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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

lake, as well as the two Emmaus disciples, although in the last instance it is specially said that 'their eyes were holden.' He does not remain with the disciples, but comes and goes at pleasure. He appears in their midst 'when the doors were shut,' and as suddenly vanishes. Dr. Forrest reminds us that Christ here hovers between or belongs to two worlds, the earthly and the spiritual, exhibiting the characteristics of both. 'Christ hovers, as it were, on the border line of two different worlds, and partakes of the characteristics of both, because He is revealing the one to the other.' Strange as it may seem, this condition is natural in the circumstances of the case. Any other account would have raised objections. His body was in process of spiritualization. He had not yet the complete spiritual or glorified body of the heavenly life, but was on the way to it. The final, permanent transfiguration was going on. Hence the doubts of some spectators, apparently to the last. 'Some doubted,' is said of the appearance to the eleven on the mountain in Galilee (Mt 28[17]), which appearance Dr. Swete identifies with that to 'above five hundred brethren at once' (1 Co 15[6]), 'of whom the greater part' were living when St. Paul wrote.

Two other details referred to by Dr. Swete are worthy of mention. He thinks that the Ascension (not in Galilee, but 'over against Bethany') presents even a greater difficulty to modern thought than the Resurrection. It seems directly to transgress the most elementary laws of matter. But we must remember the 'spiritual' body, the change being completed at the Ascension. The essence of the Ascension is the definitive withdrawal into the spiritual world, which is not of necessity remote from the material world. The very idea of remoteness belongs only to the material; the same applies to Ascension and all physical movement. 'It is a fact, as we believe, that forty days more or less after the Resurrection the Lord finally withdrew His risen body from the eyes and touch of His disciples, and that in the moment of His disappearance He was enveloped by a passing cloud, which travelled upwards as if it were carrying Him up to heaven. And this fact was a symbol of a great and vital Christian truth, which is also a fact, but in the spiritual world.' 'He is *at the right hand of God*, in the highest region to which human nature can attain; and yet behind the thin veil of phenomena He is still in our midst.'

Dr. Swete also emphasizes the idea of the 'spiritual' body in regard to the future resurrection of the dead. 'What is meant by resurrection in this sense? Not resuscitation, as many of the teachers of the ancient Church supposed, but as St. Paul teaches, the clothing of the spirit with a spiritual body.' The literal sense was the one generally held in early days, as by Tertullian, Jerome, and even Augustine. Origen and the Alexandrians advocated a more spiritual view, but in vain. The Roman form of the Apostles' Creed said 'resurrection of the flesh,' and even 'this flesh.' See Dr. Swete's work on the Apostles' Creed, p. 93 ff.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

Ignorance, Christian, and Hopeful.

Revelations.

This last part of the discourse between the pilgrims and Ignorance is the cleverest of all, and that which shows the furthest insight into character and human nature. Ignorance upon the question of revelations reveals himself and his whole attitude to life and thought. He is opposed to mysteries of all kinds—and that in this so mysterious world, where every 'flower in the crannied wall' contains, if we could but read it, the whole mystery of God and man.

It is, unfortunately, a familiar attitude of mind in all generations. 'Jupiter' Carlyle, in his *Autobiography*, speaks of some one as 'a good man, and had not a particle of enthusiasm.' Froude

with that wearisome air of superiority of his, discounts the deeper and more wonderful elements in John Bunyan's religious experience, in such a fashion as to give the impression that no man of culture could possibly take them seriously. It is this air which tries the faith of some, and (it may be confessed with little shame) the patience of others, who read his book. We know the type well enough. Such men discount all revelations as matters not to be considered, and confine themselves to reasonings, judgments, and opinions which are intelligible to the meanest intelligence. In a word, they discount every experience or conviction which rises above the dead level of mere common sense. They are shy of the spiritual and 'afraid of that which is high.' While reading them one has to remember that common sense is indeed an excellent thing in its place and for its own levels, but that sometimes it may become the very servant of the devil, just as sentiment may become his handmaid.

