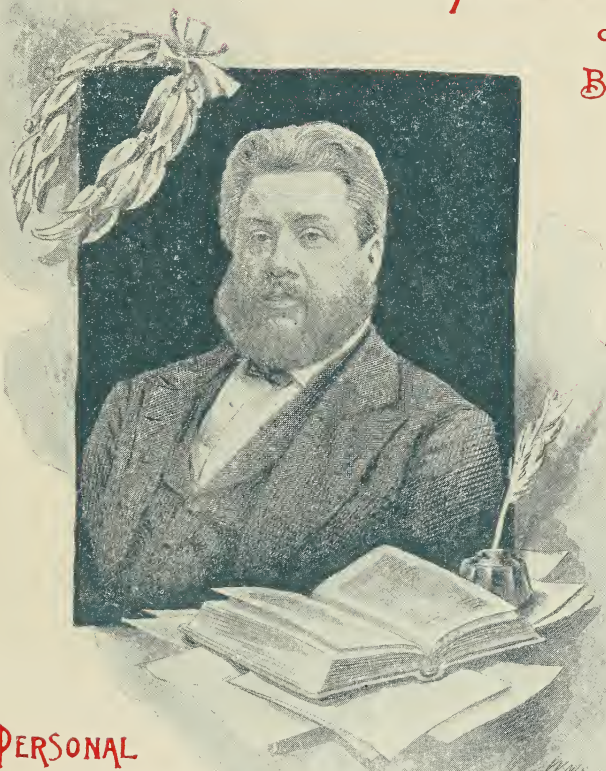
SPURGEON

EPISODES AND ANECDOTES of his BUSY LIFE.



WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY

Thomas W. Handford.

CHICAGO:
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

FRANKLIN SERIES. Monthly. $6.00 per annum. Vol. 1, No. 1. November, 1893.
Entered at Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

C. H. SPURGEON

SPURGEON.

EPISODES AND ANECDOTES

OF

HIS BUSY LIFE.

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

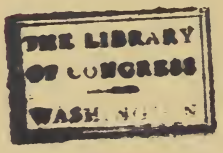
BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

ILLUSTRATED.

20TH THOUSAND.

CHICAGO:
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY.



PREFATORY NOTE

This volume is designed to present to American readers a general impression of the many-sided character and the varied work of the great Preacher whom Mr. Gladstone not inaptly described as "the last of the Puritans." The compiler of these pages was for years a near neighbor to Mr. Spurgeon; he has preached in his Tabernacle; lectured to the Students of the Pastors' College; and talked to the Boys in the Orphanage at Stockwell. His opportunities of studying Mr. Spurgeon and his work were numerous and favorable; his many pleasant memories of the great Preacher afford him special advantages for the grateful task of telling America what manner of man the Pastor of the Tabernacle was.

MAYWOOD, MARCH 26, 1892.

WITHOUT PERMISSION

THIS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

IS DEDICATED

WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE

TO

ALEXANDER MACLAREN

OF

UNION CHAPEL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

SPURGEON;

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS—STAMBOURNE

"But I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth."
—*Obadiah.*

"Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now."
—*William Wordsworth.*

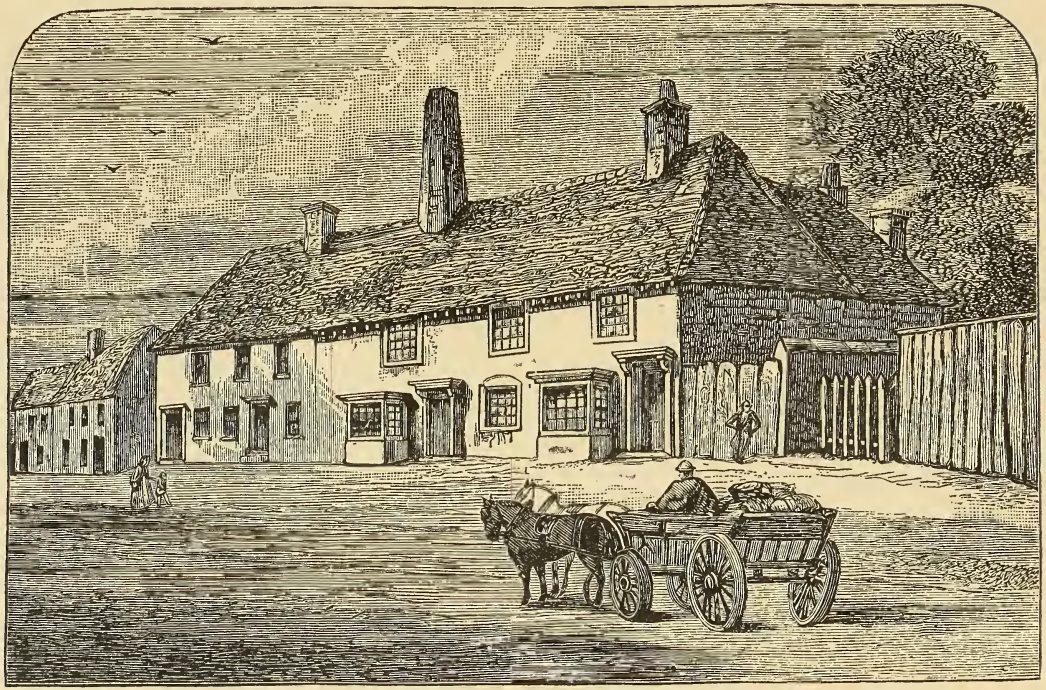
The three names that have stood foremost amongst the Baptists of England for a good many years past, are Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Alexander Maclaren, and John Clifford. These names have come to stand for so much, they have been crowded with such great meanings, through many years of consecrated toil, that it seems best to record them with unadorned simplicity. To add titles of any sort before or after, is mere trifling. Such names have earned the right to live and stand alone.

The first of these names is now added to that innumerable company of the "blessed" who rest from their labors. The name of Charles Haddon Spurgeon no longer finds a place amongst the records of the living; it has become a legacy and an inheritance to the whole Church of Christ to the

very end of time. "The world has seemed very dull since Hugo died," said an enthusiastic Frenchman not long ago. There are very many beside those who count the Metropolitan Tabernacle their religious home, to whom the world will never be quite the same since Mr. Spurgeon died.

One of the happiest descriptions of Mr. Spurgeon's life and work is said to have been given by Mr. Gladstone, who was an occasional worshiper at the Tabernacle. The statesman's estimate of the preacher was thus expressed: "Mr. Spurgeon must be regarded as the last of the Puritans." Mr. Spurgeon was a Puritan. By descent, in spirit and letter, by education and conviction, in speech and life, in mind and method, in his study and in his pulpit, in his home and on the street, he was a Puritan indeed. Who that remembers how the young country pastor from Waterbeach took London by storm five-and-thirty years ago, but also remembers how he seemed to be, even then, the very incarnation of the spirit and genius of the seventeenth century. He came as the great Forerunner came, "not a reed to be shaken by the wind, but a wind to shake the reeds." He was "a voice in the wilderness," the mightiest voice England has heard for a hundred years.

Any estimate of Mr. Spurgeon's life and work must be taken from varied points of view. Great as a preacher, laborious and successful as an author, sagacious as an organizer, he won for himself a world-wide admiration; but as a philanthro-



BIRTHPLACE OF C. H. SPURGEON

pist, as the friend of the needy student, of the aged and the poor, of fatherless boys and girls, he laid hold upon the heart of the world; and there are thousands living in many lands to-day, who rise up and call him "blessed!"

The best and briefest analysis of Mr. Spurgeon's character was given in a single sentence by Mr. Maclaren at one of the memorial services held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The living preacher, speaking of his brother and companion, whose coffined form lay at his feet, said: "It was not so much his genius, as his earnestness, his devotion, his self-oblivion, that endeared him to all hearts; and herein lay the secret of his power." To this analysis there is nothing to be added.

One of the texts that came unbidden to mournful lips in these sad hours was that familiar word of Paul's: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Suitable as these words were they were not all inclusive. There was more of the herald than the soldier in the pastor of the Tabernacle. A true soldier of the Lord, he was ever ready, when occasion called, to draw "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" but we much mistake him if he did not love the work of the herald more than that of the soldier. The gospel trumpet was dearer to him than the sword. Alas! that we have to write:

"The silver trumpet now is still."

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, on the nineteenth of June, 1834. He

came from a long line of preachers, dating back to the golden age of Puritanism. The Spurgeons seem to have been born for the pulpit. Grandfather, father, brother, sons, all preachers—but Charles Haddon the greatest preacher of them all. His early days were spent with his grandfather in the old parsonage at Stambourne. He seems to have lived in the luxury of being grandfather's pet.

We get from Mr. Spurgeon's pen, in the last year of his busy life, a pleasant memory of the old Stambourne days:

"When I was a very small boy," he writes, "I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had aforetime spent my earliest days; and, as the manner was, I read the Scriptures at family prayer. Once upon a time, when reading the passage in the Book of Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused and said: 'Grandpa, what can this mean?' The answer was kind but unsatisfactory: 'Pooh, pooh, child, go on.' The child intended, however, to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, Sunday included, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry. At length the venerable patriarch capitulated at discretion, by saying, 'Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?' Now, the child had often seen baskets with very frail bottoms, which, in course of wear, became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to fall upon the ground. Here, then, was the puzzle: If the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all the peo-

ple fall who dropped out at its lower end?—a puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at a more convenient season. Questions of the like simple and natural character would frequently break up into paragraphs at the family Bible-reading, and had there not been a world of love and license allowed to the inquisitive reader, he would soon have been deposed from his office. As it was, the Scriptures were not very badly rendered, and were probably quite as interesting as if they had not been interspersed with original and curious inquiries."

In recording his recollections of the old meeting-house at Stambourne, Mr. Spurgeon says:

"It was a rare old chapel. I wish it could have remained forever as I used to know it; let me see if I can sketch it with my pen.

"The pulpit was glorious as 'the tower of the flock.' Over it hung a huge sounding-board; I used to speculate as to what would become of grandfather if it ever dropped down upon him. I thought of my Jack-in-the-box, and hoped that my dear grandpapa would never be shut down and shut up in such a fashion. At the back of the pulpit was a peg to hold the minister's hat; inside there was room for two, for I have sat there with grandfather when quite a little boy; but I guess that two grown-up people would have found it 'quite too small enough,' as my Dutch friend puts it.

"Just below, and in front of the pulpit, was the table-pew, wherein sat the elders of the congregation, the men of gracious light and leading. There Uncle Haddon generally stood, and gave out the hymns and the notices; and from that semi-sacred region was raised the block of wood by which, to the singers upstairs, the meter of the hymn was made known—common, long, or short. There were big tombstones forming the bottom of this large pew, which took its name from containing the table on which were spread the bread and wine on days when they had the ordinance—I think that was the correct phrase when our good folks intended 'the communion.' I don't remember hearing them style infant baptism 'the ordinance', but I suppose they thought it to be one. A few had qualms upon the question, and were baptized quietly at some Baptist chapel.

"The pews in the middle were mostly square in form, and roomy. Those on either side were aristocratic, and lined with green baize, for the most part very faded. In some cases, brass rods carried up little curtains, which made the family pew quite private, and shut out all sights but that of the grave and reverend senior who dispensed to us the Word of life. There were flaps inside the pew so as not to lose the space where the door opened, and flaps for the poor to sit upon in the aisle outside of these pews; and when the time came to go home, there was such a lifting up and letting down of flaps, and flap-seats, within the pew, and with-

out the pew, as one never does see in these degenerate days. A little boy on a hassock on the floor of one of these holy loose-boxes ought to have been good; and no doubt was as good there as anywhere, especially if he had a peppermint to suck, and nobody to play with.

"The aisles were paved with bricks, and were generally sanded. Here and there a portion of a gravestone indicated how the floor of the old building was honeycombed with vaults and graves. There was no need to go to the parish church to encounter ancient dust. Bacillæ and microbes were not dreaded in those days. There is no reason to believe that in later years any body or bodies were buried in the meeting-house; it sufficed to lay the departed within the hallowed enclosure of 'the meeting-yard.' It was not absolutely essential that those whose souls inherited eternal life should leave their bodies beneath the feet of their descendants for the spread of death on the Lord's-day.

"On the right-hand side from the pulpit, there were two large doors which admitted a wheeled carriage into the chapel. There it stood, with its shafts turned up out of the way, and the sick person comfortably housed. I don't remember another instance of a person driving into the house of God, and continuing to abide in her chariot throughout the service.

"The gallery went along the whole inside front of the meeting-house, and turned round a little way on each side. It was to me, as a child, an

elevated, obscure, and unknown region. There were men with flutes who let the water run out at the ends of the tubes on the people below, and the clarionet man, for whom I had more esteem, because I could make some sort of noise when I blew through his instrument; but the fifes (why not fives?) always baffled me. The bassoon man was there, and the serpent, and the double-bass, and a lot more of them. They could play. There's no mistake about it. At least, it was almost as certain as that other undeniable fact, that our singers could sing. Well, it was hearty singing; and say what you like, it's the heart in the singing which is the life of the business. Besides those who could sing, we had about twice as many who could neither play nor sing; but excelled in sharply criticising what was done by others."

The pilgrim to the early home of Mr. Spurgeon will find on the wall on the right-hand side of the pulpit in the old meeting-house of Stambourne, a marble slab bearing the following record concerning Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather:

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES SPURGEON,

Who for fifty-four years was the faithful and beloved pastor of the church in this place, and for four years previously of the Independent church at Clare.

He departed this life on the twelfth day of February, 1864, in the 88th year of his age.

CHAPTER II

LIFE BEGINS IN EARNEST—WATERBEACH

"Life's but a means unto an end;
Beginning, means, and end of all things—God!"
—*Philip James Bailey.*

"But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." —*Paul.*

It was not to be expected that this young Puritan would journey far along the path of life without encountering marked religious experiences. There are many lives after the type of "Lydia the seller of purple from Thyatira," whose heart "the Lord opened," gently, leaf by leaf, as the sun awakens a rose. Mr. Spurgeon was not of this order. He could mark the day and the hour when he surrendered to the call of God. And he did mark it as the great red-letter day of his life.

But Mr. Spurgeon himself shall tell the story of his conversion. Addressing his students, he says:

"I will tell you how I myself was brought to a knowledge of the truth. It pleased God in my childhood to convince me of sin. I was miserable, my heart was broken in pieces. I resolved that, in the town where I lived, I would visit every place of worship in order to find out the way of salvation. I went to all the places of worship. But I

did not hear the gospel. The ministers preached truth, great truths, many good truths that were fitting to many of their congregation—but what I wanted to know was—how can I get my sins forgiven? and they never told me that.

"I went time after time, and I can honestly say, I don't know that I ever went without prayer to God, and I am sure there was not a more attentive hearer in all the place than myself, for I panted and longed to understand how I might be saved.

"At last, one snowy day—it snowed so much I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me—I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodists' chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said: 'Young man, you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, 'You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then,

lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only, I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look! It is only look!' said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment! I know not what else he said; I did not take much notice of it—I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word 'Look!' what a charming word it seemed to me. Oh, I looked till I could almost have looked my eyes away! And in heaven I will look on still with joy unutterable."

Work followed conversion. To what end had he been converted if not for work? Praying, exhorting, was soon followed by preaching. His first message was delivered in a cottage. He shrank from the task at first. But courage came at last. He says:

"I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for divine help, I resolved to make an attempt. My text should be, 'Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious,' and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honor of His dear Son. It seemed a great risk and a serious trial; but, depending upon the power of the Holy Ghost, I would at least tell out the story of the cross, and

not allow the people to go home without a word. We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm-laborers and their wives were gathered together; we sang and prayed and read the Scriptures, and then came our first sermon. How long or how short it was we cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as we had feared it would be, but we were glad to see our way to a fair conclusion, and to the giving out of the last hymn. To our own delight we had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. We made a finish, and took up the book; but to our astonishment, an aged voice cried out: 'Bless your dear heart, how old are you?' Our very solemn reply was, 'You must wait till the service is over before making any such inquiries. Let us now sing.' We did sing, and the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. 'How old are you?' was the leading question. 'I am under sixty,' was the reply. 'Yes, and under sixteen,' was the old lady's rejoinder. 'Never mind my age, think of the Lord Jesus and His preciousness,' was all that I could say, after promising to come again if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was our awe of those 'gentlemen at Cambridge' in those days."

His first pastorate was at Waterbeach near Cam-

bridge. The church was small, composed for the most part of aged members. But the history of that brief pastorate has always been regarded by Mr. Spurgeon as one of the greenest spots in all his busy life.

A great deal of interest has been taken in the fact that Mr. Spurgeon never went to college. But he very narrowly escaped. In referring to this half-amusing episode in his early history, he says:

"Soon after I had begun, in 1852, to preach the Word in Waterbeach, I was strongly advised by my father and others to enter Stepney, now Regent's Park College, to prepare more fully for the ministry. Dr. Angus, the tutor of the college, visited Cambridge, where I then resided, and it was arranged that we should meet at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Thinking and praying over the matter, I entered the house at exactly the time appointed, and was shown into a room where I waited patiently for a couple of hours, feeling too much impressed with my own insignificance, and the greatness of the London tutor, to venture to ring the bell and inquire the cause of the unreasonably long delay.

"At last, patience having had her perfect work, the bell was set in motion, and on the arrival of the servant, the waiting young man of eighteen was informed that the doctor had tarried in another room, and could stay no longer, so had gone off by train to London. The stupid girl had given no information to the family that anyone called and

had been shown into the drawing-room, consequently the meeting never came about, although designed by both parties. I was not a little disappointed at the moment, but have a thousand times since then thanked the Lord very heartily for the strange providence which forced my steps into another and far better path."

CHAPTER III

CALL TO LONDON

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."
—*Moses.*

"Then said I, Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak, for I am but a child. But the Lord said unto me: Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak." —*Jeremiah.*

"All things come to those who wait." But the young pastor of Waterbeach was happy in his work, happy with his little flock, and there are no indications that he was waiting for a call, or ambitious for a larger sphere. He kept the little vineyard amid the hills faithfully. He tended the vines, and guarded them night and day. He ruled the little kingdom wisely and well, and without seeking or desire he was called to the great Babylon on the banks of the Thames.

The Baptist church worshiping in New Park Street Chapel, dated back to the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. During its history it had rejoiced in learned and distinguished men for pastors. Dr. Gill, of Commentary fame; Dr. Keach, of the Metaphors; Dr. Rippon, the young poet of the church; Dr. Angus, James Smith, and William Walters, had in succession presided over the church. The church was nearly dead. A chapel that would

hold twelve hundred people, if they would but come, witnessed a congregation of perhaps two hundred, with room for a thousand more. Mr. Spurgeon was invited, in the winter of 1853, to supply the pulpit "with a view." He came with much fear and trembling, and twenty-five years afterward, he tells the story of that visit:

"Twenty-five years ago—and yet it seems but yesterday—we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to which the worthy deacon directed us. As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marveled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as verdant green. They were mainly of the evangelical church persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to encourage him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis and their congregations! One, we remember, had a thousand city men to hear him, another had his church filled with thoughtful people, such as could hardly be matched all over England, while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the young men of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men

underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing; and when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams. Park Street hospitality never sent the young minister to that far-away hired room again; but assuredly the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing agency which could have been brought to bear upon our spirit. On the narrow bed we tossed in solitary misery, and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street; pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose grim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement; pitiless the spare room, which scarce afforded space to kneel; pitiless even the gas-lamps which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. We had no friend in all that city full of human beings, but we felt among strangers and foreigners, hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the serene abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

"Twenty-five years ago it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill toward Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Wondering, praying, fearing, hoping, believing—we felt

all alone and yet not alone. Expectant of divine help, and inwardly borne down by our sense of the need of it, we traversed a dreary wilderness of brick to find the spot where our message must needs be delivered. One word rose to our lip many times, we scarce know why— 'He must needs go through Samaria.' The necessity of our Lord's journeying in a certain direction is no doubt repeated in His servants, and as our present journey was not of our seeking, and had been by no means pleasing so far as it had gone—the one thought of a 'needs be' for it seemed to overtop every other. At sight of Park Street Chapel we felt for a moment amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been sweetness and light. It was early, so there were no persons entering, and when the set time was fully come, there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that by God's help we were not yet out of our depth, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously; we had a happy Sabbath in the pulpit, and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when at night we trudged back to the Queen Square narrow lodging we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as flinty-hearted barbarians. Our tone was altered; we wanted no pity of anyone; we did not care a

penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to be a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away."

After much care and prayer, a call was presented. Mr. Spurgeon was in no haste to accept. But the early spring of 1854 saw him settled in London. At this point, we present our readers with a copy of Mr. Spurgeon's letter of acceptance of the call to the church at New Park Street. When we remember that the young pastor was not more than twenty years of age when he wrote this letter, who can help saying: "How much older art thou than thy years!" The modesty and the courage of the letter are alike charming. The letter runs thus:

"75, Dover Road, Borough,
"April 28, 1854.

"To the Baptist church of Christ, worshiping in New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.

"Dearly Beloved in Christ Jesus:—

"I have received your unanimous invitation, as contained in a resolution passed by you on the nineteenth instant, desiring me to accept the pastorate among you. No lengthened reply is required; there is but one answer to so loving and cordial an invitation. I accept it. I have not been perplexed as to what my reply shall be, for many things constrain me thus to answer.

"I sought not to come to you, for I was the minister of an obscure but affectionate people; I never solicited advancement. The first note of invitation from your deacons came to me quite unlooked for, and I trembled at the idea of preaching in London. I could not understand how it came about, and even now I am filled with astonishment at the wondrous providence. I would wish to give myself into the hands of our covenant God, whose wisdom directs all things. He shall choose for me; and so far as I can judge this is His choice.

"I feel it to be a high honor to be the pastor of a people who can mention glorious names as my predecessors; and I entreat of you to remember me in prayer, that I may realize the solemn responsibility of my trust. Remember my youth and inexperience; pray that these may not hinder my usefulness. I trust, also, that the remembrance of these may lead you to forgive the mistakes I may make, or unguarded words I may utter.

"Blessed be the name of the Most High! If He has called me to this office He will support me in it; otherwise, how should a child, a youth, have the presumption thus to attempt a work which filled the heart and hands of Jesus? Your kindness to me has been very great, and my heart is knit unto you. I fear not your steadfastness; I fear my own. The gospel, I believe, enables me to venture great things, and by faith I venture this. I ask your co-operation in every good work —in visiting the sick, in bringing in inquirers, and in mutual edification.

"Oh, that I may be no injury to you, but a lasting benefit! I have no more to say, only this: that if I have expressed myself in these few words in a manner unbecoming my youth and inexperience, you will not impute it to arrogance, but forgive my mistake.

"And now, commending you to our covenant-keeping God, the triune Jehovah, I am yours to serve in the gospel,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

CHAPTER IV

FROM NEW PARK STREET TO THE TABERNACLE

"And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." —*David.*

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
—*Philip James Bailey.*

Mr. Spurgeon's first sermon in London was from the text, "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor the least shadow of a turning." The very text seemed to be a good omen in itself, at least so thought the deacons of New Park Street. The old chapel was soon crowded. Scores, then hundreds, had to be turned away from every service. The young preacher became the sensation of the hour, but he soon ceased to be a sensation, and grew to be a power amongst men. New Park Street was closed for repairs and enlargement; and the daring young preacher took Exeter Hall, which was then to London what the Auditorium is to Chicago, and would hold nearly as many. The deacons were amazed at his daring, but they did not yet understand to what an extent his courage was fed on faith.

Exeter Hall was soon as crowded as New Park

Street had been. The Strand was thronged; its old order of Sunday quiet was invaded. The tide had set in, and with its flow there came the wildest storm of abuse and persecution that ever assailed an unoffending youth. The press, and, to its shame be it said, the so-called "religious press," bitterly denounced Mr. Spurgeon, and seemed bent on crushing him. The hardest names were hurled at him. "Mountebank," "charlatan," "fanatic," "blasphemer," "ignorant," "Punch in the pulpit," these and similar epithets were freely bestowed upon him. The prophets who prophesied without the gift of prophecy, knew, of course, that this thing could not last. He was a "will-o'-the-wisp," "a flash in the pan," it would all end soon! But Mr Spurgeon had come to stay. And to hear him talk of those times, to see the smile on his face as he assured you that God was overruling these darts of the Evil One for his own glory, was most enjoyable. He could laugh at it all, looking back, but it was no laughing matter then. It would have upset a weak man. It would have broken the heart of a coward. Back to New Park Street and then back again to Exeter Hall, and all the while the tide kept rolling in. The press carried the message of this strange young preacher all over the land. On the seventh of October, 1857, the Indian mutiny startled the British nation, the horrors of Cawnpore shocked and humiliated England. A fast-day was appointed, and on that day Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham

to 24,000 people. The rich, full, mellow voice of the young preacher was heard to the utmost verge of the crowd. His text was, "Hear ye rod, and who hath appointed it." There were no words of comfort for the Government in that sermon. He impeached their treatment of India, and reminded them that only righteousness could exalt a nation.

In the following year Mr. Spurgeon took the great Surrey Music Hall, a place capable of holding 10,000 persons. Here occurred on the nineteenth of October, 1858, the fatal disaster of death to eight persons and severe wounding to sixteen others, as the result of a false alarm of fire. For years Mr. Spurgeon felt the shock of that terrible disaster. He never forgot it; it was to the very last a most painful memory.

The project of building the Metropolitan Tabernacle was now launched. Mr. Spurgeon determined on a large, simple building, that should be opened free of debt. He went all over England preaching, receiving half of such collections as were made for his Tabernacle; by this means he was a blessing to hundreds of struggling churches, and his preaching was attended with the surest tokens of the divine favor. Men were redeemed from sin, and sluggards in the churches were awakened as men awakened from the dead. So the tide rolled in! Mr. Spurgeon preached, on an average, twelve times a week. What shall we say of that preaching? To those who ever heard him, description is needless; to those who never heard him, descrip-

tion is useless. One wonderful sermon looms up from the past. It was preached in the pulpit of the late Hugh Stowell Brown, of Myrtle Street, Liverpool. The occasion was one of the annual gatherings of the Baptist Union. The text was from one of John's brief epistles, written to a friend who was evidently poor in purse, and feeble in health. It runs thus: "Beloved, I wish that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." The point of the sermon was "spiritual health." In his own inimitable way the preacher ran the analogy of the spiritual and physical to a marvelous conclusion. "What John meant," he said, "what he earnestly prayed for, was that his friend might be as rich in material things, and as healthy in body, as he was rich in spiritual things." Then, with a sudden turn, he appealed to his audience and asked them what their condition would be if their physical condition was the exact counterpart of their spiritual state; and, turning first to one point of the assembly and then to another, he said: "You would be blind, for the god of this world hath blinded your spiritual vision; and you would be deaf, for God calls and you will not hear; many of you would be paralytics, some would have withered arms, some would have palsy"—and then, pausing a moment, he lifted his hands and, in a very agony of spirit, he cried aloud—"And many of you, God only knows how many, but, alas! many of you would fall down dead in your pews, for you are dead in tres-

passes and sin!" The silence that followed was painful; it seemed as if the church was instantly changed into a charnel-house. The congregation seemed horror-struck. It was some time before Mr. Spurgeon himself was able to overmaster the deep emotion that possessed him. At last he rallied, and then, with a glad voice, he cried out: "But it is not too late! There is life! Life! Life!! Life!!!

"'Life for a look at the crucified One.'"

The sermon ended. Scarcely anyone joined in the singing. The impression was simply awful. This was an exception. Eight out of ten of all Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were as bright as a morning in June, and as hopeful as the budding springtime. Twelve hundred and fifty of his sermons have been published. They have been translated into all civilized languages. Millions of copies have been sold and given away. In Australia an admirer of Mr. Spurgeon paid for the publication of a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's in the weekly paper. The sermon was published and paid for as an advertisement.

The building of the Tabernacle was a colossal undertaking. Any man less bold and confident would have utterly failed in such an enterprise. But Mr. Spurgeon had no doubt nor misgiving. It was the Lord's work, he said, and he would carry it through. Money came in marvelous ways, and from all sorts of strange sources. Mr. Spurgeon relates an incident of this period that is perfectly romantic. He says:

"When we came to the undertaking of responsibilities, there was a natural shrinking on the part of the committee with which we started. No one could be blamed; it was a great risk, and, personally, I did not wish anyone to undertake it. I was quite prepared for any risk, but then I had no money of my own, and so was a man of straw. I say there was a measure of fear and trembling, but I had none. I was as sure of the matter as possible, and reckoned on paying all the cost. This quiet assurance, however, had a foundation which reflects credit on one who has for some years gone to his reward. When I was riding with a friend to preach in the country, a gentleman overtook us and asked me if I would get out of the trap and ride with him in the gig, as he wanted to speak to me. I did so. He said, 'You have got to build that big place.' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'You will find that many friends will feel nervous over it. Now as a business man I am sure you will succeed, and besides that, God is with the work and it cannot fail. I want you never to feel nervous or downcast about it.' I told him that it was a great work, and that I hoped the Lord would enable me to carry it through.

"'What do you think,' said he, 'will be required, at the outside, to carry it through?'

"I said, '£20,000 must do it in addition to what we have.'

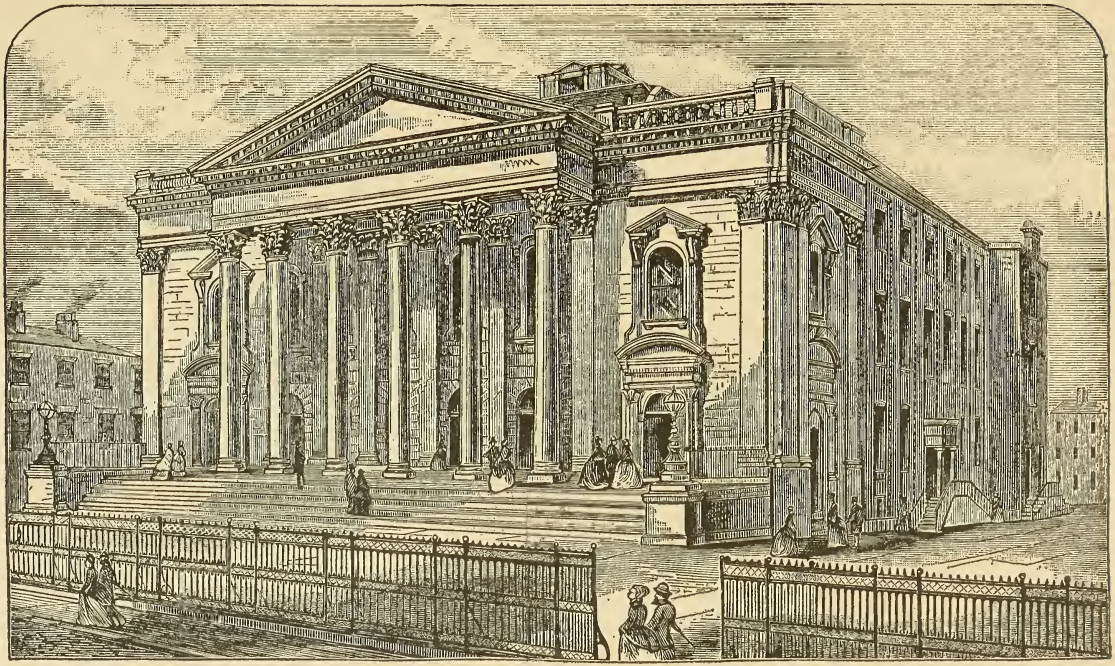
"'Then,' he said, 'I will let you have the £20,000 on the condition that you shall only keep what

you need of it to finish the building. Mark,' said he, 'I do not expect to give more than £50, but you shall have bonds and leases to the full value of £20,000 to fall back upon.' This was royal. I told no one, but the ease of mind this act gave me was of the utmost value. I had quite as much need of faith, for I resolved that none of my friend's money should be touched; but I had no excuse for fear. God was very good to me, but by this act I was recalled from all personal boasting. My friend gave his £50 and no more, and I felt deeply thankful to him for the help which he would have rendered had it been required."

