

forwarded to Both for interment by his family.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A MAN like Bunyan requires many biographies; for the first few, and indeed more than the first few, are pretty sure to be biographies of bits of him. One writer is entirely taken up with his being a Baptist; another, who admires his piety, regrets that he was a Dissenter; a third takes the poetic ground, and views his spiritual sufferings just as he would the contortions of a dervish. The popularity of Southey has of course, made his *Life of Bunyan* a text book. But it is written so entirely from the point of view of a decorous friend of the Church of England, that you are perpetually under the impression that the biographer is patting his hero on the head—wondering that so much genius and piety could come out of a nonconformist—and haunted by a pitying remembrance that his *protege* was once a thinker. You form to yourself a notion of a scene in which Bunyan is introduced by Mr Southey to a large and respectable circle, and given a glass of wine as a man who has 'raised himself by his own exertions.' It is curious to, to see how Mr Southey is perplexed in dealing with the account of those spiritual conflicts which Bunyan has recorded for us in the 'Grace Abounding.' The same embarrassment hampers and twists Southey's 'Wesley.' Nothing can be more clear—Mr Southey would seem to imply—that the extravagance of Bunyan's religious emotions—nothing certainly can be more unlike (you fancy him reflecting) than the mild spiritualism of a dean! Yet one cannot ignore them. The autobiographical 'Grace Abounding' contains nothing else. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is a picture of the same—drawn from memory in an ideal form—a poetic record of those sufferings of the soul, as the 'Iliad' is a record of the wars under the walls of Troy. Yet they are condemned and poet-pooed as outrageous. The truth is, these sad conflicts were the very essence of Bunyan's being, and differ only in circumstance and detail from the straits of the most pious men in history. Mr Southey watches and pronounces on them from the outside, and always measures them by a moderate episcopal standard of respectability. Hence, it is no wonder, that he should characterise some of poor Bunyan's later proceedings under prosecution, as tainted with the 'smut of his old occupation.' As if the tinkering had been the primary fact about pious Bunyan. As if indeed, his stern contempt for the triumphant officials of the Restoration were not part of the same earnestness of piety which, elevating his whole being, had raised him from a tinker into a priest.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, within a mile of Bedford, in 1628. His father's occupation was that of a journeyman tinker. It is a very reasonable suggestion of Sir Walter Scott's that his family was probably of gypsy origin. Young Bunyan is found asking his father whether they were of the 'seed of Abraham'—hoping to claim under the Bible promises. This would surely argue a consciousness of something peculiar about his race. And indeed his portrait betrays a swarthy complexion which reminds one of the eastern types. He got some little schooling and married at nineteen—supporting himself by his semi-vagabond trade. His 'Grace Abounding,' is made up of his real history. It was the history of his soul, of which it contains a report as minute as the report of a disease in a medical book. That he was a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners; that Satan was ever tempting him; that he sometimes thought of 'selling Christ,' and heard voices crying, 'Sell him! Sell him!'—this painful story must be read till the horror merges into sheer tedium. 'Experiences' like these, however, were not confined to Bunyan; they were raging in the blood of many hundreds of his day. They were not a whit more violent than the conflicts of Loyola had been in the previous century, in far different circumstances.

But here was the important distinction: the southern sufferer tortured the body to appease the sufferings of the mind. When he recovered from his agonies he recovered not as a man—but woke up a Jesuit. But poor Bunyan when wounded, flew for relief to his Bible. That pasture was always open to him; and as the wounded animal finds by instinct an herb, the restless Bunyan lighted on text after text. Fit of pain succeeded fit; but there were copious varieties of remedies, and Bunyan gradually developed into a strong, healthy man.