There is, indeed, a pretended revelation, detached from knowledge and inquiry, which includes any whimsical fancy of a visionary mind. Such imaginations, half-sane and unbalanced, are worthy of the strongest reprobation which any critic can give them. But besides these there is such a thing as genuine revelation of definite spiritual truths. The days of the Spirit are not yet done, and the soul and conscience may still receive assurances of spiritual truth, clear and direct. Luther finely expresses the distinction when he says (Gal 1[15]): 'For Paul himself had no inward revelation, until he had heard the outward word from heaven, which was this, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me*? (Acts ix. 4). First, therefore, he heard the outward word, then afterwards followed revelations, the knowledge of the word, faith, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost.' John Bunyan's autobiography is full of the records of such experiences:—'That scripture fastened on my heart,' 'That sentence darted in upon me,' 'These words did with great power break in upon me,' 'Suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul,' etc. etc. Every Christian knows what that great text means, 'When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me.' But the distinction between self-evolved revelations, emanating from one's own fancy or desire, and the seizure of the soul by authentic words of God, is too fine and too profound for Ignorance to understand. It requires intellect, and intellect trained to spiritual discernment, to distinguish between the will-o'-the-wisp and the fire of God's illumination.

So Ignorance falls behind, nursing his foregone conclusions; a man of prejudice and fatal twist of mind. He is open to no new light. Light falling on him only annoys him. It would be torture to him to be 'bare to the universal prick of light.' A passage in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *English Note-Books* (ii. 7) is strikingly relevant to this situation: 'York is full of old churches . . . and in some of them I noticed windows quite full of painted glass, a dreary kind of patchwork, all of one dark and dusty line, when seen from the outside. Yet had I seen them from the interior of the church, there doubtless would have been rich and varied apparitions of saints, with their glories round their heads, and bright-winged angels, and perhaps even the Almighty Father Himself, so far as conceivable and representable by human powers. It requires light from heaven to make them visible. If the church were merely illuminated from the inside—*i.e.* by what light a man can get from his own understanding—the pictures would be invisible, or wear, at least, but a miserable aspect.' So Ignorance saunters along, with a very clear apprehension of the details of the road about his feet, but with the haziest of notions either as to the object, or the meaning, or the goal of his pilgrimage.

It is this pathetic tragedy which awakens the pity of Christian. Harsh, indeed, he has been in his address to this foolish man, and austere in his denunciation of him and his folly. Yet after all he too is a man with a soul to save and little chance of saving it. He 'much pities this poor man,' and tries to win him by a loving appeal. That is the sure mark of grace in the follower of Jesus. 'Jupiter' Carlyle tells of one Robin Sad, the landlord of the Three Kings at Yarmouth, that he 'entertained us much, for he had been several years a mate in the Mediterranean in his youth, and was vain and boastful, presumptuous and ignorant, to my great delight.' St. Paul, writing about some of the Ignorances of his day, has to confess that I 'now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.' Such characters are interesting, and most of those who meet them tell about them to others. But only Paul and those who have, like Paul, received the Spirit of Jesus Christ, weep as they tell it.

Right Fear.

Ignorance drops behind, and the pilgrims beguile the way with a discourse suggested by him. It seems that he is a common type—one of so many that we gather this to be Bunyan's opinion of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. He is, indeed, 'the average man'; and in the discourse which follows it is the average man with whom we are dealing. The question is, whether such men are really as complacent and contented as they seem, and the answer is that they all have convictions, but, being ignorant as to the spiritual value of these, they do their best to stifle them, with only too good success.