At last, amid boundless rejoicing, the great Tabernacle, capable of holding from 6,000 to 7,000 people, was opened on the twenty-fifth of March, 1861. It cost $137,078.55, and every cent was paid before the first hallelujah was sung. For thirty years Mr. Spurgeon preached in that Tabernacle twice a Sabbath; a record almost unequaled in the history of the modern ministry, if any estimate is taken of the hundreds of thousands of men and women to whom he must have preached. And yet the people never tired of "the old, old story;" nor did the preacher grow weary of the telling.

At the opening of the Tabernacle Mr. Spurgeon's father made the following remarks:

"I always thought my son did wrong in coming to London; now you see that I was wrong. I always thought he was wrong in not going to college. I tried three or four times with him, one



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

night with a dear friend that loved him, but it was no use; he said, 'No, I will never go to college, only in strict obedience to you as a father.' There I left the matter; and I see that God has been with him, though I thought it was a wrong step in him to go to London. And I thought it was a wrong step for me to come here to-night; but perhaps I may be mistaken again. I can tell you it is one of the happiest days of my life. I feel beyond myself when I think of the kindness which has been shown to him when but a youth. I ascribe it all to God's goodness and the earnest prayers of his people. He has been exposed to temptation from every source, and even now, my friends, he is not free from it. You have prayed for him, and God has sustained him. Oh! let me entreat you to continue your prayers. Everyone here to-night, go home and pray for your pastor. A meeting like this is enough to carry a man beyond himself and fill his heart with pride; but the grace of God is all-sufficient."

On the fifth of May, 1879, Mr. Spurgeon celebrated his silver wedding. His friends, who had again and again endeavored in vain to press upon him some substantial token of their regard, insisted that this happy occasion was just the time when they might most appropriately express their love for their pastor and his wife. Accordingly, on the bright May-day of 1879, they presented him with the magnificent sum of $31,244.42. Every penny of this money was devoted to benevolent objects

in connection with his Tabernacle work. Twenty-five thousand dollars were devoted to the endowment of the Tabernacle almshouses.

The generosity of Mr. Spurgeon was proverbial. If he had chosen, he might have been a millionaire; but a millionaire preacher seemed to him to be a strange anomaly. He was able to live with great comfort on the profits of his books; and it is stated, on good authority, that Mr. Spurgeon for many years gave away every penny he received from the Tabernacle to benevolent purposes.

The very last message he sent from his death-bed at Mentone inclosed $500 as a contribution to the general funds of the Tabernacle.

A pleasant memory of one of Mr. Spurgeon's red-letter days demands a moment's thought. It was the nineteenth of June, 1884. If one had been crossing London bridge early on that bright summer morning, he would have fancied that that ancient thoroughfare was more than usually crowded. The tide of traffic was bent southward, and if one had followed the crowds he would soon have found himself at "the Elephant and Castle," and a little further on would have noticed the streams of people from Old Kent road and Westminister and from every quarter pressing their way to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The occasion was the celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's jubilee birthday.

It was a grand occasion, an occasion of which any man might be proud. There, in the fullness of his prime, stood a man, who, by a life of simple

devotion to the cause of God and to the good of his fellowmen, had won for himself such a place in the hearts of all who knew him as to make one feel that the platform of the Tabernacle that summer day was more to be envied than the throne of a king.

Seven thousand people crowded into the spacious house of prayer to offer the pastor their congratulations, and they were but representative of seventy times 7,000 more all over the Christian world, who could not be present in person, though they were there in heart and sympathy.

Members of all religious communities were there; Jews and Greeks, dwellers from all nations under heaven, not forgetting America. The whole world came together to say "God bless you" to this simple-minded man, who made no other claim to this kindly greeting than that he had spent his days in "preaching Christ and Him crucified."

All this time he was busy with his pen preparing and compiling books that will live for generations. Including the weekly sermon, and his many articles in "The Sword and Trowel," Mr. Spurgeon's printed works have probably been more voluminous than the productions of any modern author. The weekly sermon, beginning with the first week of 1855, has completed thirty-six yearly volumes. The average circulation has been maintained at 25,000 weekly. The monthly magazine has also completed twenty-six yearly volvmes. Of the "Treasury of David," in seven 8vo. volumes,

something like 130,000 volumes have been sold. Of "Lectures to my Students" and "Commenting and Commentaries," between 60,000 and 70,000 volumes have been disposed of. Then "John Ploughman's Talk and Pictures" together show a circulation of half a million volumes. The other works are very numerous, all being more or less popular.

Mr. Spurgeon was greatly annoyed some years ago by hints that were made pretty freely to the effect that he was intent on establishing a new denomination bearing his own name. How he viewed this matter the following words will show:

"There is no word in the world so hateful to our heart as that word Spurgeonism, and no thought further from our soul than that of forming a new sect. Our course has been, and we hope ever will be, an independent one; but to charge us with separating from the general organization of the religious world, and even of the Baptist denomination, is to perpetrate an unfounded libel. We preach no new gospel, we desire no new objects, and follow them in no novel spirit. We love Christ better than a sect, and truth better than a party, and so far are not denominational; but we are in open union with the Baptists for the very reason that we cannot endure isolation. He who searches all hearts knows that our aim and object is not to gather a band around self, but to unite a company around the Savior. 'Let my name perish, but let Christ's name last for-

ever,' said George Whitefield; and so has Charles Spurgeon said a hundred times. We aid and assist the Baptist churches to the full extent of our power, although we do not restrict our energies to them alone, and in this those churches are far enough from blaming us. Our joy and rejoicing is great in the fellowship of all believers, and the forming of a fresh sect is work which we leave to the devil, whom it befits far more than ourselves. It is true that it has long been in our power to commence a new denomination, but it is not true that it has ever been contemplated by us or our friends. We desire as much as possible to work with the existing agencies, and when we commence new ones our friends must believe that it is with no idea of organizing a fresh community."

Whether a member of the Peace Society or not Mr. Spurgeon was a strong advocate of the principles of peace. The following vigorous passage is found in an address he issued to the electors of Southwark in the midst of a general election contest. He said: "Great questions are involved in the struggle; never were weightier matters before the nation. * * * Are we to go on invading and slaughtering in order to obtain a scientific frontier and feeble neighbors? How many wars may we reckon on between now and 1886? What quantity of killing will be done in that time, and how many of our weaker neighbors will have their houses burned and their fields ravaged by this Christian nation?"

Paxton Hood, who is no mean authority upon pulpit eloquence, thus speaks of what we have always regarded as one of the wonderful gifts of the orator—his voice:—"Once heard it can never be forgotten; its sweetness, its perfect submission to the will of the speaker, its range, and a somewhat that is peculiar to loving and gracious souls, linger in the heart with an undying charm and force. . . . There can be no doubt that perhaps first, and before all things, the voice counts for much—a voice of astonishing compass—a voice the waves from which roll with astonishing ease over the immense company, full, sweet, and clear—clear and ringing as a bell; a voice like the man and the matter—independent of most nervous impressions and all nervous agitations. It is a clarion of a voice. Other voices of orators have pierced us more—have possessed more accent—have been able to whisper better; but we never knew nor conceived a voice with such thunderous faculty. I have called it a trumpet, and, better still, a bell: it is not a perfect peal, but its tones roll on—there is no exhaustion; the tones are not many, but they are full and sweeping, and they give the idea of a great, fully-informed, and immensely capacious will and nature. Mr. Spurgeon might possess many of his mental attributes, but manifestly this power of being easily heard, of always striking the right pitch, so that he compasses immense assemblies, is one great element of success in holding the attention of masses of people. It is an old idea, and a very

true one, we believe, that the voice is the man; as the voice is, so the soul; a full voice is a full nature. The last achievement of Mr. Spurgeon (in 1867) will be regarded by many as the most wonderful of all in his early but extraordinary career. Whatever the capacities of the Agricultural Hall of Islington may be, and its minimum of 12,000, or its maximum of 20,000 auditors, unquestionably the Church notes in its history very few instances of preachers able to attract and to hold in attention so mighty a mass. True, audiences grow like avalanches, and, as force grows, the means of sustaining force also grow. But the greatest of the preachers the Church has known, such as Chrysostom, Augustine, Hall, Chalmers, or Irving, however the passion of their accents might have been desired, and the majesty or music of their eloquence, would have found themselves as foiled by their own voice as a silver bell on the mast of a vessel in the roar of a storm, in immense masses."

The reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Spurgeon's study Bible was completely worn out. All those who have made good use of their Bibles know that the more a Bible is used the more valuable it becomes. Mr. Spurgeon had the old study Bible, that was interlined and thumb-marked and filled with marginal notes, re-bound. On the fly-leaf of the Bible are these significant lines:

"C. H. Spurgeon, 1856."
"The lamp of my study."
"The light is bright as ever! 1861."
"Oh, that mine eyes were more opened! 1864."
"Being worn to pieces, re-bound 1870. The lantern mended, and the light as joyous to mine eyes as ever!"

CHAPTER V

FROM MENTONE TO NORWOOD: THE LAST OF EARTH

"The Master's approval is the servant's best wages."
—*Alexander Maclaren.*

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won—
Enter thy Master's joy."
—*James Montgomery.*

The death of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, which occurred at Mentone on Sunday evening, January 31, 1892, occasioned unfeigned regret throughout the whole Christian world. He had been a sufferer for many years, and the fact that he wrought so bravely, in season and out of season, in suffering and weakness and exceeding pain, is to his lasting renown. All through the summer of 1891 the saddest fears were entertained, but with the Christmas season and the dawn of the new year there came hope that was destined to be suddenly and rudely blighted.

The funeral of Mr. Spurgeon began at Mentone, in the south of France—whither he had gone, year after year, in search of rest and health—it ended at Norwood; and not often in the history of the world have so many followed a devout man to his burial, "making lamentation over him."

The week-long program of the arrangements for

the burial of Mr. Spurgeon began at Mentone, at noon, Thursday, February 4th. A very simple service was held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, which, a year ago, was opened with a sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon himself. The coffin was placed in front of the rostrum. Round it were grouped a few wreaths, and at the head were two tall palm branches crossed, symbolic of the faithful warrior's victory. Mrs. Spurgeon was still too prostrate from the sense of her loss and the exhaustion of her long season of trial to be present at the service, but she sent the message, "He hath done all things well." Mr. Spurgeon's sister, Mrs. Jackson, and her husband, represented the family, and other mourners were Mr. Harrald, the deceased's secretary, and Mr. Allison, one of the deacons, representing the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and Rev. B. Samuel, representing the Pastors' College.

Rev. R. Somerville, pastor of the Presbyterian church, conducted the service. He said Mr. Spurgeon belonged not alone to the Tabernacle and to England, but to every Christian country.

Rev. M. Delapierre, on behalf of the Protestant churches of France, spoke of the late pastor's interest in those churches. From the first his sermons had been regularly translated, and in their French form had made a lasting impression in that country.

They stood, said Mr. Harrald, in the presence of what men called death, but Mr. Spurgeon would continue to live in the gospel he had preached.

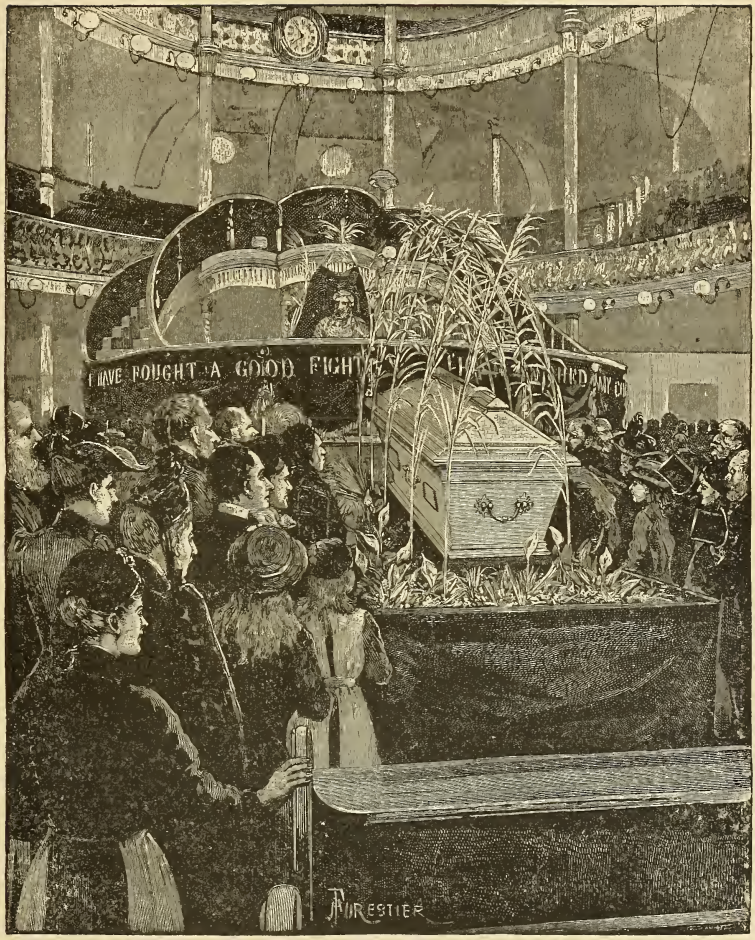
He had fallen on the battle-field, fighting for truth to the last, and was still grasping the sword in his moment of victory. The first letter opened after his death contained a check for £500 for the Stockwell Orphanage.

The remains were conveyed to London and placed on the rostrum of the Tabernacle.

The hold Mr. Spurgeon had on the minds and the hearts of the people was strikingly shown on Tuesday, February 9th, when from seven in the morning till seven at night the Tabernacle was open, and an incessant stream of people passed through to view the coffin. The arrangements were perfect. During the greater part of the day there were hundreds waiting outside for their turn to enter. These were marshaled in *queue* by the police, and were admitted inside the iron gates in batches. Thence they were drafted as rapidly as possible into the Tabernacle by each of the great doors, two by two. Inside each door a deacon stood, counting the never-ceasing files, and other deacons and elders along the aisles urged the people to pass on. Early in the morning many workingmen, some carrying their tools, went to see the coffin of the people's pastor. Later in the day came visitors from every part of London. The South London lines and the omnibus and train companies strengthened their services to accommodate the traffic. In the afternoon, women of the working-class made up a great part of the stream. Many carried babies. They were poorly

dressed, but their faces and their subdued voices showed how they felt the loss.

It was a dull, dark day, with a drizzling rain, and the great Tabernacle, with its vast area and galleries of empty pews, looked very gloomy, notwithstanding that all the lights were lit. One seemed to realize here more than anywhere else the extent of the loss. The Metropolitan Tabernacle without Mr. Spurgeon! It is difficult to imagine it, but the sorrowful fact has to be mastered. As we advance slowly up the aisle, we cannot at first see the coffin for the wreaths in front of it. The rule against flowers has not been inexorably enforced. One very beautiful wreath, sent by the Baptist churches of Belfast, was given the place of honor. It was of white flowers, and was in the shape of a harp with broken strings, surmounted by a sword and trowel. On either side of the coffin were placed a number of the tall palm branches from Mentone, and on the rostrum were other palms. The rostrum, the pulpit, and the front of the gallery were draped with black, having a white border, and in white letters, on the black bordering of the rostrum rails, were the words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Around the front of the upper platform was the inscription: "Remember the words I said unto you, being yet present with you." A marble statuette of Mr. Spurgeon, from the Pastors' College, was placed amid a group of palms on the lower platform, overlook-



THE DEAD PASTOR LYING IN STATE

ing the coffin. It is an excellent likeness of the pastor as he appeared ten years ago. Wistfully the visitors looked at the coffin as they passed it.

A deacon presented to each a copy of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, "S. S.; or, the Sinner Saved," and as they passed out they were invited to give a farewell contribution to the Orphanage and Pastors' College, and very generously they responded. As they left the Tabernacle at the rear, they saw the scaffolding used in the construction of the hydraulic lift that was to have helped the preacher to ascend his pulpit. In the street, to which they emerged, was a long line of men selling photographs and biographies of Mr. Spurgeon. The enumerators counted, during the day, more than 55,000 people who passed through the Tabernacle.

A continued series of services were held by the members of the Tabernacle, the students of the Pastors' College, and the representatives of various Christian denominations took part. The last loving service took place at Norwood cemetery. The bishop of Rochester uttered the final benediction. And now after a life of suffering and toil, he rests in the peaceful city of the dead.

CHAPTER VI

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." —*Isaiah.*

The Pastors' College was one of the first results of that great faculty for organization which was so strong in the pastor of the Tabernacle. It was established in 1856, and from that day to this it has rendered special and invaluable service. It was designed especially to help preachers to preach, not to make scholars and theologians.

Mr. Spurgeon had not been long settled at the Tabernacle before he found himself surrounded by a number of earnest young men who seemed to have caught his spirit, and who, without special invitation, to say nothing of ordination, drifted into the work of preaching. The fire burned and they spoke. They said with the Apostles: "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard."

These free lances of the pulpit found large and eager audiences among the common people, and they were eminently successful in leading men and women to a better life. They were soon known as "Spurgeon's men," or "Tabernacle evangelists."

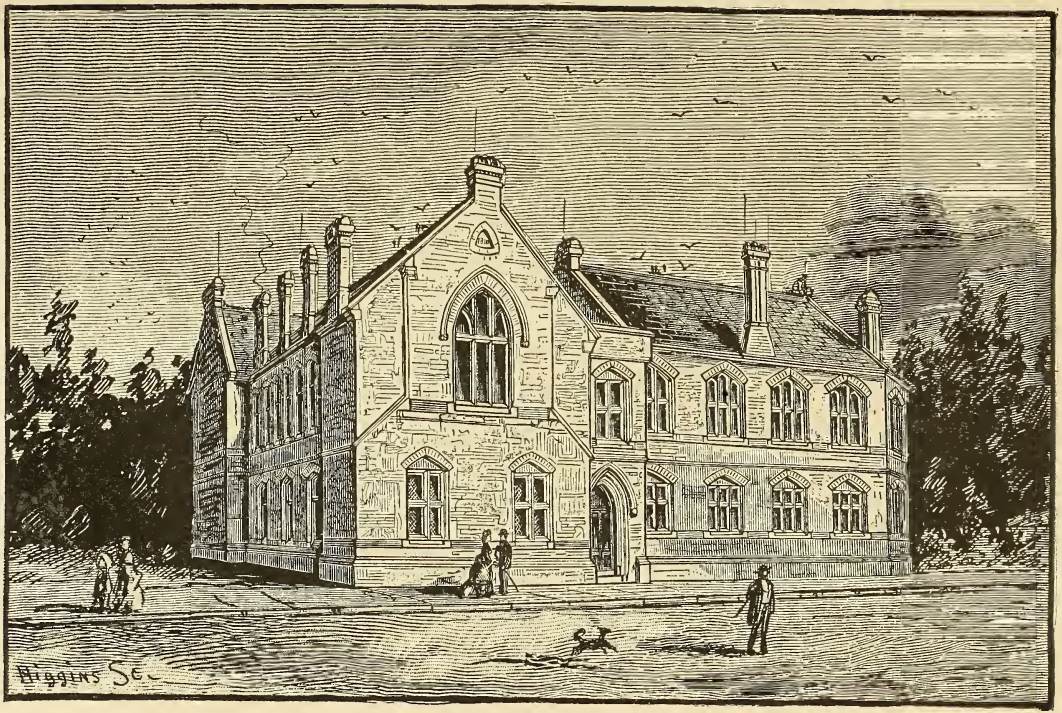
What was to be done? They were, for the most part, rough and uncultivated. Many of them made the grave mistake of trying to imitate Mr. Spurgeon, and crude as these imitations were, they resulted in a certain kind of popularity.

It was this kind of material, just budding into usefulness, that forced upon Mr. Spurgeon the difficult question—what is to be done? The establishment of the Pastors' College was the practical answer to the question. These men were not fitted for the scholarly exposition of the word of God, and never would be. Moreover, there were colleges all over the country especially adapted for the higher kind of education. What was wanted was an institution where these rough-and-ready men could be drilled in the simple rudiments of education, and so fitted for the work of preaching and the discharge of plain pastoral duties. Mr. Spurgeon laid his plans. No candidate could enter his college without the hearty and enthusiastic recommendation of the church of which he was a member; and further, he must give satisfactory proof of his ability to preach.

Mr. Spurgeon thus explains the purpose he had in view in the establishment of the Pastors' College:

"From the commencement our main object was to help men who, from lack of funds, could not obtain an education for themselves. These have been supplied not only with tuition and books, gratis, but with board and lodging, and in some

cases with clothes and pocket-money. Some very successful brethren needed everything, and if they had been required to pay, they must have remained illiterate preachers to this day. Still, year by year, the number of men who are ready to support themselves, in whole or in part, has increased; and I believe that it is increasing, and will increase. As a college, we have had to struggle with a repute based upon falsehood and created by jealousy; but this has not injured us to any great extent, for men come to us from America, Australia, and the Cape, and applications have frequently been made from foreign countries. German students have attended our classes during their own vacations, and members of other colleges are usually to be seen at our lectures. The institution never deserved to be charged with giving a mere apology for an education; and if ever that reproach could have been justly cast upon us, it is utterly undeserved now that the time of study has become more extended, and a fuller course of training has thus become possible. Scholarship for its own sake was never sought, and never will be within the Pastors' College; but to help men to become efficient preachers has been, and ever will be, the sole aim of all those concerned in its management. I shall not, in order to increase our prestige, refuse poor men, or zealous young Christians whose early education has been neglected. Pride would suggest that we take 'a better class of men;' but experience shows that they are not better; that



THE PASTORS' COLLEGE

eminently useful men spring from all ranks, that diamonds may be found in the rough, and that some who need most pains in the polishing, reward our labor a thousandfold. My friends will still stand by me in my desire to aid the needy but pious brother, and we shall rejoice together as we continually see the plowman, the fisherman, and the mechanic taught the way of God more perfectly."

It is needless to say that this institution has been eminently successful. The erection of college buildings came to be a necessity. They were erected at a cost of $75,000, every cent of which was provided. Fifteen thousand dollars of this sum was presented by a widow lady as a tribute to her dead husband, and $10,000 were given as a thank-offering by one who had profited by Mr. Spurgeon's sermons.

Hundreds of churches have been established by the students of the Pastors' College; many thousands of members have been brought in church fellowship, and the exact work Mr. Spurgeon set to do, has been accomplished to an extent beyond all anticipation.

Mr. Spurgeon's addresses to his students contain some of the wisest things he ever said. We present a few selections:

"I am sorry to say that I am made of such ill stuff that my Lord has to chasten me often and sorely. I am like a pen that will not write unless

it be often nibbed, and so I have felt the sharp knife many times; and yet I shall not regret my pains and crosses so long as my Lord will write with me on men's hearts. That is the cause of many ministers' afflictions; they are necessary to our work. You have heard the fable of the raven that wished to drink; but the pitcher had so little water in it that he could not reach it, and therefore he took stone after stone and dropped it into the vessel until the water rose to the brim and he could drink. So little grace is in some men that they need many sicknesses, bereavements, and other afflictions to make their graces available for usefulness. If, however, we receive grace enough to bear fruit without continual pruning, so much the better.

"It is expected of us, brethren, that from this time we rise to a higher point. It is the Lord's due, if we think of what He has done for us. Some of my comrades in arms now before me have gone through battles as hard as any man may wish to fight, and after such success they must never say die. After what the Lord has done for us we must never strike our flag, nor turn our backs in the day of battle. Sir Francis Drake, when it was feared that he would be wrecked in the Thames, said: 'What! Have I been round the world, and am I now to be drowned in a ditch? Not I.' So say I to you, brethren; you have done business in stormy waters, and will you sink in a village pond? We shall not be worse treated than we have been.

We are now in fine fighting trim, for we are hardened by former blows. A great pugilist at Rome was so battered, his nose, eyes, face were so disfigured, that he was always ready to fight, because he said: 'I cannot look worse than I do.' Personally, I am much in the same plight. Men cannot say anything worse of me than they have said. I have been belied from head to foot, and misrepresented to the last degree. My good looks are gone, and none can much damage me now. Some of you have had more to batter you than you are likely to endure again; you have had trial and tribulation, and affliction as heavy as you can have them; and after having stood in the lists so long, surely you are not going to yield and slink away like cowards? God forbid it! God forbid it! God grant, on the contrary, that the elder ones among you may have the pleasure, not only of winning battles for Christ, but of seeing others, who have been saved under your instrumentality, trained to fight better than yourselves for Jesus! I read the other day a story, and with that I will conclude, desiring that I may in spiritual things have the same joy myself, and that it may be the lot of you all. Diagoras, the Rhodian, had in his time won many wreaths at the Olympian games. He had two boys, and he brought them up to the same profession. The day came when his own force abated, and he was no longer able to strive for masteries in his own person; but he went up to the Olympian games with his two sons. He saw the blows they gave and

received, and rejoiced when he discovered that they were both victorious. A Lacedæmonian said to him: 'You may die now, Diagoras;' meaning that the old man might die content, because he had in his own person, and in that of his sons, obtained the highest honors. The old man seemed to feel that it was even so; for when his two sons came and shouldered their father, and carried him through the camp amid the ringing cheers of the great assembly, the old man, flushed with excitement, died under the eyes of the assembled Greeks. It would have been a wiser thing to have lived, for he had a third son who became more renowned than the other two; but he passed away on a wave of victory. Oh, brethren, may you have spiritual children who shall win battles for the Lord, and may you live to see them doing it; then may you say with Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word.'"

* * * * *

"The Berkshire proverb says, 'There be more ways of killing a cat than by choking of him with cream,' and surely some preachers appear to know that there are more ways of wearying a hearer than by surfeiting him with good, sound, creamy doctrine. Oh, for a sermon with something in it! Never mind the finicking with the cooking and the carving; do give us a cut of gospel truth! Alas! we too often get 'Grantham gruel—nine grits and a gallon of water,' and we are expected to praise the stuff because the basin is of rare china. There

is not enough in it to make soup for a grasshopper, and yet we are called upon to go into raptures because what there is of it is soundly evangelical.

"At other times the teaching is rather queer and very muddy, and then they tell us that the parson gives us little doctrine because he is thinking it out and has not yet made up his mind. Verily, 'while the grass grows the steed starves,' and we should be far better off if the Lord would send us some of the old sort of experienced men of God, who knew what they did know, and fed our fathers with knowledge and understanding. Our modern collegians boast of being independent thinkers, and if that means that they are not to be depended on, they are pretty near the mark. They pare down the gospel till, as the Yankees say, it is shaved off finer than the 'small end of nothing.' It is time this nonsense was exploded. Lord Byron said, 'A book's a book, although there's nothing in't!' but country people do not say so of a sermon, and if they did, we are not all bumpkins, and cannot be quite so easily satisfied."

* * * *

"Beloved brethren, if you are filled with love to your work, and love to souls, and love to God, you will gladly endure many self-denials which else would be unbearable. The poverty of our country, brethren, is very trying, and ought by all means to be relieved; but we may well feel proud that so many men are forthcoming who, for the sake of preaching the gospel of Christ, are willing to leave

remunerative callings and endure hardness. Other denominations might pay them better, but they spurn the golden bribe, and remain faithful to Christ and to the ordinances as they were delivered. All honor to those life-long martyrs who put up with sore privations for the sake of Christ and His Church. The devil once met a Christian man, so I have heard, and said to him: 'You call yourself a servant of God. What do you do more than I do? You boast that you fast; so do I; for I neither eat nor drink. You do not commit adultery; neither do I.' The fiend mentioned a long list of sins of which he is incapable, from which he could therefore claim exemption. The saint at last said to him: 'I do one thing which thou never didst; I deny myself.' That is the point in which the Christian comes out; he denies himself for Christ's sake; believing in Jesus, he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. Brethren, do not leave your charges because the stipend is small. Your poor people must be looked after by somebody. Do not despair when times are hard, for they will be better by and by; and meanwhile your heavenly Father knows your needs. We have heard of men who have remained in plague-stricken cities when others fled, because they could be of service to the sick. Abide, then, with your people when work fails them; be as faithful to your God as many a man has been faithful to his philanthropy. If you can anyhow manage to tide over the present dis-

tress, stick to the people. God will help you and reward you if you have faith in Him. May the Lord confirm your confidence, and comfort you in your tribulation!

"Go on, brethren, go on preaching the same gospel; but preach it with more faith, and preach it better every day. Do not draw back; your place is at the front. Qualify yourselves for larger spheres, you that are in little places; but do not neglect your studies to look after better positions. Be prepared for an opening when it comes, and rest assured that the office will come to the man who is fit for the office. We are not so cheap that we need go hawking ourselves in every market; the churches are always on the look-out for really efficient preachers. Men whose fitness for the ministry is doubtful are at a great discount nowadays; but for men of ability and usefulness there is great demand.

"You cannot hide a candle under a bushel, and you cannot keep a really able man in an insignificant position. Patronage is of the smallest importance; fitness for the work, grace, ability, earnestness, and a loving disposition, soon push the man into his place. God will bring His servant into his true position, if he has but faith to trust in Him. I put this word at the tail-end of my address, because I know the discouragements under which you labor. Do not be afraid of hard work for Christ; a terrible reckoning awaits those who have an easy time in the ministry, but a great

reward is in reserve for those who endure all things for the elect's sake. You will not regret your poverty when Christ cometh and calleth His own servants to Him."

* * * * *

"Petrarch's works are said to have lain so long in the roof of St. Mark's at Venice, that they became turned into stone; by what process deponent sayeth not. To many men it might well seem that the Word of God had become petrified, for they receive it as a hard, lifeless creed, a stone upon which to sharpen the daggers of controversy, a stumbling-block for young beginners, a millstone with which to break opponents' heads, after the manner experienced by Abimelech at Thebez. A man must have a stout digestion to feed upon some men's theology—no sap, no sweetness, no life, but all stern accuracy and fleshless definition. Proclaimed without tenderness and argued without affection, the gospel from such men rather resembles a missile from a catapult than bread from a Father's table. Teeth are needlessly broken over the grit of systematic theology, while souls are famishing. To turn stones into bread was a temptation of our Master; but how many of His servants yield readily to the far worse temptation to turn bread into stone! Go thy way, metaphysical divine, to the stone-yard, and break granite for McAdam, but stand not in the way of loving spirits who would feed the family of God with living bread. The inspired Word is to us spirit and

life, and we cannot afford to have it hardened into a huge monolith or a spiritual Stonehenge—sublime but cold, majestic but lifeless; far rather would we have it as our own household book, our bosom companion, the poor man's counselor and friend."

