

will remember how it looked in heaven. The red lines ran up and down his cheeks. He was in silent prayer. Whether he said anything preceding his prayer I do not remember, but if he did it was only to get ready for the prayer. Then in an humble manner he said, "let us all go to the throne of grace." No British regiment ever followed Havelock into a terrific charge, with more determination or with a greater sense of the crisis to be met, than did that praying host on that occasion. In a moment the enemy of souls was charged. He said: "Oh God! here is the Devil doing his best to break up this prayer meeting. I hear him saying, "Spurgeon's prayer meeting is a failure" "The church is dead," he says. "Faith," he claims, "is dying out." I hear him, Lord, claiming that the people are satisfied with the collections, and great congregations, and that they are letting go of the right hand of the Lord Jesus, in whom is all the might and power now and forever more. It is a lie, Oh God. There is not a bit of truth in what the Devil claims. We trust in thee Jesus." Then he praised his Christ. He warmed to the theme. Then the Amens began to roll forth. "Come, Jesus, lift us out of ourselves and into thee." "Amen" was our united shout. It was done. As I have seen the tide come into the harbor on whose muddy bottom lay great ships, and lift them until the mud disappeared and it looked like the sea, on which navies might ride, so on this night the tide of redeeming love came through the gates of praise and rolled in mastering waves until we were out on the Ocean of God's love sailing. There and then I saw Spurgeon, and there I found the hidings of his power. God was in him a wonder and a praise.

SPURGEON THE PREACHER.

In 1868 when I first saw him he was but 34 years of age. He was at his best. In 1856 the Pastors' College was founded, the Stockwell Orphanage in 1867. Money was flowing in to him like a tide wave. He was at that time the most popular and successful minister in the world. The Boy Preacher had flowered into the Modern Whitfield and had passed Whitfield and Wesley, Robert Hall and all others in capacity to draw and influence people. His sermons were being translated into every living language—published so that mankind was being brought into touch with the work of the Tabernacle. The limits of this paper forbid descriptions of the man, as he was seen in 1868 and 1889. In '68 the gout that was to kill him had not shattered his gait nor marred his face. His step was light and free. His gestures were graceful and telling. His text was found in Psalm xlii: 1. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee O God." It was suited to the highest and best form of dramatic art. I can see him now as without a pulpit or a note he stood before 6,000 people, every eye on him, picturing that hart on the mountain's brow, thirsty, ears