dr. Kerr Bain says, neither of his strength nor on his scale. The stretch of way, too, is easier and more pleasant. There are only one or two enemies in it, and there are all sorts of luxuries. It contrasts with the lonely and anxious beginning, when the rest-houses of the Interpreter and the Palace Beautiful formed the only alleviations, and with the middle section, when Faithful and Christian together pursued their strenuous march.

The 'glorious morning face' of Hopeful is all the more welcome and surprising that it is seen beneath a Puritan hat. It provokes a repartee when we read Mr. Froude's saying, that 'The Pilgrim, though in a Puritan dress, is a real man'; but many who need no reassurance as to the reality of Puritanism, must be struck with the prominence here given to its hopefulness. In this we see the big heart and frank human nature of John Bunyan. In his own heart he found cheerfulness, and Christianity for him was full of hope. This was evidently God's way of doing in the world, and John Bunyan was not the man to imagine he could have done better by being more severe.

The fact is that not only is optimism, rightly understood, a Christian thing; but Christianity supplies the only sane and tolerable optimism in the world. To quote Dr. Kerr Bain again: 'One way to amend the character of most of us, and to enrich it indefinitely, is to train it into having an open side for the sunlight of things.' There is indeed a silly optimism, a 'lack of solicitude, a general hopefulness founded upon nothing.' But this man Hopeful has brains, and he knows how to use them. It is his faith upon which his hope is founded. If, indeed, it be urged that hopefulness is a matter of natural temperament, and that Hopeful had been Hopeful in Vanity Fair, hoping from it more than he had any reason to expect, it may be justly answered that the change which had come to him on the death of Faithful had justified the indulgence of that natural temperament which finds itself at last reasonable in Christian faith.

A word must be given to the literary art of this later part of the allegory. It is notorious that it is more difficult to tell a pleasant story well than a tragic one. The intercourse between Christian and Hopeful will be in danger of becoming insipid. It is worth while to watch how the narrative (in the earlier part of it) of their converse will be interrupted by side incidents and kept in store until interest has been thoroughly awakened in the new companion; and how in the later part a certain pressure and excitement will be added to the conversations by the constant risk of perilous and deadly sleep.

By-ends.

By an almost rude interruption, so sudden and unexpected is it, By-ends is now thrust upon the story. While Christian and his new-found friend are discussing the uncompromising Faithful, this incongruous and unwelcome figure appears, like 'those folk of his Inferno' breaking in on Dante, while he was preparing to paint his angel. By-ends, from an artistic as well as a moral point of view, is obviously introduced as an offset and a contrast to the pure and simple character of their late companion. He is the man who has a worldly aim in professing Christianity and associating with Christians. He lives near enough to Vanity Fair to pass with its inhabitants for one of themselves, yet, sufficiently clear of it to disclaim his citizenship when in the company of pilgrims. Every one knows but too well that heart-breaking borderland in Church membership wherein those live who (one cannot but suspect) would think little enough of the Church or of religion if it were not for what these are supposed to be worth in other coin. There are many such side-advantages—money for those who want it; popularity and respectability, which also have a very solid money-value; the desire of being counted agreeable, and the chance of gratifying one's own self-importance and gaining glory in the Church fellowship and office.

All this takes us into the region of motives, the value of a religious profession being determined by the ends secretly aimed at. It is a subtle and dangerous region for speculation, and one which only the charitably-minded should frequent. Our judgments regarding one another's motives are necessarily peculiarly liable to prejudice and gross error. Nay, it is even a dangerous region for self-examination, although a necessary one. It is easy for sincere and timid consciences, by a too minute and ingenious analysis of their springs of action, to paralyse all hope and life, and to deaden their faith and character by overcurious distrust. There are those who would insist that the perfect purity in motive can be attained only by discarding all thought of reward whatever, and so the hope of heaven itself would be reckoned a by-end. When conscience has become scrupulous in this inflamed fashion, it is well to remember how hidden the forces are that ultimately determine even our simplest acts, how complex the question of motives and how fine the balance of them, either in one's own life or in the lives of others.