CHAPTER VII

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

"I was a father to the poor. I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." —*Job.*

"The God that answereth by Orphanages let him be God." —*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"I love to have the children feel that there is nothing in this world more attractive, more earnestly to be desired, than manhood in Jesus Christ." —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The most popular of all the institutions with which Mr. Spurgeon's name is associated is the Stockwell Orphanage, an institution whose origin was somewhat romantic.

Mr. Spurgeon was accustomed to the strangest kind of correspondence and one morning in September, 1866, he received a letter that, as he said, took away his appetite for breakfast. A lady, signing herself Mrs. Hillyard, and indicating that she was the widow of a clergyman of the Church of Enlgand, possessed of considerable wealth, wrote that after much thought and prayer she had resolved to place at his disposal, to be used as he thought best for the glory of God, the sum of £20,000; in round numbers $100,000.

Was this another hoax? It was interesting beyond measure to hear Mr. Spurgeon tell this story. Was some poor demented creature gratify-

ing herself by proposing what in her poor sad heart she desired, and would do if she could? Perhaps Mrs. Hillyard, not accustomed to finance, had mistaken the figures, and meant to give £2,000. Even that was a magnanimous gift! The letter begged Mr. Spurgeon to call at his convenience at a given address. Mr. Spurgeon went, with little faith in the outcome of his visit. But he found that this time there was no hoax, but a golden door was thrown wide open for boundless and undreamed-of usefulness.

After much prayer and consultation it was finally resolved that this magnificent gift should be devoted to the education of fatherless boys. It would be impossible to go into all the details of the scheme. Whatever gifts of pulpit eloquence Mr. Spurgeon possessed, they were poor compared with his sagacity in all matters of organization. Great in the pulpit, he was also great in counsel, and the result is that he never put his hand to anything that did not prove a grand success. Failure was a word never heard at the Tabernacle.

When it was decided that Mrs. Hillyard's bequest should be devoted to an orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon was determined on a home-life for these fatherless boys. If there was to be an orphanage, that orphanage should have all the elements of home; and so there were to be separate houses and these boys, grouped together in little families, were to be under the watchful care of some Christian matron. There was to be no promiscuous herd-

ings together; but a system of careful selection was introduced, by which, as far as possible, the boys most suited to be companions were grouped into little families, and were "at home" to a degree that proved perfectly delightful.

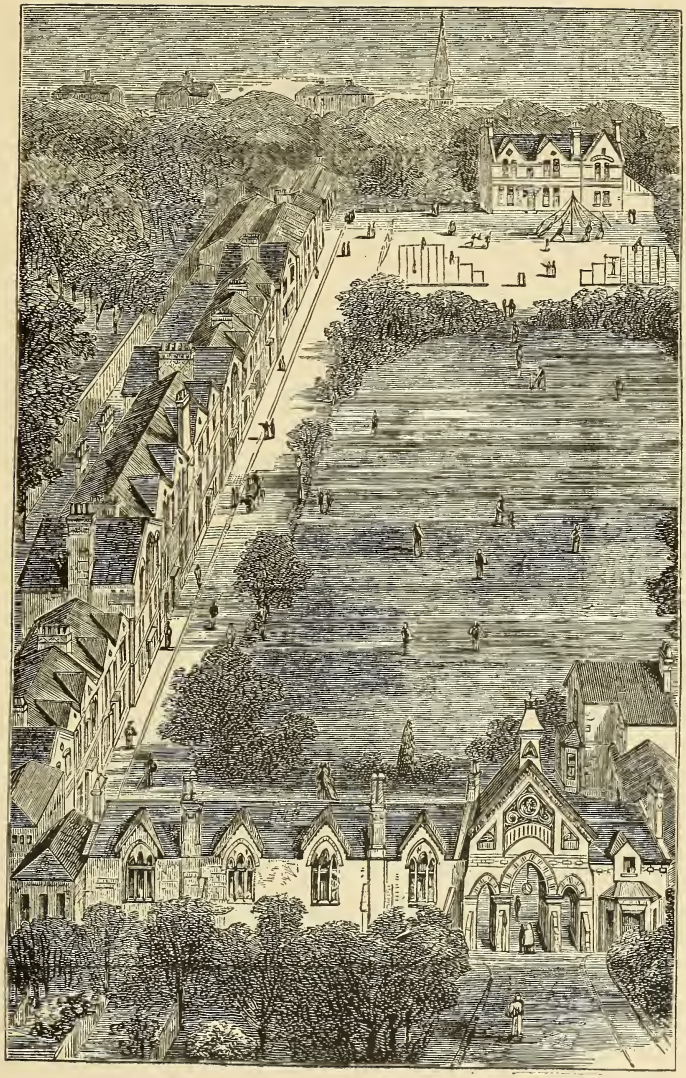
It was not designed to give these orphans a luxurious, easy life, or an elaborate education, but to give them the comforts of a Christian home and plain education in matters that would fit them for the common every-day duties of life. They were not to be made scholars or gentlemen, in the technical sense of those terms. Mr. Spurgeon said what the world wanted was men, and the work of the Stockwell Orphanage was to take these boys who had lost their fathers and make manly fellows of them. There was nothing over-sentimental or ostentatiously religious in the atmosphere of Stockwell. It was a religious home, but there was as little cant in its management as Sanscrit in its schools. Nor were there any denominational preferences in the election of those who were to share its favors. Nothing would have been easier than for Mr. Spurgeon to have made a denominational institution of the orphanage. But Mr. Spurgeon's heart was greater than any creed; in all such matters as this his sympathies were as universal as the sorrows of the great family of suffering humanity. And the fact that of the first 646 boys admitted to Stockwell, 230 were the sons of members of the Church of England, is a fact that proves better than all words what a generous, catholic heart this man possessed.

The sum presented by Mrs. Hillyard formed only the nucleus of a grand endowment. Land was bought in Stockwell and put in trust. Generous souls all over England vied with each other in contributing to this laudable enterprise. The happy home idea made the building of separate houses desirable, and this afforded the opportunity for churches and communities to combine, and one after another the houses went up, and the whole institution soon presented a beautiful and picturesque appearance. There is "A Silver Wedding House," "The Merchant's House," "Testimonial Houses" from the Baptist Union, and the "Workman's House."

Stockwell Orphanage is now one of the lions of religious London. Philanthropists visiting the great city mark it down side by side with the famous Foundlings' Home, as a place not to be missed. But Stockwell, to be seen in all its glory, must be seen on Anniversary Day, or at Christmas, with Mr. Spurgeon in the chair, and the genial Vernon Charlesworth at his right hand. There is a brief meeting, three or four very short talks, aimed specially at the boys, and then the day is given up to merriment. Games of all sorts are enjoyed by the boys, and some of the elder boys who have come to visit, and even reverend boys, with gray hair and venerable looks, forget their years and dignity and join the frolic. Mr. Spurgeon is everywhere, beaming kindness with every look, and inspiring affection with every word.

You will be sure to find him a dozen times in the day by the big swimming bath, with a handful of coppers, pitching them in for the boys to dive for, and laughing at their frantic efforts till tears roll down his cheeks for very gladness. A great crowd of visitors, with their bright, gay summer attire, makes the scene a sort of midsummer day-dream on the southern border of smoky London. But even such days come to an end. The boys are gathered together, a few kindly words are spoken by Mr. Spurgeon, a great cheer for Mr. Charlesworth, a hymn, a short prayer, and the benediction, and then silence reigns over Stockwell.

But Christmas is also a great day at the orphanage. What a dinner for 500 hungry boys! Plum puddings, such a size! And smoking hot! Roast beef and mince pies! And then—for every boy a Christmas gift. A gentleman in the city provides for every boy a small box of figs, another generous soul puts a beautiful orange on every box of figs, and another gentleman, who has something to do with "The old lady in Thread-needle Street," as the Bank of England is sometimes called, puts on the fig-box a bright new shilling, straight from the mint, that has never been in circulation. It is a sight never to be forgotten to stand by Mr. Spurgeon's side in the dining-room of Stockwell Orphanage, on Christmas day. The dinner is served, every boy stands in his place, before him on his plate is his box of figs, his orange, and his "bright, new bob," a blessing is asked, and then,



THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

as quick as a shot from a gun, every boy sits down and begins to do his duty as a gallant young Englishman. For nearly twenty-five years this procession of fatherless boys, now numbering many thousands, has gone on, enjoying these advantages of home-life, these scenes of gladness, and so have been fitted for the duties of life.

The unspeakable blessing this institution has been can never be told. The number of boys who have passed through can be told, and other matters can be tabulated, but the grand results elude all figures. One of the purposes of the management is to find positions in stores and factories, in mills and railroads, for these boys as soon as they are ready for work. And it is not too much to say that there are thousands of young business men in London to-day, and, indeed, all over the country, and in other lands, who are doing well, who are proud to own their indebtedness to "Spurgeon's Orphanage"—as they will persist in calling Stockwell—for the good start in life they received. Some hundreds of these graduates from the orphanage are engaged in the work of the Christian ministry, others are lawyers, some doctors, and a few have risen to prominent positions of public trust. All the Stockwell boys have not turned out as well as could be desired. In such large numbers it could only be that here and there sad cases would arise. But the fewness of these has been quite surprising. We cast our seed into the fruitful soil, but every seed does not grow. The seed

sown by generous hands at Stockwell Orphanage through a whole generation has brought forth a glorious harvest, a harvest that will enrich the world for generations to come.

The unstinted liberality of Mr. Spurgeon's friends in the matter of the orphanage is really wonderful. But the truth is Mr. Spurgeon never asked unwisely for money, and the public soon had such confidence in his judgment in all financial matters that he always got what he asked for. And it should be said that he never once took advantage of that confidence. It cost about $50 a day to provide for the orphanage. Mr. Spurgeon would not go in debt; but sometimes he came very near it. It was not a very uncommon thing to hear him say on Sunday at the Tabernacle: "Beloved! There are only three shots left in the Orphanage locker. It takes £10 a day to keep those hungry boys. This is the Lord's work—and yours." Nothing more was needed. The money always came. The Metropolitan Tabernacle, and all its associate organizations, was quite as grand a financial as a religious success.

John B. Gough, the great Apostle of Temperance, paid a visit to the orphanage, which he thus describes:

"I would like to give you one incident to illustrate the man in his greatness and simplicity. He wished me to visit his Boys' Orphanage at Stockwell. I could go only on Saturday, and his note to me was characteristic:

"'Beloved friend:—Although I never go out on Saturdays—my horses, being under the law and not under grace, keep the seventh-day Sabbath—yet we will arrange to visit,' etc.

"A beautiful day it was, for London, as we rode together, chatting all the way. The history of the orphanage is intensely interesting. The commencement was a sum of $100,000 to Mr. Spurgeon, from a lady, to commence an orphanage for fatherless boys. All the money that has been expended has been raised by voluntary contributions, and the $100,000 is invested as an endowment.

"When we entered the grounds, the boys set up a shout of joy at the sight of their benefactor.

"I asked, 'What are the requirements for admission?'

"He said, 'Utter destitution. Nothing denominational. We have more of the Church of England than of the Baptists. We have Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists—all sorts.'

"After the boys had gone through their gymnastic exercises and military drill, I spoke a few words to them. Mr. Spurgeon was like a great boy among boys.

"He said, 'There are 240 boys—only think! How many pence are there in a shilling?'

"'Twelve.'

"'Right. How many shillings in a pound?'

"'Twenty.'

"'Right. Twelve times twenty, how many?'

"'Two hundred and forty.'

"'That's a penny apiece each boy.'

"'Here, Mr. Charlesworth,' handing him a sovereign, 'give these boys a penny apiece;' when a shrill, hearty hurrah was given, as Mr. Spurgeon turned away with a laugh of keen enjoyment.

"'Will you go to the infirmary? We have an infirmary and quarantine; for sometimes the poor creatures we take in need a good deal of purifying. We have one boy very ill with consumption; he cannot live, and I wish to see him, for he would be disappointed if he knew I had been here and had not seen him.'

"We went into the cool and sweet chamber, and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said:

"'Well, my dear, you have some precious promises in sight all round the room. Now, dear, you are going to die, and you are very tired lying here, and soon will be free from all pain, and you will rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?'

"'He coughed very much.'

"'Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough at night. Do you love Jesus?'

"'Yes.'

"'Jesus loves you. He bought you with His precious blood, and He knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play.

But soon Jesus will take you home, and then He will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad.'

"Then, laying his hand on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said: 'O Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find Thine. Touch him, dear Savior, with Thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in Thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him Thyself as he lies here, and let him see Thee, and know Thee more and more as his loving Savior.'

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Now, dear, is there anything you would like? Would you like a little canary in a cage, to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary to-morrow morning. Good-bye, my dear; you will see the Savior, perhaps, before I shall.'

"I have seen Mr. Spurgeon hold by his power 6,500 persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will."

The last page in the history of Mr. Spurgeon's love for his "dear Stockwell boys" is exceedingly pathetic. Christmas, as has been said, was always a great time at the orphanage. But the Christmas of 1891 was clouded with sad apprehensions

in which even the youngest boys seemed to share. Mr. Spurgeon had gone to Mentone, in the south of France, hoping that the milder climate might bring back his strength, but the hope was feeble, and every day prayers were offered in the orphanage for his recovery. The fact that they were permitted to send a Christmas letter to their absent pastor and friend—for Mr. Spurgeon was regarded as pastor of the orphanage as well as the Tabernacle—was a great joy to the boys and girls at Stockwell, and along with their letter they sent a little flower, which they asked him to be sure and wear on Christmas day, that he might be reminded all day long how dearly they loved him. All their kindness had been anticipated. Mr. Charlesworth, the master of the orphanage, received a letter from Mr. Spurgeon to be read to the boys on Christmas day. It was the last message of love they were ever to receive from him. And, though a little lengthy, we venture to give it here, for it shows the inner heart of this friend of the fatherless. It is worthy in all respects to be placed side by side with Martin Luther's celebrated letter to his son Hans. It breathes the same spirit, it comes from as great a heart.

The Christmas dinner was over, and, in a stillness that seemed strangely sad in such an hour and with such an audience, Mr. Spurgeon's last letter was read. It ran thus:

"MENTONE, December 21, 1891.

"DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

"I send you all my love as far as the post can carry love at two-pence half-penny for an ounce. I wish you a glorious Christmas. I might have said 'A jolly Christmas!' if we had all been boys; but, as some of us are girls, I will be proper and say 'A merry Christmas!' Enjoy yourselves, and feel grateful to the kind friends who find money to keep the Stockwell Orphanage supplied. Bless their loving hearts, they never let you want for anything. May they have pleasure in seeing you all grow up to be good men and women. Feel very grateful also to the trustees. These gentlemen are always at work arranging for your good. Give them three times three. Then there are Mr. Charlesworth, Mr. Ladds, and all the masters and the matrons. Each one of them deserves your love and gratitude and obedience. They try to do you good; try to cheer them all you can. I should like you to have a fine day, such a day as we have here; but, if not, you will be bright and warm indoors. Three cheers for those who give us the good things for this festival! I want you for a moment in the day to be all still and spend the time in thanking our heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus Christ for the great goodness shown to you and to me, and then pray for me, that I may get quite well again. Mrs. Spurgeon and I both send our love to all the Stockwell family.

"Yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Once a year, on Mr. Spurgeon's birthday, a festival is held in the Orphanage grounds, at which large offerings are brought by many friends. It has been our privilege to attend many of these gatherings, and in one house at least this *fete* is always a day of joy, anticipated with pleasure, and enjoyed most thoroughly.

Before leaving this subject, we may mention the fact that recently Mr. Charlesworth and a band of the orphans have visited most of the chief towns in the United Kingdom. They give a hand-bell entertainment, which is interspersed with recitations. The author ventures to suggest that Christian churches might materially assist this most beneficent design by inviting Mr. Charlesworth and his band to plead the cause of this institution. From the experience of more than one visit, the writer can testify to the delight with which the public appreciate the efforts of the boys.

The unsectarian character of this institution will be seen when the following table is examined. It will be especially noticed, that stanch as Mr. Spurgeon is in his own beliefs—and he is most intensely a Baptist—the Stockwell Orphanage is not a *sectarian* institution.

THE RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF THE PARENTS OF THE ORPHANS

Church of England	585
Baptist	387
Congregational	160

Wesleyan	140
Presbyterian	28
Brethren	9
Roman Catholic	3
Moravian	2
Bible Christian	2
Society of Friends	2
Salvation Army	1
Not specified	194

In later years girls have been admitted to this institution. Mr. Spurgeon exercised a great deal of careful thought on this subject. In this matter, as all others that he deemed important, he was never impulsive. And to some ardent spirits, who thought him now and again a little tardy, he had one reply that admitted of no argument: "Thus saith the Lord, the righteous shall not make haste."

Of Mr. Spurgeon, more than of most men, it may be said: "He made haste slowly, and therefore surely." For some years the girls have shared with the boys the advantages of Stockwell. The experiment was tried as an experiment and has proved a success.

MR. SPURGEON'S PARABLE OF HIS WIFE

I saw in my dream a man worn and weary with working the handle of a pump, from which no water came. Hard by was his garden, and all the flowers and plants were pining for water, but he had none to give them. Then I saw a woman coming toward him, bearing a pitcher of water. She stopped and spoke cheerily to the weary one; and anon she smilingly poured the contents of her pitcher down the pump, and immediately it began to work, and pour forth waters of its own. How the husbandman blessed her!

CHAPTER VIII

MRS. SPURGEON

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."
—*Solomon.*

"The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the saddest tears
Have holiest ministries."
—*Josiah G. Holland.*

Under ordinary circumstances this tribute to the memory of Mr. Spurgeon would have been completed without any reference to those sacred relations which constitute a sanctuary into which no stranger should intrude. But the circumstances are special, and demand a reference, however brief. Mrs. Spurgeon has been for a quarter of a century a greater sufferer than her late husband. Through all those years of pain and seclusion, she was able to minister greatly by her sympathy to the fullness and gentleness of Mr. Spurgeon's character and work. She was "the still, small voice" ever at his side, so strong to soothe, to comfort and encourage, when "the heart failed and the hands of his arms grew feeble." None will ever know how much the strong man owed, even in his strongest hours, to the tender ministries of the quiet sufferer.

In later years, a door of practical usefulness opened, and from her sick chamber Mrs. Spur-

geon was enabled to take charge of a Book Fund, by which the sparse libraries of hundreds of poor ministers and students were increased. This work was touched with the spirit of romantic success that seemed to mark all the work connected, nearly or remotely, with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. What manner of woman Mrs. Spurgeon is, may be gathered from a single incident, which she describes with tender pathos:

"A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cozy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the Hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, 'Why does my Lord thus deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?' These fretful questions were quickly answered, and, though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For a while silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little, clear, musical note, like the tender trill of

MRS. SPURGEON

a robin beneath my window. 'What *can* that be?' I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; 'surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night.' We listened, and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, 'It comes from the log on the fire!' and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah, thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds, were it not for the fire which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him, and cheerful compliance with His will. 'As I mused the fire burned,' and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me. Singing in the

fire. Yes. God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before."

To the early home where the boys were born and reared Mrs. Spurgeon became greatly attached. And when the time came to leave Nightingale Lane for Westwood, she wrote in the following strain of the dear old home:

"The heart yearns over a place endeared by an intimate acquaintance of twenty-three years, and full of happy or solemn associations. Every nook and corner, both of house and garden, abounds with sweet or sorrowful memories, and the remembrance of manifold mercies clings like a rich tapestry to the walls of the desolate rooms. On this spot nearly a quarter of a century of blissful wedded life has been passed, and, though both husband and wife have been called to suffer severe physical pain and months of weakness within its boundary, our home has been far oftener a 'Bethel' to us than a 'Boachim.' The very walls might cry out against us as ungrateful, did we not silence them by our ceaseless thanksgiving; for the Lord has here loaded us with benefits, and consecrated every inch of space with tokens of His great loving-kindness. The sun of His goodness has photographed every portion of our dear home upon our hearts, and though other lights and shadows must be reflected there in coming days, they can never obliterate the sweet images which grateful memory

will jealously preserve. Tender remembrances will render indelible the pictures of the sick-chamber, which so many times had almost been the gate of heaven to our spirit; the little room tenderly fitted up by a husband's careful love, and so often the scene of a scarcely hoped-for convalescence; the study, sacred to the pastor's earnest work, and silent witness of wrestlings and communings known only to God and his own soul. In this room," adds Mrs. Spurgeon, "by desire of the incoming tenants, has been placed the following inscription, written by Mr. Spurgeon:

" ' Farewell, fair room! I leave thee to a friend!
Peace dwell with him, and all his kin.
May angels evermore the house defend,
Their Lord hath often been within.'"

The following lines from Mrs. Spurgeon's pen admit us into the inner sanctuary of the home:

"For some time past it has been the dear pastor's custom, as soon as the texts for the Lord's-day's services have been given by the 'Master,' to call me into the study, and permit me to read the various commentaries on the subject-matter in hand. Never was occupation more delightful, instructive and spiritually helpful. My heart has often burned within me as the meaning of some passage of God's Word has been opened up, and the hidden stores of wisdom and knowledge have been revealed; or when the marrow and fatness of a precious promise or doctrine has been spread like a dainty banquet before my admiring eyes. Shall I ever forget those solemn evenings, when the

sufferings of the Lord Jesus were the theme of tearful meditation? When, with love and grief our heart dividing, we followed Him through the night on which He was betrayed, weeping like the daughters of Jerusalem, and saying, 'There never was sorrow like unto this sorrow;' or the more rapturous time when the exceeding riches of His grace was to be the topic for the morrow, and we were fairly bewildered by the inexhaustible treasures of love and grace to be found in that fair 'land of Havilah, where there is gold!'

"Then come delightful pauses in my reading, when the book is laid down, and I listen to the dear voice of my beloved as he explains what I cannot understand, or unfolds meanings which I should fail to see, often condensing into a few clear, choice sentences whole pages of those discursive old divines in whom he delights, and pressing from the gathered thoughts all the richest nectar of their hidden sweetness. Thus a poor prisoner has the first sip of the wines on the lees, well refined, the first morsel from the loaves with which the thousands are to be fed and refreshed on the morrow. How can I sufficiently thank God for this drink of the brook by the way, this holy place within my home, where I find the Lord deigns to meet with me, and draw out my heart in adoration and worship? Lord, I bless and praise Thee, that thus Thou hast most blessedly fulfilled Thine own words, 'I will not leave you comfortless. I will come unto you.'"

CHAPTER IX

EPISODES AND ANECDOTES

"Variety is the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavor."
—*William Cowper.*

"Life is arched with changing skies;
Rarely are they what they seem;
Children we, of smiles and sighs—
Much we know, but more we dream."
—*William Winter.*

Every history has its romance, every life its laughter and its tears. There are episodes in every human story full of interest, and anecdotes full of charm. In Mr. Spurgeon's life these abounded. Many thousands who love the very name of the great preacher will be glad to read every anecdote, and learn every detail of his busy life; not because they are curious, but because every memory of him is a priceless treasure.

MR. KNILL'S PROPHECY CONCERNING MR. SPURGEON

The story of Mr. Knill prophesying when Mr. Spurgeon was only a boy that he would live to be a great preacher, has been often referred to somewhat critically. In the last book Mr. Spurgeon wrote he gives the following detailed account of the matter:

"The story of Mr. Knill's prophesying that I

should preach the gospel in Rowland Hill's Chapel, and to the largest congregations in the world, has been regarded by many as a legend, but it was strictly true. Mr. Knill took the county of Essex in the year 1844, and traversed the region from town to town, as a deputation for the London Missionary Society. In the course of that journey he spent a little time at Stambourne parsonage. In his heart burned the true missionary spirit, for he sought the souls of young and old, whenever they came in his way. He was a great soul winner, and he soon spied out the boy. He said to me, 'Where do you sleep? For I want to call you up in the morning.' I showed him my little room, and he took good note of it. At six o'clock he called me up. There stood in my grandfather's garden two arbors made of yew trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. Though the old manse has given way to a new one, and the old chapel has gone also, yet the yew trees flourish as aforetime. We went into the right-hand arbor, and there, in the sweetest way, he told me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting in him and loving him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he prayed that I might know the Lord and serve him. He knelt down in that arbor and prayed for me with his arms about my neck. He did not seem content unless I kept with him in the interval between the services. He heard my childish talk

with patient love, and repaid it with gracious instruction. On three successive days he taught me and prayed with me, and before he had to leave, my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family were gathered to morning prayer. Then, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knee, and said, 'This child will one day preach the gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where (I think he said) I am now the minister.' He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave me sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn

> " 'God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.' "

"I was made to promise that when I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel that hymn should be sung. Think of that as a promise from a child! Would it ever be other than an idle dream? Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher was engaged to deliver the annual sermon to children in Surrey Chapel; but, as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children in his stead. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will, if you will allow the children to sing, "God moves in a mysterious way." I have made a promise long ago that that hymn should be sung.' And so it was. I preached in Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the hymn was sung. My emo-

tions on that occasion I cannot describe, for the word of the Lord's servant was fulfilled. Still I fancy that Surrey was not the chapel which Mr. Knill intended. How was I to go to the country chapel? All unsought by me, the minister at Wotton-under-Edge, which was Mr. Hill's summer residence, invited me to preach there. I went on the condition that the congregation should sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way'—which was also done. To me it was a very wonderful thing, and I no more understood at that time how it came to pass than I understand to-day why the Lord should be so gracious to me."

MR. SPURGEON AND HIS GRANDFATHER TAKE TURNS AT PREACHING A SERMON

Mr. Spurgeon always rejoiced that he and all his house were faithful to the doctrines of grace. One of his favorite texts was from Paul's epistle to the Ephesians: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Not once or twice or thrice, but a thousand times and more, has Mr. Spurgeon preached from this text. One of these occasions is marked by a unique order that must have been highly interesting to those present. But Mr. Spurgeon shall tell the story in his own words: "Within the circle of these words 'By grace are ye saved,' my theology is contained, so far as it refers to the salvation of men. I rejoice also to remember that those of my family who were ministers of Christ

before me preached this doctrine, and none other. My father, who is still able to bear his personal testimony for his Lord, knows no other doctrine, neither did his father before him.

"I am led to remember this by the fact that a somewhat singular circumstance, recorded in my memory, connects this text with myself and my grandfather. It is now long years ago. I was announced to preach in a growing country town in the eastern counties. It does not often happen to me to be behind time, for I feel that punctuality is one of those little virtues which may prevent great sins. But we have no control over railways and break-downs; and so it happened that I reached the appointed place at Haverhill considerably behind time. Like sensible people, they had begun their worship, and had proceeded as far as the sermon. As I neared the chapel, I perceived that someone was in the pulpit preaching, and who should the preacher be but my dear and venerable grandfather! He saw me as I came in at the front door and made my way up the aisle, and at once he said, 'Here comes my grandson! He may preach the gospel better than I can, but he cannot preach a better gospel; can you, Charles?' As I made my way through the throng, I answered, 'You can preach better than I can. Pray go on.' But he would not agree to *that*. I must take the sermon, and so I did, going on with the subject there and then, just where he left off. 'There,' said he, 'I was preaching on "For by grace are ye

saved." I have been setting forth the source and fountain-head of salvation; and I am now showing them the channel of it, "through faith." Now, you take it up, and go on.' I am so much at home with these glorious truths, that I could not feel any difficulty in taking from my grandfather the thread of his discourse, and joining my thread to it, so as to continue without a break. Our agreement in the things of God made it easy for us to be joint-preachers of the same discourse. I went on with 'through faith,' and then I proceeded to the next point, 'and that not of yourselves.' Upon this I was explaining the weakness and inability of human nature, and the certainty that salvation could not be of ourselves, when I had my coat-tail pulled, and my well-beloved grandsire took his turn again. When I spoke of our depraved human nature, the good old man said, 'I know most about that, dear friends;' and so he took up the parable, and for the next five minutes set forth a solemn and humbling description of our lost estate, the depravity of our nature, and the spiritual death under which we were found. When he had said his say in a very gracious manner, his grandson was allowed to go on again, to the dear old man's great delight; for now and then he would say, in a gentle tone, 'Good! Good!' Once he said, 'Tell them that again, Charles,' and of course I did tell them *that* again. It was a happy exercise to me to take my share in bearing witness to truths of such vital importance, which are so deeply im-

pressed upon my heart. While announcing this text I seem to hear that dear voice, which has been so long lost to earth, saying to me, 'TELL THEM THAT AGAIN.' I am not contradicting the testimony of forefathers who are now with God. If my grandfather could return to earth, he would find me where he left me, steadfast in the faith, and true to that form of doctrine which was once for all delivered to the saints.

"I preach the doctrines of grace because I believe them to be true; because I see them in the Scriptures; because my experience endears them to me; and because I see the holy result of them in the lives of believers. I confess they are none the less dear to me because the advanced school despises them; their censures are to me a commendation. I confess also that I should never think the better of a doctrine because it was said to be 'new.' Those truths which have enlightened so many ages appear to me to be ordained to remain throughout eternity. The doctrine which I preach to you is that of the Puritans; it is the doctrine of Calvin, the doctrine of Augustine, the doctrine of Paul, the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. The Author and Finisher of our faith himself taught most blessed truth which well agreed with our text. The doctrine of grace is the substance of the testimony of Jesus."

THE MESSAGE ON MIDSUMMER COMMON

The pastor of the Tabernacle was a Puritan in

heart, in method, and often in experience. It was no uncommon thing for Cromwell and Bunyan and George Fox to hear, or seem to hear, voices in the important periods of their history, urging them along the path they ought to tread. Such an experience Mr. Spurgeon describes as occurring in connection with the important question of a collegiate education. He too, heard, or seemed to hear, a voice. He says:—

"Still holding to the idea of entering the collegiate institution, I thought of writing and making an immediate application; but this was not to be. That afternoon, having to preach at a village station, I walked slowly, in a meditating frame of mind, over Midsummer Common to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton, and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed to me to be a loud voice, but which may have been a singular illusion: whichever it was, the impression it made on my mind was most vivid. I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!' This led me to look at my position from a different point of view, and to challenge my motives and intentions. I remembered my poor but loving people to whom I ministered, and the souls which had been given me in my humble charge; and although at that time I anticipated obscurity and poverty as the result of the resolve, yet I did there and then renounce the offer of collegiate instruction, determining to abide for a season, at least,

with my people, and to remain preaching the Word so long as I had strength to do it. Had it not been for those words, I had not been where I am now. Although the ephod is no longer worn by a ministering priest, the Lord guides His people by His wisdom, and orders all their paths in love; and in times of perplexity, by ways mysterious and remarkable, He says to them: 'This is the way; walk ye in it.'"

MR. SPURGEON IN THE COLISEUM

Mr. Spurgeon was quite a favorite speaker on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this great work he was heart and soul with the Church of England. On one of these occasions he prefaced his address by relating an incident which occurred to him three years previously, which is as follows. Sitting in the Coliseum at Rome with two or three friends, he said:

"Is it not glorious to look at this old ruin and see how Christ has conquered here; how all these ruins tell what desolations He hath made in the earth; how He breaketh the bow and scattereth the spear in sunder? So I said, 'Let us have a tune,' and we sang the verse,—

> " 'Jesus' tremendous name
> Has put our foes to flight;
> Jesus, the meek, the humble lamb,
> A lion is in fight.'

