

**Alan Jacobs, *The Narnians: The Life and Imagination of C.S. Lewis*,  
Review Article by Eric Topping  
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**Lewis, Reason and Romanticism**

**Review Article**

Erik Topping

Alan Jacobs, *The Narnian: The Life and Imagination of C. S. Lewis*,  
xxvi + 342 pp., HarperCollins, New York, 2005.

A book not to be judged by its atrocious cover - a black-and-white Lewis appearing as an unsettling cross between Mage and don in ageing robe and suit, clumsily projected onto a kitschy Technicolor Aslan on the prowl - Alan Jacobs's *The Narnian: The Life and Imagination of C.S. Lewis* is a thoughtful and at times acute introduction to its subject. Jacobs's focus is the developing imaginative life of the man who wrote the Chronicles of Narnia. His method is, in effect, a book-long setting of the scene, with episodes from the Narnia books continuously inserted into the biographical-intellectual narrative for commentary. Jacobs thus offers no systematic interpretation of the Chronicles themselves; instead, his book provides a steadily thickening context intended to equip the reader to encounter them anew.

This cumulative approach is naturally most successful after some momentum has been gained. Thus chapter six,<sup>1</sup> which deals with the first stage of Lewis's conversion, from Absolute Idealism to theism, shrewdly connects his famous reluctance to yield to the God he thought of as the Great Interferer - as well as his 1930 letter to Arthur Greeves on discovering endless layers of 'self-admiration' (even for stopping it) - with Eustace Scrubb's initial revulsion at the country he finds himself in, and subsequent ineffectual efforts at ridding himself of his dragon-skin when he does wish to become a real boy again. It is only Aslan who can tear him deeply enough: as in *Surprised by Joy*, 'The hardness of God is kinder than the softness of men, and His compulsion is our liberation'. Chapter seven demonstrates how thorough-going the impact of Lewis's exchanges with Tolkien on myth really was on his habits of thought. In Tolkien's poem 'Philomythus to Misomythus', we find the latter (Lewis) claiming that a star is simply 'some matter in a ball'; but the former (Tolkien) argues that the act of naming itself arises from 'movements that were kin / to life and death of trees, of beasts, of stars'; this Adamic vision is lost, but not wholly, for poetry and myth can recall us to, say, stars as 'living silver' bursting into flame 'like flowers beneath an ancient song'. The casual rehearsal of

this argument years later in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* when the sceptical Eustace is told by Ramandu the star that even in our world, 'flaming gas' is only what a star is made of, not what it is, is splendidly telling. In chapter eight, the pathetic spectacle of Uncle Andrew (the 'magician' of *The Magician's Nephew*) present at the making of Narnia, but unable to hear the awful beauty of Aslan's creation-song as anything but roaring, for Jacobs encapsulates a wide range of ways in which people can succeed, like that gentleman, in making themselves 'stupider than [they] really are' (MN ). Lewis as educator insisted that ideas that currently seem 'dated' must still be thoroughly tested for truth before they are rejected; to neglect this task is to succumb to the Screwtapean chimera of the Historical Point of View, where a doctrine such as materialism may be accepted because it is 'strong', 'stark', 'courageous' or 'the philosophy of the future'. Jacobs relates how such abdication of responsible reasoning is for Lewis an infernal propaedeutic to the sinister pedagogy exposed in *The Abolition of Man*. To Lewis's dismay, Alec King and Martin Ketley's *The Control of Language* taught school-children that a statement about value ('this waterfall is sublime') is actually a linguistically confused way of saying something about one's own feelings or subjective preferences; this, he argued, irresponsibly undermines the idea that moral value judgements can be in conformity with the real order of things. If one has become blind to this order, the human mind appears infinitely malleable, and ultimately reprogrammable. The know-how may be sought through applied science (as in modern times) or by magic (as in the sixteenth century), but the aim is identical: to 'subdue reality to the wishes of men' (AM ). Hence Uncle Andrew is precisely a blend of scientist and magician, who feels himself to be somehow above common rules of moral conduct; in this sense, he is but an ineffectual version of the terrifying, world-destroying Jadis, Narnia's first witch. Lewis's alternative to a purely power-driven human intercourse is explored in chapter nine, where the fierce debates and friendships of the idiosyncratic Inklings group interweave with Lewis later reflections on 'friendship' ('this Appreciative love is, I think, often so great and so firmly based that each member of the circle feels, in his secret heart, humbled before all the rest') and 'membership' ('by members [St. Paul] meant what we should call organs, things essentially different from, and complementary to, one another'). Jacobs goes on to read *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* as an allegory of the Church—a vessel which moves even the odious Eustace slowly along in the right direction, simply because he is on board. He also perceptively relates Lewis's remark in his sermon 'The Weight of Glory' that 'the worldlings are so monotonously alike compared with the almost fantastic variety of the saints', to the great multitude of species called into Aslan's country at the end of *The Last Battle*.