It is in this way that we come in sight of the value of right fear. For a long while we have been journeying in company with Hopeful, an exceptional and rare journey among Puritan guides. Dr. Whyte has pointed out, *e.g.*, that for two references to hope, Goodwin has a hundred and twenty-four references to fear. John Bunyan also knew the value and felt the need of fear, and no one felt more keenly than he the danger and treachery of false, light-hearted, or thoughtless hope. In *The Holy War*, he introduces Pitiless, and makes him assert that his name was not Pitiless, but Cheer Up—a touch displaying far-reaching insight into character and knowledge of men. In this connexion it is interesting to recall Montaigne's open and desperate war against fear. 'The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear,' he tells us (i. 17); and again, 'I do not find myself strong enough to sustain the force and impetuosity of this passion of fear. . . . Whoever should once make my soul lose her footing, would never set her upright again: she retastes and researches herself too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and therefore would never let the wound she had received heal and cicatrise. It has been well for me that no sickness has yet discomposed her; at every charge made upon me, I preserve my utmost opposition and defence; by which means the first that should rout me would keep me from ever rallying again. I have no after-game to play.' But the Christian's play is all after-game. It begins when he has lost his footing, and his life is one long wonderful rallying again from the disaster of sin and the misery of right fear. Bunyan is very clear upon this, and his long treatise 'On the Fear of God' deals with the matter very fully. 'Take heed,' he says in that treatise, 'of hardening thy heart at any time against convictions of judgments. I bid you before to beware of a hard heart, now I bid you beware of hardening your soft heart. The fear of the Lord is the pulse of the soul. Pulses that beat are the best signs of life; but the worst show that life is present. Intermitting pulses are dangerous. David and Peter had an intermitting pulse in reference to this fear.'

Christian is no coward, and the adjective *right* is in italics when he speaks of right fear. The word fear has two senses, according as it relates to dangerous or to sublime things. In the one connexion it is a sense of danger; in the other it is the faculty of reverence, the habit of wonder, the continued power of awe and admiration. Christian's analysis of it includes both these senses. (1) It rises in the conviction of sin—not (it will be observed) in the approach of punishment, but in the horror of sin itself, as a thing to be abhorred apart from its consequences. (2) It leads to a laying hold on Christ for salvation—in which the sense of danger and the faculty of reverence are combined. (3) It begets in the soul a great reverence for God—the second of the above-named elements. This reverence for God, and, in general, reverence for anything that is high and great, is a matter needing very special attention at the present time. Wordsworth told us that 'we live by admiration'; but a century of scientific and industrial and commercial progress has tended to an immense increase in man's belief in himself, his efficiency, and his will, and to a corresponding decline of the habit of veneration. It is striking that in modern books on Theosophy the ancient doctrine is being repeated with as much insistence as ever, that the first stage in the initiation of disciples is just this—the laying aside of the exercise of criticism, and leaving the soul open to receive and venerate the great thoughts and the memories of great men. Here, in a few pregnant and suggestive words, Bunyan gives us as thoughtful an exposition of what that involves as we may hope to find anywhere. In reverence there is the appreciation of God's *honour*, of the value of *peace*, of the witness of the *Spirit*, and of the respect due to *public opinion*. These are simply thrown out, and passed from in the discourse. But they will well repay an hour of careful thought, which may help us to rehabilitate the difficult exercise of

veneration by dwelling on these successive phases of its meaning.

An Episode.

Hopeful, however, finds this conversation a somewhat severe mental exercise for the drowsy region; and, indeed, so powerful a piece of analysis is ill suited to a lethargic mood. Indeed, this very episode, interrupting the discourse in so simple, yet so lively a fashion, seems to be a quite conscious literary device on the part of the writer to break the monotonous enchantment of the place. Hopeful assents languidly to Christian's views, and asks whether they are not now almost past the Enchanted Ground. In spite of his disclaimer, we suspect him of being just a little bored with Christian's lecturing. His is a young and sunny spirit, intent upon the concrete rather than the abstract, and finding it difficult to concentrate his attention with the same tenacity as the older and more austere man. Besides, the subject is uncongenial to him. It is hardly to be wondered at that Hopeful should find it more or less distasteful to talk much about *fear*, right or wrong. The whole scenery and experience of the journey of Christian with Hopeful are of a lighter sort than those of Faithful's journey. Ease, the Enchanted Ground, the Land of Beulah—there were no such scenes as these in Faithful's shorter and more tragic march. Yet Christian can never forget that there has been Doubting Castle in this easier road, and he has his own rigorous way of keeping his friend awake.

