

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### AN AMERICAN'S ESTIMATE OF SPURGEON.

Dr. Hoyt, writes from London to the "Central Presbyterian" the following description of the impressions produced by hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach:

Having heard Mr. Spurgeon preach twice yesterday in the Tabernacle, it occurs to me that it may interest some of your readers to have a brief analysis of the remarkable power he wields. Six or seven thousand people do not go every Sunday to listen to a preacher unless he possesses some extraordinary gifts. What then are these gifts? Not studied eloquence, for this he despises. He said in a sermon last evening, that whatever eloquence a sermon had was a source of weakness in it. In this, I think, he was wrong, for that criticism would touch not only many of the greatest preachers in the world, but some of the noblest passages of the Bible. It is not rhetoric, for he uses great plainness of speech. It is not philosophy, for he rejects all schemes of human skill in his preaching. It is not passion, for he is temperate; nor pathos, for he does not seek chiefly to stir the emotions. It is not anything sensational, for whatever may have been the case in his youthful exuberance, now, in the mellowness of age, he is immeasurably above such meretricious effects. If none of these, what then are the sources of his great power over men? I mention first, his evident sincerity, next his intense earnestness, next his clear convictions, then the strength of these convictions, then his homely Anglo-Saxon language, then his courage, then his supreme loyalty to God, and lastly his deep and tender sympathy with man. Along with all this, there is the unmistakable evidence of reserved power. One feels sure in hearing him, that if he choose to do so, he could rise to great heights of eloquence, or soar on the wings of the imagination, or play with the feelings of tenderness or of humour—that he could make his audience weep and laugh by turns—and indeed this often happens. But he apparently restrains himself; he will not indulge in any of these to excess, but keeps them all in subordination to the higher end which he has in view. His aim is not to delight, to charm, to amuse, but to convince, to persuade, to save. He has given himself to this supreme purpose, and all else must give way. He considers himself the servant of God, and the servant of men for Christ's sake. Above all does he place God—God's word above human opinions—God's will above man's will—God's glory above our vain glory. He believes that he speaks in the name of Jehovah, that he is enlightened by divine wisdom, that he is upheld by divine strength. Those who hear him come to agree with him in this belief: they feel that the power he exerts is not his own, but God's power working through him.

These are the impressions made on me by the two sermons I heard from him yesterday. They were confirmed by the prayer at the evening service, which was the most wonderful utterance of man to God I ever heard from tongue of mortal—save that of one, whose preaching possessed many of the best qualities of Spurgeon's, together with a depth of thought, a force of logic, a wealth of imagination, and a splendour of eloquence, unequalled by any preacher whom I have heard since the death of the peerless Thornwell. All these brilliant gifts would be out of place in Mr. Spurgeon; or rather they exist in him in a rudimentary form, but are not permitted by him to develop into the fruits and flowers of philosophy, of rhetoric, of oratory, but are closely pruned, and compelled to give of their strength and richness to the main stem of his sturdy though unadorned thought and diction. There is in him the germ of every good quality of preaching, but no one is allowed an independent growth; all are made to unite harmoniously in the remarkable product we behold.

### DR. MOFFAT AND THE BOER.

In October, 1870, Robert Moffat was ordained, in Surry Chapel, London, a missionary under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and was appointed to South Africa. (John Williams, "the martyr of Erromanga," was ordained at the same time.) On the last day of the month he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, being then just about twenty-one. At first he was engaged in the colonial territory, where he learned Dutch and preached to the Boers.

A story of this period illustrates the spirit and ready wit of the man, qualities which stood him in good stead then, and more so in later life. At the house of a rough Boer where he had begged a night's lodging, the good frau asked him to preach. Moffat, knowing that over a hundred Hottentots were employed in the service of the Boer, was disappointed to find only his host and hostess and five children as his congregation. "May not your servants come in?" he asked the Boer, modestly. "Eh!" roared the Boer. "Hottentots! Are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!" Moffat calmly proceeded to give out his text: "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It made no apparent impression so he repeated it. "Hold on!" cried the Boer, rising hastily from his seat. "I'll have no more of that. I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." And so he did; the barn was full; the people heard the Word gladly, and at the conclusion of the sermon the Boer, now mollified, asked the young preacher, "Who had hardened his hammer to deal such a blow on the head as that?" and declared that he would never again object to the preaching of the Gospel to Hottentots.

### "WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

"We would see Jesus!" How the longing groweth  
As the years gather and youth's roses fall!  
We turn from pleasure, for the end who knoweth?  
Even life's best begins at times to pall;  
Only this great, unsatisfied desire  
Grows stronger, deeper still, like a consuming fire.

