

Let him see in the Interpreter the Holy Spirit opening his eyes to the hollowness and shallowness of things worldly and temporal and the beauty and excellence of things divine and eternal. Does he seek to be a growing Christian and a valiant soldier? He must climb the Hill Difficulty and not seek to evade or avoid struggles or conflicts. God's resting-places, like the Palace Beautiful, crown the heights of hills up which we toil, and Beulah Land lies beyond the place of Apollyon's assault.

That Palace Beautiful, how it reminds us of fellowship with God, that makes the Christian graces our constant companions, gives us rest in His peace, glimpses and foretastes of the coming glory, and arms us for the fight before us. Everywhere the allegory is but a veil of golden tissue through which we clearly see the features of the truth.

It would not be consistent with our limited space, nor indeed our primary purpose, to follow further into detail the beauties of this allegorical prose-poem. We had designed nothing more than to pay a deserved tribute, among the thousand offerings which this bicentenary will prompt, to Bunyan's great work, as a missionary agency. The whole Christian world delights to read the "Pilgrim's Progress"; from childhood to old age it fascinates the reader with a charm ever new. Even Papists, with a few expurgations, are glad to use it. And when it was translated into the Japanese and Cree languages, for use among the Buddhists of the Sunrise Kingdom and the red Indians of this Occidental world, it was at least the eighty-second time that a new language had robed this versatile tale of the human heart.

He who has the missionary spirit cannot be shut out from a dying world. The cell of the prison will become the pulpit for a world-wide evangelism. The tongue will find utterance, if only to the ears of a jailer and fellow-prisoners. The pen will become a tongue to tell the story of redemption, and the press will become the ally of the pen in making its voice universally heard and immortally effective. What a blessing was Bedford jail, that made John Bunyan the omnipresent and undying preacher to the millions whom his voice could never have reached through the centuries during which his voice is hushed in death!

If our lives are given to God, they may be safely left in His care. Not a hair of our head will perish. The lamp we have sought to light at His altars and then to place high up upon His lampstand, He will not put under a measure or quench in darkness. We may think our influence circumscribed and even less, when He is but enlarging its circumference and extending its dominion. How wide is the circle of true missionaries and how enduring the period of their power! Two hundred years have passed since the tinker of Elstow breathed his last. But like the fabled grave of another beloved John, at Ephesus, the very earth heaves with his breathing. He is not dead and cannot die.