Right Fear again.

So he strenuously returns to his lecture, and proceeds with an analysis so incisive and so original that it must appeal to the mind of the drowsiest of listeners. Such ignorant persons as those he is discussing are conventional to the very bone. Their whole system of ideas is taken for granted and accepted as the obvious and only possible way of conceiving things. Fear, intruding upon this mass of accepted conventionalities, is at once condemned as wrong. (1) Their conventional system is supposed to be of the divine ordering, and, therefore, fear must be of the devil—nowadays we would say it is of the liver, or the nerves, meaning just what they meant. (2) It is supposed to spoil their faith, by which they mean their acceptance of convention. It does spoil that, but then that is not faith. (3) Their conscience is as conventional as their intellect, and anything such as fear which breaks in upon the routine of their morality, violates their sense of duty. But the conscience of ignorant respectability has no more to do with real morality than it has with astronomy. (4) Their good opinion of themselves is the most absurd and radical conventionality of all, and when fear touches that 'pitiful old self-holiness,' it has gone altogether too far, and the outrage upon self-complacency calls forth the most immediate and violent resistance. There is a magnificent verse which tells us:

> Live out the best that's in thee, and thou art done with fears.

But these ignorant children of conventionality take it for granted that anything that is in them is the best possible, nay the only, way of right living and thinking, and they make short work of fears that they may preserve the *status quo*.

Temporary.

Christian is a shrewd conversationalist, and though he insists on finishing his analysis he does not elaborate it. Hopeful has shown signs of fading interest, and Christian is speaking not to please himself, but to keep his friend awake. So he passes on to 'another profitable question'—but this time it is not abstract, but concrete and personal, that it may appeal to Hopeful's interest more directly. It succeeds from the outset, and leads to a new train of peculiarly fresh analysis of character.

It is to be noted, however, that in this whole part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the allegorist yields to the preacher, and although Ignorance and Temporary are live men, they are also texts for very able and profitable discourse. Indeed, so much is this the case, and so interesting to Bunyan is the discussion apart from its character-painting, that the allegory here breaks down completely, so far as its consistency as narrative is concerned. One of those rare notes of time is introduced ('about ten years ago') which throw the incident out of all relation to the rest of the story. At that date we have Temporary dwelling in Graceless, which is about three miles from Hopeful's home in Vanity Fair.[1]

[1] It will be observed also that this town bears the same name as Christian bore in the City of Destruction. Macaulay, in his essay on *The Pilgrim's Progress*, discusses this point with considerable fulness.

Temporary consults Hopeful, who pities him and has hopes of him; and Christian also must have been dwelling permanently thereabouts, for the story tells of what is evidently a long-standing acquaintance that had been suddenly broken off. Thus we have Christian a dweller in or near Vanity Fair instead of Destruction, and Hopeful a Puritan religious guide before his conversion. Thus, from the point of view of geography and of history, the story is a hopeless tangle of confusion at this point. But the reason for this is, as Stevenson points out in his well-known essay, the growing intensity of spiritual realities and the fading of earthly interests as the pilgrimage draws on towards its close.