Yet, along the broad lines of the allegory, and of our usual experience, the teaching here is plain enough, and By-ends is not so very difficult to distinguish. The opposite character is a recognized type, which has had in many languages singularly expressive words for its description. The German 'einfach,' the corresponding Scotch 'aefald,' are such words. They denote that quality which is spoken of as 'purity' in the Old Testament, and which in the New Testament is familiar as 'the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus.'

From the first it is evident that this is a subject on which John Bunyan has views sufficiently clear and strong to tempt the sarcastic vein. It is said that on one occasion when a London merchant offered to take Bunyan's son into his house, he replied, 'God did not send me to advance my family, but

to preach the gospel'—a reply which surely gives a man a right to his caustic language regarding By-ends. There was, as we learn from Ivimey, but too much provocation to such language in his time. 'In a letter,' says that author, 'written in 1661 from Exeter jail, by a Mr. Abraham Chear, a baptist minister of Plymouth, who suffered greatly for non-conformity, and at last died in a state of banishment, there is this remark: "We have many brought in here daily who go out again almost as soon, for a week in a prison tries a professor more than a month in a church."'

Fair-speech.

This happy name for the town of Mr. By-ends' abode has left its character upon every sentence he utters. You shall not find a pleasanter spoken man between the east and the west. His words flow on, in a gentle ripple, always agreeable and never for a moment broken into rudeness. There is no unkindness in his mention of anybody; there is a conspicuous meekness in his suffering of suspicion. Surely, one is tempted to exclaim, this is an excellent kind of speech. It is a pity that Faithful is no longer alive to take a lesson from it. Our author cannot wish us to discover a virtue in rudeness of address, one would hope. The answer is that truth is better than politeness, and where disagreeable facts are being concealed by it, fair speech is the most dangerous kind of lying. Hawthorne has introduced the devil into his *Celestial Railroad*, as the pilgrim's guide, by the name of 'Mr. Smooth-it-away.' Mr. G. Russell tells of a dinner party in 1847 of which Wilberforce wrote: 'Carlyle was very great. Monckton Milnes drew him out. Milnes began the young man's cant of the present day—the barbarity and wickedness of capital punishment; that, after all, we could not be sure others were wicked, etc. Carlyle broke out on him with, 'None of your Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Companies for me. We *do* know what is wickedness. I know wicked men, men with whom *I would not live*; men whom under conceivable circumstances I would kill, or they should kill me. No, Milnes, there's no truth or greatness in all that. It's just poor, miserable littleness.' A well-known Scotch professor is said to have warned his students against toning down the severity of Scripture language —'He who, so to speak, believeth not, shall (as it were) be damned.' Certainly the Puritans were little given to fair speech, and the question, 'Is there any good that lives there?' was characteristic of an age in which Cromwell wrote his letters to Parliament. Yet who that has read those letters has forgotten how tender the Puritan speech may suddenly become? Indeed, it was in the interest of that deep tenderness that men suspected the facile and surface pleasantness of words, and appointed Fair-speech as the suitable home for By-ends. Such words are cheap and serviceable. Faithful, Christian, and Hopeful needed no such cloak, but there were those who did need them to conceal the unwholesome and ugly character within. Rudyard Kipling has made an Indian woman reproach the man she loved for talking to her sweet words when she wanted true words, in a tale that clings to the memory like a conscience.

The list of dignitaries in Fair-speech was an afterthought, inserted in the Second Edition. The names are clever as usual, and the passage is peculiarly sprightly. They are all various forms of the lack of principle, whose common secret will turn out, on closer acquaintance, to be covetousness of one sort or another. Their main business in life is that of keeping up appearances—always a doubtful and a sorry trade. They remind us of him in the *Biglow Papers* who has been immortalized by his confession:

'I don't believe in principle, but oh! I do in interest.' 'He asked me,' says Artemus Ward, 'what was my principles. Principles, says I, I haven't got any. I'm in the show business.' Yet there is a church in Fair-speech, and a parson preaching in it!

By-ends' relations.

