

other could to sunny heights of bliss. The tide that goes furthest out, leaving stretches of sand and shaggy rocks to be smitten by the fierce sun, is the tide that comes furthest in, sweeping with its force far up the coast, whilst it laughs and sings in its strength and fullness. The perfect human nature of our Lord, having every faculty developed perfectly, had this in its completeness—the *faculty of gladness*. Think of Adam standing upon the earth, the God-made man, with everything within him so attuned that every breath and influence of earth broke into music as it touched him and went up to heaven in praise. So stands the Second Adam, the sinless Man Christ Jesus, His life a perfect harmony; a soul whose every string responded perfectly to the touch of God's finger.<sup>1</sup>

2. It was the gladness of a great *certainty of present blessing*. Jehovah had answered His people; they were standing again in His house; they were conscious of His favour. So the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord; not because they saw Him only, but because they knew He was with them. Their sight was an assurance of His presence, and so brought them joy.

Count up all sources of gladness;—there is none that can compare with the consciousness of God's favour. 'Thy favour is better than life.' When He saith, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' we do enter into the joy of the Lord. As surely as the sunshine can chase away dull winter, and deck the earth with beauty, and cover once again the bare black trees with foliage, and fill the hedgerows with flowers, and give to the dull fields the rich promise of the harvest—so surely can the gracious shining of God's favour fill the soul with deepest peace and richest

<sup>1</sup> Mark Guy Pearse, *Short Talks for the Times*, 226.

joy. To walk hand in hand with Him is Paradise restored. Do we not all of us know what it is to feel the fever of our life rebuked; and as the burden of care falls from the shoulders, we rest in such a blessed sense of God's love to us that we wonder whether doubt or fear can ever find a cranny through which again to creep?

3. It was the gladness of *confidence for future service*. Israel would yet serve God, and draw the nations into the community of God's people. God had a work for His chosen people, and He deemed them fit to perform it.

The risen Christ calls us not only to begin a new life, but to go on with it, with renewed zeal and carefulness. Let us be of good courage. Day by day we shall find that our steps are not in vain; we shall find that we can do what we once thought impossible. We shall find that that way of serving God with a perfect heart, which seemed so difficult, becomes not only easy, but the very joy of our hearts.

To have the heart to do a great good and the power is the fulfilling of our joy. Conscious fitness for the work that God has appointed us means a great joy in it. What a man can do well he can do easily, says Ruskin; and what he can do well, he does gladly. He is no true and healthy worker who does not find in his work a joy, an inspiration, a triumph.

Give me to sleep, give me to wake  
Girded and shod, and bid me play  
The hero in the coming day.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> R. L. Stevenson.

## The Pilgrim's Progress.

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### The Second Part.

It is not proposed to discuss the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in anything like the same fulness with which the First Part was treated. This and the following articles are mere sketches, with suggestions for study, and notes upon such parts of the allegory as are new in this part.

The *sequel* is, and must always be, an all but irresistible temptation to writers whose books have sprung from living imagination. Nothing in our literary history is more natural, or more touching, than the tears which Charles Dickens shed at the

death of Little Nell; and the parting with the children of one's imagination must be like the breaking up of an old home. Yet, with some notable exceptions, such continuations are seldom as successful as the original story. Dumas and Thackeray have perhaps been more fortunate in their sequels than most writers, and Hugo's great Trilogy, while the characters are different in each of its parts, has attained a completeness of guiding principle which sets it apart by itself. On the other hand, Meredith has found few who love his

second parts as well as his first, and George MacDonalld probably none. The most successful plan would seem to be that of those writers who, like Shakespeare and many others, introduce old characters which they feel they have not exhausted, singly into quite new stories and surroundings.

As to Bunyan's great story, opinions have always differed as to the merits of the Second Part. The usual verdict is probably on the whole unfavourable,<sup>1</sup> although H. C. Benson, in his chapter on the book in *Beside Still Waters*, has made himself the enthusiastic champion of Christiana and her fortunes. And, indeed, if any story ever needed a continuation, it was this. The exigencies of the allegory required Christian to leave his home, but the forsaken wife and family have to be reckoned with. We have already seen how groundless are the accusations of selfishness in the religion which thus leaves all to follow Christ. But the recurring mention of the family left behind in the City of Destruction, has already whetted our curiosity as to their ultimate career,<sup>2</sup> and at the close of the earlier part there is a virtual promise of more to follow.

