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who writes an introduction to the book, explains the title. He says: 'A little while ago I was speaking to a well-known New York doctor, a man who has had long and varied experience with the diseases that afflict both body and mind. I asked him how many cases he had known of the slaves of drink having been brought by medical treatment into recovered physical health and freedom. How many had he been able to "doctor" into liberty and self-control? He immediately replied, "Not one." He further assured me that he believed his experience would be corroborated by the general testimony of the faculty of medicine. Doctors might afford a seeming and temporary escape, but the real bondage was not broken. At the end of the apparent but brief deliverance it was found that the chains remained. Medicine might address itself to effects, but the cause was as proud and dominant as ever. The doctor had no cure for the drunkard. Drunkenness was primarily a moral malady and demanded the treatment of the will.

'Soon after this conversation I read the proofs of this book. And here I found the "sufficiency" that filled up the doctor's want. Here is the record of how men and women sunk in animalism, broken in will and despairing in heart, were lifted out of impotence and debasement into moral strength and beauty. These "thousand wrecks" have not only been taken into "dry dock" and repaired; they are out again on the high seas, invincible to the tempest, and engaged in scouring those seas for human ships that have been dismantled in moral disaster, and towing them into the harbour of divine love and grace.'

The author of the book is Mr. Philip I. Roberts, of the McAuley Water Street Mission.

Mr. Stuart Holden has secured for his 'Preachers of To-day' a volume by the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young. Its title is *The Unveiled Evangel* (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The title is taken from the text of the first sermon—'For therein is revealed a righteousness of God' (Ro 1^{17} R.V.). Mr. Young is fond of arresting titles and arresting texts. We notice among his titles: 'The Celestial Interpretation,' 'Transcendent Inspirations,' 'The Disadvantaged Christ'; and among his texts: 'Tarry ye and wonder' (Is 29^{9} R.V.), 'They were elder' (Job 32^{4}), 'Am I a sea?' (Job 7^{12}). But the arrest leads always to a sermon that retains the attention. Mr. Young is never dull and he is never unprofitable.

The Dedicated Life is the title which Mr. F. B. Meyer has given to a volume of short expositions of the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of Romans. Expositions, we say; for Mr. Meyer's simplest addresses are expository. But there is also the application — direct, fervent, unerring (Pilgrim Press; 1s. 6d. net).

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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

The Second Part—At the River.

The Enchanted Ground.

The account of the Enchanted Ground maintains the brightness and vivacity which entered the story with the advent of Valiant. The pilgrims are set in their order, Great-heart going of course in front. It is with peculiar significance that Valiant is set as rear-guard. He is not an official guide, this Valiant, but a pilgrim like the rest—a layman of special strength and principle. It is a happy suggestion that puts such a man for rear-guard. The officials of the Church have to find the way and show it to others, but it is those valiant men who have no official position that keep us all from going back. We fall back upon them and take heart again. The officials are there, no doubt, because they are convinced of the truth and value of the pilgrimage; yet, having become officials, they cannot help themselves, but have to go on. The valiant who are not official are there simply in

virtue of the indomitable strength of their own conviction and character. It is no wonder that Despondency is committed to the care of Valiant, and if he knows his privileges he will not retain his character very long.

A curious change has come over the picture of the Enchanted Ground from that land of deadly sweetness and ease which we found it to be in the former part. The air indeed is drowsy still, but the ground is now covered with briars and thorns, and the way is rough and difficult. It is like the picture of the sleeping palace in the fairy tale, whose grounds are long overgrown with rank undergrowth. A mist also broods over the place now; so that, in Bunyan's vivid phrase, the pilgrims are forced to feel for one another by words. The way is lonely and difficult for the feet because of its slabbiness, a word which caught the ear of Robert L. Stevenson as he read this passage. The account of the grunting and puffing and sighing, as one tumbled over a bush and another stuck in mud, is extremely good; and the cries from one to another are so realistic that we almost seem to have been there. The dark mist reminds us of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in which place also pilgrims could see neither each other nor the way with any clearness. That, however, was earlier in the journey, and some experience or other must have led Bunyan to repeat it again as a possible incident of later life. It is a time of bitterness and disheartening depression, such as only too often comes upon the elderly. Everything seems to go wrong, and everybody to be disagreeable. The whole business of life looks vulgar, commonplace, and difficult; and there is no longer that resilient spring of early vigour which made such things of little account in young days.

