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ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS:

ACCOMPANIED WITH

EXTRACTS FROM THE WORK, AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES,

BY BERNARD BARTON.

AND

A Biographical Sketch of the Life & Writings of Bunyan,

BY

JOSIAH CONDER.

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1901

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PREFACE.

THE Publishers of the accompanying Plates, illustrative of different scenes and subjects embodied in BUNYAN'S celebrated Allegory, being desirous to print with them a brief description of each, consisting chiefly of such extracts from the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS as the artist may be supposed to have had immediately in his eye; I undertake the task of their selection with the cheerful gratitude due to a Work, which, from early childhood to riper manhood, I have never opened without interest, or closed without feelings of love and admiration for its Author.

While the text of this most ingenious and instructive Vision has afforded ample scope for the commentaries of theologians, its pages are not less rich in materials for pictorial embellishment. The characters, scenes, and incidents, recorded in them, are given with such graphic effect in the narrative, and are in themselves so picturesque, that we need not wonder at their having afforded study for the Artist as well as for the Divine. No efforts, perhaps, of the mimic powers of a sister art, can hope to rival, in vivid force of delineation, the creative powers of the Author, or give to the eye the visible image of that which the imagination of every reader has previously pictured for itself: still, every such attempt may hope to be received with indulgence by all who truly love the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, and cordially cherish the memory of BUNYAN.

For myself, I may frankly confess, that though, probably, not one of these plates may have perfectly realized the ideal picture which the eye of my own mind, and the exercise of my own fancy, might have called up in the perusal of the narrative, they have, as a whole, afforded me no slight interest and gratification. Without reference to their own beauty as works of art, or as imaginative delineations of what is lovely, pure, and of good report, they have recalled day-dreams and fancied visions of my own, when in boyhood I pored over the tale of the Glorious Dreamer, and pictured at every page the scene described in forms and colours which copper or canvass can but feebly represent.

It is worth something to have such early creations of the fancy, bright with the lustre of by-gone years, brought back to the eye and heart with somewhat of their original force and feeling, by the delineations of any one who may be led, from similar feelings of love and admiration, to depict his own: and he who can quarrel with minor anomalies of costume or character, or petty incongruities of a like nature, though he may be critically right by the rules of art, is rather to be pitied for being shut out, by his own rigid exclusiveness, from sympathy with the gratification which the Work has afforded to a fellow-admirer. BUNYAN wrote for all: and those who best appreciate the universality of his genius will be the most tolerant of every attempt, whether of the pen or the pencil, to pay it the homage it has so nobly won.

B. B.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE most popular religious book in English literature,—in which the most popular books are of a religious character,—is the production of an uneducated peasant, who worked his way out of the lowest vice and ignorance, not by the force of his genius, so much as by that of an impulse which quickened his genius into life, and transformed him at once intellectually and morally. The finest specimen of well-sustained allegory in any language is the composition of this self-taught rustic, who little aimed at literary celebrity in the homely parable which he wrote to solace his prison hours, for the religious instruction of the common people. The most admirable exposition of the elements of Christian theology,—one which is so little of a controversial or sectarian character, that it may confessedly be read without offence by sober-minded Protestants of all persuasions, and yet so comprehensive, as to form the best popular body of divinity,—is the composition of an obscure itinerant preacher, whose apostolic labours consigned him, in the days of the Stuarts, to a twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford gaol, for no other crime than his nonconformity. What is still more remarkable, this work, the Odyssey of the English people,—the favourite with young and old; which the poet admires for its imaginative beauty, and in which the artist finds the most delightful subjects for the pencil; to the extraordinary merit of which, testimony has been borne by critics who have had no sympathy with either the design and religious spirit of the work, or the theological opinions interwoven with it, and who rank the realities shadowed in the allegory with the visionary creations of romance;—this work (we need not name it, the Pilgrim's Progress) is, in fact, a powerful address to the conscience; having no other object than to delineate the successive stages of the spiritual life, and to portray the mental conflicts of experimental piety, which, to those who have no corresponding experience, must appear the hallucination of fanaticism. Strange that a work should have power so to please the imagination of an indevout man, which can be understood only by the heart in which religion has its seat;—that those who have not the key to the cipher, should still admire the character in which the spiritual meaning is veiled, and which experience alone can perfectly interpret. But such is the fact. This extraordinary work, it has been beautifully remarked by an American critic,

“is like a painting meant to be exhibited by fire-light: the common reader sees it by day. To the Christian (the actual pilgrim) it is a glorious transparency; and the light that shines through it, and gives its incidents such life, its colours such depth, and the whole scene such a surpassing glory, is light from eternity, the meaning of heaven.”

Religion never offends so long as she addresses only the imagination; a fact of which, for opposite purposes, the Author of all truth and the apostles of error have alike availed themselves; the former to gain access by this avenue to the understanding and the conscience, the latter to enlist the imagination in the support of superstition. He who spake as never man spake, taught the people in parables, and by this means obtained a hearing from those who could not bear his hard sayings; and still these divine allegories, the matchless parable of the Prodigal Son for instance, have charms for readers who never take home to their own bosoms their spiritual import. Rousseau has eloquently eulogised the sublime poetry of the Scriptures. The Pilgrim's Progress is replete with the spirit of poetry, caught from no earthly muse. [Bunyan's genius was nourished purely from the fountain-head of inspiration. He thought in the very dialect of Scripture; and the imagery of the Bible was ever present to his thoughts, as, if we may say so, the native scenery of his spiritual birth. He was made by the Bible; educated by the study of it; it was his “book of all learning;” and the simplicity of purpose and intense interest with which he searched its contents, as the treasury of heavenly wisdom, rendered him, like Apollos, “eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures,” while his mind became more and more imbued with their “spirit and life.”] It has been said with some truth, that the genius of his work is Hebrew. “The poetry of the Bible,” remarks the critic to whom we have already referred, “was not less the source of Bunyan's poetical power, than the study of the whole Scriptures was the source of his simplicity and purity of style. [His heart was not only made new by the spirit of the Bible, but his whole intellectual being was penetrated and transfigured by its influence. He brought the spirit and power gathered from so long and exclusive a communion with the prophets and apostles, to the composition of every page of the Pilgrim's Progress. To the habit of mind thus induced, and the workings of an imagination thus disciplined, may be traced the simplicity of all his imagery, and the power of his personifications. . . . He wrote from the impulse of his genius, sanctified and illuminated by a heavenly influence; and its movements were as artless as the movements of a little child left to play upon the green by itself.* It is in this inimitable simplicity and artlessness that the work comes nearer to the character of the sacred writings than, perhaps, any uninspired composition.]

And, like the Scriptures, Bunyan's parable, while it commands the admiration of cultivated minds by those qualities which delight the imagination, has conveyed instruction and consolation to thousands incapable of appreciating its genius, and unconscious of the spell which it exerted over their minds. To the child, it is a gallery of pictures; to the man of taste, an exquisite drama; to the plain Christian of duller fancy, a chart and road-book of his course through this world. With regard to many whom the

* North American Review, No. LXXIX. p. 462.

Pilgrim's Progress captivates, it might be said of its author as of the Hebrew prophet: "Lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." On the other hand, thousands who have had no ear for the music, have delighted in the words of the song, and have followed the instruction it conveyed: it would not otherwise be adapted to the mass of common minds among the lower classes for whom it was designed, and upon whom it has, for two hundred years, exerted a beneficial effect which it is impossible to bring within any estimate. But the rich vein of native good sense and sober pleasantry which runs through the work, recommends it to all orders of readers; and the Pilgrim's Progress was the favourite of the people, before the fame of its Author had made its way up to those who are called the public. In the "well-told tale,"

" Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail.
Its humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile.
Witty, and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

So Cowper sang fifty years ago; and that there is no longer any danger of moving a sneer by naming the Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, affords reason to hope that we have grown, in this country, somewhat wiser.

In addition to these various sources of attraction, the work possesses, in a considerable degree, the interest of autobiography: for it is impossible not to feel that, in the progress of his pilgrim, the Author is laying open to us his own mental history. As he tells us in his homely rhymes,

" It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled."

This characteristic feature of the parable broadly and happily distinguishes it from the heavy ingenuities of didactic or sentimental allegorists, such as the brood of imitators whom his success raised up, or those who had preceded him in the same species of composition. The charge of being a plagiarist, or of having been assisted in the composition, Bunyan himself indignantly repels.

" Manner and matter too was all mine own."

" But," remarks Dr. Southey, "original as Bunyan believed his own work to be, and as, in the main, undoubtedly it is, the same allegory had often been treated before him."* How could it fail to have been employed by religious writers, when the outline of the allegory is supplied by the Holy Scriptures? In the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Christian life is represented as a pilgrimage to a better, a heavenly country; and, in the following chapter, we have the heavenly city magnifi-

* Mr. Montgomery, in his very able Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress, refers to a poem, entitled "The Pilgrim," in Whitney's "Emblems," (1585,) the print affixed to which represents a pilgrim leaving the world (a geographical globe), and travelling towards the symbol of the Divine Name. This emblem, with the following

cently described. Surely we need look no further for the origin of Bunyan's allegory, as regards the main idea of the parable. But the felicity with which he has dramatised the progress of the Christian pilgrim, is peculiar to himself; and Dr. Southey sums up his examination of the works to which it has been thought to bear the strongest appearance of resemblance, with the candid and decisive conclusion, that "if ever there was a work which carried with it the stamp of originality in all its parts, it is that of John Bunyan."

Did its Author's claim to originality rest upon this work alone, his fame would even then be safe; but, in his *Holy War*, Bunyan has displayed even superior power of invention; and if his "*Life and Death of Mr. Badman*" has not been as generally read, it is, in the opinion of Dr. Southey, whom we cite as an impartial judge, "because the subject is less agreeable, not that it has been treated with inferior ability."

"Little less popular" than the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, whether viewed as a theological work or as an allegory, of at least equal merit, the *Holy War* fails to excite the same romantic kind of interest, chiefly because we sympathise less strongly with the personifications of the drama; conscious that, instead of being led through the vivid scenery of a dream, which is the shadow of waking realities, we are only looking at the well-constructed machinery of a fable. We feel to be conversing with abstractions, and never forget the allegory. One principal reason why the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the most delightful thing of the kind in the world, Mr. Montgomery observes, is, "that though the whole is written under the similitude of a dream, there is very little of pure allegory in it; and few abstract qualities or passions are personified . . . If ever allegorical characters excite either sympathy or affection, it is when we forget that they are allegorical; consequently, when the allegory is suspended with respect to them." In reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, we so constantly identify the author with his hero as to find it diffi-

stanza, might, it is imagined, have suggested to Bunyan the first idea of his story; though it does not, in fact, present any thing beyond the familiar scripture simile:—

"O happier they that, pondering this arighte,
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past,
Resigne this world; and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe that leads where ioys shall last.
And whilst they maye, there treasure vp their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore."

Dr. Southey mentions a once popular French poem, composed A. D. 1310, and entitled, "*Le Pelerin de la Vie Humaine*," as having suggested the *Voyage of the Wandering Knight*, by Jean de Cartheray, a French Carmelite, of which a translation was printed in this country in the reign of Elizabeth; but there is only a vague general resemblance in the subject, and some occasional similarity in the details. The *Pilgrimage of Dovekin and Willekin to their Beloved in Jerusalem*, originally published in Dutch, at Antwerp, in 1627, has also been absurdly supposed to have been the original of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Dr. Southey has triumphantly exposed the groundless nature of this supposition: the works have nothing in common. Dean Patrick's "*Parable of the Pilgrim*," 1663, comes nearer to Bunyan's work in some points of general resemblance; but it is a treatise rather than an allegory, and the author, disclaiming all pretension to fancy or invention, states, that he took the idea from a discourse so entitled in Baker's "*Sancta Sophia*." Bernard's "*Isle of Man, or the Legal Proceedings in Man-shire against Sin*," a popular book in Bunyan's time, is more likely to have been seen by him, and to have had some effect upon his style; but it wants the charm of story, and has nothing of the romantic interest of Bunyan's parable.

cult to separate them in our feelings; and the allegorical meaning seems superinduced upon the story, which flows on with so much of the semblance of real life. The pilgrim not only seems a real character, but gives reality to the emblematic phantoms with which he is associated, and the mind of the reader undergoes a sort of deception similar to that which is produced upon the waking eye by a peculiar affection of the brain, the subject of which sees spectral forms blending with living figures, and is unable to discriminate between the substantial and the unreal.

It may be suspected, indeed, that in the subordinate personages of the allegory, Bunyan had real characters so far in view, that the ideal was, as it were, modelled upon a portrait.* In all the variety of characters which he brings before us, there is an individuality stamped upon them, by which they may be identified. But the biographical unity is as truly preserved by the prominence given to the principal actor, as in the classical epic. Christian is the Ulysses of the story. And this unity of interest results from the Author's simplicity of purpose, which led him steadily to keep in view his main design. Hence, the allegory, if defective or inconsistent in parts, (for which the Author has provided a sufficient apology in styling it a dream, for in dreams we are not conscious of such discrepancies,) is perfectly adapted, as Mr. Montgomery remarks, to the purpose for which it was composed. This was, "to shew the particular experience of one Christian traveller, whose peculiar temptations and conflicts are general examples of what converted sinners must expect to encounter, though not all in the same degree, nor indeed all the same in kind. Christian, therefore, may be considered as a whole-length portrait of the Author himself; while the secondary characters, more or less curtailed, shew the variety which is found in religious societies." . . . "The Pilgrim's Progress is the history of one man's experience *in full*, and the experience of many others *in part*; wherefore, though the plan may be defective with regard to the multitude, all of whom are absolutely subordinate to the hero, Christian, with regard to him it is perfect, consistent, and satisfactory throughout. This was all that the Author primarily proposed; and whatever went beyond this, fell in his way, rather than belonged to his actual design. The unity of the plot, in the personal adventures of Christian, is not broken, but embellished and enriched by the incidental or episodic characters with which he becomes acquainted by the way."

Mr. Montgomery has pointed out a remarkable instance of the consummate yet artless skill which Bunyan has in this respect displayed, in the introduction of a companion to Christian, by which the interest of the narrative is re-inforced without being divided. "The individual experience of one man," remarks this accomplished critic, "would not have been sufficient to exemplify all the most useful lessons of the Gospel, unless the trials of many persons, of different age, sex, and disposition, were

* "We may be sure," remarks Dr. Southey, "that Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth, Old Honest, of the town of Stupidity, Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-Afraid, and their companions, were well known in "Bishop Bunyan's diocese;" and if no real characters were designed by him in those who are less favourably introduced as turning back on their journey, striking into by-paths, or slumbering by the way, likenesses would be discovered where none were intended."

interwoven. Christian could not both have suffered martyrdom in Vanity Fair, and travelled the remainder of his journey to the Celestial City; yet, in the days of John Bunyan, (who had himself been most cruelly persecuted for righteousness' sake,) it was necessary to set the precedent of a confessor who was ready, not to be bound only, but to die for the Lord Jesus. This has been done in the case of Faithful, who seals his testimony with his blood, while Christian, in a manner not explained, (which, however, is no flaw in the plot, having been advisedly adopted,) escapes 'for this time,' and, being joined by Hopeful, a convert raised up by the death of Faithful, proceeds on his way."

The Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, if it does not excite so intense an interest, is not less delightful than the first. It is even richer in incident; and the Author has shewn the fertility of his invention, in the novelty which he has thrown into the journey over the same ground, so that nothing is repeated, but what is pleasing in the repetition, from the combined effect of reminiscence and contrast. In the pilgrimage of Christian and his successive companions, it appears to have been his design, Mr. Montgomery remarks, to portray the personal and solitary experience of the individual believer, or only the bosom fellowship between two Christian friends. "In the journey of Christiana and her family, gradually increasing to a goodly troop, he seems to have had more in view to illustrate the communion of saints and the advantages of church-membership. It is delightful to travel in such company, and hear them not only tell their several histories, but discourse of the adventures of others who have gone before; so that to the last stage, in the Enchanted Ground, when they find Standfast on his knees, there is a perpetual change of captivating anecdote and biography. Among the characters which so eminently enliven and adorn the Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, Mercy is the most lovely; and though of the utmost simplicity, it would be difficult, among the most finished portraits of womanly excellence by our first poets, to parallel this in delicacy and truth of drawing and colouring." In the attempt to embody in an imaginary portrait, the personification of feminine virtue, some of the greatest of our poets have failed; and when we consider the circumstances of Bunyan's early history, his success in this instance must be viewed as a remarkable proof of the tendency of religion to purify and refine the taste. But here again the Bible was both his model and the source of his inspiration; and Mercy might almost pass for a scriptural character. It has been remarked, that the allegory is not so perfect in the Second Part, the pilgrimage of Christiana and her family appearing to occupy as many years as that of her husband did weeks; for those who are children at their setting out, are grown up and married by the time they reach the half-way house of Gaius. But these incongruities, which are regarded as a pardonable license in the dramatist, cannot be fairly imputed to want of skill in our "ingenious dreamer." Bunyan's purpose was to convey instruction; and to this, his main end, he would have sacrificed all the unities. But, upon the whole, the allegory is very skilfully maintained. It may be questioned whether Bunyan himself would have succeeded in a Third Part.

But let us now turn from the Author's parable to the prototype in the history of his own experience, of which he has left a narrative that forms one of the most interesting pieces of religious autobiography in any language. In common with all productions of the kind, where the sincerity of the writer is above suspicion, it requires to be taken as a transcript of the writer's feelings and impressions, rather than as a literal and accurate history. There is always a generous exaggeration in the disclosures of true penitence, for which allowance must be made; and in the description of the interior phenomena of a mental conflict, such as Bunyan passed through, the calmest judgement must be sometimes at a loss to discriminate between the healthful and the morbid action, when it is the patient who describes the case. Such works furnish the most valuable materials for biography; but, as will appear in the sequel, it requires no ordinary discrimination, candour, and knowledge of the heart, to make the requisite allowances for the circumstances of the most conscientious narrator of his own history.

JOHN BUNYAN was born in the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. His descent, to use his own words, was "of a low and inconsiderable generation," his "father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." The craft to which he was born and bred, like his father before him, was that of a brazier or tinker; and he is said to have worked as a journeyman at Bedford. Mean and inconsiderable as were the circumstances of his parents, they were able to put their son to school; who learned both to read and write "according to the rate of other poor men's children;" but he confesses that he soon lost, almost utterly, what little he had acquired. Thrown among vile companions, he was early initiated into profaneness, lying, and all sorts of boyish vice and ungodliness; and the only indication of his having a capacity above the village rabble, was afforded by his being a ringleader of all the youth that kept him company, in their wickedness. Yet, even at nine or ten years old, in the midst of his many sports and childish vanities, and surrounded by his vain companions, he was often seized with deep compunction; and in his sleep, fearful visions, corresponding to his waking terrors, would alarm his conscience. He was often, he says, "much cast down and afflicted therewith, yet could I not let go my sins: yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors; that, if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor, than be tormented myself." After a time, these terrible dreams left him, and his apprehensions of infernal punishment wore off. He became "void of all good consideration;" "heaven and hell were both out of mind;" and "had not a miracle of precious grace prevented," he says, "he had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid himself open even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the world." It may be inferred, however, from this ingenuous confession, that he was nevertheless restrained from the commission of any delinquency cognizable by the magistrate. He was wild, boisterous, reckless, disorderly; passionately fond of village-sports, such as bell-ringing, dancing, 'the game of cat,' and similar amusements; a Sabbath-breaker, a terrible swearer, and thoroughly

ungodly. But this appears to have been the extent of his youthful wickedness. He was no drunkard, nor was he, in the grossest acceptation, licentious. We have his own solemn declaration, in reply to his calumniators, that "no woman in heaven, or earth, or hell," could witness against him. "Not," he adds, "that I have been thus kept because of any goodness in me, more than other, but God has been merciful to me, and has kept me." It is evident that his conscience, though laid asleep, was never hardened; for, while he could take pleasure in the vileness of his companions, yet, if at any time he saw wicked things committed by those "who professed goodness," it would make his spirit tremble. Once, when in the height of his vanity, hearing a person swear who was reputed a religious man, "it struck upon his spirit," he says, "so as to make his heart ache."

Bunyan was only seventeen when he entered into the Parliament's army; and in 1645, he was drawn out, with others, to go to the siege of Leicester; but when he was just ready to set off, one of the company expressed a desire to go in his stead, and, Bunyan having consented, the volunteer took his place, went to the siege, and was shot as he stood centinel. This remarkable interposition of Divine Providence, as well as some other narrow escapes from death, Bunyan records with devout gratitude; but, at the time, they appear to have made a slight or transient impression upon his conscience. He could not have been long a soldier; yet it is probable that we are indebted to his having served in the Civil Wars, for the skilful management of his military allegory.

Not long after the occurrence above-mentioned, and when, consequently, he must have been very young, (Dr. Southey thinks, before he was nineteen,) Bunyan married; and "my mercy was," he says, "to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly." They were both so poor as not to have so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between them; but she brought him, for her portion, two books which her father had bequeathed to her when he died; one entitled, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" the other, "The Practice of Piety."* In these two books, Bunyan would sometimes read with his wife; and though they did not reach his heart so as to waken him to a sense of his real condition, yet they produced some desires and endeavours after reformation. These were fostered, too, by the frequent references made by his wife to the strict and holy life of her father. Bunyan now "fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times; went to church twice on the Sunday, and said and sung with the foremost;" and was withal, according to his own account, "so over-run with the spirit of superstition, that he adored with great devotion all things belonging to the church,—the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment," and every thing relating to the service: the priest and clerk he counted most happy, and without doubt blessed, as the servants of God; and for the love he bore to the clergy, supposing them the ministers of heaven, he could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; so strongly, at this time,

* The latter work, by Bayly, Bishop of Bangor, was at one time so popular as to pass through more than fifty editions in the course of a hundred years, and has been translated not only into Welsh, the author's native tongue, but into Polish and Hungarian!

did their name, their garb, and their function "intoxicate and bewitch" him. This is precisely the feeling of abject reverence with which the priest of the Romish church is regarded by the common people in Popish countries; and if, at this period of his life, when his imagination was so much stronger than his judgement, and his mind had not emerged from the grossest ignorance, Bunyan had been thrown in the way of an artful emissary of that church, it is probable that he would have been inextricably entangled in the toils of superstition. His moral and intellectual progress would have terminated at the Giant's Cave. All this while, he says, he was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin, nor ever thought of the Saviour. The "Plain Man's Pathway" had not directed him to the Cross. "Thus man," he remarks, "while blind, doth wander, but wearieth himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God." In fact, at this stage, Bunyan had not even thrown off the habit of using profane language; for some time afterwards, he met with a humiliating reproof from a woman who was herself of bad character, but who protested that Bunyan's awful profaneness made her tremble, and that he was able to spoil all the youth in the town who but came into his company." "At this reproof," he says, "I was silenced and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation; for I thought that could never be. But how it came to pass, I know not; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas, before, I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority; now I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness, than ever I could before."

This cordial wish, so touchingly expressed, would seem to have been the first genuine emotion of penitence in Bunyan's heart, such as all the terrific alarms of an awakened conscience had hitherto failed to produce. At this critical moment of incipient conversion, he "fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion," who, as he then thought, "did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of the matter of religion; wherefore," he says, "falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof; for, as for St. Paul's epistles, and such like scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us. Wherefore, I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes. . . . My neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life: and truly so they well might; for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of

me, both to my face and behind my back." Flattered by these commendations, and proud of his imagined godliness, he concluded that the Almighty "could not choose but be now pleased with him. Yea," he says, "to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I." ✓

He was wakened from this self-righteous delusion by accidentally overhearing the discourse of three or four poor women, who were sitting at a door in the sun, in one of the streets of Bedford, "talking about the things of God." Bunyan's attention was arrested by language which was altogether new to him, and which he heard, but understood not. What especially struck him was, that they conversed about the matters of religion "as if joy did make them speak," and "as if they had found a new world." . . . "At this," he says, "I felt my own heart began to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught." When he left them to go about his employment, their talk and discourse went with him, while his heart tarried behind; for, he says, "I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one."

These poor women were members of a small Baptist congregation at Bedford, who had for their pastor a man whose religious history is not less remarkable than that of Bunyan himself. Formerly a major in the king's army, and having narrowly escaped execution as a rebel, John Gifford had come as a stranger to Bedford, where he practised physic; leading, at the same time, the genuine life of a cavalier. Profligate and reckless, a drunkard, a gambler, and abominably profane, he entertained the most savage hatred of all Puritans. Yet was this man, when in a state of desperation occasioned by losses from gambling, "startled into a sense of his real condition" by meeting with one of the works of Robert Bolton; the perusal of which, after a mental conflict of some weeks, wrought a cure of his diseased mind and heart; and, joining himself to the company of those whom he had formerly most despised, he became at length their chosen pastor. From the members of this little flock, Bunyan received the first elements of evangelical instruction; and the more he went among these poor people, to whom he had been thus casually introduced, the more he questioned his own condition, and the more his heart was softened "under the conviction of what, by scripture, they asserted." His mind now became earnestly fixed upon eternity, and almost absorbed with things relating to the kingdom of heaven: but still his knowledge was that of infancy. Of this he was now humbly conscious, and a wise distrust of himself drove him to his knees. About this time he met with some publications of the Ranters; a sect whose tenets would appear, from Baxter's account, to have been a compound of the Quaker mysticism and the grossest practical Antinomianism. The works alluded to were "highly in esteem" among a certain class; and they were, probably, at once specious and mystical, for Bunyan was not able to understand them sufficiently to form any judgement about them. He therefore betook himself to hearty prayer in this manner: "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error: Lord, leave me not to my own blindness,

either to approve of, or condemn, this doctrine: if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy foot; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee." Such a prayer as this was never denied. "Blessed be God," continues Bunyan, "who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting my own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effects of that prayer in his preserving me not only from Ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days. And now, methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before; and especially the Epistles of the Apostles were sweet and pleasant to me; and indeed then I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God, that I might know the truth and way to heaven and glory."

Bunyan's preservation from these seducing and fatal errors was the more remarkable, as his most intimate religious companion, the poor man whose "pleasant talk" of the Scriptures first led him to take to reading the Bible, about this time turned "a most devilish Ranter:" in fact, from the account given of him, he must have become both atheist and libertine. Shocked at his abominable principles, Bunyan at once broke off all intercourse with him. But he was also thrown into the company of several others, who, though formerly strict in religion, were also drawn away by these Ranters, and who endeavoured to instil their fanatical tenets into the as yet ill-furnished mind of our poor novice. Although he escaped the snare, he was, for a long time, greatly harassed with the anxious doubts, the scriptural problems, and the practical difficulties which beset the path of religious inquiry along which he was groping his solitary way. "Tossed betwixt the devil and his own ignorance," he was sometimes so perplexed that he could not tell what to do. He had no friend to advise with, no spiritual guide to set him right. While in this state of mind, the happiness of the poor people at Bedford was presented to him in a kind of vision—a waking dream; or, perhaps, during actual slumber, such as will often for a few moments unconsciously suspend the voluntary action of an exhausted mind. Whether dream or reverie, it left a powerful impression; and in it, Dr. Southey thinks, "the germ of the Pilgrim's Progress may plainly be perceived." May we not rather say, the germinating of that imagination which was afterwards to ripen into genius? "I saw," says Bunyan, "as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also, betwixt me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now, through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding that, if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall, I bethought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now, the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get

in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders and my whole body. Then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now, this mountain and wall, &c. was thus made out to me. The mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the Word, that did make separation between the Christian and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. . . . But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat; it shewed me that none could enter into life, but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also that they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin."

This resemblance "abode many days" upon his spirit, exciting a "vehement desire to be one of that number who did sit in the sunshine." Yet more than a year appears to have elapsed before he could take courage to disclose the state of his feelings to those poor people at Bedford. When he did, they introduced him to their pastor, who invited Bunyan to his house, and had some conversation with him, but evidently had not penetration enough to discover the character of the extraordinary man thus brought under his notice. In the mean while, and for a long time after this interview, Bunyan's mind, being left to prey upon itself, was overclouded with the deepest spiritual distress. The workings of his thoughts during this fiery ordeal, of which he has given so vivid a description, were, no doubt, of that morbid character which any deep-seated anxiety or intense emotion is apt to assume, when the mind begins to act upon the body, and physical effects re-act upon mental operations. Dr. Southey has been pleased to describe this stage of Bunyan's experience as "a burning and feverish enthusiasm," during which he was "shaken continually by the hot and cold fits of a spiritual ague." That his imagination "was wrought to a state of excitement, in which its own shapings became vivid as realities, and affected him more forcibly than impressions from the external world," is, we admit, very apparent. But there was nothing factitious in Bunyan's feelings, nothing unreasonable in his anxieties, nothing enthusiastic in his creed. If, for the time, the calm exercise of his understanding, not sufficiently fortified by religious knowledge, was overborne by the morbid action of his imagination, this natural effect of over-excited feelings under a real and rational cause, is not to be confounded with the hallucinations of a distempered intellect. "Where there is no error of the imagination, no misjudging of realities, no calculations which reason condemns, there," it has been said by a philosophical writer,* "there is no enthusiasm, even though the soul may be on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object." If this be a correct definition of the term, Bunyan was at no period of his history an enthusiast: his repelling the fanatical notions of the Ranters proves this. False notions, false by exaggeration, of the corruption of our nature, are supposed by Dr. Southey to have laid upon Bunyan's mind that heavy burden of distress, "heavy

* Natural History of Enthusiasm.

as that with which his own Christian begins his pilgrimage." But this remark is not warranted by any thing in the narrative, nor by the practical effect or tendency of those notions which Bunyan had derived from the Scriptures,—the main and almost only source of his knowledge. The "sense of inward and original pollution," which produced so much self-loathing and horrible despondency, could not have been produced by any doctrinal notion, true or false, but was an impression upon the spirit, such as only the mind that has been itself wounded can understand, and He who made the spirit alone can heal. The source of such feelings lies deeper in human nature than this world's philosophy can reach. But when we find a similar feeling of self-loathing and abasement seizing upon the minds of the holy man of Uz and the rapt Isaiah, under a sense of the Divine purity and majesty, surely it were wise to hesitate before we rashly ascribe mental distress of this character either to enthusiastic and fallacious notions, or to physical distemper. Despondency, indeed, does not consist with a healthful state of mind; and religious despondency is inconsistent with right views of the gospel, which forbids any one to despair of the Divine mercy. Religion is not more the cause of despondency than it is of unbelief, or than light is the cause of blindness. We may admit, however, that such states of distress involve both mental and moral infirmity. The pressure upon the spirit produces, if we may so express it, a temporary paralysis of the judgement, and the heart labours under a terrible nightmare. We exclude from consideration how far, in such cases, the mind may be acted upon from without itself, and external suggestions add to the terror and agitation of the spirit. But we cannot forbear to remark, that such periods of mental darkness and agitation, if not to be viewed as direct inflictions, are often permitted and overruled for the purposes of moral discipline. The Saviour himself "suffered being tempted." This is the proper light in which to view Bunyan's religious experience. He was allowed for a while to wrestle alone, and in the dark, that he might come forth from the conflict the stronger and better man. In the language of an able critic, already referred to, "the Spirit of God was his teacher; the very discipline of his intellect was a spiritual discipline; the conflicts that his soul sustained with the powers of darkness, were the sources of his intellectual strength."* During this severe probation, he was, to use his own expressive language, "led from truth to truth by God; for never did any one owe less to human teaching." What other men learn from books, he, with the aid only of his Bible, spelt out and put together by the light from heaven that irradiated his darkness. He was educated by this severe process of thought; and the coarse, boisterous, ignorant, profane rustic became transformed like his own pilgrim, who, after emerging from the slough of despond, lost his burden and his rags together at the foot of the cross.

