
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

account for Jesus being such a man if He was only a man.

The Muhammadan believes in Christ. Christ is one of his prophets. So the missionary to Muhammadans asks this question as eagerly as we ask it of one another: 'What think ye of Christ?' But, in order to ask it intelligently, he must know accurately what the Muhammadan Bible says about Christ, and what Muhammadans say of Him in their intercourse together.

To tell us these things the Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S., the great Moslem missionary, has written a book with the title of *The Moslem Christ* (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier; 3s. 6d. net). He knows the Koran intimately; he knows the commentaries on it. And he is right in thinking that we want to know what he knows. For, as he says, 'at a time when the study of other religions is so common, it must be of interest to all Christians to know what two hundred million Moslems think of their Lord and Saviour, and to compare His portrait taken from the Koran and later Moslem literature with that given in the Gospels.'

Messrs. Seeley, Service, & Co. have placed Sir Andrew Fraser's *Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots* in their Crown Library. (5s. net). It is the third edition of the book—not a bad record for so large and expensive a volume, but then it is an exceptionally well-written story, and has the authority of official experience behind it. The book has been revised for this edition.

In the same Library there is to be found a new book of surpassing interest for young people and very well worth reading on the part of old. For it is a scientific book, accurate as to its science and of charming simplicity as to its literary style. It is entitled *Heroes of Science* (5s.). The author is Mr. Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E.

Quiet Resting Places (a title already used by Alexander Raleigh) is a small volume of quotations, partly in prose, partly in poetry (Simpkin; 1s. net). It belongs to the 'Quiet Hour' series. Most of the quotations are signed: are those original that are not? This, for instance—

When wealth is lost,
Nothing is lost;
When health is lost,
Something is lost;
When character is lost,
All is lost.

For a man who believes in verbal inspiration, just as Dean Burgon did, the Rev. Trevor Fielder, M.A., is astonishingly fair to criticism and astonishingly open to argument in his little book on *The Truth of the Bible* (Thynne; 1s. net).

Mr. W. Prescott Upton has written his *Outlines of Prayer Book History* (Thynne; 2s. net) with a frank interest in evangelicalism. He takes up no warlike attitude; he simply sketches the history of the book, and out of its history shows us what its meaning must be. It is the work of a patient, trained scholar. By churchmen of every school it will be used as a mine of historical facts.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

The Second Part.

Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.[1]

We are quaintly told that on leaving the Delectable Mountains they receive no cautions, partly because Christian and Hopeful had soon forgotten those that they received, and partly because they have a guide who is better than precepts. Also there is a fresh note about Turn-away. Perhaps there may have lingered in the writer's mind some remembrance of the apparently harsh treatment of this character in his former narrative. He will now explain to us how deliberate and how deep was the sin of his turning. He had resisted to

[1] The phrase 'Valiant for truth' occurs first in a sentence of Faithful's at the close of his account of Shame, in his conversation with Christian in Part I.

the end those who would have saved him. He had gnashed his teeth and stamped at the Cross and the Sepulchre, and had insulted Evangelist for offering him a last chance at the gate of his own city. So Bunyan would have us know that his undying hatred of Turn-away is no exaggerated or unnecessary condemnation. In critical and trying times, the apostate is the lowest and the worst of men, inconceivably despicable and dangerous. Bunyan has not read his Spira for nothing, and he has no word of what he wrote of Turn-away to retract.

We now come suddenly to one of the great characters of the book. A man is standing at the place where Little-Faith was robbed, with his sword drawn and his face all covered with blood. He has just finished an encounter of three hours long, one against three, with Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic. He jokes about the marks of their valour that they had left upon him, and indicates that they had carried away some of his own. These three are theorists who would stop the career of the man of faith. They give him the choice of three courses, either to become one of themselves, adopting their wild theory, whatever it may have been; or else to go back and have no faith at all; or, if he would not accept either alternative, to die where he stood. The characterization gives a not unfair account of the point of view of the persecutors of Bunyan's day. It was a long battle, but Valiant won at last, because the truth was on his side. That is the great boast of confident men in a confident age. They have the truth upon their side. They are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. It is a vaunt which the subtler thought of to-day will seldom permit a man to use. Yet however far any of us may be from imagining that he has the monopoly of truth in this sense, we cannot but admire the immense practical results which such a confidence is sure to produce. The story of religious wars, looked at in this light, affords one of the most amazing and suggestive spectacles which history has to present to the eyes of man.