The parson was By-ends' uncle, and there we get to the root of the matter. The Reverend Mr. Two-tongues has always much to say for himself about the difficulties of his situation, and the dangers of being misunderstood. He does not boast about his nephew as his nephew boasts about him. But if By-ends is a blood-relation of Two-tongues, then Two-tongues is also a blood-relation of By-ends; and that is a word to the wise.

In direct line of descent, By-ends is the great-grandson of a waterman, one that looked one way and rowed the other. The joke was some centuries older than Bunyan, but it was a memor-

able joke, and well worth sending on. The fact which it records is unhappily as old as the race. It is but one more confession of the age-long sorrow of mankind—the divorce between eyes and works, between thought and action.

The question about By-ends' wife was a shrewd one, for in the ingenuity of self-deception there are possibilities in such women which throw the subtlety of men into the shade. The delicate instincts, the fine shades of feeling, the social complications and the fears or the ambitions hidden in the unknown possibilities of the world—all these have ministered to Lady Feigning's daughter, and made her what she is. If any woman has accepted By-ends for her lover and husband, marrying for anything but the simplicity of love, that woman is a dangerous member of society. But if she be also Lady Feigning's daughter, Bunyan may well make his Pilgrim give up any hope of converting By-ends.

This ill-conditioned couple had a religion of their own. It differed from the religion of what they called 'the stricter sort' only in two small points. But these two points were such that they really constituted a third point of difference, namely, that theirs was no religion at all. On the one hand, their religion never went against wind and tide. Apart from religion altogether, this strikes one as a curious principle for a waterman. Either such a ferry must have few voyages, or its destination must be wonderfully indeterminate. Even in the things of the world this is not a principle for those who are to *arrive*. In this Bunyan is on favourite ground. In his *House of God* he has the lines:

> Fear not, therefore, in her for to abide,
> She keeps her ground, come weather, wind, and tide.

In his *Greatness of the Soul* we read, 'If we follow Christ, He tells us that we must take up our Cross. The wind sets always on my face; and the foaming rage of the sea of this world, and the proud and lofty waves thereof, do continually beat upon the sides of the bark, or ship, that myself, my cause, and my followers are in.' But this man By-ends, with all his tacking and changing of his course to avoid struggle, turns out not to be so complex a character as at first we might imagine. He has, in truth, but one principle; and he is true to it on all occasions—it is to avoid risk and struggle. As for his faith, he evidently puts no confidence in it, for he stakes nothing on it. But a faith that costs a man something, is the only kind of faith that is worthy of the name. On the other hand, these two were most zealous for their religion when he walked in silver slippers. It is a quaint picture of religion, reminding us of the effeminate days of Beau Brummell and Beau Nash. It is a significant fact that it was not the Puritan revolt against such dandyism, but the French Revolution, that put an end to it. No doubt much picturesqueness went out with it. But also much else that was better away. Bunyan's favourite *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* devotes twelve of its most curious pages to the condemnation of this vanity. But here we see Religion itself masquerading as a dandy—a thing meant for the eye and not the heart. The picture is convincing at first glance. We prefer the honest rags which Christian dropped at the Cross.

Christian and By-ends.

The direct and caustic speeches of Christian in his soliloquy with By-ends reveal the mind of Bunyan, whose own experience had taught him that it never was an easy thing to be a Christian. His remembrance of Francis Spira—that gentleman 'of carriage circumspect and severe, his speech grave and composed,' who yet fell upon so terrible an end for refusal to face the risks of his convictions—that, too, had taught him that religion 'is not the performance of a few formal duties, but a mighty constant labour.' His speech reminds us that he had heard much of Faithful's speaking, and caught something of his manner. His first questions are penetrating, and go to the root of the matter, especially that as to *how far* By-ends is going in the way. For the man's clothes and gait did not look as if he were a very serious pilgrim.

