

JOHN BUNYAN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

(CHAPTER II.—Continued.)

We cannot have a better portrait of the vigorous Puritan preacher of the day than we have in that valiant "Mr. Great-heart," who becomes the leader of "Christiana" and her children, when her husband has gone within the golden gates of the Celestial City. Only those who have read history for narrow and bigoted ends will hesitate to accept Bunyan's portrait as the true one, standing immeasurably separate from the caricatures with which some historians would seek to amuse us. John Howe and John Owen, and the consecrated host to which they belonged, were men of large and vigorous brain, and, notwithstanding their robustness of intellect, were not wanting in a delicacy of feeling which proclaimed them woman-born.

It is this tender delicacy of feeling that again and again sweetly surprises us in the female characters Bunyan paints. We are accustomed to think of him as a rough and thundering Boanerges, dealing out invectives against the worldly and ungodly in no measured accents, but in the dead," he used to say, with his own stern emphasis; "I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and I carried that fire in my conscience which I persuaded them to beware of." He believed, therefore he spoke, and in words so strong that they could hardly be made light of without the hearers being made sensible that they were trampling underfoot the truth of God, and might never hear again the sweet message of reconciliation.

At the same time, both in his writings and his sermons, we have those gentle touches which unmistakably reveal the deep and tender heart of the man. No one but a tender husband could have painted "Christiana" for us. No one but a loving father could have given us "Mercy." What a glimpse we have of the heart of husband and father, when, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, he chose rather to remain in gaol than to accept freedom:—

"I found myself," he says, "a man compassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and

also it brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces! Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though

these illustrations are highly curious and interesting, and serve to show by what primitive pictorial representations the first readers of the immortal allegory were helped to realize some of its stirring scenes.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

CHAPTER I.—FIRE! FIRE!

It was bitter weather. Snow lay deep, deepening daily as more

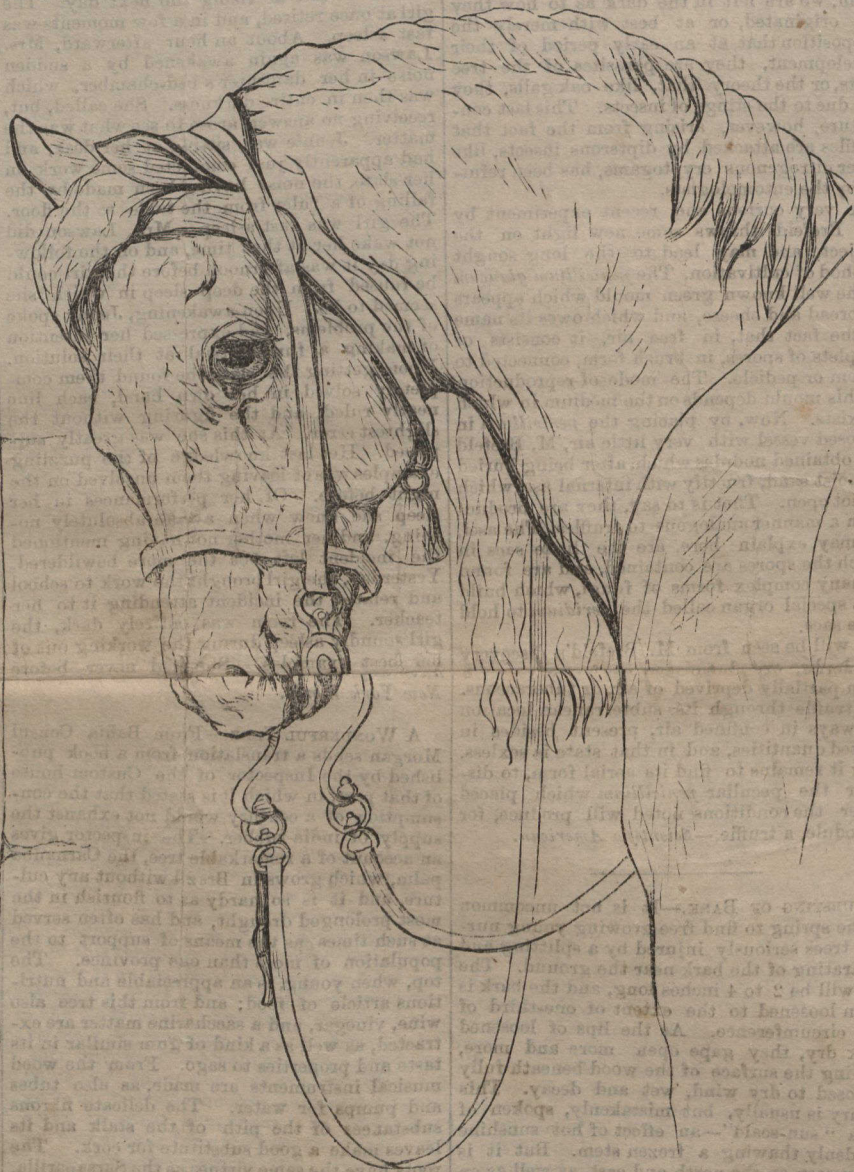
fields were strangely silent and and solitary. Bullocks huddled together in mute misery in the most sheltered corners they could find; the shyest birds alighted in streets, and came close up to houses like robins.

During this severe season in the east of England almost all out-door work had come to a stop, as elsewhere, so at Old Bere Hall Farm, a few miles from the old town of Romanchester. The thud of the flails in the barn was almost the only sound to be heard about the place, save when a horse or a sheep coughed, or a beast uttered a low, sullen moan; for the barnyard fowls moped on their perches, and the ducks and geese clustered as silently in the holes that had been broken for them through the black shield of the horse-pond.

Pretty little Helen Hellen was the only lively being on the farm. She was the general pet of the place—of her widowed father, of her two brothers, both much older than herself, of the maid-servants and the man-servant. So no wonder she liked home, and she was being kept at home, away from her Romanchester boarding school (where, too, she was a favorite, but not such a favorite as at home), although her holidays proper were over, her cooped-in father and brothers growl and the woman of the house cross; which had deprived a good many of the farm-servants of work, and depressed those who were still kept on, since the time of Christmas largesses was past, and hard weather without special aid used, at any rate, to mean special hardship for south of England agricultural laborers.

Great fires roared and blazed to drive out the cold; food and drink might freeze at night, but they smoked appetizingly at meal times. All her elders belonging to the house had a kind look and word for her, however grumpy they might be to one another; and so, as I have said before, it is no wonder that Helen loved her home, and liked the cold that lengthened her stay in it. The discomfort without only intensified the comfort within, and if Jack Frost would not be forbid from playing his pranks even within the well-warmed house, they caused no serious inconvenience—only gave conversation another topic, of which amongst Helen's weather-bound seniors it was often sadly in want.

She had gone into the back-kitchen in the evening to look



DRAWING LESSON.

From Sir Edwin Landseer's Painting. In outline by Mr. Harrison Weir, as drawing lesson for the young. —Infants' Magazine.

I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quiet to leave you. I was a man who was pulling down the house upon the heads of his wife and children; yet I thought of those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them."

We feel sure it will afford our readers pleasure to see the illustrations which appeared in the original edition. However rude,

and more came down from the mud-colored sky. And then there would come a little blink of blue, bright weather, just warm enough to half melt the white, sugar-like powdering of the ever-greens,—which freezing again as soon as the sun went down, or in laurels and laurustinuses turned as black as gorse upon a heath that had been swept by fire. Birds were killed by cold—dropped down as if they had been shot; and it was melancholy to hear the horses' churchyard coughs. In other respects the lanes and