

no less than to our understanding. We have seen them, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him in pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as



EVANGELIST AND CHRISTIAN.—CHINESE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantries of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of