THE LEGACY OF BUNYAN

W. Y. FULLERTON

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by the Rev.

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LONDON

ERNEST BENN LIMITED

First Published 1928

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

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PREFACE

MORE than fifty pages of the British Museum Catalogue are needed to register the various editions of John Bunyan's works, with the books that have been written about them; and already for the tercentenary several other volumes have been issued. It would, therefore, seem as if some justification were needed for adding to their number.

Placed on his defence the author would make three pleas. First, that this book has been written, not on his own initiative, but at the request of the Executive Council of The Baptist World Alliance, who desire to have a permanent memorial of the Bunyan celebrations which are to form a prominent feature of The Baptist World Congress to be held in Toronto in June of this year. Baptists wish to honour Bunyan the Baptist, whose name is also John. Next, that even apart from that, the plan of this book should lend a special interest to it, and, if the author's intention is fulfilled, send its readers to Bunyan's own writings. And in the third place, behind it all is the idea suggested by the title, that there is in those writings something bequeathed to us that has not yet been adequately appreciated; something which the author has pursued in Bunyan's life and words, and presents as his legacy to the people of to-day.

By his will, dated 23rd December, 1685, which was really a deed of gift, Bunyan gave all he possessed, valued in the Inventory at £42 19s. 0d., to his wife. The document was valueless, for it was so securely hidden that it was not discovered until the cottage in St. Cuthbert's, included in the gift, was pulled down a century ago. But, however long delayed, Bunyan's real legacy is still available—the assurance of abounding grace for sinful men, far more

available and adequate for those who are willing to confess their need of it than most of us imagine.

That is the burden of this book. It echoes the sentiments which M. Taine expresses in his *History of English Literature:* "After the Bible, the book most widely read in England is *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan. The reason is, that the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of Salvation by Grace, and that no writer has equalled Bunyan in making the doctrine understood." And by Protestantism we are to understand not an attitude of dissent but of conviction. Dean Inge tells us that the original "Protestation" of the Lutheran princes and free cities in 1529 meant, simply, an assertion of the liberty of some reforming diets; and Dr. Johnson defines the word as "a solemn declaration of resolution, fact, or opinion."

The following pages, then, protest that not only in the *Divine Allegory* but in all his books, grace is Bunyan's great legacy, and protest, further, that the legacy was never more greatly needed than at this hour.

CHAPTER ONE

BUNYAN IN OUR DAY

I. *His Vocation*

1. The real Bunyan is the Bunyan of to-day. Not many men, three hundred years after they were born, exert a greater influence than when they lived and walked amongst their fellows, but Bunyan is one of them. Such men are not to be judged by what they were, but by what they are, just as the oak is to be judged by the tree and not by the acorn. "The nature of man," says Aristotle, "is not that out of which he has developed, but that into which he is developing; not what he is at the lowest but what he is at the highest, not what he was *born as* (to borrow a happy distinction), but what he was *born for*."

2. Which implies that every man is born with a purpose in view, and that He who plans the end is at the beginning. This was the Apostle Paul's idea of his own life, which he declares was meant to be an example to those who should come after him: "When it pleased God," he says, "Who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me," certain things happened. God was at his first birth as well as at his second. It was God who gave him a separate existence, none other. And that is the clue to all great lives, indeed to all lives. God is first. He is round about them in their infancy as well as in their maturity, it is He who shapes and prepares them for their place in the world—a place which is also prepared by the same Hand. God not only found Bunyan when He wanted him, He made him because He knew He would need him. Because He needs him to-day He made and moulded him three hundred years ago. "He brought

me into the world," he says, " to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel." Like Paul, like Bunyan.

3. If, without argument, we may suppose that God guides the course of this world, that it is not reeling uncontrolled through space, that He knows the future and arranges it, then we may be sure that He does not delay the fashioning of His servants until the call comes for the deed and for the man. The hour brought the man because God foreknew the hour, and the man does the deed because God appointed him to the task. Quite probably the man may not guess the reason for his discipline of life, but God knows. We need never imagine that He is taken unawares. When Bunyan, the tinker, walked the streets of Bedford it was Bunyan the man that was being developed; when the man was brazing the metal, God was bracing the mind, the mind that was to be the vehicle for the immortal legacy which we, to-day, do well to treasure and to hand down to our children.

4. Bunyan knew he had a vocation. In one moment of illumination a Voice said to him: " I have set thee down on purpose, for I have something more than ordinary for thee to do." " It is written in the Scripture: The fathers to the children shall make known the truth of God. Yea, *it was* for this very reason," he says, " I lay so long at Sinai, to see the Fire and the Cloud, and the Darkness. That I might fear the Lord all the days of my life upon Earth, and tell of His wondrous Works unto my Children." He was persuaded that " the Holy Ghost never intended that men who have Gifts and Abilities should bury them in the earth. Wherefore," he adds, " though myself of all the Saints the most unworthy, yet I, but with great fear and trembling at the sight of my own weakness, did set upon the work, which when the country understood, they came to hear by hundreds, and that from all parts, though upon sundry and divers accounts." But he who dreamed to such purpose never dreamed how much God meant him to accomplish. " The history of literature is full of surprises," writes Mr.

Augustine Birrell, " but none of them is more surprising than this pre-eminence of Bunyan after three hundred years. At the present moment, whatever it may be a hundred years hence, Bunyan is as widely known through English-speaking nations as an author as either Shakespeare or Milton. And if some personal acquaintance with the contents of an author's literary work is demanded beyond the mere sound of his name, Bunyan might possibly head the poll."

5. During his own life Bunyan had, of course, a very considerable fame. Three thousand people would come to hear him preach in London on occasion, and his books, especially *The Pilgrim's Progress*, had a very wide circulation, but it was chiefly among the lowly. The other famous preachers of his time seem to have been scarcely aware of his existence. Richard Baxter and John Howe took no notice of him. An honourable exception was Dr. John Owen, who invited him to preach in his church; and when he was asked by Charles II how he, with so much learning, could hear a tinker preach, he replied: " May it please your Majesty, had I had the tinker's ability I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

6. The rhymed preface to the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* relates how the first part had been welcomed not only in Bunyan's own country, but in France and Flanders, and even in New England, where it had been issued in ornate binding. But for the most part his books were poorly printed on cheap paper and were quickly worn out by hard reading, consequently few copies remain. Less than a dozen copies of the first edition of *The Pilgrim* are known to survive. In July, 1926, one uncut, unread, was sold by public auction for no less than £6,800, but for technical reasons this was withdrawn, and the book was afterwards sold privately.

7. Macaulay, in his *History of England*, says: " His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the laboured discourses of the great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated amongst the humbler classes; one of them, *The*

Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during nearly a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artizans before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length his critics condescended to enquire where the secret of so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, and Shakespeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."

8. In spite of the delight of the "cottagers and artizans," the centenary of Bunyan's birth seems to have passed without recognition; indeed, meanwhile the editions of his books steadily deteriorated, each issue being worse in style than its predecessor. But in 1728, the centenary year, whether by coincidence or design, the publisher issued the two and twentieth edition of the great dream, adorned with twenty-two copper-plate engravings, saying "that some persons of distinction and piety had proposed that it might be sent into the world in the handsome manner it now appears."

9. As the centenary occurred only forty years after his death it was not surprising that it evoked little notice, but the centenary of his death in 1788 seems to have aroused none at all, although in 1768 George Whitefield edited two volumes of his works containing forty-nine treatises. But distinguished people were beginning to waken to his worth. Boswell records that Dr. Johnson praised *The Pilgrim's Progress* as a work of "great merit, both for invention and imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has the best evidence of its merit, the general and continual approval of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale."

10. In the bicentenary year, 1828, there seems to have been general apathy, little being said, and nothing done save the publication of two editions of the great Allegory, one in London and one in New York.

11. But the century that followed, the century now ending, witnessed a great and general revival of interest, and a widened appreciation of the treasure committed to our care. Writer after writer gave estimate of its worth, publisher competed with publisher to secure its acceptance. *The Pilgrim's Progress* became famous, not only as a book for children, who, to tell the truth, had hitherto been more interested in the quaint wood-cuts that accompanied the story than in the text itself; it ceased to be put on a level with *Jack the Giant Killer*, and was welcomed as a reasoned romance of the Christian life. Adverse criticism of the dream was yet heard, is heard still. Dr. Parr, the Master of Harrow, "who filled eight volumes with bad English, had the effrontery to call him an illiterate tinker." Even the poet Cowper was, for some reason, disinclined to mention Bunyan by name. All he says is:

> "Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale,
> Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,
>
> * * * * *
>
> I name thee not, lest so despised a name,
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

12. The man who would sneer to-day would condemn himself as an ignoramus. We rather strain invention to do honour to the memory of him who has given us so much. Even Cowper ends by saying:

> "Revere the man whose Pilgrim marks the road,
> And guides the Progress of the soul to God."

The first complete edition of the whole sixty of Bunyan's works was published in 1855 in three large volumes, having been collected and edited by Mr. George Offor, to whom all

Bunyan lovers will ever be indebted. Mr. Offor spared neither pains nor expense in producing the volumes; his own notes reveal his personal devotion, and he is so meticulously careful to produce the original with accuracy, that he explains at length even the alteration of a vowel. In 1905 a large stained-glass window; chiefly the gift of his American admirers, was placed in Westminster Abbey; in Southwark, where he occasionally preached, there is a stained-glass window in St. Saviour's Church; Elstow Church possesses two windows, and in this year of the tercentenary, 1928, when The Baptist World Congress meets in Toronto in June, a stained-glass window, the gift of the Baptists of the world, will be presented in Canada to McMaster University. New biographies are being issued at intervals, and the whole of the Press is loud in his praise. He has even been welcomed as "the greatest religious genius of his race."

13. Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, whose biography must always be pre-eminent, has done for Bunyan what Carlyle did for Cromwell, taking the pains to trace the intricate story of his life and to set it in true perspective. In passing, we may note the singular fact that with all his worship of "heroes," Carlyle gave Bunyan scarcely any notice. The only reference is in a footnote after the great letter that Cromwell sent to the Speaker of the House of Commons, to record the battle of Naseby, which itself was quite of a piece with Bunyan's own mind. All he says is: "John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester, not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather without the matchlock just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day." But if he was there it was *The Holy War* he was acting not the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

14. A more recent biographer, Mr. Gwilym O. Griffith, who has given us a fine study of *The Human Life of John Bunyan*, suggests that "if any biographer were one day to essay a biography which should reverse the prescribed method, and work backward from tomb to cradle, he

might find Bunyan's career a fit subject for experiment. For so to study his life would be to come in advance upon the justifying clue which threads the early labyrinthine miseries." That is well said, especially good in that it takes the existence of a justifying clue for granted, but it does not go far enough. Really to find the clue, we need to go back, not from the tomb but from the triumph of to-day to what Macaulay calls "his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstacy." In the growing fruitage of his life, God's meaning in those early days grows clearer. And the end is not yet.

15. "The Bunyan who has outlived his tercentenary," to quote Mr. Augustine Birrell again, "can only be accounted for by the possession (how come by we cannot say) of a vivid and sane imagination operating night and day upon a vision of human life, and the destiny of man derived from certain conceptions of religion built up on the English Bible, of which he was a walking Concordance." Well, we shall see. Browning dares to say how he obtained that great possession, and declares that it was because in a very high sense he was "possessed."

> His language was not ours:
> 'Tis my belief God spoke,
> No tinker hath such powers.

II. *His Appeal*

Two questions now arise. Suppose the experiment were to be repeated (and indeed for the benefit of future ages, for aught we know, it may be in process of repetition even at this hour) from what gifts and discipline might similar results be achieved? And then, "Why does Bunyan make such a wonderful appeal to people to-day?" Let us take the questions in inverse order.

16. If we seek the fascination of Bunyan's appeal, we find it first of all in the fact that, whatever the perils of our pilgrimage, he makes it clear that there is a Celestial

City, and that honest pilgrims are sure to arrive. The assurance of immortality touches this generation to the quick. In all generations people have been passing over, but for the most part it has been silently and singly; in these days millions have been cut down before our eyes, and people want to know if that is the end. Has the light that made these sons of ours so brilliant sunk into eternal darkness? Have those blithe hearts had their hopes quenched for ever? Have those buoyant feet walked over the precipice into oblivion? It cannot be. Bunyan assures us that it cannot be, and though in one lurid sentence at the end of his first dream he warns us: "Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction," he makes it certain that all true pilgrims reach the heavenly city, and he tells us of it in a way that wins our faith and brightens our horizon. Hopeful says to Christian, as they enter the water that lies between: "Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom, and it is good." Mr. Valiant-for-Truth comes to the river side and "as he went down deeper he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?'—So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." When the pilgrims passed in "all the bells of the city rang for joy," and through the open gate streamed forth the glory "which when I had seen, I wished myself among them." Mark Rutherford's thought that from our own experience we can follow the pilgrim along the windings of the road, but are not sure, as Bunyan was, that he will at last reach the Celestial City, strikes no answering chord in our heart. There is no doubt as to the end of the pilgrimage.

17. Nor is there any doubt as to the end of the Holy War. "For yet a little, O my Mansoul, even after a few more times are gone over thy head, I will (but be not troubled at what I say), take down this famous town of Mansoul, stick and stone to the ground. And will carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into mine own country, even into the kingdom of my

Father; and will set it up in such strength and glory as it never did see in the Kingdom where it is now placed. I will even set it up for my Father's habitation for, for that purpose it was first erected in the Kingdom of the Universe."

18. Scarcely less strong is the appeal Bunyan makes when he speaks of the City of Destruction. The easy assurance that the world is hastening to days of richness and repose is gone. Where the world is richest there is the most unrest, and men are already beginning to whisper of a possible war that will annihilate civilization; they are beginning to think that it is time to put our fingers in our ears, and if possible, flee from the wrath to come. But Mr. Worldly-Wiseman cannot tell us the way. In the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, a great piece of writing—of which a superb edition, with some fine illustrations, was published in 1900, only two hundred copies being printed, half for Britain and half for America—Bunyan holds up the mirror to this century as well as to his own; three hundred years have not improved the moral tone a jot. And yet it is not the notorious sinners who are warned of their danger, they know it without warning; it is the sins of the heart that are apprehended as traitors. Even Mr. George Bernard Shaw, one side of whose face is that of a scholar and the other that of a humorist, says in the Preface to *Man and Superman:* "Bunyan's perception that righteousness is filthy rags, his scorn of Mr. Legality in the village of Morality, his defiance of the Church as the supplanter of religion, his insistence on courage as the virtue of virtues, his estimate of the career of the conventionally respectable and sensible Mr. Worldly-Wiseman as no better at bottom than the life and death of Mr. Badman," are the things that commend themselves to his experienced mind.

19. The third appeal then is that Bunyan does not blink the question of sin, as nearly all the would-be world-reformers do. And he tells us that sin is not a matter of circumstance or condition—the burden is on the man's back and he cannot untie it. Yet sin itself does not make

a man flee for refuge, the burden is not sin, but the conviction of sin. In early life, in the midst of one of his games, he says: "A Voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?'" and he quaintly adds: "At this I was put to an exceeding Maze." But shortly afterwards, he concluded that for him it was now too late to look after Heaven. "Therefore I resolved in my mind I would go on in sin. For, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable. Miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned, and if it must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as damned for a few. Wherefore I found within me a great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it." You see, he knows the modern mind. In some ways he reminds us of Augustine's prayer: "Lord, save me, but not yet." But when sin was really brought home to his conscience, when he discovered what so many never suspect, that the sinner is worse than his sin just as the cause must always be greater than the effect, he realized that sin was a load and not a toy. And most men at times have a haunting suspicion that all is not well, that they are saddled with a burden they cannot lay down, that they have yielded Mansoul to a deceiver "feigning of things that never will be, and promising of that to them which they will never find." Bunyan appeals at such times because he plainly states the fact, and as plainly indicates the only way of escape.

III. *His Characteristics.*

The next question is: granted such a man as is needed for such a work, what causes and experiences will be likely to conspire to produce him?

2o. Is it necessary, we may ask, for him to be poor? And the answer is that probably he will be poor, or at any

rate he will become poor if he is to be greatly useful. Jesus was poor, and Bunyan was poor. I have indeed suggested to The Baptist World Alliance, with its memory of such leaders as Bunyan and Carey, that if it wants a coat of arms, it might have a design with a Carpenter in the centre supported on either side by a tinker and a cobbler.

21. But whether poor or not, our prophet must be well born, must have a strong nature, with a rich imagination and a deep vein of sentiment. And he must learn to work, it is this that makes it probable that he shall be poor. God never uses an idle man who lays waste his powers. The discipline of toil, the sweat of body and of mind, is necessary to the enlargement of the spirit. So our hero must be a craftsman, and an artist of sorts rather than merely an artizan.

22. And he must suffer, since pain is part of God's plan. If he is to be used greatly, he will suffer greatly. There are things that even God cannot do for us unless He allows us to suffer. He cannot have the result of a process without the process. This man of ours will be tossed up and down in his mind, he will have the experience of a dozen ordinary mortals, will know raptures and not be unacquainted with despair. He will be again and again buffeted and beaten and burnt. As man toughens metal, God tempers man.

23. And he must love, love that he may be tender, love so that he can sympathize, for the man we need must be gentle, a gentleman. His love will be both his joy and his cross, and give an exquisiteness to his suffering it else might lack.

24. Moreover, he will have to be born in a great epoch ; when there are great thoughts in the minds of the people and stirring events in his nation. He must not be placed in a dark age nor in a stagnant time, and though he must feel the impact of his day he must be shut away from it. If he is to influence men he must be apart from them ; if he is to raise them he must be above them.

25. And if he is to influence them by speech, and

if his influence is to reach beyond his own day, his opportunity must come when the language of his nation has reached its highest level, when it is expressed in its most musical form, when it is available to the common people. At a period, for instance, as that in which the Bible was given in such massive speech to the people of England, and long enough after it to allow its music to have reached their heart.

26. To be perfectly fitted for his high task our hero must have one thing more, the seventh mingling with the other six, for it will be the combination of qualities that will fit him for his high vocation. Somehow he must have attained to a great sense of reality, he must have reached the eternal essence of things, and have that spiritual certainty which in differing phrase is the joy of all the saints.

The man emerges—John Bunyan.

CHAPTER TWO

BUNYAN IN HIS OWN DAY

I. *Early Years*

27. The thing that surprises most people about Bunyan when they first hear it, is that he had red hair—not aggressively red, but still red—mixed with grey in his later years, but still brown-red. We are so accustomed to see his portrait in black and white that instinctively we think of him as dark, like most of those around him. But in his village home at Elstow he would be almost singular, and when in later years he wore his hair long, he would be anywhere remarkable. The glowing hair was the emblem and evidence of an ardent nature ; he could do nothing by halves, in anything he undertook he would be whole-hearted. He was more the child of the Sun than of the Earth.

28. The date of his birth is unknown. All we know is that he was christened in the Parish Church of Elstow on the 30th of November, 1628, so probably he was born in that month ; and he died on the 31st of August, 1688. During his sixty years he wrote sixty books and treatises. But in his undisciplined boyhood there was no promise of his great career ; his father sent him to school, where he learned to read and write, but he afterward confesses : " I did soon lose that little I learned, and that almost utterly," and when he began to write his books it was with a very laboured hand. It has been conjectured that he came of gipsy stock, seeing that his father was a tinker, since that was the trade frequently followed by that wandering race, but other conjectures are easily possible. Mr. F. Mott-Harrison, in the recent edition of *John Bunyan*, by Dr.

John Brown, says quite pertinently: "The fact that his family can be traced back in Bedfordshire for four hundred years makes speculation on these lines unnecessary." Anyhow, the lad was largely left to his own devices, with the inevitable result in such a nature—the red-haired boy of the village became the ring-leader in all sorts of mischief, rowdy, impudent, what would be called in Ireland "a corner boy," almost a hooligan.

29. "From a child," he says, "I had few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." There is no need to go beyond this statement. He speaks of himself afterward as the chief of sinners, but so did Paul, and a man's estimate of his own sin is to be judged, not by the volume of it, but by the distance between his deed and his ideal; a decent man with a high vision will think himself a greater sinner than a brutal man will think himself who has a low vision, or no vision. The sense of sin, as with the saintly George Herbert, is often to be measured by the keenness of the sensibility. Oliver Cromwell exclaims: "You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light. I hated goodness." Yet his sins were probably but the exuberance of youth. In *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved*, Bunyan himself says: "A sinner may be comparatively a little sinner, and sensibly a great one. There are two sorts of greatness in sin: greatness by reason of number, greatness by reason of the thoroughness of the conviction of the terrible nature of sin. In the last sense, he that hath but one sin, if such a man could be found, may, in his own eyes, find himself the biggest sinner in the world." John Bunyan was not unchaste; he tells us that in plain words, nor was he dishonest nor a drunkard. Paul got through all the commandments without condemnation, until he came to the tenth ("I had not known sin if the law had not said: 'Thou shalt not covet'"), but Bunyan got no further than the third, and there he made a bad break and gloried in it, as he also gloried in his heedlessness of the fourth. There is a story told of him that once when in the disguise

of a waggoner, he was met by a constable; the latter asked him if he knew "that devil of a fellow, Bunyan?" To which, Bunyan answered: "Know him! You might well call him a devil if you knew him as well as I once did." In *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, he possibly reveals part of his own early life, but that can only be incidental, since he pictures Badman as the child of pious parents, which his own certainly were not. But in trying to read his nature from his portrait, with its fine head and impressive presence, the conviction is forced upon us that there must have been a "throw-back" to an earlier ancestry, and Mark Rutherford voices our feelings in saying that his face is the face of a poet, and in its proper sense that of an aristocrat, and it might be that of a great admiral or general.