"We would see Jesus!" Night and day returning,  
Ever new duties, new distractions, bring;  
Yet through their discord this unuttered yearning  
Sounds like vibrations of a hard-struck string.  
One fleeting vision of what angel eyes  
Gaze on with ceaseless joy in far-off Paradise.

Ah! if to-night, while I am standing gazing  
O'er the lit sea, along the moonbeams track,  
Far in the distance with strange brightness blazing  
He would but come for one brief moment back,  
Up to my side, across the waters dim!  
Tha' stream of radiance seems a pathway meet for Him!

See yon dark clouds, the low horizon bounding,  
Couched, like wild creatures who their Lord await!  
Are they not sentinels, His house surrounding,  
Velling the splendours of His palace-gate?  
A grim, deterrent throng, who sullen stand  
To baffle curious gaze on this fair heavenly land.

Surely at seasons open flies the portal,  
And through its battlements the Lord doth come,  
Cinctured with glory, clad in guise immortal,  
Unto the confines of His former home?  
Or, 'mid Heaven's rapture, doth His heart grow cold  
Unto the race He held so wondrous dear of old?

Nay! for He "loved us" and that love is burning  
Deep in His heart, 'mid circling cherubim,  
Where, all unsatisfied, His ear is turning  
To catch earth's murmurs through the angels' hymn.  
Scarcely they need Him in those courts of gold,  
While, far on desert hills, sheep wander from His fold.

Is He not still the shepherd who, a soft calling  
Rang first like music over the inland sea?  
Till, through long centuries, His tones are falling  
On ears that hearken though our eyes can see  
Nothing of Him whom we have learned to love  
More than all things below, and most of all above.

How I desire Him! Oh, to "see" Thee, only  
Just for one moment standing by my side!  
Never more, Master, would the path be lonely;  
Surely one glance would leave me satisfied?  
What were the glare of day, the gloom of night,  
To eyes that once were sealed by such a glorious sight?

"We would see Jesus!" But His stars shine coldly  
Down on the restless motion of the deep,  
And He replies not, though I cry so boldly  
While His whole world is lying wrapped in sleep!  
Patience! wild heart, be steadfast and be still,  
For thou shalt see thy Lord!—but, when it is His will.

—Alice F. Thornton.

### SPURGEON'S EXPERIENCE WITH INFIDELITY.

There was once an evil hour when I slipped the anchor of my faith, I cut the cable of my belief, I no longer moored myself hard by the coast of revelation, I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind. I said to reason, "Be thou my captain," I said to my own brain, "Be thou my rudder," and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history. It was hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went the skies began to darken; but to

make up for that deficiency the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy.

I saw sparks flying upwards that pleased me, and I thought, "If this be free thought, it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters; and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on, while I in pan-gloried at the rapidity of the motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old landmarks of my faith.

As I hurried forward with an awful speed, I began to doubt my very existence. I doubted if there was a world. I went to the very verge of the dreamy realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. I doubted everything. But here the devil foiled himself; for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of the sea, their came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?"

At this very thought I awoke. I started from the death dream which would have ruined my soul if I had not awaked.

When I arose faith took the helm. From that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back; faith cried, "Away! away!" I cast my anchor on Calvary, I lifted my eyes to God. And here I am, and out of hell. Therefore I speak what I know. I have sailed that perilous voyage; I have come safe to land. Ask me again to be an infidel! No; I have tried it; it was sweet at first, but bitter afterwards. Now, lashed to God's Gospel more firmly than ever, standing as on a rock of adamant, I defy the arguments of hell to move me; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

### THE BEATIFIC VISION.

How should we rejoice in the prospect—the certainty rather—of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we love on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the hell, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, with every tear wiped from the eyes, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever! What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach, not to the house but the throne of God, in company, in order to join the symphony of heavenly voices and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruition of the beatific vision.—Robert Hall.

### "KEEP UP, CHRISTIANS."

As I was riding along in the south of France one day, I saw a pair of fine birds overhead. The driver called out in the French tongue, "Eagles!" Yes; and there was a man below with a gun, who was wishful to get a nearer acquaintance with the eagles; but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them, but his shots did not reach half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Up there is the eagle's playground, where he plays with the call lightning. Up above the smoke and the clouds he dwells. Keep there, eagles! Keep there! If men can get you within range, they mean no good to you. Keep up, Christians! Keep up in the higher regions, resting in Jesus Christ, and do not come down to find a perch for yourself among the trees of philosophy.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

### EMPLOYMENT.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible principle that no family can be happy without employment—regular, diversified, continually recurring employment. There may be the possession of wealth, there may be an ample and beautiful domain, there may be every thing externally to enjoy, but unless there be an appropriate and varied employment to occupy the body, engross the mind, and awaken the energies there cannot be happiness. It is the active, industrious, persevering family that is the truly happy family, not the idle, the slothful, the useless, not a family that has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective energy.