The later phase of the Enchanted Ground is simply that of solitude and perplexity. Even their guide was here nonplussed in the dark, for the way was indistinct even in the daylight. It is the failure of conscience that we are here considering, when moral distinctions have somehow for a time become blurred, and we cannot certainly tell right from wrong. The cleverest sentence of the passage, and also the nearest to painful experience, is that which tells of the deadly pit at the end of the cleanest way. Who does not know that treacherous dilemma when the thing which seemed to be in every respect the better course turns out to have been wrong, and conscience blames us, or experience punishes us, for an act which we did, thinking it was right? In this whole passage Bunyan is evidently working from the memory of incidents in his own spiritual life over which he has spent much earnest thought. The guide warns them not only of dangers, but also of the nature of dangers. The map is a precious possession, but then one needs to know how to use it. He who has thought over *the nature of dangers* comes to gain much skill in the use of that map. It is the mist, and the danger of the pit, and the dark stumblings and groanings of such a place as this, that give its highest value to the Bible.

To make bad worse, there are arbours here and there, and this point also has been added to the account of the First Part. Such an arbour is well named 'Slothful's friend,' and the idea stands for some more or less sensual resting-place. A mist and a sense of discomfort and uncertainty confuses and hides the whole realm of the spiritual. In such a time and mood the only thing that appears vivid and certain is the flesh. While the First Part laid stress upon the sensual temptation of ease and pleasantness, the Second supplements it by showing the sensual reaction from discomfort and dreariness.

Here also we have another counterpart to the earlier story. The sleepers Heedless and Too-bold correspond to Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. The passage which describes them and their half-awakened ejaculations is inimitable in its power and compression, and the pitiableness of the two poor doomed ones sleeping to their death and muttering, 'I will pay you when I take my money,' and 'I will fight as long as I can hold my sword in my hand,' is extremely fine. The moral of this arbour is, of course, the same as that of the incident of Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, and of Christian's arbour in the middle of the Hill Difficulty. The great matter in this journey is not comfort, but to get through to healthy and breezy lands where the mists and the enchantments of the flesh never come. But these men have fallen asleep in the very centre of the malaria, and its poison has now saturated their blood. They are in a dream from which they will never waken, governed neither by faith nor by reason.

It is striking that this should be one of the last devices of the enemy, placed near the end of the journey. Evidently, for Bunyan, the danger of sleep ranks next to that of apostasy, and he cannot warn us of it too often. But besides that, just as

sensual temptations appeal to the young, so they may recur in older years when middle life has got almost elderly. There are many unaccountable lapses of this kind. When the ideals and the sense of fresh adventure in life have died away, and when the outlook upon all things has become weary and stale, then, in the treachery of later middle age, sins and temptations apparently conquered come creeping back. The appeal of the flesh to the weary spirit is often a deadlier one than its appeal to the hot blood. It is a great relief to every reader—so vividly is the region described—when the wind blows clear across the place, and the mist thins and disappears.

Bunyan, however, is impressed deeply with what he is telling us, and he introduces yet another character to emphasize the danger of this Enchanted Ground. He is Stand-fast, one of the strongest characters in the book; and it is interesting to note how in this exhilarating close of the story we have an excess of strong men to balance the influx of weaklings which had gone before it, and which has rather depressed the narrative of late. They saw this man on his knees, and heard 'the solemn noise of one which was much concerned.' That is a great phrase, and in this age of ours, so loud with many kinds of noises, one longs for more of that solemn noise again. For it is the sound of prayer; and this strong man Stand-fast is happily linked on to the idea and habit of prayer.