30. Naturally he followed the family trade, but when he was sixteen his mother died, and a third wife took her place in the home. In the midst of this unsettlement a call came from Parliament that "the City of Bedford, within fourteen days, shall send unto the garrison at Newport 225 able and armed men for souldiers," and to Newport Pagnell, Bunyan went. He remained in the army from November, 1644, until June, 1647, was perhaps transferred to Leicester during that time, his experience there possibly contributing afterwards to the realism of his descriptions in *The Holy War*. There is a traditional story that while on duty on the city wall during the siege in June, 1645, another soldier for some reason exchanged places with him, and was killed.

31. For two or three years after he was disbanded from the army, we lose sight of him. Guildford and Shalford, in Surrey, both claim that he resided there, and at Shalford there is the "Pilgrim Way," which they think possibly may have suggested the title of his great book. But this is improbable. When he was about twenty he married, but where and to whom we have no knowledge. His young wife must have been a gracious woman, and have done much to calm the turbulent spirit of her husband. They came together "as poor as poor might be, not so

much as a dish or spoon between us both." In her trunk, his bride brought two books of devotion, *The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Pietie*, the reading of which made Bunyan a changed man. From his cottage in Elstow, which may still be seen, he regularly accompanied her to church, and the wondering neighbourhood saw this former scorner become sedate and worshipful. They were amazed, he says, " at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life." He regarded the clergy almost with awe. " I could have lain down at their feet and been trampled upon by them," he says, " their Name, their Garb and Work did so intoxicate and bewitch me." And all through his life he never lost this sense of reverence for their sacred office.

32. His own account of the change runs : " Wherefore I fell to some outward *Reformation*, both in my words and life, and *did set the Commandments before me as my way to Heaven*, which Commandments I did also strive to keep, and as I thought, did keep them pretty well, *sometimes*, and then I should have comfort ! Yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my *conscience;* but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and then get help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in *England*. Thus I continued for about a year."

33. We should like to know more about that quiet young wife. Was her name the same as that of her blind daughter Mary, of whom her father was so pathetically fond, or was it Mercy, like the friend of Christiana in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, to whom the Interpreter said : " Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth ; thou art a Ruth, who did for the love she bare to Naomi, and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out and go to a people that she knew not heretofore." Did Bunyan think of his young wife when he wrote those words ? But whether the name was Mary or Mercy, he and she lived together until 1655, when she was called as gently from

his side as she had come to it, leaving to his care their four children, Mary, Elizabeth, John and Thomas. It has been surmised that the description of the passing of Christiana, in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, recalls the death of their mother; the last words Christiana was heard to say were: "I come, Lord, to be with Thee and bless Thee." His wife was with him through all the years he was tortured in spirit, and, suffering with him, must have often coaxed him back to calmness of mind. How much she did for him and for the church she never knew on earth, though doubtless she knows something of it now. She is one of the world's nameless benefactors, and is to be remembered with gratitude.

34. "Partly to please his young wife, who had been better brought up than her husband, partly to soothe her conscience for marrying such a man, he held a sort of family worship with her, especially on Sabbath nights. But all the time, his Sabbath night readings in his wife's good books, and his saying a prayer with her, all that was no better than hanging up some of his father's old horse-shoes at the door so as to keep away all approaching ghosts during the night."

II. *The Five Dark Years*

35. The final paragraph in the last section is from Dr. Alexander Whyte. In another connection, he says: "An easy conversion is usually followed by an easy sanctification, and a fierce and soul-crushing conversion is usually followed by a fierce and soul-crushing sanctification. In all my reading, I have only come upon three cases of sanctification of a fierceness and crushingness worthy to be set beside that of John Bunyan. Thomas Halyburton, Alexander Brodie of Brodie, and James Frazer of Brea. The sword of truth and love and holiness was driven through and through the sinful hearts of those four elect men, and that divine sword turned

every way in their sinful hearts till it laid them down dead men every day all the days of their life on earth."

36. In his Preface to *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, which for depth of spiritual analysis is really his masterpiece, fit to be put alongside Augustine, William Law and Thomas à Kempis, he says: "I could also have stepped into a Style much higher than this in which I have here Discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do, but I dare not. God did not play in convincing of me; the devil did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell got hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."

37. His first conviction was when Parson Hall preached on Sabbath-breaking, which he says in unforgettable phrase: "for that instant did benumb the Sinews of my best Delights." But he shook off the load on his conscience by eating a good dinner, and in the afternoon returned to his sport. In the midst of the game of Cat "having struck it one blow from the Holes, just as I was about to strike it a second time, a Voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul." We have already heard the message, and Mr. Gwilym O. Griffith makes the most pregnant comment on the incident. "What we now understand is, that in Bunyan's soul, and for that instant between the first and second blow, eternity took the place of time." For the second time that day he silenced his accusing conscience, but soon afterwards, and for about a year he sought to make compromise with God. He had taken much delight in ringing the church bells; this he renounced. But he still went to see the ringing for a while, until he feared as to what would happen if the bells should fall. Then he contented himself with standing at the steeple door, but a new fear pursued him. What if the steeple were to fall? Finally he was forced to flee. But he never got away from his delight in the ringing of bells; in both his allegories, when bells may ring, he sets them ringing, and it would be an

interesting exercise for young people to discover how often their music is heard.

38. Of his habit of swearing, which seemed to be engrained into his nature, he was cured on the instant and that by a very unlikely ministry. He was standing at a shop window cursing and swearing, as he tells us, like a madman, and for no particular reason. It was only after his wonted manner. The woman of the house, although herself disreputable, said it made her tremble to hear him, "and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she had ever heard in her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the Youth of the whole Town, if they came but in my Company." The shock of the rebuke severed him from that sin. He hung his head and wished with all his heart that he might be a little child again. "All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my Sports and Play."

39. "Upon a day the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford to work at my calling." Bunyan, in *Grace Abounding*, dates one of the notable helps in his search for God. He tells us of three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about God. "They spake as if God did make them speak; they spake in such pleasantness of Scripture Language, and with such appearance of grace for all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new World, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their neighbours." In the description Bunyan gives of it, Alexander Whyte admires both the style and the genius and declares that we know these poor women "far better than if we had lived next door to them all our days." The paragraph need not be quoted in full here, for it is to be hoped that in this tercentenary year many will read this story of the heart—which can be purchased cheaply—for themselves. But where did Bunyan get his style and his genius? The style from the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, all the books he possessed, the genius as a special gift from God. The tinker was a thinker. That great master of English, Mr. Gladstone,

confessed: "*The Pilgrim's Progress* took a great and fascinating hold upon me, so that anything which I wrote was insensibly moulded in its style." Bunyan goes on to tell us that he often sought the company of these poor People, "And the more I went among them the more I did question my Condition."

40. Then he had a dream in which he saw these women sitting on the sunny side of some high mountain while he was shivering and shrinking in the cold, but at length he saw a gap in the wall that compassed the mountain and at last with great striving he got through, and for many days he was comforted. When he was perplexed again the sentence was given to him. "Look at the generations of Old and see; did ever any trust in God and were confounded?" For about a year he searched the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to see if he could find that saying, and asked this good man and that, but without success. "At last, casting my eye into the Apocrypha, I found it in Ecclesiasticus," and he took the joy of it because it was the sum of many promises in the canonical scriptures.

41. Depressed once more, he says: "In this condition I went a great while, but when comforting time was come" (is not that beautiful?) "I heard one preach a Sermon upon these words in the Song, 'Behold thou art fair, my Love; behold thou art fair.' Then I began to give place to the Word, which with power, did over and over again make this joyful sound within my soul, 'Thou art my Love, thou art my Love, and nothing shall separate thee from my Love.'" But within forty days he began to question it all again. For about a year he could not attend any of the Ordinances of God. How deep was his distress and how great his capacity for joy may be guessed, when we read that musing by his own fireside on some Scriptures he was once and twice ready to swoon as he sat, yet not with trouble but with solid joy and peace.

42. For a year he was pursued with the temptation to sell Christ, "Sell Him, sell Him." Then for about two years he imagined that he was like Esau who had sold

his birthright. "So I thought that all things wrought for my damage and my eternal overthrow." It was all real to him; one day, as he was on his knees, it was as if one clapped him on the back and said, "O man, great is thy faith," but it took him six months to believe it. At another time, the words sounded in his heart, "He is able." "But methought this word 'able' was spoke loud unto me; it showed me such a great word, it seemed to be writ in such great letters and gave such a jostle to my fear and doubt as I never had from that all my life, either before or after."

43. At length there came complete deliverance. "Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed." The word that wrought the miracle came to him as he was passing in the field. "Thy righteousness is in Heaven." "Now I could look from myself to Him and should reckon that all these Graces of God that were now green on me, were yet but like these crack-groats and fourpence-halfpennies the rich men carry in their Purses, when their Gold is in their Trunks at home! Oh! I saw my Gold was in my Trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Saviour." And he adds that all these blessed considerations of Scripture "were in these days made to spangle in mine eyes."

III. *The Five Bright Years*

44. It has been well said that "Bunyan was a child of the Storm." When a strong current is met by an opposing wind there is sure to be rough water. In Bunyan's days England was being re-born, and the pangs of the process had seized the nation. Happily, in 1611, the Bible had been given in the incomparable version which is still authorized, and will continue to be used by those who value great words as long as the English language exists—which will be, we may suppose, until we all gain the Celestial City. In 1616, Shakespeare died, and Milton was Bunyan's contemporary. In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* to

gain freedom to worship God after their own conscience. So there was the preparation for light and liberty.

45. In the year of Bunyan's birth, Cromwell was sent to London to represent Huntingdon, in the third stormy Parliament of Charles I. On June 14th, 1645 (a date ever to be remembered), he led the Parliament forces to victory at Naseby, the great battle which secured the liberties of England for all time, and on January 30th, 1649, King Charles was executed, so ending the tyranny of kings. In 1653, Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector of England, and he died on September 3rd, 1658. Charles II landed again in England on May 26th, 1660, and until 1685 the Restoration lasted with its bias towards Romanism and its fluctuating fortunes. In 1662, the Act of Uniformity, which sought to drive everybody into the episcopal church, was passed, and on St. Bartholomew's Day two thousand clergy, a fifth of the whole, were banished from their parishes. James followed as King until November the 4th, 1688, when he fled before his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, under whom the Protestant faith was declared to be the faith of England, since when there has never been civil war in the land. Bunyan almost lived to see the overthrow of both Giant Pope and Giant Pagan, of whom he speaks in his great book. From some Pisgah height, perhaps, he had a glimpse of it. At any rate he lived through all this tremendous transition time.

46. Of all these happenings he takes no notice in his writings, probably took no notice of them in his preaching. The Plague of London occurred while he was writing *The Pilgrim's Progress* in 1665, and the Fire of London, which destroyed no less than eight churches, in 1666, but there is not even an echo of either in his book. His was a fiercer battle in his own soul, a greater treachery in his own heart, a deeper plague and a swifter fire in his own city; the world was behind him and his eyes were up to Heaven and Eternity; but he must have known these events and they must have made a deep impression on his life. About the year 1653, he came to peace with God and with his con-

science, and the following five years established him in the faith, light broke through his darkness, and order appeared in the chaos of his soul. When *The Pilgrim's Progress* was being written, Newton came to the conclusion that the motions of the sun and moon were in accordance with the laws of gravitation ; Bunyan's heaven became ordered earlier. " But at the last, as I may say, when the set time was come," he writes in *The Doctrine of the Law and Grace*, " the Lord, just before the Quakers came to this country, did set me down blessedly in the doctrine of Jesus Christ." The Quakers came in 1654, and Bunyan joined the worshipping assembly at Bedford in 1653 perhaps. He was greatly helped thereto by John Gifford, the minister of the church, who himself had an adventurous career, and a very pronounced conversion. The women whose conversation had been so blessed to Bunyan attended his ministry, and to his great advantage Bunyan followed them. Gifford was the original of Evangelist in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and he was of considerable benefit to Bunyan, not only pointing him the way, but instructing him in it, and that not only by public ministry, but by personal contact. Bunyan had sought his help while still subject to his gusts of doubt, probably in his twenty-third year ; he began to attend his church regularly and gained his friendship, visiting his house on occasion. In 1653, Gifford baptized him in the River Ouse. The spiritual experiences of the two men were diverse. Gifford, by a sudden illumination, had life completely transformed ; Bunyan, by painful discipline, was led to faith ; Gifford had but a short service, while Bunyan was destined to know how great things God would call him to suffer for Christ's sake. But to understand Bunyan we must remember Gifford.

47. The year 1655 is to be remembered for four events. His wife died ; John Gifford died ; he moved his home from Elstow to Bedford ; he began preaching. He was now twenty-seven years old, and he was ready to face his life work. Still pursuing his trade, making and mending utensils, as Paul made and mended tents, the

fire that burned in his heart would not let him be silent' The little band of disciples, now without a shepherd. needed such help as was available, and with much trembling Bunyan began to speak to them. He was cruelly conscious of his deficiencies, his lack of education, and his humble station, but as John Burton, who came as Gifford's successor, put it, though he was without human learning he had three heavenly degrees: "union with Christ, the anointing of the Spirit, and experiences of the temptation of Satan, which do more to fit a man for that mighty work of preaching the Gospel than all university learning and degrees that can be had." Almost immediately he had large acceptance with the people, preached to crowds in front of the Moot Hall at Bedford, and soon went further afield.

48. It was after he had been "five or six years awakened and helped to see the want and worth of Jesus," and felt that God had given him utterance to express what he saw for edification that he did evidently find in his mind a secret pricking forward thereto. He tells us that he preached what he felt. He saw that he was not ordained to meddle in controversy (though he seems to have forgotten this afterwards in some of his least useful writings) but "to carry an awakening word," and he counted himself more blessed and honoured of God by this "than if He had made me Emperor of the Christian World, or the Lord of all the glory of the Earth without it." But he did not always go to the service with joy. We can almost see him as he goes to it when he says "I went myself in Chains to preach to them in Chains; and carried that Fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror to the Pulpit door, and then it hath been taken off; and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work." Sometimes, however, he scarcely knew or remembered what he had been about and felt that "his head had been in a bag all the time of the Exercise"; sometimes he found, what is a frequent

experience of preachers who are led of the Spirit, that " a Word cast in by the bye hath done more execution in a Sermon than all that was spoken beside " ; and sometimes he was like Samson, in condemning sin, he brought a load of guilt upon his own conscience. It was ever his desire in fulfilling his ministry to get into the darkest places of the country, " neither could I be satisfied unless some fruits did appear in my Work. If I were fruitless it mattered not who commended me ; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn." Those are brave words, but he went even further : " I did often say in my heart before the Lord, That if to be hanged up before their Eye would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the Truth, I should gladly be content." It was not often that he preached in chains ; he sometimes felt as if an angel of God were standing at his back to encourage him, and again, to use his own words, great words : " I could not be contented with saying I believe and am sure ; methought I was *more than sure* (if it be lawful so to express myself) that these things which I asserted were true." A race of preachers of that kind in these days would soon turn the world upside down. The secret of it all was that he himself had come into contact with God. " I will not speak all that I know in this matter, yet my experience hath most interest in that text of scripture, Gal. I. 11, 12, than many amongst men are aware." He does not transcribe the verses but perhaps readers would like to have them here. " But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Again I venture to say, like Paul, like Bunyan.

IV. *The Prison Years*

49. His own account of it is that " Having made profession of the Glorious Gospel of Christ for a long time, and preached the same about five years, I was appre-

hended at a Meeting of good People in the Country (among whom had they let me alone, I should have preached that day, but they took me away from amongst them) and took me before a Justice; who after I had offered security for my appearing at the next Sessions, yet committed me, because my Sureties would not be bound that I should preach no more to the People." In due course he appeared at the sessions, and then, with a delightful touch of naïveté, he says: "I was had *home to Prison* again and there have lain now complete twelve years, waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do to me." He spent a fifth of his life in prison.

50. It was on the 12th of November, 1660, when he went, according to his promise, to preach at Samsall by Harlington, in Bedfordshire, that Mr. Francis Wingate issued a warrant for his apprehension. The Act of Uniformity had not yet been passed, but there was an old statute, prohibiting Conventicles, which served the purpose of those who desired to stamp out Nonconformity. He could easily have escaped arrest, as some of his friends advised him to do, but he answered: "No, by no means, I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is of God. We need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's Word, it is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." He argued that if he ran he would seriously discourage those who were newly converted, and that the world would count him a coward and have blasphemed the gospel. So though he knew it was a forlorn hope, he stood his ground, and willingly faced the worst "to confirm the Truth by way of Suffering, as I was before in testifying of it according to the Scriptures in a way of Preaching." He was a volunteer, not a pressed man.

51. He began the meeting but could not proceed because the constable came in with the warrant to take him to the magistrate, who, however, was not at home that day. So one of Bunyan's friends engaged to bring him to the constable on the morrow, and on the morrow he

was taken to Mr. Francis Wingate, who insisted that he should give up preaching. To whom Bunyan replied that he would not leave preaching the word of God, and the Justice withdrew to make the order for his committal to gaol. While that was a-making, a Dr. Lindale came into the room and taunting him in reviling terms sought to convince him that he had no right to preach ; and Bunyan answered with great discretion, but to no purpose. On the way to prison he was told that if he would only say a form of words he might be released, and was taken back again to the Justice. There was a Mr. Foster, who pretended at first to be his friend, and assured him that if he would promise not to call the people together he might have his liberty and go home. In the light of the candle they debated the matter, but, of course, Bunyan who got the better of the arguments, refused. " And verily," he says, " as I was going forth of the doors I had much ado to forbear saying to them that I carried the peace of God along with me ; but I held my peace, and blessed by God went away to prison, with God's comfort in my poor Soul."

52. After seven weeks he was brought before the Quarter Sessions, and the discussion turned largely on the Common Prayer Book, which we know, said Sir John Kelynge, " hath been ever since the Apostles' time, and is lawful to be used in Church." In the midst of the argument, Bunyan asserts that God brought a text to his mind. " I say God brought it, for I thought not on it before ; but as he was speaking it came fresh into my mind, and was set so evidently before me, as if the Scripture had said, ' Take me, Take me ' " ; so when he had done speaking, Bunyan quoted the verse in the eighth chapter of Romans where it says that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and then, answering ignorance on its own level, he told the Justice to note that it was the Spirit not the Common Prayer Book which teaches us to pray, and helpeth our infirmities. The whole examination is interesting even to-day, and the end was that he was warned he must go to prison again, and if at the end of

three months he would not promise to forbear preaching he would be banished the realm, and if after that he were found in the country he must " stretch by the neck for it." To which the brave confessor replied that if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the gospel again to-morrow by the help of God. So he went home to prison again.

53. To his prison, after about twelve weeks, came the Clerk of the Peace, Mr. Paul Cobb, who showed himself very friendly, but sought in vain to shake Bunyan's purpose. He urged him to submit, to forego preaching and to do as much good as he could in a neighbourly way, and Bunyan replied that he dare not but exercise the gift that was in him, nor in answer to another suggestion, would he promise to forbear a while till they saw how things would go. He offered, so as to cut off all suspicion of his teaching, to give anyone the notes of his sermons, which he generally wrote out, it is said, after he had preached them, and at the end he answered: " Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one to do that which I, in my conscience, do believe that I am bound to do, actively; and where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to suffer what they do unto me."

54. Sometime before his imprisonment, probably in 1659, Bunyan had wisely married again, perhaps with a premonition that his children would need special care. His reticence on such subjects is characteristic. Elizabeth, his wife, made three attempts to present a petition on his behalf, and before Judge Hale, who treated her very kindly, she told that she had already made a journey to London to seek her husband's liberty, but she had been referred to the mid-summer assizes in August, 1661. Nothing but rebuff came of her brave pleadings. In giving an account of it to her husband she says: " Only this I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the Chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will

have to give at the Coming of the Lord." How little could the distressed, insulted wife have imagined, says Dr. Cheever, " that beneath the judge's ermine there was beating the heart of a child of God, a man of humility, integrity and prayer! How little could the great, the illustrious, and truly pious judge have dreamed that the man, the obscure tinker, whom he was suffering to lie in prison for want of a Writ of Error, would one day be the subject of greater admiration and praise than all the judges in the Kingdom of Great Britain."

55. Bunyan himself was greatly upheld in it all, but at times it seemed more than he could bear. " The parting with my Wife and poor Children hath often been to me," he says, " in this place as the pulling of the Flesh from my Bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great Mercies, but because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor Family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially *my poor blind child*, who lay nearer to my heart than all I had beside. But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God though it goeth to the quick to leave you. O, I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his House upon the Head of his Wife and Children; yet, I thought, I must do it, I must do it." But calm came to his heart when he was able to say: " I had also this Consideration, that if I should now venture all for God, I engaged God to take care of my Concernments."