Bunyan himself, at least, opens his sequel with no false modesty. The telling of the former dream, he says, was 'pleasant to me and profitable to you,' and he proceeds to explain, in the most business-like fashion, that 'through the multiplicity of business,' he has been 'kept back from his wonted travels into those parts,' but now, 'having had some concerns that way of late, I went down again thitherward.' As a matter of fact, his first idea was 'to complete the picture by a contrast.' Two years after the publication of Part I., and immediately after its third edition had appeared, he began *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*,<sup>3</sup> with that intent. But Mr. Badman could be no proper sequel to the tale of Christian, and indeed, like a kind of Frankenstein's monster, he may well have terrified even his creator. At all events, he did not satisfy him, and Christiana was still upon his heart and remembrance. He had hesitated about publishing the first part, and had consulted his friends, with varying result. 'Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so!' Still more varied, and not less frank, were the opinions of his friends as to the publishing of a sequel. But John Bunyan,

though he much valued the advice of friends, yet was one of those who in the end must rely upon his own judgment. The first part had immediate and enormous success, and in three years ran into seven editions. But it was not till 1684, six years after the former publication, that the second part appeared. In this interval he had written (besides *Mr. Badman*) *The Fear of God, Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ*, and *The Holy War*. They were six busy years, for at that time John Bunyan was the most popular preacher in England, and he was engaged in much pastoral work besides.

From what has been already stated, certain points of contrast are already manifest. The first part was written in prison, the second in freedom. The first had leisure about it for meditation, while the second was the product of intervals in an excessively busy life. The first is more spontaneous, upon the simple impulse of the author, while the second, being written after criticism and suggestion, such as are described in the Author's Apology to it, is more or less avowedly supplementary to the former part. The first part is, accordingly, the more natural, while the second, being more ambitious as literature, and so more conscious, is distinctly less valuable for those rare literary qualities which have made the first part so famous. On the whole, Part II. is more stately and religious, but it is less natural and human. One often feels that the writer was under the necessity of getting something more to say, and as there was nothing really lacking, he had to invent such novelties as the perfumed and gold-lettered epistle sent from the King to Christiana—a kind of addition more in the style of Part III. than of John Bunyan, and altogether irrelevant in the story of these pilgrims.

### The Story.

The story begins with a dream, this time in a wood about a mile off the *den* of the former dream, a touch of narration done in the exact fashion of the old *Chansons*. A new figure, Mr. Sagacity, appears, and begins the tale with an epitome of Christian's adventures, for which service doubtless he was invented. Christiana<sup>4</sup> is introduced in her loneliness, troubled both by remorse for her treatment of her husband, and by anxiety for her own soul. She, too, like her husband, is disturbed by visions of the night. First she dreams of that

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Kerr Bain and Froude on this question.

<sup>2</sup> E.g. Charity in the House Beautiful, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Brown, *John Bunyan*, ii. 23, 25.

<sup>4</sup> Brown, *John Bunyan*, ii. 28.

parchment on which the deeds of the past are recorded; then of devils, plotting to tempt her with the world away from her serious thought, and then of Christian in heaven upon that same 'paved work of a sapphire,' which Browning has described in his *One Word More*. It is an interesting and characteristic sidenote of Bunyan's to the passage about the devils, 'Mark this, this is the quintessence of hell.'

Then follows the visit of the heavenly messenger Secret, and the mother and children resolve to start on pilgrimage. Neighbours visit her—young Mercy, and Mrs. Timorous, daughter of the man whom Christian met on the Hill Difficulty. The expected conversation follows, in which Mrs. Timorous dilates upon the horrors of the journey, quotes Obstinate and Pliable as wise men (though we know how Pliable was regarded in the city after his return), and concludes by an appeal to the thought of the 'four sweet babes.' Christiana's answer is an argument which such a neighbour may be supposed to understand, showing that the pilgrimage will pay, in spite of all its dangers. Mercy, who has been silent, is resolved to have more talk with Christiana, and to go with her 'if she find truth and life' in what she hears. Mrs. Timorous is lost sight of in a gossiping party, whose talk is rapidly becoming indecent; and Mercy, with much hesitation or self-distrust, consents to go as Christiana's servant as far as the Wicket Gate, and to decide as to further pilgrimage by her reception there. So they all set out, Mercy weeping because of the condition in which she must leave her relations, but singing some very sweet and simple verses as she goes. At the Slough of Despond they manage to find the steps, and cross safely, though in a somewhat slippery and precarious fashion. At the Wicket Gate they knock for a long time, being answered only by the savage barking of the dog, which is explained in a sidenote as 'the devil, an enemy to prayer.' Mercy has longer to wait than the rest, but at length, after Christiana's prayer for her, and her own desperate knock and swooning, she is admitted, and restored by a restorative bundle of myrrh. At the Wicket Gate they see a distant view of the Cross, and so pass on. As they pass the devil's garden, the boys pluck some fruit from the overhanging branches of trees, and persist in so doing in spite of their mother's

