

to have expected from him, so placed in the mid-stream of thronging activities, the graces of leisure or the wealth of profound philosophy.

And now that his work is done, who could wish that it had been otherwise? So long has his name been a household word, that many will feel surprised to learn that he was but fifty-seven years of age when he died. Nearly forty years ago the almost untrained youth began his ministry, and during those four decades, save for the interruptions of sickness, he has maintained his seemingly inexhaustible energy. Many will remember the unkind things which were said of him at the outset of his career, and his uphill fight against English prejudice and the prestige of the Establishment. But he had strong self-reliance born not of conceit and thoughtlessness, but of profound conviction that there was a work which the Master had given him to do. His earlier places of ministry became too small, and in 1861 the present Metropolitan Tabernacle was finished, and Sunday after Sunday, year after year, as almost every visitor to London can testify, this immense building was thronged with thousands of attentive worshippers. Nor was he content with preaching only. The Pastor's College which he established and maintained for students for the ministry; the Stockwell Orphanage where numberless poor children found a home; the Colportage Society and other beneficent organizations attest the many-sided activities of his great heart and mind. His published works, also, on various subjects, are numerous; he was the Editor of a monthly Magazine; and for many years his sermons have been read by tens of thousands. What a busy life he lived! How contagious must have been his enthusiasm and his energy! What a blank he leaves in the religious world now that he is gone!

What were some of the causes of his phenomenal success? It may be easy to account for transient popularity; but no trick of sensationalism will maintain the steadily growing work of years. On the physical side, his most remarkable possession was his voice, winning, resonant, clear as a bell, seeming to need no forced activity, but pouring forth its music in the easy perfection of nature. As to his speech, it was virile Anglo-Saxon, direct, incisive, spontaneous. He never seemed to want a word, never seemed to utter one which could have been with advantage displaced by another. And then, the doctrine which he taught—he was sure of it. It was the conviction of his inmost soul, and easily comprehensible to the average listener. Through his whole teaching there ran a magnificent simplicity. Never, pro-