

This charming plantation is in the very heart of the British Metropolis, a short walk from St. Paul's Cathedral, across Blackfriar's Bridge. It being the Sabbath evening we will not avail ourselves of the Omnibus, hundreds of which, crowded outside and in, are threading their way along the densely thronged streets. Soon we arrived at the desired spot—*Surrey Chapel*—more than half an hour before the commencement of the service; but the solemn assembly around the doors of this plain octagonal building, rapidly gathering strength as the time of opening approaches, might awaken the stranger's surprise at the early and eager ways of this congregation. No sooner is the chapel opened, than every pew above and below is rapidly filled up, and the moveable seats in the aisles are raised and appropriated; the pulpit stairs, and every standing place around the entrances are occupied so completely that a nervous visitor would be apt to fear suffocation in such a closely packed assembly, with no way of egress left. Is this some unusual service? or is some famous preacher expected? Not at all. The preacher expected is their own beloved pastor, the Rev. Newman Hall, who for nine years has, from Sabbath to Sabbath, addressed just such a congregation. And before him, these crowds were as eager to hear his predecessor, the late Rev. James Sherman, who labored among this people about twice as long as Mr. Hall has done. His ministry was blessed with remarkable success in gathering souls into the kingdom of God. Under one sermon, preached on a Sabbath evening in 1837, no less than eighty-four persons, according to their own narratives of religious experience, were savingly awakened, and in the same year 257 were added to the church. The same overshadowing Divine presence characterized the previous ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who, for about half a century, preached the Gospel within these walls, the Lord working mightily by him, and "turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." For more than eighty years, with only one brief interval, the Surrey Chapel ministry has been one of the most aggressive local instrumentalities of the age.

Is it asked how the enduring attractiveness of this unpretending sanctuary can be explained?

There is no magic spell drawing the people there; nor are there any sensuous attractions about the building or its services. But there are the same good and sufficient causes still in vigorous operation that fully account for the powerful results of Rowland Hill's first efforts on this spot.

The characteristic aim and purpose of his ministry was to arrest the godless multitude—to save the notoriously vicious and abandoned servants of sin. John Berridge, writing to Lady Huntingdon, says—"Dear Rowley is going, with the Lord's help, to erect a standard for the Gospel in the very midst of the Devil's dominions in London. The place fixed upon is one of the worst spots in London. This much is satisfactory; fine soil for ploughing and sowing!" He first unfurled the Gospel banner in the open air, at the very rendezvous of riotous and seditious mobs of half-starved operatives. His weapons proved mighty against the strongholds of the enemy; and though not exempt from opposition and violence, he stood his ground against the rage of the old serpent, and the timid dissuasions of many friends. His motto was "*Go forward.*" He once said, when preaching at Wotton—"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not: mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel-pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the