chiding. There follows the incident of the assault of two ill-favoured Ones who are the same that Christiana had seen and heard in her dream, previous to the journey. The Reliever comes in answer to their crying out, and delivers them, upon which they learn that they should have asked for a conductor. The design of this part of the story seems to be to enforce the danger of that part of the journey nearest to conversion. The devil seems to be everywhere about the region, with his castle and sharpshooters, his garden, his dog, and his ill-favoured ones. The pilgrims accordingly here fall into their first blunders and learn their earliest lessons of experience.

### The Allegory.

It will be seen, in this opening section, that there is a certain new elaboration, and a want of that simple spontaneity which is so characteristic of the earlier story. Mr. Sagacity is an unnecessary and altogether conventional figure. Dr. Brown recalls the similar introductory speaker in the Prologues of Euripides.<sup>1</sup> It is a device common in the old Romances, which seem never able to get begun, on account of the 'legend about the legend,' as Pater aptly calls this preliminary part. Bunyan evidently feels this, and, finding that Mr. Sagacity must be got rid of, dismisses him rather clumsily just before they come to the Wicket Gate. We are not sorry to part with him, for he has so drawn the allegory in among the romances as to exaggerate the defects of the former part, especially in his spectacular account of Christian in the Celestial City.

Yet in the main the people speak with that old crisp forthrightness which has grown so familiar and so charming to readers of the first part. The City of Destruction is 'a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people.' 'Better and better, quoth I. But what! wife and children and all?' Many instances of the same raciness and vitality of interest might be quoted. And the incidents impress us in the same way as formerly with the sense that he who describes them is writing from the memory of what he has actually seen with his eyes. The ill-favoured ones meet the pilgrims 'when they were gone *about two bow shots* from the place,' and so on.

<sup>1</sup> *John Bunyan*, xi.

Allegorical writing is apt to become childish and unreal,<sup>1</sup> and it is a curious weapon in the hands of this great strong plain man. It is mingled with touches of the writer's personal history. He has a multiplicity of business which compels him to take up his lodgings here and there. The determination to link in the second with the first part is manifest, not in the general story alone, but in the introduction of such already familiar personages as the Timorous family and Madame Wanton. The introduction of new matter is apt to be grotesque, as in the perfumed letter of Secret, and the trumpeter, introduced without any apparent reason, at the Wicket Gate. The allegory is also somewhat more conventional in form, as we have seen from the introduction of Mr. Sagacity, and from the dream in the wood. The devil-dog is another instance of this, and recalls the widespread convention which finds its most popular instance in the hound of Goethe's *Faust*. The veil between the allegorical and the spiritual, too, is thinner. Such sentences as 'The King delighteth in Mercy,' 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and 'Damsel, I bid thee arise' are examples of that breaking through of the meaning which R. L. Stevenson has discussed so excellently from the literary point of view in his essay on Bunyan.

### The Character-Drawing.

All the psychological and human work is memorable. There are traces of what would now be considered a somewhat superior and discourteous estimate of women, but there is abundant compensation in the delicate touches which reveal the eternal feminine. New and clever phrases, and a fresh vivacity and interest, light up the conversations continually. Mercy, for instance, parting with Mrs. Timorous, 'thinks to walk this sunshiny morning a little with Christiana, to help her on her way'; and Christiana is 'glad at her heart, not only that she had a companion, but also for that she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation.' Each of the characters is distinct, and is consistently sustained throughout.

Mr. Sagacity, so long as he lasts, is true to his name. His breezy account of the fame which Christian had won even in Destruction, is quite in keeping with the popular mind, whose love of

praise he knows. It is as if he said, 'You who love praise, why choose the momentary and neglect the lasting good opinion even of the world?' One remembers in this connexion Bunyan's own statement, 'When I went out to seek the Bread of Life, some of them would follow me, and the rest be put into a muse at home. Yea, almost all the town at first would go out to hear at the place where I found good.'<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Timorous is equally distinct. 'I knocked, as you know is our custom'—a very proper lady, whose only conscience, indeed, is her propriety. Yet the moral value of such timorous propriety is pitilessly exposed immediately. This book is one long protest against fear, and at this point we see it exposed in its twofold temptation of loneliness and the unknown; and in its contemptible refuge of respectability.