They called after him, and, unlike Faithful when Christian called, he stopped running to wait for them. But there was no unfaithfulness in his waiting. Honest recognized him as a friend, and they greeted each other with great cordiality. It was his prayer that had attracted the old pilgrim, who liked him better for his self-distrust. It appears that that which had driven him to prayer had been the subtlety of danger and of death which here threatened the pilgrim. In some respects Stand-fast reminds us of Faithful, and his temptations are the same as his. The picture of Madam Bubble, and the whole account of their intercourse, is exactly in the style of Faithful's experiences with Adam the first and his daughters. She it is who holds the secret of the Enchanted Ground. The land is under the spell of this swarthy witch, beautifully dressed and yet old—a touching description full of significance, for it combines the temptations of rest and of sensual desire. She smiles continually. 'She put by my repulses and smiled;' and again, 'Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?' In this she reproduces admirably Langland's great figure of Meed, who is for ever smiling. The bag that she carries shows the further combination of money with lust; and the whole figure stands as a sort of emblem of the pull of the lower life upon pilgrims of later years. The lust of the flesh reappears, but this time it is accompanied by a reaction from weariness, and the tendency to covetousness, rather than by the youthful vigour of earlier years.

The arraignment of this witch, queen of the earth and goddess of the present life, is a very striking and drastic one. From the allurements at the beginning we are led to disgust at the sheer vulgarity and greed of the creature, her falsehood and her credulity; for she sets people at variance against their friends, and brings discord where there had been love. As the disgust grows and the temptation dies away, we remember that kneeling figure of the beginning. This is one of those situations in which a man is safe only upon his knees, when the face of Jesus comes between his eyes and the swarthy beauty of temptation, and so the light and fairness die away from the evil visage, until nothing is left to see of her but vulgarity and hell. The curious verses which end the passage contain at least two memorable lines, which seem to hint at the surprise that such temptations should come back in later life:

> How many ways there are to sin
> No living mortal knows.

The Land of Beulah.

Rest comes at last, rest that is both safe and bright, for this is the land where the sun shines night and day. Orchards and vineyards are free for their use, and the sound of melodious bells and trumpets keeps them awake, and yet refreshes their spirits. It is a perfumed land like the Arabia of Western poets, and for those who feel the charm of such things there is a very satisfying list of strange odours. One curious incident is added. They tasted the water of the River of Death, and found it bitter to the first taste, but afterwards sweet and comforting. They learned also the different manner of dying that awaits different pilgrims, for this is a tidal river with great flowings and ebbings that make it sometimes dry and sometimes flooded. The idea of experimenting with

death and tasting it beforehand in this bitter-sweet strange manner, is one which will appeal to many minds. Montaigne, as we have seen already, did this in cold blood and of set purpose to accustom himself to the sensation—a foolish thing surely to do, wasting the precious hours of life in coquetting thus with death. But for these pilgrims, some of whom were so soon to die, it was natural enough; and the whole riverside story contains not one suspicion of morbidness. During the pilgrimage they have lived heartily and with full zest; when they come to the further work of dying they will maintain the same spirit.

> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.[1]

The Death of Christiana.

The words which describe Christiana's passing form one of the greatest passages, not of this story only, but of English literature and of religious biography. The post and his letter, 'the token of the arrow sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which, by degrees, wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone,' the quiet and reverent cheerfulness with which Great-heart, her guide, receives the news, her words to her children and her gift to Stand-fast, are all very perfect work. The fatal disease, whatever it may have been, was the arrow sharpened with love let gently into her heart. When Honest wishes her a dry passage, her answer is, 'Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone.' Great-heart reminds us of Bunyan himself, when he tells her that 'he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad if the post had come for him.' For Bunyan, at the end of his First Part, looking after his pilgrims as they ascended the further bank of the river, exclaimed that he wished himself among them. It is the one sigh of personal longing which we ever hear from Great-heart. The ring given to Standfast is the matron's prize for purity fought for and hardly won. She cautions Feeble-mind to get rid of his aptness to fear and to doubt God's goodness, lest when he should be called for he should stand before God blushing. The shame of the saved is a thing worth thinking over. How many of us will stand before God blushing for our fears and doubts! At the last Christiana cries, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee,' and so passes.

[1] R. L. Stevenson, *Requiem*.

At the River.

