

preach when, as the world would say, "half-educated," and has preached for forty years; dying at the age of 58.

His record is in the noble church he has left behind him—one of the largest, if not the very largest, in membership, in the world—in the magnificent orphanage, rescue, and educational institutions he organized—in his published sermons, and his "Treasury of David." Like as when Jacob digged a well in Shechem—and (in Emerson's words) "buildd better than he knew," for he was digging a well for his Lord to drink out of—so Bunyan, in dreaming out his "Pilgrim," and the "Town of Mansoul," was doing more for the world than he imagined—he was bringing down inspiration and storing up food, for the man that should come after him—a son of the people like himself: Charles Haddon Spurgeon by name. Spurgeon would never use, or allow himself to be called, "Reverend"; just as Beecher never would accept the "Doctor," two or three times flung at him.

The Editor of this periodical heard Spurgeon one Sunday forenoon in 1862. The Tabernacle, away down south in London—past "The Elephant and Castle," and several other historical spots and landmarks—was very crowded, and we were obliged to put up with standing-room in the second gallery. His text was, "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee," Ps. 73: 22. His deep, strong, well-tuned voice made up all lack of elocutionary tricks; and his muscular good sense, and thorough soaking himself—as it were—in the Puritan theology and modes of thought, made up for the well-turned periods and calculated effect of exordium and peroration of the mere orator. It took five minutes to understand what kind of a speaker he was, for we were expecting these "lofty flights of eloquence," we often see credited to this and that "pulpit orator." But as with Demosthenes, who did not covet that men should rub their hands and say "That is the finest speech that was ever made in Athens!" but counted he had made a good speech when the citizens ran home to get their shields and swords to fight Philip—so Spurgeon, if he could get people to feel sin, and seek pardon, and serve God, was satisfied. Calling on a distant relative afterward, a young lady, a member of the Tabernacle, we were advised to come there first, next time, and she

would get us a ticket which would admit to the body of the church, and secure a seat in a pew.

A few days after, we heard him at a Wednesday-night lecture. He was giving a history of the church that worshipped in the Tabernacle. Its history began in the Puritan times. Its first pastor was Rev. Benjamin Keach. And he had a half-length oil portrait of Benjamin Keach beside him. "Look," said he, "at his long nose, and long face—and he had a long body. Now, such a man is a born controversialist; and such Keach was, and many a literary tussle he had with Richard Baxter on points of doctrine. Now when you see a plump little fellow, he is not apt to be a controversialist!" At which the audience all laughed. "Oh," said Spurgeon, "perhaps you think that is a personal remark!" For he was a short man, plump and broad, sallow complexion, with scarcely (in those days) a trace of beard; with round full cheeks, and a most unintellectual cast of countenance. With a blue derry smock-frock and a straw hat, he would have passed for a typical butcher's boy. As he brought down the history of the church, he spoke of Dr. Gill, who in the early part of this century was the pastor. "The doctor was pretty well-off," he said, "and in his old age rode in his carriage, and a good deal of criticism was expended over it. But I always defended Gill's memory. I don't know whether other ministers have a right to ride in a carriage, or not, but Baptist preachers have; for Philip rode in a chariot—and he was a Baptist preacher!"

We have been sorry ever since that we missed a chance for an hour's chat with him, shortly after this. He had been visiting his father at Colchester—the old man kept a merchant shop there, and took care of a Congregational church as well. He came along the railway platform, with a soft felt hat and pepper-and-salt tweed suit, with his wife hanging on his arm, and a yellow pamphlet under the other arm—looking for a seat to correspond with his second-class ticket. We were seated with only one other man, and there were seats in our compartment for six more. Checking the words almost uttered, "Come in here, Mr. Spurgeon; plenty of room!" we allowed him to drift past, and he went in the very next door beyond. We told a minister about it a few days after. The dress was what he specially took notice of. "Ah