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we put belief in Christ's Divinity above practical fellowship with His Divine Spirit, or belief in the Atonement above the power of the Cross; or when we insist on uniformity of doctrine as essential to the unity of a Church; when we thus emphasize belief rather than life, and doctrine more than reality,—we are chargeable with intellectualism and hiding Christianity behind a screen. And while Eucken would hardly admit Dr. Hatch's assumption as to the valuelessness of metaphysics, he would, I think, agree with him in his final word: 'Though you may believe that I am but a dreamer of dreams, I seem to see—though it be on the far horizon—the horizon beyond the fields which either we or our children will tread—a Christianity which is not new but old, which is not old but new; a Christianity in which the moral and spiritual elements will again hold their place, in which men will be bound together by the bond of mutual service, which is the bond of the sons of God; a Christianity which will actually realize the brotherhood of man, the ideal of its first communities.'

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

The Second Part.

From the House Beautiful to the House of Gaius.

In this section Bunyan appears to have tired of the elaborate and artificial style which has disappointed the reader of the earlier pages of this part. He falls back on his own mother-wit again, and the writing is both natural and good. Part of the reason for this may be found in the fact that here the interest again centres round characters rather than curious incidents, and so brings the author back to human nature, where he is always most at home. A striking and beautiful example of the combination of the two centres of interest is found in the description of the Valley of Humiliation, which stands by itself as one of his masterpieces.

The Curiosities of the House Beautiful.

We have still a little time to linger among such quaint fancies as those to which we have already become accustomed, before we take the road again and reach the more strenuous thought.

1. *Eve's apple*—that curiosity that has cost so dear—is first shown. Much has been debated about the moral quality of knowledge, from the days of the Prometheus legend down to Marlowe's and Goethe's *Faust*. Christiana little knows how long a controversy she is epitomizing in her little sentence, 'Food or poison, I know not which.' The mere moralist and preacher would have been so impressed with the importance of knowing sin when one sees it, that he would have drawn a different remark from this good woman. But the humanist in John Bunyan, here or elsewhere, guides him to the exact and universal truth of human nature. Only, some touch of Puritan conscience apparently insists upon the side-note, 'A sight of sin is amazing,' lest the reader might be led to share Christiana's doubt.

2. *Jacob's ladder* is the next sight, with the side-note, 'A sight of Christ is taking.' No further explanation is given, which might explain the connexion between Christ and the ladder. Nor is any needed, for the limestone terraces of the Bethel hills, which presented so long ago this great gift to the religious imagination of the world, told of a connexion between earth and heaven. But that which assured the connexion and established it eternally for man was the Incarnation and the humanity of Jesus Christ. This seems to have been in His own mind when He told Nathanael that 'Henceforth ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man.' It was an aspect of the Saviour which was peculiarly congenial to John Bunyan. Apart from its bright appeal to fancy, it illustrates his delight in all devices for getting from earth to heaven. It is like one of those perplexing impulses, 'sudden to start

off crosswise, not straight on,' which Karshish noted in Lazarus. Pilgrims are often footsore, and their weary hearts may well indulge themselves for an hour now and then with the vision of an immediate entrance to the heavenly land.

3. *The golden anchor* of hope is not a curiosity merely. They are told to take it down and carry it with them. Every imaginable confusion has entered into this metaphor. Gold is not a good metal for the strain of moorings. A golden anchor, large enough to hold in turbulent weather, would have been a burden for Christiana many times heavier than Christian's. And, finally, the whole figure is applicable only to the sea, and has no relevance at all for such an inland voyage as theirs. It is seldom that Bunyan so completely casts consistency to the winds; but when he does so, he does not apologize. He counts upon the understanding of his reader. The passage reminds us of that beautiful incident[1] which Stevenson tells of old Captain Jenkins' trophy to be hung in his dining-room: 'I want you to work me something, Annie. An anchor at each side — an anchor — stands for an old sailor, you know — stands for hope, you know—an anchor at each side, and in the middle THANKFUL.' There are two kinds of hope. There is false hope, which is the result merely of will and desire on the part of the spirit—like a cannon-ball ricochetting over the surface of the sea, only to sink when the initial impulse has failed. The true hope depends on no such impulse; it is a thing which lays hold on hidden facts, and owes its value to their reality and stability.

4. *Relics of Abraham* are shown them; very realistic the list is, with its 'altar, wood, fire, and knife,' not to speak of the mountain itself. Bunyan cares as little for possible misconstruction of his introduction of relics as we found him caring for such misunderstanding as to the Cross.[2] The lesson of Abraham's life is its record of love and self-denial coming down to Christian pilgrims from the grey dawn of history. These are the eternal things amid the fleeting shows of earthly life.

The visit to the House Beautiful ends with music, of which there is so much in Part II. Prudence sings to the accompaniment of the virginals, and we can only hope that the music is better art than the words.

[1] Cf. the writer's *Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, p. 245.

[2] For an interesting account of the subject of relics, cf. Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, vol. i. 197, 216.

The Story of the Way.