He was beginning to emerge from these "temptations," when a translation of

* North American Review, No. LXXIX. art. Southey's Life of Bunyan. "We incline to think," says the Reviewer, "that Southey, with all his talent, is incapable of fully appreciating a character of such directness and originality as that of Bunyan, or of doing justice to the workings of his mind. It would have been the truth, as well as the better philosophy, if he had said, that the Spirit of God was preparing Bunyan, by this severe discipline, to send forth into the world the Pilgrim's Progress."

Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians fell into his hands; an old copy, so tattered that it was ready to fall to pieces if he did but turn it over. He had not read far, before he found his own condition "so largely and profoundly handled," and his own experience so faithfully mirrored, in its pages, that it seemed as if the book had been "written out of his own heart." Such a book he had longed to meet with; and it had for the time the happiest effect upon his mind. In writing his Narrative long afterwards, he declares his preference of this work of Martin Luther's above all others that he had ever seen, the Bible alone excepted, as "most fitted for a wounded conscience." Dr. Southey finds or imagines a resemblance between "the passionate and mighty mind of Luther," and that of Bunyan. "Like Luther, he had undergone the agonies of unbelief and deadly fear, and, according to his own persuasion, wrestled with the Enemy." But here the parallel begins and terminates. Both were men of powerful imagination, but of very opposite spirit and different mental temperament.

The peaceful assurance and serene composure to which Bunyan had now attained, were not of long continuance; and the state of mind into which he relapsed, is characterised by Dr. Southey, not without some reason, as "the strangest part of his history." "An almost unimaginable temptation came upon him," which, remarks the Biographer, "he might well call more grievous and dreadful than any with which he had before been afflicted:" it was, "to sell and part with Christ,—to exchange him for the things of this life,—for any thing." For the space of a year, he was haunted by this strange and hateful suggestion; and so continually, that he was not rid of it one day in a month, nor sometimes one hour in many succeeding days, unless in his sleep. Such is Bunyan's own account, who attributes the suggestion to the immediate agency of the Tempter; and he describes the series of assaults to which he believed himself to be exposed from the Enemy of souls, with a vividness of language which reminds us of his description of Christian's allegorical combat with Apollyon.

The task of a biographer in referring to this stage of Bunyan's mental history, becomes one of extreme delicacy, as it requires him to touch upon points of inscrutable mystery. The origin of our thoughts must ever remain beyond the reach of discovery. That they ordinarily obey the law of association, every one must be aware; and this is doubtless the case in a thousand instances where the connecting link is not perceived. But sometimes a thought will present itself with all the effect of an extraneous suggestion, clothed, it may be, in words which the mind does not recognize as of its own coining; just as, in dreams, we seem to be present at conversations, and mingle with persons whose features are those of strangers. Under ordinary states of feeling, such thoughts come and go without being questioned as to their origin, and leave but a faint, if any impression. The apparent suggestion may be trivial or ludicrous. But most persons of reflective habits will recollect occasions on which actions and events of the greatest moment to themselves, hinged upon some thought that seemed to dart into their minds, perhaps with astonishing suddenness and vividness. Such an occurrence of thought, not less than any external occurrence, a devout man would not hesitate to ascribe to the overruling and all-pervading providence of God; and it matters nothing, in this point of view, whether

we regard such thoughts as proceeding from the natural operation of reflection, or as imparted to the mind. Those persons, however, who acknowledge that from God "all holy desires and all good counsels proceed," must believe that our minds and hearts are open to an ordinary inspiration, not less real, and perhaps not more imperceptible in its mode of influencing us, than the extraordinary and plenary inspiration under which the prophets and apostles spoke and wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Holy Scriptures, moreover, not only contain the promise of such heavenly inspiration as the source of wisdom and consolation, but they very plainly intimate that evil thoughts, while the natural produce of the human heart, are sometimes the result of an inspiration of an evil and malignant character. The conception of crime in the mind of Judas, and of Ananias, is distinctly referred to *Satanic* influence operating upon the heart, yet so as not to interfere with conscious responsibility, any more than human suasion. No violence is done to the mind in either case, any more than by involuntary dreams, or by the social influences which are perpetually governing and modifying our thoughts and actions, but of which we cannot detect the actual operation, more than we can that of the atmosphere upon our bodily functions; and it must therefore be impossible to discriminate between the spontaneous action of the thoughts, and the good or evil inspiration, except by the reflex act of the judgement. Many persons of enthusiastic temperament have, no doubt, erroneously ascribed to a foreign influence, the natural though unrecognized suggestions of their own minds; especially when the mind itself was in a morbid state. The impossibility of detecting the true source of what may be termed morbid thoughts, is beautifully illustrated by Bunyan himself, than whom no man, perhaps, ever suffered more agony of spirit from these internal visitations. In describing Christian's passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in which the Pilgrim was "worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon,"—evidently referring to what he himself suffered after having obtained a victory over the temptation to infidelity,—Bunyan says: "One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that *he did not know his own voice*; and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over-against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than any thing that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before: yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came."

Since, however, Christian could not ascertain this by any thing of which he was conscious at the time, the knowledge that these grievous blasphemies were suggested by the wicked one, must have been obtained only by inference from their evil character and their repugnance to the mind. But, although knowledge obtained by inference may be as certain as that which is derived from consciousness, there is some room to question, in the present case, the soundness of the deduction. Unless we were prepared to contend that all evil thoughts which spring up in the mind, and yet are repugnant to the

feelings and judgement, so as to be condemned and rejected with abhorrence, have a source foreign to the imagination, and that the mind cannot be the author of any thoughts which affect it with this sense of contrariety and aversion, and of which it would fain rid itself,—unless, too, dreams of a painful description, and contrary to the tenor of the waking thoughts, are in like manner to be accounted for only by the same external and supernatural agency,—it is evident that some stronger reason must be found for ascribing wicked and blasphemous thoughts to infernal inspiration, in any particular case, than their hateful character.

That they may have this origin, is very possible. Yet, their very contrariety to the mind of the individual supplies a reason against the supposition. All heavenly inspiration is congenial with the holy character of those who have been the recipients and organs of the Divine communications; and so far as Scripture throws any light upon the awful fact, it would appear that Satanic inspiration is, in like manner, congenial with the character of its victims; that it is in every case a *concurrent* impulse, and not either compulsive or repugnant. It may be urged, that our blessed Lord was himself tempted by the suggestions of Satan; suggestions infinitely repugnant to his holy nature; but they were both external to his mind, and such as partook of the nature of rational inducements to specific actions. The force of the temptation lay in the apparent reasonableness of the insidious counsel, and in the strength of the inducements; and where there is no appeal to rational motives, there can be no temptation. Nothing can surely be more improper, than to confound, under a common term, the mere phantasmagoria of the imagination, and the real transactions of the evangelical history.

Bunyan, in his auto-biographical narrative, does indeed describe the horrible but irrational thought that was ever running in his mind, as “a temptation;” but where was the bait? Had the prospect of worldly advantage been held out to him on the condition of renouncing his creed, or violating his allegiance to the Saviour; had he, in the face of worldly scorn or fiery persecution, been prompted to deny the faith; or had some dishonest gain been within his reach while struggling with penury;—here would have been a temptation. But in the case described, the assault, the suggestion, and the seeming compliance with the abhorred blasphemy, were all ideal, without motive, and contrary to reason. The suffering and distress only were real; and these constituted a trial of the sharpest kind, a discipline of fearful severity; just as any other species of physical or mental suffering might have proved.

We see no reason, then, to deny, that the state of darkness into which Bunyan was plunged, arose from that distempered action of the imagination which is the ordinary effect of over-excitement. Nothing is a more common characteristic of bodily disease, than that the parts affected shall take on an action the very reverse of their natural and healthful condition. Something analogous to this has been observed in cases of mental disorder. It is, therefore, quite conceivable, that the distempered mind should give birth to monstrous thoughts, irrational, abhorrent, yet on that very account the more fixed and unmanageable, burning themselves into the memory by the pain they inflict, and possessing the imagination as with an external presence. In cases of decided insanity,

this is known to take place. But there are diseased conditions of the frame, not amounting to insanity, in which the imagination is distempered, but there is no delirium; in which unreasonable ideas have hold of the mind, but there is no eclipse of the controlling judgement; there are involuntary impressions, but no involuntary decisions: in such conditions, which, how nearly soever they approximate to insanity, are clearly distinguishable from it, a morbid action of the thoughts, such as Bunyan describes, would be the natural effect of physical causes. How far bodily disease, and especially mental distemper, may be the result of the malignant agency of *that* being to whom Bunyan ascribed his "temptation," is a distinct question. The history of the patriarch Job, and some intimations in other parts of the inspired volume, have led many learned and pious persons to entertain the belief that, with the Divine permission, evil spirits may be the instruments of immediately afflicting those whom they cannot tempt or morally injure. We make no concession to the infidel, when we refuse to ascribe to supernatural suggestions, phenomena which admit of a simpler explanation, and which it is most important to distinguish from the moral conflict that every Christian is called to sustain with the seductions of the world and the temptations of the great Enemy.

"Had it been the Romish superstition which Bunyan had imbibed," remarks Dr. Southey, "he might now have vied with P. Dominic the Cuirassier, or the Jesuit Joam d'Almeida, in inflicting torments upon his own miserable body." But Bunyan was never a self-tormentor; his mind was free from superstition; and the sound views of the Christian doctrine which he had embraced, and to which he adhered through this long ordeal of suffering, at once attested the sanity of his judgement, and preserved it. During the two years and a half of almost incessant agitation and despondency that he passed, the Scriptures afforded the only balm to his wounded spirit; and he recounts, among the advantages which he gained by this "temptation," that he was "made to see more into the nature of the promises" than ever he had seen before. "The Scriptures also were wonderful things to me: I saw that the truth and verity of them were the keys of the kingdom of heaven. . . . Now I saw the apostles to be the elders of the city of refuge. Those that they were to receive in, were received to life; but those that they shut out, were to be slain by the avenger of blood . . . Woe be to him against whom the Scriptures bend themselves!" Thus was he led to search the Bible, and to dwell upon it, with an earnestness and intensity of feeling which no determination of a calmer mind could have commanded. "If," remarks Dr. Southey, "in the other writings of Bunyan, and especially in that which has made his name immortal, we discover none of that fervid language in which his confessions and self-examination are recorded, — none of those 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,'—none of that passion, in which the reader so far participates as to be disturbed and distressed by it,—here we perceive how he acquired that thorough and familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures, which in those works is manifested."

Even the strongest constitution would be likely to give way under the effects of such long-continued mental excitement and suffering; and not unfrequently, as the mind recovers its tone, the body begins to betray the insidious mischief. Symptoms of

a pulmonary kind appeared in Bunyan shortly after he had attained to a happier state of feeling, and had been admitted to fellowship with the congregation at Bedford under Mr. Gifford's pastoral care. The weakness to which he was suddenly reduced by a violent increase of these symptoms, was so extreme, that he thought he could not live. Again the clouds returned, and darkened his spirit; but he was soon waked out of his despondency by the voice of the Scripture, and the fear of death vanished before the assurance of the free mercy of God. "Now," he says, "death was lovely and beautiful in my sight; for I saw we shall never live indeed, till we be gone to the other world. Oh! methought this life is but a slumber in comparison with that above. At this time also, I saw more in these words, 'heirs of God,' (Rom. viii. 17,) than ever I shall be able to express while I live in this world." At another time, when he was extremely ill and weak, those words in the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, 'O death! where is thy sting?' &c., fell with such force upon his mind, that he "became well both in body and mind at once;" his sickness did presently vanish, and he walked comfortably again in his "work for God." The close connexion between these returns of gloom and seizures of physical weakness, is evident from his own narrative; but there is nothing very uncommon in the cure of physical malady by moral remedies. Joy is a powerful restorative to the animal spirits; and this is emphatically true of spiritual joy.

Bunyan was admitted a member of the Baptist church at Bedford, in the year 1653, when he was only twenty-five years of age. Mr. Gifford, the pastor, died in 1655. It would appear that, prior to his decease, Bunyan had been prevailed upon, once or twice, to address a few words of exhortation to the members of the society at their private assemblies. After this, he was induced, occasionally, to accompany some of them that went into the adjacent villages to teach; "where," he says, "though as yet I did not, nor durst not, make use of my gift in an open way, yet more privately, still, as I came amongst the good people in those places, I did sometimes speak a word of admonition unto them also. At last, being still desired by the church, after some solemn prayer with fasting, I was more particularly called forth and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the word, not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof." Bunyan cannot be charged with having thrust himself forward into notoriety, nor with having rashly assumed the function of a public teacher. He entered upon the probationary exercise of his "gift in a public way," with diffidence and fear; and only by degrees acquired that consciousness of his qualifications which led him to believe that he was called to the work. In this, as in all other matters, he was not satisfied till he had ascertained that his conduct had the sanction of scriptural directions; and he has specified the passages of the New Testament which animated and encouraged him in complying with the desires of his pious friends.* His preaching could not fail to attract great attention; and no sooner had the rumour spread, than, as he tells us, "they came in to hear the word by hundreds, and that from all parts, though upon divers and sundry accounts." He was

* The following are the passages cited in his own narrative:—1 Cor. xvi. 15, 16. Acts viii. 4., xviii. 24, 25. 1 Pet. iv. 10. Rom. xii. 6. Also, subsequently to his meeting with instances of success, 2 Cor. ii. 2. and 1 Cor. ix. 2.

now so constantly employed in these itinerant labours, that, upon being nominated as deacon of the Bedford congregation in the ensuing year, the church declined to elect him to that office, on the ground that he was thus too much engaged to attend to its duties. In the mean time, he continued to work with his own hands for his living and the maintenance of his family, as he had opportunity. While he was thus usefully and disinterestedly employed, "the doctors and priests of the country," he says, "did open wide against me;" and towards the close of the year 1657, an indictment was preferred against him for preaching at Eaton. Of the result we are not informed; but, as he was present at a meeting of the Baptist church in February, 1658, as well as in the July following, it may be inferred, either that the action was not supported, or that it failed to have the effect of silencing the unordained preacher who had awakened the jealousy of the Presbyterian clergy. Some surprise may be felt that such a prosecution should have been set on foot under the government of Cromwell; but Dr. Southey remarks with truth, that "there was much more persecution during the Protectorate, than Cromwell would have allowed, if he could have prevented it." * The lawfulness of public preaching by men not ordained was, indeed, at this time a point warmly debated, the Presbyterians in general maintaining the negative with as lofty pretensions to divine right as had been asserted by the champions of Prelacy; so as to draw forth Milton's biting sarcasm, that

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large." †

It is probable, however, that personal enmity occasioned this attempt to check Bunyan's usefulness. His "great desire in fulfilling his ministry," he tells us, "was to get into the darkest places of the country," and to preach the gospel where Christ was not named. He "never cared to meddle with things controverted." "It pleased me much," he says, "to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of Jesus; but, as to other things, I would let them alone, because I saw they engendered strife." This wise and modest course could not, however, screen him either from being regarded as an intruder by the intolerant, or from being grossly calumniated by the ignorant and malicious, who sought, by aspersing his moral character, to cause his ministry to be abandoned. It was rumoured, that he was "a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman," and a libertine. These "lies and slanders," says Bunyan, "I bind to me as an ornament; it belongs to my Christian profession to be vilified, slandered, reproached, and reviled; and since all this is nothing else, as my God and my conscience do bear me witness, I rejoice in reproaches for Christ's sake."