From this point onwards there is a marked improvement in the writing. It seems to catch something of the fire that burns in Valiant's breast; and indeed Bunyan is never happier than in his battlepieces. But besides that, something seems to have touched the writer's spirit and rekindled those fires of genius which flash out so frequently upon us when we are reading him at his best. From this point to the end, no subject is dull, and the writing sparkles with brilliant sayings. Indeed, the conversation between Great-heart and Valiant is one of the very choicest pieces of all John Bunyan's work. The new hero, when congratulated on his behaviour, shows his sword to Great-heart, whose criticism of it is, 'Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade.' This may possibly have been a crusading phrase, although there has not been for many a day any manufacture of sword-blades in Jerusalem. More probably it is a transfer from the famous and ancient 'Damascus blade' which was manufactured in that city up till the year 1120. Valiant fights alone and without outcry. He is a self-reliant warrior, the sort of man who does not call in the aid of friends. It is of such men that Kipling is thinking when he writes:

> Take not that vision from my ken
> O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
> Help me to need no aid from men,
> That I may help such men as need!

Nothing could surpass the description of the sword cleaving to the man's hand until they were joined together,[1] and the sword grew out of his arm; and the hint is not without significance that he fought best with it when the blood ran through his fingers. In these few words we have an epitome of the requisite for successful spiritual warfare. First, there is the Word, that 'sword of the Spirit, the true Jerusalem blade.' Then there is the grip of faith which identifies the man with the Word he uses. And lastly, there is a dash of his own blood upon his fighting—that element of experience, and even of pain, which brings all such warfare to its highest perfection and its surest victory. Great-heart loved him, because he was a man of his hands; for this book has little need of mere theorizers, or those whose hearts and sentiments are all they have. Even the weaker sort are practical people and face the journey in a practical spirit. The theories and the feelings which accompany the journey, and lighten it or add zest to its adventure, are interesting enough by the way (although indeed the theory has, as we have seen, tended at times to be too long drawn out), but the great question is, like that addressed to Tomlinson, 'What ha' ye done?' Thus the picture of

[1] 'Tools are external hands'; cf. Henry Drummond, *The Ascent of Man*, chap. iii.

Valiant is a very clear one, and its completing touch is in the note that he comes from Darkland. We have seen the defects of unconverted Mercy and unconverted Honesty. Here we learn that unconverted Courage is sheer darkness. In the old days doubtless he was a man prepared to fight without having much to fight for, and something of this dark courage remains upon the character throughout. He is the sort of man who is accustomed to view himself as the possessor of the final and absolute truth. His mind is not lit up with much imagination, but he has got a blood-wet grip upon his Bible.

It was the simple tale of Christian's adventures that had started Valiant upon pilgrimage, and especially that part of the tale which had narrated how Christian killed 'a serpent that had come out to resist him on his journey.' This use of the word 'serpent' takes us far back among the books of ancient poetry and romance. The word stands for any kind of reptile, and is used precisely like the word 'worm' in the famous line, 'that cursed worm that boreth through the world.' It really meant any monstrous and loathsome thing that came against a man, and it has in it that concentrated hatred of the devil which Carlyle urged upon us as a good man's first necessity.

Two little slips in grammar amuse the ear at this part. 'I wonder you was not weary,' says Great-heart; and later we read of 'the encouraging words of he that led in the front, and of him that brought them up behind.' Evidently the author is getting excited over his narrative again, and finds it difficult to get Great-heart even for a moment into the objective case.

This, however, is but an aside. We are discussing Christian, or listening to the discussion of him between Great-heart and Valiant, when to our surprise we suddenly come upon that eternal question as to whether those who have died will know and rejoice in one another in their future state. Great-heart's answer is a very simple one in appearance, and yet the unconscious philosophy upon which it rests is both subtle and profound. He believes that the dead will recognize each other, on the ground that if they live at all they must know themselves and rejoice to see themselves in that place. But if they recognize themselves, there can be no reason for hesitating in our belief that they will equally recognize each other. The whole psychology of personality is there. The real question beyond the grave must be answered not in regard to other people, but to oneself. If individual personality, as we know it here on earth, is capable of surviving the ordeal of death, then no other question needs to be seriously asked; for all questions are involved in that supreme argument for immortality—the only one which is irrefutable—the love of God for individual men. Grant that, and having so assured ourselves of a conscious life beyond the grave, we need not ask any further questions. If God loves us well enough to continue our existence after we are done with earth, all other things shall be added unto us.