56. His next experience he introduces with the quaint phrase: " I will tell you of a pretty business." This was nothing more than his fear that if he were to be brought to the gallows, he might only make a scrabbling shift to clamber up the ladder and he would be ashamed to die with a pale face or tottering knees for such a cause as this. After many weeks' trouble on this account he determined not to flinch a hair's breadth from the Word and the way of God. " Wherefore, thought I, the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my Eternal State with Christ, whether I have comfort or no. I will

leap off the Ladder even blindfolded into Eternity, sink or swim, come Heaven come Hell. Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do; if not I will venture for thy Name." But amid all his difficulties he had many "supports and encouragements," and he says that "were it lawful I could pray for greater trouble for the greater comfort's sake." And later still the word of the hero and martyr: "I have determined, the almighty God being my help and Shield, yet to Suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than to violate my faith and principles."

57. The words he used as to his attitude, even in his unregenerate days were true all his life: "I was never out of the Bible." A study of his writings is worth while if for no other object than to note how he brings even obscure bits of Scripture to bear on his subject. For instance, as we have seen, he began at Genesis and read to the end of Revelation, to see if there was any that trusted in the Lord and was confounded. There are three or four passages which seem to shut off hope from the backslider, "And I could hardly forbear at times," he says, "to wish them out of the book." But he found a better way than that: "I began to take encouragement to come close to them, to read them, and consider them, and to weigh their scope and tendency." And so he was delivered. "This made me with careful Heart and watchful Eye, with great seriousness to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every Sentence, together with its natural force and latitude; and even to leap into the bosom of that Promise that yet I feared did shut its heart against me." On the statue to his memory in Bedford, with fine instinct the words in the Interpreter's House in *The Pilgrim's Progress* are applied to Bunyan himself: "He had his eyes lifted up to Heaven, the Book of Books was in his hand, the law of Truth upon his lips, the World was behind his back, and he stood as if he pleaded with men." And it is worthy of note that the only other statue which adorns Bedford is that of John Howard, not a preacher but a

philanthropist, both named John, both "the Gift of Grace," as the name signifies.

58. The only place that the town, that is now proud to give him space for a statue, could from 1660 to 1672 offer him, was the county gaol at the corner of Silver Street and High Street. Twelve long years were spent in captivity for Christ's sake, with occasional permission granted him by an indulgent gaoler to visit his family or join his fellow worshippers; once, indeed, he was allowed even to go as far as London, but when this came to the Governor's ears the discipline became stricter. He was not idle, for as far as possible he desired to provide for his wife and children, and he managed to make "many hundreds of gross of long-tagged leather laces." It is even said that he made a flute from the leg of a chair. No doubt, his buoyant spirit would often find relief in song. He was not alone; one of his fellow prisoners bears witness that when he was there "above three score dissenters were there besides himself, by which means the prison was much crowded. Yet in the midst of all the hurry, which so many newcomers occasioned, I have heard Mr. Bunyan both preach and pray with the mighty spirit of faith and plerophory of divine assistance that he has made me to stand and wonder. There also I surveyed his library, the least, but yet the best that e'er I saw—the Bible and the *Book of Martyrs*."

59. Before his imprisonment, Bunyan had begun to write. His earliest treatise, in 1656, was characteristically *Some Gospel Truths Opened According to the Scriptures;* the next, in reply to a pamphlet which had controverted his doctrine, was *A Vindication of Gospel Truths*. His next production was *A Few Sighs from Hell*, or *The Groans of a Damned Soul*, by that poor and contemptible Servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan, 1658. In prison, he wrote at least twelve books, large and small, probably more, amongst them *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*.

60. When Charles II., in pursuance of his policy to favour the Roman Catholics, issued the Declaration of

Indulgence, dated March 15th, 1672, the prison doors opened not only for them but for all Nonconformists. Bunyan and his fellow prisoners, whose names had been by some misadventure, omitted from the list issued by the Privy Council, petitioned the King for their liberty, which was granted on May 8th. But the Church at Bedford, anticipating the favourable turn of events, on January 21st, 1672, did " with joyful consent call forth and appoint our brother John Bunyan to the pastoral office or eldership," and he, evidently present, accepted the call and received the right hand of fellowship.

V. *The Final Years*

61. When he was actually released there was " a great confluence " of people on the first Sunday to see and hear him, and those with spiritual discernment would detect a new note in his discourses. An early and discerning friend of Moody, who heard that great man in his later years, said that formerly his preaching had veins of gold in it, but now it was all gold. Judging by the specimens left to us, we may say the same of Bunyan. His style of preaching would not, indeed, appeal to the temper of our time, but his massive thought and his ability to apply even obscure Scriptures to every aspect of his subject, must have had tremendous power in his own day. Sometimes, when he seems to have driven his point home, he appears, judged by our standards, to hammer on until he is in danger of knocking the head off the nail ; but other times, other manners.

62. There is some difficulty in discovering when Bunyan received his licence to preach. Thomas Taylor, of London, in business in Gracechurch Street, who had formerly been minister in Bury St. Edmunds and elsewhere, made application for fifty-seven licences in six counties, thirty-six of these in Bedfordshire, of which fourteen were the first to receive attention. The last teacher of the first group is " John Bunyon," and his meet-

ing place in " Josias Roughead's " house in his orchard in Bedford. I quote now from the three great volumes of *Original Records of Early Nonconformity*, compiled by my cousin, George Lyon Turner, who gave the last years of his life solely to this work. He goes on to say : " We do not know how long before the application had been ' put in ' because the application form was not dated. In what follows we shall see reason for assigning the application to the 29th of April or the 1st of May or thereabouts, and Thomas Taylor's call for the licences, to some two or three days before the 10th of May."

63. " So we imagine Taylor allowed an interval of four or five days to elapse between his application for the licences and his call. When he goes, however, he finds only eleven licences ready out of the fifty-seven for which application had been made. The law is fulfilled : ' The last shall be first,' and ' John Bunyan in the house of Josiah Roughead in Bedford,' stands first. That his name and his chief associates had won notice at Whitehall even in 1672 is pretty evident." More than that, it is evident, since the General Pardon was only issued on May 8th " that John Taylor's multiplied efforts in London were for one who was still incarcerated in Bedford Gaol."

64. It must have been with mingled feelings that Bunyan appeared before the Mayor of Leicester to present his credentials on October 6th of that same year. The entry in the records of the city runs : " John Bunyan's licence bears date 15th of May, 1672, to teach as a Congregational person, being of that persuasion, in the house of Josias Roughead, Bedford, or in any other room or house licensed by His Majestie's Command," on which it may be remarked that as the Clerk was not very particular as to his spelling, he was probably astray also as to the date. It was much more likely to have been the 5th of May than the 15th. But it makes small difference to us now.

65. This raises the question whether Bunyan was a Baptist ? The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative. He was licensed as a Congregationalist first of all because

John Taylor had made application for him as "Congregationall." To quote G. Lyon Turner again, who is a competent authority: "Ritually, the Baptists were separate from the Congregationalists, ecclesiastically they were identical with them. All the Congregationalists who co-operated with John Bunyan, though they were really Baptists as regards the administration of the rite, refused to call themselves by a separate name and were called 'Congregationalists' in their licences in 1672." But Bunyan himself was baptized as a believer, and none of his children were baptized in infancy; the register in Elstow Church, of his daughter Elizabeth, is that she was *born* on April 14th, 1654. He had hot dispute with some Baptists of his day, but only on the question whether baptism was the door into the church, not as to the duty and the beauty of it. His affirmation was "That baptism with water is neither a bar nor bolt to communion of saints, nor a door nor inlet to communion of saints." He insists that the fitness for church membership should be judged "by the word of faith and of good works"; and adds a memorable clause: "Moral duties gospelized." In this connection an extract from *The Desire of the Righteous Granted* may be illuminating. "Christ made Himself known to them in the breaking of bread; who would not then, that loves to know Him, be present at such an ordinance? Oftentimes the Holy Ghost, in the comfortable influence of it, has accompanied the baptized in the very act of administering of it. Church fellowship rightly managed is the glory of the world." Doubtless, Bunyan was a Baptist, one of the earliest and one of the best.

66. He was now a power in the land. He had learned and he had suffered; people flocked to hear him; and he went far and wide preaching the gospel, the church at Bedford being responsible for his support. Possibly, like Goldsmith's village Pastor, "passing rich on forty pounds a year," he devoted himself to the visitation of his flock, and the exposition of the scripture. But he was soon called again to suffer. Parliament resisted the King's

Declaration of Indulgence, and repealed it the year after it was given, lest Rome should gain the ascendancy in England. Their action, of course, put Nonconformity of any sort under the ban of the law, and Bunyan's opponents were not long in taking advantage of it. In March, 1675, a writ signed by thirteen Justices was issued against him, still designating him "John Bunyon, Tynker," and he was again thrown into prison, this time the town gaol on the Bedford Bridge. John Howard, in 1788, describes it as about twelve feet square, as it occupied but one pier between the centre arches of the bridge. How properly does the poor pilgrim call it "a certain *Den*."

67. One of his recent biographers, Rev. R. H. Coats, who has largely entered into the spirit of the old saint, gives a vivid description of his surroundings during the six months of his second captivity. "Beneath him was the din of the world's traffic, the murmur of pedestrians, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the rumbling of carts and wagons, the swishing of water against stone piers, as the Ouse crept slowly eastward towards the Fens. But Bunyan, if he heard these things, heeded them not. His thoughts were with Christiana on the Delectable Mountains, or in the Land of Beulah, or in that soul-refreshing meadow that was curiously beautified with lilies and green all the year long." Mr. Mott-Harrison, who has revised and annotated the new edition of Dr. John Brown's biography, and is perhaps the leading Bunyan expert of the day, imagines that when his hero, tired out with his toils and anxieties, lay down on his hard couch, he literally dreamed the story of his Pilgrim and spent the rest of his imprisonment in putting his dream on paper. Perhaps that in itself is a dream. Anyhow, during those months he completed the story that has become immortal, the latter part of it evidently written in haste, as if hearing of his possible release he welcomed the seclusion of his prison and wished to finish his work before he was again set free.

68. At liberty again, with twelve more years before him, he loses no time in the doing of his Master's work,

preaching almost incessantly, riding far and near on his errands of mercy, up to London on occasion, where, before his death, twelve hundred people would gather to hear him as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and as Dr. Powicke relates " about three thousand to hear him one Lord's Day at a town's end meeting house," half of them being turned away. He writes his *Life and Death of Mr. Badman, The Holy War,* the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* and a sheaf of other works with which we need not now concern ourselves—one of them, *A Case of Conscience Resolved,* is in opposition to women meeting for worship alone. Bunyan was not always right. But he was always brave and devoted to his Lord, ready to go on errands for Him, or ready to wait—a much harder thing. He became a leading citizen of his own town ; honoured in the country ; influencing England for liberty in perilous times ; standing fast for the truth that was in him all the time.

69. Then the end. He was called to London and went by way of Reading to bring peace between a father who was a neighbour and a son who had earned his father's displeasure. Having succeeded in his errand he rides to London through excessive rains, and arrives at Mr. Strudwick's house in Holborn " extreme wet." Of course, he ought to have rested, especially as he had symptoms of a " sweating distemper " but he preaches in Whitechapel on Sunday, August 19th, and when he was back at his hospitable lodging it is evident that he will never preach again. There is some divergence as to dates in the records that have come to us, but there is little doubt that the valiant soldier of Christ was called to the Presence, on Friday the 31st August, 1688. Of the events of those closing days we know nothing who wish to know so much. His body was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, behind which in a little green plot sleeps George Fox, the Puritan and the Quaker at last at peace ; and just across the busy London thoroughfare John Wesley rests as quietly behind City Road Chapel.

70. At the meeting house in Bedford they gave them-

selves to prayer as they mourned the loss of their leader. To-day, a Bunyan Museum which ought to be more available, lends interest and dignity to the Church. To his wife he bequeathed all he possessed, including his little home ; to the Church and to the world, his legacy is immeasurable. We shall come to that in another chapter, but first we must consider, to use the words of R.L. Stevenson, the " homespun yet impassioned story " which has given him undying fame.

There is an epitaph, which Bunyan might well claim as his own, on another grave in Bunhill Cemetery, where lies buried one to whom we owe some of the great hymns.

JOSEPH HART
was, by the Free
and Sovereign Grace
and Spirit of God, raised up
from the depths of sin,
and delivered from
the bonds of mere profession
and self-righteousness,
and led to rest entirely
for Salvation in the
finished atonement and
perfect obedience of Christ.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ALLEGORIES

I. *The Pilgrim's Progress*

71. Bunyan tells us that " God in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand one day a Book of Martin Luther " and he added " I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the Books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience."

Others would make different choice. A great many would choose *The Book of Common Prayer* as most fit to be a companion to the Bible. Spurgeon has left it on record that for him *The Letters of Samuel Rutherford* are the nearest thing to divine inspiration after the Bible. But he had read *The Pilgrim's Progress* over a hundred times, and by common consent that is the book which comes next to the Scriptures. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The Religious Tract Society has issued it in no less than 120 versions. No important language is missing from the list, and it is justified in saying that " There are thousands of folk in obscure corners of the earth, who will never meet an Englishman in this life, but in the next there will be one Englishman whom they will greet as an old friend—John Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford." In many of the versions great interest is added by the delightful pictures of Harold Copping, and it is an open secret that in reading the story in order to illustrate it, he himself, with the memory of one of his ancestors who suffered as a martyr in Queen Elizabeth's time, became increasingly in sympathy with Bunyan's struggles and faith. The archives of the Society

contain the record of many other instances of lives changed by the story of the Pilgrim. The American Tract Society hopes this year to increase the number of its versions to twenty-five, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has issued three versions.

72. Because of its simple language it is one of the few books that can be translated without loss of appeal, but in its English dress it is most powerful. In his *Short History of the English People*, John Richard Green says: "In no book do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. His English is the simplest and homeliest English that has ever been used by any great English writer: but it is the English of the Bible. He has lived in the Bible till its words have become his own. He tells his tale with such perfect naturalness that allegories became living things, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to us as places we see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly-Wiseman as if we had met them in the street. It is in this amazing reality of impersonation that Bunyan's imaginative genius specially displays itself. But this is far from being his only excellence. In its range and in its directness, in its simple grace, in the ease with which it changes from lively dialogue to dramatic action, from simple pathos to passionate earnestness, in the subtle and delicate fancy which often suffuses its childish words, in its playful humour, its bold character painting, its even and balanced power, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is amongst the reallest of English poems. For if Puritanism had first discovered the poetry which contact with the spiritual world awakes in the meanest souls, Bunyan was the first of the Puritans who revealed the poetry to the outer world."

73. It is to be hoped that amid all the celebrations of the Tercentenary the greatest observance of the date will be the quiet reading of the story itself. Dr. J. H. Shakespeare told me that in his disablement the *Pilgrim's Progress* was the only book, besides the Bible, that he had

read to him, and that to his great comfort he went over it line by line. It is, of course, impossible in a volume like this to do more than draw attention to some of its outstanding features.

74. Of the features that perhaps may be called geographical, the first is *The City of Destruction*, from which, in spite of the pleadings of his family and the revilings of his friends, the Pilgrim fled, putting his fingers in his ears, and ran on crying 'Life, life, Eternal life.' But this is not the only place which pilgrims must forsake: in the second part of the Allegory, Mr. Honest, though loth to give his name, confesses that he comes from *The Town of Stupidity:* "it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction;" and Great-Heart responds: "I have often wondered that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than the City of Destruction itself." "Yes," says Honest, "we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless." So to begin with, we learn that insensibility is more hazardous than even fear. Bedford and Elstow are possibly the originals. Valiant-for-Truth came from Dark-land, that lies on the same coast as the City of Destruction. Beyond city and town lies *The Village of Morality*, to which the pilgrim turns aside; indeed, he is advised to take up his residence there, "where there are houses now standing empty"—a fine touch that.

75. *The Slough of Despond* comes next; probably suggested by a morass that may still be traced near Elstow. In his suggestion it matches Bunyan's own experience. Beyond it lies *The Wicket Gate* giving entrance to the pilgrim way. It may be noted that in the first part of the Allegory the Keeper of the Gate is Good-Will, while in the second part it is the Lord Himself: who else could have said to the pilgrims: "I grant pardon by Word and Deed, by Word, in the promise of forgiveness; by Deed in the Way I obtained it"? The Wicket Gate evidently means Faith. Not yet does the pilgrim lose his burden, but his feet are in the way before he gains assurance of salvation. Still there is some pertinence in the conclusion of the old

Edinburgh fish-wife to whom an enthusiastic young fellow offered a tract. "Ah," she is reported to have said, "I suppose you are like the rest of the preachers, you tell sinners to make for the wicket gate." Knowing his Bunyan he replied with some confidence: "Oh, yes, that is the way into the right road." She, knowing her Bible, answered: "But why do you not direct them at once to the Cross? That is the way I went." Somewhat nonplussed he stammered: "But did you not go through the Slough of Despond"? and she triumphantly replied: "Oh, yes, Sonny, but I went through without my burden, and it is much easier that way!" Well, she gave her experience, and Bunyan gave his. "I never thought," said Hopeful, further on in the story, "that by awakenings for sin God at first begins the conversion of a sinner."

76. *The House of the Interpreter* lies next along the road; there Christian saw things that gave him hope and fear. Undoubtedly by the Interpreter Bunyan meant us to understand the Holy Spirit. This is assured by the words of farewell: "The Comforter be always with thee" and the words of Good-Will at the gate, directing him to his house, are almost parallel with Christ's words about the Spirit "who would shew him excellent things." What the Comforter taught to Pilgrim at the beginning is worthy of eternal remembrance. Dr. Cheever well says: "It would be difficult to find twelve consecutive pages in the English language that contain such volumes of meaning with so thrilling an appeal to the best affections of the heart as these pages." And Dean Farrer, with splendid exaggeration, affirms: "More to humanity is one page of the tinker's writings than all the banks of the Rothschilds."

77. Soon afterwards, on the ascent of the hill, came *The Cross and the Sepulchre*, and at the sight of it (he said afterwards 'I could not forbear looking') the burden which no human ingenuity could untie tumbled off of its own accord, "and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more." The Cross made an end of the sin, and the con-

viction of sin, which is here seen to be the burden, is lost in the tomb. This is true to Scripture, for the gospel that Paul preached is " First of all Christ died for our sins, and that he was buried "—that too is part of the gospel. No wonder Christian said with a merry heart : " He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by his death." No wonder he sang,

" Bless'd Cross ! bless'd Sepulchre ! bless'd rather be,
The Man that there was put to shame for me."

78. *The Hill Difficulty* now bars the way, and half-way up *The Arbour* in which Christian slept and lost the roll that had been given him by one of three shining ones that had met him near the Cross. " This roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven." Here he was compelled to return again to find it, " But oh, how nimbly did he go up the rest of the hill ! "

79. Passing the chained lions, and Dr. Whyte suggests that sometimes the memory of our own past sins may be one of them, the pilgrim next comes to the *House Beautiful*, which represents the Church of Christ. Probably Bunyan drew his picture from his recollection of Houghton House on the Ampthill Road, six miles south of Bedford, which he must often have passed in the days of his tinkering. It was built in 1615, the architect is said to have been Inigo Jones, and so grand a mansion would have been the talk of the countryside. But no earthly building is too beautiful to represent the Visible Church of Christ in the World. Here they sat down to supper, " and all their talk was about the Lord of the hill," the only subject that should ever engage our thought or speech at the Lord's Table. In this delightful House there was " the large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising ; the name of the chamber was Peace." From the top of it they shewed him the Delectable Mountains in Immanuel's Land :

There the Red Rose of Sharon
  Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven,
  With ravishing perfume :
Oh, to behold its blossom,
  While by its fragrance fanned
Where glory, glory dwelleth
  In Immanuel's land.

80. *The Valley of Humiliation*, suggested, possibly, by the steep descent to Millbrook, Bedfordshire, follows, and here Christian fought Apollyon. In the pages which describe the encounter occur the magnificent words which Bernard Shaw compares, to Bunyan's advantage, with Shakespeare's account of Macbeth's fight with Macduff— " Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said : ' I am void of fear in this matter : prepare thyself to die, for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further : here will I spill thy soul." In the first edition of the allegory, the oath of Apollyon ' by my infernal den ' was missing : its insertion was an excellent second thought, and Mr. Shaw has instinct on his side when he exclaims in another connection : " Bunyan's coward stirs your blood more than Shakespeare's hero." But Christian, though he escapes, was wounded : " He no longer fights as a pure man, a white warrior," says Dr. John Kelman. In the second part of the story Mr. Great-Heart tells us that it is possible to pass through this valley without conflict. " The Valley of Humiliation is as fruitful a place as ever the crow flies over " he says. " 'Tis true Christian did here meet Apollyon, with whom he had sore combat ; but that fray was the fruit of those Slips that he got in going down the hill : for they that get slips *there*, must look for combats *here*."