At its best, then, Jacobs's thick description manages to place some of Lewis's most compelling imaginative work onto a wider map of his thought and experience. At other times, though, the connections appear trivial or contrived: the illness of Lewis's mother and Digory's in *The Magician's Nephew*; Peter as a Malvern College 'Blood' and Edmund as a young, priggish, jealous Lewis in *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*; Lewis's teacher, the nineteenth century rationalist Kirkpatrick, benignly transformed into the Platonist Professor Kirke in the same book; and the exhausted confusion of World War I battles replayed in *The Last Battle* - these are all juxtapositions that fail to impress. This is so not least because such correlations could be made with equal plausibility about any number of Lewis's books; they thus add little to our understanding of specific images or episodes. Even worse, they tend towards the 'personal heresy' denounced by Lewis himself: 'The poet is not a man who asks me to look at *him*; he is a man who says "look at that" and points; the more I follow the pointing of his finger the less I can possibly see of *him*'.<sup>2</sup>

But it is perhaps not so surprising that Jacobs's book often fails to direct our gaze in this way, since his subject is not Narnia, but the Narnian; his project therefore also deserves to be assessed simply as an exercise in intellectual biography. It is true that his format creates certain difficulties even here. Most obviously, the two final, post-Narnia chapters are lacklustre, gossipy and full of trivial chatter, notably about whether-Lewis-was-a-misogynist-or-not. In fact, the period contains at least two books worthy of being treated as the One That Lewis Was Meant To Write All His Life, *Till We Have Faces* and *A Grief Observed* - but Jacobs has already played that card. Furthermore, Jacobs's habit of drawing on a wide range of possible influences on Lewis's thought seems at times to work by association rather than evidence. Witness for example his assimilation of Lewis's version of Absolute Idealism to George Bernard Shaw's vision of some vague evolutionary 'force' in the process of 'making God' in the 1907 essay 'The New Theology' (p. 125). In fact, as the unpublished<sup>3</sup> 1928 'Clivi Hamiltonis Summae Metaphysices contra Anthroposophos' (a central document in the 'Great War' between Lewis and Owen Barfield) demonstrates, his aim was to depict an Absolute completely exempt from process, and wholly distinct from the life of the individual mind; it was Barfield the anthroposophist who insisted on the continuous evolution of the Whole, and the possibility of gaining cosmic and even occult insight by means of introspection.

Such flaws aside, however, a clear narrative purpose soon emerges from Jacobs's book: it is a work of revisionist biography arguing that it is Lewis's imaginative side, rather than his tendency towards rationalism, that gives us the real key to his personality, his conversion, and his mature literary voice. Jacobs emphasises Lewis's life-long childlike openness to 'enchantment', while chastising the young