Up came two strangers, and said, 'What is that you are singing? Let us join you.' One was an American and the other an English clergyman, and we sang together the next verse,—

" 'By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We still to conquer go.'

And so we shall mark our track by the ruin of our adversaries; they shall only be remembered by the place which they once inhabited, which shall be a desolation and the habitation of the bittern for ever and ever."

THE CABMAN AND THE NEW TESTAMENT

"I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare, he said: 'A long time since I drove you last, sir!' 'But,' said I, 'I do not recollect you!' 'Well,' he said, 'I think it is fourteen years ago; but,' he said, 'perhaps you will know this Testament!' pulling one out of his pocket. 'What,' I said, 'did I give you that?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before, and I have never forgotten it.' 'What,' said I, 'haven't you worn it out?' 'No,' he said, 'I would not wear it out; I have had it bound!'—and he had kept it very carefully indeed."

HOW THE APPLE GOT INTO THE BOTTLE

We remember well, in our early days, seeing upon our grandmother's mantel-shelf an apple contained in a phial. This was a great wonder to us, and we tried to investigate it. Our question was, 'How came the apple to get inside so small a bot-

tle?' The apple was quite as big round as the phial: by what means was it placed within it? Though it was treason to touch the treasures on the mantel-piece, we took down the bottle, and convinced our youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck; and, by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom, we became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below. We held to the notion that by some occult means the bottle had been made in two pieces, and afterward united in so careful a manner that no trace of the join remained. We were hardly satisfied with the theory, but, as no philosopher was at hand to suggest any other hypothesis, we let the matter rest. One day the next summer we chanced to see upon a bough another phial, the first cousin of our old friend, within which was growing a little apple which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. 'Nature well known, no prodigies remain;' the grand secret was out. We did not cry, '*Eureka! Eureka!*' but we might have done so if we had then been versed in the Greek tongue.

"This discovery of our juvenile days shall serve for an illustration at the present moment. Let us get the apples into the bottle while they are little: which, being translated, signifies, let us bring the young ones into the house of God, by means of the Sabbath school, in the hope that in after days they will love the place where His honor dwelleth, and there seek and find eternal life. By our mak-

ing the Sabbath dreary, many young minds may be prejudiced against religion. We would do the reverse. Sermons should not be so long and dull as to weary the young folk or mischief will come of them; but with interesting preaching to secure attention, and loving teachers to press home the truth upon the youthful heart, we shall not have to complain of the next generation."

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

"In this best parlor grandfather would usually sit on Sunday mornings, and prepare himself for preaching. I was put into the room with him that I might be quiet, and, as a rule, 'The Evangelical Magazine' was given me. This contained a portrait of a reverend divine, and one picture of a mission-station. Grandfather often requested me to be quiet, and always gave as a reason that I 'had the magazine.' I did not at the time perceive the full force of the argument to be derived from that fact; but no doubt my venerable relative knew more about the sedative effect of the magazine than I did. I cannot support his opinion from personal experience. Another means of stilling 'the child' was much more effectual. I was warned that perhaps grandpa would not be able to preach if I distracted him, and then—ah, then what would happen, if poor people did not learn the way to heaven? This made me look at the portrait and the missionary-station once more. Little did I dream that some other child would

one day see my face in that wonderful Evangelical portrait-gallery."

HOW MR. SPURGEON FIRED ALL HIS GUNS AT SEVEN PEOPLE

"I was invited a good many years ago to preach at Isleham in Cambridgeshire. My brother Aldis, I think it was, preached in the afternoon, and I was to preach in the evening. The people at Isleham had such a belief that I should draw a congregation that they went and borrowed the biggest chapel in the place. I shall never forget it, because I preached that morning at eleven o'clock to seven persons. That was all I had, and I remember that I told them it reminded me of the ducks. Did you ever see ducks go through a door? You never did see a duck go through a door without ducking his head. They will do it even when they go through a barn door. The door may be twenty feet high, but a duck never goes through without putting his head down, for fear he might possibly hit the top of the door. So I said, 'You were so afraid of your place being overcrowded that you borrowed that big place for seven people.' I preached that morning, and the brother who preached in the afternoon said to me, 'I can't think how you did it. You were as earnest and preached as well as if you had had the place full.' Yes, I thought that it was the only chance of getting it full in the evening when I had to preach again. So I thought I would just lay all my guns out and fire

away with these few people. In the afternoon we had a very decent audience of perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty, but when I preached at night there was not standing room in the place."

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE"

On the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of January, 1882, a great bazaar was held in the lecture hall of the Tabernacle, which in three days realized the sum of £2,000 for the Girls' Orphanage. At the opening of this bazaar, Mr. Spurgeon, in the course of his speech, said, "When I was in Paris a short time since, I saw no end of things—a whole Palais Royale full of gewgaws and decorations. The only article I bought was a rat-trap. I happen to have some rats, and I saw quite a new sort of trap there, which the English rats don't know. I bought it out of love for them, and I hope they will find it useful. Doubtless you may all manage to buy here something that may be useful to you, and if you buy an article that is not useful, put it out of sight. We don't want to sell anything that is not worth the money paid for it; for we think that such should not be the case when the object is to benefit orphan children. When you leave here, you need not be in the plight of the gentleman who was met by footpads on his way home. 'Your money or your life,' demanded one of them. 'My dear fellow, I have not a farthing about me. Do you know where I have been?' asked the gentleman. 'I have been to a bazaar.' 'Oh, if you've

been to a bazaar, we should not think of taking any money from you. We'll make a subscription all round, and give you something to help you home.' That is a bazaar as it ought not to be."

MR. SPURGEON AND THE SAILORS

"I venture to think," says Mr. Mathews of the Sailors' Home, "the Metropolitan Tabernacle had more sailors and sailor workers to this service than ever before. The good manager of the Sailors' Home sent up two wagon-loads, while Miss Macpherson's lady friends marched at the head of a splendid column of hardy, well-dressed sailors. Very few ports of the world were unrepresented, while captains, officers, and missionaries helped to fill the first gallery. Much prayer had been offered and enthusiasm awakened by Mr. Spurgeon having promised to preach a sailors' sermon. At seven he came down to his quarter-deck looking careworn and overworked, as though he had been watching a week in the Channel. But as he looked at his crew on the starboard and port sides inspiration came, and the buoyancy of his spirit returned.

"The intercessory prayer for those at sea and those on shore waiting for missing ships, led many hearts to the throne of grace. As to the sermon, having graduated in God's university, the sea, with wind and wave, rock and sand, sun and star, for my professors, I would, as a qualified judge, pronounce it A 1 at Lloyd's. It was simply first-rate, and worthy of the great preacher and his glorious theme, 'The sea is His, and He made it.'"

THE COMFORTABLY MISERABLE

"I once had a letter from one who told me that he came to the Tabernacle, but as soon as he entered he felt it could not be the house of God because there were so many present, and 'strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' When he looked at me he felt sure that I was unsound, for I should not look so cheerful in the face, neither should I be so bulky in person, if I belonged to the tried people of God. Worst of all, when he looked round upon the congregation and saw their happy countenances, he said to himself: 'These people know nothing about the depravity of their hearts or the inward struggles of believers.' Then he informed me that he wended his way to a very small chapel, where he saw a minister who looked as if he had been in the furnace, and though there were but eight persons present, they all looked so depressed that he felt quite at home. I suppose he sat down and sang:—

" 'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
From everything like bliss.' "

"I felt glad that the good man was enabled to enjoy a little comfortable misery with his brethren. I did not feel at all envious; nor do I think that such a ministry of misery will ever draw to itself a number that no man can number. The children of light prefer the joy of the Lord, for they find it to be their strength."

HOW THREE SINNERS KEPT THE GARDEN

Mr. Spurgeon loved his garden. His fancies were as charming as the exotics themselves. His sallies in the garden were sometimes inimitable. "Are you ever troubled by these sinless people?" he said to me one day. "We have a nest of them here, and the craze had got in among the gardeners. I called up my three gardeners on Saturday week, and said to them, 'I have been observing you for some time. You come late and go early, and, in the interval, you spoil my shrubs. I don't want your services any more. I will have my garden attended to by sinners for the future.'" And he added quietly, "I have now three sinners, and they are doing my garden beautifully."

"I'M GLAD YOU DID NOT TRY IT ON ANY OF THE DEACONS"

"I was a member of the church at Newmarket when I first joined the church, and was afterward transferred to the church at Cambridge, one of the best in England. I attended for three Lord's days at the communion, and nobody spoke to me. I sat in a pew with a gentleman, and when I got outside I said, 'My dear friend, how are you?'

"He said, 'You have the advantage of me; I don't know you.'

"I said, 'I don't think I have, for I don't know you. But when I came to the Lord's table and partook of the memorials of His death, I thought you were my brother, and I thought I would speak to you.'

"I was only sixteen years of age, and he said, 'Sweet simplicity!'

"'Oh, is it true, sir?' I said; 'is it true?'

"He said, 'It is; but I am glad you did not try it on any of the deacons.' He asked me home to tea.

"I said I could not come that day; and he said, 'Come next Sunday, if you like.' I agreed, and for three years I was often in his house.

THE TEXT IN THE SHOEMAKER'S WINDOW

"In the year 1854, when I had scarcely been in London twelve months," says Mr. Spurgeon, "the neighborhood was visited by Asiatic cholera, and my congregation suffered from its inroads. Family after family summoned me to the bedside of the smitten, and almost every day I was called to visit the grave. I gave myself up with youthful ardor to the visitation of the sick, and was sent for from all corners of the district by persons of all ranks and religions. I became weary in body and sick at heart. My friends seemed falling one by one, and I felt or fancied that I was sickening like those around me. A little more work and weeping would have laid me low among the rest. I felt that my burden was heavier than I could bear, and I was ready to sink under it. As God would have it, I was returning mournfully home from a funeral, when my curiosity led me to read a paper which was wafered up in a shoemaker's window in the Dover Road. It did not look like a trade an-

nouncement, nor was it; for it bore in a good bold handwriting these words: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.' The effect upon my heart was immediate. Faith appropriated the passage as her own. I felt secure, refreshed, girt with immortality. I went on with my visitation of the dying in a calm and peaceful spirit; I felt no fear of evil, and I suffered no harm. The Providence which moved the tradesman to place those verses in his window I gratefully acknowledge, and in the remembrance of its marvelous power I adore the Lord my God."

"WHAT A COSTER HE'D A MADE"

Mr. Spurgeon took a great fancy to those peripatetic venders of vegetables with which London and its suburbs abound, known as "costermongers." They are a merry, witty race of hearty good fellows, very sensitive to any sign of kindness. Mr. Spurgeon invited the costermongers of South London to a supper in the school-room of the Tabernacle, after which he gave them one of his characteristic addresses, finding in their peculiar calling ample illustrations of the truths he tried to enforce. One of this fraternity, talking of the meeting afterward, seemed to think that in Mr. Spurgeon their particular profession had lost a brilliant member.

"Wot a woice he's got! I never!" observed the

admiring costermonger. "Wot a woice! I tell yer, he'd a made a wery fine coster he would, and no bloomin' error!"

Mr. Spurgeon's voice was indeed a charm, and the common people heard it gladly.

SPURGEON'S JOKE WITH THE PLYMOUTH BROTHER

In the year 1880 Mr. Spurgeon took a very active part in politics, to the surprise of many of his more sedate brethren. He tells the following story of this period:

"I had to preach for my good old friend John Offord, who was half a Plymouth brother and half a Baptist. I said to him, 'I should have been here half an hour sooner, only I stopped to vote.'

"'My dear friend,' he said, 'I thought you were a citizen of the New Jerusalem, and not of this world.'

"'So I am,' I replied, 'but I have an old man in me yet, and he is a citizen of the world.'

"'But you ought to mortify him.'

"'So I do, for he's an old Tory and I make him vote Liberal.'"

THE TEXT, THE SERMON, AND THE SMALL-POX

As a sermonizer Mr. Spurgeon belonged to the old school, and he was sometimes a little severe on the method of making a sermon a religious essay that had very little to do with the text. He wanted the sermon to be always an elucidation of the text. On one occasion a student who had just delivered

himself of one of these ornate essays, shorn of the old-fashioned "firstly, secondly and thirdly," and having little to do with the text, which had been used simply as a motto, asked Mr. Spurgeon for a candid criticism. There was little need to ask him to be candid, he was sure to be that.

"Well," said Mr. Spurgeon, "your sermon was good and thoughtful, and safe, perfectly safe!"

"Safe!" replied the student, "I don't quite understand you, about the sermon being safe."

"Oh, well, I mean this," was the answer, "your sermon had so little to do with your text, that if the text had had the small-pox, the sermon would not have caught it."

MR. SPURGEON A MATCH FOR THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS

In the year 1885 Mr. Spurgeon was passing from France to Italy. When he reached the border the fussy Italian agents wanted to seize some fruit he had in his possession. A smile stole over Mr. Spurgeon's face. He knew it was utterly in vain to argue the point with them, and so he quietly withdrew three or four paces into French territory and, sitting down on his baggage, quietly ate the fruit in full view of the officials, who could do nothing but grind their teeth and use the choicest Italian.

HOW THE BOY SPURGEON KILLED OLD RHODES

One of the members of the church at Stambourne, named Rhodes, was in the habit of fre-

quenting the public-house, greatly to the grief of his pastor. Little Charles had doubtless noticed his grandfather's sorrow on this account, and laid it to heart. One day he suddenly exclaimed, in the hearing of Mr. Spurgeon, "I'll kill old Rhodes, that I will!" "Hush! hush! my dear," said his grandfather, "you mustn't talk so; it's very wrong, you know, and you'll get taken up by the police if you do anything wrong." "Oh, but I shall not do anything bad; but I'll kill him though, that I will." The good grandfather was puzzled, but yet perfectly sure that the child would not do anything which he knew to be wrong, so he let it pass with some half-mental remark about "that strange child." Shortly after, however, the above conversation was brought to his mind by the child coming in and saying, "I've killed old Rhodes; he'll never grieve my dear grandpa any more." "My dear child," said Mr. Spurgeon, "what have you done? Where have you been?" "I haven't been doing any harm, grandpa," said the child; "I've been about the Lord's work, that's all." Nothing more could be elicited from little Charles. Before long the mystery was explained. "Old Rhodes" called to see his pastor, and, with downcast looks and evident sorrow of heart, narrated the story of how he had been killed, somewhat in this fashion: "I'm very sorry indeed, my dear pastor, to have caused you such grief and trouble. It was very wrong, I know; but I always loved you, and wouldn't have done it if I'd only thought." En-

couraged by Mr. Spurgeon's kind words, he went on with his story thus:—"I was a-sitting in the public, just having my pipe and mug of beer, when that child comes in. To think an old man like me should be took to task and reproved by a bit of a child like that! Well, he points at me with his finger just so, and says, 'What doest thou here, Elijah? sitting with the ungodly, and you a member of a church, and breaking your pastor's heart! I'm ashamed of you! I wouldn't break my pastor's heart, I'm sure.' And then he walks away. Well, I did feel angry; but I knew it was all true, and I was guilty; so I put down my pipe, and did not touch my beer, but hurried away to a lonely spot, and cast myself down before the Lord, confessing my sin and begging for forgiveness. And I do know and believe the Lord in mercy pardoned me; and now I've come to ask you to forgive me; and I'll never grieve you any more, my dear pastor."

"REVEREND, RIGHT REVEREND, VERY REVEREND"

Mr. Spurgeon has been handled severely by certain ecclesiastics for refusing the prefix "Rev." Having received a letter addressed "To the Very Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," he replied:

"I very much demur to the commencement, 'To the Very Reverend C. H. Spurgeon,' for no reverence is due to me. Romaine used to say that it was very astonishing to observe how many Reverend, Right Reverend, and Very Reverend sinners

there were upon the face of the earth. Assuredly *reverend* and *sinner* make a curious combination, and as I know that I am the second, I repudiate the first. To me it is surprising that such a flattering title should have been invented, and more amazing still that good men should be found who are angry if this title be not duly given to them."

Our American fondness for titles readily confers degrees on him. But thus he dashes the D. D.'s behind him:—

"Many times we meet in American newspapers with our own name adorned or disfigured with a doctor's degree. In a periodical we see, month after month, an extract from

"The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, D. D.

"We like the *prefix* quite as well as the *affix;* that is to say, we detest them equally. Robert Robinson wrote in his journal: 'Wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me Reverend.' Shall we not all wonder, in some more rational condition of our brains, at a great many things which we now admire?"

"GOD SEND ME MORE LEISURE"

"Turner, the artist, said to one who interrupted him with a question, 'There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!' Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: 'Various visitors began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions. God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by teaspoonfuls.' Others besides Sir Walter have had

to breathe this prayer. People call on a well-known minister out of the idlest curiosity, and invent the most perverse excuses for dragging him away from his work. One would think we were wild beasts, to be stared at. Just as a sermon is shaping itself, in comes a pasteboard from an old lady who has nothing on earth to do but to call round on everybody she knows, and rob them of their time,—wretched thief that she is. We have seen her; and lo! another knock. No message can be sent in, the party must see the minister himself, as his business is strictly private—that means begging. Here's another, whose pretended errand is to ask if we knew the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Llwwffi, for he was her mother's uncle's cousin by marriage. Why should we be thus at every mortal's beck and call, and have neither space for meditation, nor time for devotion? People do not call on doctors or lawyers at this rate, and our time is quite as precious as theirs. We cannot protect ourselves by fees, and yet if we do not see everyone, there will be such an outcry. All we can say is —they must cry, for we cannot neglect our Master's business to play lackey to everybody who is moved by the powers of darkness to call us away from the Word of God and prayer."

THE DEAN STANLEY HOAX

Mr. Spurgeon had been on more than one occasion the victim of a hoax. There are smart men in England as well as in America. Sometimes

their arrows of smartness reach much further than they intend. A notable instance of this occurred early in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle history. He received one day a letter from the late Dean Stanley, apologizing for his inability to dine with Mr. Spurgeon on a given date, closing with words of kindly Christian salutation, such as Dean Stanley would be sure to write. This letter from Westminster cloisters was quite a mystery to the nonconformist of Newington Butts, from the fact that he had not dreamed of sending the Dean any such invitation. Mr. Spurgeon's good mother-wit stood by him as it always did; he wrote a polite and friendly letter to the Dean, saying there must be some mistake, probably a hoax, as he had not written or instructed the writing of any such invitation. In closing, he said he could not apologize for what he had not done, and then, with a touch of humor, he slyly hinted that he half wished, as he came to think of it, that the whole thing was true. But the silly hoax did not end there. Dean Stanley replied, inviting Mr. Spurgeon to Westminster, and a friendship began that lasted to the end of Stanley's life; and there can be no doubt that if the Dean had been wholly free to follow the bent of his inclinations, he would have invited Mr. Spurgeon to preach in Westminster Abbey.

SHORT PRAYERS ON A COLD NIGHT

Mr. Spurgeon always had an aversion to long prayers. It was his invariable method to urge his

brethren to be brief in prayer. On one very cold night he made the following special plea for brevity:

"Now it is a cold night, and if anybody prays very long, somebody will be frozen to death. I remember that Paul preached a long sermon once, and a young man tumbled out of a window and killed himself. If anybody gets frozen to-night, I am not like Paul and cannot restore him; so please don't render a miracle necessary, as I cannot perform it."

A RAP AT THE DEACONS

"I recollect being years ago in a church which was almost defunct externally, and altogether defunct internally, and after sermon, during which I felt a terrible chill of soul, I went into the vestry, and there I saw two important persons leaning heavily against the fire-place. I said to them, 'Are you the deacons of the church?' They answered, 'Yes, sir.' I replied, 'I thought so!' I did not explain further. These pillars of the church evidently needed propping up. Sluggish ease will not do! Brethren, we must have life more abundantly, each one of us, and it must flow out into all the duties of our office: warm spiritual life must be manifest in the prayer, in the singing, in the preaching, and even in the shake of the hand and the good word after service.

CHAPTER X

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY—THE SALT CELLARS

"Good words are worth much and cost little."
—*George Herbert.*

"Because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs." —*Solomon.*

In the year 1889 Mr. Spurgeon published two volumes entitled "Salt Cellars." They are composed of proverbs from all nations, set in order, and followed by racy comments almost as brief and generally more pungent than the proverbs themselves. These characteristic volumes are specially useful for their suggestiveness. Preachers, editors, authors, the wide world over, would find these "Salt Cellars" a perpetual help. In the preface to these gathered treasures of "Proverbial Philosophy" Mr. Spurgeon says:—

For many years I have published a sheet almanac, intended to be hung up in workshops and kitchens. This has been known as "John Ploughman's Almanack," and has had a large sale. It has promoted temperance, thrift, kindness to animals, and a regard for religion, among working people. The placing of a proverb for every day for twenty years has cost me great labor, and I feel that I

cannot afford to lose the large collection of sentences which I have thus brought together; yet lost they would be, if left to die with the ephemeral sheet. Hence these two volumes. They do not profess to be a complete collection of proverbs, but only a few out of many thousands.

The salt of proverbs is of great service if discreetly used in sermons and addresses; and I have hope that these SALT CELLARS of mine may be resorted to by teachers and speakers, and that they may find them helpful. There are many proverb books, but none exactly like these I have not followed any one of the other collections, although, of necessity, the most of the quaint sayings are the same as will be found in them. Some of my sentences are quite new, and more are put into a fresh form. The careful omission of all that are questionable as to purity has been my aim; but should any one of them, unknown to me, have another meaning than I have seen in it, I cannot help it, and must trust the reader to accept the best and purest sense which it bears; for that is what it meant *to me*. It is a pity that the salt of a proverb should ever be unsavory; but, beyond doubt, in several of the best collections, there are very questionable ones, which ought to be forgotten. It is better to *select* than indiscriminately to *collect*. An old saying which is not clean ought not to be preserved because of its age; but it should, for that reason, be the more readily dropped, since it must have done harm enough

already, and the sooner the old rottenness is buried the better.

My homely notes are made up, as a rule, of other proverbial expressions. They are intended to give hints as to how the proverbs may be used by those who are willing to flavor their speech with them. I may not, in every case, have hit upon the first meaning of the maxims; possibly, in some instances, the sense which I have put upon them may not be the general one; but the meanings given are such as they may bear without a twist, and such as commended themselves to me for general usefulness. The antiquary has not been the guide in this case, but the moralist and the Christian.

From what sources I have gleaned these proverbs it is impossible for me to tell. They have been jotted down as they were met with. Having become common property, it is not easy to find out their original proprietors. If I knew where I found a pithy sentence, I would acknowledge the source most freely; but the gleanings of years, in innumerable fields, cannot now be traced to this literary estate or to that. In the mass, I confess that almost everything in these books is borrowed —from cyclopedias of proverbs, "garlands," almanacs, books, newspapers, magazines—from anywhere and everywhere. A few proverbs I may myself have made, though even this is difficult; but, from the necessity of the case, sentences which have become proverbs are things to be quoted, and not to be invented.

A cat with a silver collar is none the better mouser.—Fine dress, learned degrees, high titles, and grand offices do not give ability. We have heard of doctors of divinity who were duller preachers than the generality of the clergy.

A false tale is a nimble footman.—It runs everywhere, and knocks at everybody's door long before the truth is out of bed.

A fool's gun is soon fired.—He has little to say, but he is in a desperate hurry to say it. In olden times they said, "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

A loose tooth and a fickle friend are two evils. —The sooner we are cleared of them the better; but who likes the wrench?

Always in a hurry, always behind.—A little punctuality would save life from being a worry, a flurry, a hurry, and a scurry. Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

An ass may think he's Solomon; but he isn't.— "If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

Avoid the "Queen's Head" and comfort your wife's heart.

A sermon's length is not its strength.—It may be very much its weakness. In this case brevity is a virtue. It is a pity to weary the head when we should win the heart. Some divines are long in their sermons because they are short in their studies.

Be a man, and not a masher.— Don't want to know what this means; the subject is too insignificant.

Be chaste as a lily.—Never was this exhortation more needed than now when men are trying to legalize impurity. Young men, shun all unchastity!

Bear the hen's cackle for the sake of the eggs.—Little annoyances must be put up with because of great advantages.

Before you doctor others, try your own physic.—Especially if you try to teach the gospel. Never preach beyond your own experience.

Before you hang up your hat, look at the peg.—See what sort of family you will be connected with by the marriage. Observe well your mother-in-law.

Believe not half you hear, and repeat not half you believe.—My uncle used to say, "When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve it, and then quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest."

Better give a shilling than lend half-a-crown.—You will save eighteen pence by the transaction.

Bills look best receipted.—The queen's likeness on a receipt stamp is a cheering work of art when seen at the foot of an account.

Busy tongues make idle hands.—It's woeful to have a house full of cacklers, and never an egg from the whole of them. While they talk about everything, they do nothing.

Buy not on trust; down with the dust.—A shopkeeper's sign in China bore the inscription: "No credit; we have learned wisdom from former customers."

Buy one fine thing and you must buy ten more. —Thus the piano on the hire system leads to no end of purchases, and the family is impoverished.

A man in debt is caught in a net.—Some never get out of it: they do not pay anyone, and yet they live on, like Tom Farbehind, of whom we read:—

> "His last debt's paid, poor Tom's no more.
> Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before."

A man is known by the company he shuns,— Quite as much as by the company he keeps.

A man is not bad because a viper bites him.— Excellent persons are liable to be assailed by malicious slanderers, who, because of their serpent nature, take delight in attacking the good. An apostle once had a viper fasten upon his hand, but he shook it off into the fire, and it did him no harm.

A man is only the head, a good wife is the crown.—Solomon is our authority for this.—Prov. xii: 4.

A man may be a fool and not know it.—Indeed it is generally the case that he is not aware of his own folly. If he did know it, he would not be a fool any longer.

A man may be a great divine and yet have no religion.

A man may dig his grave with his teeth.—Gluttons, *bon vivants*, and even careless eaters may commit suicide while eating.

A man may drown himself in a quart pot.— Have you not seen it done?

A man may tell a lie till he believes it.—And this is often done. We have heard persons tell tales which we are sure are not true. Those stories have altered year after year, to our knowledge, but the narrators are quite sure of their accuracy. They have told the story so often that they have persuaded themselves into a firm faith in it.

A man may threaten and yet be afraid.

Buy the best. Things may cost less, and be worthless.—Horrible cheapness is ruining both buyer, seller, and producer. If we get things for less money, there is less material or less work in them.

Better be new-born than high-born.—The regenerate possess a nobler nature than the proudest of earth's nobility if they are not born from above.

Better nail your heart to the Cross than your ears to the pulpit.—That is to say, true love to Jesus is better than slavishly following any human preacher, and accepting all that he may say.

Call me, and I'll call thee.—Puff me, and I'll puff thee. Mutual-admiration societies are very common. Some seem to be in league to support each other's falsehoods.

Day of rest, of days the best.—A poet calls the Sabbath, "Heaven once a week."

Dirt cheap is generally dear dirt.—We pay less and get less. Modern cheap things are often mere rubbish, "made to sell," or stained with the blood of the poor worker.

Don't burn your lips with other men's broth.—

If you get sipping a little with them, and mixing up with their affairs, you will come in for a share of their trouble when it is served out hot to them.

Don't go to sea in an egg-shell.—Trust only in that which is worthy of trust; do not risk your money on a bubble scheme, nor your soul on a novel doctrine.

Earn all you can; save all you can; give all you can.—This, I think, was John Wesley's saying. It embodies much of his shrewd sense and consecration. Some take firstly and secondly, but thirdly is too much for them; giving goes against the grain.

Great bodies move slowly.—It must be so. Hence the difficulty of moving a corporation, a parliament, or a committee.

Law is a bottomless pit; keep far from it.—Therefore, "agree with thine adversary quickly" or thou and he may both be in the abyss. "The suit is ended," said the lawyer; "both parties are cleaned out."

Be in the right way, but be in nobody's way.

> Be it weal or be it woe,
> It will not evermore be so.

Our condition will change and this is a good reason why we should neither presume on the present, nor despair concerning it.

> "The world goes up, and the world goes down,
> And the sunshine follows the rain;
> And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
> Can never come over again."—*C. Kingsley.*

Be just to all, but trust not all.—It would be

unjust not to trust some; it would be unwise to trust many.

Be kind to mankind.—We are all of a kind, all of kin, or say, all kinned, and therefore we should be kind to each other.

> Be kind to your horse, for it cannot complain:
> Be tender when using the whip or the rein.

There is a special venom in cruelty to dumb animals. Their silence should be eloquent with every heart.

Be low in humility and high in hope.—He who will not bend his head in humility will run against a beam, he that will not hold up his head in hopefulness will not be cheered by an early sight of the good which is waiting for him.

Be low, or you will be sent below.—Many have had "with shame to take the lowest room," because they would push themselves forward where they had no right to be.

> Who wrongly takes the highest place
> Shall be sent down with much disgrace.

Be merrily wise and wisely merry.—It is to be done, though it will need prudence and prayer.

Be neither careworn nor careless.

Be no time-server, and yet serve your times.—As David served his generation by the will of God, so should we; but this is a very different thing from standing cap in hand to curry favor with those who for a while are in power.

Everyone thinks his own sack to be the heaviest.—Each one thinks his lot the worst; but he is

mistaken. If he thought himself the worst of the lot he might be right.

> Everyone will be thy friend
> Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
> But if store or crowns be scant,
> No man will supply thy want.

We fear this is too often the fact; but assuredly it is not always so, nor is it often so with gracious men.

Every path hath its puddle.—No man's life is quite beyond rebuke: no man's course is without its difficulties and sorrows.

Every pea helps to fill the sack.—Every worshiper increases the congregation, every member helps to make up the church, every penny enlarges the collection.

Every peddler sells the very best pins.—At least he says so, and he ought to know.

Every pig can grunt.—It needs no genius to grumble and find fault. He who can do nothing else is often great in this art. Let the creature grunt.

Every poor man is a fool in the judgment of a fool.—The same fool considers every wealthy person to be a paragon of wisdom. The poorest twaddle is eloquence when it comes from a nobleman's mouth. Lord Fitznoodle is the patron saint of fools.

Every potter praises his own pot.—If he does not do so, who will? Potters cannot afford to keep trumpeters, and therefore they praise their own ware. We all do so, more or less. This proverb

often runs, "Every potter praises his own pot, *and all the more if it is cracked.*" Does not self-praise imply a crack somewhere?

Every question is not for me to answer.—If I attempt to do so I shall show my ignorance. "Teach thy tongue to say 'I do not know,'" is a Talmudic proverb.

Fire begins with little sparks: crime begins with evil thoughts.

First come, first served.—A fair rule. No one ought to wish to go out of his turn at the expense of others, even though he may think himself a person of importance.

First comes owing, and then comes lying.—For the debtor invents false excuses, and makes untruthful promises, so as to stave off the day of payment.

First look up, and then look out.—Look to God first, and then watch for every honorable opportunity of getting on in business.

First practice at home, then preach abroad.—It is not every man that would like to preach to his neighbors from his own door-step.

First the distiller, then the doctor, then the undertaker.

First thrive, then wive, then strive.