There is not much worth remembering in the replies of By-ends. The most significant thing he has to say is that he has always had the luck to jump in his judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was. But luck of this kind does not come to any man without a certain amount of arrangement. It is the luck of the Vicar of Bray. His talk about bearing his nickname as a reproach is the sort of talk that makes one sick to hear. It is so easy for any man in any circumstances to accept everything that befalls him as mere fate, separating it from any connexion with his desert and conduct. This mock humility of unrepentant men who forgive their honest accusers

and mistake their pillory for their cross, is a habit of mind as irritating to others as it is dangerous for themselves.

Altogether, the meek spirit of By-ends under Christian's reproach, while it looks good, is really bad through and through. The man has not even self-respect nor proper pride. We would have thought better of him if he had struck Christian on the face. Afterwards, in speaking of Christian, he uses no bitter or abusive language. But this is just the cautious fashion of his town of Fair-speech, and not the gentleness of any charity. It reminds us of Bulwer Lytton's Leslie who 'had already learned the art not to commit himself, nor to have quoted against him one ill-natured remark upon the eminent. Nothing more injures the man who would rise beyond the fame of the salons.' One does not need to be the advocate of a bitter-tongued piety to see the badness of this cautious policy. Self-respect has died in him; self-interest and self-regard alone are left. His kindliness is part of a plan, for the company of strict folk is advantageous to any man. Here, as elsewhere, he is making the best of both worlds.

Contributions and Comments.

'The Husband of One Wife.'

THE meaning of the regulation of 1 Ti $3^{2.12}$ (cf. Tit 1^{6}), that the 'bishop' and the 'deacon' must be the 'husband of one wife,' is still much disputed. There are three main interpretations: that it prohibits (1) polygamy, (2) a second marriage, (3) divorce and sins against the purity of marriage. The second of these interpretations seems to hold the field, and the not infrequent breach of the rule as so understood is undoubtedly a stumbling-block. It is said that the command was temporary, made in view of special circumstances of the age, and therefore capable of modification. This may be true, but none the less it is a grief of mind to many earnest Christians to see their favourite pastor breaking what seems to them a clear Apostolic rule. I would suggest that the arguments in favour of this interpretation are largely based on a misapprehension, and that the third is probably correct.

Grammatically the words μιᾶς γυναικὸς ἄνδρα admit either of the three meanings. *Primâ facie* they favour (1) or (3); the bishop must have only one wife when he is chosen. If (2) were intended, a verbal periphrasis, such as 'having only once married,' would perhaps be more natural, though the form of the sentence would make it awkward. It is necessary, then, to consider the arguments derived from the probabilities of the case.

(1) The obvious meaning of the words is that St. Paul prohibits polygamy, and the patristic comments in favour of this view are at least of note as showing the sporadic continuance of the practice. But could it have been necessary to forbid it in Christian circles, and how can it apply to the parallel regulations for 'widows' in 5^{9}? An argument in favour of this interpretation, which has not been generally noticed, is that the Rabbis explained Lv 21^{13} as forbidding the high priest to be a bigamist. Was this regulation sufficiently familiar for St. Paul to apply it to the Christian priesthood?

(2) The prohibition of remarriage after the death of the first wife is the orthodox interpretation, and was adopted generally by the councils. It is supported by a double line of argument. (*a*) Marriage is in its nature indissoluble in this world and the next, and a second marriage sins against its essential spirit. But St. Paul advises it for younger widows (5^{14}), and permits it for others (1 Co $7^{9.39}$). Ro 7^{3} cannot be pressed, as he is speaking there purely from the legal standpoint; but the other passages show decisively that remarriage does not in itself violate the Christian conception of the union between husband and wife.

(*b*) It is said that there was a widespread prejudice against second marriages, which St. Paul forbids to the Christian minister in order that he may be ἀνεπίληπτος, 'without reproach.' But it has not been generally noticed that this prejudice was solely directed against the remarriage of *widows*.[1] Westermarck (*History of Human Marriage*, pp.

[1] Dr. Y. E. Huther (in Meyer's *Kommentar*) is an exception. He says: 'It was considered in no way objectionable for a *man* to marry again after the death of his wife, and there exists no trace of the opposite principle'; he does not, however, discuss the evidence in detail.