

Bunyan and his Statue.

We have already referred to the erection of a marble statue to Bunyan at Bedford. The following, from the *London Daily Telegraph*, is so interesting in itself, and so illustrative of the changed condition of English feeling since the time when the preaching of the Gospel was felt to be a crime deserving twelve years' incarceration in a felon's cell, that we give it entire. We are sure it will be read with interest:

A marble statue of John Bunyan is to be inaugurated at Bedford this afternoon, amid all sorts of sacred and secular rejoicings. A Duke has presented the effigy to the townsmen; an earl and a dean of the established church—no less a dean than Dr. Stanley—are to assist at the unveiling of the figure of the great tinker. There is to be a public meeting afterwards, at which very distinguished orators will speak; and in the evening the *élite* of Bedford will be present at a lecture to be delivered at Bunyan's meeting-house, upon the life and works of the "illiterate secretary." All this takes place on or near the very spot where well-nigh two centuries ago John Bunyan lay languishing twelve years and a half in prison, cast into that long and sad duration by the knaves and harlots who had England in their control after the Restoration. Generally when a man has been dead two hundred years, and a movement is set on foot to raise a statue for him, some explanation is needed by the public, and some research by the journalist, in order to justify the proceeding. But all the world knows why the tinker of Elstow should receive the posthumous honours of Vanity Fair; all the world has heard of him; all the world's readers have read him; he is the pilgrim progressing slowly and tearfully through the snares and mockeries of his boots; he is a Mr. Worldly-wiseman, who merely loves good writing; he is Faithful, or he is Lord Facing-both-ways; everybody has read John Bunyan's wonderful book. With that one piece of rude but real genius he has carved his own statue and built himself a monument which must be still fresh when the marble figure unveiled to-day in Bedford is ancient and time-worn. The roysters of the Restoration who clapped the glorious tinker into the bilboes could not, with all their locks and bolts, confine his mind.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Never did any man justify that proud saying so thoroughly as the writer of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In the flesh he was a prisoner of the English Cavaliers, making three-tagged laces to keep his wife and family in bread, and all those cruel years fed himself on jail-food. But in the spirit he was free, along with Christian and Faithful, walking from the City of Destruction, wading the Slough of Despond—now in the Valley of Humiliation, now upon the Delectable Mountains, now laughing at Gidant Pope, now fighting Apollyon; ever and ever progressing towards the Dark Valley and the River, and the Shining City on the other side; upon that road—imaginary, but so plain; feigned but so little fictitious—where millions of feet have since followed his, and millions of pilgrims measured every stage and step of the ways.

In those days when the "Merry Monarch" was too busy with his spaniels and mistresses to care for justice, how absurd it would have seemed to predict that the fanatic tinker in Bedford Jail was destined to become the best-known man of his time! What rosy-cheeked bishop or bewigged lord-in-waiting would have believed in such a wild prophecy? But they had shut a bird in their cage whose voice no prison bars could control; and all the sweet and solemn music of Puritanism rings for ever and ever triumphant now in the accents of their humble captive. For the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a poem in prose, full of those rich, abundant creations of thought, and those deep-hearted, far-sighted imaginations, without which no book is ever admitted into what may be called the "World's Library." We can no more understand the gifts which gave this tinker his wonderful English, and his strong, unhalting, sustained fancy, than could the Cavaliers who cast him into jail for a "hot-gospel." He had been a soldier in Cromwell's army, and in 1645 he was on sentry at the siege of Leicester, where he narrowly escaped death. He married, and leaving the army, he passed through a stage of tremendous self-torture—fits of conscientious doubt alternating with ecstasies of holy joy in his fanatical soul-searching and training. It is, probably, to his own self-depreciation that the story is due of his former reprobate life, for a man who came to think that dancing and bell-ringing were deadly sins, as John Bunyan did, could scarcely have been trusted to appreciate his own moral position. Emerging from this Valley of Humiliation, he became a Baptist preacher, and preached himself into prison at the Restoration, to the sorrow of his crowded congregations and the great gain mankind. For in the enforced quiet of that prison life, and with no books except the Bible and "Foxe's Martyrs," his strong, enduring, serious and poetic spirit slowly elaborated the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had time to indite certain other productions, too; to wit, the "Holy War" and the "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." But the world very wisely laid hands upon the "Progress," and let the others go; it recognized a position forever in the matchless allegory, wherein, almost alone among allegories, fancy and fact go hand in hand. The substance and the shadow are inseparable; so that the dullest has no need to ask, "What meaneth this parable?" and the most intellectual must acknowledge a masterpiece of pure and singular genius. It has become a classic of all times, and ranks, and ages in England. Children and old men read it with equal interest; peasants and philosophers alike hang over its solid, subtle, soul-piercing pages. Johnson, who declared that he only read three books through, "wished there was more of it," and the brilliant Macaulay wrote, "It is the sole work of its kind which possesses an eternal human interest. It obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, while it is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. It is the delight of the

Scotch peasantry; it is a greater favorite in every English nursery than 'Jack the Giant-killer.' Everybody knows the straight and narrow path as a road which he and Faithful have travelled together. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become the perpetual recollections of another."