The rest of the story reads like an obituary. It is a continuous record of deaths. The premonitions which come to the pilgrims remind one of Maeterlinck's wonderful essay, *Les Avertis*. This is the vanishing of a generation, and the next generation is coming into the firing line. As we look on, we feel a sense of loneliness and of the breaking up of those bands of affection and comradeship which fortify the spirit for the road. The passage, on the whole, is rich in gems of thought and of expression. It is difficult to see the exact relevance of the symbols which are worked in so curiously from the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, but there are many sentences which can never be forgotten. Mr. Ready-to-halt receives the message, 'I am come from Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches,' and his last words are 'Welcome, life.' They are singularly appropriate, for he who follows and loves upon crutches must often feel that he has been but half alive throughout the journey. The crutches are behind him now, those promises on which his weakness leant so heavily. His son may use them if he needs them; for himself life comes with all its vigour and freedom at last.

Mr. Feeble-mind is ashamed of himself; and, in contempt of that weakness which has been so tenderly treated, he requests Mr. Valiant to bury his feeble mind in a dunghill.

Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid (whose very appropriate motto is 'the grasshopper shall be a burden') discover that their fears were 'ghosts, which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off.' They had been very troublesome people, these two, and now they felt it and were sorry for it. They had entertained sickly habits of thought which at the first might have been resisted if they had opposed them; but such habits gain the mastery and create pilgrims who behave troublesomely in every company. Poor Mrs. Much-afraid has her blink of sunshine at the end, and goes into the water singing; 'but,' adds Bunyan quaintly, 'no one could understand what she said.' We may take it that the stout-hearted dreamer who was yet so tender, remembering his own weakness, still knew quite well how wrong and how unnecessary much of the weakness of Christians is. During his story he has laboured to plead the cause of weak brethren, and to secure for them

tender treatment: yet here, before he dismisses them, he shows by this delicate protest, how much he is against their habit. Nothing, indeed, could be more tender than the manner of the protest. The mysterious boldness of timid creatures when they come to the article of death is one of our reasons for believing in immortality. It is the common experience of all who have much converse with the dying; and it looks back, as Bunyan says, and records an interesting and pathetic comment upon the unnecessary and wilful fears and scruples which darken many lives.

There remain the three strong men, who also have to die; and it is upon this vigorous and sturdy note that the allegory closes. Mr. Honest in his lifetime has arranged with one Good-conscience to meet him at the river, and Good-conscience does not fail him then. We are reminded of the old play of *Everyman*, where Good Deeds is the only friend who does not forsake Everyman in the hour of death. And yet there is a difference. It is not in virtue of his good deeds, of his honesty, or even of good conscience, that Mr. Honest crosses the river safely. His last words are 'Grace reigns'; as if our author would remind us that not even so consistent and worthy a life as his can enter Heaven upon its own merits.

The passing of Valiant is perhaps the best-known incident of the Second Part, and contains certainly one of the grandest sentences that were ever written in English. It is a sentence that needs no comment. Of it Bernard Shaw says that it is spoken with the panache of a millionaire. 'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles, who now will be my rewarder.'

Stand-fast follows. He appears to be Bunyan's favourite character, and receives one sentence that could be given to very few. He must die because 'His Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer.' Doubtless it is because God needs us that we all die. He had need of us to do His work on earth, and He will need us for other work beyond, when the time to do it shall have come. But there are some, it would seem, for whom the Master longs in His heaven. He allows them to stay for so long upon the earth as their work demands, and then He is not willing that they should be so far from Him any longer. These are they who have kept their purity stainless through great temptation—the pure in heart, who shall certainly see God. In Stand-fast's message to his wife and children one can see a reference to the conversation in which the parents tried to hinder him from the journey. The suggestion may be that the parents are still plying their arguments upon those relations of his who are near them, or that the wife and children might remember the words that had been spoken to Stand-fast and so be hindered from following. They are to be told that Christian and Christiana his wife have indeed got safely over the river, and that the legend of the pilgrims drowning had no foundation in fact. They are to be told also of his own pilgrimage, and of the end of it, lest those terrifying details of its danger, which he himself had had to resist, might be confirmed in their minds by false rumours of his fate. He lingers in his dying in a great calm that broods over the river then. In the very article of death he pauses to discourse upon the certainty of his experience and the triumph of his end. The vision of the thorn-crowned Christ, which he had followed through everything, is now turned to reality; and all that world of vision which his parents had taken to be but idle dreams now shines in the light of eternal verity. In a word, the truth by which he had held so unflinchingly, proves to have been truth indeed. But as the end draws near, the truth becomes personal. It is Christ who is the Truth rather than any doctrine about Him—the Christ not of theory, but of experience—in whose faith and love he dies.[1]