But he was destined to have his constancy and fortitude put to a severer test; "bonds and imprisonment awaited him." He had "for five or six years, without any

* "Nothing will satisfy them," said Cromwell, speaking of the Presbyterian party, "unless they can put their finger upon their brethren's conscience, and pinch them there."

† In this same year (1658) was published a work entitled "The Preacher Sent; or, a Vindication of the Liberty of Public Preaching by some men not ordained: in answer to two books, 1. *Jus Divinum Evangelici*, by the Provincial Assembly of London; 2. *Vindiciæ Ministerii Evangelici*, by Mr. John Collings, Norwich. Published by John Martin, Minister of the Gospel at Edgefield, Norfolk; Sam. Petto, Minister of the Gospel at Sandcroft, Suffolk; and Frederick Woodals, Minister of the Gospel at Woodbridge, Suffolk."

interruption, freely preached the gospel," when, in November, 1660, he was taken up by a warrant from a justice named Wingate, at a place called Samsell in Bedfordshire, at which he had been invited to preach; the justice having resolved, as he said, to "break the neck of such meetings." The mittimus ran to this effect: "That he went about to several conventicles in the county, to the great disparagement of the government of the church of England," &c. Such was one of the first-fruits of the Restoration! Dr. Southey, willing to palliate the conduct of his persecutors, insinuates that "he was known to be hostile to the restored church, and that *probably* it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliament army." Of the former, there is no evidence; and the latter is a gratuitous conjecture, which, if admitted, would only give a more despicably vindictive character to the proceedings. The fact appears to be, that his old enemies took advantage of the change in the Government, to execute their long-cherished purpose in putting a stop to his preaching; and that, had the state of the law admitted of it, he would have met with the same treatment under Cromwell, from the same parties, that he did under Charles. One of the party concerned in these proceedings, a Dr. Lindale, is described by Bunyan as "an old enemy to the truth," who, on hearing of the Tinker's apprehension, came in, and fell to taunting of him "with many reviling terms." Bunyan, however, was a match for his accusers, as well in ready wit as in scriptural argument. And when this Dr. Lindale, alluding to his calling, said, that "he remembered reading of one Alexander a coppersmith, who did much oppose and disturb the apostles;" Bunyan replied, that "he also had read of many priests and pharisees that had their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Aye," rejoined Lindale, "and you are one of those scribes and pharisees; for you, with a pretence, make long prayers, to devour widows' houses." He received for answer, that if he (Dr. L.) had got no more by preaching and praying than Bunyan had, he would not be so rich as he was. Bunyan had notice of the intention to arrest him, and might have eluded the writ; and after being taken before the magistrate, he might have obtained his discharge, if he would have promised to leave off preaching, and keep to his calling. But his conscience would not allow him to make any such engagement. He was accordingly committed to gaol. After he had lain there five or six days, some of his friends offered bail for his appearance at the sessions; but the magistrate to whom they applied, refused to take it.

Some seven weeks after his apprehension, the quarter sessions were held at Bedford, and Bunyan was brought up for examination before the justices. The bill of indictment preferred against him, was under the act of the 35th Elizabeth, and ran to this effect: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, being a person of such and such conditions, hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king," and so forth. Upon this being read, he was asked by the justices what he had to say to it. Not aware that he had been indicted, Bunyan readily admitted that he did not attend the parish church, and that he did attend private meetings at which he preached: he also entered into a defence of his conduct

upon scriptural grounds, by which he only drew down upon himself the coarse invectives of his judges. "Who is your god, Beelzebub?" said one of the justices; and they repeatedly said, that he was possessed of the devil. At the close of this memorable examination, his answers being taken down as a confession of guilt, without any other trial, without the verdict of a jury, he was sentenced in the following terms: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at the three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if you be found to come over again without special licence from the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," said the judge: and so he bade the jailor remove his prisoner. Bunyan resolutely answered, that if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God.

Of the propriety of Bunyan's conduct, in refusing to desist from preaching, differing opinions will be formed. Dr. Southey, as might be anticipated, takes a decided part with his judges; giving it as his opinion, that in none of Bunyan's writings "does he appear so little reasonable, or so little tolerant, as upon these examinations." In what his intolerance consisted, is not very apparent; but the learned Biographer possibly refers to honest John's objection to using the common-prayer-book, as not being of divine authority. In proof that he was unreasonable, it is urged, that "he was neither called upon to renounce any thing that he did believe, nor to profess any thing that he did not; that the congregation to which he belonged, held at this time their meetings unmolested; that he might have worshipped when he pleased, where he pleased, and how he pleased; and that he was only required not to go about the country holding conventicles."* The extreme disingenuousness of this statement will be evident when it is recollected, that the statute under which he was indicted, rendered his nonconformity itself a crime; that his abstaining from coming to church was placed in the front of his offence; and that he was not only required to profess what, in him, would have been hypocrisy, but to renounce what he believed to be his sacred duty. "Sir," said Bunyan, in a subsequent examination, to the clerk of the peace, who tried to persuade him to forbear awhile, "Wicliff saith, that he who leaveth off preaching and hearing of the word of God for fear of excommunication of men, he is already excommunicated of God, and shall in the day of judgement be counted a traitor to Christ." When reminded that the Scripture enjoined obedience to the powers that be, his answer was: "That Paul did own the powers that were in his day to be of God; and yet he was often in prison under them, for all that; and also, though Jesus Christ told Pilate that he had no power against him, but of God, yet he died under the same Pilate. And yet," (he added,) "I hope you will not say that either Paul or Christ were such as did deny magistracy, and so sinned against God in slighting the ordinance.

* Dr. Southey adds: "The cause for that interdiction was, not that persons were admonished in such conventicles to labour for salvation, but that they were exhorted there to regard with abhorrence that Protestant church which is essentially part of the constitution of this kingdom." An assertion embodying an historical misrepresentation and a calumny, and which would serve just as well to justify the persecution of Dissenters in the present day. If the conventicle act was right, the toleration act was wrong.

Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying : the one, to do that which I in my conscience do believe I am bound to do actively ; and where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to suffer what they shall do unto me." Such was the "unreasonable" character of his defence ; and because it was, in the opinion of the Apologist for Laud,* unreasonable, Bunyan, we have been told, "is most wrongfully represented as having been the victim of intolerant laws and prelatical oppression." Yet, it is admitted, that he evinced at least the strength of will and strength of heart, the fortitude and the patience of a martyr. Nor was it without a painful conflict of emotions that he made up his mind to the consequences of his firmness, as we learn from the touching expression of his feelings during imprisonment, contained in his Narrative. "I found myself," he says, "a man encompassed with infirmities : the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones ; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have after brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likely to meet with, should I be taken from them ; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh ! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child ! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world ! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you."

The summary punishment which the justices had inflicted upon Bunyan, was not only an act of gross oppression, but obviously a stretch of the law, both as he was apprehended before there had been any proclamation against the meetings, upon a statute which had lain dormant, and as he was convicted upon a mere construction put upon his own words during examination. His detention in prison afterwards turned upon his having been thus irregularly convicted.

On the King's coronation, in April 1661, a general pardon was proclaimed ; and thousands who had been committed to prison for nonconformity and other offences, were set at liberty. "In which privilege," says Bunyan, "I should also have had my share, but that they took me for a convicted person ; and therefore, unless I sued out a pardon, as they called it, I could have no benefit thereby." Bunyan, therefore, was still detained ; and at the next assizes, in August 1661, that he might leave no lawful means of escape unattempted, he did, by his wife, present a petition to the judges, three times, that he might be heard, and his case taken into consideration. Sir Matthew Hale was one of these judges ; and it appears from Mrs. Bunyan's testimony, as preserved in the Narrative, that, on receiving the petition, he expressed a willingness to do for her the best he could, but feared that nothing could be done ; and on being assured by one of the justices who had committed Bunyan, that he was a hot-spirited fellow, he waived the matter, and declined interfering. Encouraged, however, by the high sheriff, to make another effort

* And Biographer of Wesley, whom, but for the toleration act, the same statute would have condemned to incarceration and exile.

before the judges left the town, Elizabeth Bunyan, who seems to have imbibed a portion of her husband's spirit, again made her way, "with a bashed face and a trembling heart," into the judges' chamber. Addressing herself to Judge Hale, she pleaded the unlawfulness of his conviction; urging that she had been told in London by a nobleman, to whom she had delivered a petition to the House of Lords on her husband's behalf, that his releasement was committed to the judges at the next assizes. "And now," she said, "I am come to you, to see if any thing may be done in this business, and you give neither releasement nor relief." "My Lord," said Justice Chester, "he is a pestilent fellow; there is not such a fellow in the country again." "Will your husband leave preaching?" said Judge Twisdon: "if he will do so, then send for him." "My Lord," replied Elizabeth Bunyan, "he dares not leave preaching, as long as he can speak." "See here!" exclaimed the last-mentioned judge; "what should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must he do what he lists? He is a breaker of the peace." "He desires to live peaceably, my Lord," rejoined Mrs. Bunyan, "and to follow his calling, that his family may be maintained. Moreover," she added, "I have four small children that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind; and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." "Hast thou four children?" said Judge Hale: "thou art but a young woman to have four children." "My Lord," said she, "I am but mother-in-law to them, having not been married to him yet two full years." She proceeded to add, that she was near her confinement when her husband was apprehended; and that the shock brought on premature labour, and the child died. Upon hearing which, Judge Hale, looking very seriously, exclaimed, "Alas! poor woman." Judge Twisdon brutally remarked, that she made poverty a cloak; and that Bunyan was maintained better by running up and down preaching, than by following his calling. "What is his calling?" asked Judge Hale. "A tinker, my Lord," said a bystander. "Yes," rejoined Elizabeth Bunyan, "and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised, and cannot have justice." There was truth in this blunt appeal, and Hale felt its force. "I tell thee, woman," he very mildly replied, "seeing it is so, that they have taken what thy husband spake for a conviction, thou must apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error." Justice Chester, on hearing the upright judge give her this counsel, could not conceal his vexation; exclaiming, "My Lord, he will preach, and do what he lists." "He preacheth nothing but the word of God," said his wife. "He preach the word of God!" said Twisdon in a rage; "he runneth up and down, and doth harm." "No, my Lord," said she, "it is not so: God hath owned him, and done much good by him." "God!" said Twisdon, "his doctrine is the doctrine of the devil." "My Lord," once more replied this meek, yet spirited woman, "when the righteous Judge shall appear, it will be known that his doctrine is not the doctrine of the devil." There was no answering this; and Twisdon, turning to Hale, begged him not to mind her, but to send her away. The judge, evidently moved, said again to Mrs. Bunyan, in a tone of kindness: "I am sorry, woman, that I can do thee no good. Thou must do one of those three things aforesaid, namely, either to apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error; but a writ of error will be the cheapest."

Thus terminated this extraordinary scene. Elizabeth Bunyan left the court in tears; "not so much," she declares, "because they were so hard-hearted against her and her husband, as from the thought, what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord." How could she suppose that one of those judges was a man of saintly piety and integrity! And how little did that judge suspect that the prisoner, whose cause was thus pathetically pleaded, was destined by his writings to win to himself an everlasting name, as the guide of Christian pilgrims to the heavenly city! At the coming of the Lord, Hale and Bunyan will not be divided.

Although, in the Pilgrim's Progress, there is nothing that can be construed into personal satire, its Author must be supposed to have had his own case in vivid recollection, when he described the treatment which Christian and Faithful met with at Vanity Fair. The indictment of the pilgrims, if not a parody on the charges brought against Bunyan, conveys the same idea in allegorical terms:—"That they were enemies to and disturbers of the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince." The language of the witnesses, too, will recall the above examination.

"*Envy.* My Lord, this man is one of the vilest men in the country; he neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls *principles of faith and holiness*. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our Town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled; by which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

"*Superstition.* My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him: however, this I know, that he is *a very pestilent fellow*, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for, then talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God.

"*Faithful.* May I speak a few words in my own defence?

"*Judge.* Sirrah, sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately on the place. Yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

"*Faithful.* I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said ought but this; That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready, here before you, to make my recantation. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition and his charge against me, I said only this; That in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God, that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith which faith will not be profitable to eternal life."

There can be no doubt that it was upon such grounds as these, (whether valid or otherwise, this is not the place to inquire,) that Bunyan, in common with other nonconformists, objected to the use, and still more to the imposition, of the Book of Common Prayer. He tells us himself, that, on obtaining liberty from the gaoler, (who appears to have confided in him so far as to allow him to go at large upon his word,) he followed his wonted course of preaching, taking all occasions put into his hand, to visit those who had attended upon his ministry; "exhorting them to be steadfast in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer, &c.,"* but to mind the word of God, which giveth direction to Christians in every point, being able to make the man of God perfect in all things, through faith in Jesus Christ, and thoroughly to furnish him unto all good works." The indulgence at first allowed him, enabled him to be present at private meetings of the congregation at Bedford, in June and July, 1661, his name being found in the minutes of the church-book; and once the gaoler permitted him to take a journey to London. Unfortunately, Bunyan's enemies heard of it, and his friendly gaoler, being threatened with the loss of his office, was compelled to keep his prisoner more close; so that, says Bunyan, "I must not now look out of the door." He expected to be called to account at the ensuing assizes, in November 1661; but he was passed over. In January following, the assizes were again held; and being anxious to come before the judges, he prevailed upon the gaoler to put down his name in the calendar; but his enemies prevented his being called to appear. Why no steps were taken in pursuance of Judge Hale's advice, does not appear from the Narrative; and it has been surmised, that the means for defraying the legal expenses could not be raised. It might have been supposed that the object of his visit to London was connected with some effort to obtain the reversal of his sentence, as there would seem to have been otherwise no adequate motive for the risk he incurred; but the Narrative contains no intimation of the kind. He now appears to have resigned himself to his fate. From there being no mention of his name at the church-meetings of the Bedford congregation from July 1661, to August 1668, it is inferred that, during these seven years, he was kept a close prisoner. As there was an end put to his working at his craft, he learned to make tagged laces, and by this means contributed to support his family. Dr. Southey takes for granted, that their condition was not "worsened by his imprisonment," since it would render them "objects of compassion to their neighbours," and that Bunyan was, upon the whole, very comfortable in gaol. "He had the society there," he says, "of some who were suffering for the same cause;"† he had his Bible, and his Book of Martyrs;

* "An, &c." remarks Dr. Southey, "more full of meaning than that which occasioned the dishonest outcry against the &c. oath." Had the learned Biographer printed the whole of the sentence, however, Bunyan's meaning would have been more evident from the exhortation to adhere to the Scriptures as the only and sufficient rule of faith. A jealousy for the exclusive authority of the word of God, the principle so manfully advocated by Chillingworth, was the real source of the strong feeling manifested against both the Common Prayer and the etc.