81. Follows then *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*. Half-way through it Christian was minded to turn back, but " he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than to go forward : so he resolved to go

on." So forward he went, and " by and by the day broke." In the morning light he saw the cave where two giants Pope and Pagan used to dwell. Pagan was dead, and the other was so stiff in his joints that he could now do little more than sit in the cave's mouth, grinning at the pilgrims. In our day, as in Bunyan's day, we need to beware of this giant, for he seems to have received new strength. In answer to Balaam's question to Balak: " How shall I curse whom God has blessed? " Tyndale gives a very caustic comment in his notes—" The Pope will tell you how." But true Pilgrims escape. When Christian had passed the valley he gave praise for his deliverance. The last line of his song, " But since I live let Jesus wear the crown," recalls what Thomas Fuller says in his " Good thoughts for Bad Times " about David and the sixty-sixth Psalm ; which runs " If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. But verily God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my cry." Then says Fuller: " Now I expected that David should have concluded thus: " Therefore I regard not iniquity in my heart.' But far otherwise he concludes—' Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me.' Thus David hath deceived but not wronged me. I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own head, he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic: for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogisms that, whatever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion." Let Jesus wear the Crown !

82. From the second part of the story we learn that *The House of Gaius*—a lover of pilgrims—is situated along the next stretch of the road. Christiana and her companions were entertained here, the cook, Taste-what-is-good, ministering to their wants. At the feast Samuel whispered to his Mother: " Mother, this is a good man's house, let us stay here a month." So they stayed, and Mercy was married to Christiana's son Matthew, and another son, James, was married to Phœbe the daughter of Gaius. To keep the guests awake their host brought on

a dish of nuts which he desired them to crack. Amongst them was one which has been opened long since—

> A man there was, though some did count him mad
> The more he cast away—the more he had.

83. *Vanity Fair* comes next, representing the world that now is. "The Prince of princes, himself, when here went through this Town to his own Country and that upon a Fair day too. Beelzebub led him from street to street, but he had no mind to the merchandise and left the town without laying out as much as one farthing upon these vanities." Here the Pilgrims were imprisoned, and Faithful, who had joined Christian in his walk, was cruelly treated and at last burnt at the stake. "Thus came Faithful to his end." And even the town of Vanity was improved by the witness of the martyr, for when Christiana passed through it, saints resided in it, and since the citizens had burned Faithful "they have been ashamed to burn any more."

84. *The Castle of Giant Despair* next arrests us, the idea perhaps suggested by the ancient Castle of Bedford, perhaps by Carnhoe Castle, two miles from Ampthill, near the village of Clophill. Here from Wednesday morning to Saturday night the pilgrims were kept in the dungeons and shamefully treated: then with the Key of Promise they were able to open the door, and open also the great iron gate; but they need never have been in the clutches of the giant if they had not chosen By-Path Meadow. In the next pilgrimage Great-Heart, Old Honest and four young men slew the giant and demolished his castle, and delivered Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, from their cruel bondage.

85. From *The Delectable Mountains* the pilgrims caught sight of the gates of the Celestial City, but because of their fear their hands trembled when they tried to look through the perspective glass, and their vision was dimmed. Still they were assured it was there. "A little further," says R. L. Stevenson, "and we come to that masterpiece of

Bunyan's insight into life, *The Enchanted Ground;* where in a few traits he has set down the latter end of such a number of the would-be-good; where his Allegory goes so deep that, to people looking seriously on life, it cuts like a satire." To prevent drowsiness in the opiate air Christian and Hopeful fall to discourse, and recall the grace of God that roused them at the first and won all their heart for their Saviour. "Yea," said Hopeful, "I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus." So they journeyed on, keeping themselves awake, and when they were about two miles from the end of the perilous land, they spoke to each other of godly fear, shewing what such fear does for us, and why it is resisted by the ignorant. The fourth reason contains a phrase that is worthy of remembrance—"They see that those fears tend to take away from them *their pitiful old self-holiness*, and therefore they (that is the ignorant) resist them with all their might."

86. "Now I saw in my dream that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground and Entering into the *Country of Beulah*, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves for a season: yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and every day the flowers appear in the Earth. In this country the sun shineth day and night. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to." Not all the saints are privileged to remain long in the land of Beulah, and some deliberately refrain from entering it; but they are greatly blessed who know something of the bliss of the Blessed Country even before they get there. Dr. Payson was one of them. Writing to his sister a few weeks before his death he said: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the River of Death, which now

appears to me but an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission." If that should be thought extravagant, it may be matched by the rapture of the friends of Jesus in all ages and in all lands. A 'Negro Spiritual,' with a delightful mixture of metaphor, lilts it almost to frenzy—

You need not look for me
Down in Egypt's land,
For I have pitched my tent,
Far up in Beulah land.

87. "From this happy country they addressed themselves to go up to the City." Two men met them and told them that they had only two more difficulties to meet and then they were in the City. There was *a River* without a bridge: and *a Gate* that only opened to those who were able to hand in their certificate. And Christian, who had been sick with desire, crossed the river, entered the city, and was sick again nevermore. The Gates opened, and all the bells of the City rang to bid the pilgrims welcome.

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88. With this brief survey of the memorable places associated with the journey we now pass on to consider the personal interest of the story, and are astonished at the variety of characters introduced, the skilful way in which, with a few deft strokes, they are made to live before us, and the remarkable inventiveness that found names for them. It has been computed that there are at least 444 names for persons and places, the most peculiar being Mr. Get-i-the-hundred-and-lose-i-the-shire, whom Lucifer wished to send into Mansoul in The Holy War. In all his writing Bunyan not only knew what to say, but knew what to leave unsaid, and Dr. Brown justly draws attention to the fact "that with all its homeliness, humour and humanness, the book is never coarse or unclean."

89. We are all prepared to say with Froude that " the figures all mean something ; they correspond in part to Bunyan's own recollection of his own trials." Every step in the journey had been trodden by Bunyan himself, the variety of his own prolonged experience being designed to enable him to enter into the experience of multitudes more. But the Venerable George Rogers, first Principal of Spurgeon's College, goes further than this. In a series of eight articles in *The Sword and The Trowel* for 1872 he argues that all the characters, at least in the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, are illustrations of the experience of one Christian pilgrim, and that for the most part, if not entirely, of Bunyan himself. He gives no less than ten arguments to support this view, the strongest being that the order in which the characters are introduced corresponds with the history of the experience of one individual. The contrast between the first and second part of the story is also better preserved, and he asks quite properly, since in the second journey the same Interpreter appears, the same " Watchful " at the gate of the House Beautiful, and so on, if these were persons and not moral principles, how came they to be on the same spot, and not, one way or other, be on pilgrimage themselves ?

90. The idea is so engaging that a page or two may be given to see how Mr. Rogers works it out. Quite boldly he begins by saying that Obstinate and Pliable, who pursued the Pilgrim, were just himself in different moods, and their return to the City of Destruction just what his end would have been if he had allowed Self-will or Indecision to gain the ascendancy over him. And if Pilgrim had not taken Pliable with him he would not have fallen into the Slough. " Why should he have fallen into the same slough as Pliable, if the character of Pliable had not been really his own ? "

91. If the Pilgrim goes to Sinai, what Christian is there who has not endeavoured to get rid of early convictions of guilt by a stricter observance of the moral law ? Was Mr. Worldly-Wiseman without him, or within him ? Was Mr. Legality's house without him, or within ? When

Christian got rid of his burden, to what temptations was he most exposed? "Would they not be unsuspecting Simplicity, and even Presumption, and Sloth? He would say there is no need now for anxiety and toil, my burden is gone and I can travel at my ease." So Simple, Sloth and Presumption are introduced with fetters on their heels; and soon the temptation would be to Formality and Hypocrisy, and these are the two that now come tumbling over the wall.

92. At the top of the hill, Pilgrim met Timorous and Mistrust. Were they strangers to him? Were they other persons? They were just what he was sure to meet within himself, did himself indeed manifest when he saw the lions in the way. So Mr. Rogers goes on to argue: "Faithful is not with the pilgrim when his own faith is weak: but Faithful is with him when his own faith is strong." Faithful left the City of Destruction later than Christian and reached the Celestial City before him, because Christian had not faith when he began; but afterwards faith was perfected and was set in heaven; and Hopeful then took the place of Faithful beside the Pilgrim, because Hope now is in the ascendant. "Hope, therefore, is strong on earth in proportion as faith takes firm hold of Christ in Heaven."

93. "We have to do here with a Christian of the Bunyan type, of the Puritan type, of the martyr type, of the Apostolic type," exclaims Mr. Rogers. The simplest way is to look upon the whole as an allegorical biography of one redeemed soul. Hope reproves Pilgrim in Doubting Castle: Pilgrim reproves Hope upon the Enchanted Ground. Pilgrim enquires into the experiences of Hope, but gives no account of his own experience in return, because one is the other, and that is also why Christian and Hopeful enter heaven together. The exposition is forceful but scarcely convincing, and at the end my old tutor confesses that he is not absolutely sure about it himself! Let us hold our verdict in suspense and look at a few of the chief characters brought before us in the story. The truth probably is as Montgomery puts it, "*The Pilgrim's Pro-*

gress is the history of *one* man's experience *in full* and the experience of many others *in part.*"

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94. *Evangelist* is the first to greet us, and we meet him three times in the double story: each time it is in some country place, but he is always associated with cities —the City of Destruction, the town of Morality, Vanity Fair and the Celestial City, as if to remind us that the true Evangelist dwells among the people, though he is always eager to seek individual souls. "Let nothing that is on this side of the other world get within you," he exhorts— "Set your faces like a flint: you have all power in heaven and earth on your side." Only one reference to Evangelist is found in the original edition, but as new editions were issued new emphasis is placed on his ministry, and in the tenth edition, an extra touch of tenderness is introduced by the added words: "Evangelist who lovingly him greets." Major Gifford, the pastor of the Church in Bedford, is evidently in Bunyan's mind.

95. We cannot overlook *Mr. Worldly-Wiseman*, an eminently respectable person, never mentioned without the prefix to his name. Like Demas, later on, he is "gentlemanlike." He tells Christian what he already knows, that he will never be settled in mind till he is rid of his burden, and hints indeed that he is amongst "those that are somewhat crazed in their wits," which agrees excellently with the verdict of William James, in his book *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, that Bunyan himself "was a typical case of the psychopatic temperament, sensitive of conscience to a diseased degree, beset by doubts, fears, and insistent ideas, and a victim of verbal automatisms, both motor and sensory. These were usually texts of Scripture which, sometimes damnatory and sometimes favourable, would come in a half-hallucinatory form as if they were Voices, and fasten on his mind and buffet it between them like a shuttlecock. Added to this were

a fearful Melancholy, self-contempt and despair "—the words of the modern Mr. Worldly-Wiseman.

96. The first companion of the Pilgrim on the journey was *Faithful*, who had passed him on the way, but was overtaken by Christian, who had started first. He gave Christian an account of the City of Destruction after he had left it, and of his own experiences of the way and those he had met. This character is wonderfully etched. Being Faithful he says: "Therefore, thought I, what God says is best, though all the world be against it," and declares that he had sunshine all the way in the Valley of Humiliation and even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But in Vanity Fair he has cruel trial, and though he bears himself bravely, is at last burnt at the stake. "Thus came Faithful to his end."

97. In the midst of the discourse between Christian and Faithful, which is apt to become wearisome, Bunyan, with great art, introduces *Talkative*. We have all met this wayfarer, and most of us, at some time or other, have been deceived by him. If he is in the pulpit he is, as an old countryman described his minister, "very fluid," if he is in the pew, very glib. On the advice of Christian, Faithful begins to discourse with this Talkative about the power of religion. But so soon

> As Faithful talks of *heart-work*, like the moon
> That's past the full, into the wane he goes:
> And so will all but he that *heart-work* knows.

98. The second companion of the journey, *Hopeful*, "being so made by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behaviour in their sufferings at the Fair." He went forth from the Fair with Christian, on which it has been surmised that as Faithful represents Faith, and Hopeful, Hope, Christian himself represents Love. The two travellers have some excellent discourse; he tells how he found the way, how his heart was full of joy, "mine eyes

full of tears and mine affections running over with love to the Name, people and ways of Jesus."

99. Talkative was introduced to relieve the discourse between Christian and Faithful, *Ignorance* is skilfully brought in to lighten the talk between Christian and Hopeful. "What!" he says, "would you have me trust to what Christ in his own person has done without us? This consent would loosen the reins of our lusts and tolerate us to love as we list." To whom Christian replies: "Ignorance is thy name, and as thy name is, so art thou: even this thine answer demonstrateth what I say." So they parted, the two going on apace "and Ignorance he came hobbling after."

100. Of course *Christian* is himself the most noteworthy of all those whom we find in the way. The rest are accessory, he is the hero, not faultless by any means, but determined to go on at all costs, and at length, with Hopeful, he comes to the River. These two together cross the river that is "deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the Place": and Christian begins to sink, but Hopeful cries out: "Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good." Hopeful did also endeavour to comfort him, saying: "Brother I see the Gate, and men standing to receive us": But Christian would answer: "'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for: you have always been *hopeful* ever since I saw you." "And so have you," said he to Christian. So after the river, "they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them."

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101. This then is the outline of the Romance which sets us all wondering how it came to be written. Evidently Bunyan was already writing some treatise when the inspiration for *The Pilgrim's Progress* seized him. He says:—

When at the first I took my pen in hand,
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode : nay I had undertook
To make another : which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I thus begun.
And thus it was : I writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory,
About their journey, and the way to glory.

102. We ask at once what that book was which he was writing ; and Mr. Gwilym O. Griffith is probably justified in saying that it was *The Heavenly Footman*, (though Dr. Brown imagines it was *The Strait Gate*), which was not published until after Bunyan's death. That he put aside and began his Pilgrim, giving full rein to his imagination. This was probably before his second imprisonment, but once shut away from the world again, and gaining the necessary composure of his natural mind, the whole picture comes as of its own accord.

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled it came : and so I penned
It down : until it came at last to be
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

103. But there came a break in the middle. After the Pilgrims met the Shepherd on the Delectable Mountains Bunyan says : " So I awoke from my dream. And I slept " (in 1675) " and dreamed again." This was probably the interval when he shewed his pages to some friends.

And some said, Let them live ; some Let them die.
Some said *John* print it ; others said Not so ;
Some said It might do good ; other said No.

104. Like a wise man he put the advice of others aside and determined to print it, and some seven years afterwards, having meanwhile written the *Holy War*, he writes and prints the second part of the story.

> When thou hast told the world of all these things,
> Then turn about, my book, and touch those strings,
> Which, if but touched, will such music make,
> They'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.

" Oh then, come hither," he says, " and lay my book, thy head, and heart together."

* * * * *

105. Bunyan himself directs us to the chief characters in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1684, which though less excellent than the first part, yet contains some notable passages, the arrival scene of the pilgrims being one of the finest bits of writing in our language. Mark Rutherford says: " There is nothing in the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* greater than the closing parts in the Second. They are simple and restrained, but their grandeur and pathos can hardly be equalled in any English book save the Bible. *Christiana* leads the way, and in that she starts on the journey with her children, the reproach that to seek personal deliverance and leave his family behind was a selfish thing in Christian, is removed. But the criticism loses point when it is remembered that we are dealing with an allegory, that in his spiritual journey the pilgrim does not lose temporal contact with those he loved, and that the truest love is evidenced by a supreme example of obedience to the call of God. Now his wife, a shrewd and kindly woman, follows in his steps, and when they came to the House of the Interpreter those who waited on them came into the room. " And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim."

106. But if she follows, what of that other gentle girl

who once shared his home? As he mentions *Mercy*, is it not almost certain that he had her in mind? The maiden who listened and resolved, who humbly waited at the Wicket Gate until the minutes seemed like hours, and then knocked so loud that she made Christiana start, and then fainted at the thought of her boldness. You can almost see the wife of the Elstow cottage.

107. In Bunyan's list we next come to *Mr. Honest*, that bluff old pilgrim whom they found asleep under an oak; they knew he was a pilgrim by his clothes, his staff, and his girdle, and he companied with the others, true to his name till the end. When Christiana was on the eve of departure she called for old Mr. Honest and said to him: "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Then said he: "I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod." In his own case, though the river overflowed its banks at some places, "Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-Conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over."

108. But Bunyan's favourite of all his characters was *Mr. Fearing*. He is "the principal figure in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and perhaps in the whole of it: every stroke in the drawing is firm and indicative." He was hesitant and diffident. "He would not go back neither." Bold and courageous as to outward difficulties, "his fear was about his acceptance at the last." But when he came to the river, it was lower than it had ever been seen, "so he went over not much above wet-shod." Mr. Fearing was in fact Bunyan himself.

109. "Indeed, through the power of religion," says Dr. Fosdick, "not simply the naturally strong and well-equipped, but the unpromising and feeble win through to a fine conclusion. Bunyan was right when, bringing his victorious company of pilgrims to the Gates of the Celestial City, he numbered among them not only Great-Heart, Valiant-for-Truth, Honest and Stand-fast, but Mr. Feeble-Mind, Mr. Ready-to-Halt, Mr. Despondency, and his

daughter Much-afraid. They too had been given the power to see it through." And Mr. Hubert L. Simpson reminds us that it is "In the fellowship of the Church of Christ we find the corrective for our partial and often distorted view of things. Here we are lifted up above our own changing moods and wavering feelings. Bunyan with his quick insight tells us that his favourite character, Mr. Fearing, loved much to see ancient things, and to be pondering them in his heart."

110. When Bunyan wrote of Great-Heart he might have had Oliver Cromwell in mind as he had seen him in the West or at Leicester. Great-Heart was the servant of the Interpreter and the Guide to Pilgrims in the Way, he slew Giant Slay-Good and Giant Despair, roused Mr. Honest, cheered Mr. Fearing, for he had it in his commission "to comfort the feeble minded," and at last heartened Christiana when she received her summons, and "could have been glad had the Post come for him." At her departure her children wept, but Mr. Great-Heart and Mr. Valiant "played upon the well-tuned harp for joy."

111. *Valiant-for-Truth* shewed Great-Heart his sword, and "when he had taken it in his hand and looked thereon awhile, he said, 'Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade.'" You can see the flash in these men's eyes as they face each other, and feel the thrill of this battle picture. "'I fought,' said Valiant-for-Truth, 'till my sword did cleave to my hand, and till they were pressed together, as if a sword grew out of my arm: and when the blood ran through my fingers then I fought most of all.'" And when it was noised abroad that he was taken with a Summons, "he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's: and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet I do not regret one of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. 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.'"

112. Finally, there is *Mr. Standfast*, whom the pilgrims

found on his knees in The Enchanted Ground: he resisted Madam Wanton, and was true to the end. "'I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of,' he said, 'and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the Earth, there I have coveted to set my feet too.' Now while he was in this discourse his countenance changed: and after he had said: 'Take me, for I come to Thee,' he ceased to be seen of them." On which a legend has arisen that these were Bunyan's last words, too, but of this there is no certain knowledge.

* * * * *

113. Mr. T. H. Darlow, in his delightful book, *At Home in the Bible*, quotes a parable concerning the origin of literature given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a speech delivered before the Royal Academy, and applies it to the Scripture. With equal force it may be applied to *The Pilgrim's Progress*. "There is an ancient legend which tells us that when a man first achieved a most notable deed he wished to explain to his tribe what he had done. As soon as he began to speak, however, he was smitten with dumbness, he lacked words, and sat down. Then there arose—according to the story—a masterless man, one who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but was afflicted with the magic of the necessary words. He saw, he told, he described the merits of the notable deed in such a fashion, we are assured, that the words became alive, and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers. Thereupon the tribe, seeing that the words were certainly alive, and fearing lest the man with the words would hand down untrue tales about them to their children, took and killed him. But later they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man." Nothing is more descriptive of *The Pilgrim's Progress* than that *the words are alive and that they walk up and down in our hearts*.

114. "That lonely figure with the book and the burden is not, however, only Bunyan himself," says Mr. G. M. Trevelyan; "He is the representative Puritan of the

English Puritan epoch. There are more things in *The Pilgrim's Progress* than the most perfect representation of evangelical religion. It shews us, in all that delightful machinery of life which accompanies the onward march of the Pilgrims, the character of rural England. The fact that Bunyan was brought up under the influence of these rural conditions goes far to account for the strength and imagination of the quality of the English religion which he describes, and of the language in which he gives it expression. He shines as one of the highest stars in the firmament of English literature : yet he never had any ambition in anything he wrote, save to turn poor sinners to repentance."

115. If another testimony may be given, it shall be that of Dean Stanley. " That book has been truly described as one of the few which act as a religious bond to the whole of English Christendom, as one which, with perhaps six others, and equally with any one of the six, has, after the English Bible, contributed to the common religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon race."

116. And yet once more—James Anthony Froude this time. " Men of intelligence, therefore, to whom life is not a theory, but a stern fact, conditioned round with endless possibilities of wrong and suffering, though they may never adopt Bunyan's creed, will continue to see in conscience an authority for which culture is no substitute, they will conclude that in one form or other responsibility is not a fiction but a fact. And so long as this conviction lasts *The Pilgrim's Progress* will still be dear to men of all creeds who share it."