First understand, and then undertake.—It is the height of folly to undertake a matter of which you do not know the ins and outs. Many have burnt their fingers with such blind agreements. Never sign what you have not seen.

Fish bred in dirty pools will surely taste of mud.

—I remember having received, as a present, some fine carp taken from the village pond. To put the knife into them was quite enough for me: a friend who ate of them was seriously ill. The fish had lived upon the filth of the parish, and could not be clean eating. Those who are bred in vice are sure to show it in their character.

Fit words are fine; but often fine words are not fit.—If the language is suitable to express the truth, it is everything. Sometimes grand oratory is great absurdity.

Flattery is pap for fools.

> 'Tis an old maxim of the schools
> That flattery's the food of fools;
> And whoso likes such airy meat,
> Will soon have nothing else to eat.

Be deaf with one ear, and blind with one eye.—Some things it is well neither to hear nor see. Discretion will tell us when to be observantly blind, and forgetfully deaf.

Be good, and then *do* good.—You cannot really do more than you are.

Be good, get good, and do good.—Do all the good you can; to all the people you can; in all the ways you can; as often as you can; and as long as you can.

Be good, or it will not be good to be.—Without grace in the heart, it were better for that man that he had never been born. Even for this world he who does no good dies "much unlamented."

Be good within; do good without.—When a candle is alight within a lantern it sheds a light all

around: but if the lantern be dark within it is of no use to those outside. It is the same with men. Have light in yourselves.

Be hardy, but not hard.—Endure hardship yourself; but do not become unkind to others because you are strong and can rough it. A hardy man with a tender heart is a beautiful character; but an unfeeling tyrant is a curse to his household.

Be honest, and thus outwit the rogues.—Honesty perplexes the cunning. They think you are practicing some deep policy, and they are baffled.

Be hospitable, but take nobody in.—In other words—Receive many, but deceive none.

Be humble, or you'll stumble.—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. xvi: 18.

Be in good spirits without ardent spirits.

Be in the mill and expect to have flour on your coat.—Your associations in business and friendship will tell upon your reputation and character.

Every monkey has his tricks.—Spoken of larkish fellows who annoy people with their follies.

Everyone feels the cold according as he is clad.—Where the garments of faith and patience are worn, the Arctic winter of poverty is endured without harm; but trying circumstances freeze the life out of some men, because their religion is a dreadfully thin and flimsy fabric.

Everyone for himself is the pig's doctrine.—And there are a great many believers in it. The worshipers of Number One are numerous, and enthusiastic. Self is the man!

As I walked by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again unto me:
"Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

Everyone is wise after the business is over.—This is the especial wisdom of the unwise. Yet we could all do much better if we had to do it over again: at least, we think so. We are fools enough to imagine that we should not be fools again!

Everyone must row with the oars he has.—This is wisdom. Instead of quarreling with our tools, let us do our best with them. Paddle your own canoe with such paddles as come to hand.

Everyone takes his pleasure where he finds it.—Hence a man's pleasures become the index of his character. If he takes pleasure in sin, it is because he loves it. If he frequents the pit, it is because he is going there.

Everyone thinks he could have done better.—Had he been consulted, mistakes would have been avoided, and grander results would have been obtained. Others may be all very well; but *we* live at Nonsuch House, in the parish of Nonpareil.

Every one to his liking, as the man said when he kissed his cow.—Happily, in this case, the kissing would neither involve an action for assault, nor excite another man's jealousy concerning the lady. There is no accounting for tastes.

Find you out your sins, or your sins will find out you.

Fine birds are all the more likely to be plucked.—Pretty people are tempted, and great men are assailed.

Fine clothes cannot hide the clown.—They far oftener betray him: he does not feel at home in them any more than a dog in a blanket, or a hog in armor.

Fine feathers make fine birds.—Yet garments can only make a vain person what Masson calls "a decorated fool." A Puritanic student once called certain fine ladies "ambulating blocks for millinery." Well, dress as they may, it is, at least, a pity that they do not leave feathers to birds, and not murder our songsters to bedeck their own heads.

Fine promises are frail securities.—That is to say, when they come from our fellow mortals. Many have been ruined by the rascality which promised, but never intended to perform. Such promises are solid lies: not so much falsehood in word as falsehood in fact.

Fine stables do not make good horses.—A man may live in a college and be a dunce, or dwell under the eaves of the house of God and be an infidel. A villa may have a villain for its tenant, and a mansion may hold a lord without either manor or manners. Ecclesiastical architecture does not secure piety. Many a poor drone of a preacher has had the emptying of a fine Gothic edifice.

Fine words have great weight with feeble minds.—The authors of proverbs to this effect, of which there are very many, had evidently been misled by fine oratory, and at last arrived at the conclusion

that words are but air, and that there is no building upon them.

Finery is foolery.—A lady asked the Rev. John Newton what was the best rule for female dress and behavior. "Madam," said he, "so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on." When so much is spent on dress that the house is impoverished the folly is extreme. It suggests the epigram—

> "What is the reason, can you guess,
> Why men are poor and women thinner?
> So much do they for dinner dress,
> There's nothing left to dress for dinner."

> He that a watch would wear, just this must do,
> Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

We have heard of one who covered his watch with fish-hooks; but the worst of it was that he only remembered what he had done when he put his own fingers into his watch-pocket.

He that asks too much is likely to get nothing.

He that burns most, shines most.—There must be a self-consumption to produce light. John was a burning and a shining light, and the burning is not to be separated from the shining.

> He that by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.

A living can be made by one who works himself, even where a gentleman farmer is a heavy loser. So we have heard. At any rate, if the farmer cannot live who drives the plow, how can he live who drives a fast-trotting mare?

He that can be won with a feather will be lost with a straw.— Easily persuaded persons are no great catch, for no reliance can be placed upon them: they are soon led to the opposite side.

He that cuts himself willfully deserves no salve.

He that deals in dirt will not keep clean hands.

> He that delights to plant and set
> Puts coming ages in his debt.

This, after all, is only justice; for we also eat of many trees which our fathers planted.

He that deserves nothing should be content with anything.

> He that doth jest must take a jest;
> Or else to let alone were best.

He that dwells in a city where there is a synagogue, and comes not to prayer there, is the person that deserves the name of a bad neighbor.— This is a saying of the Jews. But how many bad neighbors do we live among, who are seldom seen in the public assemblies of the saints from year to year!

He means to buy, for he finds fault with the goods.—"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer." Just because he means to be a buyer.

He must be a wise man himself who can distinguish one.—So said Diogenes and we will not contradict him.

He pares his apple that would cleanly feed.— Well said, Mr. Herbert. Tell the story, if worth telling, but not with the oath or the smut—that can be left out with great advantage.

He preaches well who lives well.—Even if he does not open his mouth his example is a sermon.

He promiseth to turn your iron into gold, but he will turn your gold into iron.—True of the gentleman who presents you with a prospectus of a company which is to pay a quite impossible dividend. No doubt the concern will pay those who get it up.

He put his finger in the pie, and burned his nail off.

He rides well who never stumbles.—Where is that man? Where is his horse?

He runs far who never turns.—Unless he breaks his neck. He will run too far, if his way be not the right one.

He shuts his eyes, and thinks none see.

He talks much who has least to say.—"How would you wish your hair to be cut?" asked the barber one day of Archelaus, king of Macedon, and the king made answer, "Silently." Alas! this is too rare a method anywhere, in anything.

It was said of one man:—

> He argued with the greatest zest,
> 'Twas very hard to put him out;
> And strange to say, he talked the best
> Of what he knew the least about.

A loveless life is a living death.—For to love is to live. Our laureate says:—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

A mad parson makes a mad parish.—For good or for bad the shepherd affects the flock. One

wonders if that clergyman was of this kind of whom we read that a thief stole his linen, and he offered a reward for the discovery of the offender, whereupon the following verse was written at the bottom of one of the bills:—

"Some thief has stolen the parson's shirts;
To skin nought could be nearer:
The parish will give five hundred pounds
To him who steals the wearer."

A man beyond his line is never like to shine.—When the cobbler leaves his last he also quits his awl, and is all at sea. What can a man do well when he quits his own business and takes to an occupation of which he knows nothing?

A man brings the stones, but the woman builds them into the wall.

A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave.—She must practice economy, or all his earnings will insensibly melt away.

"A man may spare,
And still be bare,
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt;
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt."

A man had better have his hands in his own pockets than in other people's.—Persons usually put their hands into their pockets because there is nothing else there, and nature abhors a vacuum; but hands in another man's pocket are engaged in creating a vacuum, and that is a crime against both natural and national law.

A man had need be a great philosopher to bear toothache patiently.

He is wise who follows the wise.

He is wise who knows his own business.—He may not be a university man, but he knows enough to get through the universe.

He knows the water best who has waded through.—There is nothing like personal experience.

He laughs at scars who never felt a wound.—The power to sympathize can only come by personal suffering.

He laughs best who laughs last.—Because he will be surest of his laugh, and will probably laugh at those who laughed at him. If he can laugh when the whole thing is ended, he has the best cause for his merriment.

He likes mutton too well who eats the wool.—We are not bound to follow a man, faults and all.

He lives longest who is awake most hours.—That is to say, if he is not kept awake by sickness, or care, or excessive labor; for these may shorten life though they add to the waking hours. Doubtless early rising is a great addition to our opportunities for work.

He liveth long who liveth well.—Indeed the way to measure life is not by its years, but by its deeds.

He looks as if butter would not melt in his mouth.—This is the sort of man whom you must never trust.

He loses indeed who loses at last.

He loses least in a quarrel who has had least to say in it.

He may well swim who has his head held up.—Just so! We are able to swim the seas of temptation only because grace keeps us from sinking.

He may wisely run who finds he cannot stand his ground.

He is a stupid who loses patience with a stupid.—"Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise."—2 Cor. xi: 12. We find out how foolish we are when a great stupid brushes our fur the wrong way, and raises our wrath.

He is a weak friend who cannot bear with his friend's weakness.

He is best who has done best.—With few exceptions this is the rule. "By their fruits shall ye know them."—Matt. vii: 20.

He is blind who thinks he sees everything.—The observant man recognizes many mysteries into which he cannot pretend to see, and he remembers that the world is too wide for the eye of any one man. But modern sophists are sure of everything, especially if it contradicts the Bible.

> He is free who dares to be
> In the right with two or three.

This liberty has to be paid for; but there is a sweetness in it which those only know who have tasted it.

He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife.—Is she not bone of your bone? Does not your happiness interweave itself with hers?

He is no one's friend who is his own enemy.

He is not the best carpenter who makes the most

chips.—But the reverse. He who does his work in a masterly manner is usually very neat and clean in it. The proverb, however, means that the best workers make no fuss, and create no disorder.

He is right sure who is surely right.

He is very absent-minded who searches for the ass on which he is riding.—He must be brother to that other Celestial, who cried out, "Here's my bundle, here's my umbrella; but where am I?"

He is very blind who cannot see the sun.—How blind must he be who cannot see the God who made the sun!

He that is blind will nothing see,
What light so e'er about him be.

In showers, the umbrella at home is of no use.—It is like the Dutchman's anchor. When the storm came on he said that he had a first-rate anchor at home.

In spending spare,
Of debts beware.

In talks prefer quality to quantity.—Don't utter sheer nonsense, such as Dr. Darwin alludes to in his lines:

"Hear the pretty ladies talk,
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle!
Like their pattens when they walk,
Pittle pattle, pittle pattle."

In the coldest flint there is hot fire.—Persons who seem slow and patient have still a temper, and will fire up if too much provoked. Let us be careful not to arouse dormant passion. It's ill waking sleeping tigers.

In the end things will mend.—Time sides with patience, heals sorrows, and moves difficulties; therefore let us "learn to labor and to wait."

In the evening one may praise the day.—But it is well to see how things look as the hours pass away. Some acts which seemed to promise well at first may not in the long run turn out to be quite so wise as they looked.

In the front they bear the brunt.—No one who considers his own ease or pleasure should desire to be a leading man: he is little more than the chief drudge, while he is supposed to be a king.

In the wedding cake hope is the sweetest of the plums.

In this life repentance is never too late.—On the other hand, it is never too soon. It is also to be remembered that God, who will accept late repentance, may never give it.

In trade, competition prevents imposition.—No doubt the public are gainers, though tradesmen grumble.

In every fault there is folly. It is always unwise to sin.

In fair weather prepare for foul.—The beauty of our English weather is, that when it is bad, we may hope that it will soon change. Its fault is, that when it is good, we may be pretty sure it will soon alter.

In for a penny, in for a pound.—It is so with a certain order of expenses: once begin and you must go on, and cannot pull up when you would.

In giving and taking,
It's easy mistaking.

Therefore allowances should be made for error. Say not: "It is a fraud," but judge it to be a mistake. Count money twice, even after your own kin. Keep correct books. When you err yourself, let it be against yourself.

In half the affairs of this busy life
(As that same day I said to my wife),
Our troubles come from trying to put
The left-hand shoe on the right-hand foot.

A little adjustment would save a world of trouble; but common sense is very uncommon sense. We put salt upon the plum-pudding and grumble at its taste; we mix the unsuitable, and the result is uncomfortable.

In judging what a boy will be
Mark what he is in infancy.

For the child is the father of the man. Quick eyes may see the future life of the man in the little ways of the child.

In law there's many a loss without a gain, but never a gain without a loss.

In Orange everything grows except oranges.—A name is frequently a mere name. Orange is too cold a region for the orange tree: the province bears the name of the fruit it cannot grow. Some Christians have little that is Christian about them. Some "brethren" are sadly unbrotherly. Surnames are said to go by contraries: "Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney."

In a calm sea we are all good sailors.—We sup-

pose that we can endure trouble with great equanimity; but when it really comes, we are as much vexed by it as others are.

In a fiddler's house one learns to dance.—The motion of the music makes the feet move almost involuntarily. When one gets into a family one is apt to fall into the ways of the house.

In a large flock there will be one lame sheep.—Large families are seldom without one weak child. In religious communities we may look for a proportion of feeble souls.

In a leopard we expect spots.—In irreligious men we look for ill habits, which could not be tolerated in members of churches.

> In strangers' company beware;
> Of both thy tongue and purse take care.

In a walking newspaper the leading article is scandal.—Our advice is—do not take it in, nor do anything else to increase the circulation of the red rag.

In buying a horse expect to be sold.

In choice of bride let grace preside.—We fear that as a rule nature has far more to do with it than grace.

In company guard your tongue, in solitude your heart.—Our words need watching; but so also do our thoughts and imaginations, which grow most active when we are alone.

In conduct don't make trifles of trifles.—Regard the smallest action as being either right or wrong and make a conscience of little things.

In deep waters men find great pearls.—Our worst troubles are often our greatest enrichments.

In every beginning think of the end.—In that case many things would be quitted in their beginnings, for no one would wish to encounter the end.

Ill in kits is worse in cats.—For old people to do wrong is inexcusable, but youth may be pleaded as some little apology.

Ill-matched horses draw badly.—If one pulls and the other jibs, it is a bad thing for the family coach. Husband and wife should be of one mind, and specially in religion. "Be ye not unequally yoked."

Ill news flies fast enough.—Hence, "no news is good news"; for, if there had been bad to hear, we should have heard it. People seem more eager to publish the evil than the good; probably because they are evil.

Ill weeds always grow apace;
Folly runs a rapid race.

Ill won is generally ill worn.—A righteous fatality seems to prevent the dishonest from enjoying their plunder. He who steals eels finds them turn to snakes. Ill-gotten goes rotten. What the devil brings the devil takes away.

Ill words are bellows to the fire of anger.— He that is quiet causeth no riot.

Ills that God blesses are my good;
All unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be God's dear will.

A fine distich, which deserves to be made proverbial, seeing it is a conglomerate of proverbs, and full of grace. It has been wisely said that "ills are wells when God blesses them."

Imitate the best, not the worst.—Our propensity to imitate is very strong, hence the importance of selecting a good model. Johnson says that no man becomes great by imitation, but we doubt it; in the beginning of life the imitation of a good model leads on to originality.

> Improve time in time while time doth last;
> For all time is no time when time is past.

Impatience is the sting of affliction.—And this we put into it ourselves. What folly!

CHAPTER XI

"JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK"

A country life is sweet,
In moderate cold and heat;
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that, I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with the birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

If success is ever to be regarded as a proof of worth, then the fact that nearly 400,000 copies of "John Ploughman's Talk" have been sold, and the sale is still going on, is a fact that bears incontrovertible evidence that Mr. Spurgeon knew how to write for the people. He was at one time the best abused man in England, he lived to have more hearers and more readers than any man of his time. A perusal of a handful of selections from this matchless combination of common sense, practical religion and inimitable humor, will serve to convince the reader that "John Ploughman's

Talk" was popular simply because it deserved to be.

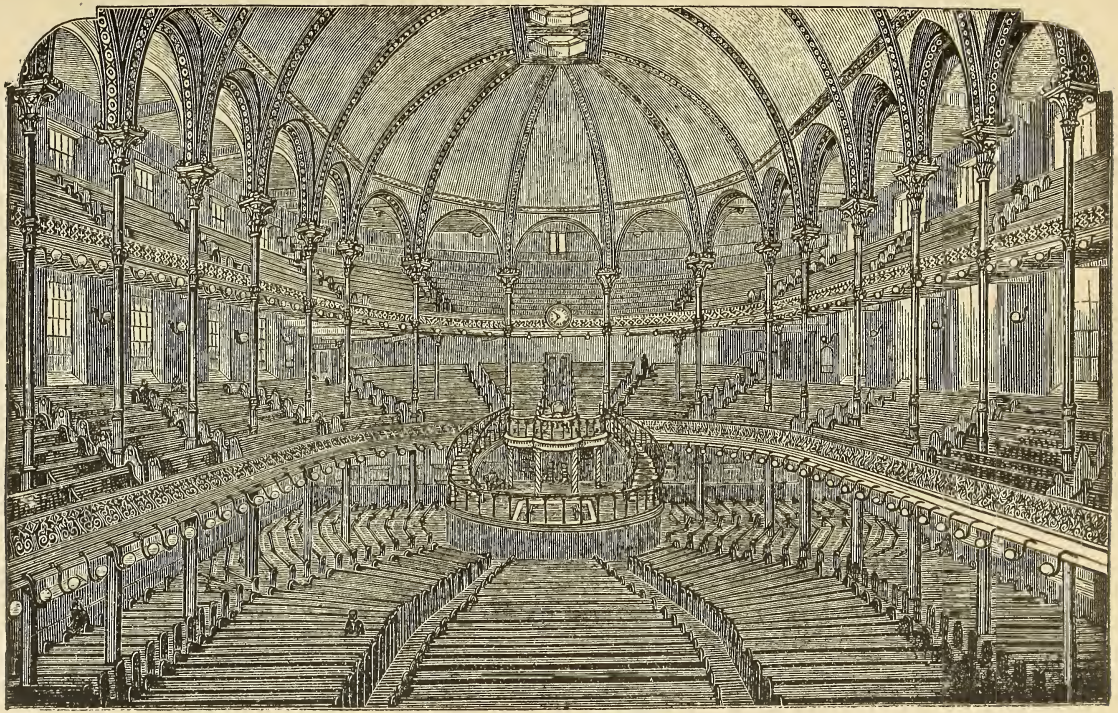
MR. SPURGEON TALKS OF HIS "TALK"

In "John Ploughman's Talk" I have tried to talk for ploughmen and common people. Hence refined taste and dainty words have been discarded for strong old proverbial expressions and homely phrases. I have aimed my blows at the vices of the many, and tried to inculcate those moral virtues without which men are degraded and miserable. Much that needs to be said to the toiling masses would not suit well the pulpit and the Sabbath. These lowly pages may teach thrift and industry all the days of the week, in the cottage and the workshop; and if some learn these lessons I shall not repent the adoption of the rustic style.

Ploughman is a name I may justly claim. Every minister has put his hand to the plough—it is his business to break up the fallow ground and cast in good seed. That I have written in a semi-humorous vein shall need no apology, if thereby sound moral teaching wins a hearing from the million. There is no particular virtue in being seriously unreadable.

ALL IS LOST THAT IS POURED INTO A CRACKED DISH

The cook who pours her soup into a cracked dish, is wasting her precious liquor, for it runs out almost as fast as it runs in. The sooner she stops



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE

that game the better. This makes me think of a good deal of preaching; it is labor in vain, because it does not stay in the minds of the hearers, but goes in at one ear and out at the other. When men go to market they are all alive to do a trade, but in a place of worship they are not more than half awake, and do not seem to care whether they profit or not by what they hear. I once heard a preacher say, "Half of you are asleep, half are inattentive, and the rest—" He never finished that sentence, for the people began to smile, and here and there one burst out laughing. Certainly, many only go to meeting to stare about.

"Attend your church, the parson cries;
To church each fair one goes;
The old ones go to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes."

You might as well preach to the stone images in the old church as to people who are asleep. Some old fellows come into our meeting, pitch into their corner, and settle themselves down for a quiet snooze as knowingly as if the pew was a sleeping-car on the railway. Still, all the sleeping at service is not the fault of the poor people, for some parsons put a lot of sleeping stuff into their sermons. Will Shepherd says they *mesmerize* the people. (I think that is the right word, but I'm not sure.) I saw a verse in a real live book, by Mr. Cheales, the vicar of Brockham, a place which is handy to my home. I'll give it you:—

"The ladies praise our curate's eyes;
I never see their light divine,
For when he prays he closes them,
And when he preaches closes mine."

Well, if curates are heavy in style, the people will soon be heavy in sleep. Even when hearers are awake, many of them are forgetful. It is like pouring a jug of ale between the bars of a grid-iron, to try and teach them good doctrine. Water on a duck's back does have some effect, but sermons by the hundred are as much lost upon many men's hearts as if they had been spoken to a kennel of hounds. Preaching to some fellows is like whipping the water or lashing the air. As well talk to a turnip, or whistle to a dead donkey, as preach to these dull ears. A year's sermons will not produce an hour's repentance till the grace of God comes in.

We have a good many hangers-on who think that their duty to God consists in hearing sermons, and that the best fruit of their hearing is to talk of what they have heard. How they do lay the law down when they get argifying about doctrines! Their religion all runs to ear and tongue: neither their heart nor their hand is a scrap the better. This is poor work, and will never pay the piper. The sermon which only gets as far as the ear is like a dinner eaten in a dream. It is ill to lie soaking in the gospel like a bit of coal in a milkpan, never the whiter for it all.

What can be the good of being hearers only? It disappoints the poor preacher, and it brings no blessing to the man himself. Looking at a plum won't sweeten your mouth, staring at a coat won't cover your back, and lying on the bank won't

catch the fish in the river. The cracked dish is never the better for all that is poured into it—it is like our forgetful heart, it wants to be taken away, and a new one put instead of it.

UNDER THE SIGN OF THE CAT'S FOOT

The question was once asked, When should a man marry? And the merry answer was, that for young men it is too soon, and for old men it is too late. This is all very fine, but it will not wash. Both the wisdom and the folly of men seem banded together to make a mock of this doctrine. Men are such fools that they must and will marry, even if they marry fools. It is wise to marry when we can marry wisely, and then the sooner the better. How many show their sense in choosing a partner it is not for me to say, but I fear that in many cases love is blind, and makes a very blind choice. I don't suppose that some people would ever get married at all if love had its wits about it. It is a mystery how certain parties ever found partners; truly there's no accounting for tastes. However, as they make their bed they must lie on it, and as they tie the knot they must be tied by it. If a man catches a tartar, or lets a tartar catch him, he must take his dose of tartaric acid, and make as few ugly faces as he can. If a three-legged stool come flying through the air, he must be thankful for such a plain token of love from the woman of his choice, and the best thing he can do is to sit down on it and wait for the next little article.

When it is said of a man, "He lives under the sign of the cat's foot," he must try and please his pussy, that she may not scratch him more than such cats generally do. A good husband will generally have a good wife, or make a bad wife better. Bad Jack makes a great noise about bad Jill, but there's generally twenty of one where there's a score of the other. They say a burden of one's own choosing is never felt to be heavy, but I don't know; some men are loaded with mischief as soon as they have a wife to carry. Yet

> A good woman is worth, if she were sold,
> The fairest crown that's made of gold.

She is a pleasure, a treasure, and a joy without measure. A good wife and health are a man's best wealth; and he who is in such a case should envy no man's place. Even when a woman is a little tart, it is better than if she had no spirit, and made her house into a dirt pie. A shrew is better than a slut, though one can be quite miserable enough with either. If she is a good housewife, and looks well after the children, one may put up with a Caudle lecture now and then, though a cordial lecture would be a deal better. A husband is in a pickle indeed if he gets tied up to a regular scold; he might as well be skinned and set up to his neck in a tub of brine. Did you ever hear the scold's song? Read it, you young folks who think of committing matrimony, and think twice before you get married once.

When in the morn I ope mine eyes
To entertain the day,
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I scold him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do scold—and then say grace,
If so disposed to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I always do complain;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old—
Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
It never shall be said
But I'll find fault with meat or dish,
With master or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night
I heartily do weep,
That I must part with my delight—
I cannot scold and sleep.

However, this doth mitigate
And much abate my sorrow,
That though to-night it be too late,
I'll early scold to-morrow.

When the husband is not a man, it is not to be wondered at if the wife wears the top-boots; the mare may well be the best horse when the other horse is a donkey. Well may a woman feel that she is lord and master when she has to earn the living for the family, as is sometimes the case. She ought not to be the head, but if she has all the brains, what is she to do? What poor dawdles many men would be without their wives! As poor softy Simpkins says, if Bill's wife becomes a widow, who will cut the pudding up for him, and will there be a pudding at all? It is grand when the wife knows her place, and keeps it, and they both

pull together in everything. Then she is a help-meet indeed, and makes the house a home. Old friend Tusser says:

> "When husband is absent let housewife be chief,
> And look to their labor who live from their sheaf;
> The housewife's so named for she keepeth the house,
> And must tend on her profit as cat on a mouse."

He is very pat upon it that much of household affairs must rest on the wife, and he writes:

> "Both out, not allow,
> Keep home, housewife thou."

Like the old man and woman in the toy which shows the weather, one must be sure to be in if the other goes out. When the king is abroad the queen must reign at home, and when he returns to his throne he is bound to look upon her as his crown, and prize her above gold and jewels. He should feel, "If there's only one good wife in the whole world, I've got her." John Ploughman has long thought just that of his own wife, and after five and twenty years he is more sure of it than ever. He never bets, but he would not mind wagering a farthing cake that there is not a better woman on the surface of the globe than his own, very own beloved. Happy is the man who is happy in his wife. Let him love her as he loves himself, and a little better, for she is his better half.

> Thank God that hath so blest thee,
> And sit down, John, and rest thee.

There is one case in which I don't wonder if the

wife does put her mate under the cat's foot, and that is when he slinks off to the public and wastes his wages. Even then love and gentleness is the best way of getting him home; but, really, some topers have no feeling, and laugh at kindness, and therefore nobody can be surprised if the poor wife bristles up and gives her lord and master a taste of tongue. Nothing tries married love more than the pothouse. Wages wasted, wife neglected, children in rags—if she gives it him hot and strong, who can blame her? Pitch into him, good woman, and make him ashamed of himself, if you can. No wonder that you lead a cat-and-dog life while he is such a sorry dog.

Still, you might as well go home and set him a better example, for two blacks will never make a white, and if you put him in hot water he's sure to get some spirits to mix with it.

THERE'S REASON IN ROASTING EGGS.

A good thing is not good out of its place. It is much the same with lads and girls. You can't put all boys to one trade, nor send all girls to the same service. One chap will make a London clerk, and another will do better to plough, and sow, and reap, and mow, and be a farmer's boy. It's no use forcing them; a snail will never run a race, nor a mouse drive a wagon.

> "Send a boy to the well against his will,
> The pitcher will break and the water spill."

With unwilling hounds it is hard to hunt hares.

To go against nature and inclination is to row against wind and tide. They say you may praise a fool till you make him useful. I don't know so much about that, but I do know that if I get a bad knife I generally cut my finger, and a blunt ax is more trouble than profit. No, let me shave with a razor if I shave at all, and do my work with the best tools I can get.

Never set a man to work he is not fit for, for he will never do it well. They say that if pigs fly they always go with their tails forward, and awkward workmen are much the same. Nobody expects cows to catch crows, or hens to wear hats. There's reason in roasting eggs, and there should be reason in choosing servants. Don't put a round peg into a square hole, nor wind up your watch with a corkscrew, nor set a tender-hearted man to whip wife-beaters, nor a bear to be a relieving-officer, nor a publican to judge of the licensing laws. Get the right man in the right place, and then all goes as smooth as skates on ice; but the wrong man puts all awry, as the sow did when she folded the linen.

It is a temptation to many to trust them with money—don't put them to take care of it if you ever wish to to see it again. Never set a cat to watch cream, nor a pig to gather peaches, for if the cream and the peaches go a-missing you will have yourself to thank for it. It is a sin to put people where they are likely to sin. If you believe the old saying, that when you set a beggar on

horseback he will ride to the devil, don't let him have a horse of yours.

If you want a thing well done do it yourself, and pick your tools. It is true that a man must row with such oars as he has, but he should not use the boat-hook for a paddle. Take not the tongs to poke the fire, nor the poker to put on the coals. A newspaper on Sunday is as much out of place as a warming-pan on the first of August, or a fan on a snowy day; the Bible suits the Sabbath a deal better.

He who tries to make money by betting uses a wrong tool, and is sure to cut his fingers. As well hope to grow golden pippins on the bottom of the sea as to make gain among gamblers if you are an honest man. Hard work and thrifty habits are the right razor; gambling is a handsaw.

Some things want doing gently, and telling a man of his faults is one of them. You would not fetch a hatchet to break open an egg, nor kill a fly on your boy's forehead with a sledge-hammer, and so you must not try to mend your neighbor's little fault by blowing him up sky-high. Never fire off a musket to kill a midge, and don't raise a hue and cry about the half of nothing.

Do not throw away a saw because it is not a razor, for it will serve your turn another day, and cut your ham-bone if it won't shave off your stubble. A whetstone, though it cannot cut, may sharpen a knife that will. A match gives little light itself, but it may light a candle to brighten

up the room. Use each thing and each man according to common-sense and you will be uncommonly sensible. You don't milk horses nor ride cows, and by the same rule you must make of every man what he is meant for, and the farm will be as right as a trivet.

Everything has its use, but no one thing is good for all purposes. The baby said, "The cat crew and the cock rocked the cradle," but old folks knew better—the cat is best at mousing and the cock at rousing. That's for that, as salt is for herrings, and sugar for gooseberries, and N for Nicholas. Don't choose your tools by their looks, for that's best which does best. A silver trowel lays very few bricks. You cannot curry a horse with a tortoise-shell comb, or fell oaks with a penknife, or open oysters with a gold toothpick. *Fine* is not so good as *fit* when work is to be done. A good workman will get on pretty well with a poor tool, and a brave soldier never lacks a weapon: still, the best is good enough for me, and John Ploughman does not care to use a clumsy tool because it looks pretty. Better ride on an ass that carries you than on a steed which throws you; it is far better to work with an old-fashioned spade which suits your hand than with a new-fangled invention you don't understand.

