

back, tongue out, hunted and almost famishing from thirst, seeing the brook running through the valley in the distance and then without a care making for it by leaping from crag to crag until he reaches the stream, there to slake his burning thirst. The entire audience drank with the hart, and were refreshed. Wheeling at once he portrayed the Christian's thirst. How dry we became. Then he uncovered the fountain in Christ. It seemed to me that I had never seen my Christ before. There he was in his beauty. That morning all saw him and were refreshed. It was good to be there.

The battle-scarred veteran of 1889 was a greater wonder than was the preacher at thirty-four. The gout had lamed him, and was a continual torture. "What is the gout, Mr. Spurgeon?" With an inimitable laugh he asked, "Do you know rheumatism?" "Yes. Have seen sufferers with it." "Bad?" "Yes." "Well when it is at its worst take two more turns and that is the gout." There he was, helped by a crutch and a cane. It was Thursday night. Posters were out that he was to preach. My daughter went with me to see and hear him. There was a prayer meeting preceding the preaching service. We sat back among the multitude, in one of the smaller rooms. It soon filled. In he came. A deacon was assisting him. He was very lame, and sick. How they greeted him! The meeting opened. He recognized his acquaintance of twenty years before, and asked him to lead in prayer. At the close, his kind and loving greeting for the daughter can never be forgotten. Up we went into the Tabernacle. It was crowded to the doors. The preacher was helped with difficulty to his place, and with his knee resting on a chair, he began the service. The voice was the same. No hurry. Time enough to hear from God out of his word. How he hit Romanism and Ritualism and Rebellion. He stood there the defender of "The atonement," "The personality of the Holy Ghost," and against calling "The fall of man" a fable, or speaking slightly of "Justification by faith," or refusing credence to the Dogma of the "Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures," or holding "That there is another probation after death, with possibilities of a future retribution for the lost." There he was as much a Baptist as ever, though he had withdrawn from the Baptist Union. He was full of God. The man who never swerved from the beaten path was before them not so much to warn as to encourage faithfulness to Jehovah. The sermon surpassed anything I ever heard. On he went clambering heights, inaccessible to the most of us, where with the transfigured Christ on the mount he held converse and seemed to hand down views of the infinite fulness that enriched us all, and added no sorrow. Down that height we came to earth again, but with God and heaven in our hearts as never before. It was worth our trip across the sea; and if we had obtained no other blessing we would have felt ourselves rich indeed.

*Montreal.*

JUSTIN D. FULTON.