II. *The Holy War*

117. Between the publication of the two parts of *The Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan wrote *The Holy War*, another great allegory, less spontaneous and more elaborate, longer and more laboured than his chief work, but skilfully constructed and triumphantly carried to its desired con-

clusion. There is the same appositeness in the names of the persons introduced in the narrative, the same spiritual insight, but the action is more involved, and we miss the warm human touch of the works that preceded and followed it. In the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* he harks back to the earlier simplicity, and as a consequence makes a greater appeal. Nevertheless *The Holy War*, though it has never attained equal acceptance, is a great book, and in these days of world conflict deserves renewed attention. "Bunyan conceals nothing, assumes nothing, exaggerates nothing."

118. "We are now beginning to see," says Mark Rutherford, "that he is not altogether the representative of Puritanism, but the historian of Mansoul, and that the qualification necessary in order to understand and properly value him is not theological learning, nor in fact any kind of learning or literary skill, but the experience of life, with its hopes and fears, bright day and black night."

119. As has been already said, it may possibly have been Bunyan's own experience in the war of his time which enabled him to write such a consistent narrative. The story is the Siege and Conquest of the City of Mansoul in the famous Continent of the Universe, lying "between the two Poles and just amidst the four points of the Heavens."

What here I say, some men do know so well.
They can with tears and joy the story tell.

* * * *

For my part I (myself) was in the town
Both when 'twas set up, and when pulling down
What is here in view
Of mine own knowledge, I dare say is true.
Yea I was standing by,
When Mansoul did the rebels crucify.

The full title of the book is *The Holy War, made by*

Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Taking again of the Town of Mansoul. In the second edition, possibly in answer to criticism of his earlier title, he changed it to *The Holy War made between Christ and the Devil,* but in subsequent editions the original title was restored.

120. "There was reared in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace: for strength, it might be called a palace: for pleasantness, a paradise: for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This place the King Shaddai intended for himself alone." First of all Giant Diabolus, by strategem, gains possession of this place, persuading the townsmen that under the rule of Shaddai they were made underlings and "wrapt up in many inconveniences." Then he puts out of power the Lord Mayor, whose name was Lord Understanding, and the Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, bringing in Lord Lustings and Forget-Good to take their places. After that he defaced the image of Shaddai, spoiled the old law books, builded him new holds and manned them, and so set up his authority and thought himself secure.

121. Upon this Emmanuel, the Son of Shaddai, determined war on Diabolus, and to bring Mansoul "into a far better and more happy condition than it was before." To this end he equips four Captains—Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, Captain Judgment, and Captain Execution. The town was summoned to surrender, the trumpeters sounding at Ear-gate: after this they gave out the word *Ye must be born again.* There was a Captain Anything in the town, "a brisk man in a broil, but both sides were against him because he was true to none." That winter the siege was unsuccessful, so the Captains wrote for reinforcements—'Now King of Kings, let it please Thee to pardon the unsuccessfulness of thy servants,' they said, and when in response to it the King's son declared to his Father his intention to go himself to the relief of Mansoul, presently it flew like lightning round about the Court. Yes, it began to be the only talk, what

Emmanuel was to go to do for the famous town of Man soul."

122. When the march began, five other Captains accompanied the King—Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, Captain Charity, Captain Innocent, and Captain Patience. "Captain Credence led the van, and Captain Patience brought up the rear," and so the battle was set in order.

123. But Diabolus prepared a compromise through Mr. Loth-to-Stoop, and here is perhaps the finest passage in the book. His Master offered without fighting to give half the town to Emmanuel.

"Then said Emmanuel: 'The whole is mine by gift and purchase, wherefore I will never lose one half.'

"Then said Mr. Loth-to-Stoop: 'Sir, my Master hath said that he will be content if you shall be the nominal and titular Lord of all if he may but possess a part.'

"Then Emmanuel answered: 'The whole is mine really: not in name and word only: wherefore I will be the sole Lord and possessor of all, or of none at all, of Mansoul.'

"Then Mr. Loth-to-Stoop said again: 'Sir, behold the condescension of my Master! He says that he will be content if he may but have assigned to him some place in Mansoul as a place to live privately in, and you shall be Lord of all the rest.'

"Then said the Golden Prince: 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and of all that he hath given to me I will lose nothing, no not a hoof, nor a hair. I will therefore grant him, no, not the least corner in Mansoul to dwell in. I will have it all to myself.'

Five other proposals Loth-to-Stoop made, each less assertive than the preceding one: that Diabolus might occasionally visit the town, that his friends might trade in it; that he might maintain some friendship with the town; that he might bestow some tokens of his love upon his friends for remembrance; that in case of extremity he might intervene; all of which "ensnaring propositions" were rejected.

124. The fight began, and here are some ringing

sentences from the account of it. " A sight worth seeing it was to behold how the captains of Shaddai behaved themselves in the war. But ah ! how the trumpets at the tidings sounded throughout the Prince's camp, for that now the war was so near an end, and Mansoul itself of being set free." " But you cannot think, unless you had been there (as I was) what a shout there was in Emmanuel's camp when they saw the tyrant bound by the hand of their noble Prince and tied to his chariot wheels." Later than Bunyan's day, when the power of Napoleon was being crushed, De Quincey says it was worth five years of anybody's life to see the joy of the people as the posts went through the country with the news of Trafalgar, and Vittoria and Waterloo. But it is worth the whole of our life to hear of the victories of Emmanuel in the souls of men to-day.

125. The townsmen pleaded with the Prince for mercy, and had it royally given them. " ' But, Lord,' they said, ' let light go before, and let love come after : Yea, take us by the hand, and lead us by thy counsels, and let this always abide upon us, that all things shall be for the best for thy servants, and come to our Mansoul, and do as it pleaseth thee. Or, Lord, come to our Mansoul, do what thou wilt, so thou keepest it from sinning, and makest us serviceable to thy Majesty.' " And when he came—" Yes, so taken were the townsmen now with their Prince that they would sing of Him in their sleep."

126. Mr. Knowledge was made the new Recorder of the town instead of Mr. Conscience, who is henceforth to be the Preacher, declaring what he learns from a new leader introduced by the Prince—The Lord Chief Secretary. There is much said about him in the Allegory ; what the Interpreter is in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the Secretary is in *The Holy War*. It is a daring simile for The Holy Spirit, but Bunyan handles the comparison wisely. " This Person can put life and vigour into all he says : yet can also put it into your heart. This Person can make seers of you, and can make you tell what shall be hereafter." " The most noble Secretary shall teach you in all high and

sublime mysteries: and this gentleman (pointing to Mr. Conscience) is to teach you in all things human and domestic, for therein lieth his work."

127. Yet after a while the people tired of their Prince, and Mr. God's Peace laid down his commission. Emmanuel left the town. Again and again the repentant people sent beseeching him to return, but he was silent. Diabolus plotted to regain the town, and such was the condition of things for about two years and a half. The townsmen then agreed to draw up another petition, but Mr. Godly-fear stood up and told them that the Prince never did, nor ever would receive a petition for these matters from the hand of any whoever unless the Lord Secretary's hand was to it (' and this is the reason you prevailed not all this while '). Then they said they would draw up one and get the Lord Secretary's hand to it. But Mr. Godly-fear answered again that he knew that the Lord Secretary would not set his hand to any petition that himself had not a hand in composing and drawing up: and said he " the Prince doth know my Lord Secretary's hand from all the hands in the world."

128. At long last Emmanuel came. " He came with colours flying, trumpets sounding and the feet of his men scarce touched the ground, and he entered the town to go out never again. Now also Mr. God's Peace took up his Commission, and acted again as in former days. And the Prince made proclamation—

" ' Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve Me but sin: nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin: Take heed of Sin my Mansoul.

" ' When your garments are white, the world will count you mine. Let not therefore my garments, your garments, the garments that I gave thee, be defiled or spotted with the flesh.

" ' Love me against temptation, and I will love thee notwithstanding thine infirmities.' "

129. So ends this great story, reminding us of the strife constantly renewed on this earth and always won by Emmanuel, for though He may seem to lose a battle He

will never lose the war. Kipling even declares that he pictured the last great encounter :

A Tinker out of Bedford,
A vagrant out of quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God—
Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His simple hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name.

Now he hath left his quarters,
In Bunhill fields to lie,
The wisdom that he taught us
Is proven prophecy :
One watchword through our armies,
One answer from our lands :
" No dealings with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands."

III. *Other Allegories*

130. A great many guesses have been made as to the sources from which, consciously or unconsciously, Bunyan may have borrowed the idea of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but while the thought of life as a pilgrimage is almost as old as the first road that was made on Earth, it can yet be confidently said that Bunyan was a great original. Too confidently Froude says : " The recollection of Sir Bevis of Southampton furnished Bunyan with his framework," but though Bunyan evidently knew that there was such a story, there is no evidence that he ever read it, and if he had it would take as much imagination to create from it the story of his pilgrim, as to invent a pilgrim for himself, as he undoubtedly did, and unequivocably affirms. Offor in his microscopic study of Bunyan instances fifty other works which deal with life as a pilgrimage, and

gives his verdict that the great allegory flowed from Bunyan's own soul. But there is no need for such scrutiny: Bunyan was an honest man, and he tells us: "True, I have not fished in other men's waters: my Bible and Concordance are my only library in my writings." That from *Solomon's Temple Spiritualized*, this from *The Holy War*:

> Let this suffice,
> To show why I my Pilgrim patronize.
> It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickled.
> Then to my pen, from whence immediately
> On paper I did dribble it daintily.
> Manner and matter too were all mine own,
> Nor was it unto any mortal known
> Till I had done it. Nor did any then,
> By books, by wits, by tongues or hand, or pen,
> Add five words to it, or waste half a line
> Thereof: the whole and every whit is mine.

131. Benjamin Keach, predecessor of Spurgeon and a contemporary of Bunyan, was his precursor in the rise of allegory, but as Dr. Wheeler Robinson points out, "Keach's narrative, *War with the Devil*, though reaching twenty-two editions within a century, lacks the insight into the realities of human life which has given Bunyan his place amongst the immortals." Dr. W. T. Whitley tells us that when a Bedfordshire brazier was ploughing with his heifer he put forth *The Travels of True Godliness*, which was revised and reprinted for two hundred and fifty years, and two other works which had an equal vogue. In his *Key to open Scripture Metaphors*, Keach instanced Genesis III, 15, the enmity between the seed of the woman and the serpent, as the earliest allegory: Genesis XLIX, 11, 12, Jacob's blessing on Judah as the next, and Ecclesiastes XII, 1–7, which Bunyan uses with such effect in the call to the pilgrims to cross the river, in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, as an outstanding

example. " An allegory," he says, " with respect to its etymology or derivation signifies that when one thing is said another thing is meant : " then he gives some learned disquisitions about tropes, metaphors, metronymics, ironics and synecdoches, and divides allegories into two classes, simple and allusive ; all of which can be read in his *Tropologia*, but nothing approaching it in Bunyan. To him an allegory was just an allegory, and everybody knew what he meant, yet his characters were so real that people were apt to forget that they were not reading an actual human story. At least this is true in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. In *The Holy War*, some of his characters are themselves allegories, and, as such, rather involve the story.

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132. There was, however, an earlier allegorist than Keach, John Amos Comenius (Komensky), who was the leader of the Moravian Church when it was driven from Bohemia, and is still a recognized educational authority, known all over the world as the apostle of the new method, not teaching his pupils about words but about things. His book, *The Gate of Language Unlocked*, has been translated into fifteen languages, and there is to-day a Comenius Society to further the interests of education. To this " Temple of Wisdom " " he would lead the young student gently onwards, from the first Court, dealing with nature, to the last Court, dealing with God." He was invited in 1641 to lay his plans before the House of Commons and but for the Irish Rebellion would have been installed in Chelsea College and its revenues placed at his disposal.

133. It will be seen that he was not a mere dreamer, but when Fulneck in Moravia, where he was Minister of the United Brethren, was sacked and burnt by Spanish soldiers in 1618, he led his people by stages to Lissa in Poland, and for those in distress he wrote " one of the World's great books," of which two English editions have

been published, both now out of print—*The Labyrinth of the World, and The Paradise of the Heart*—the Bohemian *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Dedication of the book was written in 1623, five years before Bunyan was born, and it was first published in 1631, when Bunyan was three years old. Of all this Bunyan was, of course, unaware, but those who recognize the Spirit of God working in the history of men, will reverently see how the dream was doubled because the interpretation thereof was sure. The book was ordered to be destroyed in 1749, but a few copies escaped. Of Comenius it has been said, "among the smoking ruins a noble figure walks, with a precious jewel in his hand." The jewel is his book.

134. The description of it is worth reproducing: "This is a book that clearly shows that this world and all matters concerning it are nothing but confusion and giddiness, pain and toil, deceit and falsehood, misery and anxiety, and lastly, disgust of all things and despair: but he who remains in his own dwelling within his heart, opening it to the Lord alone, will obtain true and full peace of mind and joy." And the end of the Preface runs: "Farewell dear Christian, and may the leader of light, the Holy Ghost, shew thee, better than I can, both the vanity of the world and the glory, happiness and pleasure of the choice hearts that are united to God."

135. It is that union with God, not the Celestial City, that the pilgrim of Comenius seeks; he finds not earth or heaven, but heaven on earth. In his dream he heard a voice bidding him to leave the busy world and retire into the chamber of his own heart. But the Voice did not sound until led by Searchall, whose by-name was Impudence, and joined by Falsehood, he went through the six principal streets of earth, with a bridle in his mouth and spectacles of falsehood over his eyes. When he came to his heart he found the chamber that he had left full of disorder and filth, nor was it made clean until Christ entered and made him His disciple; then in that side-chamber he found the peace he sought for in vain in the world. The last days of Comenius were outwardly days of sorrow, but

his heart was untroubled. " Not in vain did this grandest figure of the seventeenth century draw this fleeting breath." Fifty years after his death his church, that seemed shattered as it was scattered, was by the Spirit of God renewed, and Zinzendorf was raised up as its inspired leader. We may question whether Comenius was, as he has been called, the superlative figure of his century. Bunyan and he lived in the world at the same time, and perhaps not only in the olden time Jesus commissions his disciples by two and two.

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136. Coming to more recent times there are three other allegories that insist on being mentioned. Of course, there are many others that clamour for notice, but while some are suggestive and some beautiful, none of them are weighty enough to claim a place. Amongst the rest I include an allegory which in my own younger days was spoken in various places and afterwards published in a charmingly illustrated booklet, *The King's Chambers*. After it was given as a sermon one Sunday morning in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, two old ladies were overheard discussing the preacher, and one of them declared that she did not approve of him because he was " too hanalogical and hallegorical " !

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137. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *Mosses from an Old Manse*, gives a piquant allegory of *The Celestial Railroad*, which was supposed to run from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, but falls short of its destination. In his dream he undertakes the journey in company with Mr. Smooth-it-away. The Slough of Despond is passed by a bridge of elegant construction but somewhat too slight for the traffic it has to carry. His fellow traveller, who is supposed to be director of the Railway, informs him that foundation was secured for the bridge by throwing into the quagmire some editions of books on Morality, French

philosophy and German rationalism, with the works of Plato, Confucius, and some selected Commentaries on the Scriptures, and declared that "the bog might be filled up with similar matter."

138. Christian's old friend Evangelist, or one who appears like him, presides at the ticket-office, tickets being much more convenient than the roll the Christian carried. The dispute with Beelzebub, who once shot at the pilgrims, is amicably settled; Great-Heart, who thought it wrong to travel in any but the old way, was offered a situation on the railway, but refused it; Apollyon is the driver of the train. Soon after they started they saw two dusty travellers footing it as pilgrims were wont to do, and they greeted them with gibes and roars of laughter. There is no station at the Interpreter's House, nor is there any need to stop at the Cross, since all the baggage is in the luggage-van, and being rich in many things counted precious in the world, including a great variety of favourite Habits, it would be a pity to have it all tumbled into the Sepulchre.

139. The Hill Difficulty is tunnelled, the excavated material being used to fill up the Valley of Humiliation. The Palace Beautiful is passed without stopping. Some who started on the journey before are lingering at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and amongst them is Take-it-Easy. At Vanity Fair there is "no longer want of harmony between the town's people and the pilgrims": every street has its church, and indeed "people often affirm it is the true and only heaven." A brisk trade is being carried on—"a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, seemed to be in great demand and would purchase anything." "Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Mr. Flimsy Faith has repaired the Castle of Giant Despair."

140. Arriving at the river a steam ferry boat awaits them. Mr. Smooth-it-away bids the travellers good-bye, saying that he had only come thus far for the sake of their pleasant company. The boat was so insecure that the pilgrim rushed to fling himself on shore, but the wheels

threw spray over him, so cold—so dreadfully cold with the chill that shall never leave these waters until Death shall be drowned in his own river. And the author wakening is glad that it is all only a dream.

141. The satire is as pungent to-day as when Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote it, and by contrast serves to enhance the value of the original story and the old Pilgrim Way. The two despised pilgrims, Stick-to-the-right and Foot-it-to-heaven, at length reach the Celestial City, and in sight of the despairing railway travellers are received by a company of angels who have come to greet them at the end of their journey.

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142. The third allegory which claims our attention is entitled *Mariner Newman and his Voyage to the Promised Land.* As the name implies, it is the narrative of a pilgrim journey by sea, and it was written in his early years by Duncan Macgregor, and has been published both in London and New York. In this story the pilgrims arrive. Redearth was warned that his city was doomed, and he fled with his family, found the ship *Glad Tidings*, built by Emmanuel, and got to it in the little boat, *The Promise:* and from that day he changed his name to Mariner Newman.

143. Soon after they started the voyage they encountered a storm, were almost driven ashore on the island of Self-Confidence, and found " that winds and waves have no forgiveness of sins." Doctor Freegrace, who was on board, was kept busy after the storm. They passed the ship *Outer Profession*, which soon afterwards was wrecked in the harbour of " Worldly Content," but Newman found refuge behind " The Rock of Ages which lay between that and the Cape of No Hope." They met pirates, but escaped, were in danger of icebergs, and after much toil reached " Conformity Bay," the reputation of which was " Safe to anchor, hard to leave." After leaving it they spoke the ship *Variable*, Captain Vaindesire, and presently entered

" The Sea of Grace," and when Caution, Bruised Reed and Feeble-Knees wished to know the significance of the name, Newman said : " It is contained in one word—' By grace we are saved.' " The three men answered " Even so," and from that day the words became a proverb on board ship. Passing the wreck of *The Castaway,* they came to " Day Dawn Sea," saw fruit floating on the water, and went ashore in the barge *Victory.* The idea is excellent, but the story of *The Pilgrim's Voyage* remains yet to be worthily written by some Joseph Conrad, Frank Bullen, Herman Melville, or Clark Russell, who has enough Christian experience and literary style for a task which would be well worth doing. Perhaps in time to come we may even have *The Pilgrim in the Air* seeking the Heavenly Land in aeroplane or airship, and, after all sorts of experiences, finding it in some corner of the world where only an airship could find it, where nobody ever yet imagined it could be.

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144. A recent allegory that richly deserves to be read by all Bunyan lovers is *Sir Knight of the Splendid Way,* by W. E. Cule. For depth of experience and daintiness of touch it has no modern equal. It may be placed alongside *The Pilgrim's Progress* itself without suffering by the comparison, and there can be no higher praise. The pilgrim, afterwards known as Sir Constant, seeks the Splendid Way and the King's City—" Sunward of the Western Lands lies the Vale which is called The Vale of Promise." In the Chapel of Voices Constant watches all night, amidst temptations to be recreant, until a brave voice speaks from the doorway : " Rise, Sir Knight, it is morning," and he is armed for his adventures. The false Sir Joyous entices him into his castle, which is a refined counterpart of the castle of Giant Despair ; here he fights with the Black Knight. The encounter and the escape are so skilfully described that we almost see the struggle. The picture of Sir Ardent, who turned aside from the way, whose armour was rusted, but who was rescued from the snares of the

City Dangerous and joins Sir Constant in the journey, is drawn with an artist's touch. The Hall of the Glowing Heart in the depths of the Valley of Toil, the Wood of Beasts, The Pass of Tears, the Forest of Burdens, are picture titles that give a suggestion of the nature and quality of the book.

145. But it is the Adventure of The Silent Horseman that touches the heart to tears. There is no finer conception anywhere of the passing of a saint. Sir Constant watches by the bedside of the old knight, Sir Valoris. "He became aware of a new terror, born of the silence and charged with its oppressive power. It was as though the spell clothed itself with a Form, and came out of the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow, and stood before the cottage at the Parting of the Ways. As it came the night held a new and terrible presence, more silent than the silence. So real was this coming that he seemed to hear what he could not hear—the faint sound of a stealthy hoof on the stones of the Valley; and after that fell a deeper silence, pregnant with fear." Gazing into the darkness Sir Constant at length saw "the form of a Horseman who led another horse by the bridle." But all the while Sir Valoris slept in peace.

