

and now she must suffer cold and hunger; she must beg; she must be beaten; yet," he added, "I must do it."

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words,—quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the courtyard was strown with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town of all bustle and splendor like London on the Lord Mayor's day, and the narrow path—straight as a rule could make it—running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In 1678, came forth a second edition with additions; and the demand became immense. In the four following years, the book was re-printed six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the Pilgrim was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his Dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasures, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He continued to work the gold field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures—not, indeed, with such ease and with quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success, which left all competition far behind. In 1684, appeared the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was soon followed by the "Holy War," which, if the "Pilgrim's Progress" did not

exist, would be the best allegory that was ever written.—*Macaulay.*

A STRIKING CONFIRMATION

One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome, is the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, who after the destruction of the temple made a triumphal march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jews, and the spoils, among which were the sacred vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the sculptures on the beautiful arch; which thus furnish an illustration of the Bible nowhere else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the show-bread, the golden candlestick with the seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of jubilee. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monument to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God, in the verification of prophecy and divine history. A recent traveller says, not one of the Jews of Rome, of whom there are about 5,000, will even at this day, pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of the subjugation of their nation, which has never been retrieved, and regard it with aversion.

THE SCOFFER CONVERTED.

God is sometimes pleased to convert men at the height of their impiety. Omnipotent grace can accomplish its own ends at the most suitable moment, and the ungodly are often arrested when abandoning themselves to unrestrained sin, and their startling conversion confirms the faith of saints, and compels the wicked to feel that there is a God who ruleth in the earth. Paul was converted on the road to Damascus, and Dr. Cheever furnishes a striking illustration of the same truth in the life of Mr. Thorpe:

"He was one of Whitfield's most insulting opposers; and possessing an unusual talent for mimicry, he not only interrupted his sermons in public, but ridiculed them in private—in convivial theatrical circles. On one occasion of such a gathering for pleasure, revelry, and wit, he and three of his companions laid a wager, for the most effective imitation of Whitfield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and preach an extempore harangue from the first verse that presented itself, and the audience were to adjudge the prize after hearing all. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with infamous buffoonery, and then it came his turn. They had the table for their rostrum, and as he stepped upon it, confident of his superior ability, Thorpe exclaimed—'I shall beat you all.' They handed him the Bible, and when he opened it, the invisible Providence of God directed his eye, at the first glance, to these words—'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' He read the words; but the moment he uttered them he began to see and feel their full import. The sword of the Spirit in that passage went through his soul as a flash of lightning, revealing and consuming. An instantaneous conviction of his own guilt, as a sinner against God, seized hold upon him, and conscience was aroused, as it sometimes is, suddenly and unexpectedly, and always will be when God sets our sins before us in the light of his countenance. The retribution in that passage he felt was for himself, and its terrors glared upon him in array against his own soul. Out