Lewis's arrogance and facility at out-arguing those around him. He reads Lewis's time with Kirkpatrick and his later study of philosophy at Oxford as a long and partly deliberate suppression of the imagination: as Lewis put it in *Surprised by Joy*, 'The two hemispheres of my mind were in the sharpest contrast. On the one side a many-islanded sea of poetry and myth; on the other a glib and shallow "rationalism". Nearly all that I loved I believed to be imaginary; nearly all that I believed to be real I thought grim and meaningless' (quoted p. 49). His conversion is significant for Jacobs not so much for what Lewis described as its initially purely philosophical motives, but because he subsequently found a way to 'inhabit' the Christian story of Incarnation, crucifixion and resurrection by seeing it as God's self-expression through historical events, as the Pagan dying-and-reviving-god myths were His (preliminary and partial) self-expression through the minds of poets. Jacobs especially notes Lewis's comment to Arthur Greeves (letter of 18 October 1931) that the doctrines developed out of that story represent a reduction to abstract concepts of what God has already expressed in more adequate language (p. 149). This point is later developed into a contrast between Lewis the Apologist, self-confessedly never less sure of the reality of the faith than after a 'successful' public defence of some doctrine, and Lewis the honestly struggling Christian, faced with Christ's own bare imperative, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me' (Jn 21:22). Here, for Jacobs, is the key that unlocks the passage to Narnia itself. Lewis himself speculated that a fairy-tale for children became so necessary for him to write because it forced him to leave out whatever could not be expressed in action and words tied to action, thus checking his tendency to incessant exposition; this format, with its 'inflexible hostility to all analysis, digression, reflections, and "gas"' (quoted p. 243), accordingly imposed a new kind of discipline on his writing. Jacobs suggests that such 'gas' is emitted by none other than the Apologist, and that the discipline involved a kind of spiritual nakedness: in allowing the originary images of a faun carrying an umbrella, a queen on a sledge, and a magnificent lion to take narrative shape, Lewis would also be submitting to a test of how fundamentally his own imagination had been shaped by Christ. The pivot of Jacobs's argument here is Lewis's explicit rejection of the idea that he set out to embody pre-defined Christian truths in allegorical form; instead, one should write by letting 'the pictures tell you their own moral. For the moral inherent in them will rise from whatever spiritual roots you have succeeded in striking during the whole course of your life' (quoted p. 244).

Now, while there is no doubt that transformation by the living God was of paramount importance for both Lewis the writer and Lewis the Christian, it nonetheless seems to me that Jacobs's insistent revaluation of reason (as capable chiefly of preparation

for the Gospel) and imagination (as the site of authentic confrontation with Christ) gives a somewhat misleading account of Lewis's thought and development. For one thing, it ignores the danger, keenly felt by Lewis, of simply imagining himself to be holier than he actually was:<sup>4</sup>

Another fine thing in *The Pr[incess] & the Goblin* is where Curdie, in a dream, keeps on dreaming that he has waked up and then finding that he is still in bed. This means the same as the passage where Adam says to Lilith 'Unless you uncloset your hand you will never die & therefore never wake. You may think you have died and even that you have risen again: but both will be a dream.'

This has a terrible meaning, specially for imaginative people. We read of spiritual efforts, and our imagination makes us believe that, because we enjoy the idea of doing them, we have done them. I am appalled to see how much of the change which I thought I had undergone lately was only imaginary. The real work seems still to be done. It is so fatally easy to confuse an aesthetic appreciation of the spiritual life with the life itself-to dream that you have waked, washed, and dressed, and then to find yourself still in bed.<sup>5</sup>

The imagination, then, tends towards a certain irresponsibility-even when tethered to faith. On Lewis's own *mappa mundi* in the 1932 *Pilgrim's Regress*, that old Romantic, 'Mr Halfways', lives South of the Main Road:

'What is truth?' said the old man. 'They were mistaken when they told you of the Landlord: and yet they were not mistaken. What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth, whether it existed before or not. The Landlord they dreamed to find, we find in our hearts: the Island you seek for, you already inhabit. The children of that country are never far from their fatherland'.<sup>6</sup>

This kind of breezy assertion that imagination creates its own 'truth', that some spark of the divine is already 'in our hearts' and that Paradise is a country we can visit when we please was at one time fatally attractive to Lewis. Jacobs's phrase 'openness to enchantment' acquires a disturbing ring here, for it is no accident that further South on Lewis's map one reaches the county of Occultica.<sup>7</sup> However, Mr Halfways's rhetoric was ultimately unacceptable: the need to make imagination responsible to reason and truth-to Reality itself-is as constant a Lewisian theme as the distinction between arguing about that Reality and actually trying to submit oneself to its nature.