146. At last Sir Valoris came out of his slumber with a great and joyous cry—"My King, my King! I come, I hasten, I come." Both went to the door, but Sir Valoris was unafraid. "If thou art truly the King's Messenger," he said to the Silent Horseman, "shew me thy face. In the King's name, shew me thy face." The Horseman beckoned him nearer, and bending down raised his visor. The old knight smilingly bade Sir Constant farewell, mounted the led horse, and rode away. Few will turn to the next chapter without the misty eye.

147. And there is much beside, but at length, through The Forest of Burdens, Sir Constant arrived at the City of the Great King. There one greeted him. "Then he saw the hands of the Man as the children fondled them, and they had scars upon them, old scars which ten thousand ages might not remove." And when he took courage and raised

his eyes, he found that this was He whom he had met already along his journey, as Gardener, Shepherd, Friend of the Way of the Carpenter, Warden of the Pass of Tears, Helper by the Misty Sea; but more than all, it was the Face of the Vision. "Come," said the Voice, "I take you to my Father."

That is the end, and as the book is put down the feeling uppermost is, as in Bunyan's case, wonder how the author learnt it all.

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148. It has been said that it is only when religion is not fully alive that men make allegories about it. The truth is that it is when men are most sure of their faith, when it holds undisputed sway in their lives, that they dare, in the very joy of living, to deck it with flowers. Bunyan has three other ingenious descriptive pieces—*The Holy City*, *The Temple of Solomon Spiritualized*, and *The House of the Forest of Lebanon*, in which he joyously revels as his fancy leads him, finding amazing points of resemblance in the spiritual counterpart of these buildings.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LEGACY

I. *In the Three Great Books*

149. The legacy which Bunyan has left us is the assurance of grace. Grace! Grace abounding! Grace abounding to the chief of sinners! Not only is this the overwhelming subject of his great book, it is the one line upon which all his experience is threaded and the one theme to which he inevitably returns, no matter where he begins. In spite of the wonderful variety of his writing he is almost like Paginini playing on one string. Looking back, he sees grace; looking forward, he sees grace; looking around, he sees grace; looking upward he sees grace most of all.

150. It came to him one day when, to use his own words, "I was in a meeting of God's People, full of sadness and terror, for my fears again were strong upon me; and as I was now thinking my Soul was never the better, but my case most sad and fearful, these words did, with great power, suddenly break in upon me. 'My Grace is sufficient for thee, My Grace is sufficient for thee, My Grace is sufficient for thee,' three times together; and oh, methought that every word was a mighty word unto me; as *my*, and Grace, and *sufficient*, and *for thee;* they were then, and sometimes are still, far bigger than others be."

151. He was something like Emerson's old woman, who had been pinched with poverty all her life, and when she was for the first time taken to the sea, stood and gazed and gazed, and when asked what she thought about it, answered: "Oh, I am glad to see something at last that there is enough of." Grace is Bunyan's legacy. He is the Apostle of grace. And there is no

doctrine that needs more to be recovered in the Church of to-day. "Look diligently," Bunyan says, "and leave no corner therein unsearched, for there is a treasure hid, even the treasure of your first and second Experience of the Grace of God toward you."

152. A modern prophet, Dr. J. H. Jowett, sought to bring this home to his generation. He tells us that once he pronounced aloud the words: "According to the riches of His grace, wherein He had abounded toward us," as he walked alone in a beautiful twilight by the fringe of the incoming sea. The truth in nature seemed to recognize the truth in revelation. They appeared to grasp hands. Deep called unto deep, and they offered each other the help of mutual interpretation. It is wonderful how frequently an old and unsuggestive word will glow with vivid significance when proclaimed in new surroundings. The onrush of the waves seemed to get into the words. I could feel a magnificent tidal flow in the great Evangel. The infinite was moving in determined fulness. The grace of the eternal was rolling toward the race in a wealthy and glorious flood.

I gaze into the wealthy content of this spacious word "Grace." Whatever else it may mean, or does not mean, it includes purpose, and goodwill, and love; and we do it wrong and therefore maim ourselves, if we esteem it only as a perfumed sentiment, a favourable inclination, and not as a glorious energy moving toward the race with the fulness and majesty of the ocean tide. And the redeeming energizing effluence flows toward the race in all the spacious plenitude of a flood—grace does not flow from a half-reluctant and partially reconciled God, like the scanty and uncertain movements of a brook in time of drought. It comes in ocean fulness.

Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast unfathomable sea,
Whence all my thoughts are drowned.

Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

153. Bunyan and Jowett agree. Grace is love, and grace is illimitable. But grace is love in relation. Not all love is grace. Love that looks upward is adoration. Love along the level is affection. Only love that descends is grace. Such of necessity is God's love to us. But love that descends never condescends—never condescends, because it is grace, and therefore gracious and lovely. It indeed abases our pride, since it awakens a responsive love in our own hearts, and love always humbles the life it touches; but it also raises our head in hopeful gladness, and in new desire. To think that we are loved, and loved by God, and loved eternally, and that the love at last has reached us, bestows a new dignity upon our life and a new delight.

154. For in grace there is the element of joy. It springs from a glad heart and brings gladness where it is accepted. Rabbi Duncan, that modest but eccentric saint of Edinburgh, in one of the melancholy moods which occasionally overtook him, thinking himself unworthy of God's salvation, began to croon a lullaby of scripture texts in the original language, which was as familiar as his own; and all the texts he murmured to himself contained the word "grace." Suddenly it struck him: "Why, the word 'grace' means 'joy'"; the two words being almost the same in Greek. It was a rebuke to his despondency; at once he rose, like Bunyan out of the shadows, saying, "Shall I deny God His joy in refusing the joy He gives me by His Grace?" The same John Duncan, in lecturing to his students and opening up the experiences of the saints of the past, after he had praised some of the masters of the soul, was wont to exclaim: "But the tinker beats them all!"

155. To Bunyan, God was pre-eminently the God of grace. When he thought of himself it was of grace

abounding to the chief of sinners, and from that story of his life we cull the four following paragraphs: When he thought of the Lord Jesus he added "and of His grace"; when he had what he calls "a strange seizure upon my spirit, it showed me that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace for me"; and if he was spared, the praise was of grace—"Had not grace prevented I had perished by the stroke of eternal justice." And when he was walking up and down his house in a most woeful state the word of God that took hold of his heart was: "Ye are justified freely by His grace through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "Oh! what a turn it made on me," he says. "I found my soul's desire," he says at another time, "even to cast itself at the feet of Grace," though a page or two further on he says: "at the feet of Christ." And when he feared that Christ could not help him, "it was not because His Merits were weak or His Grace and Salvation spent on others already, but because His faithfulness to his threatening would not let him extend His mercy to me."

156. He made discovery of grace, had strange apprehensions of grace. "Now was I got on high; I saw myself in the arms of Grace and Mercy." He mourned his folly when he fell, and ascribed it to the neglect of this duty: "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of Grace and find Grace to help in time of need." He even goes so far as to assert that "I never saw these heights and depths in Grace and Love and Mercy as I saw after this temptation; Great sins do draw out great Grace." He rested all on grace. "I thought I could with more Ease and freedom in abundance have leaned on His grace."

157. At one time, when he could not feel his soul "to love or stir after Grace," and had been in that condition some three or four days, he was sitting by the fire when suddenly this word sounded in his heart: "I must go to Jesus," and his former darkness and atheism fled away and the things of Heaven were set within view. "While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, 'Wife,'

said I, 'Is there such a Scripture: "I must go to Jesus?"' She said she could not tell, therefore I sat musing still to see if I could remember such a place. I had not sat above two or three minutes but that came bolting in on me, 'And to an innumerable company of Angels,' and withal Hebrews the twelfth, about Sion, was set before my eyes. Then with joy I told my wife, 'Oh now I know, I know!' Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night: I could scarce lie in bed for Joy, and Peace, and Triumph, through Christ."

158. He speaks of the state of grace; of the day of grace; of finding his soul, through grace, very apt to drink up the doctrine; of the appearance of grace in all that the old women said who first enlightened him in the way of life, when he himself was only a brisk Talker in the matters of Religion. In thinking of those who had gifts but lack Saving Grace, he concluded that a little grace, a little love, a little of the true Fear of God, is better than all these gifts. "Gifts which are desirable, but yet great Grace and small Gifts are better than great Gifts and no Grace. It doth not say the Lord gives Gifts and Glory, but the Lord gives Grace and Glory; and blessed is such an one, to whom the Lord gives Grace, true Grace, for that is a fore-runner of Glory." But there is always the word of warning, 'Oh! it is sad to be destroyed by the Grace and Mercy of God; to have the Lamb, the Saviour, turn Lion and Destroyer.' The sum of all is "Blessed be his Grace, that Scripture, in these flying fits, would call as running after me. 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud thy transgressions: and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me, I have redeemed thee.' This would make me make a little stop and, as it were, look over my shoulder behind me to see if I could discern that the God of grace did follow me with a pardon in his hand."

II. *Grace in the Allegories.*

159. In the story of the Pilgrim, grace is still extolled. The Interpreter speaks of "the sweet Grace of the

Gospel" ; the fire that is inextinguishable is " the work of grace that is wrought in the heart," sustained by the oil of grace, though it is hard for the tempted to see how this grace is maintained in the soul. The Lord of the hill was a great warrior and had fought and slain him that had the power of death : " he did it with the loss of much blood ; but that which put the glory of grace into all he did, was, that he did it out of pure love for his country." Talkative and Faithful have a discussion as to " How doth the Saving Grace of God discover itself in the heart of man," and a very searching discourse it is. Hopeful, mourning his folly, says " Let grace be adored, and let me be ashamed that ever such a thing should come into my heart." When Little-Faith was set upon by the three thieves, they fled fearing lest Great-Grace, who dwells in the town of Good-Confidence, should come upon them, and no marvel, for he is the King's Champion and is " Excellent good at weapons." Yet even he may be laid low if Faint-Heart or Mistrust get within him, as the scars on his face bear witness. When Hopeful was tempted to leave off praying, and continued, he said : " If I leave off I die, and I can but die at the Throne of Grace." And old Honest, when he comes to the river, does not trust to his honesty but cries : " Grace reigns."

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160. In *The Holy War* grace is still triumphant. To the people of Mansoul, Captain Conviction cries : " Again I say to thee, O Mansoul, consider if it be not amazing grace that Shaddai should so humble himself as he doth ; now he by us reasons with you, in a way of entreaty and sweet persuasions, that you would subject yourselves to him. Has he that need of you that we are sure you have of him ? No, no, but he is merciful, and will not that Mansoul should die, but turn to him and live."

161. " Poor Mansoul ! " said the Golden Headed Prince, " What shall I do unto thee ? Shall I save thee, shall I destroy thee ? What shall I do unto thee ? Shall

I fall upon thee and grind thee to powder, or make thee a monument of richest grace?" Of course, the latter. "Now when the battle was over, the Prince commanded that yet once more the White flag should be upon Mount Gracious in sight of the town of Mansoul to show that yet Emmanuel had grace for the wretched town of Mansoul."

162. When Mr. Wet-Eyes pleads with the Prince, he says: "But I pray thee (and all this while the gentleman wept) that thou wouldest not remember against us our transgressions, nor take offence at the ungratefulness of thy servants, but mercifully pass by the sin of Mansoul, and refrain from the glorifying of thy grace no longer." And when the Prince camped near the town the people came out and prayed that it might please his Grace to come into Mansoul with his men. They added, moreover, and prayed his Majesty to consider thereof, "for," said they, "if now after all this Grace bestowed upon thy miserable town of Mansoul, thou and thy captains remove from us, the town of Mansoul will die." "Yea, let him conquer us by his love and overcome us with his grace, and we shall comply with our Lord, and with his ways, and fall in with his word against the mighty."

163. The Prince ordained that the image of Shaddai, his Father, should be set up again, with his own, upon the castle gates, forasmuch as both his Father and himself were come to Mansoul in much grace and mercy than heretofore, and the third section of the charter granted to the conquered town ran: "I shall also give them a portion of the self-same grace and goodness that dwells in my Father's heart and mine."

164. And when the Prince had withdrawn because of the faults of the town, Mr. Godly-Fear said: "Nay I know that you shall not find him in Mansoul, for he is departed and gone; yea, and gone for the faults of the elders, and for that they rewarded his grace with unsufferable unkindness." And later on he advised them to send a humble petition to their offended Prince Emmanuel, "that he in his favour and grace will turn again unto you and not keep his anger for ever."

165. Lucifer, in proposing his plan to seduce the inhabitants of Mansoul from their allegiance to Prince Emmanuel, added: "Nothing can make this to fail but grace, in which I would hope the town has no share." Brought low, the town petitioned: "O our Lord and Sovereign Prince Emmanuel, the potent, the long-suffering Prince, grace is poured into thy lips. . . . Thy grace can be our salvation, and whither to go but to thee we know not." So when Captain Credence returned with the answer of the Prince a great phrase is used: "the Lord Mayor, now a person of grace being come, sent for all the captains and elders of the town." Four traitors plotted against the city, the fourth being one who said he was a Grace Doubter. When before the Judge, he stoutly affirmed: "Believe it I do, and will, that Mansoul shall never be saved freely by grace." The Election Doubter was condemned because he made salvation to depend on works, not on grace. The Vocation Doubter, who denied that there was any such thing as a distinct and powerful call of God to Mansoul, was rebuked by the Judge, who declared that the town had been quickened, awakened and possessed with heavenly grace.

III. *Grace in the other Writings*

166. There are at least eight other of Bunyan's writings that have the Grace of God as their refrain. Some are massive and well-ordered discourses, some only fugitive pieces, and they are of unequal merit. But they all ring true to the central thought. The thought, indeed, is pursued at times to such length that to the modern mind the point is apt to be missed. In these instances the half would be greater than the whole. There is no sequence in the following paragraphs, and in nearly every instance the sentences are detached from the arguments in which they occur.

167. *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved* is the most striking and appealing of them all. It is a discourse built up on

the text " Beginning at Jerusalem," and is an exposition and enforcement of grace all through, grace that sent from Christ salvation even to His murderers, and sent it to them first of all. " One would a thought, since the Jerusalem sinners are the worst and greatest sinners, that He should have said : ' Go into all the world and preach repentance and remission of sins to all nations ' ; and *after that* offer the same to Jerusalem ; yea it had been infinite grace had He said so. But what grace is this, or what name shall we give it, when He commands that this repentance and remission shall be offered in the first place to the worst of sinners ? " ·

168. " It must therefore follow that this clause ' Beginning at Jerusalem ' was put into the commission of mere grace and compassion. Nor was this the first time that the grace which was in the heart of Christ showed itself to the world. The Lord Jesus takes more care for the lost sheep, the lost groat, and the prodigal son, than the others. The mind of Christ was set upon the salvation of the biggest sinners in His lifetime."

169. Here is an imaginary conversation. Moody in some of his impassioned appeals used to paraphrase it with great effect.

" But I was one of them that plotted to take away His life. May I be saved by Him ? " one of the Jerusalem sinners says.

" Every one of you," says Peter, at Pentecost.

" But I was one of them that bare false witness against Him. Is there grace for me ? "

" For every one of you," says Peter.

" But I was one that cried : ' Crucify Him, Crucify Him.' What will become of me ? "

" I am to preach repentance and remission to every one of you," says Peter.

" But I was one that mocked Him. Is there room for me ? "

" For every one of you," says Peter.

"Is not this amazing grace? Christ will not be put off."

170. "What a pitch of grace is this. Christ is minded to amaze the world and to show that He acteth not like the children of men. God is full of grace, of patience, ready to forgive, and one that delights in mercy. The first church was made up of Jerusalem Sinners. These great sinners were the most shining monuments of the exceeding grace of God. For the Gospel of the Grace of God is sent to help the world. This is the reason which the Lord Christ Himself renders, why, in His lifetime, He left the best, and turned Him to the worst; why He sat so loose from the righteous, and stuck so close to the wicked." "Let the Jerusalem sinner, says Christ, have the first tender of grace and mercy, for he is the biggest sinner, and has most need thereof, and when any of them receive it, it redounds most to the fame of his name, and he desireth that his fame as to the salvation of sinners may spread abroad. What should be the reason, think you, why Christ should so easily take a denial of the great ones that were the grandeur of the world, and struggle so hard for hedge-creepers and highwaymen, as the parable seems to impart He doth, but to show forth the riches of the glory of His grace to His praise? He lays hold on one of the thieves, and will have him away with Him to Glory. Was not this a strange act, and a display of unthought-of grace?"

171. "When God intends to stock a place with saints, and to make the place excellently to flourish with the riches of grace, He usually begins with the conversion of some of the most notorious thereabouts, and lays them, as an example, to allure others, and to build up when they are converted."

172. "Another reason why Jesus Christ would have mercy offered in the first place to the biggest sinners is that because they, when converted, are apt to love Him most." Then Bunyan gives a glowing account of the Apostle Paul, and says: "Aye, Paul, thou speakest like a man carried away with the love and grace of God. Now

this affection giveth to Christ the love He looks for. He might have converted twenty little sinners, and yet not found, for grace bestowed, so much love in them all. Where is he that is thus under pangs of love for the grace bestowed upon him by Jesus Christ? Excepting only a few, you may walk to the world's end, and find none."

173. "Then Christ would have mercy offered in the first place to the biggest sinners, because grace finds matter to kindle upon more freely than in other sinners. Christ has a delight to see grace, the grace we receive, to shine. Grace takes occasion, by the vileness of the man, to shine the more. A black string makes the neck look whiter; great sins make grace burn clear. Some say that when grace and good nature meet together, they do make shining Christians; but I say, when grace and a great sinner meet, and when grace shall subdue that sinner to itself, and shall operate after its kind in the soul of the great sinner, then we have a shining Christian."

174. "For my part I believe that the time is at hand, when we shall see better saints in the world than has been seen in it this many a day. Alas! we are a company of worn-out Christians; our moon is on the wane; we shine but little; grace in most of us is decayed. But I say when these debauched ones shall be converted, then will Christ be exalted, grace adored, the Word prized, Zion's path better trodden, and men in pursuit of their own salvation, to the amazement of those that are left behind."

175. "By this also you must learn to judge the sufficiency of the merits of Christ. Because as grace is the cause of His merits, so His merits are the basis and bounds upon and by which His grace stands good, and is let out to sinners. The biggest sinners cannot be saved, but by abundance of grace. And as I said, since His grace is extended according to the worth of His merits, I conclude that there is the same virtue in His merits now as there was in the very beginning. Oh! the riches of the grace of Christ! Oh! the riches of the blood of Christ!"

176. " If God had said He will forgive one sin, it had been undeserved grace, but when He says He will pardon all but one, this is grace to its height. Thrust thyself under the shelter and protection of the word of grace."

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177. *A Discourse upon the Pharisee and Publican* may next fitly supply some passages on the theme of grace. Bunyan says, in his Preface : " Wherefore in reading this little book thou must needs read thyself. God give thee the Publican's heart, if thou art in the Publican's sins, that thou mayst partake with the Publican of mercy."

178. " I find it one of the hardest things that I can put my soul upon, even to come to God, when warmly sensible that I am a sinner, for a share in grace and mercy. At another time when my heart is most hard and stupid I can talk of my sins and ask mercy at His hand and scarce be sensible of sin or grace. The Publican by his confession showed a piece of the highest wisdom that a mortal man can show ; because by so doing, he engageth as well as imploreth the grace and mercy of God to save him. The Publican, in standing afar off, left room for an advocate, a high priest, a daysman, to come betwixt to make peace between God and this poor creature. The Publican's shame which he demonstrated was much like that of the Prodigal. I suppose that *his* postures were much the same with the Publican's, as were his prayers, for the substance of them. Both stood afar off. O however grace did work in both to the same end, they were both of them after a godly manner ashamed of their sins. And the ten lepers too, ' And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men which were lepers, who stood afar off.' "

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179. *The Water of Life* is a discourse showing the richness and glory of the grace and spirit of the gospel ;

it gathers up almost every reference in the Bible where this comparison is used. "By the water of life, the Spirit of grace or the Spirit and the grace of God is here intended," and there are six reasons why the Spirit of grace is compared to water: it is an antidote to sin, in opposition to the curse, it spreads, it cleanses, it descends, it causes fruitfulness."

180. "It is called a river of the water of life to show the abundance of grace, to show that it yields a continual supply, as I may call it, of new and fresh water. We must then put a difference between the grace that dwelleth in us and this river of the water of life. The river proceeds from the throne of God and of the Lamb; for the riches of grace and of wisdom are that grace comes to us not only in a way of mercy and compassion, but in a way of justice and equity. Yea, the higher, the greater, the richer is grace, by how much more it cost the Father and the Lamb that we might enjoy it."

181. "Grace God has exalted, has set it upon a throne, and so made it a King and given it authority to reign. Grace can justify freely, *when* it will, *who* it will, from *what* it will. Grace can continue to pardon, favour, and save from falls, in falls, out of falls. Grace can comfort, relieve and help those that have hurt themselves. And grace can bring the unworthy to glory. This then is God's great device, the master-piece of all his witty inventions."

182. "Never did man yet catch harm by the enjoyment and fulness of the grace of God. There is no fear of excess or of surfeiting here. Grace makes no man proud, no man wanton, no man haughty, no man careless or negligent as to his duty that is incumbent upon him, either from God or man; no, grace keeps a man low in his own eyes, humble, self-denying, penitent, watchful, savoury in good things, charitable, and makes him kindly affectioned to the heathen, pitiful and courteous to all men. I advise therefore that thou get a dwelling-place by these waters."