"This miracle," Macaulay adds, "the Elstow tinker wrought." And it would appear as easy to imagine that English history would have been without the Channel Sea, as to conceive what the English mind would be without the solemn spiritualism silently, and generation after generation, infused into it from this allegory, wrought in prison by a Roundhead soldier and preacher. Deeper, indeed, than the most thoughtful and erudite speaker of to-day can measure, have passed into the popular sentiment the thoughts and words of John Bunyan. He has long ago attained that sublime literary success achieved by two or three only in each walk of literature, where the nation absorbs into itself the write, and speaks and thinks himself without being distinctly conscious of its teacher. The other great allegory of the English language, "Faerie Queene," is but a lovely, and to tell the truth, a somewhat tedious, poem. The other immortal prison-laborer, "Don Quixote" and the "Jerusalem Delivered," are brilliant and precious, but he outside the practical life of men; while the "Tinker's Parable" has been interpreted into holy thoughts and pious pilgrimages by millions of human souls on that passage which all alike make through Vanity Fair and into the Valley of the Shadow. All that there was of vigorous faith and fearless spiritual insight in Puritanism shines in this book of the Bedfordshire enthusiast, together with the quick imaginings of a real poet and the fervor of a prophet. He has beaten the gold of his Bible to gild every man's experience withal. He has equipped countless Christians in the armor of his faith, hope and charity, and he has nerved innumerable simple spirits to contend victoriously with their Apollyon. Here, and in the pellucid, luminous, perfect English which the tinker learned from his Bible, is his real and imperishable monument; but, assuredly, "if great men make little towns famous, Bedford does well to-day to set up John Bunyan's statue and to make a saint's day for itself out of the 'illiterate secretary.'"

Education of Women.

It is proposed, just now, to assimilate the education of girls more and more to that of boys. If that means that girls are merely to learn more lessons, and to study what their brothers are taught, in addition to what their mothers were taught, then it is to be hoped, at least by physiologists and patriots, that the scheme will sink into that limbo whither, in a free and tolerable rational country, all the imperfect and ill-considered schemes are sure to gravitate. But if the proposal be a *bona fide* one, then it must be borne in mind that in the public schools of England, and in all private schools, I presume, which take their tone from them, cricket and foot-ball are more or less compulsory, being considered integral parts of an Englishman's education; and that they are likely to remain so, in spite of all reclamations; because masters and boys alike know that games do not, in the long run, interfere with a boy's work; that the same boy will very often excel in both; that the games keep him in health for his work, that the spirit with which he takes to his games when in the lower school is a fair test of the spirit with which he will take to his work when he rises into the higher school; and that nothing is worse for a boy than to fall into that loafing, tuck-shov-hounding set who neither play hard nor work hard, and are usually extravagant, and often vicious. Moreover, they know well that games conduce, not merely to physical, but to moral health; that in the playing-field boys acquire virtues which no books can give them; not merely daring and endurance, but, better still, temper, self-restraint, fairness, honor, unenvious approbation of another's success, and all that "give and take" of life which stand a man in such good stead when he goes forth into the world, and without which, indeed, his success is always maimed and partial.

Now, if the promoters of higher education for women will compel girls to any training analogous to our public school games; on singing to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some games—ball or what not—which will insure that raised chest, and upright carriage, and general strength of the upper torso, without which full oxygenation of the blood, and therefore general health, is impossible; if they will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels, and all which interferes with free growth and free motion; if they will consider carefully all which has been written on the "half-time system" by Mr. Chadwick and others; and accept the certain physical law that, in order to renovate the brain, day by day, the growing creature must have plenty of fresh air and play, and that the child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours will learn more, and learn it more easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours; if, in short, they will teach girls not merely to understand the Greek tongue, but to copy somewhat of the Greek physical training, of that "music and gymnastic" which helped to make the cleverest race of the old world the ablest race likewise, then they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist, by doing their best to stay the downward tendencies of the physique, and therefore ultimately of the morale, in the coming generation of English women.