Nothing could be more encouraging than this hero's end. If a man can die like this, it is worth while for him to have resisted Madame Bubble; and when his countenance changes, and the strong man bows under him, and his strength departs at last, he will pass with the simple words, 'Take me, for I come unto Thee.' All the strength of God is pledged to such a strong man; and, as was the case with Mr. Honest, his own strength is exchanged for the mighty strength of God. At the last, by grace he too is saved.

At this point Bunyan ends his tale. The

[1] A curious phrase is 'His name has been to me as a civet box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes.' This refers to a perfume obtained from the Civet Cat, a small carnivorous animal of North Africa. It was a perfume which was regarded as peculiarly precious, and is often referred to by Shakespeare and other authors.

children's children will doubtless find their way across the River when their time shall come. Perhaps it may have been the author's intention to write in future some account of them; but he wisely refrained, or other business prevented him. The close of the Second Part could not be surpassed, and we can hardly imagine that he could have equalled it again. In that Part he has indeed already fallen in many places below the level of his First; and yet no reader would be without it, for it has given us many of the finest gems of literature and religion which we owe to Bunyan.

Literature.

WEALTH AND WELFARE.

On account of the increasing and already enormous interest of religious people in social questions, it is not surprising that there should be published a large number of books on these questions. There is, however, and just because of the vast number of these semi-scientific books, much need for a volume of truly scientific value, to which one may turn for accurate information on the questions that arise, even although one has not time to master the whole of its contents.

Such a volume has been written by Mr. A. C. Pigou, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. It has been published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of *Wealth and Welfare* (10s. net).

By choosing this title Professor Pigou does not mean to assert that wealth and welfare are an equation. In the very beginning of his book he says very frankly that of welfare in general economic welfare is only a part, and that wealth is only a part of economic welfare. Yet the study of wealth, as of economics generally, is pursued for the purpose of helping forward the betterment of social life. The old claim that economics is a science, and has therefore nothing to do but pursue after knowledge, he surrenders without a grudge. However small its influence on social welfare, to exert that influence is the whole purpose of economic investigation. Accordingly, from beginning to end we find that Professor Pigou's volume is occupied with the discussion of just those practical problems concerning the use of money which press so heavily now on every Christian worker and thinker.

Professor Pigou is well aware that after the study of wealth, however difficult that study may be, there remains the more difficult matter of its application to practical affairs. For this requires not only a full understanding of the theory, but also the trained judgment that can balance against one another a large number of qualifying considerations. 'This,' he says, 'would be the case, even if human life were such that economic welfare and welfare in general were coincident terms. But, in fact, man does not live by bread alone; and, therefore, besides estimating the probable economic consequences of his action, a reformer needs always to beware lest, in his ardour to promote an economic benefit, he may sacrifice unwittingly some higher and more elusive good. The judgment that can accomplish all this is not the birthright of untutored amateurs. The book of statesmanship, to the writing of which I have endeavoured, in this volume, to add a page, is not, and never will be, one that he who runs can read.'

But no earnest man is baffled by difficulty. And here the call to overcome is a high one. 'The misery and squalor that surround us, the injurious luxury of some wealthy families, the terrible uncertainty overshadowing some families of the poor—these are evils too plain to be ignored. Whether the life of man ends with his physical death, or is destined to pass unscathed through that gateway, the good and the evil that he experiences here are real; and to promote the one and restrain the other is a compelling duty. It is easy, if we will, to make the difficulty of the task an excuse for leaving it unattempted. But difficulties which deter the weak are a spur and stimulus to the strong. To display them, not to conceal them, is the way to win worthy recruits. Neither by the timidity that waits at a distance, nor by the wild rush of undisciplined ardour, is the summit of great mountains attained. First we must understand our task and prepare for it; and then, in the glow of sunrise, by united effort, we shall at last, perhaps, achieve.'