The children are, at first, naturally keen for the journey; and their early piety will run some risk of landing them in priggishness. But the author knows this quite well, and, to our great relief, makes them eat the tempting fruit, and go on eating it after their mother's remonstrance. There is plenty of hope that these boys will prove good company after all.

Mercy is, from first to last, an admirably imagined character. She is against the journey at first, and no wonder, considering its danger to her friends. Even in Destruction she was true to her name, but uneducated Mercy is always a sad blunderer. Natural kindness needs to be converted to a nobler mercy. In the company of the regular pilgrims she feels herself something of an alien, and her self-distrust is finely blended with her pity for the relations she is leaving behind. There is something peculiarly tender and affecting in this gentle modesty. 'Had I as good ground to hope for a loving reception at the gate as you, I think no Slough of Despond would discourage me.' The saying reminds us of the eternal pathos of Virgil's words to Dante in the *Purgatorio*.<sup>3</sup>

Christiana is already a notable woman, of firmly drawn character and many-sided human interest. She had despised her husband and treated him atrociously while she had him, but the empty chair is wonderfully eloquent, so that even the uncouth language and behaviour of one whose sincerity we despised, become an intolerable reproach after our

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Brown, *John Bunyan*, chap. vi.

<sup>3</sup> Cantos vii., xxvii., xxx.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Snell, *The Fourteenth Century*, pp. 34, 117.

chance is gone. Christiana, at this stage, does not understand the language of heaven, and yet feels its beauty. But a letter of personal invitation comes to her: and she would need it, after her past conduct. Her heart, like every Christian heart, echoes the fear:

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand,  
In the pure glory of that holy land?

She desires to go, though she knows it will be no easy passage; nor has she any thought of being 'carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.' From the first, she reckons with the hardships of pilgrimage, and will have it on the same terms as her husband. There is in her a touch of the Rationalist, strong in intellect rather than sweet in affections like Mercy. She cannot but question why the Man at the Wicket Gate keeps such a dog; and again, after the incident of the Ill-favoured Ones, she wonders, 'since our Lord knew it would be for our profit that He sent not one along with us.' Altogether this is a strong-minded woman who thinks for herself and takes life strenuously. What the Ill-favoured Ones stand for—unless they may be memories of some wilder days of her youth—we cannot well say. Certainly her temptations will not usually be towards sins of frailty, though sins of harshness and self-will may have some troubles in store for her.

### The Religious Teaching.

There is the ominous background of Judgment and Retribution, and the sense of enemies, here as formerly. To begin with, 'The King will know the reason . . . why Christian's neighbours set so little by him,' to which Bunyan adds the sidenote, 'Christian's King will take Christian's part.' All men are accountable for the treatment they give to true souls, and when the incident is closed, the matter is not yet over. When a sincere pilgrim has dwelt in any neighbourhood, his neighbours will sooner or later have to answer for it whether they made it easier or more difficult for him to live there. Again, there is a protest against false comforters in the statement that at the Slough there are 'Many that pretend to be the King's labourers, and that say they are for mending the King's Highway, that bring dirt and dung instead of stones, and so mar instead of mending.'<sup>1</sup> Finally, there is the unaccountable dog, and the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Celestial Railroad*, sub loco.

questions that his presence awakens. It is the old question, 'Why does not God kill Satan?' which has exercised the minds of old and young through so many generations. The German story of the answer, 'From love to thee, my child,' is beautiful, but it leaves the mystery unsolved. And so must Bunyan. 'The dog has another owner' is all the solution he attempts, leaving the conflicting forces of good and evil to their essential and inscrutable mystery. Yet he adds one word. All this unstable balance of power is but for a time, and, through evil and good both, God is working out His purpose. 'I take all at present patiently,' says the Man at the Gate.<sup>2</sup> A Syrian Christian, describing some years ago the injustice of the Mohammedan rule, added, with an access of eagerness, 'But God waits!' It is an assurance which frequently comforted the Psalmists.