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183. Amongst the sixty treatises we treasure from Bunyan there is one that deals directly with the throne of grace: it is entitled *The Saint's Privilege and Profit.* He tells us first that there is a throne of grace, and that this signifies that "God still acts in this as a free agent, not being wrought upon by the misery of the creature as a procuring cause; but of His own princely mind; that there are times of need, and that mercy and grace are to be had at the throne of grace, and we must fetch it thence by prayer, if we would, as we should, go through these needy times. Is not this great grace that we should be called to come to God for mercy?"

184. "A present dispensation of grace is like a good meal, a seasonable shower, or a penny in one's pocket, all which will serve for the present necessity. But will that good meal that I ate last week enable me, without supply, to do a good day's work in this? or will that seasonable shower which fell last year, be, without supplies, a seasonable help to the grain and grass that is growing now? or will that penny that supplied my want the other day, I say, will that same penny, also, without a supply, supply my wants to-day? The same may, I say, be said of grace received; it is like the oil of the lamp, it must be fed, it must be added to. And there, there shall be a supply, 'wherefore he giveth more grace.' Grace is the sap, which from the root maintaineth the branches; stop the sap, and the root will wither. Not that the sap shall be stopped where there is union, not stopped for altogether, for as from the root the branch is supplied, so from Christ is every member furnished with a continual supply of grace, if it doth as it should. The day of grace is the day of expense; this is our spending time. As a traveller at a fresh inn is called to spend fresh money: so Christians, at a fresh temptation, at a new temptation, are made to spend afresh, and a new supply of grace."

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185. In *The Law of Sin and Grace Unfolded* there is this notable sentence: "I saw, through grace, that it

was the blood shed on Mount Calvary that did save and redeem sinners, as clearly and as really with the eyes of my soul as ever, methought, I had seen a penny loaf bought for a penny; which things, then discovered, had such operation upon my soul, that I do hope they did sweetly season every faculty thereof."

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186. And in the fragment entitled *Of the Law and a Christian* Bunyan notes that the law was given twice on Mount Sinai, "the first time in terror and severity, the second time God causes all his goodness to pass before Moses to the comfort of his conscience and the baring of his heart"; on which he remarks that "the first doth more principally intend its force as a covenant of works, the second rather as a rule, or directory, to those who already are found in the cleft of the rock. For the saint himself, though he is without law to God, as it is considered the first or old covenant, yet even he is not without law to him as considered under grace, not without law to God, but under the law to Christ," but, he adds, "I may not, will not, cannot, dare not make it my saviour and judge, nor suffer it to set up its government in my conscience; for by so doing I fall from grace, and Christ Jesus doth profit me nothing."

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187. In *The Desire of the Righteous Granted* we are told of six things that grace can do. (1) Grace in the general effect of it is to mend the soul and make it better disposed. (2) Grace, when it comes, breaks and crumbles the heart, in the sense of its own vileness. (3) Grace, when it comes, shows to a man more of the holiness and patience of God. (4) Grace is of a heart-humbling nature; it will make a man count himself the most unworthy of anything, of all saints. (5) Grace will make a man prize

other men's graces and generous actions above his own. (6) Renewings of grace beget renewed self-bemoanings, self-condemnation, self-abhorrences.

188. " It is to the advantage of the righteous that they be kept and led in that way which will best improve grace already received, and that is, when they spin it out, and use it to the utmost. The righteous are apt to be like well-fed children, too wanton, if God should not appoint them some fasting days. By this means we are also made to see that there is virtue in our old store of grace to keep us with God in the way of duty, longer than we should imagine it would. A little true grace will go a great way, yea, and do more wonders than we are aware of.

189. It may be that the grace which thou prayed for is worth being on thy knees a thousand times more. Thou must consider, that great grace is reserved for great service ; thou desirest abundance of grace, thou dost well, and thou shalt have what shall qualify and fit thee for the service that God has for thee to do for him, and for his name in the world. Wherefore as thou art busy in desiring more grace, be also desirous that wisdom to manage it unto faithfulness may also be granted unto thee. Thou wilt say, ' Grace, if I had it, will do all this for me.' It will, and will not. It will, if thou watch and be sober ; it will not, if thou be foolish and remiss. Men of great grace may grow consumptive in grace, and idleness may turn him that wears a plush jacket into rags."

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190. It is in the discourse *Saved by Grace* that, after the revelation of his heart in *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, we find some of the greatest grace-words. " To be saved by grace supposeth that God hath taken the salvation of our souls into His own hand ; and to be sure it is safer in God's hands than in ours. Hence it is called the salvation of the Lord ; the salvation of God ; and

salvation, and that of God." And again: "It is a good thing, saith the Apostle, that the heart be established with grace; thereby insinuating that there is no establishment in the soul that is right but by the knowledge of the grace of God."

191. "O when a God of grace is upon a throne of grace, and a poor sinner stands by and begs for grace, and that in the name of a gracious Christ, in and by the help of the Spirit of grace, can it be otherwise but that such a sinner must obtain mercy and grace to help in time of need?" To anyone who doubts it he says: "Hold, man; there is a God in heaven that is a God of all grace. Yet thou art not a man of all sin. If God be the God of all grace, then if all the sins of the world were thine, yet the God of all grace can pardon, or else it should seem that sin is stronger in a man penitent, to damn, than the grace of God can be to save."

192. There are some saints, and those not long-lived either, that must receive, before they enter into life, millions of pardons from God, and every pardon is an act of grace through the redemption that is in Christ's blood.

193. O grace! O amazing grace! To see a prince entreat a beggar to receive an alms would be a strange sight; to see a king entreat the traitor to accept of mercy would be a stranger sight than that; but to see God entreat a sinner, to see Christ say, "I stand at the door and knock," with a heart full of grace, and a heaven full of grace to bestow on him that opens, this is a sight that dazzles the eyes of angels.

194. Now we come to the last extract from those eight treatises in which grace is magnified. Bunyan, in reviewing *The Grace of the Son*, is carried beyond himself, and breaks into rapturous adoration. Bow the heart while the words are read. "Thou Son of the Blessed, what grace was manifest in Thy condescension! Grace brought Thee down from heaven, grace stripped Thee of Thy glory, grace made Thee poor and despicable, grace made Thee bear such burdens of sin, such burdens of sorrow, such burdens of God's curse as are unspeakable.

O Son of God! grace was in all Thy tears, grace came bubbling out of Thy side with Thy blood, grace came forth with every word from Thy sweet mouth. Grace came out where the whip smote Thee, where the thorns pricked Thee, where the nails and spear pierced Thee. O blessed Son of God! Here is grace indeed! Unsearchable riches of grace! Unthought of riches of grace! Grace to make angels wonder, grace to make sinners happy, grace to astonish devils! And what will become of them that trample under foot the Son of God?"

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Had not Bunyan learnt his lesson well?

IV. *Grace the Message of To-day*

195. We are now in a position to attempt to gather up the materials Bunyan has placed at our disposal, and to display the riches of God's grace, which is the burden of his message—the message pre-eminently needed for to-day; to recover what he plainly expresses and to discover what he only suggests, adding, perhaps, something that he may have forgotten, and putting some of the old truths in a new setting, gilding the frame without doing more than cleaning the picture.

196. In the first place, we recall that God is the God of grace, not only that He is gracious and that He bestows grace, but that He is on the throne of grace, and that grace is the very quality of His nature. This does not imply that He is a fond, indulgent God, like an easy-going father who spoils his children, for that is not the way of grace. It is, as we have earlier seen, love descending, and the descent costs. Of course, since God has no equal, His love, except within the Godhead, must always descend, and any traffic between God, who has everything, and us, who have nothing, must necessarily be, on His side, giving; and, on our side, receiving. We may go further

and say that it is as necessary for God to give as it is for us to receive from Him, and further still, daring to say that God becomes richer by giving, richer because He is the God of grace, and that if He had not grace He would deny Himself. "Grace," says Thomas Phillips, "is something in God which is at the heart of all His redeeming activities, the downward stoop and reach of God, God bending from the height of His majesty to touch and grasp our insignificance and poverty."

197. We shall seek to understand what He bestows upon us, but what He gives is less important than what He is. The story is told of little Gretchen, the daughter of a compositor, when Luther's Bible was being translated, who from what she had been taught lived in dread of God. One day she got hold of a proof sheet which ended in the middle of the third chapter of John's Gospel, and she read "God so loved the world that He gave." There was no more, for that was the end of the sheet and the other side was blank. But her life was gladdened, and when someone asked the reason she showed her precious paper. "What did God give?" they said, and she replied, "I do not know." "Then how can that make you happy if you do not know?" "Why," she answered, "if God loved us well enough to give us anything, I will never be afraid of Him any more." Which just means, as we would put it, that even if we only know the beginnings of His ways the God of grace wins our faith and so saves us from our fear.

198. God is always giving. He created man that He might give him of Himself. He withholds nothing except what His creation cannot receive, and the very grace He gives to man has as its purpose the enlarging of his capacity so that God can give him more. It was so from the beginning, it will be so to the end. The Father gave His Son, His uniquely-begotten Son, the Son gave Himself to the utmost, and the Spirit, given without measure, without measure gives. When we get hold of that, we learn without surprise that "Christ Jesus, existing in the form of God, counted not the being equal with God a

thing to be grasped at." God grasps at nothing. He does not grasp, He gives, and so in grace Christ emptied Himself of His glory.

199. It is remarkable that in that great answer to the question, " What is God ? " in the Shorter Catechism, the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, in Bunyan's own day, missed this altogether. " God is a Spirit," they said, " infinite, eternal, unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." Unless the word " goodness " hints at it, grace is quite forgotten, and grace is everything. Henry Drummond has told us, in unforgettable language, that love is the greatest thing in the world, but he might have gone further, and said that the greatest love is the love of God, not only greatest because it is God's love, but because it is grace. Bunyan tells us something like this in the quoted paragraphs 190 and 191.

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200. This, in the fine phrase of Dr. Mullins, implies " the competence of the human soul for God," that is for grace. Man must be capable of receiving what God gives, else how is grace to be bestowed ? There is an openness in man toward God. Man must have some God. And the creation of man so that he should be capable of grace is itself an act of grace. The Lord Jesus told us that we can argue from our own love to God's love ; if we being evil give good gifts to our children, how much more God ? And if we give, we surely can receive when God gives. We not only can receive grace, we need it, need God's greatness to wrap round our littleness, and around our restlessness His rest. If we had not sinned we should still need grace because of our poverty ; now we need it more because of our guilt. We not only know the grace of our Lord Jesus, how though He was rich He yet became poor for us, we know His grace because He died for our sin. It was when sin abounded that grace did much more abound.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin—

even the sin of Jerusalem sinners. "Grace is needed to make a man a saint," says Pascal, "and he who doubts it does not know either what a man is, or what a saint is."

201. There is not only the capacity for grace and the need of it, there is urgency in the matter; grace comes direct to the soul without intermediary. There are, of course, what we term "means of grace," and these, if they fulfil their purpose, do not call us to themselves, but direct us to the source, which is the heart of God Himself. Grace is not ministered to us as life is ministered, from grandfather to father and from father to son; it comes to each soul that receives it direct from God. No man on earth can convey God's grace to another, none has too much for himself; no priest, no church, no ceremony, can give it. Nor have any even in heaven more grace there than they need for themselves. If we brought to earth all the surplus grace from the saints in glory, we should not have enough to save the soul of a little child. Nor is there need to go up to heaven to bring it down, nor to descend into the deep to bring it up, nor to go over the sea to bring it nigh,—it is in our mouth, it is on our very lip. We have but to receive it with praise, it is so near that it is easier to swallow it than to refuse it.

202. But grace is not God's patience with our folly, nor the passing over our sin as a trifle. It is the grace of God, it is ministered from a throne, it comes with the intent to quit us of our weakness and our sin. It is given to the traitor to make him true, to the rebel to win his loyalty. In paragraph 187 Bunyan tells us from experience what grace, when it comes to a human heart, will do. It was grace that led Christ to Calvary; there was no other way to open the fountain for sin and uncleanness; and Bunyan tells us again a thing we do well to remember, that the forgiveness of every single sin is a fresh act of grace on the part of God (192). So while

there is no soul of man that does not need grace, there is none too guilty to get it. "It is the boast of grace into unlikeliest hearts to come," and when it comes it is irresistible. Our fathers called it distinguishing grace because it came so straight to the mark, sovereign grace because it took the mastery of the life.

> And thus the eternal mandate ran,
> Almighty grace! Arrest that man!

203. Grace is so great that it abolishes all differences between us. Boasting is excluded, and despair is equally forbidden. There is no plea in merit and no disability in misery. Bunyan is right again (181). Grace is the masterpiece of all God's witty inventions. And when grace saves us, there is still no room for self-praise. In heaven our place will be given us by the grace that first found us and drew us under the reign of God.

> Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
> And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
> I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
> Unto my fitting place.

204. It was the prayer of an old saint: "Lord, give me grace to long for grace, and grace to ask for grace, and grace to use grace, and grace to ask for more grace." Only grace can keep us from falling from grace. There is the constant temptation to think that if God only start us by His grace, we can manage the rest ourselves, or that presently we shall attain such character or holiness that we shall be strong enough to run alone. But we need grace all along the way. In an ancient church, known to me, along the beam in large letters is the legend: "God me guide. Grace me govern." It is always God, and always Grace. The man who says that he trusts God's grace for salvation and will now live as he likes, has not yet touched either Grace or God; unless, indeed, he means

that now he likes to live only as God likes. Constantly we may sing and pray:

> Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
> Daily I'm constrained to be,
> Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
> Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

The prayer will be answered, for God not only gives grace; He has given a covenant of grace, so that we can depend on it, that it will always answer to our condition.

205. Dr. Charles Brown, himself an ardent Bunyan disciple, tells us that years ago, when he began to follow Christ, fear came almost immediately afterwards, and he was "tossed about with many a conflict, many a doubt." "Especially the Christian life seemed impossible, far too lofty and great for my tendencies and temptations to attempt successfully; and I remember vividly the word that came to the prayer of St. Paul flashing one day into my mind as the veritable word of Christ to me: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I believed it, and there was no happier person in the world than I was for months."

206. Spurgeon wrote a little book which has perhaps been as useful as any of his larger works. It is entitled *All of Grace*, and is homely almost to a fault. He tells the reader first of all that if he were labelled "Ungodly," it would as well describe him as if the sea were labelled "Salt water." "Now I bid you look at that righteousness of yours," he says, "till you see what a delusion it is." "O friend, the great grace of God surpasses my conception and your conception, and I would have you think worthily of it." "The world is no friend to grace. True religion is supernatural at its beginning, supernatural in its continuance, and supernatural in its close. It will amaze the universe to see us enter the pearly gate, blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. We ought to be full of grateful wonder if kept for an hour."

207. Once, as a young man, I heard Spurgeon in the Tabernacle give a memorable bit of his own experience.

"I have often read in the Scripture," he said, "of the holy laughter of Abraham, when he fell on his face and laughed; but I do not know that I ever experienced that laughter till a few evenings ago, when this text came home to me with such sacred power as literally to cause me to laugh. I had been looking it through, looking at its original meaning, and trying to fathom it, till at last I got hold of it in this way: 'My grace,' says Jesus, 'is sufficient for *thee*,' and it looked almost as if it were meant to ridicule my unbelief; for surely the grace of such a one as my Lord Jesus is indeed sufficient for so insignificant a being as I am."

208. "It seemed to me as if some tiny fish, being very thirsty, was troubled with fear of drinking the river dry, and Father Thames said to him, 'Poor little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee.' I should think it is, and inconceivably more. My Lord seems to say to me: 'Poor little creature that thou art, remember what grace there is in Me, and believe that it is all thine. Surely it is sufficient for thee.' I replied, 'Ah, my Lord, it is indeed.'"

209. "Put one mouse down in all the granaries of Egypt when they were fullest after seven years of plenty, and imagine that one mouse complaining that it might die of famine. 'Cheer up,' says Pharaoh, 'poor mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee.'"

210. "Imagine a man standing on a mountain and saying, 'I breathe so many cubic feet of air in a year; I am afraid that I shall ultimately inhale all the oxygen which surrounds the globe.' Surely the earth on which the man would stand might reply: 'My atmosphere is sufficient for thee.' I should think it is; let him fill his lungs as full as ever he can, he will never breathe all the oxygen, nor will the fish drink up all the river, nor the mouse eat up all the stores in the granaries of Egypt."

211. "Does it not make unbelief seem altogether ridiculous, so that you laugh it out of the house, and say, 'Never come this way any more, for with a mediatorial fulness to go to, with such a Redeemer to rest in, how

dare I for a moment think that my wants cannot be supplied.' Our great Lord feeds all the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, and the cattle on the hills, and guides the stars, and upholds all things by the power of His hand; how then can we be straitened for supplies, or be destitute of help? If our needs were a thousand times larger than they are, they would not approach the vastness of His power to provide. The Father hath committed all things into His hand. Doubt Him no more. Listen, and let Him speak to thee; 'My grace is sufficient for thee. What if thou hast little grace, yet I have much; it is *My* grace thou hast to look to, not thine own, and *My* grace will surely be sufficient for thee.' "

212. Perhaps the best emphasis of all is that which may be put upon the smallest word. Prebendary Webb-Peploe told how his life was changed when this familiar sentence once came to him in a new and startling way. When he returned home from the burial of his little child, his heart almost breaking in its sorrow, the Spirit seemed to say to him: "My grace *is* sufficient for thee." The text above his desk stared him in the face with the word "is" illuminated in some colour which shone more vividly than the rest of it. He had often known that grace *was* sufficient, and he had hoped that grace *would be* sufficient, but he rose from his knees that day with the confidence that grace *is* sufficient; and the thought changed his whole life.

213. That is really the eternal meaning of the text which changed Bunyan's life. The Apostle tells us not only that the Lord said to him these sweet words, but the tense of the verb implies that "He hath been saying to me"; "He hath kept on saying to me"; "He has never ceased saying to me"; every year of fourteen years that lay between the revelation and the day he told it; every month of every year; every day of every month; "He hath been saying to me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' " Paul's God is ours, and the grace that Paul received and that Bunyan received, and that

Spurgeon received, will be sufficient for us to the end in spite of all our failures, and all our trials, and all our difficulties. Even the thorn in the flesh, sent by Satan to buffet me, can by new accessions of grace be made an enrichment of my life.

214. This is the Gospel the people of to-day are waiting to hear. I have known six hundred ministers rise to their feet and cheer when Spurgeon's son, Thomas, who had voyaged time and again to Australasia and at length succeeded his father in the Tabernacle, described the ship *Free Grace*. He told how an unusual opportunity was once afforded him of viewing the vessel in which he had sailed, before the voyage was quite complete. After three months in a sailing ship, they were greeted by a harbour tug, the services of which were declined because of a favourable breeze. But the master of the tug ranged alongside the clipper and transhipped such passengers as cared to get a view from another deck of the good ship that had brought them fifteen thousand miles. It was a brave sight, that full rigged ship, and they cheered again and again. "To-day," he said, "we have circled the ship and I call on every passenger to bless her in the name of the Lord, and to shout the praise of Him who owns and navigates her. All honour and blessing be to the God of grace and unto the grace of God! Ten thousand thanks to Jesus, and to the blessed Spirit equal praise!"

215. One of the greatest triumphs of grace is when God goes over a sinner's record, and when his sin is gone, his weakness strengthened, his trial made bearable, his sorrows glorified, grace stills the haunting regret for the ills beyond the sinner's reach that may result from his past, the entail of evil in the lives of people he may have misled, tempted, wounded, neglected. God is strong enough, and wise enough, to trace out the sin in all its ramifications and erase it. He can so work in other lives that any whom we have wronged in the days of our impenitence shall not be losers by our fault. And since He can He will. Grace is sufficient for all.

216. Time-long, and world-wide, the grace avails. In China, Hung Hsiang, the son of wealthy parents, had reduced himself to poverty by thirty-eight years of opium smoking. A change of habits meant a death struggle, but such was the hold that grace took of him that he attempted it. The whole story is told in *A Chinese St. Francis*. His battle was terrible, for a week after he renounced opium he writhed in agony on the floor of the ancestral temple or rolled up in a bed quilt by the road-side. Mao, who visited him ten times a day, often spent the night with him. Gladly he would have died, but at length he came off victorious, the power of the vice was broken, and he lived a triumphant life. On the last day he was able to be out, he said to his grand-nephew's wife : " I am going to church, do not expect me home again," and then, an old man eighty years of age, he moved slowly down the street leaning on his stick. When he entered the church, he went to his accustomed corner and read his Bible. But his eyes were too dim to see. He put down the book, and dragging himself to the other end of the empty building, he managed somehow to climb three or four steps leading to the pulpit. Then people in the school next door heard the thin old voice quavering the first lines of the hymn :

> My heart indeed would sing
> Because of God's high grace.

When, later, someone entered the church, the sunlight was creeping up the wall, and Hsiang was lying upon the pulpit stairs. That was the end for him, and may well be for us :

> My heart indeed would sing
> Because of God's high grace.