† It is said, there were never fewer than sixty dissenters in the prison with him during the period of his confinement; for, as some were discharged, others were committed. Two of these were ministers of the Baptist denomination, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Dunn.—IVIMEY'S LIFE OF BUNYAN.

and he had leisure to brood over his own thoughts." Scanty materials of worldly comfort; but how enviable the man who could extract happiness out of them! Are any thanks due to his unjust persecutors, that "the Pilgrim's Progress was one of the fruits of his imprisonment?"

" _____ The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And, that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells."—COWPER.

Bunyan thus speaks of his own imprisonment. "I was had home to prison, and there have lain now complete twelve years, waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do with me.* In which condition I have continued with much content, through grace, but have met with many turnings and goings upon my heart;" the result of which, he adds, had been "much conviction, instruction, and understanding." During the last four years of his imprisonment—that is, from 1669 to 1672, inclusive—he enjoyed a considerable degree of liberty. From the entries in the Baptist church-book, he appears to have been regularly present at their social meetings; and in October 1671, though still a prisoner, he was elected to the office of co-pastor or elder of that community. Among the works written during his confinement, we find enumerated the following:—Of Prayer by the Spirit. The Holy City's Resurrection. Grace Abounding (the autobiographical narrative so often referred to). Pilgrim's Progress, Part I. Defence of the Doctrine of Justification, against Bishop Fowler. This last work is dated from prison, the 21st of the 11th month, 1671.

The First Part of the Pilgrim's Progress is known to have been written during his imprisonment; but, as no extant copy of the first edition has hitherto been discovered, the year in which it was published remains uncertain. The date of the second edition, of which a copy is in the British Museum, is 1678. If, therefore, the work was published before his release, or even immediately after it, the sale must have been very slow and limited for some years after its appearance. But when once it had found its way into general circulation, edition after edition was rapidly called for. The eighth edition was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, and the tenth in 1685.† In the mean time,

* Perhaps we are to understand Bunyan as meaning that he was imprisoned twelve years altogether. The Continuator of his Life states, that he was imprisoned at first for six years, till "the Act of Indulgence to Dissenters being allowed, he obtained his freedom by the intercession of some in trust and power, that took pity on his sufferings; but within six years afterwards"—six *days* must be meant—"he was again taken up, viz. in the year 1666, and was then confined for six years more. . . . When he was taken this last time, he was preaching on these words: 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?' And this imprisonment continued six years; and when this was over, another short affliction, which was an imprisonment of half a year, fell to his share." "In the last year of his twelve years' imprisonment," it is added, "the pastor of the congregation at Bedford died; and he was chosen to that care of souls on the 12th of December, 1671."

† One passage of considerable length, the whole scene between Mr. By-Ends and his three friends, and their subsequent discourse with Christian and Faithful, was added after the second edition. Dr. Southey conjectures that it was first inserted in the fourth impression, "which had many additions more than any preceding." This is stated in an advertisement on the back of the frontispiece to the eighth; where it is also stated, that the publisher, observing that

several dishonest imitations of his work had appeared; some of them counterfeiting his popular title, others purporting to be a second part. These interlopers may have furnished an additional inducement to Bunyan to put forth his own Continuation of the Parable, which appeared in January 1684. In the poetical preface to this Second Part, he refers with honest satisfaction to the extensive reputation which his Pilgrim had attained:—

“ In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
 My Pilgrim is esteemed a friend, a brother.
 In Holland too, tis said, as I am told,
 My Pilgrim is, with some, worth more than gold.
 Highlanders and wild Irish can agree,
 My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
 'Tis in New England under such advance,
 Receives there so much loving countenance,
 As to be trimmed, new clothed, and deck'd with gems,
 That it might shew its features and its limbs,
 Yet more: so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
 That of him thousands daily sing and talk.”

In the same homely, yet not despicable lines, he refers to some of the objections which had been urged against the First Part:

“ But some there be that say, He laughs too loud;
 And some do say, His head is in a cloud.”
 Some things are of that nature as to make
 One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
 Whereas some say, *a cloud is in his head,*
 That doth but shew his wisdom's covered
 With its own mantle.”

It is probable that Bunyan had already become known by his writings, when he obtained his release. How this was effected, is not known; but, some time in 1672, a day of thanksgiving was observed by his flock, on the occasion of his deliverance. The Author of the Continuation of his Life, appended to his own Narrative,* states, that “Dr. Barlow, the then bishop of Lincoln, and other churchmen,” had been “moved by his patience” “to pity his hard and unreasonable sufferings, so far as to stand very much his friends in procuring his enlargement.” And the interference of Bishop Barlow

many persons desired to have it illustrated with pictures, hath endeavoured to gratify them therein; and besides those that are ordinarily printed to the fifth impression, hath provided thirteen copper cuts, curiously engraven, for such as desire them.” No additions, Dr. Southey informs us, after collating the editions, were introduced subsequently to the eighth; nor any alterations but verbal ones of slight importance.

* Supposed to have been Mr. Charles Doe, a Baptist minister. He describes himself as “a true friend and long acquaintance of Mr. Bunyan's.”

has been ascribed, upon credible authority, to the intercession of Dr. John Owen. For this story there must be some foundation. Yet Barlow was not made a bishop till 1675;* and it may be questioned, whether, at that period, any thing short of a royal order could have secured to Bunyan the undisturbed enjoyment of his personal freedom, and his liberty to preach. The Conventicle Act had been revived in 1670, in all its severity. Yet, shortly after his enlargement, Bunyan was enabled to build a meeting-house, by the voluntary contributions of his friends. In the church-book, it is entered: "11 August, 1672, the ground on which the meeting-house stands was bought by subscription." Here he continued to preach to large audiences, without any material interruption. "In this charge," says the Continuator of his Narrative, "he often had disputes with scholars that came to oppose him, as supposing him an ignorant person; and, though he argued plainly, and by scripture, without phrases and logical expressions, yet he nonplussed" them by his pertinent answers. Every year he used to pay a visit to his friends in London, where his reputation as a preacher was so great, that "if but a day's notice were given, the meeting-house in Southwark, where he generally preached, would not hold half the people that attended. Three thousand persons have been gathered together for the purpose in a remote part of the town; and no fewer than twelve hundred, on a dark winter's morning, at seven o'clock, even on week-days." Dr. Owen is stated to have been among his occasional auditors; and an anecdote is on record, that, being asked by Charles II., how a learned man such as he was could sit and hear an illiterate tinker prate, he replied: "May it please your majesty, could I possess that Tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."† The anecdote, if true, may be thought to illustrate the modesty and generous candour of Owen, himself an accomplished pulpit orator, as much as the power of Bunyan's native eloquence; yet, it is quite credible, that Owen should prize above all his scholastic attainments, the native genius displayed by the uneducated preacher, in combination with the peculiar unction that appears to have characterised his ministry. "Even some to whom he had been misrepresented upon the account of his (want of) education," says the Continuator of his Narrative, "were convinced of his worth and knowledge in sacred things, as perceiving him to be a man of sound judgement, delivering himself plainly and powerfully; insomuch that many who came spectators for novelty, rather than to be edified and

* See Orme's Life of Owen, p. 398. Mr. Orme confesses that he is unable to reconcile with this date, the story told in Asty's Memoirs of Owen, and repeated by Mr. Ivimey, of Bishop Barlow's refusing to comply with Owen's request, without an order from the chancellor; unless it refers to some subsequent imprisonment.

† Ivimey's Hist. of the Engl. Bapt. Vol. II. p. 41. Southey treats the anecdote as apocryphal, without assigning any other reason for his incredulity, than that such an opinion would be discreditable to Owen's judgement, if he really entertained it. Yet he remarks of the following anecdote, that it authenticates itself. "One day, when he had preached with peculiar warmth and enlargement, some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what 'a sweet sermon' he had delivered. 'Aye!' he replied, 'you need not remind me of that; for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.'" This story has been told of others besides Bunyan, but it may belong to him.

improved, went away well satisfied with what they heard, and wondered, as the Jews did at the apostles, 'whence this man should have these things.' "

Besides his annual visit to London, Bunyan occasionally visited other parts of the country; "insomuch," says the same authority, "that some, by these visitations that he had made, which were two or three every year, (though in jeering manner, no doubt,) gave him the epithet of Bishop Bunyan; while others envied him for his so earnestly labouring in Christ's vineyard." The Baptist congregation at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, is supposed to have been founded by him. There is a deep dell in a wood near the village of Preston, where a thousand people could collect; and there Bunyan used frequently to preach to large congregations. A chimney-corner, in a house in the same wood, is still looked upon with veneration, as having been the place of his refreshment.* About five miles from Hitchin, was a famous puritan preaching-place, called Bendish,† where also Bunyan was in the practice of preaching, in an old malt-house; and the pulpit was carefully removed, as an honoured relic, when, in 1787, the meeting was transferred to Coleman's Green. Other congregations in Bedfordshire are believed to owe their origin to his midnight preaching during his imprisonment, when he enjoyed the liberty, by sufferance, of making secret excursions to visit his friends. Reading, in Berkshire, was another place which he frequently visited; and a tradition has been preserved by the Baptist congregation there, that he sometimes went through that town dressed like a carter, with a long whip in his hand, to avoid detection. The house in which the Baptists met for worship stood in a lane; and from the back door, they had a bridge over a branch of the river Kennett, whereby, in case of alarm, they might escape. In a visit to that place, prompted by his characteristic kindness of heart, he contracted the disease which brought him to his grave. The son of a gentleman who resided there, having fallen under his father's displeasure, who threatened to disinherit him, applied to Mr. Bunyan to act as a mediator on his behalf. He did so with good success; and it was his last labour of love. As he returned to London on horseback, he was overtaken by heavy rains, and took cold. A violent fever ensued; and, after an illness of ten days he "resigned his soul into the hands of his most merciful Redeemer."‡ He died at the house of Mr. Struddock, a grocer, on Snow-hill, on the 12th of August, 1688, in the

* The following anecdote has been preserved by tradition. At a house near Preston Castle, about three miles from Hitchin, the nonconformist ministers used to meet for mutual conference. At one of these meetings, that difficult text, Rom. viii. 19—22, was spoken from. When it came to Mr. Bunyan's turn to speak, he only said, "The Scriptures are wiser than I." Luther confessed that the meaning of that Scripture he could never make out.

† It was a low, thatched building, running in two directions. A large square pulpit stood in the angles, and adjoining it was "a high pew in which ministers sat, out of sight of informers, and from which, in case of alarm they could escape into an adjacent cave."

‡ It appears that at the time of his death, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter, was one of his London flock. A memorandum preserved in Ellis's Correspondence thus records his death, September 6, 1688: "Few days before died Bunian his Lordship's teacher or chaplain; a man said to be gifted in that way, though once a cobbler."

61st year of his age; and was buried in his host's vault at Bunhill-fields, where a handsome tomb has been erected to his memory.

The following description of his person and character has been drawn by his first Biographer. "He appeared in countenance to be of a stern and rough temper, but, in his conversation, mild and affable; not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgement of others; . . . loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp, quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgement and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but, in his latter days, time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large; his forehead somewhat high; and his habit always plain and modest."

Of his four children, (there were none by his second marriage,) three survived him:* the blind daughter, on whose behalf he expressed such tender solicitude, died a few years before him. His wife Elizabeth, who had pleaded his cause with so much energy and feeling before the justices, "having lived to see him overcome his labour and sorrow, and pass from this life to receive the reward of his work, long survived him not; for, in 1692, she died, to follow her faithful pilgrim from this world to the other; whilst his works," quaintly adds the same Biographer, "which consist of sixty books, remain for the edifying of the reader, and praise of the author."

Bunyan was a voluminous writer. Besides the works already enumerated, he published from time to time a number of theological and polemical tracts; and he appears to great advantage as a controversial writer, in contrast with his acrimonious and intolerant assailants. He was reluctantly drawn into a dispute with some of the most eminent Baptist ministers of the day, who attacked him with disgraceful virulence for maintaining the principle and practice of what is termed open communion; that is to say, for admitting persons of other denominations to communion at the Lord's Table, on the principle, that "differences of judgement about water baptism" are "no bar to communion." In his tracts upon this litigated point, he discovers an enlightened tolerance and a catholicity of feeling, not only far removed from the narrow views and bigoted prejudices of his brethren, but far in advance of the spirit of his age. The Holy War,

* Thomas, the eldest son, was received into communion with the Baptist Church at Bedford, November 6, 1673, just after his father had obtained his liberty; and continued a member for forty-five years, preaching occasionally in the adjacent villages. Katherine Bunyan, admitted a member in 1692, and John Bunyan, received into communion June 27, 1693, are supposed to have been grand-children of Mr. Bunyan. In the burial-ground of the Bedford meeting-house, is a stone in memory of his great-grand-daughter, Hannah Bunyan, who died Feb. 15, 1770, aged 76.

published also in his life-time, (apparently before the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress,) would of itself have immortalized its author, had he produced nothing else. Shortly after his decease, his widow put forth an advertisement, stating her inability to print the writings which he left unpublished, some of them prepared for the press. Four years, however, elapsed before, in 1692, his collected works, including several posthumous writings, were published in one volume folio, edited by Ebenezer Chandler, who succeeded him as pastor of the Bedford congregation, and John Wilson, the first pastor of the Baptist flock at Hitchin. But this volume did not comprise the whole of his works. In 1735-6, another edition appeared in two vols. folio, edited by Rev. Samuel Wilson of Prescott-street meeting, grandson to the above John Wilson. For a reprint of this, the Rev. George Whitfield furnished a recommendatory preface. A later edition has been published in 6 vols. 8vo.; and an edition of his "Select Works" was printed in 1808. The Third Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, which appeared after his death, and is included in many editions of his incomparable work, is not genuine, and bears the indubitable marks of an inferior imitator.

It is impossible to form even a conjecture as to the number of editions through which the Pilgrim's Progress has passed. Dr. Southey thinks it probable that no other book in the English language has obtained so constant and so wide a sale; and the prints which have been engraved to illustrate it, would form a curious and extensive collection, exhibiting every variety, from the worst specimens, both in wood and copper, up to the vignettes from Harvey's spirited designs, and the copper-plates from Martin, which adorn the elegant edition to which is prefixed Dr. Southey's Life of the Author, and the exquisite series of Illustrations by Melville, now presented to the admirers of the Prince of Dreamers. A list of the several languages into which the Pilgrim's Progress has been translated, would be not less curious. "Bunyan," remarks Dr. Southey, "could little have supposed that his book would ever be adapted for sale among the Romanists. Whether this was done in the earliest French translation, I do not know; but in the second there is no Giant Pope. . . . The First Part, under the title of "*Le Pelerinage d'un nommé Chrétien,*" forms one of the volumes of the '*Petite Bibliothèque du Catholique,*' and bears in the title-page a glorified head of the Virgin! A Portuguese translation of the First Part also, and in like manner cut down to the opinions of the public for which it was designed, was published in 1782. Indeed, I believe there is no European language into which the Pilgrim's Progress has not been translated." The idiom of the work, however, is so purely and peculiarly English, that it must be next to impossible to preserve its genuine character in a foreign dress. "The fervour of the Poet's soul," remarks the American Critic before cited, (nor is the descriptive appellation a misnomer,) "acting through the medium of such a language as he learned from our common translation of the Scriptures, has produced some of the most admirable specimens in existence of the manly power and familiar beauty of the English tongue!" Pages might be occupied with the encomiums with which poets and critics have of late delighted to honour this once obscure and despised religious writer. Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth,

besides Southey and Montgomery, have re-echoed the tribute of admiration and affectionate sympathy which Cowper was the first that ventured to offer to his memory, suppressing the as yet uncanonized name.

