

hereditary and essential ones. His soul is composed of portions from the spirits of many men. Were it possible, indeed, to concentrate in one being the souls of mankind, so that they should form but a single consciousness, Pilgrim would be a correct miniature of the whole; for he is not so much an individual of our species—he is any man and every man by whom Christianity has been, is, or will be felt and exemplified. So long, therefore, as grace and nature remain the same, the fame of Bunyan is secure. Nothing short of a change in our species, from human to angelic or to infernal, could destroy the interest of the Pilgrim's Progress; and even then it might be interesting as the representative of a race that has been. The inhabitant of another world would learn the character and condition of the human family after reading it. Other writings may be better adapted to teach *us* the sober realities of personal religion; but a superior order of beings would be at a loss what to think of us; and for this reason—the ordinary business of life is not sufficiently connected with the practice of godliness to shew the whole character of a Christian. In these books he is seen only in the closet, or in the sanctuary—upon his knees, or in his chair: and his mind exhibited only while wrought upon by his own, or by a divine influence; and not as it is affected by public intercourse and conversation; whereas Bunyan's Christian moves over the whole platform of real life—fills up every hour of the day, and never disappears from morning till night. We are ever made partners in his dreams, as well as companions of his walks. In the admirable work of Doddridge we are only admitted into the company of the Christian during the brief periods of retirement and devotion: we conjecture how he has been employed in the interval by the tone and cast of his next meditation. The

*Rise and Progress*, then, would only present to the inhabitants of another world the *inner man* of a Christian; whereas Bunyan's pilgrim would make them familiar with the *outward and inner man* at once. This comparison will account in some measure, for the superior interest excited in his behalf—he is ever before us.

The world and the church have done justice, long ago, to the claims of Bunyan. He has obtained already all the heart-homage which can be paid to an author, and stands in no need either of a vindicator or an apologist. The monument of his fame has become great by natural and unaided growth; for till Cowper praised him no one had formally aided the triumph of Bunyan. He has had commentators indeed; so have the Cartoons of Raphael; but both had gained the applause of the world before their beauties were pointed out by a critical wand: like the sun, they revealed themselves by their own light. This is more than can be strictly said of Shakspeare or of Milton. Both have been indebted to the illustrations of lecturers and critics. The criticisms of Addison on *Paradise Lost* had no small share in fixing the attention of the reading world on a production worthy of its regard and applause before they were extensively yielded to its surpassing merits. But the writings which can dispense with this labour of love, and herald themselves into general notice and admiration, must be of no ordinary character—must have a charm peculiar to themselves. If it be true fame to find his work in every cottage window, where any thing is read, Bunyan has it. His Pilgrim's Progress is an heir-loom in every family where books have any value. If fanaticism and cant were charged against Bunyan, and could it be substantiated from the pages of his Pilgrim, it would only render his triumph more singular, because it