217. Bunyan compared grace to the water of life (179). This is the river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. In Pretoria, in the Transvaal, there is a spring

which supplies the whole city with clear, pure water. It bubbles up five million gallons a day. It is so wonderful that I desired to see it, and crossing a delightful garden, guided by the daughter of the house, at length reached the spring, which is built up and covered over with iron gates. A negro servant was waiting to lift back the gates when the white girl had turned the key in the padlock—and there the clear water was arching up. In summer and winter, never warmer or colder, never less or more, that spring sends up its water, which evidently flows through some fault in the dolomite rock beneath. It needs no filtering, it needs no pumping, out on the hillside it bursts, high enough to reach all the homes of the city, save only some new houses that have been built still higher. Man does not tamper with it, he cannot increase it by any of his devices, it is the free gift of God; pure, full, unstinted, unfailing, supplying the needs of all. Five million gallons a day! The city has grown around the spring, as the city of God grows around His grace, the glory of its grace abounding to the chief of sinners.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE CODICILS

I. *Forty-five Extracts*

218. The main message of Bunyan is Grace, and the most memorable setting of it is in his Pilgrim; but the Legacy is scattered through all his works; and in all of them there are golden pieces we do well to treasure. These are the extra things, the codicils to his will. We proceed to gather some of them up. (The numerals at the end of the extracts give the clue to the treatise from which they are taken. Refer to page 127). And first of all we have the song of Valiant-for-Truth, which recently in a revised form has attained some popularity.

Here is the original version :—

Who would true valour see
  Let him come hither :
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
  To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
  His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright ;
He'll with a Giant fight,
But he will have a right
  To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
  Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
  Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
  To be a Pilgrim. (2)

219. This may be followed by the song of Christiana.

Bless'd be the day that I began
  A pilgrim for to be
And blesséd also be the man
  That thereto moved me.

'Tis true was long ere I began
  To seek to live for ever ;
But now I run fast as I can
  'Tis better late than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith
  Are turnéd, as we see,
Thus our beginning (as one saith)
  Shows what our end will be. (2)

220. The song of Christian at the Cross, though so familiar, and the last two lines already quoted, cannot be omitted.

Thus far did I come laden with my Sin ;
Nor aught could ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither. What a place is this !
Must here be the beginning of my bliss ?
Must here the burden fall from off my back ?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack ?
Bless'd Cross ! Bless'd Sepulchre ! bless'd rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me ! (1)

221. If that is the beginning, here are some words from Bunyan's last sermon, preached at Whitechapel on August 19th, 1688. He died on August 31st. "Children, it is natural for them to depend on their father for what they want: if they want a pair of shoes, they go and tell him; if they want bread, they go and tell him: so should the children of God do. Do you want spiritual bread? Go and tell God of it. Do you want strength of grace? Ask it of God. Do you want strength against Satan's temptation? Go and tell God of it. When the devil tempts you, run home and tell your heavenly Father—go pour out your complaints to God: this is natural to children: if any wrong them, they go and tell their father; so do those who are born of God, when they meet with temptations, go and tell God of them." (15)

222. And here is an ingenious argument in prayer. "Doth Satan tell thee thou prayest but faintly, and with cold devotion? Answer him thus and say: 'I am glad you told me, for this will make me trust the more to Christ's prayers, and less to my own. Also I will endeavour henceforward to be so fervent in my crying at the throne of Grace, that I will, if I can, make the heavens rattle again with the mighty groans thereof.'" (7)

223. And here is still further ingenuity in overcoming the enemy of souls. "If thou didst but get the art to outrun him in his own shoes, as I may say, and to make his own darts to pierce himself, then thou mightest also say, how doth Satan's temptations, as all other things, work together for my good, for my advantage." (7)

224. This bit of evangelical experience is worthy of record. "I remember one day as I was travelling into the country, and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my Heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, the Scripture came to my mind, He hath made peace by the blood of the Cross. By which I was made to see, both again and again, that day, that God and my soul were friends by this Blood: yea I saw that the Justice of

God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other through the Blood. This was a good day to me." (4)

225. And this bears the mark of Reality; we can almost see the struggle. "If Satan and I did strive for any Word of God in all my life, it was for this *Good Word of Christ* (Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out). He at one end and I at the other. Oh! what work did we make! He pulled and I pulled: but God be praised, I got the better of him. I got some sweetness from it." (4)

226. And this paragraph gives a bit of authentic experience. "When all hope seems to be quite gone, and the soul concludes *I die, I perish,* in comes, on a sudden, the Spirit of God again, with some good word of God, which the soul never thought of before, which word of God commands a calm in the soul, makes unbelief give place, encourageth to hope and wait upon God again: perhaps it giveth some little sight of Christ to the soul, and of his blessed undertaking for sinners." (6)

227. Like Isaiah, here Bunyan is very bold. "The guilt of sin did help me much, for still as that would come upon me, the Blood of Christ did take it off again, and again, and again, and that too, sweetly according to the Scriptures. *O Friends! cry to God to reveal Jesus Christ unto you; there is none teacheth like him.*" (4)

228. This also is a daring paragraph. "The next day, at evening, being under many fears, I went to seek the Lord: and as I prayed I cried, and my Soul cried to him in these words, with strong cries. *O Lord I beseech thee, show me that thou hast loved me with an everlasting love.* Now I went to bed in quiet, also when I awaked in the morning it was fresh upon my Soul and I believed it. For thus it was made unto me; I loved thee whilst thou wast committing this sin. I loved thee before, I love thee still, and I will love thee for ever." (4)

229. My need and Thy great fulness meet, and I have

all in Thee. " Here is a naked sinner for a righteous Jesus, a poor sinner to a rich Jesus, a weak sinner to a strong Jesus, a blind sinner to a seeing Jesus, and an ignorant careless sinner to a wise and careful Jesus. (7)

230. Here is a sentence that might be written in letters of gold. " It was thus made out to me. That the great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of his poor creatures, that rather than he would go without their love, he would pardon their transgression." (4)

231. I know a lady who ran to her house with great tumult of mind when her house was deluged in a storm, and on her way through a room hurriedly tore off the calendar slip she had forgotten in the morning, and read the text for the day, " This is the will of God, that you believe on Him whom He hath sent," and beneath it the final clause of the following paragraph from Bunyan, which was underneath the text : and immediately there was a great calm in her heart. " Faith is the eye, is the mouth, is the hand, and one of these is in use all the day long. Faith is to see, to receive, to work, or to eat, and a Christian should be seeing, or receiving, or working, or feeding, all the day long. Let it rain, let it blow, let it thunder, let it lighten, a Christian must still believe." (5)

232. God does not wish His people only to exist, He wishes them to live. " I tell you that desires are strange things, if they be right : they jump with God's mind : they are the life of prayer : they are a man's kindness to God, and they which will take him up from the ground, and carry him after God to do His will, let the work be never so hard."

233. His grace and power are such, none can ever ask too much. " They desire a handful, God gives them a seaful : they desire a country, God prepared for them a city : a city that is heavenly : a city that hath foundations : a city whose builder and maker is God." (9)

234 We should always have the child's spirit of won-

der. " Christ Jesus has bags of money that were never yet broken or unsealed. Hence it is said He has goodness laid up : things reserved in heaven for His. If He breaks one of those bags, who can tell what He can do ? " (5)

235. These are the words of Christian as he thinks of Talkative. " Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed : talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit indeed is in the heart and life : and let us assure ourselves that, at the day of doom, men shall be judged according to their fruit. It will not be said then *Did you believe ?* But were you *doers* or *talkers* only ? And accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest : and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that anything can be acceptable that is not of faith." (1)

236. This stanza is inserted by way of remembrance : it is followed in the text by two others.

He that is down need fear no fall
  He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble, ever shall,
  Have God to be his Guide. (2)

237. This is evidently the model Bunyan himself followed. " Peter at Pentecost tells the people to accept grace and forgiveness. Then in the fourth chapter of The Acts of the Apostles, like a heavenly decoy, he puts himself among them, to draw them the better under the net of the gospel, saying, ' There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby *we* must be saved.' " (5)

238. An apt illustration of the favourite topic—Grace. " When Elisha had taken the Syrians captive, some were for using severities towards them : but he said, ' Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go to their master ' ; and they did so. And what follows ?

'So the bands of Syria came into Israel no more.' He conquered their malice with compassion. And it is the love of Christ that constraineth us to live to Him." (10)

239. Here we have a glimpse of early days. "The biggest sinners are Satan's colonels and captains, the leaders of his people, and they that most stoutly make head against the Son of God. Wherefore, let these first be conquered, and the Kingdom will be weak. I speak by experience. I was one of these great sin-breeders. The neighbours counted me so. My practice proved me so. Wherefore Christ Jesus took me first: and taking me first, the contagion was much allayed all the town over. When God made me sigh, they would hearken, and enquiringly say—What is the matter with John?" (5)

240. This is a delightful and allowable play on the word of Christ as the forerunner of the saints. "He is run before to open heaven's gates. He is run before to take possession of glory in our natures for us. He is run before to prepare us our places, against we come after. He is run thither to make the way easy in that He hath first trodden the path Himself. He is run before to receive gifts for us." (7)

241. A phrase in the centre of this sentence bites like acid. "One reason why men make so many prayers, and prevail no more with God, is because their prayers are rather the floatings of pharisaical fancies than the fruits of sound sense of sin and sincere enjoying God in mercy, and in the fruits of the Holy Ghost." (10)

242. What shall I render? I will take the cup of salvation. "God has no need of thy gift, nor Christ of thy bribe, to plead thy cause: take thankfully what is offered and call for more: that is the best giving to God." (16)

243. By such simple illustrations Bunyan carried his point. "Suppose a prince should on a sudden descend from his throne to take up something that he had espied

lying trampled under the feet of those that stand by, would you think that he would do it for an old horse shoe? Would you not conclude that the thing for which the prince, so great a man, should make such a stoop, must needs be a thing of very great worth? Why, that is the case with Christ and the soul." (17)

244. Here speaks Bunyan the poet-preacher. "God hath strewed all the way, from the gate of hell, where thou wast, to the gate of heaven, whither thou art going, with flowers out of His own garden. Behold how the promises, invitations, calls, and encouragements, like lilies, lie round about thee! Take heed that thou dost not tread them under foot, sinner. With promises, did I say? Yea, He hath mixed all those with His own name, His Son's name; also with the name of mercy, goodness, compassion, love, pity, grace, forgiveness, pardon, and what not, that they may encourage the coming sinner." (18)

245. The preacher is here the expert hunter of souls. "Suppose a child doth grievously transgress against and offend his father, is the relation between them therefore dissolved? Again, suppose the father should scourge and chasten the son for such offence, is the relation between them therefore dissolved? Yea, suppose the child should now, through ignorance, cry, and say, This man is no more my father: is he, therefore, now no more his father? Doth not everybody see the folly of such arguings? Why, of the same nature is that doctrine that saith, that after we have received the spirit of adoption, that the spirit of bondage is sent to us again to put us in fear of eternal damnation." (19)

246. The grace that is the beginning of true wisdom. "Another motive to stir thee up to grow in this grace of the fear of God, may be the privileges it lays thee under. What or where wilt thou find in the Bible, so many privileges, so affectionately entailed to any grace, as to this, the fear of God? God speaks of this grace, and of the privileges that belong to it, as if, so to speak, with reverence

he knew not how to have done blessing of the man that hath it." (19)

247. This quaint incident shows how Bunyan was greeted. "Once being in an honest woman's house, I asked her how she did? She said, 'Very badly: I am afraid I shall not be saved.' And broke out with a heavy heart, saying, 'Ah, Goodman Bunyan! Christ and a pitcher; if I had Christ, though I went and begged my bread with a pitcher, it would be better with me than I think it is now.' This woman had her heart broken, this woman wanted Christ." (22)

248. Here we have divine philosophy and a bit of biography. "There must go a great deal to the making of a man a Christian; for as to that every man is a fool: yea one that will not be turned from his folly but by the breaking of his heart. David was one of these fools; Manasseh was one of these fools; Saul, otherwise called Paul, was one of these fools; so was I—and that the *biggest* of all." (22)

249. The verbs and the nouns are both notable in this sentence. "Beg of God that he would do these two things for thee. First, Enlighten thine understanding. And Second, Inflame thy will. If these two be but effectually done, there is no fear but thou wilt go safe to heaven." (12)

250. This is to cheer the Heavenly Footman. "To encourage thee a little further, set to the work, and when thou hast run thyself down weary, then the Lord Jesus will take thee up and carry thee. Is not this enough to make any poor soul begin his race? Thou perhaps criest, O but I am feeble, I am lame; well but Christ has a bosom; consider therefore, when thou hast run thyself down weary, he will put thee in his bosom. This is the way that fathers take to encourage their children, saying: Run sweet babe while thou art weary, and then I will take thee up and carry thee. He will gather the lambs with

his arm and carry them in his bosom. When they are weary they shall ride." (12)

251. "They that will have heaven, must run for it." "Friend, I tell thee, there be those that have run ten years to thy one, nay twenty years to thy five, and yet if you talk with them, sometimes they will say they doubt they shall come late enough. How then will it be with thee? Look to it therefore that thou delay no time, not an hour's time, and so run that thou mayst obtain." (12)

252. "One thing I do," says the Runner in the Race. "Soul, take this counsel, and say, Satan, sin, lust, pleasure, profit, pride, friends, companions, and everything else, let me alone, stand off, come not nigh me, for I am running for heaven, for my soul, for God, for Christ, from hell and everlasting damnation: if I win, I win all; and if I lose, I lose all; let me alone for I will not hear." (12)

253. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. It is a text made up of words picked and packed together by the wisdom of God, picked and packed together on purpose for the succour and relief of the tempted. Let us therefore, as he has bidden us, make good use of this doctrine of grace! (23)

254. A call to the Unity of the Body. "Here is a Presbyter, here is an Independent, and a Baptist, so joined each man to his own opinion that they cannot have that communion one with another, as, by the testament of the Lord Jesus, they are commanded and enjoined. What is the cause? Is it truth? No, God is the author of no confusion in His Church. It is then because every man makes too much of his own opinion; abounds too much in his own sense, and takes not care to separate his opinion from the iniquity that cleaveth thereto." (24)

255. We see two laws in our members. "He that comes to Christ cannot, it is true, always get on as fast as he would. Poor coming Soul, thou art like the man who

would ride full gallop whose horse will hardly trot. Now the desire of his mind is not to be judged by the slow pace of the dull jade he rides on, but by the hitching and kicking and spurring as he sits on his back. The flesh is like this dull jade, it will not gallop after Christ, it will be backward though thy soul and heaven lie at stake." (18)

256. When Apollyon before the fight charged Christian with his previous inconsistency, Christian replied in words as beautiful as any in the book :—" All this is true and much more which thou hast left out : but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful, and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country : for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince." (1)

257. When Christian in the House Beautiful was asked by Prudence if he could remember how he vanquished evil thoughts, he answered : " When I think what I saw at the Cross, that will do it : and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it ; and when I look into the Roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it." Upon which Dr. Kelman remarks " These are all subjects into which nothing that defileth can enter." (1)

258. Even in this life we are to walk with our Lord in white. From Mount Innocence the Pilgrims saw a man on whom Prejudice and Ill-will cast dirt, but in a little time it fell off again. " This man is named Godly-Man, and his garment is to shew the innocency of his life. Now those that throw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing : but as you see the dirt will not stick upon his clothes : so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world. Whoever they be who would make such men dirty, they labour all in vain : for God, by that a little time is spent, will cause that their innocence shall break forth as the light, and their ' righteousness as the noonday.' " (2)

259. Here is the second description of Beulah Land.

"After this I beheld until they came to the Land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day . . . A little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received so much refreshment as if they slept never so soundly. Here also the noise of them that walked in the streets was, More pilgrims are come to town. And another would answer, saying, And so many went over the water, and were let in at the Golden Gates to-day. They would cry again, There is now a legion of Shining Ones come to town, by which we know there are more Pilgrims on the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow . . . In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind: only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but it proved sweeter when it was down. . . . In this place the children of the town would go into the King's Gardens, and gather nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire with spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all it's trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes and all the chief spices. With these the Pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river, when the time appointed was come." (2)

260. A stanza from a long poem.

> Fools make a mock at *Sin*, will not believe,
> It carries such a dagger in its sleeve:
> How can it be (say they) that such a thing,
> So full of sweet should ever wear a sting:
> They know not that it is the very *Spell*
> Of *Sin* to make men laugh themselves to hell.
> Look to thyself then, deal with sin no more,
> Lest he that saves against thee shut the door. (13)

261. Is there anywhere a more heart-rending appeal than this? "Barren fig-tree, dost thou hear? The axe is laid to thy roots, the Lord Jesus prays God to spare thee. Hath he been digging about thee? Hath he been dunging thee? O barren fig-tree, now thou art come to the point: if thou shalt now become good, if thou shalt, after a gracious manner, bring forth fruit unto God, well: but if not the fire is the last! Fruit or the fire! Fruit or the fire, barren fig-tree."

"Barren professor, dost thou hear? the Lord Jesus stands yet in doubt about thee. I say the Lord Jesus stands yet in doubt about thee, whether or not at last thou wilt be good; whether he labour in vain. Dost thou hear, barren fig tree, there is yet a question, whether it may be well with thy soul at last?

"Barren fig tree, take heed that thou comest not to these last words, for these words are a give-up, a cast up, a cast up of a castaway. After that thou shalt cut it down. They are as much as if Christ had said, Father, I begged for more time for this barren professor. I have tried with my means, with my Gospel, but all comes to nothing. Father, I have done all: I have done praying and endeavouring. I will hold the head of thine axe no longer." (14)

262. The final prayer of all true Pilgrims:

Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If't be His holy will,
Unto His gate, unto His fold,
Up to His holy hill.

And let Him never suffer me,
To swerve or turn aside
From His free grace and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide. (2)

* * * * *

II. *Fifty Texts*

263. *Concerning the Lord Jesus.*

He is such a lover of poor pilgrims that the like is not to be found from East to West.

He hath given me rest by His sorrow and life by His death.

Methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that He should bleed for me.

To tell you the truth I love Him because I was by Him eased of my burden.

I am willing with all my heart said He, and with that He opened the gate.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him: but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.

If Christ stands up to plead for us, why should we not stand up to plead for Him?

Christ cannot lose one but He may lose more, and so, in conclusion, lose all; but of all that God hath given Him He will lose nothing.

264. *Concerning the Word of God.*

The Bible is the scaffold or stage that God has builded for Hope to play his part upon in this world.

But oh! how my soul was led from truth to truth by God. I was orderly led into it.

The fitness of the word, the rightness of the timing of it, the power and sweetness and light that came with it also, was marvellous in me to find.

I have a key in my bosom called Promise.

I have sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under.

Keep the promise warm upon thine heart.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The word "in no wise" cutteth the root of all objections: and it was dropped by the Lord Jesus for that very end.

The Lord came in upon my soul with that same Scripture by which my soul was visited before.

265. *Concerning the Pilgrim Life.*

Keep in the midst of the Path, and no hurt shall come to thee.

O let the Pilgrims, let the Pilgrims then,
Be vigilant and quit themselves like men.

I am for going on.
My way is before me, my mind is beyond the River that has no bridge.
The Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any that the crow flies over.
Forgetful Green is the most dangerous place in all these parts.
The wind is not always on our backs, nor is everyone a friend that we meet on the way.
So Mistrust and Timorous ran down hill, but Christian went on his way.
This I am resolved on, to wit, to run where I can, to go where I cannot run, and to creep where I cannot go.
Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.
The sight of good men to them that are going on Pilgrimage, is like to the appearing of Moon and Stars to them that are sailing upon the Seas.
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.

What danger is the Pilgrim in !
How many are his foes :
How many ways there are to sin,
No living mortal knows.

266. *Concerning Christian Experience.*

The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and be sure they who want the beginning have neither middle nor end.

As God's grace is the salt of the saints, so saints are the salt of God. The one is the salt of God in the heart, the other the salt of God in the world.

If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper.

So the bells did ring and the people sing, and the music go in every house in Mansoul.

Set your face like a flint : you have all the power in heaven and earth on your side.

Believe thou wast not born for thyself.

Keep out of the reach of those great guns, the ten Commandments.

I tell you the will is all : that is one of the chief things which turns the wheel either backwards or forwards.

You must also own religion in his rags, as well as in his silver slippers.

Wonderful ! music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in Heaven, for joy that we are here.

Can you persuade the turtle dove to live upon carrion, like the crow ?

> Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle, whilst the heart doth ache.

There is not a Christian in the world but hath desires that run both ways.

Desire takes the man upon its back and so brings him to Thee.

The truly humble Satan hates, but he laughs to see the foolery of the other.

Oh ! 'tis a goodly thing to be on our knees, with Christ in our arms, before God.

The glory of the Holiness of God did at this time break my heart in pieces.

Now I began to consider with myself that God hath a

bigger mouth to speak with than I had a heart to conceive with.

Make provision beforehand that when things present themselves thou mayest come up to a good performance.

My grandfather was a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Take holiness out of heaven, and what is heaven?

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY MACKAYS LTD., CHATHAM