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lation has been made from the Dutch by Lydia Gillingham Robinson. The translator has used also Professor Schaarschmidt's German translation; and at the end of the book she has given a useful glossary of terms—English, Dutch, German.

At the same press Dr. Carus has published an essay of his own on *Pragmatism*, originally contributed to the *Monist*.

And here it is worth while noticing that the work of the Open Court Publishing Company may be seen in an illustrated catalogue of its publications, covering a period of twenty-one years, from 1887–1907. The catalogue will be sent on application. It is worth seeing. The address is 378–380 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or Messrs. Kegan Paul in London.

If it is found that a book has been published with a bad title, is it lawful for the author to give it a new one? And if it is lawful, is it expedient? The Dean of Norwich edited a volume of Lectures, 'delivered in Norwich Cathedral by eminent Anglican divines,' as the title-page elegantly expresses it, and the volume was published under the title of *Lectures in Ecclesiastical History*. Being so colourless, it is a bad title, and it has probably done the book some disservice. So the Dean of Norwich has altered it, and Mr. Thynne has

republished it under the title of *Church Leaders in Primitive Times* (3s. 6d. net).

The Church leaders begin with St. Ignatius and end with St. Augustine, while the eminent Anglican divines begin with the late Dean Farrar and end with the present Bishop of Durham. The lectures are quite above the average of Sunday evening lectures, quite out of sight of them. In the middle of the volume are three which succeed one another—Clement of Alexandria, by Bishop Chase; Origen, by Mr. A. E. Brooke; and Eusebius, by Professor Gwatkin—and for the like of them we might search many volumes of lectures.

Messrs. Washbourne have published a translation of *Practical Devotion to the Sacred Heart* (3s. 6d. net), a volume written for the use of the Clergy and Faithful, by the Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J., Professor of Theology. The translation has been made by Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham.

The same publishers have issued a translation of the first volume of the same author's *Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin* (3s. 6d. net). The translation in this case has been made by Mr. W. Humphrey Page, K.S.G., Privy Chamberlain to H.H. Pius x. This first volume covers the ground of the Feasts of Mary and the Month of Mary.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

The Enchanted Ground.

THE Enchanted Ground is one of the most classical of Bunyan's imaginations. Yet neither the experience nor the metaphor was of his invention. The sweet danger, the fascinating deadly danger, of rest before the time of rest has come, is well known to every pilgrim's heart, as it has been often made the theme of poetic romance such as this. Certainly here there is a reminiscence of much that is to be found in the earlier Romances of Chivalry. At this time Milton, the great Puritan romancer who had hesitated between his great epic and a poem on Arthur, was writing of 'forests and enchantments dreary,' and, in his *Comus*, making us feel the spirit of such enchanted

woods. Spenser was in high fame, and his 'wandering wood' into which the knight, against dissuasion, rode, and 'his glistening armour made a little glooming light,' was familiar to England. Each of them revived from ancient sources the time-honoured figure. Tennyson, the reviver of ancient Arthurian romance in our time, has given in his 'Lotos-eaters' that immortal picture of the land 'where it was always afternoon.' In his simpler conception, 'The Pilgrim,' Newman has interpreted in experience a thousand such romances:

There stray'd awhile, amid the woods of Dart,
One who could love them, but who durst not love.
A vow had bound him, ne'er to give his heart
To streamlet bright, or soft secluded grove.

'Twas a hard, humbling task, onwards to move
 His easy-captured eyes from each fair spot,
 With unattached and lonely steps to rove
 O'er happy meads, which soon its print forgot :—
 Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim lot.

The picture, in the first place, tells of rest—simply of rest after long strain and toilsome journeying. 'In one respect,' says Nathaniel Hawthorne of the *Old Manse*, 'our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim travelled on his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them.'

But there is more than weariness and rest intended here. Nathaniel Hawthorne goes further, in his *Blythesdale Romance*, which seems to be entirely located in the Enchanted Ground. 'The pleasant scent of the wood, evolved by the hot sun, stole up to my nostrils, as if I had been an idol in its niche. Many trees mingled their fragrance into a thousandfold odour. Possibly there was a sensual influence in the broad light of noon that lay beneath me. It may have been the cause, in part, that I suddenly found myself possessed by a mood of disbelief in moral beauty or heroism, and a conviction of the folly of attempting to benefit the world.' Nothing could more aptly describe the idea of Bunyan than these woods, showing how the luxury of rest may pass on to the deadly slumber of sensual ease. To Bunyan, that wakefullest of men, rest by the way is ever dangerous; and it adds to the beauty of the description of the pilgrim's rest in the chamber of the Palace Beautiful, that we so seldom are permitted to see a pilgrim resting in security. Yet it is not mere feverous strenuousness that accounts for this sense of the danger of sleep. There is enchantment about, as well as natural weariness. The atmosphere is heavy with that which is deadly. In his *Gentleman of France*, Stanley Weyman describes the blue haze of plague creeping up the valley upon the fighting men. 'A panic is not easily shaken off, nor is there any fear so difficult to combat and defeat as the fear of the invisible. . . . Men who, an hour before, had crossed the court under fire with the utmost resolution, and dared instant death without a thought, grew pale, and looking from this side of the valley to that with faltering eyes, seemed to be seeking, like hunted animals, for a place of refuge.'