"I name thee not, ———
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober grey,
Revere the man whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God."

SONNET.

 VIGNETTE FRONTISPIECE.

O! FOR ONE BRIGHT THOUGH MOMENTARY GLANCE ;
 SUCH AS OF OLD IN PATMOS ISLE WAS GIVEN
 TO HIM WHO SAW THE CLOUDS ASUNDER RIVEN ;
 AND, PASSING ALL THE SPLENDOUR OF ROMANCE,
 IN GLORY, AND IN "POMP OF CIRCUMSTANCE :"
 THE NEW JERUSALEM COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN ;—
 OR THE LEAST MEASURE OF THAT MYSTIC LEAVEN,
 WHICH BLESS'D OLD BUNYAN'S VISIONARY TRANCE !
 BUT VAIN THE PAINTER'S OR THE POET'S SKILL,
 THAT HEAVENLY CITY'S GLORY TO DECLARE ;—
 ALL SUCH CAN FURNISH IS A VISION FAIR,
 AND GORGEOUS ; HAVING, AS ITS CENTRE STILL,
 HIS CROSS WHO DIED ON CALV'RY'S HOLY HILL ;
 MAN'S ONLY TITLE TO ADMITTANCE THERE.

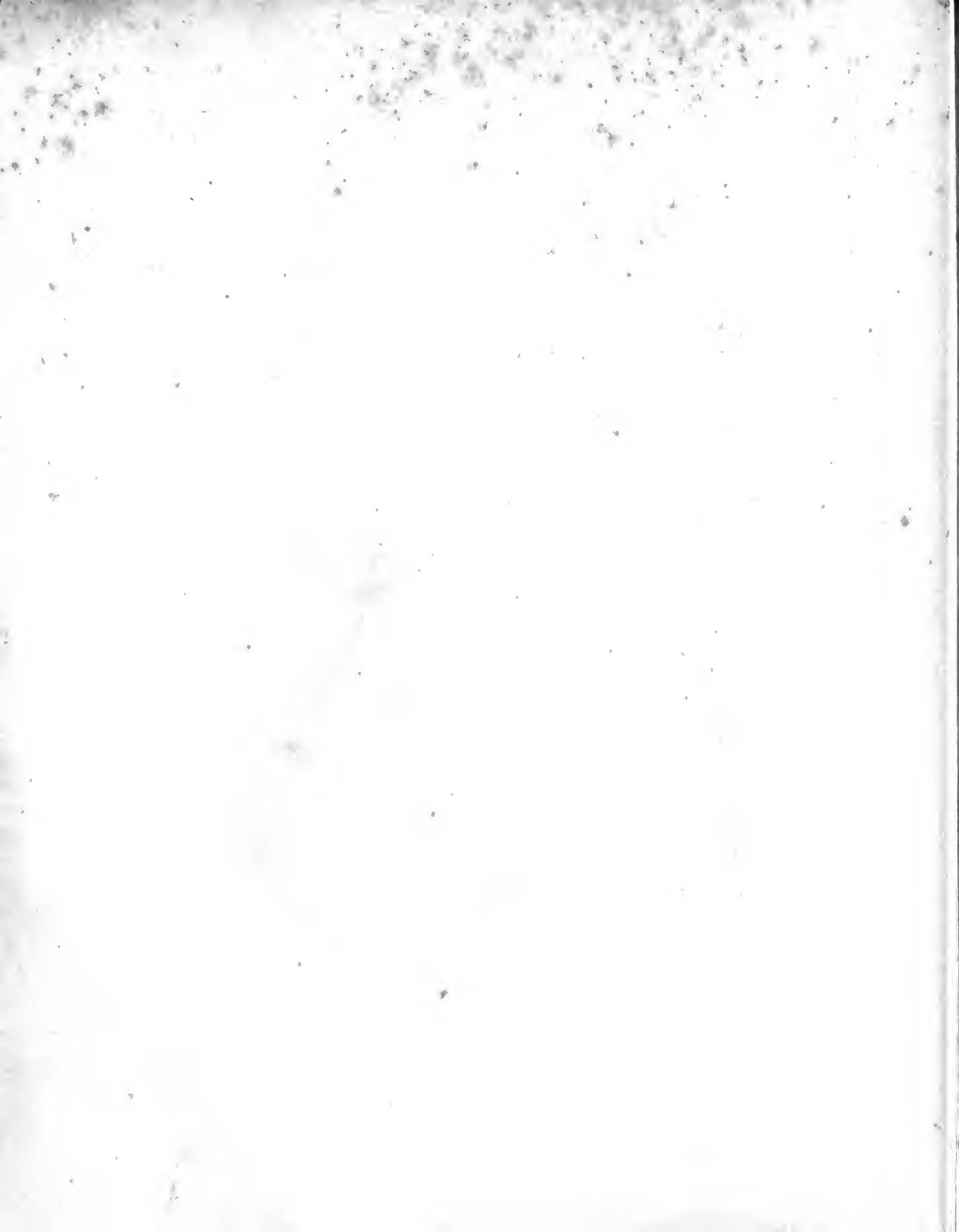
"CHRISTIAN GOT UP TO THE GATE."

THE text of Bunyan gives little aid, in this subject, to the fancy of the artist. "So, in process of time, Christian got up to the Gate. Now over the Gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice." The arrival of Goodwill the porter, and the colloquy between him and the Pilgrim, may be omitted, as not directly bearing on aught given in the plate; its conclusion, however, must be quoted, as it refers to the most striking and effective part of the engraving. "A little distance from this Gate there is erected a strong Castle, of which Beelzebub is the Captain, from thence both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this Gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in."

Although this may not rank amongst our artist's happiest efforts of imagination, several parts of it are very impressive: the Shining Light, breaking over the Wicket Gate; the toilsome and too seldom trodden Path leading up to it; the figure and countenance of Christian, the former denoting energy and resolution, the latter awe and intense interest; and, more than all, the strong Castle of his deadly enemy, from which the archers are shooting their arrows, thrown as these are into the gloom of almost impenetrable shadow;—all these features of the scene are given with considerable truth and force, and are in harmony with the spirit and scope of the narrative.



CHRISTIAN GOT UP TO THE GATE.





M. G. S.

W. H. S.

THE WOODS OF THE BOYD

W. H. S.

THE PALACE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

AND a beautiful Palace it would seem to be, despite the perilous path leading up to it. But no one can describe so well as Bunyan himself, the scenes which his own vivid fancy and exhaustless imagination called up, to give heightened interest to the path of his Pilgrim. "Thus he went on, but while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately Palace before him, the name of which was BEAUTIFUL, and it stood just by the highway side. So I saw in my dream, that he made haste and went forward; that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The Lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him: but the Porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? fear not the Lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for the trial of faith where it is, and for the discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

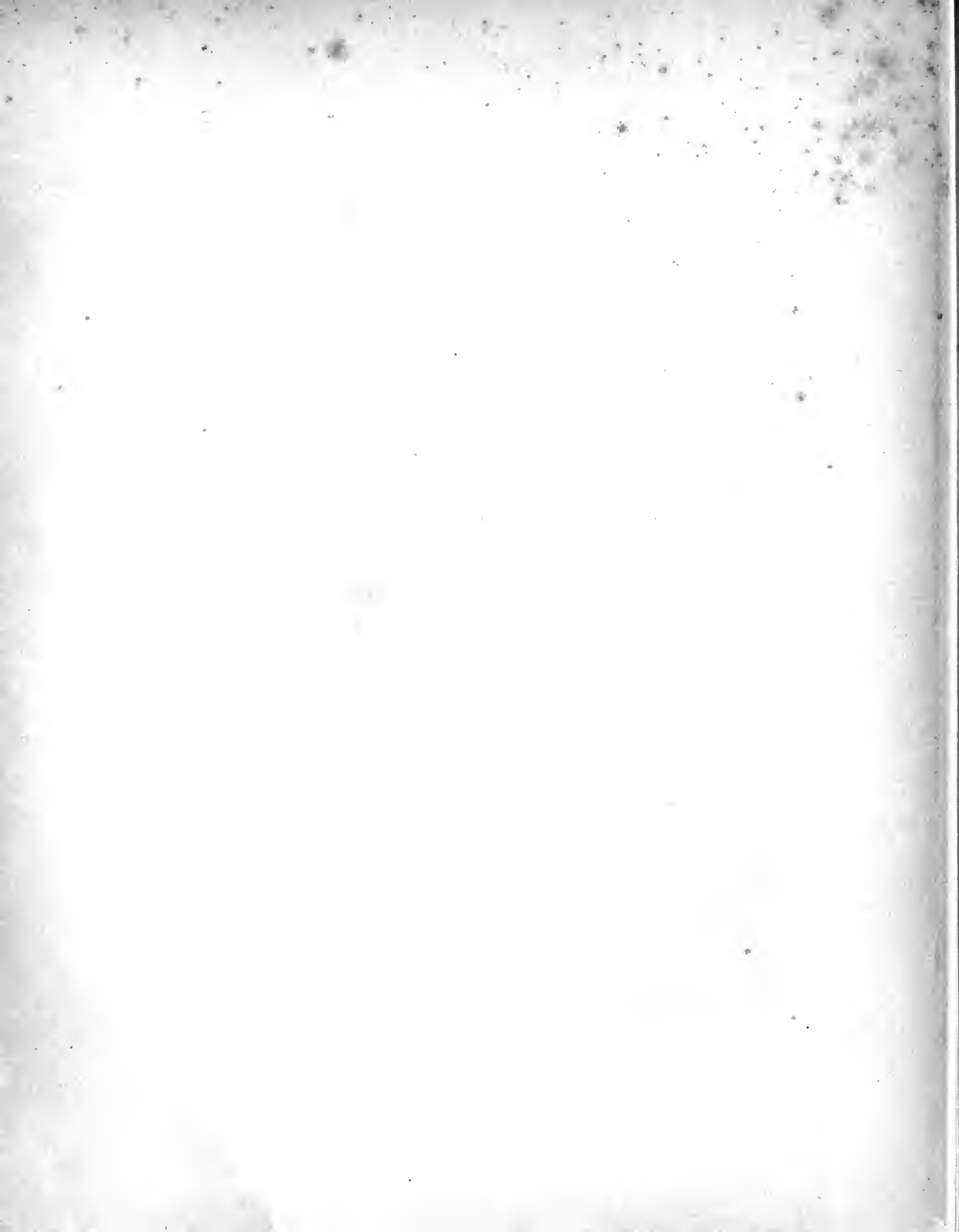
Who has not cast many a wistful glance towards that stately Palace, which is still Beautiful, and started back at the Lions in the way? How brief, yet how fear-dispelling is the emphatic assurance of the Old Porter, "Fear not the Lions, for they are chained!"

CHRISTIAN PASSING THE CAVE OF POPE AND PAGAN.

I SHALL not soon forget the awe and indescribable thrill of fear with which I was wont to read, when a boy, the passage of my favourite hero by the cave of these once fearful and formidable Giants. It occurs in the narrative, just after he has got through the appalling Valley of the Shadow of Death. (The gloomy back-ground in the print gives token some such a dreary scene is not far remote.) And with what sententious mastery over his subject does Bunyan tell the by-gone horrors of that once stronghold of error and superstition. "Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the Valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of Pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a Cave, where two Giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men, whose bones, blood, and ashes lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered. But I have learned since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth, grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

The quaint and pithy point of this passage stamps it as one of Bunyan's most felicitous descriptions. We who live in a later age may, indeed, suspect that he has somewhat antedated the death of Pagan, and the impotence of Pope; but his picture of their Cave and its memorials, his delineation of the Survivor of this fearful pair, rank among those master-touches which have won such lasting honour for his genius. His artist can require no higher praise than that of having caught the spirit of his brief and passing allusion to this awful cavern and its inmates.





40^B



W. W. TEMPLE, C.

Illustration of the scene in the cave from the play 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ESCAPING FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

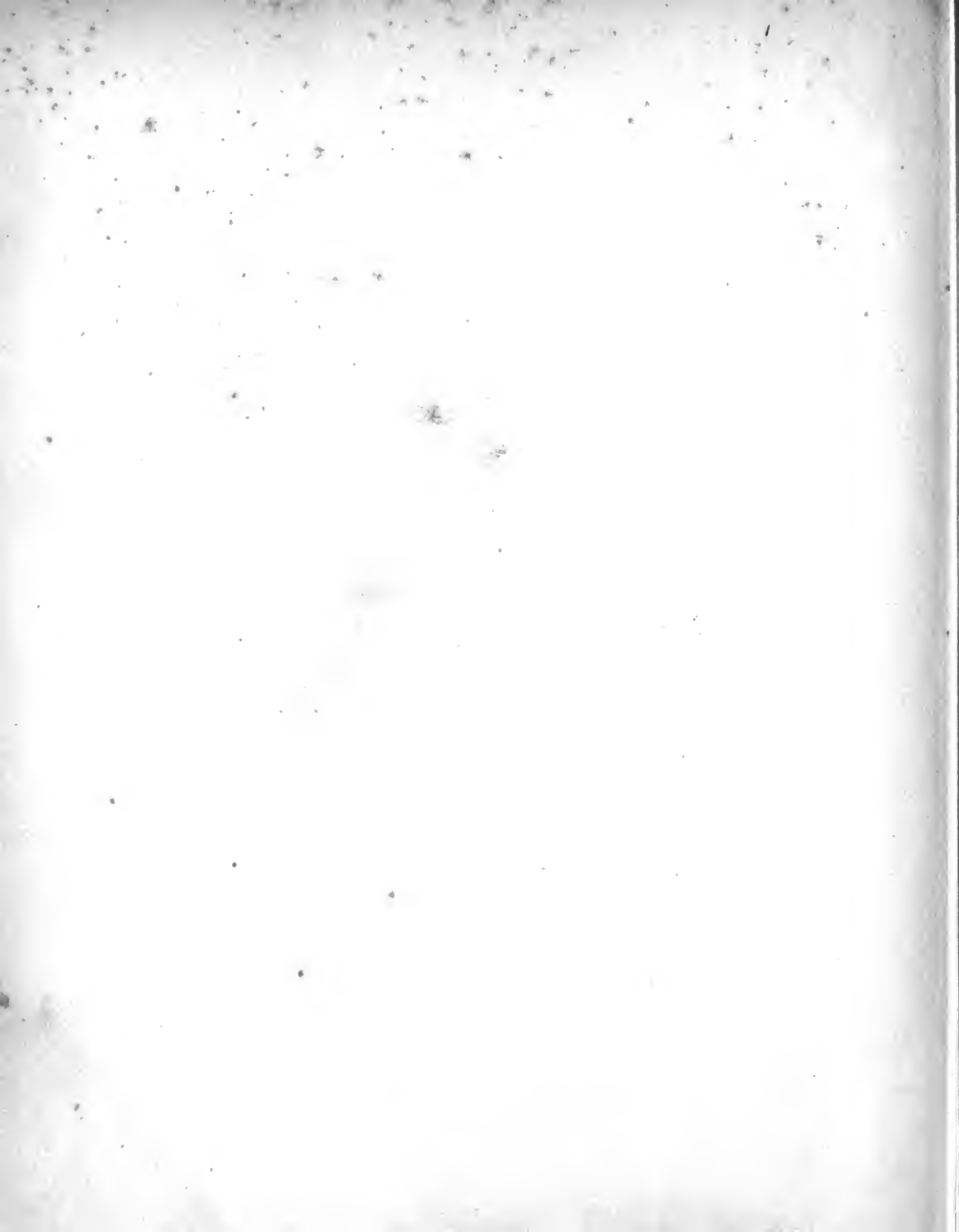
WE need not marvel at the eagerness with which the two recent Captives are making their escape from this withering and chilling dungeon. But none can tell, like Bunyan, the story of their deliverance. "Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: 'What a fool,' quoth he, 'am I, to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a Key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.' Then said Hopeful, 'That's good news, good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.' Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door; whose bolt, as he turned the Key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out." "After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went very hard—yet the Key did open it." And here they are; the gloomy dungeons of Doubting Castle behind them, the glorious light of day and the misty mountain tops before them. Still in the enemy's country, a bleak and barren scene; but the star of Hope is on his forehead who was rightly named Hopeful, and Christian bears in his hand the unfailing Key which has prompted them to burst their bonds. No one was better qualified than Bunyan to draw, to the life, the horrors of Doubting Castle, or had more grateful cause to point out to its all but hopeless Captives the irresistible virtues of the Key of Promise. He had himself proved its efficacy, and was well authorised by experience to proclaim, through its use, the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound!

