

was well, happily, and brimming over with life. We talked of old students, of their work, of the men who had fallen in the ranks, of preachers at home, of preachers on this side of the Atlantic, of books and many other things I shall ever treasure in my heart; and then we strolled through his beautiful grounds. He was a farmer

were Jews and kept the Jewish sabbath, and were never taken out of the stable on Saturday. Of course he had to drive them on Sunday, and one day of rest he gave them. Mr. Spurgeon was kind to his horses in other ways. Their stable was the cosiest place of the kind I ever saw. Every living thing about his



Mr. Spurgeon in his study.

in a small way. He kept some cows—beautiful Jerseys—and two horses, necessary to him in his work; “Brownie” and “Brandy” he called them. But such horses! “Thou shalt not covet.” Yes, but I did ‘covet,’ and so I fear would many of my readers had they seen them. Mr. Spurgeon told me that the horses

grounds he was on intimate terms with and regarded affectionately. In the afternoon an old fellow-student joined us, making my “cup to run over.” But the hours sped by too fast altogether. Soon tea was announced, where we had the memorable privilege of spending an hour around the table with his sorely afflicted