So there come upon earnest and spiritual lives

at times, subtle, unaccountable, deadly exhalations,—miasma atmospheres of evil,—and the strenuous soul yields not to fatigue only but to a strange charm. Madame Bubble personifies the spirit of the Enchanted Ground in the second part of the story. It is that spirit—'earthly, sensual, devilish'—which is the World; and which comes late and unexpected upon the path of pilgrimage. It assumes many and various forms. Some are hypnotized by the mere spectacle of it—the rush and brilliant colour of the material world about them. Others feel it as a recrudescence of sensualities long imagined dead. Others find it in some fascination, such as the fascination of doing unimportant things, or sentimentalizing over vague emotions, or dreaming of long stretches of time and activity which never come to actual performance. There are a thousand ways in which lethargy may creep upon the soul.

Its causes may be found in outward political circumstances. Possibly Bunyan was thinking of some Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, with its mitigation of penalties and its rest from persecution. In such short and deceitful calm moments it was not difficult enough to be a Christian. Men who had been forced into strenuousness by the bitterness of the times, did not know how to guard the prize they had so nobly won, when the fighting was over and there was no longer any danger or opposition. More probably the thought of the writer is entirely of spiritual conditions, and he is thinking of a Christian man whose conscience, or intelligence, or heart has fallen asleep through too much prosperity. When all goes easily, all is apt to become formality and routine. Men talk folly and ignore facts, like *Heedless and Too-bold*, of Part II., talking in their sleep. One of the commonest forms of this drowsiness is that which R. L. Stevenson has memorably described—the sleep of self-righteousness. 'All have some fault. . . . And when we find a man persevering indeed in his fault, as all of us do, and openly overtaken, as not all of us are, by its consequences . . . to call him bad, with a self-righteous chuckle, is to be talking in one's sleep with *Heedless and Too-bold* in the *Arbour*.' A third explanation of the Enchanted Ground is one which Cheever strikingly describes and illustrates as 'an indication of spiritual coldness rather than of spiritual fatigue.' It does not come upon the strenuous, but upon

those who have exerted themselves too little. 'There is an account,' says Cheever, 'in the voyages of some of our early circumnavigators about the globe, of a danger of this kind that came upon them when travelling in a certain frozen region, which I always think of when I come to this place in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then surgeon of the company, a man of great skill and firmness, warned his companions that they would feel a great inclination to sleep, but that so sure as they gave way to it they would die in it, for no power on earth could wake them. But if I remember right this very surgeon, Dr. Solander, was one of the first to be overcome with this irresistible desire to sleep; and had they not by main force kept him from it he would have lain down in the cold and slept and died.' The spiritual counterpart is obvious. It is (to quote Stevenson again, on whom the Enchanted Ground had made a deep impression) 'the enchanted ground of dead-alive respectability.'

The effect of the Enchanted Ground upon the two men of the allegory is worth noting. Hopeful's more delicate and high-strung nature is more easily fatigued, like the page in *Marmion*, and he is for sleeping. Also, to his gay and light-hearted disposition, the enchantments of the place appeal more powerfully. The witchery of earth—that 'Grim Fire' which Fiona Macleod so wonderfully knows and tells of—means little for the rough strength of the unimaginative. But the finer the nature, and the more sensitive the nerve, the more powerful is its spell. Happy is that Hopeful who has at such places the rougher and less sensitive Christian by him, to put his foot through the iridescent gossamer of tingling sensations that is luring the poetic and fine nature to the earth. Christian seems never to have felt the spell at all. Such robust and strong-nerved men are not sensitive to the subtler forms of temptation. He is all for brisk living, and is not liable to those sweeping tides of natural magic and emotion which overpower more delicate spirits. He is wide-awake and able to handle Hopeful with a rough common sense which is the only wholesome thing for the sentimentalist. The very doggerel verses which he sings have a kind of march in them, that sets them stepping out as to the roll of drums. And Bunyan characteristically adds a sidenote, 'The Dreamer's Note,' which shows us how intentionally he has been setting two temperaments in contrast. It is

another instance of that sure and direct instinct which makes him so masterly in his character-creations. Each of the pilgrims is here, as elsewhere, himself—acting the inevitable part.