Whatever others speak of their good natures, Lord, I must own mine sinful; and that all the imaginations of the thoughts of my heart have been only evil from my youth up. When I look at my face in the glass of Thy holy law, Lord, how black is it; nothing but sin wherever I set mine eye.—*Italyburton.*

Protestantism in Italy.

Dr. Stewart, of Loughorn, moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, in closing the recent Assembly, gave, in the course of his address, some interesting items respecting Italy. He says "the greatest defect attaching to almost all converts from popery is want of truthfulness, and of an illumined conscience. . . . In Italy during the last fifteen years, under a Constitutional Government, the Evangelicals have enjoyed perfect religious liberty, and much has been done to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel by the pulpit, the press, and the colporteur, though the results are not so great as could be wished. Taking into account all the agencies at work—Waldenses, Free Italian Churches, Methodists, and Baptists—there are about 100 stations where the Gospel is preached. If each of these had been opened in a separate city or town, a large amount of good might have been effected, but, unfortunately, through the spirit of oppression, the Chinese Libera has opened its stations, with few exceptions, in the same towns where the Waldenses had already begun to work, while agents sent by foreign churches or societies, attracted by the name of Rome, are treading on one another's heels in the capital, and affording the priests a welcome opportunity of expatiating on the divisions of Protestantism. Still, despite of such drawbacks, good is being done, and many saved ones have been added to the Church of Christ. The outward condition of the converts, however, is the same as in Spain. Among the rich and influential, the nobility, the landowners, opulent merchants, there are none who have cast in their lot with Evangelical churches with the single exception of Count Guicciardini, whose influence is unknown beyond his own little sect. The membership of the churches belongs to the labouring classes, who have a hard struggle to win their daily bread. Excluding the inhabitants of the Waldensian valleys, they do not number more than 8,000, or at the utmost 10,000, and their efforts to support the Gospel, though implying real sacrifices on their part, are necessarily humble in extent, yet most of the 40 congregations which the Waldensian church has formed outside the valleys, not only now bear the local expenses with their worship, but begin to contribute a little annually for the support of their pastors. Italy possesses the great advantages over Spain in having a native Evangelical church (I mean the Waldensian), which has maintained the truth of God through centuries of persecution and bloodshed, and which only awaited her emancipation from the most cruel despotism to send forth a band of well prepared evangelists to proclaim the Gospel in the chief cities of Italy. The work to which she has set herself is far from an easy one, the progress must be necessarily slow, for popery, infidelity, and indifference are all opposed to her, and the utmost caution requires to be exercised in admitting converts to membership, but she considers it the work for the accomplishment of which God has so long preserved her in her mountain fastnesses, and she is resolved in his strength to persevere in it.

Sky-Windows.

Sky-windows! Would to God that our souls had more of them! Would that the dear sunlight of his smile, and the caressing warmth of his love could flood down upon us and draw our eyes from the low scenes on which we have learned to dwell. We have grown familiar with the narrow courts and confined ways of this life, while the full range of the heavens of grace is unknown to us. Most of our windows open downward, and we forget that the clear sunlight is shining above while we gaze into the fog and smoke which have settled around us! Oh! if we only knew how much finer and sweeter the life is than we have imagined, we would lose no time in reaching the top-story of our being, that we might get a broader view of the whole and see its wondrous proportion.

Do we not too often live down in the basement where life seems too sad, too unexplainable to be borne? Then rising a little, mayhap, we come into the second story of our being, where we think we are wise, see that the shadows that once affrighted us down there were but born in that low plain and could have no power above it, learn a self-sufficiency of trust by seeing that we are on a level with our neighbors. By-and-by, when the soul has grown out of these earth tendencies, and longs through pain and loss for surer rest, we reach the upper rooms with the upper openings, its sky-windows! Then how the glory drifts around us! Below is the troubling, restless life of sense! Above the calm measureless peace of heaven!

Cure of Lying.

I owe much to my mother's early instruction in truth and honesty. Lying, stealing and drunkenness were crimes for which she impressed me with the utmost horror and disgust. A poor boy, engaged in carrying a gentleman's letter-bag, in our neighborhood, stole a letter with money in it. I remember, also, well a circumstance which was of the greatest importance to me, and ever inspired me with gratitude to my mother. One day I entered our home eating a cake; my mother's quick eye fell upon it—she observed, too, that I made some attempt at concealment—so she questioned me. "Who gave you that?" I answered, "The woman in the street who sells cakes." She went into the corner of the room, where a rod was kept, then took me by the hand and led me to the woman. "Did you give this little boy a cake?" "No." Whereupon the rod was vigorously applied in the presence of the people in the street who were looking on. My distress was great. At evening prayers my father, who had been informed of my disgrace, dwelt in a solemn manner on the sin I had committed—the great crime of theft and lies. That was my first theft, and my last.—*Life of John Gibson.*

I revere a man who is in great affliction. God seems to have selected him, like a second growth timber, for important work. It is not every one that can be trusted to suffer greatly.—*Agnes.*

Our Young Folks.