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

WHAT a transition! from the noisome damp of a stinking dungeon, subject to the "durance vile" of Giant Despair, to the breezy heights and animating prospects of the Delectable Mountains, and the cordial reception and friendly converse of its gentle shepherds. With what unction does Bunyan describe a land into which he had been led through many "a dim and perilous path!" "They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains; which Mountains belong to the Lord of that Hill, of which we have spoken before: so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards, and fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there were on the tops of these mountains Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The Pilgrims therefore went to them, and, leaning upon their staffs, as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way, they asked, 'Whose Delectable Mountains are these? And whose be these sheep that feed upon them?' Shepherds—'These Mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of His City; and the sheep also are His, and He laid down His life for them.'"

There is in this laconic description of the homely dreamer a richness of beauty which no efforts of the artist can adequately portray; and in the concise dialogue of the speakers, a simple sublimity of eloquence, which any commentary could only weaken. Yet the artist has done perhaps all that graphic delineation could do with such materials, in such a space to embody the ideal loveliness of the picture. Yet, while we look on it, with the feeling excited by the passage we have just quoted, awakening undefinable aspirations, we cannot but remember, that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him!"





42^B



THE WATERFALL

1850

THE PILGRIMS ON MOUNT CLEAR.

IN this plate, which forms the Artist's last Illustration for the First Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, we have an ideal glimpse from the summit of one of the loftiest of the Delectable Mountains, of the glories of the Celestial City. Nor can the engraving, rich as it is in varied beauty, be more felicitously introduced than in the words of the Allegory. "By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forward, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the Mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, 'Let us here shew the Pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our prospective glass.' The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of an high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look."

It reflects the highest credit on the diffidence of Bunyan's genius; a genius as rich in its invention, and as aspiring in its imaginative flights, as ever poet could possess, or lay claim to—that after such an exordium, he should have made no effort minutely to describe what was in its own splendour of glory indescribable. How beautifully, without exciting any disappointment in a reader of taste, feeling, and judgment, does he by a few artless words render most impressive and sublime, what more elaborate description could only have made confused and unsatisfactory. "Then they tried to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had shewn them made their hands shake; by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the glass; yet, *they thought they saw something like the Gate, and also some of the glory of the Place!*" Nothing can be more admirable than this brief and indistinct report of the prospective glass; it cannot offend the most fastidious taste, yet leaves scope for the exercise of the most ardent and aspiring imagination.

THE PILGRIMS.

A BAND of Pilgrims on their heavenward way
 Have in their Progress reached a hopeful stage,
 And one which well our interest may engage:
 Behind them, in its darkness drear, survey
 Their birth-place; but the light of purer day
 Illumes their onward path. Search Bunyan's page,
 There shalt thou find them, Manhood, Youth, and Age,
 And gentle Womanhood, enshrined for aye!
 Think it not all a dream; the path they tread,
 Though now, as then, by flesh and blood abhorr'd,
 Must by each Christian Pilgrim be explored,
 Who would escape the peril whence they fled,
 And be unto that Heavenly City led
 Whose Builder and whose Maker is the Lord!



THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Illustration by J. G. Thompson



44^B



CHRISTIANA AND HER FAMILY AT THE WICKET-GATE.

WE have here another representation of the Wicket-Gate, with its venerable Keeper, and a group of lowly suppliants for admission into it; and, better still, we have Bunyan's quaint and simple introduction to the whole party. Listen to their pleading, given in his own style, and see the reception it obtained them. "Then said the Keeper of the Gate, 'Who is there?' So the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them. Then Christiana made low obeisance, and said, 'Let not our Lord be offended with his handmaidens, for that we have knocked at his princely Gate.' Then said the Keeper, "'Whence came ye, and what is it that you would have?' Christiana answered, 'We are come from whence Christian did come, and upon the same errand. And I answer, 'my Lord, that I am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above.' With that the Keeper of the Gate did marvel, saying, 'What, is she now become a Pilgrim, that, but a while ago, abhorred that life?' Then she bowed her head, and said, "'Yea; and so are these my sweet babes also.' Then he took her by the hand, and led her in, and said also, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and with that he shut up the Gate. This done, he called to a trumpeter that was above, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet, for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes."

Without reference to the spiritual instruction metaphorically given in the above extract, how exquisitely does this brief and artless colloquy portray the scenes and characters represented by the Artist. It may truly be said of Bunyan, that while few authors afford ampler scope for graphic illustration, none can more fully repay it. His Allegory is, in truth, a series of pictures, addressed through the eye to the heart.

THE SHEPHERD BOY IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

IF proof were wanting that Bunyan's own work furnishes the most eloquent and appropriate commentary on any illustration of it, when attempted by an Artist who feels aught of its beauty and spirit; the position would be fully borne out by his descriptions of the Valley of Humiliation. It was evidently a favourite and familiar spot with him, and he wrote of it "*with love*," to avoid the hackneyed and exotic phrase "*con amore*," one of the last he would have been likely to use. With what emotion does he depict it as "the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts! It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer time, as we do now, if he knew not any thing before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his own eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this Valley is! also how beautified with lilies! I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation: for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble; for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls." In these few sentences are condensed some of the most pleasing and powerful persuasions to humility ever penned. One cannot wonder he should wish to give such a spot its fitting inhabitant. Here he is. "Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance, and as he sat by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the Shepherd's boy saith! so they hearkened, and he said,

"He that is down needs fear no fall; "I am content with what I have,

"He that is low no pride;

"He that is humble ever shall

"Have God to be his guide.

"Little be it, or much;

"And, Lord! contentment still I crave,

"Because thou savest such.

"Fulness to such a burden is,

"That go on Pilgrimage.

"Here little, and hereafter bliss,

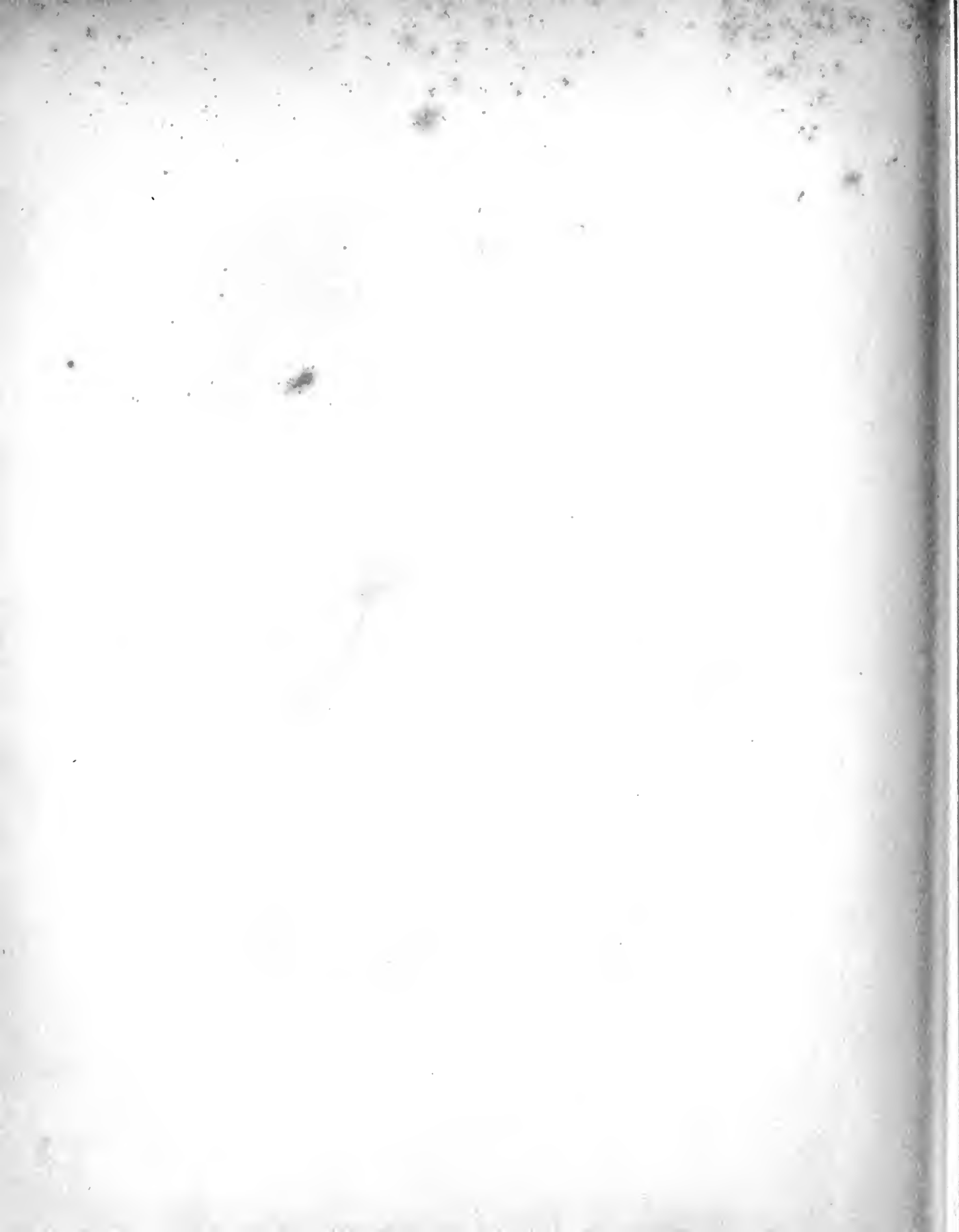
"Is best from age to age."

"Then said the Guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called Heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet." Who would add a word of comment to this Picture! It is one of the Artist's happiest, and one of Bunyan's best.



The Mountain of the Holy Spirit, in the Valley of the Rhine

Engraved by J. G. Schmitt



16^B



THE GREAT HORNED OWL AND THE GREAT HORNED OWL

THE GREAT HORNED OWL

DESTRUCTION OF DOUBTING CASTLE.

It may be fitly said of our Immortal Dreamer, that "Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." From the pleading and pathetic to the homely and the humorous; from the simple to the sublime; from the peaceful loveliness of the Valley of Humiliation, to the gloomy stronghold of Giant Despair, embosomed in black and barren mountains; he alternates with a versatility of talent almost unrivalled in authorship, and seems equally at home in each and all. We have just seen with what cordiality he could paint the lowly and beautiful Valley of Humiliation: here he is as much at home in describing the gloomy dungeons of Doubting Castle; the deliberations among the Pilgrims, prior to its attack and demolition, the spirited manner in which they set about and accomplished their adventurous exploit, and its happy result. The close of the combat ought to be given in no words but his own. "Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought to the ground, but was very loth to die; he struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat: but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders." Mark the pith of the following passage, written with a brevity and ease which would seem to betray a happy unconsciousness of its condensed force and beauty: "Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, *and that you know might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead.*" And, to crown all, observe the joyous hilarity with which he describes the closing commemoration of their triumph. "Now Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so since they were so merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter, Much-afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand; but I promise you he footed it well; also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely."

The Gaol of Bedford was not likely to damp the spirit of him who could call into existence, and thus spiritedly paint, such a scene!

THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

A SCENE to soothe and calm a mind fretted and harassed with the cares and turmoils of this every-day world; a sunny vista into the future, welcome in a weary hour to the worn spirit, which longs, as for the wings of the dove, that it may flee away, and be at rest; a glimpse of Sabbath quietness on earth, given as a pledge and foretaste of the more glorious and eternal Sabbath of Heaven. The text of Bunyan, as usual, gives its happiest illustration. "I saw now that they went on till they came to the River that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains; to the River where the fine trees grow on both sides; where the meadows are green all the year long, and where they might lie down safely. By this River there were cotes and folds for sheep, a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those women that go on Pilgrimage. Also there was here one that was entrusted with them, who could have compassion, and that could gather these lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." Now to the care of this Man, Christiana admonished her four Daughters to commit their little ones, that by these Waters they might be housed, harboured, succoured, and nourished, and that none of them might be lacking in time to come. "Here they shall be sure to have good nurriture and admonition, and shall be taught to walk in right paths, and that, you know, is a favour of no small account. Also here, as you see, are delicate waters, pleasant meadows, dainty flowers, variety of trees, and such as bear wholesome fruit; not like that which Matthew ate of, that fell over the wall, out of Beelzebub's garden; but fruit that procureth health where there is none, and that continueth and increaseth it where there is!"