According to Lewis, George MacDonald's stories, which he started reading at age sixteen, had already, albeit unconsciously, begun the necessary process of 'baptising' his imagination.<sup>8</sup> The letter to Greeves just quoted hints at the meaning

of this. God will demand an utter surrender, a leap into His otherness which will be a kind of death for the subject: for Lilith, this entails opening her hand and letting go of her precious Self, which she clings to so desperately but which, Mac-Donald explains, does not really belong to her.<sup>9</sup> The specific symbol of the Self that is clung to by any one person can of course differ. For the rich young man of the Gospels, it was his wealth (cf. Mt 6:19-22). As for Lewis, he wanted to retain the experience of Joy—an acute, sometimes painful longing, desired even though its object is deeply mysterious and apparently unattainable, and evoked for him chiefly by ‘inanimate nature and marvellous literature’<sup>10</sup>—within a universe with ‘limited liabilities’,<sup>11</sup> containing no Great Interferer. But the ‘surprise’ alluded to in the title of *Surprised by Joy* is this:

Joy itself, considered simply as an event in my own mind, turned out to be of no value at all. All the value lay in that of which Joy was the desiring. And that object, quite clearly, was no state of my own mind or body at all.<sup>12</sup>

It was not finally Joy that he had sought, but ‘the naked Other, imageless (though our imagination salutes it with a hundred images), unknown, undefined, desired’.<sup>13</sup> This realisation turned out to be a devastating one. One chapter in *Pilgrim’s Regress* is simply called ‘Caught’, and contains this outbreak of despair:

Oh, for but one cool breath in seven,  
One air from northern climes,  
The changing and the castle-clouded heaven  
Of my old Pagan times!

But you have seized all in your rage Of Oneness. Round about, beating my wings, all ways, within your cage, I flutter, but not out.<sup>14</sup>

‘Above all’, Lewis writes of his protagonist John, ‘it grew upon him that the return of the Landlord had blotted out the Island: for if there still were such a place he was no longer free to spend his soul in seeking it, but must follow whatever designs the Landlord had for him’.<sup>15</sup> This is the inexorable conclusion in a cosmos governed not by ‘reasonableness’ but by Reason:

Doubtless, by definition, God was Reason itself. But would he also be ‘reasonable’ in that other, more comfortable, sense? Not the slightest assurance on that score was offered me. Total surrender, the absolute leap in the dark, were demanded. The reality with which no treaty can be made was upon me.<sup>16</sup>

In *Pilgrim's Regress*, John tries frantically to escape this conclusion, only to face the allegorical figure of Reason, 'a Titaness, a sun-bright virgin clad in complete steel', with her sword drawn.<sup>17</sup> He yields under compulsion; and goes on to be received by Mother Kirk. This involves having to jump into a great pool far below a cliff; for to learn to dive is precisely to *cease* doing something, to let oneself go. John resolves to do it, and 'the making of that resolution had seemed to be itself the bitterness of death, so that he half believed the worst must be over'; but, like MacDonald's Lilith, he is yet only dreaming of the leap.<sup>18</sup> An array of figures he has faced on the way then appear, advising caution: Mr Halfways argues that all this has nothing to do with the Island as John used to imagine it, and that he should return to hear the familiar songs again. In the end, however, he 'shut his eyes, despaired, and let himself go'.<sup>19</sup>

At this point, Lewis's entire 'imaginative life'-and ultimately the very Joy he had for some years been trying doggedly to re-produce in his mind<sup>20</sup> -might, for all he knew, have to be completely set aside in this life as spiritually dangerous for him. And it is Reason that compels him to submit. Only later could he receive back 'an hundredfold' what he had renounced (cf. Mt 19:29); for with the vision of the Incarnation as 'myth made fact' came the realisation that the world itself is God's poem, and that the Pagan myths, too, might have contained glimpses of the truth.

It is, then, evident that Jacobs's simple exaltation of imagination and demotion of reason will not do. However, his basic intuition of the importance to Lewis of the idol-smashing encounter with God's Otherness-with Christ as Lord-is undeniably crucial. Perhaps we can say that Lewis's particular path to conversion led him to an acute, interconnected appreciation of God as Love *and* of God as Reason. If we are prone to think of this Reason only as cold, detached and quasi-mathematical, imagination can come to our aid by offering glimpses of a ravishing Beauty which demands our very heart-blood: of God as lover and consuming fire.<sup>21</sup> Jacobs's brief treatment of *Till We Have Faces* is here very much to the point. On the other hand, if we tend to sentimentalise love as mere unthreatening 'benevolence' (*The Problem of Pain* evokes a semi-senile 'grandfather in heaven'), or to imagine ourselves farther advanced in the moral life than we really are (a principal theme of *The Screwtape Letters*), Lewis is quick to remind us (as in *Mere Christianity*) that the moral law is inscribed into the very fabric of creation, and that nothing short of perfection is ultimately demanded of us. God is inexorable and unyielding as Lover because he wants to make the creature capable of enjoying Him; as Reason because there simply is no way to circumvent the created order.<sup>22</sup>