Little Phil's Lesson in Forgiveness.

Sometimes it is fun to the minister's little boy, and sometimes it isn't. Ministers' little boys have their troubles as well as other folks. I suppose you may think that it would be very nice to have all the ladies pat your head, and kiss you, and say how much you look like your papa, and ask you if you are going to be a minister when you grow up, and say they hope you will be very good, and set an example for the other boys (when you know all about that from your own blessed little mother): all that does very well for a little while, but it gets to be rather boring in the course of years, and Phil has learned to be carelessly (as it were) crossing the street, when he sees a group of his father's lady parishioners coming.

It is rather pleasant to have some of the good motherly ones call you into their houses, and show you pictures, and tell you stories, and give you candy and cake; but there is a drawback even to this, when you go home and your mamma takes almost all the goodies away, and does them out to you in little tantalizing quantities: seeing somehow a connection between such things and certain aches and sicknesses that make both her little boy and her very uncomfortable.

Then a little fellow does feel rather grand to have all the boys and girls looking up to him as the minister's son; but it is decidedly disagreeable to have one of the boys three or four years older than yourself, 'get mad' when you answer questions better than he, and say:

'O yes, parson, you can preach, you'd better practice!' or

'O yes, little angel!—who ate a lump of sugar in school when the teacher wasn't looking?'

Yes, Phil has his trials? And would you believe it, he has one sometimes in his own darling papa himself? For Mr. Barrett is absent-minded, and Miss Betsey Dayton (the lady who thinks it her duty to take charge of the minister and his family and the parish generally) says that ministers are usually so; and of course papa will always be a minister, and so Phil supposes he will always be absent-minded.

One day Phil had a severe experience. Mr. Barrett went out in the afternoon to make parish calls. Phil gave him a very important charge. He reminded him of it seven times before he started, and the last words papa heard as he went out, and the last ones into which the rosy lips at the window, as he looked back, formed themselves, were 'Don't forget my boots!'

'No Phil, I won't,' said papa.

'Boots! just think!'

Phil sat down on the floor after papa had disappeared from his sight, and gazed contemptuously at his worn copper-toed shoes. Thereafter he should have boots like a man—new (till they grew old), shining, high, with little straps to pull them up by. It must be that he was growing up. Phil had a splendid time building air-castles that afternoon. I've known other people to have splendid times the same way.

The sun began to look in at the west windows. The leaf-shadows danced in the beautiful light on the dining-room carpet, and baby laughed merrily to see the kitten try to catch them. Phil patted her condescendingly, and said she was a little darling, adding

'I'll be a man 'fore Mamie 'comes a lady; won't I, mamma?'

Molly had set the table so daintily that little Bob Brown, whose father is an artist, declared that 'Papa ought to sketch it.' (I didn't think to mention before that Bob was spending the afternoon with Phil, and helping him build those air-castles.)

At last papa appeared, coming down the street. He looked a little sad. He had been calling on a lady whose dear little boy had gone to live with the angels, and she was so very lonely! Mr. Barrett was so sorry for her, although he knew God must have meant good for her in it all.

Phil ran to the door, O dear! papa didn't have any bundle in his hand; still there might be one hidden under his coat—possibly. The eager questioning eyes ran over papa's slight figure, with its neatly fitting coat. No sign there of protruding boots.

Papa came in and smiled down on his little boy.

How glad he was that the angels could do without him a little longer.

'Papa, did you get my boots?'

'Why Phil! I never thought of them.'

Reader, did you ever know what it is to have a great, beautiful, up looming hope dissolve into air? Then pity poor little Phil. I say, he was a little hero, when he passed his little fat hand over a cloudy eye, and ran out into the next room. Should papa see him cry about the boots? Never! The bright-faced sky looked in and tried to cheer him up. A good-natured little breeze came running right in through the window, and said 'Never mind, little boy,' and carried off his tears to deck the mess rosebush with a 'small, still voice' in his heart said

'Papa forgot—you forgot some times. Forgive darling papa!'

Phil went back.

'Papa!' said he, solemnly, 'did you really forget the boots?'

'Yes, Phil,' said the conscience stricken father, 'I never thought of them.'

'Well papa, if you really forgot them, it is no matter.'

And contrite papa received his little son's forgiveness with a truly grateful spirit.