Temporary—rendered by their former personal acquaintance with him when they all thus dwelt near together as vivid a character as if they had met him by the way—is one more phase of Bunyan's pet aversion. Pliable, Timorous, and Mistrust, Turnaway (that 'wanton professor and damnable apostate'), Turnback, are all different varieties of the same type. In *The Holy War*, 'Three young fellows, Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human Wisdom, and Mr. Man's Invention, proffered their services to Shaddai. The captain told them not to be rash; but at their entreaty they even enlisted into Boanerges' company, and away they went to the war. Being in the rear they were taken prisoners. Then Diabolus asked them if they were willing to serve against Shaddai. They told him that as they did not so much live by religion as by the fates of fortune, they would serve him. So he made two of them sergeants; but he made Mr. Man's Invention his ancient-bearer [standard-bearer].' In all these figures we have, as we have said, types of Bunyan's pet aversion. Stevenson used to say, 'I cannot bear idiots': Bunyan would have said, with at least equal gusto and emphasis, 'I cannot bear turncoats.' Even in Apollyon's taunting of Christain with being a turncoat, in the Valley of Humiliation, we can see the bitterness which this vice always rouses in Bunyan's breast. Temporary is indeed a milder type than Turnaway, and the emphasis in his case lies on emotional shallowness and slightness rather than on deliberate apostasy. Yet Bunyan feels himself under no obligation to handle him gently.

It is a curious question what exactly he means by making him live 'two miles from Honesty.' Evidently something is intended, for it is introduced without any other reference to the latter town. Is it to remind us of the worthlessness of sincerity without endurance? or is it to indicate that he was not *quite* honest, though he dwelt in that neighbourhood? or does he mean that Temporary was *not* honest, the only really honest thing being that grace which carries a man through to the end? We cannot tell, but on the whole the first explanation seems the most probable. The good intentions and earnest disposition of the man are clearly indicated, and indeed are almost implied in his very name.

These pitiful triflers with pilgrimage serve to throw up into clearer and more impressive distinctness the splendid *stretch* of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The very imagination of the road—that continuous and uniting bond between the beginning and the end, connecting the City of Destruction with the Celestial City with its unbroken ribbon of white highway—suggests a majestic and courageous appeal for continuance 'unto the end.' Such men as Temporary, with their short-lived enthusiasms, soon broken off and never leading to any goal, are shamed by the very road itself.

That is the literary and artistic side of this matter, but there is a theological aspect of it also. How do such men as Temporary stand related to the doctrines of efficient grace and the perseverance of the Elect? The answer is supplied in the name of Temporary's native town, Graceless. Bunyan believes in the perseverance of the saints, but he sees very many who never had grace, though they thought they had it and were so considered by others. There is no falling from grace here, for Temporary never had it. It is at least an easy and a logical way of resolving a very difficult and subtle question. Bunyan faces the facts of life unflinchingly, and explains them as best he may. His verses on 'An Apple-Tree' are a fuller exposition of this particular subject:

> A comely sight indeed it is to see
> A world of blossoms on an apple-tree:
> Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
> If all its dainty blooms young apples were.
> But how much more one might upon it see,
> If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
> But most of all in beauty 'twould abound,
> If every one should there be truly sound.
> But we, alas! do commonly behold
> Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.

They, too, which hang till they young apples are,
By blasting winds and vermin take despair;
Store that do hang, while almost ripe we see
By blust'ring winds are shaken from the tree.
So that of many only some there be
That grow to thrive to full maturity.

These lines hardly require the somewhat heavy moralizing of the verses which interpret them in the 'Divine Emblems.'

From these deeper questions which the case suggests, but which the story touches on but lightly, Bunyan passes to the still more congenial human aspects, the reasons and the manner of backsliding.

As to the reasons, the first cause of Temporary's change is not mentioned in Hopeful's speech, but in a preliminary remark of Christian's. It was through the acquaintance of one Save-self that the trouble suddenly began. Of course, this companion is allegorical, and stands for that self-sufficiency which is the peculiar note of all Bunyan's turncoats. Yet it is hardly likely that a touch so true to experience as this reference to companionship can be unintentional. Every one who has had any dealing with souls knows only too well how crucial the question of companions is. The friendships of a pilgrim are a matter of life and death importance for his career, and most of the tragedies of desertion are traceable in part at least to some such source. As for the further reasons, and the common manner of backsliding, we must reserve our notice of these for the next article.

Contributions and Comments.

Character.