The remedy which Christian proposes to apply is to awaken intellectual and spiritual interest which will banish the soft and effeminate mood of drowsiness. Sentimentalities are to be combated by facts. And this is the region in which Christian is most at home. So he begins his cross-questioning—a conversation managed after the manner of a catechism. If there is a brusqueness in it, and a direct attack upon his neighbour's confidences, it is to be remembered that not only is that Christian's habit, but that habit is here sharpened by the necessity for keeping off the enchantment and 'stinging Hopeful's spirit broad awake.' A rival interest is the one thing needed to counteract the spell. And the one thing sure to be of sufficient interest to do this for any man, is to get him to think upon his own experience. If a man cannot be interested in himself and what has happened to him, he is in a bad case indeed. So, in St. Paul's splendid words, 'Experience worketh Hope.' Hopeful's remembered experience makes Hopeful himself again.

The Conversation.

Bunyan's sidenote is 'They begin at the beginning of their conversion.' No one knew better than he that though conversion has a beginning, yet it is a lifelong process of turning away from evil towards good, from self and the world to God. So Christian plunges at once into the past, 'How came you to think at first of so doing as you do now?' And so we find ourselves suddenly in a mass of old memories, sins and sentiments, delights and fears, reckless living checked by way-side terrors, and the whole world of confused thoughts and feelings which go to make up the inner life of such a delicately sensitive spirit—sensitive at once to conscience and to desire.

Of all the catalogue of sins which Hopeful shakes sleep from his eyes by enumerating, there are three that Bunyan must have written with special feeling. *Swearing* was ever a besetting trouble of his conscience. The strength of language in the Epistles attributed to St. Peter in the New Testament is almost an argument for their authenticity. So John Bunyan now and then lets himself go in serious writing, and the lock of the

castle gate goes 'damnable hard,' as we have seen. It was by no means, as the old story represents it, 'a bare hook,' by which John Bunyan was tempted when he was tempted to swear profanely. So exuberant a vitality as his and Hopeful's had a craving for strong expressions, and the temptation, for such a nature, is a very real one. Yet it gave him infinite pain and shame. He recounts doleful instances of God's judgments on swearers, and he tells us that he 'could not bear to hear a good man swear.' Probably he felt a certain contemptibleness about such indulgence, apart from his horror of its audacity. After all, it is a poor bait that its momentary gratification offers. Todd, with happier sententiousness than is usual in his Students' Manual, says of it, 'If you wish to fit yourself for the dark world, it will be time enough to learn its language after you have prepared for it by more decent sins.' 'A great deal of profanity is neither more nor less than bad taste. An empty mind, a limited vocabulary, and a vulgar delight in strength of language are all that lie behind the most appalling words—'He knew not what to say, and so he swore.'

Lying was another vice that greatly troubled

John Bunyan. It troubled Hopeful, as it does all quick imaginations. All writers of Romance, and all lovers of Romance, are apt to confuse their impressions of the world with the actual facts, which are often so very much less interesting. It was, according to his own account, a special temptation of John Bunyan's boyhood. Froude's remark is noteworthy that 'When a child's imagination is exceptionally active, the temptations to untruth are correspondingly powerful. The inventive faculty has its dangers, and Bunyan was eminently gifted that way.'

Sabbath-breaking was another point of acute remorse with Bunyan, and the famous game of cat, in the midst of which the voice suddenly darted from heaven into his soul, was played on the Sabbath, after a sermon upon Sabbath-breaking.

These points are sufficient, not to arouse Hopeful only, but to arouse all lovers of Bunyan to an interest in what might otherwise threaten to prove but a dull discourse. Hopeful and John Bunyan have evidently experiences in common, and we may look, in the conversation that follows, for much autobiography.

In the Study.

The Unnatural Children.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF ISAIAH I. 3.

'THE ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.'

The first chapter of Isaiah has been called by Ewald the great arraignment. It contains four leading ideas. They are the ideas, says Skinner, which run through the whole of Isaiah's teaching, and through the teaching of all the pre-Exilic prophets. These ideas are: (1) the breach between Jehovah and Israel; (2) the inefficiency of mere ritual; (3) the call to national repentance; (4) the certainty of a sweeping judgment.

Ewald's title suggests a court of justice; and it has often been pointed out that God is both Judge and Plaintiff, Israel the defendant, heaven and earth the jury, while the prophet is both principal witness and prosecuting attorney. But all this is apt to withdraw the attention from the real pathos

of the scene. No doubt there is a judge, and judgment is pronounced. But the Judge is a Father. The paraphernalia of the court-room pass into insignificance when there is heard the exceeding bitter cry, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.' The third verse is an illustration. It shows the ignorance of the children in contrast to the knowledge of the domestic animals.

I. The knowledge of the domestic animals—
'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.'

1. It is knowledge of their owner. They know and acknowledge him. He on his part not only owns them, he takes care of them. He rears them, tames them, houses them, and heals them. In return they serve him.

True to the life, no sooner had the drove got within the walls than it began to disperse. Every ox knew perfectly well his owner, and the way to his house, nor did it get