Characteristic of the 'spiritual roots' struck by the man who wrote Narnia, then, is a particularly deep sense that Reason and Desire flow from the same divine source. *An Allegorical Apology for Christianity, Reason and Romanticism* could in this sense be the subtitle not just of *The Pilgrim's Regress*, but of Lewis's entire subsequent oeuvre; and the mappa mundi first sketched out in that book can, I think, be felt as an implicit context behind every traversal of a particular region on its map in his later writings. I wish to conclude here by suggesting that because Jacobs misses this unity between 'reason and romanticism' in Lewis, he also misses a peculiar, and to my mind essential, quality in the Narnia books themselves. This is epitomised by the scene in *Prince Caspian* where the party is lost in the woods and Lucy, but not the others, has seen Aslan beckoning them in a certain direction:

'Where did you think you saw him?' asked Susan.  
'Don't talk like a grown-up,' said Lucy, stamping her foot.  
'I didn't think I saw him. I saw him.'<sup>23</sup>

*Don't talk like a grown-up.* Like Lucy, we as readers come to insist that Narnia and its Lord are somehow real, somehow trustworthy; and the books are full of hints that those who can become like children may yet get there.<sup>24</sup> This premise is most explicitly defended in *The Silver Chair*, when the Green Witch presents the most direct and insidious assault upon it in all of the Chronicles. This Queen of the Underworld almost manages to enchant Prince Rilian, Eustace, Jill and Puddleglum into the belief that the Narnian sun and Aslan himself are mere childish fantasies; the sun is 'copied' from the lamp overhead, she intones, while a lion is but an enormous 'copy' of a cat. There is no other world but hers. This is, however, an argument already exposed by Reason in *The Pilgrim's Regress*, who saves John from 'darkest Zeitgeistheim'. The giant who keeps its inhabitants in thrall to the idea that our desire for Joy is but a wish-fulfilment dream is finally vanquished by her third riddle, 'By what rule do you tell a copy from an original?'.<sup>25</sup> As Reason later explains:

They indeed will tell you that their researches have proved that if two things are similar, the fair one is always the copy of the foul one. But their only reason to say so is that they have already decided that the fairest things of all-that is the Landlord, and, if you like, the mountains and the Island-are a mere copy of this country. They pretend that their researches lead to this doctrine: but in fact they assume that doctrine first and interpret their researches by it.<sup>26</sup>

This, crucially, leaves open the question Tolkien put to Lewis in 'Philomythus to Misomythus': 'Whence came the wish, and whence the power to dream?' (quoted p. 145). Here is Puddleglum:



All you've been saying is quite right, I shouldn't wonder. I'm a chap who always liked to know the worst and then put the best face I can on it. So I won't deny any of what you said. But there's one thing more to be said, even so. Suppose we have only dreamed, or made up, all those things-trees and grass and sun and moon and stars and Aslan himself. Suppose we have. Then all I can say is that, in that case, the made-up things seem a good deal more important than the real ones. Suppose this black pit of a kingdom of yours is the only world. Well, it strikes me as a pretty poor one. And that's a funny thing, when you come to think of it. We're just babies making up a game, if you're right. But four babies playing a game can make a play-world which licks your real world hollow. That's why I'm going to stand by the play-world. I'm on Aslan's side even if there isn't any Aslan to lead it. I'm going to live as like a Narnian as I can even if there isn't any Narnia.<sup>27</sup>

'Narnia' here becomes something like a synonym for 'Joy', and it is the very constitutional gloominess of the marsh-wiggle that teaches him to live so completely by Hope (for he knows in his heart he has, somehow, visited that country) and Faith (for there can be no guarantees). But he could not do so unless Reason had first enabled him to dispel the enchantment that would convince us that it is all just too good to be true.