The oldest meaning of the verb χαράσσειν, from which the subst. χαρακτήρ is derived, seems to have been 'to sharpen,' 'to whet' (Hesiod, *Op. et Di.* 387: χαρασσομένοιο σιδήρου [cf. 573; *Scut. Her.* 235]); but the idea of 'incising, engraving, indenting' must date from a very early time, although the verb χαράσσειν in this sense is not met with until comparatively late (*e.g.* Erinna, *Anthol. Pal.* vii. 710. 8; Diod. iii. 44. 3, etc.). For the substantive χαρακτήρ was very early used in a figurative sense, derived from the process of minting, as = 'mark,' 'stamp,' 'impression' (*Æschyl. Suppl.* 272 f. [Kirchh.]: Κύπριος **χαρακτήρ** τ' ἐν γυναικείοις τύποις | εἰκὼς πέπληκται τεκτόνων πρὸς ἀρσένων [schol. καὶ γυναῖκες ἂν Κύπριαι ἀνδράσι μιγεῖσαι τέκοιεν καθ' ὑμᾶς]; Eurip. *El.* 559: τί μ' εἰσδέδορκεν ὥσπερ **ἀργύρου** σκοπῶν | λαμπρὸν **χαρακτῆρ**; cf. *Med.* 518). It is hardly necessary, therefore, to quote more instances of the literal unfigurative meaning of the word (*e.g.* Aristotle, *Oec.* p. 1349 *b.* 31: ἐπικόψας [*sc.* Dionysius] χαρακτῆρα ἐξέδωκε τὴν δραχμὴν δύο δυναμένην δραχμάς; cf. Diod. xvii. 66, etc.). As early, then, as the fifth century χαρακτήρ means 'distinguishing mark,' 'sign,' 'peculiarity,' 'essence.' Thus Herodotus, i. 57 (cf. 142), speaks of γλώσσης χαρακτῆρα, and we find the same thing in Sophocles (*Fr.* 178 N.), who borrowed so much from him Similarly in Aristoph. *Pax*, 220, we read: ὁ γοῦν χαρακτὴρ ἡμεδαπὸς τῶν ῥημάτων (cf. Diod. i. 8. 4: χαρακτῆρας διαλέκτων). Herodotus also mentions a χαρακτὴρ τοῦ προσώπου (i. 116), not unlike the passage just quoted from Æschylus (cf. also Diod. i. 91; Dio Chr. *Or.* lii. 6. p. 268 [R.]). The word has practically become stereotyped in this sense, which it retains down to the present day. We shall now discuss a few minor modifications.

1. The word χαρακτήρ is very often used to accentuate a certain distinguishing peculiarity, or any special feature (Eur. *Hec.* 379: δεινὸς χαρακτὴρ κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς | ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι; Plut. *Thes.* 7: χαρακτῆρα τῆς εὐγενείας; [Isocr.] *ad Dem.* 8: εὐδοξίας [cf. Sext. Emp. p. 50. 20 [B.]; Plut. *Quaest. conviv.* 718 *c.*; Epict. iv. 5, 16 f., iii. 22. 80; 2 Mac 4[10]), and is also probably connected with conceptions like μορφή and χρῶμα (Plut. *Phoc.* 3: τούτων δὲ τῶν ἀνδρῶν αἱ ἀρεταὶ μέχρι τῶν τελευταίων καὶ ἀτόμων διαφορῶν ἕνα **χαρακτῆρα** . . . ἐκφέρουσιν, etc.; cf. Sext. Emp. 554. 27).

2. The notion of χαρακτήρ received a special value and force through a literary work. Soon after 319 B.C. Theophrastus wrote under the title of Ἠθικοὶ Χαρακτῆρες (so the title is given in Diog. Laer. v. 47), that famous book, which, although it exists now only in an epitome, nevertheless contains a wealth of the most ingenious observations concerning the phenomena presented by human beings. The work produces a comical effect only because its observations are so extraordinarily apt.