

pulpit and from the press it was breathed perpetually. Their sympathies were not with the theoretic, or the fanciful, but with the vital and the practical. We cannot classify this portion of their literary labour. It would occupy too much space, and be probably uninteresting to our readers. But a few of the subjects which they illustrated may be acceptable.

The unsolved and unsolvable mysteries of the Divine Purpose,—The Covenant of Grace,—The Law and the Gospel,—The Deity and Work of Christ.—The Character and Work of the Spirit,—Regeneration,—Heaven and Hell,—and a multitude of other topics are embodied in their doctrinal works. Their practical ones embrace almost all the varieties of the christian life. Cases of Conscience are solved by Henry Jessey in his "Storehouse of Provision." "Symptoms of Growth in Grace, and Decay in Godliness" are supplied in an admirable volume by Francis Smith. "The Progress of Sin," and "The Counterfeit Christian," were described by Keach. "The Crucified Christian" was unfolded by Dell. "The Pharisee and the Publican," "The Barren Fig Tree," "Watchfulness against Sin," "Prayer," "A Holy Life the Beauty of Christianity," are illustrated and enforced by Bunyan. These will be enough to indicate the class of topics upon which our brethren enlarged.

Many of these works are marked by that quaintness of title and expression which distinguished the times in which the writers lived. For example, V. Powell gives us "The Bird in the Cage Chirping, Four Distinct Notes, to his Consort Abroad." The notes are various, and the melody sweet. We have "Words in Season," &c., from A. Cheare, which breathe the very spirit of heaven. "The Choice Drop of Honey from the Rock, Christ," by Thomas Willcox, has been read by thousands. So have "Sion in Distress," and "War with the Devil," by Keach. "A Stay against Straying," is the title of a work in which the good man tries to keep people to church, by J. Canne. "The Heavenly Footman," and "Sighs from Hell," by Bunyan, are well known. So is "Saints no Smiters," by John Tombes, written against the fifth monarchy men. We could multiply this list greatly.

The allegorical was chosen by some as a fine mode of conveying instruction. Bunyan is well known in this department. B. Keach, though moving at an immense distance from his great cotemporary and friend, yet was a successful writer in this style of composition. He will bear a comparison with any of those who preceded him in this walk of literature. There is incomparably more interest in his "Travels of True Godliness," and his "Travels of Ungodliness," than in such works as Patrick's "Pilgrims," and many more. Repeated editions of the former work have been given to the public, and the work is still in demand. We have one before us, with notes by Dr. Malcolm, and a life, chiefly from Ivamey, though the source is unacknowledged. But Bunyan confessedly, if not the master-mind of his age, takes the lead in this class. He is the prince of allegorists. Next to his "Pilgrim" we must place his "Holy War." Smaller than the former, its popularity is also much less. The reason is obvious enough. The plot, so to speak, is widely different; the incidents less striking and attractive; the characters less perfect; and it is further removed, shall we say, from the common and every-day sympathies of our nature. As Sir W. Scott says, "It wants the simplicity and intense interest of *The Pilgrim's Progress*." The latter stands alone. Its popularity is unrivalled. Of no book can it be said, that it interests so universally. In the palace, as well as in the cottage, it is found; in humble dress, and in all the gorgeousness of attire which the finest artistic skill can give it. The child and the philoso-

pher, the man of letters as well as the matured christian, find a charm in its pages, and peruse it with varied but intense emotions. In all lands where literature is known, Bunyan speaks to the people, and with the same effect. The feeble native of the glowing Orient, and the shivering savage of the Arctic Zone, alike welcome him. There is something which touches humanity everywhere, so that however deep its degradation or lofty its culture, Bunyan speaks in a language they all understand, and touches a cord to which they promptly respond. This is genius of the highest order; a power which must be lasting as the world itself. Nor was this mighty power of subsequent growth, or the result of modern enlightenment. Milton's glorious epic was unheeded for generations, and the pages of "The Spectator," adorned by the genius of Addison, were requisite to make England understand the true greatness of one of her noblest and most worthy sons; but from the first, the charms and moral worth of Bunyan's matchless dream were felt and acknowledged. No friendly reviewer existed to puff *The Pilgrim's Progress* into notice; its own vitality soon made it a household work. C. Doe, the biographer and first editor of Bunyan's collected works, tells us that during the lifetime of the author, it had been published in France, Holland, New England, and Wales, and about 100,000 copies of it sold in England alone. Its success was probably unrivalled, and no language is now known, and by the efforts of Christian Missionaries reduced to a written form, in which this incomparable work is not soon printed. Every year its influence is increasing, and its author, though dead, still points out to millions the way from the city of destruction to the celestial city.

The genius of poetry is ever fond of retirement, and luxuriates in the shade. The sweet and flowery woodland, the murmuring streamlet, the mountain side, or the lonely dell,—the song of birds, the melody of nature, unbroken and undisturbed by the strife of heroes, or the conflicts of men, are the scenes she covets. Repose and solitude are more contributory to the growth of poetry, and the expansion of her powers, than the tempest and storm of a nation's contests or civil wars. Yet it was in an age of transition from feudal grandeur to something like constitutional liberty; amidst the struggles for civil and "soul liberty," that some of England's greatest poets flourished. But the affluence of their intellect was exhausted upon other matters than sacred song. In the Establishment, Sternhold and Hopkins reigned supreme; whilst beyond its pale psalmody was uncultivated. Probably the dislike of many of the churches to singing in divine worship, exerted a baneful influence upon hymnology. It is only here and there we find a hymn or spiritual song amongst the compositions of our fathers. Religious people had a strong prejudice against poetry in any form. B. Keach felt it necessary to defend himself for employing it. We quote a stanza or two not only to show this feeling, but as a specimen of his poetic power.

"All poetry, there's many do gainsny,  
And very much condemn; as if the same  
Did worthily deserve reproach and blame.  
If any book in verse they chance t'espy,  
Away, profane! they presently do cry."

Bunyan's rhymes, or rather his attempts, are well known to most of our readers. V. Powell, in his "Bird in the Cage" gives us a metrical version of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. But the earliest collection of hymns of which we have any account, is by B. Keach. Under the title of "Spiritual Melody," he published in 1696, a volume containing three hundred hymns; and the same year a kindred one, "A