Great-heart returns, with gifts of food and drink, and his coming is like that of Kyd and Marlowe, the Elizabethan dramatists, who brought in the sense of stern reality and Titanic conflict to an age which had been amusing itself with the Pastorals of Lyly. The departure is marked by some rather grotesque incidents. The Porter receives his gold angel (which Christiana refers to as a 'small mite'), and acknowledges it in a somewhat Oriental fashion. If this man stands for an aspect of the Christian minister, it is certainly a very different aspect from that which Great-heart symbolizes. The incident of the birds which sing verses of psalms[3] in the grove, reminds us of the *Bestiaries* and other French Romances of an earlier century. The mention of Hercules, too, in the speech about Christian has a similar suggestion. But there is a human touch in Prudence's saying, that 'they are very fine company for us when we are melancholy.' We had not imagined that they were ever melancholy in the House Beautiful. And yet there, too, they are human, after all. A 'scheme' is also put into the hands of the pilgrims, for the Church tends towards organization and schemes. There is no possible scheme of the Interpreter's House, and the things we may see there.

The Valley of Humiliation appears utterly different from what Christian found it to be. Here it is a happy, healthy, and delicately beautiful place, 'beautified with lilies,' like the Land of Beulah. The whole description of it is in Bunyan's most exquisite and idyllic style, and its beauty is enhanced by the introduction of the passage describing the scene of Christian's battle with Apollyon—terse, grim, and virile. Altogether, this is one of the most perfect literary achievements of the whole book. Monuments are frequent in Part II.,[4] and here we find one erected to the memory of Christian's fight. They give the sense of history to the allegory, and project behind present spiritual experience a consciousness of the past which is of the greatest value. The 'named houses' of old cities, and the 'speaking stones' of many a mountain and moor, are silent but eloquent appeals to the new generation to play the man like their fathers.

[3] Cf. note upon versions of the Psalms, in the previous article of this series.

[4] Cf. *The Road*, i. p. 156.

Perhaps the sweetest touch in all this region is that of the shepherd boy with his verses, which have long been classical. For the sentiment, it is curious to recall the fact that in these same times Butler had written in his *Hudibras*:

> I am not now in Fortune's power.
> He that is down can fall no lower.

In spite of Butler's residence near Bedford, there is no proof of any connexion between the poets but this coincidence. But far more interesting parallels to the passage may be found in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*,[1] of whose shepherds he can write:

> For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true,
> With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew
> To have a feeling taste of Him that sits
> Beyond the heaven—far more beyond our wits.

A still more striking parallel occurs in Pepys' *Diary*, July 14th, 1667. 'Walked upon the [Epsom] Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did; with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him. . . . He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after.'

The Valley of the Shadow of Death, which in a few swift paragraphs gives the ghastly and spectral counterpart to the exquisite pastoral we have just left, shows Bunyan's mastery of the art of terror to be quite equal to his idyllic power. Nothing could surpass the unconscious art of this passage. The secret of effective handling of the ghastly is always reticence and suggestion. Milton's devil, with all his 'hellish tumult,' never really affrights us. He is at best but a combination of stage monster and Titanic genius. But here all is different. Professor James has pointed out that sound is the most potent of all the agencies for producing terror,[2] and that fact is utilized to the full here. They hear a 'very great groaning as of dead men,' 'words of lamentation spoken as of some in extreme torment,' and 'also a kind of hissing, as of serpents.' The fiend comes upon them, but not as he came to Christian. He is 'something yonder upon the road. . . . An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing.' 'It's like I cannot tell what.' Similarly 'something' comes behind them, a 'great padding pace.' Finally, a pit gapes across the path, enswathed in a great mist of darkness.

From the point of view of literary effectiveness, this is well-nigh perfect. As to its meaning, that is evidently the morbid condition of the soul which humiliation is apt to produce. Christiana 'never was here before,' nor can any tell what it means until they come into it themselves. Also, it is followed by 'stinks and loathsome smells'—the utter disgust which is the lasting impression of such moods. There are parts of this description which remind us of the trolls of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, both for realistic horror and spiritual meaning.

There follows a battle with Giant Maul—a very brisk piece of writing. Who is this new giant—plausible sophist to young pilgrims, but would-be bully to Great-heart? Bunyan is wonderfully free from bitterness about his persecution, but there can be little doubt as to his meaning here. This Giant comes out of the same cave as Pope and Pagan; and while the club is, of course, conventional as the weapon of giants, yet it may here represent the mace of authority, for there is a certain formal and legal fashion in his words. He is surely the Civil Courts of Charles II. The champions fight, and Great-heart falls on his knee for a moment. Then he recovers, and after a short prayer, conquers and slays the giant.

There follows a moment of rest and relief and merry-making. Then they come to Mr. Honest, whose conversation occupies the remaining part of the section. It is very much in the style of the former part, and reminds us of Christian's talk about Little-faith; except for the exceedingly curious note of explanation which Bunyan inserts after the paragraph about Mr. Fearing and his playing on the bass. 'I make bold to talk thus metaphorically,' is a note which would have been quite impossible in Part I. It shows the author more conscious in his art, and so further off from his story.

[1] It will be remembered that the original of the House Beautiful was built by Sir Philip Sidney's sister; cf. *The Road*, vol. i. p. 93.

[2] *Psychology*, p. 408.