## Notes

1. The quotations in this paragraph may be found in the relevant chapters of *The Narnian* (Ch. 6: pp. 133, 129; Ch. 7: pp. 143-145, 142; Ch. 8: pp. 172, 169, 185; Ch. 9: pp. 202, 206, 212). Hereafter, references to this book appear in the text.
2. C. S. Lewis and E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Personal Heresy: A Controversy* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 11.
3. This document, along with the extant 'Great War' correspondence, is held at Jacobs's own institution, Wheaton College, Illinois (with copies in the Bodleian Library, Oxford); yet he makes no attempt to come to grips with the details of their debate on reason and imagination in his book.
4. My thanks to Judith E. Topping for this point and for the following crucial reference.
5. Lewis to Arthur Greeves, 15 June 1930, in Walter Hooper (ed.), *The Collected Letters of C.S. Lewis. Volume I: Family Letters 1905-1931* (New York: HarperCollins), p. 906.
6. C. S. Lewis, *The Pilgrim's Regress: An Allegorical Apology for Christianity, Reason and Romanticism* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1958 [3rd ed. 1943]), p. 43.
7. Oddly enough, Jacobs treats Lewis's admitted attraction to the occult at some length without, however, connecting it with the potential danger of *imaginative* 'enchantment'. Again, a look at the 'Great War' correspondence-which includes drawings by Lewis of one anthroposophist staring into a 'chimaera terrae' of his own making, and of another (who is *en route* to the lunatic asylum) being assaulted by ghostly figures in the mirror which normally reflects reality-might have clarified this connection.
8. In his 'Preface' to *George MacDonald: An Anthology* (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 2001 [1st ed. 1946]), Lewis wrote of his first encounter with *Phantastes*: 'I had already

been waist-deep in Romanticism; and likely enough, at any moment, to flounder into its darker and more evil forms, slithering down the steep descent that leads from the love of strangeness to that of eccentricity and thence to that of perversity'; however, 'the whole book had about it a sort of cool, morning innocence, and also, quite unmistakably, a certain quality of Death, *good* Death. What it actually did to me was to baptize (that was where the Death came in) my imagination' (pp. xxxvii-xxxviii).

9. See MacDonald's *Lilith* (1895), chs. 39 and 40.

10. Lewis, *Regress* (3rd ed.), p. 7.

11. Lewis, *Surprised by Joy* (London: HarperCollins, 2002 [1st ed. 1955]), p. 257.

12. *Loc. cit.*

13. *Loc. cit.*

14. Lewis, *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 148.

15. *Loc. cit.*

16. Lewis, *Surprised*, p. 265.

17. Lewis, *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 64.

18. Lewis, *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 169.

19. Lewis, *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 170.

20. See Walter Hooper (ed.), *All My Road Before Me: The Diary of C.S. Lewis 1922-27* (San Diego and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1991), *passim*, for examples.

21. MacDonald's influence - especially that of his sermon 'The Consuming Fire', from *Unspoken Sermons, Series I* (London: Alexander Strahan, 1867)-upon this aspect of Lewis's thought is readily traceable.

22. For a detailed and very pedagogical discussion of this connection by Lewis, see his letter to Arthur Greeves of 12 September 1933, in Walter Hooper (ed.), *The Collected Letters of C.S. Lewis. Volume II: Books, Broadcasts and War 1931-1949* (London: HarperCollins, 2004), pp. 121-5. Hooper's footnotes detail the inevitable references to MacDonald's work.

23. C. S. Lewis, *Prince Caspian* (London: HarperCollins, 1998 [1st ed. 1955]), p. 111.

24. Cf. the last sentence of *The Silver Chair* (London: Harper Collins, 1998 [1st ed. 1953]), p. 191, 'If ever you have the luck to go to Narnia yourself, do not forget to have a look at those caves'; or, paradigmatically, on the fruit of Aslan's country in *The Last Battle* (London: HarperCollins, 1998 [1st ed. 1956]), 'But I can't describe it. You can't find out what it is like unless you can get to that country and taste it for yourself' (p. 130).

25. *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 64.

26. Lewis, *Pilgrim's Regress*, p. 68.

27. Lewis, *The Silver Chair*, pp. 144-5.

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