In trying to do good to your fellow-men the gospel is out of sight the best instrument to work with. The new doctrine which they call "modern thought" is nothing better than a handsaw, and

won't work a bit. This fine new nothing of a gospel would not save a mouse, nor move the soul of a tomtit; but the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ is suited to man's need, and by God's grace does its work famously. Let every preacher and teacher keep to it, for they will never find a better. Try to win men with its loving words and precious promises, and there's no fear of labor in vain. Some praise the balm of Gilead, or man's morality; many try the Roman salve, or the oil of Babylon; and others use a cunning ointment mixed by learned philosophers; but for his own soul's wounds, and for the hurts of others, John Ploughman knows but one cure, and that is given gratis by the Good Physician to all who ask for it. A humble faith in Christ Jesus will soon bring you this sovereign remedy. Use no other, for no other is of use.

TRY

If you want to do good in the world, the little word "Try" comes in again. There are plenty of ways of serving God, and some that will fit you exactly, as a key fits a lock. Don't hold back because you cannot preach in St. Paul's; be content to talk to one or two in a cottage; very good wheat grows in little fields. You may cook in small pots as well as big ones. Little pigeons can carry great messages. Even a little dog can bark at a thief, and wake up the master and save the house. A spark is fire. A sentence of truth has heaven in it. Do what you do right thoroughly,

pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God.

Alas! advice is thrown away on many, like good seed on a bare rock. Teach a cow for seven years, but she will never learn to sing the Old Hundredth. Of some it seems true that when they were born Solomon went by the door, but would not look in. Their coat-of-arms is a fool's cap on a donkey's head. They sleep when it is time to plough, and weep when harvest comes. They eat all the parsnips for supper, and wonder they have none left for breakfast. Our working people are shamefully unthrifty, and so old England swarms with poor. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-troughs, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built.

Once let every man say "Try,"
Very few on straw would lie;
Fewer still of want would die;
Pans would all have fish to fry;
Pigs would fill the poor man's sty;
Want would cease and need would fly;
Wives and children cease to cry;
Poor-rates would not swell so high;
Things wouldn't go so much awry—
You'd be glad, and so would I.

A GOOD WORD FOR WIVES

We pulled up the horses at the sign of the "Good Woman;" and as there is good entertainment for man, if not for beast, under that sign, we will make a stay of it, and dip our pen into some of that superfine ink which has no galls in it. When he

writes on so fair a subject, John Ploughman must be on his best behavior.

I am of Solomon's mind, that, as a rule, he that findeth a wife findeth a good thing. If there's one bad shilling taken at the grocer's all the neighbors hear of it, but of the hundreds of good ones report says nothing. A good woman makes no noise, and no noise is made about her; but a shrew is noted all over the parish. Taking them for all in all, they are most angelical creatures, and a great deal too good for half the husbands.

It is much to the woman's credit that there are very few old sayings against husbands, although in this case sauce for the goose would make capital sauce for the gander; and the mare has as good reasons for kicking as the horse has. They must be very forbearing, or they would have given the men a Roland for every Oliver. Pretty dears, they may be rather quick in their talk, but is it not the nature of bells and belles to have tongues that swing easy? They cannot be so very bad after all, or they would have had their revenge for the many cruel things which are said against them; and if they are a bit masterful, their husbands cannot be such very great victims, or they would surely have sense enough to hold their tongues about it. Men don't care to have it known when they are thoroughly well henpecked, and I feel pretty certain that the old sayings are nothing but chaff, for if they were true men they would never dare to own it.

A true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. He says to her: "I shall in thee most happy be. In thee, my choice, I do rejoice. In thee I find content of mind. God's appointment is my contentment." In her company he finds his earthly heaven; she is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul, and (for this world) the soul of his comfort. Whatever fortune God may send him, he is rich so long as she lives. His rib is the best bone in his body.

> The man who weds a loving wife,
> Whate'er betideth him in life,
> Shall bear up under all;
> But he that finds an evil mate,
> No good can come within his gate;
> His cup is fill'd with gall.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone, in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them; this is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together; and when it

drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides, and generally there is a pound on one and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable, it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour. Want of bread makes want of love; lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back, for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a ring with this on it: "If thee don't work, thee sha'n't eat." He was a brute. It is no business of hers to bring in the grist —she is to see it is well used and not wasted; therefore, I say, short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread-winner, but the bread-maker. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at the "Brown Bear" or the "Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the man who comes home tipsy and abuses the children—the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or no, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are

found fault with for often looking into the glass, but that is not so bad a glass as men drown their senses in. The wives do not sit boozing over the tap-room fire; they, poor souls, are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one), wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children, while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock, when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spends so much in worshiping Sir John Barleycorn? I say it, I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not fit to be cut up for mops drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their poor hacks for not having more to give them. Don't tell me—I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed when, with all her mending and striving, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the

oven when she has neither meal nor dough? You bad husbands, you are thoroughbred sneaks, and ought to be hung up by your heels till you know better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold, but I cannot swallow it; a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's generally gentleness in the wife, and between them the old wedding wish is worked out: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say *marriage* is not often *merry-age*, but very commonly *mar-age;* well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon need not come to an end; and when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine; when they both agree that, whatever becomes of the moon, they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merry living. When a man dwells under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces get scratched, either his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. If a man cannot take care of himself, his wit must be as scant as the wool of a blue dog. I don't pity most of the men martyrs; I save my pity for the women. When the Dunmow-flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is the most

likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home quarrels; but John Ploughman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broke the cat did it, and whenever there is mischief, there's a woman at the bottom of it—here are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every wherefore, but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I know some women have long tongues, then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going; but for the matter of talk, just look into a bar parlor when the men's jaws are well oiled with liquor, and if any women living can talk faster or be more stupid than the men, my name is not John Ploughman.

When I had got about as far as this, in stepped our minister, and he said, "John, you've got a tough subject, a cut above you; I'll lend you a rare old book to help you over the stile." "Well, sir, said I, "a little help is worth a great deal of fault-finding, and I shall be uncommonly obliged to you." He sent me down old William Secker's "Wedding Ring;" and a real wise fellow that Secker was. I could not do any other than pick out some of his pithy bits; they are very flavory, and such as are likely to glue themselves to the memory. He says: "Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not

a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes, find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love, and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing, good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for her that wants one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

To come down from the old Puritan's roast beef to my own pot herbs, or, as they say, to put Jack after gentleman, I will tell my own experience, and have done.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows: Matrimony came from Paradise, and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married, your bliss begins. I have no doubt that where there is much love there

will be much to love, and where love is scant faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger, and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! If she can put up *with* me, she shall never be put down *by* me.

If I were not married to-day, and saw a suitable partner, I would be married to-morrow morning before breakfast. What think you of that? "Why," says one, "I think John would get a new wife if he were left a widower." Well, and what if he did, how could he better show that he was happy with his first? I declare I would not say as some do, that they married to have some one to look after the children; I should marry to have some one to look after myself. John Ploughman is a sociable soul, and could not do in a house by himself. One man, when he married his fourth wife, put on the ring,—

"If I survive I'll make it five."

What an old Bluebeard! Marriages are made in heaven; matrimony in itself is good, but there are fools who turn meat into poison, and make a blessing into a curse.

WHAT! ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER?

"*What! rob a poor man of his beer?*" The fact is that they rob the poor man *by* his beer. The ale-jug robs the cupboard and the table, starves the wife and strips the children; it is a great thief, housebreaker, and heartbreaker; and the best pos-

sible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf bottom upward. In a newspaper which was lent me the other day I saw some verses by John Barleycorn, Jr., and, as they tickled my fancy, I copied them out, and there they are,—

What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And give him good victuals instead?
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Or at least you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug,
And give him a house of his own,
With kitchen and parlor so snug?
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

What! rob a poor man of his glass,
And teach him to read and to write?
What! save him from being an ass?
'Tis nothing but malice and spite.

What! rob a poor man of his ale,
And prevent him from beating his wife—
From being locked up in a jail,
With penal employment for life!

Having given you a song, I now hand you a handbill to stick up in the "Rose and Crown" window, if the landlord wants an advertisement. It was written many years ago, but it is quite as good as new. Any beer-seller may print it who thinks it likely to help his trade.

DRUNKARDS, READ THIS!
DRUNKENNESS
EXPELS REASON,
DISTEMPERS THE BODY,
DIMINISHES STRENGTH,
INFLAMES THE BLOOD,
CAUSES { INTERNAL / EXTERNAL / ETERNAL / INCURABLE } WOUNDS;

IS
A WITCH TO THE SENSES,
A DEMON TO THE SOUL,
A THIEF TO THE PURSE,
A GUIDE TO BEGGARY, LECHERY AND VILLAINY.

IT IS
THE WIFE'S WOE AND
THE CHILDREN'S SORROW,
MAKES A MAN
WALLOW WORSE THAN A BEAST, AND
ACT LIKE A FOOL.

HE IS
A SELF-MURDERER
WHO DRINKS TO ANOTHER'S GOOD HEALTH,
AND
ROBS HIMSELF OF HIS OWN.

HOPE

Eggs are eggs, but some are rotten; and so hopes are hopes, but many of them are delusions. Hopes are like women, there is a touch of angel about them all, but there are two sorts. My boy Tom has been blowing a lot of bird's eggs, and threading them on a string; I have been doing the same thing with hopes, and here's a few of them, good, bad, and indifferent.

The sanguine man's hope pops up in a moment like Jack-in-a-box; it works with a spring, and does not go by reason. Whenever this man looks out of the window he sees better times coming, and although it is nearly all in his own eye and nowhere else, yet to see plum-puddings in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything like a two-legged frog. This is the

kind of brother to be on the road with on a pitch-dark night, when it pours with rain, for he carries candles in his eyes, and a fireside in his heart. Beware of being misled by him, and then you may safely keep his company. His fault is that he counts his chickens before they are hatched, and sells his herrings before they are in the net. All his sparrow's eggs are bound to turn into thrushes, at least, if not partridges and pheasants. Summer has fully come, for he has seen one swallow. He is sure to make his fortune at his new shop, for he had not opened the door five minutes before two of the neighbors crowded in—one of them wanted a loaf of bread on trust, and the other asked change for a shilling. He is certain that the squire means to give him his custom, for he saw him reading the name over the shop door as he rode past. He does not believe in slips between cups and lips, but makes certainties out of perhapses. Well, good soul, though he is a little soft at times, there is much in him to praise, and I like to think of one of his odd sayings, "Never say *die* till you are dead, and then it's of no use, so let it alone." There are other odd people in the world, you see, besides John Ploughman.

My neighbor Shiftless is waiting for his aunt to die, but the old lady has as many lives as nine cats, and my notion is that when she does die she will leave her little money to the Hospital for Diseased Cats or Stray Dogs, sooner than her nephew Jack shall have it. Poor creature, he is

dreadfully down at the heel, and lays it all on the dear old lady's provoking constitution. However, he hopes on, and gets worse and worse, for while the grass grows the horse starves. He pulls at a long rope who waits for another's death; he who hunts after legacies had need have iron shoes. He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot; he who waits for his uncle's cow need not be in a hurry to spread the butter. He who lives on hope has a slim diet. If Jack Shiftless never had an aunt, he might have tucked up his shirt-sleeves and worked for himself, but they told him he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that made a spoon of him, so that he is no more use at work than a cow at catching hares. If anybody likes to leave John Ploughman a legacy, he will be very much obliged to them, but they had not better tell him of it for fear he would not plough so straight a furrow; they had better make it twice as much, and take him by surprise. On the whole, it would be better to leave it to the Pastors' College or the Stockwell Orphanage, for it will be well used in either case. I wish people would think less about windfalls, and plant more apple trees. Hopes that grow out of graves are grave mistakes; and when they cripple a man's own energies, they are a sort of hangman's rope, dangling round a man's neck.

Some people were born on the first of April, and are always hoping without sense or reason. Their ship is to come home, they are to dig up a pot of

gold, or to hear of something to their advantage. Poor sillies, they have wind on the brain, and dream while they are awake. They may hold their mouths open a long while before fried ham and eggs will come flying into them, and yet they really seem to believe that some stroke of luck, some windfall of golden apples, will one day set them up and make gentlemen of them. They hope to ride in their coaches, and by and by find themselves shut up in a place where the coaches won't run over them. You may whistle a long while before goldfinches will hop on to your thumb. Once in a while one man in a million may stumble against a fortune, but thousands ruin themselves by idle expectations. Expect to get half of what you earn, a quarter of what is your due, and none of what you have lent, and you will be near the mark; but to look for a fortune to fall from the moon is to play the fool with a vengeance. A man ought to hope within the bounds of reason and the promises of the good old Book. Hope leans on an anchor, but an anchor must have something to hold by and to hold to. A hope without grounds is a tub without a bottom, a horse without a head, a goose without a body, a shoe without a sole, a knife without a blade. Who but Simple Simon would begin to build a house at the top? There must be a foundation. Hope is no hope, but sheer folly, when a man hopes for impossibilities, or looks for crops without sowing seed, and for happiness without doing good. Such

hopes lead to great boast and small roast; they act like a jack-o'-lantern and lead men into the ditch. There's poor Will at the workhouse, who always declares that he owns a great estate, only the right owner keeps him out of it; his name is Jenyns, or Jennings, and somebody of that name, he says, has left enough money to buy the Bank of England, and one day he is to have a share of it; but meanwhile poor Will finds the parish broth poor stuff for such a great gentleman's stomach; he has promised me an odd thousand or two when he gets his fortune, and I am going to build a castle in the air with it, and ride to it on a broomstick. Poor soul, like a good many others he has windmills in his head, and may make his will on his thumb-nail for anything that he has to give. Depend upon it, ploughing the air is not half so profitable as it is easy; he who hopes in this world for more than he can get by his own earnings hopes to find apricots on a crab tree. He who marries a slovenly, dressy girl, and hopes to make her a good wife, might as well buy a goose and expect it to turn out a milch cow. He who takes his boys to the beer shops, and trusts that they will grow up sober, puts his coffee-pot on the fire and expects to see it look bright as new tin. Men cannot be in their senses when they brew with bad malt and look for good beer, or set a wicked example and reckon upon raising a respectable family. You may hope and hope till your heart grows sick, but when you send your boy up the chimney, he'll come down

black for all your hoping. Teach a child to lie, and then hope that he will grow up honest; better put a wasp in a tar barrel and wait till he makes you honey. As to the next world, it is a great pity that men do not take a little more care when they talk of it. If a man dies drunk, somebody or other is sure to say, "I hope he is gone to heaven." It is all very well to wish it, but to hope it, is another thing. Men turn their faces to hell, and hope to get to heaven; why don't they walk into the horse-pond, and hope to be dry? Hopes of heaven are solemn things, and should be tried by the word of God. A man might as well hope, as our Lord says, to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, as look for a happy hereafter at the end of a bad life. There is only one rock to build good hopes on and that is not Peter, as the Pope says, neither is it sacraments, as the old Roman beast's cubs tell us, but the merits of the Lord Jesus. There John Ploughman rests, and he is not afraid, for this is a firm footing, and gives him a hope sure and steadfast, which neither life nor death can shake; but I must not turn preacher, so please remember that presumption is a ladder which will break the mounter's neck, and don't try it, as you love your soul.

CHAPTER XII

THE EDITOR AT HIS DESK

"Books may be kept at a smaller charge than preachers. Good books are a very great mercy to the world."

—*Richard Baxter.*

"If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all." —*Archbishop Fenelon.*

For eighteen years Mr. Spurgeon edited "The Sword and Trowel," a monthly magazine, that was designed to be, as the title-page indicates, a record of "Combat with Sin and Labor for the Lord." Like much of Mr. Spurgeon's special work, this was forced upon him. It became necessary to have a channel of communication between himself and his many correspondents, his students and his friends, scattered the wide world over. The "Sword and Trowel" was, from first to last, all through its eighteen volumes, a bright, cheery, entertaining magazine; and now that the Editor has passed away, these volumes will have an added value from the fact that they, as a complete series, constitute the best possible history that can be obtained of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of the manifold organizations that were associated with it, and of its honored pastor.

"A CONTINUAL TOOTH-DRAWING"

When Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was wearied all day long by incessant requests to alter his procedure upon a great political question, he told his daughter that he could compare the importunities of the members of the House of Commons to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing. This is an image far too striking to be left to Sir Fowell's sole use. Many other persons have been made to know what a continual tooth-drawing means, and we feel persuaded that many more are subjected to similar processes.

We should think that a miserly man, who takes a sitting in a place of worship frequented by a liberal and energetic people, must frequently feel, when he is asked over and over again for a subscription, that he had almost as soon sit in a dentist's chair, and feel the operator's forceps upon his precious dentals. His best plan is to give at once, and so end the pain of the extraction.

The same sort of misery must be experienced by the Christian who is always sighing—

"'Tis a point I long to know,"

and incessantly turning over the experience of his own heart to see if he can extract from it some assuring evidence of his being in Christ. Most of us have undergone this unhappy experience, and even a moment of it is torture—to have to endure it month after month would be agony indeed. Oh, for a childlike faith in Jesus to decide the question at once!

Personally, we have heard utterances in prayer-meetings which were painfully like a continual tooth-drawing. They were hard, cold, heartless, dreary, and both as long and as dismal as a winter's night. All of a sudden we thought and hoped that the brother had done; but, alas, he took up a fresh lease, and entered upon another lengthened period! To all appearances he was coming to a conclusion a second time, when off he went, like a shot which *ricochets*, or a boy's stone which, when thrown into the water, goes—duck—duck—drake—upon the surface. The prayer was diluted to the dregs of nothing, but end there seemed to be none. Oh, that the tooth were out! The beloved brother had said all that could be said, and prayed for all that could be prayed for; but he evidently felt it necessary to begin again. We can have too much of a good thing in such a case, and we wish the friend thought so.

Preachers, too, have caused us the same memorable sensation. The style and manner have been painful, and the length of the discourse has made the agony a protracted one. Dragging away at some metaphysical subtlety, which they could not bring into the light; tugging at some unimportant difficulty whose fangs defied their power; or explaining with marvelous perspicuity what was clear as daylight when they began, and marvelously foggy, before they came to the end, they have inflicted upon us "a continual tooth-drawing;" at least, our patience was almost as much strained

as if a grinder had been slowly drawn from our aching jaw. We are ready to cry, "Out with it, and have done, there's a good man; for we can't stand it much longer."

Worst of all, however, and fullest development of Sir Fowell's simile, is the click, clack, click, clack, of a fluent female who has gained your ear, and means to hold it.

> "She never tires nor stops to rest,
> But on and on she goes."

We have felt ready to open our mouth, and let her draw all our teeth *seriatim*, if she would but leave off talking. She had nothing to say, and she said that nothing at extreme length, with marvelous energy, and with unwearied repetition. We have turned our head, we have shut our eyes, we have wished we had gun-cotton in our ears and dynamite in our brain; but our wishes did not deliver us, we were given over to the tormentor, and must abide the fulfillment of our sentence. When the operation has been over we have sometimes asked ourselves what we have done to deserve such a punishment, and with every desire to make a full confession of our faults, we have not been able to discover anything which deserved so severe a torment under the present rule of mercy. At the second sight of the operator we have fled, feeling that it would be worth while to go a mile round, or leap over hedge and ditch, rather than again experience "a continual tooth-drawing."

MORAL.—Let us all be considerate of the feelings of others, for when we imagine we are merely tickling their ears, we may be causing them as much pain as if we were drawing their teeth.

THE ART OF TORMENTING

One would hardly have thought it worth an author's while to compose a treatise upon "The Art of Tormenting;" yet such a book exists, and contains many ingenious instructions by which masters, husbands, wives, and friends may torture their servants, relatives, and acquaintances to an intolerable degree. To quote any of the writer's suggestions in these pages would be useless, since none of our readers wish to learn the science of plaguing others. The ingenious writer, a lady, by the way, does not recommend the clumsy methods of Roman emperors and Popish inquisitors, by which it is possible to torment the bodies of men and allow the mind and spirit to remain at peace; but she deals with subtler arts, by which the mind can be lacerated beyond all cure, while yet no wound is seen. To torture the heart and spirit of a man is far more cruel than to tear his flesh or break his bones. One sentiment in this amusing treatise struck us as singularly instructive to those who are the victims of malicious criticism; the author says: "Be very careful daily to observe whether your patient continues in good health, and is fat and well-liken; for, if so, you may be almost certain that your whole labor is thrown

away. As soon, therefore, as you perceive this to be the case, you must (to speak in the phrase of surgeons when they hack and hew a human body) immediately choose another subject. All the pleasure of tormenting is lost as soon as your subject becomes insensible to your strokes." We are almost reconciled to being corpulent as we read these lines. Herein is wisdom. Patience baffles malice: the malicious themselves confess their defeat; what can we do better than to offer the passive resistance which is seen to be so effective? Let us no longer gratify our enemies by taking notice of their cruel observations and venomous insinuations. If we are callous we at once defeat them; there can be no virtue in cultivating a sensitiveness which makes us vulnerable. The more we smart, the more they will scourge; but a back of leather laughs at the cat-o'-nine-tails. By doing our best at all times we shall be able to defy all the criticisms of on-lookers, who, doing nothing themselves, have all the more leisure to find fault with our honest endeavors. In all probability we shall never succeed in any one instance in pleasing all who call themselves our friends; and as to our enemies, they will never be gratified unless they see us guilty of gross folly; therefore our wisest course is to make sure of being right in the sight of God, and then to proceed in a straight line with firm tread, whether we offend or please. The desire to inflict pain is ingrained in some natures, and against these there is no defense except

a manly insensibility. As chemists plunge a fabric in a solution of alum and thus enable it to defy the flames, so should we immerse ourselves into the consciousness of desiring to do right before God, and we shall be superior to the fires of slander. We are not able to abate the fury of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; but if we can walk in the midst of it unharmed, the result will be equally harmless and far more sublime.

Over against the art of tormenting let us set the philosophy of enduring; our bane and antidote are both before us.

With the beginning of each new volume Mr. Spurgeon issued a characteristic address to his readers. Here is a part of one of those yearly epistles:—

KIND READERS:—Throughout another year you have sustained the magazine, and as very many of you have expressed your satisfaction, and few, if any, have favored me with a complaint, I feel encouraged to believe that you have been pleased with my monthly issues. It was once observed in my hearing by a friend who wished to account for my fulfillment of numerous duties, that, as for the magazine, it was a merely nominal thing to be the editor, for few editors ever saw their magazines till they were in print. However this may be as a rule, it does not contain a spark of truth in my case, for I have personally superintended every page, and I do not think a single line of the mag-

azine has passed through the press without having been read by me. Whether I succeed or not, I certainly do not delegate my task to others. If I had more leisure I am sure I could do better, and it is with unfeigned satisfaction that I find my subscribers contented with what I can procure for them.

"The Sword and Trowel" has been the happy means of uniting in gracious service a band of gracious givers and workers, who now for these seventeen years have joined to aid the institutions which, though they locally surround the Tabernacle, are really the offspring of a congregation which is found scattered throughout all lands. By means of this warm-hearted brotherhood the Pastors' College has been sustained from year to year, until some six hundred ministers have been educated in it, the most of whom are still faithfully preaching the old-fashioned gospel in which they have been trained. In connection with this enterprise three brethren have been supported as evangelists, and their itinerant labors have been signally successful. Testimonies that churches have been aroused and sinners converted by their means, have been plentifully sent in, and these pages have been increased in interest thereby. Hundreds of thousands have heard the gospel through this instrumentality.

As a critic of other men's work Mr. Spurgeon was at least clear and intelligible. He could and would praise without stint when he thought the

book was worthy, and he could and would be equally severe. Here follow a few examples, from the pages of the "Sword and Trowel."

What is Truth? As it is manifested by considering the Creator, Creation, Revelation, and Man.

We do not see how the author answers the question of the title. After trying in vain to read and understand this limp, yellow-covered emanation, we give it up in despair, and say: "How we wish writers would have mercy upon readers, and at least put their nonsense in language that can be understood." Some styles of writing could fairly be described as "pea-soup" styles,—cloudy, thick, muddy; but for ourselves we prefer clear, honest, downright Saxon.

Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament.

By A. Roberts, D. D.

Every student of the Bible who can afford half-a-crown should get this most useful and entertaining volume. It contains the sort of reading which has the most charm for us, for it deals with the Scriptures themselves and their meaning in a most pleasant manner. Reading this "Companion," the alterations of the Revised Version become vastly more intelligible.

LIGHT LITERATURE

For novels of all sorts Mr. Spurgeon had a supreme contempt. Even religious novels met

with little favor at his hands; but for the rest he thought novel-reading a great waste of time. He says:—

"We would sooner break stones. As folks will have these religious fictions, we do our best to let them know which of them are well-intentioned, but we do not advise the reading of them to any great extent. A little pastry may be all very well (our slow digestion suggests that the less the better) but to live upon it would be to generate dyspepsia and all sorts of ills; even so, an interesting story now and again may be a relief and a pleasure, but a constant course of such reading must injure both mind and heart. From the quantity of fiction which we have lately received, we should think that its perusal needs no encouraging, and a little repression might be healthy."

The Fatherhood of God

One of the most poetic, beautiful, pseudo-philosophic, but altogether erroneous books on the Fatherhood of God which we ever read. As insidious and attractive as it can be, but altogether subversive of the very fundamental truths of the gospel concerning man's ruin, regeneration, and redemption. Our advice concerning it would be the same as given with respect to the proper way of preparing cucumber: "Carefully peel and slice it, flavor with pepper, salt, and vinegar, and then —eat it? Oh, no; *throw it on the dunghill!*"

The Masque Torn Off.

By T. de Witt Talmage, D. D.

With Mr. Talmage in preaching the gospel we are heartily at one, but from Mr. Talamge as an amateur detective we part company. It may not only be right to enter the dens of New York in order to expose their evils, but it may even be heroic to do so; it is not, however, a work which we would undertake for any consideration, nor one from which, according to our judgment, any great benefit can arise. Mr. Talmage seems to us to make small progress in depth of spirituality and fullness of divine experience, but to be straining himself to say striking things. This is not a state of things to be commended, and we hope that the preacher will grow out of it; at the same time we are sure that his sermons have charms for many minds, and that they do not deserve the savage condemnation which critics have poured upon them.

A Man every Inch of Him: or, The Story of Frank Fullerton's School-days.

By J. Jackson Wray.

Capital! first-rate! and every other adjective that will express our unmingled admiration of this book of books for English boys. Once let it be seen and dipped into, and no boy will be able to rest until he has read to the end; and then he'll want more. Why, it kept us up long after bed-

time, made us laugh and cry just as it liked, and, when we left off, set us longing to be young again, took the wrinkles out of our face, and almost made our creaking limbs to grow supple! Well done, Mr. Wray! You have given young and old boys alike a treat, and in the name of boydom in general, we vote you "a brick." It's just the book for a Christmas-box, a birthday present, or a prize gift, and we hope will be as plentifully scattered as snowflakes in January.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEWSPAPER A BIBLE AND A TEXT-BOOK

"I read the newspaper that I may see how my heavenly Father governs the world." —*John Newton.*

"I believe that a great and good newspaper is as sacred in its own way as the Bible. It has something in it of the very present word of God to man, and the very present word of man to God."
—*Robert Collyer.*

Mr. Spurgeon was a Puritan at heart, as we have said before. He was not "a man of the world," and yet he was neither blind to what was going on about him, nor deaf to the voices that were sometimes harmonious and sometimes most discordant. He was a man of strong faith, and believed that this is God's world after all! That grand line of Robert Browning's:

"God is in heaven! All's right with the world,"

fitly expresses the complacent confidence with which, especially in earlier years, Mr. Spurgeon looked on the tumult and the strifes of men. With an ever-observant eye he saw what many missed. And with an eye ever "single" God-ward, he saw relations in passing events that escaped the common hasty glance. The history of every day revealed to him that God was moving in the affairs of men. And so the newspaper became a sort of

later Bible, and in turn a text-book. Speaking of the newspaper, Mr. Spurgeon says:—

"We have read the newspaper during the last three months that we might find illustrations of the teaching of our heavenly Father's Word; and we think we have not read in vain, for we have gathered instances in proof and facts in explanation which we have jotted down in these pages. The worlds of nature and of providence are full of parallels to things moral and spiritual, and serve as pictures to make the written book of inspiration more clear to the children of God. The Bible itself abounds in metaphors, types, and symbols; it is a great picture-book; there is scarcely a poetical figure which may not be found in the law and the prophets, or in the words of Jesus and His apostles. The preacher is bidden to speak as the oracles of God, and consequently he should imitate their illustrative method, and abound in emblems and parables. A sermon which is full of 'likes' is full of windows to enlighten the mind and hands to hold it captive. Discourses decked with similes will not only give pleasure to the children, but persons of riper years will be charmed and instructed thereby."

In this chapter we have placed a few examples of Mr. Spurgeon's happy treatment of current events.

BLAME THE SCALE-MAKER

"The woman said, The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." —*Gen. iii: 13.*

"Every man shall bear his own burden." —*Gen. vi: 5.*

The "South London Press," June 22, reports the following, among a number of other cases of unjust weights and measures: "A. B., cheesemonger. One machine. Defendant said he paid a scale-maker 30 s. 6 d. to attend to it, and the neglect was his. The chairman said one of the first things defendant should have attended to was the correctness of his scales and weights. Fined £1. Defendant thought the scale-maker ought to pay the fine. The clerk: 'We look to you; we have nothing to do with the scale-maker.'"

National law is based upon the principle of personal responsibility, and it will not allow a transgressor to escape by pleading that he has shifted the burden of duty upon another. If in any case responsibility could be transferred, it surely should be under the circumstances before us; but the law knows nothing of scale-makers, it deals with traders; and if anything be wrong with scales or weights it does not hold the shopkeeper guiltless, but visits the wrong upon him, even though he may have employed a person to keep his weights in order. This course appears to be severe, but it is both just and necessary; there would be no security for the purchaser, nor indeed for government itself, if the essential principle of personal responsibility could be departed from. Every man *must* bear his own burden.

Yet this truth is too often put into the background. In religion men have often acted as if they had altogether forgotten that it must of

necessity be strictly personal. We hear of sponsors promising and vowing no end of things, and of priests performing service and doing the devotions of others. Proxies, however, in such matters are a sheer delusion; all true religion is a personal thing; men sin personally, and they must personally repent of that sin, or personally bear the guilt of it. No man can receive the new birth on behalf of another, nor can another man's faith excuse us from believing in Jesus. Sanctification is not a boon to be vicariously received, any more than heaven can be vicariously enjoyed. A man may fancy that he pays a priest or a minister to do his religion for him, just as the tradesman paid the scale-maker; but the law does not recognize the transaction, it deals with principals only. We cannot leave our heavenly business in the hands of a clergyman as we place our secular affairs in the hands of a lawyer; we must believe in Jesus Christ on our own account, or judgment will go against us. It is true that in the matter of our justification before God, we have been redeemed by the blood of our Substitute, and are accepted in His imputed righteousness; but, in the practical application of the blessings thus procured, everything must be direct and personal. Another may procure us food, but he cannot eat or digest it for us; Jesus has become our bread from heaven, but we must individually partake of Him if we would live forever. Another may bring us a candle, but we cannot see the light except with our own vision,—

nay, more, even the Sun of Righteousness makes no man to see except by his own eyes.