The reality of spiritual experience is finely taught by the visit of Secret and the Wicket Gate. Secret, the name and the messenger both, is a touch of genius. At such a time, when the purposes and destinies alike are in equipoise, something is needed (in Professor William James' memorable phrase) to 'tilt the plane'<sup>3</sup> towards good. We believe that there is spiritual backing for all our good impulses and desires, and at such a moment it is of supreme importance that we should be made aware of that help from on high. Whether such a sense of support be regarded as the work of some angel visitor, or of the Holy Spirit of God Himself, is of little moment, so long as the reinforcement is experienced, and our feet are set in the way of peace. The Wicket Gate is, as in Christian's case, the point of outward crisis, dividing the past from the future in one clearly defined choice, backed again by a divine act of reception. Mercy is wise in staking all her fortunes on the one point of her admission at that gate. The reception there is slightly elaborated from the simplicity of Christian's experience, probably with a view to clear up any doubt that the former story may have left in the minds of readers as to the relation between the Gate and the Cross. The separation between the two had probably given rise to criticism, and here the problem is solved by the device of Good-will's having the pilgrims to the top of the gate, and showing them the Cross further on the road. 'I grant pardon,' said he, 'by

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Benson, *Beside Still Waters*, s.1.

<sup>3</sup> *The Will to Believe*.

word and deed.' The words are at the gate, the deed was on the Cross. Mercy has to knock longer and more vehemently than her friend, since she has not received the same sense of personal invitation as Christiana. Yet it is worth while to knock there for a lifetime, for the alternative is to turn back. Here, as before, that is the great sin,—a fundamental note of the whole *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the incident of the deliverance from the Ill-favoured Ones, the pilgrims are not allowed to go back even to confess their mistake and ask for a conductor: and, indeed, of them as truly as of Christian, it is true, 'Go back they durst not.' But Mercy learns yet another lesson. Not only is going back forbidden. Lying prone is also wrong. She is told to arise, and when she pleads her faintness, she receives the answer, 'Fear not, but stand upon thy feet.'<sup>1</sup> It is to the erect in spirit, who dare to take life and all it may bring standing, that all gates open in the end. There follows a passage whose beauty is equalled by its breadth of Christian charity, and which is one of Bunyan's richest gems: 'And if there is any grace or forgiveness to spare, I beseech that I, thy poor handmaid, may be partaker thereof. Then he took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me.' There is no possibility of mistaking the personality of this speaker. The words have in them all the breadth of human nature and divine love that mankind has found in Jesus Christ. And they are spoken to one who, hitherto, has had no personal assurance of her welcome there. Not on such assurances, but on the fact of knocking and the heart of Christ, does our acceptance at the gate depend.

There is much teaching about prayer in this passage. Outside the gate 'they betook themselves to a short debate about how they must manage their calling at the gate,' and the sidenote tells us that 'Prayer should be made with consideration.' It is well to remember that we should think before we pray, for that will save us from

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ezk 2<sup>1</sup>.

many disappointments, and not a little bewilderment as to whether prayer is answered. Yet when it comes to the act of prayer itself, we cannot, by prayers borrowed from others, hope to prevail. One of the remarkable passages in *Down in Water Street*, the story of the Jerry Macaulay Mission in New York, is that in which the penitent asks the Christian worker to pray for him, and is told 'You must pray for yourself.' So here, Christiana begins her intercession for Mercy, but is interrupted by Mercy's own knocking. It is a principle of the most vital truth in all such circumstances. Later on, in the bold and curious conversation between Christiana and the Reliever, as to the absence of a conductor, it appears that the Lord had in kindness suffered them to be without a conductor that they might learn both the need and the use of prayer,—'Tis a poor thing that is not worth asking for.' And so, here as so often elsewhere, 'There is some soul of goodness in things evil'; and the incident ends in a most pleasant optimism as to the lessons which may be derived even from our blunders, and the blessings that may eventually come to us along the dark and sordid pathway of our sins. The Reliever is a bright figure, undefined and difficult to identify, but carrying with him an atmosphere of hopefulness and a sense of well-being. He reminds us more of Help, to whom Christian was indebted at the Slough, than of any other figure. But the habit of making the best of existing circumstances, and looking on the bright side of experience, is native to Christiana. 'Now we are in, we are in, and I am glad with all my heart,' she says, after the adventure of the dog. It was Formalist and Hypocrisy from whom on the last occasion we heard these words, 'If we are in, we are in.' But there is all the difference in the world between the two optimisms. Theirs is but the result of desire to believe themselves safe; hers is that of one who knows her salvation. You cannot reconstruct the universe and pronounce it 'all very good'; but you can get God to reconstruct your soul, and then the universe somehow comes right.