'Phil,' said he, 'you shall have the boots to-morrow.'

And he did.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

If women would study housekeeping, as their husbands study law, etc., there would be less complaint of bad servants.

To Be Sure, Of Course, I Know.

It is said that when the swallow was first made, she was so pleased with her long wings, and her forked tail, and her swift flight, that she did not set about building her nest in proper time, and it quite went out of her head how to build one at all. So at last, after many attempts, she thought she would go to some good-natured bird and ask for a little help. Of all the birds she thought the thrush looked the most good-natured, and she told her difficulties to the thrush, and asked for advice.

'Oh, to be sure,' said the thrush; 'I'll soon show you. First take a few 'bents,' as we call these old grass stalks.'

'Oh, yes, to be sure,' said the swallow. 'Then get a lump of clay, and then another—'

'Of course.'

'To plaster them.'

'Ah, yes, I know—'

'Plaster them so—'

'Yes, to be sure—'

'And then—'

'Oh, yes, I know,' said the swallow again.

'I then turn it up so,' said the thrush.

'To be sure—oh, yes.'

'And then,'—the thrush tried to say—

'Of course,' interrupted the swallow.

'Well,' said the thrush, you seem to know all about it quite as well as I do, so I need not delay any longer, but go off to my eggs. Good-day,' and away she flew.

But they had only built half round the nest, and for the life of her, the poor swallow could not make out how to do the other side. So she stuck the side she did know how to build upon a wall, and pretended to be very content; but the other birds often make little jokes upon 'the bird with half a nest.'—*The Methodist.*

A Warning Voice.

Whatever may be the prevailing sins of the wicked, there are some practices and pursuits in which not only they, but members of the Church, engage to an alarming extent—so alarming that I am constrained to lift up a "warning voice."

I propose to notice, very briefly, only two or three now, and to cite the reader to some Scriptures which seem to me to warn us most solemnly against them.

First. Excessive indulgence in levity, frivolity and mirth. The tendency of such indulgence is to dissipate serious thoughts to lead the mind away from God, and to alienate the affections from Him. And thus we incur His displeasure, and call down upon us chastisements which "seem not for the present to be joyous, but grievous." The ultimate effect of such indulgence, if persisted in, is to be "forever banished from the Lord and the glory of His power." "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," I beseech you, give this subject the consideration it merits, and decide, like Moses, "to suffer affliction (if need be) with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Secondly. Avarice, greed of gain, determination to be rich. In the parable of the sower, some seeds fall among thorns, representing such as hear the Word, and the cares of this World, the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful. The lesson to be learned is obvious. Giving undue prominence to temporal affairs, the Word of God fails to produce in them "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," and proves a "savor of death unto death."

Now, the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Thus, we secure His favor, and shall dwell forever in His presence, where is "fulness of joy." Indulgence in anything that will deflect this grand object, will issue in eternal damnation.

Reader, neglect, at your peril, to consider seriously the following Scriptures: Job 21: 11-16; Isaiah 6: 8-15; Matt. 16: 26; 1 Cor. 10: 31-32; Gal. 5: 19-21 and 6: 7-9; 1 Thess. 5: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 9; Heb. 11: 26; 1 John 2: 15-7. A few texts specially for members of the Church: Isaiah 6: 1-3; Matt. 5: 13-16; Rom. 12: 2 and 14: 21; 1 Cor. 6: 20 and 8: 11.

Finally. Is dancing a sin? I reply it is a fashionable and fascinating amusement, and there is, therefore, great danger of its diverting the mind from the consideration of the subject of the soul's salvation, and of its leading its votaries to become "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The law says (Mark 12: 30): "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Now, if we love dancing more than God, or if we divide our affections between it and God, we transgress the law. "Sin is transgression of the law." 1 John 3: 4.

Reader, in a spirit of love, I call your attention to these passages, and beg you, as you value eternal happiness, do not fail to refer to them, and consider them seriously, and "receive them, not as the word of man, but as in truth, the Word of God." 1 Thess. 2: 13.—*Christian Observer.*

Evaporation Instead of Ice.

Ice threatens to be an expensive luxury this summer, and many persons will doubtless be obliged to dispense with it. In the country, where water may be drawn cold from the well or the spring, or a clean cool cellar or dairy preserves the food fresh, it is not so much missed; but even there, water and butter cannot remain many minutes in the temperature of the eating-room, without losing their agreeable qualities. Several thicknesses of wet clothes wrapped about the pitcher, will by evaporation, keep the water tolerable. A common flower-pot inverted, over a plate of butter, and kept covered in the same way with wet cloths, will keep butter in that state of solidity which is essential to its attractiveness.