Never, then, let us leave our doctrinal views to be settled for us by the Church, but let us search the Scriptures for ourselves; let us not derive our peace and confidence from the good opinion of our pastor and the deacons, but aim at attaining a full assurance of our calling and election by the seal of the Spirit upon our own hearts; neither let us leave the work of the Lord to be discharged by others, but honestly render our fair share of the service. We must ask for grace to see to our own scales, and cease to leave to the scale-maker a matter which is altogether our own concern.

THE EVIL WROUGHT BY ONE MAN

"One sinner destroyeth much good." —*Eccles. ix:18.*

"That man perished not alone in his iniquity." —*Josh. xxii:20.*

An American paper contains the following paragraph: "An oil-train of forty oil-tanks ran into a heavy freight-train near Slatington, Pennsylvania. The engineer of the latter train had been compelled to stop to cool off a hot 'journal,' but the conductor had sent no one back to warn following trains of danger. Several persons were killed and about forty injured—the result of one man's carelessness." Amid the blaze of the oil, the screams of burning men and women, and the charred remains of the unhappy victims, we see how great a calamity may arise out of a little neglect, and how much the destiny of others may hang upon the

acts of one man. Have we a due sense of our own personal responsibility? Have we ever reflected that our own conduct may influence others for good or evil throughout eternity? We may have no wicked intent, and yet our carelessness and indifference may be as fatal to immortal souls as if we had been profane or profligate. Moral virtues, apart from religion, may suggest to our children that godliness is needless; was not their father an excellent man, and yet he was unconverted? Thus may generation after generation be kept in spiritual death by an argument fetched from the irreligion of one who was in other respects a model character. Who among us would desire this?

Even if we hope that we are ourselves saved, it should cause us grave question if we are not bringing others to Jesus.

A destroyer of souls will have an awful doom at the last, and he who failed to do his best to save his fellows will not be held guiltless before the Lord.

LADIES' DRESS

"I will . . . that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." —*1 Tim. ii: 8, 9.*

"Be clothed with humility." —*1 Peter v: 5.*

On the 11th of April, in the course of an action brought by the well-known *modiste*, "Madame Rosalie," against a gentleman of property to compel him to pay a debt contracted by his wife, it was stated in evidence that from $2,500 to $10,000 a year might be considered a reasonable sum

for a lady moving in good society to expend on dress. The gentleman's wife, in the witness-box, repudiated with lofty scorn the idea that the former amount was sufficient. The lady is an invalid, has never been presented at court, and is not called into company, and yet was indebted for millinery to a very large amount.

Is it, then, a fact that so large a sum is considered needful for the clothing of one human form? Surely the luxury of the old Roman empire is infecting our beloved country: may God grant that it may not, in our case also, be a sign of the decay of the nation. Women should be too considerate of the needs of the sick and suffering to spend their money so wastefully. A blanket placed on the bed of a poor old woman would be a better ornament to a lady's character than all the lace a dukedom could purchase. Yet so it is; but—tell it not in Gath—a lady cannot be dressed under $10,000 a year!

Are we wrong if we place side by side with this modern fact a description of the follies of women of the olden times? "Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of *Zion* are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of *Zion*, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their

feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods and the vails."—*Isaiah* iii: 16-23.

What a contrast is the teaching of the Apostle Peter, in his first epistle, at the third chapter: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands." Peter sends the ladies to a wardrobe better than any which the frivolous possess, and to a jewel-case richer than ever belonged to the vain and showy; but, alas, the mass of women do not care to adorn themselves in this right royal fashion! Pride of dress is so childish that one wonders to see it in grown-up people. The old proverb speaks of being twice children; but fops and dandies of either sex are always children. Archbishop Leighton has well said: "It is strange upon how poor things men and women will be vain, and think them-

selves somebody; not only upon some comeliness in their face or feature, which, though poor, is yet a part of themselves, but of things merely without them; that they are well lodged, or well mounted, or well appareled, either richly or well in fashion. Light, empty minds are like bladders, blown up with anything."

The only excuse we can think of for some dressy women is that they think themselves very ugly. What deformity must exist if it needs ten thousand a year to cover it! If these persons accurately gauge their lack of personal charms, they must be suffering under a fearful measure of uncomeliness. Why, ten or twenty families could be reared in comparative comfort upon the amount thus expended in wastefulness; and as matters go with the agricultural laborers in many of the shires, forty of the families owned by Hodge and his companions, including all the father Hodges and their wives, could be decently provided for upon ten thousand a year. It will not bear thinking of. Yet many women professing godliness are shockingly extravagant, and can never be happy till their heads are tricked out with strange gear and their bodies with fashionable millinery. They little think how much they degrade themselves and grieve the Spirit of God. A forgiven sinner decked out in the flaunting garments of a worldling, casts suspicion upon her own pardon. If she had ever been renewed in heart, would she, could she, adorn herself after the manner of a Jezebel? It is

hard to think of a disciple of the Lord wasting her substance upon personal decoration. Does the lowly Jesus keep company with persons who spend hours at the glass, adorning, if not adoring, their own flesh? Can extravagance and fashionableness be pleasing to the Lord? No. Assuredly not.

We are not judging that "neat handsomeness" which George Herbert says "doth bear the sway," but we are sorrowful when we see those who set themselves up as examples, and move in a position where no outward show is required, going beyond ordinary worldly women in extravagance. It is the bane of society and the disgrace of religion.

We wonder how much of the extravagance of female dress could be traced to the man-millinery of Anglican priests. Church congresses have been edified by exhibitions of ecclesiastical finery, in which were seen robes and vestments of the costliest material and the gaudiest colors. We have read of altar frontals which have taken years to finish, and are valued at more than $2,500. All this to deck out a table! No wonder that it costs so much to dress a woman. When men, and even ministers, take to resplendent trappings, who can wonder that the weaker sex exercise a larger liberty? For shame, ye so-called priests, put away your baby garments, and quit yourselves like men!

THE RACE AND ITS SPECTATORS

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." —*Heb. xii:1.*

In an article upon the University boat-race of April 13, the "Times" alludes to the dense throng upon the banks of the river, and to the interest which everybody seemed to feel in the struggle, and it then very truthfully adds:—

"Nor do the competitors themselves fail to gain much from the sight of the vast crowds which attest the strength of the popular interest. The rivalry would hardly be so keen if the race were to be rowed amid the comparative privacy of a provincial stream or lake. Some years ago this was kept out of sight in a high and mighty way, by the suggestion that, to prevent the contest from being vulgarized, or for some other reason, it ought to be held at some quieter place than the neighborhood of London. Loch Maree, in the wilds of Ross-shire, would afford charming tranquillity and a few scores of cool spectators. But the stimulus of a great public competition would be gone, and if we may venture to assume that undergraduates are made of the same stuff as other human beings, that stimulus is essential to such muscular exertion as we see at Oxford and Cambridge."

This excellently illustrates the meaning of the apostle when he represents believers as running for a prize, with saints, apostles, and martyrs looking on. The stimulus communicated by spectators is his prominent idea. No doubt the young oarsmen find a stimulus in every eye that gazes upon them, and if the crowd were thinned they would take less interest in their task. The crowds

which line the Thames may well be compared to clouds, so completely do they darken the banks from end to end of the course; and much more may those who gaze upon the Christian's life be thus spoken of. Myriads lean from heaven, or look from earth, or peer upward from the pit. Holy men of all ages, now with God, join with a great host still abiding here below. Angels and principalities and powers unite as one vast army and observe us intently; and frowning demons of the pit in their dread array all gaze with interest upon the Christian's work and way. Should not every glance animate us to do our utmost?

And what eyes there are among those who observe us! Had the Queen been present, we could imagine the young athletes straining themselves even more than they had done, for the glance of royalty quickens energy to the utmost. In our case, the King of kings looks down upon us, and the Prince of Life with tender sympathy watches our progress. What manner of race should ours be under the Lord's own eye! Competitors of former years were at the boat-race to see whether the new-comers would maintain the honor of their university. Even so the worthies of ancient times, who counted not their lives dear unto them, take pleasure in the efforts of those who to-day are wrestling for victory, as they themselves did in ages past. The approving glances of prophets and apostles may well stir our souls. Dear ones who have gone before also mark our behavior in the

race. A mother in heaven takes delight in the ardor of her son; brothers "gone over to the majority" are serenely glad as they see their brothers pushing forward in the noble cause. Our leaders in the faith, oarsmen who taught us how to fly over the waves, regard us with anxious interest, and joy in our successes. These things should quicken us, and lend us arguments for unabated energy.

Of course the apostle was not alluding to a boat-race, but to the Olympian games. Those games furnish a suggestive figure, which we leave the reader to work out at leisure, when we have given him a glimpse at the race from the window of good Dr. John Brown:

"At Olympia, a town of Elis, games were celebrated in honor of Jupiter once every five years. An almost incredible multitude, from all the states of Greece and from the surrounding countries, attended these games as spectators. The noblest of the Grecian youths appeared as competitors. In this race, a course was marked out for the candidates for public fame, and a tribunal erected at the end of the course, on which sat the judges—men who had themselves in former years been successful competitors for Olympic honors. The victors in the morning contests did not receive their prizes till the evening; but after their exertions they joined the band of spectators, and looked on while others prosecuted the same arduous labors which they had brought to an honorable termination."

It is a fine thought that those honorable men in the Church of God who have themselves behaved worthily, take the deepest interest in the young men who have newly set out upon the race. Let the youngsters so behave themselves that the veterans may never fear for the cause of God. We know that a great deal of anxiety is felt just now, for the rising race shows signs of being unstable and superficial, but we hope for better things, and even trust that the men of the coming age will outstrip their predecessors, and draw forth the approving shouts of the encompassing cloud of witnesses.

CHAPTER XIV

PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

"Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works." —*David.*

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." —*Paul.*

Neither Mr. Spurgeon nor his warmest admirers would claim for him the genius of the poet. He himself would have been the first to protest against any such claim made on his behalf. And yet occasionally he indulged in the luxury of writing verse, a few examples of which will not be unwelcome to the readers of this volume. All birds are not nightingales, and yet the thrush and the robin and the lark, have a right to sing their songs. Even the chirp of the sparrow is welcome after the long silence of winter. If Mr. Spurgeon had been disposed to justify his occasional "dropping into poetry," he would probably have quoted Paul's words, and in the exposition thereof he might have suggested that it is much better to make melody in the heart to the Lord, even with feeble poetry, than to go grumbling all the day long. He delighted chiefly in paraphrases of the psalms. His compilation of "Our Own Hymn Book" gives evidence that he possessed excellent judgment in the matter of devotional poetry.

"BE THOU EXALTED KING OF KINGS"

PSALM XXI

Thy strength, O Lord, makes glad our King,
  Who once in weakness bowed the head;
Salvation makes His heart to sing,
  For Thou hast raised Him from the dead.

Thou hast bestowed His heart's desires,
  Showered on His path Thy blessings down;
His royal pomp all heaven admires;
  Thou on His head hast set the crown.

A life eternal as Thy years,
  A glory infinite like Thine,
Repays Him for His groans and tears,
  And fills His soul with joy divine.

O King, belovèd of our souls,
  Thine own right hand shall find Thy foes!
Swift o'er their necks Thy chariot rolls,
  And earth Thy dreadful vengeance knows.

As glowing oven is Thy wrath,
  As flame by furious blast upblown;
With equal heat Thy love breaks forth,
  Like wall of fire around Thine own.

Be Thou exalted, King of Kings!
  In Thine own strength sit Thou on high!
Thy Church Thy triumph loudly sings,
  And lauds Thy glorious Majesty.

A PRAYER FROM ZION'S HOLY HILL

PSALM XV

Lord, I would dwell with Thee
  On Thy most holy hill.
Oh, shed Thy grace abroad in me,
  To mold me to Thy will.

Thy gate of pearl stands wide.
For those who walk upright;
But those who basely turn aside
Thou chasest from Thy sight.

Oh, tame my tongue to peace,
And tune my heart to love;
From all reproaches may I cease,
Made harmless as a dove.

The vile, though proudly great,
No flatterer find in me;
I count Thy saints of poor estate
Far nobler company.

Faithful, but meekly kind,
Gentle, yet boldly true,
I would possess the perfect mind
Which in my Lord I view.

But, Lord, these graces all
Thy Spirit's work must be;
To Thee, through Jesus' blood I call—
Create them all in me.

MAKE HASTE, O GOD

PSALM LXXV

Make haste, O God, my soul to bless,
My help and my deliverer Thou!
Make haste! for I'm in deep distress,
My case is urgent—help me *now!*

Make haste, O God! make haste to save!
For time is short and death is nigh!
Make haste! ere yet I'm in my grave,
And with the lost forever lie.

Make haste! for I am poor and low,
And Satan mocks my prayers and tears;
O God, in mercy be not slow,
But snatch me from my horrid fears.

Make haste, O God, and hear my cries!
Then, with the souls who seek Thy face,
And those who Thy salvation prize,
I'll magnify Thy matchless grace.

JESUS, POOREST OF THE POOR

PSALM XLI

Jesus, poorest of the poor!
Man of sorrows! Child of grief!
Happy they whose bounteous store
Ministered to Thy relief.

Jesus, though Thy head is crowned,
Crowned with loftiest majesty,
In Thy members Thou art found
Plunged in deepest poverty.

Happy they who wash Thy feet,
Visit Thee in Thy distress!
Honor great, and labor sweet,
For Thy sake the saints to bless!

They who feed Thy sick and faint,
For Thyself a banquet find;
They who clothe the naked saint,
Round *Thy* loins the raiment bind.

Thou wilt keep their soul alive,
From their foes protect their head;
Languishing, their strength revive,
And in sickness make their bed.

Thou wilt deeds of love repay;
Grace shall generous hearts reward
Here on earth, and in the day
When they meet their reigning Lord.

IMMANUEL

This beautiful poem was written by Mr. Spurgeon in his eighteenth year.

When once I mourned a load of sin;
When conscience felt a wound within;

When all my works were thrown away;
When on my knees I knelt to pray,
  Then, blissful hour, remembered well,
  I learned Thy love, Immanuel.

When storms of sorrow toss my soul;
When waves of care around me roll;
When comforts sink, when joys shall flee;
When hopeless griefs shall gape for me,
  One word the tempest's rage shall quell—
  That word, Thy name, Immanuel.

When for the truth I suffer shame;
When foes pour scandal on my name;
When cruel taunts and jeers abound;
When "Bulls of Bashan" gird me round,
  Secure within Thy tower I'll dwell—
  That tower, Thy grace, Immanuel.

When hell enraged lifts up her roar;
When Satan stops my path before;
When fiends rejoice and wait my end;
When legioned hosts their arrows send,
  Fear not, my soul, but hurl at hell
  Thy battle-cry, Immanuel.

When down the hill of life I go;
When o'er my feet death's waters flow;
When in the deep'ning flood I sink;
When friends stand weeping on the brink,
  I'll mingle with my last farewell
  Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye;
When fairer worlds than these are nigh;
When heaven shall fill my ravished sight;
When I shall bathe in sweet delight,
  One joy all joys shall far excel,
  To see Thy face, Immanuel.

MARRIED LOVE—TO MY WIFE

A pathetic interest marks this poem as we read it to-day in the light of the fact that Mrs. Spurgeon now walks the path of life alone. Mr. Spurgeon had gone to Hull to preach in the early years of his married life, and while absent from home he sent this loving message to his young wife.

Over the space that parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song;
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen, but strong.

. . . . . .

The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I wear,
That heart has long been thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou needs't not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old;
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee, from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun;
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
Forever its course shall run.

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death out-brave
And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel;
Uniting bonds which were made on high
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us all worlds before,
Must *reign* in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore
Together before His throne.

CHAPTER XV

ECHOES FROM THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

"I preached that which I felt, and that which I felt most smartingly." —*John Bunyan.*

"That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life. . . . . That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." —*John the Evangelist.*

To the often-asked question, "Wherein lay the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful success as a preacher?" there is but one wise answer, and that is at once brief and simple. The secret of the whole matter lies in the fact that—he preached. He did not read an essay, he did not discuss a theme, he did not indulge in the elaboration of pet theories,—he preached! He was a "voice" crying in the great wilderness of London, "Repent, the kingdom of God is at your doors." He believed he had received a message from God to men, and it was his business to deliver that message. He was a forthteller. There were no tricks of oratory in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, no affectation, no efforts after eloquence, scarcely ever a peroration, and if ever one came, it came as the outburst of sudden emotion, without any mark of design. He used the uttermost simplicity of speech; he was both rich and apt in illustration; but, above

all, he was intensely in earnest. Preaching was not a profession, it was a passion, it was the very life of his life. The possession of remarkable powers—a musical voice, a vocabulary rich and simple, a ready wit—will account for much; but not all. Mr. Spurgeon consecrated all his powers to the very uttermost to that work which was the chief joy of his life. He preached a living man to living men, and his preaching was for the life that is and for the life that is to come. These echoes from the Tabernacle pulpit have been gathered from the whole area of his preaching through a ministry of forty years.

A TERRIBLE PARABLE

Hast thou never fled to Christ for refuge? Dost thou not believe in the Redeemer? Hast thou never confided thy soul to his hands? Then hear me; in God's name, hear me just a moment. My friend, I would not stand in thy position for an hour, for all the stars twice spelt in gold! For what is thy position? Thou hast sinned, and God will not acquit thee; he will punish thee. He is letting thee live; thou art reprieved. Poor is the life of one that is reprieved without a pardon! Thy reprieve will soon run out; thine hour-glass is emptying every day. I see on some of you Death has put his cold hand, and frozen your hair to whiteness. Ye need your staff, it is the only barrier between you and the grave now; and you are, all of you, old and young, standing on a narrow

neck of land, between two boundless seas—that neck of land, that isthmus of life, narrowing every moment, and you are yet unpardoned. There is a city to be sacked, and you are in it—soldiers are at the gates; the command is given that every man in the city is to be slaughtered save he who can give the password. "Sleep on, sleep on; the attack is not to-day; sleep on, sleep on." "But it is to-morrow, sir." "Aye, sleep on, sleep on; it is not till to-morrow; sleep on, procrastinate, procrastinate." "Hark! I hear a rumbling at the gates; the battering ram is at them; the gates are tottering." "Sleep on, sleep on; the soldiers are not yet at your doors; sleep on, sleep on; ask for no mercy yet; sleep on, sleep on!" "Aye, but I hear the shrill clarion sound; they are in the streets. Hark, to the shrieks of men and women! They are slaughtering them; they fall, they fall, they fall!" "Sleep on; they are not yet at *your* door." "But hark! they are at the gate; with heavy tramp I hear the soldiers marching up the stairs!" "Nay, sleep on, sleep on; they are not yet in your room." "Why, they are there; they have burst open the door that parted you from them, and there they stand!" "No, sleep on, sleep on; the sword is not yet at your throat; sleep on, sleep on!" It *is* at your throat; you start with horror. Sleep on, sleep on! But you are gone! "Demon, why didst thou tell me to slumber! It would have been wise in me to have escaped the city when first the gates were shaken. Why did

I not ask for the password before the troops came? Why, by all that is wise, why did I not rush into the streets, and cry the password when the soldiers were there? Why stood I till the knife was at my throat? Aye, demon that thou art, be cursed; but I am cursed with thee forever!" You know the application; it is a parable you can all expound.

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

I am like the good man and his wife who had kept a lighthouse for years. A visitor, who came to see the lighthouse, looking out from the window over the waste of waters, asked the good woman, "Are you not afraid at night, when the storm is out, and the big waves dash right over the lantern? Do you not fear that the lighthouse, and all that is in it, will be carried away? I am sure I should be afraid to trust myself in a slender tower in the midst of the great billows." The woman remarked that the idea never occurred to her now. She had lived there so long that she felt as safe on the lone rock as ever she did when she lived on the mainland. As for her husband, when asked if he did not feel anxious when the wind blew a hurricane, he answered, "Yes, I feel anxious to keep the lamps well trimmed, and the light burning, lest any vessel should be wrecked." As to anxiety about the safety of the lighthouse, or his own personal security in it, he had outlived all that. Even so it is with the full-grown believer. He can humbly say, "I know whom I

have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." From henceforth let no man trouble me with doubts and questionings; I bear in my soul the proofs of the Spirit's truth and power, and I will have none of your artful reasonings. The gospel to me is truth. I am content to perish if it be not true. I risk my soul's eternal fate upon the truth of the gospel, and I know that there is no risk in it. My one concern is to keep the lights burning, that I may thereby benefit others.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

Self-righteousness is also much promoted by the almost universal spirit of trifling which is now abroad. Only while men trifle with themselves can they entertain the idea of personal merit before God. He who comes to serious thought, and begins to understand the character of God, before whom the heavens are not pure, and the angels are charged with folly—he, I say, that comes to serious thought and beholds a true vision of God, abhors himself in dust and ashes, and is forever silenced as to any thought of self-justification. It is because we do not seriously examine our condition that we think ourselves rich and increased in goods. A man may fancy that he is prospering in business, and yet he may be going back in the world. If he does not face his books or take stock, he may be living in a fool's paradise, spend-

ing largely when on the verge of bankruptcy. Many think well of themselves because they never think seriously. They do not look below the surface, and hence they are deceived by appearances. The most troublesome business to many men is thought and the last thing they will do is to weigh their actions, or test their motives, or ponder their ways, to see whether things be right with them. Self-righteousness being supported by ignorance, by pride, by unbelief, and by the natural superficiality of the human mind, is strongly entrenched and cannot readily be driven out of men.

Yet self-righteousness is evidently evil, for it makes light of sin. It talks of merit in the case of one who has already transgressed, and boasts of excellence in reference to a fallen and depraved creature. It prattles of little faults, small failures, and slight omissions, and so makes sin to be a venial error which may be readily overlooked. Not so faith in God, for though it recognizes pardon, yet that pardon is seen to come in a way which proves sin to be exceedingly sinful. On the other hand, the doctrine of salvation by works has not a word of comfort in it for the fallen. It gives to the elder son all that his proud heart can claim, but for the prodigal it has no welcome. The law has no invitation for the sinner, for it knows nothing of mercy. If salvation be by the works of the law, what must become of the guilty, and the fallen, and the abandoned? By what hopes can these be recalled? This unmerciful doctrine bars the door

of hope, and hands over the lost ones to the executioner, in order that the proud Pharisee may air his boastful righteousness, and thank God that he is not as other men are.

It is the intense selfishness of this doctrine which condemns it as an evil thing. It naturally exalts self. If a man conceives that he will be saved by his own works, he thinks himself somewhat, and glories in the dignity of human nature: when he has been attentive to religious exercises he rubs his hands and feels that he deserves well of his Maker; he goes home to repeat his prayers, and ere he falls asleep he wonders how he can have grown to be so good and so much superior to those around him. When he walks abroad he feels as if he dwelt apart in native excellence, a person much distinguished from "the vulgar herd," a being whom to know is to admire. All the while he considers himself to be very humble, and is often amazed at his own condescension. What is this but a most hateful spirit?

IGNORANT OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION

I had heard the plan of salvation by the sacrifice of Jesus from my youth up, but I did not know any more about it in my innermost soul than if I had been born and bred a Hottentot. The light was there, but I was blind; it was of necessity that the Lord himself should make the matter plain to me. It came to me as a new revelation, as fresh as if I had never read in Scripture that

Jesus was declared to be the propitiation for sin that God might be just. I believe it will have to come as a revelation to every new-born child of God whenever he sees it; I mean that glorious doctrine of the substitution of the Lord Jesus. I came to understand that salvation was possible through vicarious sacrifice; and that provision had been made in the first constitution and arrangement of things for such a substitution. I was made to see that He who is the Son of God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, had of old been made the covenant head of a chosen people, that He might in that capacity suffer for them and save them. Inasmuch as our fall was not at the first a personal one, for we fell in our federal representative, the first Adam, it became possible for us to be recovered by a second representative, even by Him who has undertaken to be the covenant head of His people, so as to be their second Adam. I saw that ere I actually sinned I had fallen by my first father's sin; and I rejoiced that therefore it became possible in point of law for me to rise by a second head and representative. The fall by Adam left a loophole of escape; another Adam can undo the ruin made by the first. When I was anxious about the possibility of a just God pardoning me, I understood and saw by faith that He who is the Son of God became man, and in His own blessed person bore my sin in His own body on the tree. I saw the chastisement of my peace was laid on Him, and that with His stripes I was

healed. Dear friend, have you ever seen that? Have you ever understood how God can be just to the full, not remitting penalty nor blunting the edge of the sword, and yet can be infinitely merciful, and can justify the ungodly who turn to Him? It was because the Son of God, supremely glorious in His matchless person, undertook to vindicate the law by bearing the sentence due to me, that therefore God is able to pass by my sin. The law of God was more vindicated by the death of Christ than it would have been had all transgressors been sent to hell. For the Son of God to suffer for sin was a more glorious establishment of the government of God, than for the whole race to suffer.

COME IN YOUR DESHABILLE

Do not attempt to touch yourself up and make yourself something other than you really are; but come as you are to Him who justifies the ungodly. A great artist some short time ago had painted a part of the corporation of the city in which he lived, and he wanted, for historic purposes, to include in his picture certain characters well known in the town. A crossing-sweeper, unkempt, ragged, filthy, was known to everybody, and there was a suitable place for him in the picture. The artist said to this ragged and rugged individual, "I will pay you well if you will come down to my studio and let me take your likeness." He came round in the morning, but he was soon sent about his business; for he had washed his face, and

combed his hair, and donned good clothes. He was needed as a beggar, and was not invited in any other capacity. Even so, the gospel will receive you into its halls if you come as a sinner, but not else. Wait not for reformation, but come at once for salvation. God justifieth the ungodly, and that takes you up where you now are. It meets you in your worst estate.

Come in your *deshabille*. I mean, come to your heavenly Father in all your sin and sinfulness. Come to Jesus just as you are, leprous, filthy, naked, neither fit to live nor fit to die. Come, you that are the very sweepings of creation; come, though you hardly dare to hope for anything but death. Come, though despair is brooding over you, pressing upon your bosom like a horrible nightmare. Come and ask the Lord to justify another ungodly one. Why should He not? Come along with you; for this great mercy of God is meant for such as you are. I put it in the language of the text, and I cannot put it more strongly—the Lord God himself takes to himself this gracious title, "Him that justifieth the ungodly." He makes just, and causes to be treated as just, those who by nature are ungodly. Is not that a wonderful word for you? Reader, do not rise from your seat till you have well considered this matter.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE

What a wonderful thing is that union between God and the sinner! We have all been thinking a

great deal lately about the Atlantic Cable. It is a very interesting attempt to join two worlds together. That poor cable, you know, has had to be sunk into the depths of the sea, in the hope of establishing a union between the two worlds, and now we are disappointed again. But, oh! what an infinitely greater wonder has been accomplished. Christ Jesus saw the two worlds divided, and the great Atlantic of human guilt rolled between. He sank down deep into the woes of man till all God's waves and billows had gone over Him, that He might be, as it were, the great telegraphic communication between God and the apostate race, between the Most Holy One and poor sinners. Let me say to you, sinner, there was no failure in the laying down of that blessed cable. It went down deep; the end was well secured, and it went down deep into the depths of our sin, and shame, and woe; and on the other side it has gone right up to the eternal throne, and is fastened there eternally fast, by God himself. You may work that telegraph to-day, and you may easily understand the art of working it too. A sigh will work it; a tear will work it. Say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and along the wire the message will flash, and will reach God before it comes from you. It is swifter far than earthly telegraphs; ay, and there will come an answer back much sooner than you ever dream of, for it is promised—"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Who ever heard of such a

communication as this between man and man; but it really does exist between sinners and God, since Christ has opened up a way from the depths of our sin to the heights of His glory.

This is for you who are at a distance from Him, but He has done more for us who are saved, for He has taken us right across the Atlantic of our sin and set us down on the other side; He has taken us out of our sinful state, and put us into the Father's bosom, and there we shall dwell forever in the heart of God as His own dear children.

I would to God that some might now be led to look to the Savior, that some would come with weeping and with tears to him, and say,

> " 'Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly.'

Take my case, and arbitrate for me; I accept Thine atonement; I trust in Thy precious blood; only receive me and I will rejoice in Thee forever with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

OPEN WIDE THE DOOR

When the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, the people were not to look to Moses, nor to the Tabernacle, nor to the pillar of cloud, but to the brazen serpent itself. Looking was not enough unless they looked to the right object; and the right object was not enough unless they looked. It was not enough for them to know about the serpent of brass; they must each one look to it for himself. When a man is ill, he may have a good

knowledge of medicine, and yet he may die if he does not actually take the healing draught. We must receive Jesus; for "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Lay the emphasis on two words: We must receive HIM, and we must RECEIVE Him. We must open wide the door, and take Christ Jesus in; for "Christ in you" is "the hope of glory." Christ must be no myth, no dream, no phantom to us, but a real man, and truly God; and our rceeption of Him must be no forced and feigned acceptance, but the hearty and happy assent and consent of the soul that He shall be the all in all of our salvation. Will we not at once come to Him, and make Him our sole trust?

I WOULD TO GOD WE HAD MORE PLUCK

The common policy of our churches is that of great prudence. We do not, as a rule, attempt anything beyond our strength. We measure means and calculate possibilities with economical accuracy, then we strike off a large discount for contingencies, and a still larger as provision for our ease, and so we accomplish little because we have no idea of doing much. I would to God we had more "pluck." I know of no fitter word; though the word may better suit the camp than the church, we will for once borrow from the barracks. Bear in mind that there is nothing like courage, even in ordinary things. Sir Richard Sutton, when he was ambassador to Prussia, was taken

by Frederick the Great to see his regiment of giants, every one of whom stood six feet six in his shoes. The king said to him, "Do you think any regiment in the English army could fight my men, man for man?" Sir Richard answered, "Please your majesty, I do not know whether the same number could beat your giants, but I know that half the number would try at it." Let us attempt great things, for those who believe in the name of the Lord succeed beyond all expectation. By faith the worker lives.

BELIEVERS IN NOTHING

Certain thinkers have reached the blessed ultimatum of believing nothing at all with anything like certainty of belief. When these cultivated persons speak of us they manifest great scorn, and affect to believe that we are natural fools. Ah, dear! People are not always what they are thought to be, and it may happen that a man sees himself as in a glass when he thinks he is looking out of window at a neighbor. It is a sign of great weakness when persons are full of contempt for others. If in any review or pamphlet a writer parades his culture, you may be sure that he has been lying fallow of late, and his affectations are the weeds which have come of it. If it came to a fair contest upon the matter of education and culture the orthodox would be quite able to hold their own. Boasting is sorry work; but sometimes persons must be answered according to their folly,

and I say boldly that in any sort of mental tournament we should not tremble to tilt with the men of "modern thought." Be it so or not, it is ours to believe. We believe that when the Lord our God gave forth a revelation He knew His own mind, and that He expressed Himself in the best and wisest manner, and in terms that can be understood by those who are teachable and truthful. We therefore believe that no new revelation is needed, and that the idea of other light to come is practically unbelief in the light which now is, seeing the light of truth is one. We believe that though the Bible has been twisted and turned about by sacrilegious hands, it is still the infallible revelation of God. It is a main part of our religion humbly to accept what God has revealed. Perhaps the highest form of adoration possible on this side the veil is the bowing of our entire mental and spiritual being before the revealed mind of God; the kneeling of the understanding in that sacred Presence whose glory causes angels to veil their faces. Let those who please worship science, reason, and their own clear judgment; it is ours to submit ourselves before the Lord our God.