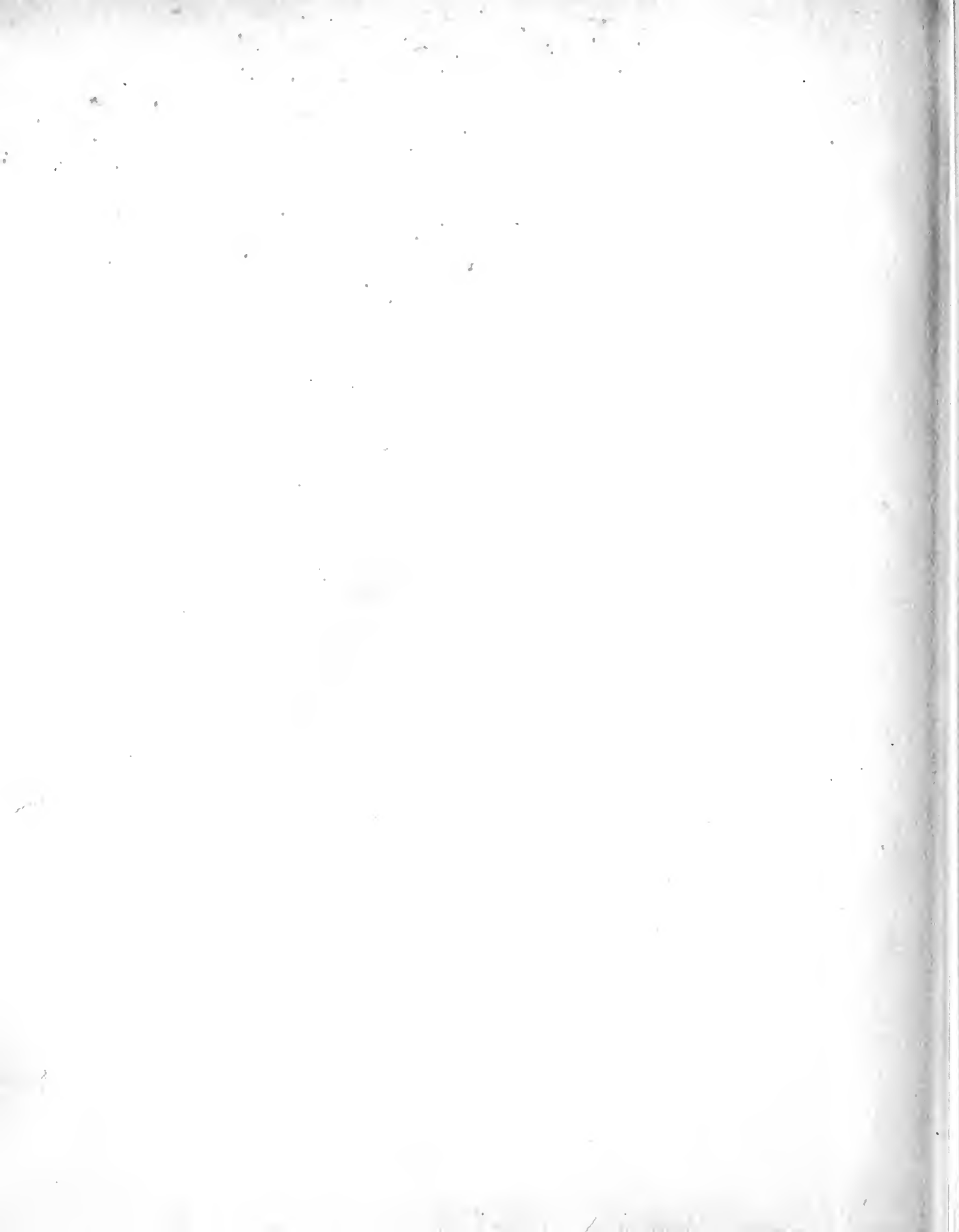
Drawn by H. Meville

Engraved by R. Brandard.

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THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE

THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE



48^B



THE GARDEN OF THE MONASTERY

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

“AFTER this, I beheld until they were come into the Land of Beulah, where the Sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves for a while to rest.” “But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpet continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received as much refreshing as if they slept their sleep never so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked 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 just come to town, by which we know that there are more Pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow.’ Then the Pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! 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.” The above quotation, though it paints much which no effort of the artist could represent, may fitly illustrate the last actual scene depicted of the Pilgrim’s Progress. It brings his Travellers beyond all danger and difficulties to a brief and blissful resting-place, “in the bright out-courts of eternal glory,” and Bunyan portrays the scene like one to whom the beatific vision was no strange or unwonted theme of contemplation. Nor can we turn from the scene he has described without some such feelings as one of his worthiest admirers has given utterance to in undying song:—

“O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true!
 “Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can see,
 “Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 ‘His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?

“Bright as a sun the Sacred City shines;
 “All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 “Flock to that light; the glory of all lands

“Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
 “And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 “Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
 “The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 “And Saba’s spicy groves pay tribute there.
 “Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,
 “And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
 “Is heard SALVATION!”

THE END.

A. J. H. C. B.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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1911

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S Y R I A,

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RUINS OF BAALBEC.

FALL OF THE RIVER CYDNUS, NEAR TARSUS.

A TURKISH DIVAN,—DAMASCUS.

A D D R E S S.

MANY of the countries here illustrated were, till about a century since, almost sealed to the traveller's eye by the intolerance of the Turks. A journey to the East was to our ancestors, as "Sadak's waters of life," enchanting to the hope, precious to the soul, but guarded by a thousand dangers, terrors, and hardships. The songs of the wandering minstrels, full of tales of captivity and cruelty, of "the heat that consumed by day, and the blast by night," long kept up this impression. And in the castle hall, the harp's loved tones, were of the knights who were slain, of the watch-fires gleaming on the dreary shores,—where the armies of Israel triumphed of old, and the mighty were broken.

The Pilgrim alone continued to visit the shrines and ruins of his faith, although he often gave his life for a prey: if he returned in safety, his relics and his legends were a live-long theme. But, the good times of wild adventure, of delicious heroism, and suffering for the sake of the Cross—are gone for ever: men weep at the sepulchre of their Lord, and roam night and day the vales and hills of Judea—but they shed their blood no more, and can no longer tell of sad separations from all they love, and of bitter and unspeakable sacrifices. It is true, that the wanderer in the East can no longer blend individual glorying or factitious excitements with the way: but his heart and fancy will be ever conscious of emotions, more pure and elevating than those of the crusader, the pilgrim, or the sceptic,—whether in the forests of Lebanon, the ruins of the first illustrious churches, the solitudes of Midian or Padan-Aram,—throughout all "the land of the people of the East," he reads the progress of his faith, cherished, like the lonely child of Hagar—in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of the palm, by the fountain's side, till it became even "mightier than the angel, and at the rushings of its wings the nations were afraid."

The increasing facilities of conveyance already bring these indelible countries comparatively near to our homes—and open to the traveller in Asia Minor a scenery of more perfect and varied beauty than even Italy, Greece, or Spain can present. Her former cities are desolate; her fertile valleys untilled; her rivers and harbours idle; but the despotism that has contributed to this ruinous state is, perhaps, soon to be destroyed: the half independent and turbulent Pashas will be brought under the power of Ibrahim, and a state of comparative improvement and industry succeed to one of rapine,

For several years, FISHER, SON & Co. have cherished the hope of being able to connect their names with this Series of Views, whenever an Artist of talent, and sufficient boldness, should be found. Mr. BARTLETT having offered his services, his terms and conditions were at once accepted. Of the result, as shewn in Part I., which may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole, (succeeding Parts will, most likely, be superior,) it is for the Public to judge: the Publishers themselves may be too enthusiastic—they certainly feel no doubt of success, or that the work will find admirers and patrons in every part of the civilized globe. Mr. PURSER sailed some time ago for Palestine, to take on the spot Views in those parts of that district which Mr. BARTLETT, owing to local disturbances, was unable to accomplish.

sloth, and misery. Yet it is strange, that while the spirit of modern discovery has explored the most remote extremities of the globe, and the political convulsions of Europe forced the traveller into other continents—this extensive and famous territory should have so long remained undescribed, and almost unknown. Very valuable and interesting researches have recently been published on this subject; European travel begins to grow hacknied and familiar, and men sigh for some more novel and enterprising path:—many a foot-step will soon be turned to this most interesting region—that contains the marches and battle-fields of Alexander and Cyrus; the precious remains of the seats of learning and the arts, of Asiatic refinement and luxury.

Most of the places illustrated in this Work were visited by the writer, previous to the Egyptian invasion, when the land was in a state of comparative quiet, very favourable to a successful progress. To the Oriental traveller, the pleasures of memory are greater than those of hope: on his devious way, clouds and darkness often gather: the feuds of the chiefs may suddenly forbid all approach to the favourite ruin or city, imprison him in some hamlet, or desert, where he is alone with his baffled hope, and despair. Perhaps disease or contagion overtake him, where there is none to help. But when his warfare is over, and his objects attained, when his own hearth and roof-tree receive him—then memory wakes, to "sleep no more." In the murmur of his native wave he fancies he hears the distant rush of the Nile or Euphrates: in the night-wind, the blast of the desert again passes by: and on the bleak moor, that "rock of ages," that has been his shadow from the heat, again stands before him, desolate yet precious. These feelings may by some be deemed enthusiastic: but no man ever succeeded in an Eastern journey, plucked its roses from its many thorns, and, in spite of fears and sorrows, went on rejoicing in his way—who was not an enthusiast.

Once more to retrace this route, although in description only—to depict its features, that change not with the passage of time—is a welcome task. Some of the scenes are less familiar than others, for it is rarely possible that the traveller is permitted to look on all he has most desired to behold: the thirst of novelty and beauty, in temple, landscape, or in the homes of princes, grows with its indulgence; and he is inclined at last to estimate his success, less by what a favouring Providence has granted, than by what he has withheld.

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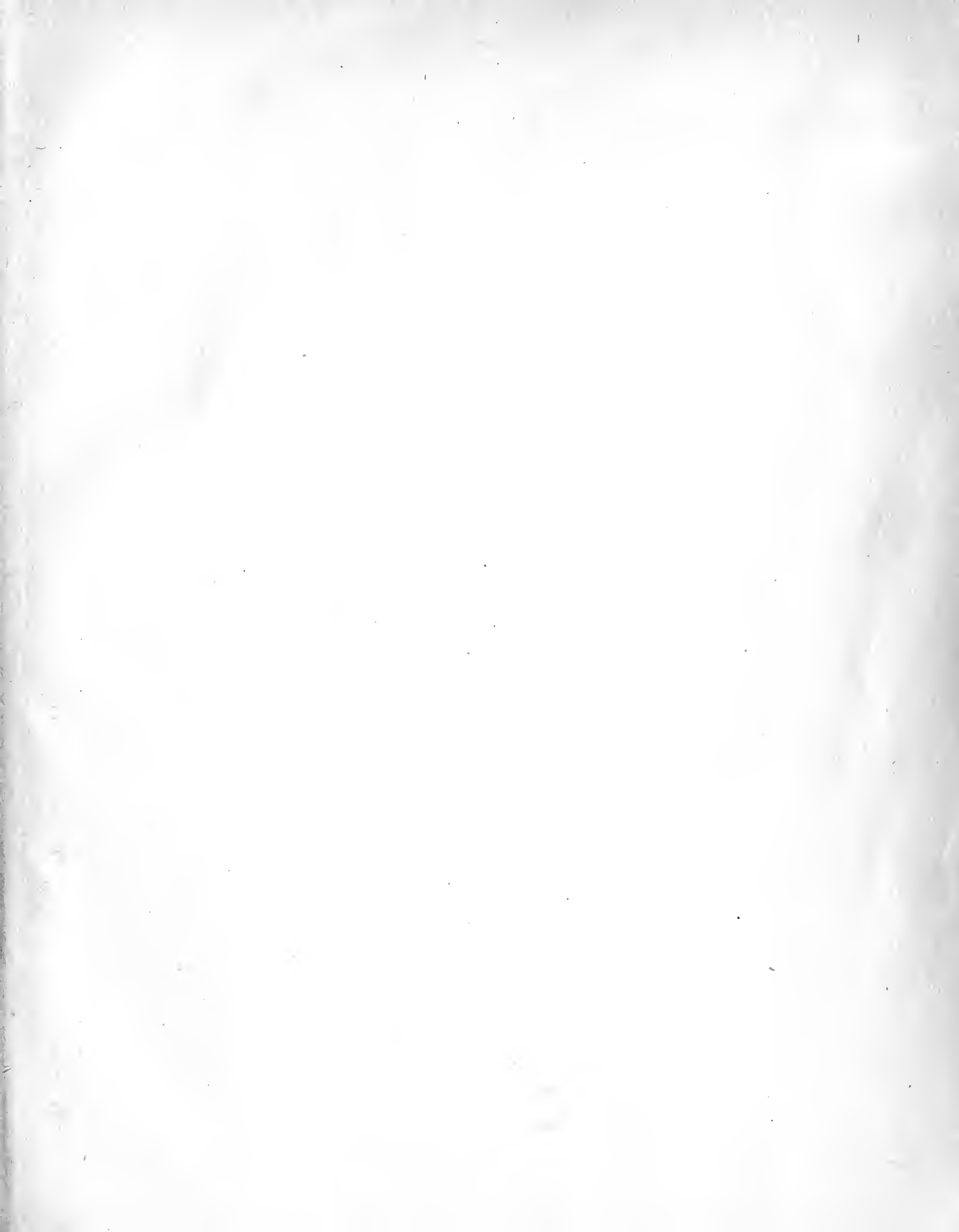
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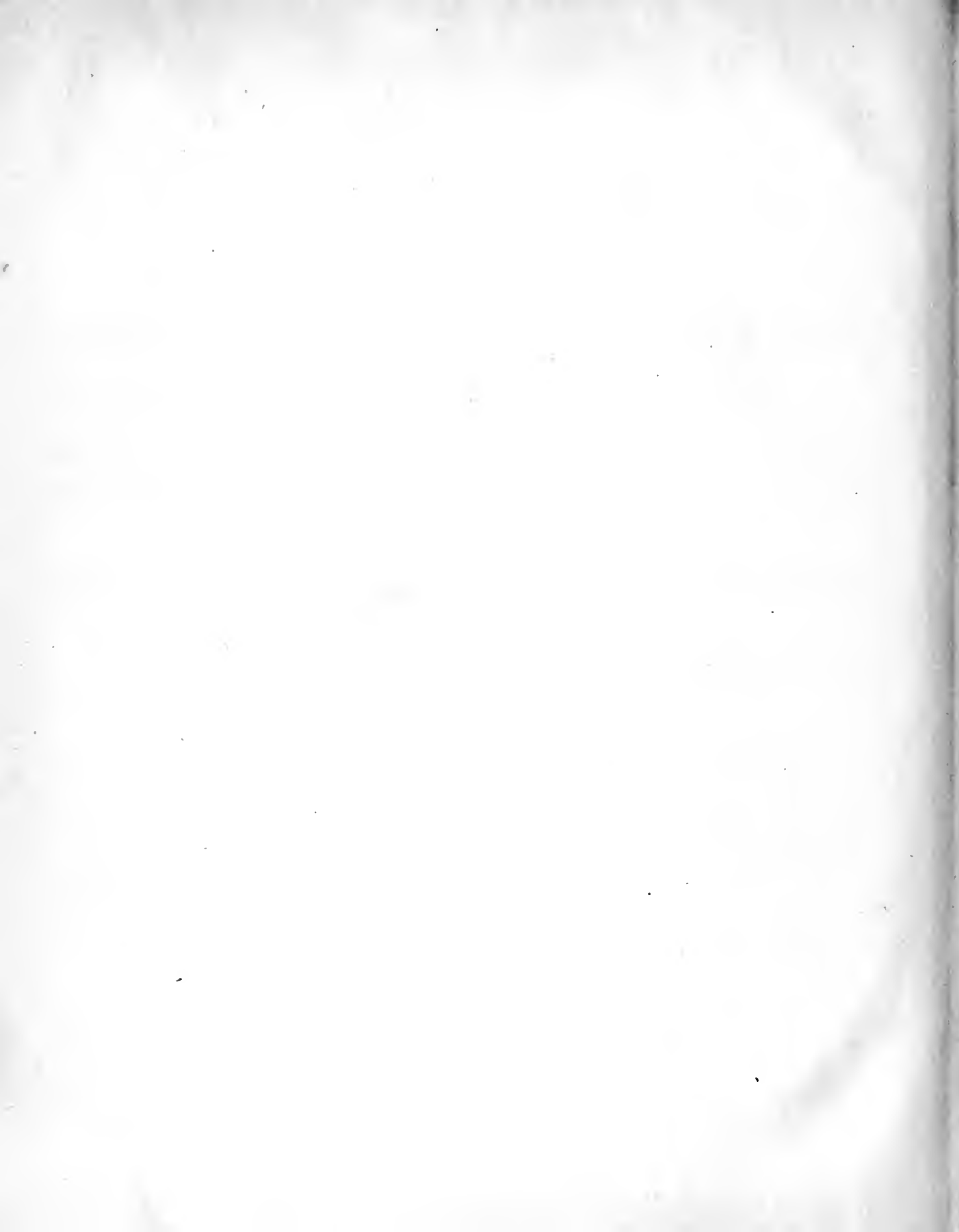
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