The important phenomenon for Bunyan and hundreds of others was, that there was no Church capable of adequate treatment of their case. For John Bunyan was, first of all, a loyal man. He explicitly tells us that 'he began by having a most superstitious veneration for the high place, the priest, the clerk, and what else belonged to the Church.' But there was no church worthy of that veneration to be found; and, most fortunately, there was not a church like that of Rome to avail itself of his high-minded piety and enthusiasm for base and worldly purposes—which Roman policy Macaulay has well described. But there was a Bible, and a people to be reformed; and Bunyan became Mr John Bunyan, a 'servant of the Lord Jesus Christ,' he had acted his 'Christian,' and the time had now arrived to act his 'Evangelist,' and to lead others to the 'delectable mountains.' Of course, he came into conflict with the authorities; the authorities have always considered that the English Reformation was to bound itself within the limits of 'the Church'—and the history of that idea is the history of the im-

mense success of 'dissent' whenever dissent has begun with the slightest genuineness at the bottom of it.

Mr John Bunyan was 'one of the first persons who was punished after the Restoration for Nonconformity.' He was described as a 'pestilent fellow in the country'—in fact we know what kind of a 'fellow' he must have appeared to the gentry, and such persons as Dr. Lindale, in Bedfordshire—a wandering fellow worse than a poacher; a regular bore; an interrupter of all good practices; a wandering, noisy plebeian dog; making a hubbub about religion, which was clearly not his business; he being a tinker, intended by nature as a priest, and not a priest intended by nature for a tinker, like the regular orthodox 'fellows!' He was brought up before the magistrates—compared to 'Alexander the Coppersmith' by Dr. Lindale, (the wag,) and so sent to Bedford Gaol. Mr Southey thinks it the luckiest thing possible for him—and perhaps it had its favourable side—no thanks to the authorities though. He stayed here twelve years, and wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' under the shadow of an iron *chevaux-de-frise*. When let out again, he wandered about performing his duties as a preacher, and died in London in 1688. He was buried in Bunhill Fields.

By his *Pilgrim's Progress*, John Bunyan will be known and loved when all else about him is forgotten and only to be found in Biographical Dictionaries. It is a wonderful work, and the most popular religious book in the English language. Allegory is never calculated to be popular, but Bunyan's allegory is so, though it is all allegory, and though the scenery has no mere romantic attraction, such as there is in the scenery of the Arabian Nights. The scenery suggests no luxury like that of oriental scenery; nor either has it the merely human allurements of the island of Robinson Crusoe. Both these celebrated works convey the intense feeling of 'illusion' which makes the many feel them to be real—but anything is almost credible to a northern peasant about the east: and the homely daily life, the realism of the animal life, in Defoe's romance, endows it with the same interest.

On the other hand, Bunyan's tale—that narrative so popular as a mere story—sets out with an obvious intention to teach religion; is interrupted by conversations, discursive and argumentative; gives names associated with the school and the birch to its personages; and yet one can fancy its being perfectly enjoyed by the vulgarist reprobate who ever raved about Tom Paine, or denounced 'the parson.' Its distinct religious object prevents the 'illusion' ever being complete: you never have time to get lost in 'Vanity Fair' and mingle as a native there, as you do in Lilliput. Your reverie is always broken by a tap from honest John Bunyan's pastoral crook. And yet the treatment is intensely real. The abstractions are solid personages. The scenes are real. In truth, the extreme truthfulness of the dramatic phraseology gives that air of reality to the whole. We may call this art, if we like; but it is an art which springs not from labour to produce effect, but from the entire and homely simplicity of John Bunyan's soul. Hegel's tale of the marvelous journey with perfect good faith. You believe, and wonder, and you scarcely know whether you are asleep or awake. Reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is like dreaming, and knowing that it is a dream.

It carries you back in belief to the time when dreams were 'from Jove';—to the tree in the old mythology whose leaves were full of dreams. And indeed it illustrates singularly the passage about the gates of dreams in Virgil; it conveys its divine truths in the homeliest form as the true dreams are said, there, to come through the gate of horn.