IN THE GALLERIES OF VERSAILLES

The upper galleries at Versailles are filled with portraits, many of them extremely valuable and ancient. These are the likenesses of the greatest men of all lands and ages, drawn by the ablest artists. Yet most visitors wander through the

rooms with little or no interest; in fact, after noticing one or two of the more prominent pictures, they hasten through the suite of chambers and descend to the other floors. Notice the change when the sight-seers come to fine paintings like those of Horace Vernet, where the men and women are not inactive portraits but are actively engaged. There the warrior who was passed by without notice upstairs, is seen hewing his way to glory over heaps of slain, or the statesman is observed delivering himself of weighty words before an assembly of princes and peers. Not the men, but their actions, engross attention. Portraits have no charm when scenes of stirring interest are set in rivalry with them. After all, then, let us be who or what we may, we must bestir ourselves or be mere nobodies, chips in the porridge, forgotten shells of the shore. If we would impress we must act. The dignity of standing still will never win the prize, we must run for it. Our influence over our times will arise mainly from our doing and suffering the will of God, not from our office or person. Life, life in earnest, life for God, this will tell on the age; but mere orderliness and propriety, inactive and passionless, will be utterly inoperative.

THREE DAYS WITHOUT SUNRISE

If kingdoms should go to rack the Christian need not tremble. Just for a minute imagine a scene like this: Suppose for the next three days

the sun should not rise; suppose the moon should be turned into a clot of blood, and shine no more upon the world; imagine that a darkness that might be felt brooded over all men; imagine next that all the world did tremble in an earthquake till every tower and house and hut fell down; imagine next that the sea forgot its place and leaped upon the earth, and that the mountains ceased to stand, and began to tremble from their pedestals; conceive after that a blazing comet streamed across the sky—that the thunder bellowed incessantly—that the lightnings without a moment's pause followed one the other; conceive then that thou didst behold divers terrible sights, fiendish ghosts and grim spirits; imagine next that a trumpet, waxing exceeding loud, did blow; that there were heard the shrieks of men dying and perishing; imagine that in the midst of all this confusion there was to be found a saint. My friend, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," would keep him as secure amidst all these horrors as we are to-day. Oh! rejoice! I have pictured the worst that can come. Then you would be secure. Come what may then, you are safe, while Jesus Christ is the same.

GOD'S CASE AGAINST MAN

Let us listen while the great Creator speaks: may God give me grace now reverently to state it in his name, as one poor sinner stating God's case against us all. "Hear, O heavens, and give ear,

O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters: they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward." The Eternal God charges us, and let me confess at once most justly and most truly charges us, with having broken all His commandments—some of them in act, some of them in word, all of them in heart, and thought, and imagination. He charges upon us, that against light and knowledge we have chosen the evil and forsaken the good; that knowing what we were doing we have turned aside from His most righteous law and have gone astray like lost sheep, following the imaginations and devices of our own hearts. The great Plaintiff claims that inasmuch as we are His creatures we ought to have obeyed Him, that inasmuch as we owe our very lives to His daily care we ought to have rendered Him service instead of disobedience, and to have been His loyal subjects instead of turning traitors to His throne. All this, calmly and dispassionately, according to the great Book of the law, is laid to our charge before the Daysman. No exaggeration of sin is brought against us. It is simply declared of us that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint; that

there is none that doeth good, no, not one; that we have all gone out of the way, and altogether become unprofitable. This is God's case. He says, "I made this man; curiously was he wrought in the lowest parts of the earth; and all his members bear traces of my singular handiwork. I made him for my honor, and he has not honored me. I created him for my service, and he has not served me. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years I have kept the breath in his nostrils; the bread he has eaten has been the daily portion of my bounty; his garments are the livery of my charity; and all this while he has neither thought of me, his Creator and Preserver, nor done anything in my service. He has served his family, his wife and children, but his Maker he has despised."

IGNORANCE AND PRIDE

Men are ignorant of the law of God, and of what holiness really is. If they knew that even an evil thought is a breach of the law, and that the law once broken in any point is altogether violated, they would be at once convinced that there can be no righteousness by the law to those who have already offended against it. They are also in great ignorance concerning themselves, for those very persons who talk about self-righteousness are as a rule openly chargeable with fault; and if not, were they to sit down and really look at their own lives, they would soon perceive even in their best works such impurity of motive beforehand, or such pride

and self-congratulation afterwards, that they would see the gloss taken off from all their performances, and they would be utterly ashamed of them. Nor is it ignorance alone which leads men to self-righteousness, they are also deceived by pride. Man cannot endure to be saved on the footing of mercy; he loves not to plead guilty and throw himself on the favor of the great King; he cannot brook to be treated as a pauper, and blessed as a matter of charity; he desires to have a finger in his own salvation, and claim at least a little credit for it. Proud man will not have heaven itself upon terms of grace; but so long as he can he sets up one plea or another, and holds to his own righteousness as though it were his life. This self-confidence also arises from wicked unbelief, for through his self-conceit man will not believe God. Nothing is more plainly revealed in Scripture than this,—that by the works of the law shall no man be justified; yet men in some shape or other stick to the hope of legal righteousness; they will have it that they must prepare for grace, or assist mercy, or in some degree deserve eternal life. They prefer their own flattering prejudices to the declaration of the heart-searching God.

FREE, GRATIS, FOR NOTHING

I heard a story; I think it came from the North Country:—A minister called upon a poor woman, intending to give her help; for he knew that she was very poor. With his half-crown in his hand,

he knocked at the door; but she did not answer. He concluded she was not at home, and went his way. A little after he met her at the church, and told her that he had remembered her need: "I called at your house, and knocked several times, and I suppose you were not at home, for I had no answer." "At what hour did you call, sir?" "It was about noon." "Oh, dear," she said, "I heard you, sir, and I am so sorry I did not answer; but I thought it was the man calling for the rent." Many a poor woman knows what this meant. Now, it is my desire to be heard, and therefore I want to say that I am not calling for the rent; indeed, it is not the object of this book to ask anything of you, but to tell you that salvation is ALL OF GRACE, which means, free, gratis for nothing.

Oftentimes, when we are anxious to win attention, our hearer thinks, "Ah! now I am going to be told my duty. It is the man calling for that which is due to God, and I am sure I have nothing wherewith to pay. I will not be at home." No, this book does not come to make a demand upon you, but to bring you something. We are not going to talk about law, and duty, and punishment, but about love, and goodness, and forgiveness, and mercy, and eternal life. Do not, therefore, act as if you were not at home; do not turn a deaf ear, or a careless heart. I am asking nothing of you in the name of God or man. It is not my intent to make any requirement at your hands; but I

come, in God's name, to bring you a free gift, which it shall be to your present and eternal joy to receive. Open the door, and let my pleadings enter. "Come now, and let us reason together." The Lord himself invites you to a conference concerning your immediate and endless happiness, and He would not have done this if He did not mean well toward you. Do not refuse the Lord Jesus who knocks at your door; for He knocks with a hand which was nailed to the tree for such as you are. Since His only and sole object is your good, incline your ear and come to Him. Hearken diligently, and let the good word sink into your soul. It may be that the hour is come in which you shall enter upon that new life which is the beginning of heaven. Faith cometh by hearing, and reading is a sort of hearing; faith may come to you while you are reading this book. Why not? O blessed Spirit of all grace, make it so!

THE JOY OF CONSCIOUS DEPENDENCE ON GOD

If I were asked what is the sweetest frame within the whole compass of human feeling, I should not speak of a sense of power in prayer, or abundant revelation, or rapturous joys, or conquest of evil spirits; but I should mention as the most exquisite delight of my being, a condition of conscious dependence upon God. It has been often associated with great pain and humiliation of spirit, but it is inexpressibly delightful to lie passive in the hand of love, to die into the life of

Christ. It is deep joy to feel that you do not know, but your heavenly Father knows; that you cannot speak, but "we have an Advocate;" that you can scarcely lift a hand, but that He worketh all your works in you. The entire submission of our soul to our Lord, the full content of the heart with God's will and way, the sure reliance of the mind upon the heavenly presence and power—this is the nearest approach to heaven that I know; and it is better than rapture, for one can abide in it without strain or reaction.

"Oh. to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet."

It is not so sublime a feeling as soaring aloft on the wings of eagles; but for sweetness—deep, mysterious, indescribale—it bears the palm. It is a blessedness which can bear to be thought of, a joy which never seems to be a stolen one; for surely a poor, frail child has an unquestioned right to depend upon God, a right to be nothing in the presence of the All-supporting One. I love to preach in such a mood, not as though I was about to preach at all, but hoping that the Holy Spirit would speak in me.

BELIEVING DOES NOT COME BY TRYING

We are not strangers to the cry—

"Oh, that I could believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot; Lord, relieve,
My help must come from Thee."

Many remain in the dark for years because they

have no power, as they say, to do that which is the giving up of all power and reposing in the power of another, even the Lord Jesus. Indeed, it is a very curious thing, this whole matter of believing; for people do not get much help by trying to believe. Believing does not come by trying. If a person were to make a statement of something that happened this day, I should not tell him that I would try to believe him. If I believed in the truthfulness of the man who told the incident to me and said that he saw it, I should accept the statement at once. If I did not think him a true man, I should, of course, disbelieve him; but there would be no trying in the matter. Now, when God declares that there is salvation in Christ Jesus, I must either believe Him at once, or make Him a liar. Surely you will not hesitate as to which is the right path in this case. The witness of God must be true, and we are bound at once to believe in Jesus.

But possibly you have been trying to believe too much. Now do not aim at great things. Be satisfied to have a faith that can hold in its hand this one truth: "While we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." He laid down His life for men while as yet they were not believing in Him, nor were able to believe in Him. He died for men, not as believers, but as sinners. He came to make these sinners into believers and saints; but when He died for them He viewed them as utterly without strength. If you hold to the

truth that Christ died for the ungodly, and believe it, your faith will save you, and you may go in peace. If you will trust your soul with Jesus, who died for the ungodly, even though you cannot believe all things, nor move mountains, nor do any other wonderful works, yet you are saved. It is not great faith, but true faith, that saves; and the salvation lies not in the faith, but in the Christ in whom faith trusts. Faith as a grain of mustard seed, will bring salvation. It is not the measure of faith, but the sincerity of faith, which is the point to be considered. Surely a man can believe what he knows to be true; and as you know Jesus to be true, you, my friend, can believe in Him.

The cross, which is the object of faith, is also, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the cause of it. Sit down and watch the dying Savior till faith springs up spontaneously in your heart. There is no place like Calvary for creating confidence. The air of that sacred hill brings health to trembling faith. Many a watcher there has said:

> 'While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
> Breathless on the cursed tree,
> Lord, I feel my heart believing
> That thou suffer'dst thus for me."

NONE BUT GOD CAN FORGIVE

It is quite impossible for any person to forgive offenses which have not been committed against himself. A person has greatly injured you; you can forgive him, and I hope you will; but no third person can forgive him apart from you. If the

wrong is done to you, the pardon must come from you. If we have sinned against God, it is in God's power to forgive; for the sin is against himself. That is why David says, in the fifty-first Psalm: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight;" for then God, against whom the offense is committed, can put the offense away. That which we owe to God, our great Creator can remit, if so it pleases Him; and if He remits it, it is remitted. None but the great God, against whom we have committed the sin, can blot out that sin; let us, therefore, see that we go to Him and seek mercy at His hands. Do not let us be led aside by priests, who would have us confess to them; they have no warrant in the Word of God for their pretensions. But even if they were ordained to pronounce absolution in God's name, it must still be better to go ourselves to the great Lord through Jesus Christ, the Mediator, and seek and find pardon at His hands; since we are sure that this is the right way. Proxy religion involves too great a risk: you had better see to your soul's matters yourself, and leave them in no man's hands.

Only God can justify the ungodly; but He can do it to perfection. He casts our sins behind His back, He blots them out, He says that though they be sought for, they shall not be found. With no other reason for it but His own infinite goodness, He has prepared a glorious way by which He can make scarlet sins as white as snow, and remove

our transgressions from us as far as the east is from the west. He says, "I will not remember your sins." He goes the length of making an end of sin. One of old called out in amazement: "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy."

HUSH THY TRUMP, O WAR

All swords that have ever flashed from scabbards have not aided Christ a single grain. Mohammedans' religion might be sustained by cimeters, but Christians' religion must be sustained by love. The great crime of war can never promote the religion of peace. The battle, and the garment rolled in blood, are not a fitting prelude to "peace on earth; good will to men." And I do firmly hold that the slaughter of men, that bayonets, and swords, and guns, have never yet been, and never can be, promoters of the gospel. The gospel will proceed without them, but never through them. "Not by might." Now don't be befooled again, if you hear of the English conquering in China; don't go down on your knees and thank God for it, and say it's such a heavenly thing for the spread of the gospel—it just is not. Experience teaches you that; and if you look upon the map you will find I have stated the truth, that where our arms have been victorious, the gospel has been hindered rather than not; so that where South Sea Island-

ers have bowed their knees and cast their idols to the bats, British Hindoos have kept their idols; and where Bechuanas and Bushmen have turned unto the Lord, British Caffirs have not been converted; not perhaps because they were British, but because the very fact of the missionary being a Briton, put him above them, and weakened their influence. Hush thy trump, O war; put away thy gaudy trappings and thy bloodstained drapery; if thou thinkest that the cannon with the cross upon it is really sanctified, and if thou imaginest that thy banner hath become holy, thou dreamest of a lie. God wanteth not thee to help his cause. "It is not by armies, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

TRUTH TOUCHES THE SPRINGS OF ACTION

Faith is chosen again, because it touches the springs of action. Even in common things faith of a certain sort lies at the root of all. I wonder whether I shall be wrong if I say that we never do anything except through faith of some sort. If I walk across my study it is because I believe my legs will carry me. A man eats because he believes in the necessity of food; he goes to business because he believes in the value of money; he accepts a check because he believes that the bank will honor it. Columbus discovered America because he believed that there was another continent beyond the ocean; and the Pilgrim Fathers colonized it because they believed that God would

be with them on those rocky shores. Most grand deeds have been born of faith; for good or for evil, faith works wonders by the man in whom it dwells. Faith in its natural form is an all-prevailing force, which enters into all manner of human actions. Possibly he who derides faith in God is the man who, in an evil form, has the most of faith; indeed, he usually falls into a credulity which would be ridiculous, if it were not disgraceful.

BELIEVE YOUR OWN DOCTRINE

So pray and so preach that if there are no conversions you will be astonished, amazed, and broken-hearted. Look for the salvation of your hearers as much as the angel who will sound the last trump will look for the waking of the dead. Believe your own doctrine! Believe your own Savior! Believe in the Holy Ghost who dwells in you! For thus shall you see your heart's desire, and God shall be glorified.

LABELED "UNGODLY!"

If God justifieth the ungodly, then, dear friend, he can justify you. Is not that the very kind of person that you are? If you are unconverted at this moment, it is a very proper description of you: you have lived without God, you have been the reverse of godly; in one word, you have been and are ungodly. Perhaps you have not even attended a place of worship on the Sabbath, but have lived in disregard of God's day, and house, and Word

—this proves you to have been ungodly. Sadder still, it may be you have even tried to doubt God's existence, and have gone the length of saying that you did so. You have lived on this fair earth, which is full of the tokens of God's presence, and all the while you have shut your eyes to the clear evidences of His power and Godhead. You have lived as if there were no God. Indeed, you would have been very pleased if you could have demonstrated to yourself to a certainty that there was no God whatever. Possibly you have lived a great many years in this way, so that you are now pretty well settled in your ways, and yet God is not in any of them. If you were labeled UNGODLY it would as well describe you as if the sea were to be labeled salt water. Would it not?

CHRIST SHALL BE FOREVER PRAISED

Supposing the innumerable company of the redeemed could perish, and their immortality were swallowed up in death, yet, even then, daily Christ would be praised! If all of us had departed from the boundless sphere of being—look up yonder! See yon starry host; see the mighty cohorts of cherubs and seraphs? Let men begone and they shall praise Him; let the troops of the glorified cease their notes, and let no sweet melodies ever come from the lips of sainted men and women, yet the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even many thousands of angels, who always in their motions chant His praise. There is an orchestra

on high, the music of which shall never cease, even were mortals extinct and all the human race swept from existence. Again, if angels were departed, still daily would He be praised; for, are there not worlds on worlds, and suns on suns, and systems on systems, that could forever sing his praise? Yes! The ocean—that house of storms—would howl out his glories; the winds would swell the notes of his praise with their ceaseless gales; the thunders would roll like drums in the march of the God of armies; the illimitable void of ether would become vocal with song; and space itself would burst forth into one universal chorus—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Still the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

THE FUNERAL MARCH OF THE SOUL

Alas! for thee, that thy pulse should beat a march to hell. Alas! that yonder clock, like the muffled drum, should be the music of the funeral march of thy soul. Alas! alas! that thou shouldst fold thine arms in pleasure, when the knife is at thy heart. Alas! alas! for thee, that thou shouldst sing, and make merriment, when the rope is about thy neck, and the drop is tottering under thee! Alas! for thee, that thou shouldst go thy way, and live merrily and happily and yet be lost! Thou remindest me of the silly moth that dances round about the flame, singeing itself for a while, and then at last plunging to its death. Such art thou! Young woman, with thy butterfly clothing, thou

art leaping round the flame that shall destroy thee! Young man, light and frothy in thy conversation, gay in thy life, thou art dancing to hell; thou art singing thy way to damnation, and promenading the road to destruction. Alas! alas! that ye should be spinning your own winding-sheets; that ye should every day by your sins be building your own gallows; that by your transgressions ye should be digging your own graves, and working hard to pile the fagots for your own eternal burning. Oh! that ye were wise, that ye understood this, that ye would consider your latter end. Oh! that ye would flee from the wrath to come!

GOD'S HIGHEST GLORY

Salvation is God's highest glory. He is glorified in every dewdrop that twinkles to the morning sun. He is magnified in every wood flower that blossoms in the copse, although it live to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness in the forest air. God is glorified in every bird that warbles on the spray; in every lamb that skips the mead. Do not the fishes in the sea praise Him? From the tiny minnow to the huge leviathan, do not all creatures that swim the water bless and praise his name? Do not all created things extol Him? Is there aught beneath the sky, save man, that does not glorify God? Do not the stars exalt Him, when they write his name upon the azure of heaven in their golden letters? Do not the lightnings adore Him when they flash his brightness in arrows of light, pierc-

ing the midnight darkness? Do not thunders extol him when they roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Do not all things exalt Him, from the least even to the greatest? But sing, sing, O Universe, till thou hast exhausted thyself, thou canst not afford a song so sweet as the song of Incarnation. Though creation may be a majestic organ of praise, it cannot reach the compass of the golden canticle—Incarnation! There is more in that than in creation, more melody in Jesus in the manger, than there is in worlds on worlds rolling their grandeur round the throne of the Most High.

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE IN HIM

What is it to believe in Him? It is not merely to say, "He is God and the Savior," but to trust Him wholly and entirely, and take Him for all your salvation from this time forth and forever—your Lord, your Master, your all. If you will have Jesus, He has you already. If you believe on Him, I tell you you cannot go to hell; for that were to make the sacrifice of Christ of none effect. It cannot be that a sacrifice should be accepted, and yet the soul should die for whom that sacrifice has been received. If the believing soul could be condemned, then why a sacrifice? If Jesus died in my stead, why should I die also? Every believer can claim that the sacrifice was actually made for him: by faith he has laid his hands on it, and made it his own, and therefore he may rest assured that

he can never perish. The Lord would not receive this offering on our behalf, and then condemn us to die. The Lord cannot read our pardon written in the blood of His own Son, and then smite us. That were impossible. Oh, that you may have grace given you at once to look away to Jesus and to begin at the beginning, even at Jesus, who is the fountain-head of mercy to guilty man!

PARDON MUST BE FOR THE GUILTY

If you, dear friend, feel that you are spiritually sick, the Physician has come into the world for you. If you are altogether undone by reason of your sin, you are the very person aimed at in the plan of salvation. I say that the Lord of love had just such as you are in his eye when He arranged the system of grace. Suppose a man of generous spirit were to resolve to forgive all those who were indebted to him; it is clear that this can only apply to those really in his debt. One person owes him a thousand pounds; another owes him fifty pounds; each one has but to have his bill receipted and the liability is wiped out. But the most generous person cannot forgive the debts of those who do not owe him anything. It is out of the power of omnipotence to forgive where there is no sin. Pardon, therefore, cannot be for you who have no sin. Pardon must be for the guilty. Forgiveness must be for the sinful. It were absurd to talk of forgiving those who do not need forgiveness—pardoning those who have never offended.

Do you think that you must be lost because you are a sinner? This is the reason why you can be saved. Because you own yourself to be a sinner I would encourage you to believe that grace is ordained for such as you are. One of our hymn-writers even dared to say—

> "A sinner is a sacred thing,
> The Holy Ghost hath made him so."

STRONG FAITH WILL COME

You will rise to strong faith in due time. This matured faith asks not for signs and tokens, but bravely believes. Look at the faith of the master mariner—I have often wondered at it. He looses his cable, he steams away from the land. For days, weeks, or even months, he never sees sail nor shore; yet on he goes day and night without fear, till one morning he finds himself exactly opposite to the desired haven toward which he has been steering. How has he found his way over the trackless deep? He has trusted in his compass, his nautical almanac, his glass, and the heavenly bodies; and, obeying their guidance, without sighting land, he has steered so accurately that he has not to change a point to enter into port. It is a wonderful thing—that sailing or steaming without sight. Spiritually it is a blessed thing to leave altogether the shores of sight and feeling, and to say "Good-bye" to inward feelings, cheering providences, signs, tokens, and so forth. It is glorious to be far out on the ocean of divine love, believing

in God, and steering for heaven straight away by the direction of the Word of God. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;" to them shall be administered an abundant entrance at the last, and a safe voyage on the way. Will not my reader put his trust in God in Christ Jesus? There I rest with joyous confidence. Brother, come with me, and believe our Father and our Saviour. Come at once.

NONE RIGHTEOUS

"There is none righteous, no, not one." In any case I have no gospel to preach to the self-righteous—no, not a word of it. Jesus Christ himself came not to call the righteous, and I am not going to do what He did not do. If I called you, you would not come, and, therefore, I will not call you under that character. No, I bid you rather look at that righteousness of yours till you see what a delusion it is. It is not half so substantial as a cobweb. Have done with it! Flee away from it! O sirs, the only persons that can need justification are those who are not in themselves just. They need that something should be done for them to make them just before the judgment-seat of God. Depend upon it, the Lord only does that which is needful. Infinite wisdom never attempts that which is unnecessary. Jesus never undertakes that which is superfluous. To make him just who is just is no work for God—that were a labor for a fool; but to make him just who is unjust—that is

work for infinite love and mercy. To justify the ungodly—this is a miracle worthy of a God. And for certain it is so.

GO ON IN THE NAME OF GOD

No sermon is what it ought to be if faith be absent: as well say that a body is in health when life is extinct. It is admirable to see a man humbly conscious of weakness, and yet bravely confident in the Lord's power to work through his infirmity. We may glory at large when God is our glory. Attempting great things, we shall not overdo ourselves in the attempt; and expecting great things, we shall not be disappointed in our expectation. Nelson was asked whether a certain movement of his ships was not perilous, and he replied, "Perilous it may be, but in naval affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing is improbable." I make bold to assert that in the service of God nothing is impossible and nothing is improbable. Go on, in the name of God; risk everything on His promise, and according to your faith shall it be done unto you.

WHAT DOST THOU HERE

Let me imagine a man entering heaven without a change of heart. He comes within the gates. He hears a sonnet. He starts! It is to the praise of his enemy. He sees a throne, and on it sits one who is glorious; but it is his enemy. He walks streets of gold, but those streets belong to

his enemy. He sees hosts of angels, but those hosts are the servants of his enemy. He is in an enemy's house; for he is at enmity with God. He could not join the song, for he would not know the tune. There he would stand, silent, motionless, till Christ would say, with a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, "What dost thou here? Enemies at a marriage banquet? Enemies in the children's house? Enemies in heaven? Get thee gone! 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire in hell!'"

NO DESIRE BUT CHRIST

It is the highest stage of manhood to have no wish, no thought, no desire, but Christ—to feel that to die were bliss, if it were for Christ—that to live in penury, and woe, and scorn, and contempt, and misery, were sweet for Christ—to feel that it matters nothing what becomes of one's self, so that our Master is but exalted—to feel that though, like a sere leaf, we are blown in the blast, we are quite careless whither we are going, so long as we feel that the Master's hand is guiding us according to his will; or, rather, to feel that though, like the diamond, we must be exercised with sharp tools, yet we care not how sharply we may be cut, so that we may be made fit brilliants to adorn his crown.

IDLENESS

I do think that one of the worst sins a man can

be guilty of in this world is to be idle. I can almhst forgive a drunkard, but a lazy man I do think there is very little pardon for. I think a man who is idle has as good a reason to be a penitent before God as David had when he was an adulterer, for the most abominable thing in the world is for a man to let the grass grow up to his ankles and do nothing. God never sent a man into the world to be idle. And there are some who make a tolerably fair profession, but who do nothing from one year's end to the other.

MEN HUG THEIR VICES

According to Æsop, an old woman found an empty jar which had lately been full of prime old wine, and which still retained the fragrant smell of its former contents. She greedily placed it several times to her nose, and drawing it backwards and forwards said, "Oh, most delicious! How nice must the wine itself have been, when it leaves behind in the very vessel which contained it so sweet a perfume!"

Men often hug their vices when their power to enjoy them is gone. The memories of reveling and wantonness appear to be sweet to the ungodly in their old age. They sniff the empty bottles of their follies, and only wish they could again be drunken with them. Age cures not the evil heart, but exhibits in a ridiculous but deeply painful light the indelible perversity of human nature.

HEAVEN IS BATHING IN SEAS OF BLISS

The best enjoyments of Christ on earth are but as the dipping of our finger in water for the cooling of our thirst; but heaven is bathing in seas of bliss. Even so our love here is but one drop of the same substance as the waters of the ocean, but not comparable for magnitude or depth. Oh, how sweet it will be to be married to the Lord Jesus, and to enjoy forever, and without any interruption, the heavenly delights of His society! Surely, if a glimpse of Him melteth our soul, the full fruition of Him will be enough to burn up with affection. It is well that we shall have more noble frames in heaven than we have here, otherwise we should die of love in the very land of life.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS NATURAL

Self-righteousness is natural to our fallen humanity. Hence it is the essence of all false religions. Be they what they may, they all agree in seeking salvation by our own deeds. He who worships his idols will torture his body, will fast, will perform long pilgrimages, and do or endure anything in order to merit salvation. The Romish Church holds up continually before the eyes of its votaries the prize to be earned by self-denial, by penance, by prayers, or by sacraments, or by some other performances of man. Go where you may, the natural religion of fallen man is salvation by his own merits. An old divine has well said,

every man is born a heretic upon this point, and he naturally gravitates toward this heresy in one form or another. Self-salvation, either by his personal worthiness, or by his repentance, or by his resolves, is a hope ingrained in human nature, and very hard to remove. This foolishness is bound up in the heart of every child, and who shall get it out of him?

TRIFLING WITH GREAT TRUTHS

Here is the greatest discovery that was ever made, the most wonderful piece of knowledge that ever was revealed, and yet you do not think it worth a thought. You come now and then to hear a sermon, but you hear without heart; you read the Scriptures occasionally, but you do not search them as for hid treasure. It is not your first object in life thoroughly to understand and heartily to receive the gospel which God has proclaimed; yet such ought to be the case. What, my friend, does your indifference say that the grace of God is of no great value in your esteem? You do not think it worth the trouble of prayer, of Bible-reading, and attention. The death of Christ is nothing to you—a very beautiful fact, no doubt; you know the story well, but you do not care enough about it to wish to be a partaker in its benefits. His blood may have power to cleanse from sin, but you do not want remission; His death may be the life of men, but you do not long to live by Him. To be saved by the atoning blood

does not strike you as being half so important as to carry on your business at a profit and acquire a fortune for your family. By thus trifling with these precious things you do, as far as you can, frustrate the grace of God and make Christ to die in vain.

CHRIST LONGING FOR THE CROSS

Christ longed for the cross, because He looked for it as the goal of all His exertions. He could never say, "It is finished," on His throne: but on His cross he did cry it. He preferred the suffering of Calvary to the honors of the multitude who crowded round about Him; for, preach as He might, and bless them as He might, and heal them as He might, still was His work undone. He was straitened; He had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was He straitened till it was accomplished. "But," He said, "now I pant for my cross, for it is the topstone of my labor. I long for my sufferings, because they shall be the completion of my great work of grace." It is the end that bringeth the honor; it is the victory that crowneth the warrior rather than the battle. And so Christ longed for this, His death, that He might see the completion of His labor.

EXCELSIOR

The artist, when he paints, knows right well that he shall not be able to excel Apelles; but that does not discourage him; he uses his brush with

all the greater pains, that he may at least in some humble measure resemble the great master. So the sculptor, though persuaded that he will not rival Praxiteles, will hew out the marble still, and seek to be as near the model as possible. Thus so the Christian man, though he feels he never can mount to the heights of complete excellence and perceives that he never can on earth become the exact image of Christ, still holds it up before him, and measures his own deficiencies by the distance between himself and Jesus. This will he do—forgetting all he has attained, he will press forward, crying, *Excelsior!* going upwards still, desiring to be conformed more and more to the image of Christ Jesus.

ELDER FLOWERS AT VARALLO

One of our party greatly needed some elder-flower water for her face, upon which the sun was working great mischief. It was in the Italian town of Varallo, and not a word of Italian did I know. I entered a chemist's shop and surveyed his drawers and bottles, but the result was *nil.* Bright thought, I would go down by the river, and walk until I could gather a bunch of elder-flowers, for the tree was then in bloom. Happily the search was successful: the flowers were exhibited to the druggist, the extract was procured.

SATAN IS A FOWLER

Satan is a fowler; he has been so and is so

still; and if he does not now attack us as the roaring lion, roaring against us in persecution, he attacks us as the adder, creeping silently along the path, endeavoring to bite our heel with his poisoned fangs, and weaken the power of grace and ruin the life of godliness within us.

THE DEVIL AS A RESPECTABLE GENTLEMAN

If the devil comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in; but if he comes with his hat on as a respectable gentleman, he is at once admitted. The metaphor may be very quaint, but it is quite true. Many a man has taken in an evil thing, because it has been varnished and glossed over, and not apparently an evil; and he has thought in his heart, there is not much harm in it; so he has let in the little thing, and it has been like the breaking forth of water—the first drop has brought after it a torrent. The beginning has been but the beginning of a fearful end.

IF WE COULD BUT SEE THINGS AS THEY ARE

If we could see things as they are—if we were not deceived by the masquerade of this poor life—if we were not so easily taken in by the masks and dresses of those who act in this great drama, be it comedy or tragedy—if we could but see what the men are behind the scenes, penetrate their hearts, watch the inner motions, and discern their secret feelings, we should find but few who could bear the name of "blessed."