They proceed to the story of Valiant's leaving home, and it appears that his father and mother had done all that was in their power to keep him from the pilgrimage. Who are these parents of Valiant of Darkland? Whence does dark courage spring? It is curious to find that they are at once practical people, as we might expect, and cautious people, which is certainly surprising in the parents of such a son. The idea seems to be that this unenlightened valour is concerned simply with material circumstances and experiences, and has no sense of spiritual forces or the delicate region of the soul at all. They object to pilgrimage as an ideal life, for to them faith is a dream, and he who is doing something which cannot be turned into material results is doing nothing real at all. Now it so happens that those who believe least in the spiritual are most afraid of it, for to them it is a region of unnamed possibilities of danger and discomfort, a region in which they are utterly away from home and unfamiliar. It may be allowed that in grappling with visible enemies such people would be capable of showing the courage of their race, but in this region they are lost and find themselves full of vague apprehensions. The way for them is dangerous and the venture of faith in the unseen fills them with horror. Nothing is more curious in the study of character than what one might call the local element in courage. Many who are physically brave are moral cowards; and others, who in cases of clear morality have no nervousness at all in opposing their fellow-men, are yet timid and full of misgiving in face of that dim spiritual region into which the visions of faith call the pilgrims.

These people, however, show a remarkable knowledge of the detailed dangers of faith, and try

to keep back Valiant by recounting them. It is curious to observe how such oracular people of experience in the material world get hold of every detail of disadvantage and trial in the spiritual world. It is still more curious that these knowing ones find consistency so entirely unnecessary to them; for if the dangers were as bad as they represent, it might have struck them that so assiduous a life could hardly be called an unreal one.

Their next objection is still more amusing. They warn their son of the danger of meeting Worldly Wiseman, and other such enemies of the road. Bunyan must have been laughing when he wrote this. The idea of these worldly-wise parents counting worldly wisdom a danger is really too absurd for words, if it were not for its exact truth to experience. Your real worldling does not know himself for what he is, and Bunyan has afforded us no truer picture of the cant and blindness and vulgarity of worldliness than he has given us here.

The warnings against the failures of many who have tried, and the misery of Christians, are the usual stock-in-trade of such critics of the Way. But the rumour that Christian himself had been drowned in the river touches a still darker depth than any of the other warnings. They have no evidence for this, but they know that he was certainly drowned, and that somehow or other the incident was hushed up. Obviously the wish is father to the thought, but the warning stands as a reminder of the unscrupulous recklessness with which the Christian pilgrimage is often opposed by the worldly.

Altogether it is a formidable arraignment of the road, much of which doubtless is mere suspicion and ill-will; and yet, taken together, it seems to indicate that after all there is a good deal to be said against being a Christian. The disadvantages of being good are many; and the Lord of the road, when He Himself trod His pilgrimage, was very frank about them, insisting that every follower of His should first count the cost before undertaking the journey. Yet this dark and courageous soul had been so deeply and immovably impressed by what Tell-true had said at the beginning, that all these arguments fall off from him without effect. His parents stood for common sense and reason, but the voice within him sounded clearer and more convincing than 'all the rangèd reasons of the world.'

The narrative closes with a poem of quite a different order from any that we have had from Bunyan's pen. Here again the highest imagination calls forth a more brilliant style in Bunyan, and that wonderful literary instinct of his has free play. It may have been the excitement of his mind that induced him to adopt an unusual versification, or it may have been the irregularity of the versification that shook off the dullness of his usual couplet rhymes. In any case, he has given us a memorable little bit of poetry. The first verse of it reminds one of Shakespeare's song:

> Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to sit i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleas'd with what he gets,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither;
> Here shall he see
> No enemy,
> But winter and rough weather.[1]

The whole poem has also points in common with Robert Browning's *Grammarian's Funeral*. There is something in it that is unique even among Bunyan's own verses, and tells of a mood to which we are not accustomed.

[1] *As You Like It*, II. v.

Recent Foreign Theology.

A Survey.

THE Benedictine Monks in Rome are at present superintending the issue of a series of volumes called 'Collectanea Biblica Latina,' to be published by Fridericus Pustet. The first volume has been edited by Dr. Ambrosio Amelli. Its title is *Liber Psalmorum ex Casinensi Cod. 557* (Fr.8). There is an introduction which tells something of the history of this ancient Latin version, there is an appendix of various grammatical and textual matters, and there are four beautiful photographs of portions of the manuscript.

Dr. Hub. Lindemann has edited and Mr. Herder has published a volume of select passages from