The 'Pilgrim's Progress' has been translated, not only into all the languages disseminate genius among modern nations, but it is to be found in the Arabic and the Persian, and even in the tongue spoken by the people of Madagascar. Never was any work more poetic, and yet never was any work written in more undeniable prose. Bunyan's life had told him that there is poetry in everything for those who have eyes to see. And the reader of his 'Grace Abounding' who comes to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' sees there the struggle of this man; how when a mere stubble or theological part of his feelings—for he lived amid the din of 'sects'—had burned itself away in smoke and noise, the steady light within him rose up, clear, and bright, and shadowless.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

SEND THE LETTERS, UNCLE JOHN.

A PLEA FOR A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE.

By G. H. Adams.

UNCLE John is stout and sturdy,
Uncle John has gold in store;
Mighty fleets upon the ocean,
Merchandise upon the shore;
Lands and houses, sheep and oxen,
Corn in granaries and fields—
All that giveth ease or pleasure,
Or to man subsistence yields.

Uncle John has many children,
Scattered widely here and there,
And the language that he speaketh,
It is spoken everywhere.
Wheresoever foot hath trodden,
There the sons of Uncle John
Travel, trade, and preach the Gospel,
Earnest workers, every one.

Uncle's ships are ever passing
And repassing o'er the wave,

And our yearning hearts do ever
Tidings of the absent crave;
News of relatives who travel,
Or the friends afar who dwell,
We would know how feel, how fare they,
How they prosper, ill or well.

Greetings e'er should pass between us,
And the heart's fond interchange,
But, alas! we're poor, and therefore,
Distance must our hearts estrange;
And the white wing'd heralds, as they
O'er the Atlantic go and come,
To the watching waiting many,
Upon either shore are dumb.

Uncle John! do send the letters
By your ships that go and come,
Friends abroad would fain be writing
Unto anxious friends at home;
We would wish the absent loved one
In our joys and woes to share;
Send them for a penny, Uncle,
It is all we have to spare.

'WILL IT PAY?' Why Uncle! Uncle!
Can you doubt it? look at home,
See how, from all parts, your mail bags
Daily weightier become;
Hear how all your children bless you
For the boon they here enjoy;
Oh, extend it o'er the waters,
And our eager pens employ.

WILL IT PAY? Why fifty letters
Will be sent in place of one;
Fifty pence for one poor shilling,
Think of that, good Uncle John!
Think, too, how twill foster commerce,
And all friendly ties increase,
Binding nation unto nation
In the bonds of LOVE and PEACE.

New Works.

From Wild Scenes and Wild Hunters.

THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this state, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, forgetting all the while time and distance in the luxurious sense of the gliding motion—thinking of nothing in the easy flight, but rather dreaming, as I looked through the transparent ice at the long weeds and cresses that nodded in the current beneath, and seemed wrestling with the wave to let them go; or I would follow the track of some fox or otter, and run my skate along the mark he had left with his dragging tail until the trail would end in the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these occasions that I had a rencontre which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous looking-over-my-shoulder feeling.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dark, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Your mind would wonder at the light that would come glinting from ice and snow wreath, and incrustated branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the Kennebec, that, like a jewelled zone, swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing that moved. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the Moccasin Hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal; so fierce, and amidst such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as though a fiend had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on shore crack as though from the tread of some brute animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly, and not of spiritual nature; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.

The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and

the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By this great speed and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded grey wolves.

I had never met with these animals, but, from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

'With their long gallop, which can tire
The deer-hounds hate, the hunter's ire,'

they pursue their prey, never straying from the track of their victim—and, as the wearied hunter thinks that he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they but waited for the evening to seize their prey, and falls a prize to the tireless animals.

The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning, as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head, and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me, and then every energy of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer, and nearer, and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound, truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course.

The wolves, close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping upon their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards of each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals getting more excited and baffled.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw the white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap. Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot in a fissure of the ice, the story I am now telling would never be told.

I thought all the chances over; I knew where they would first take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died, and then there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle, how I wished they would break them! and then I should have protectors that would be peers to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill, then, taking off my skates, wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine, without thinking of that snuffing breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the Kennebec.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—No man is always right; just as no man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.