

although he had deeply studied the oracles of God; nor for his eloquence, though he uttered strong and pithy words that roused men's souls; nor for his breadth of view, for in many respects he was narrow, though intense. But he was remarkable for his large-hearted humanity, for his realization of the living God, and of the spiritual realities of the life that now is and of the life that is to come, and for the divine unction that accompanied his words, and made them fall with saving power upon the hearts of the people.

The profound impression made on our mind by Spurgeon was not his preaching, but his prayers. As he prayed for that great city of London, a city greater and more wicked than Nineveh, that the tide of intemperance that flowed down its streets might be stayed, that the burden of its iniquity might be removed, he seemed like one of the old prophets pleading on behalf of God's chosen people. There was a tenderness, a pathos and a power that went down into the depths of the heart. As we left his Tabernacle and went through the gaslit streets of the modern Babylon, with its flaring gin-shops and flaunting vice, we felt that the prayers of such men were the safeguard of the nation. He resembled in many respects the old Puritans, in which he was a lineal descendant in body and mind. There was a Bunyan-like simplicity of diction, and Anglo-Saxon utterances and figures of speech that appealed to the common sense of the common people.

His life story is one of the most instructive in Christian biography. A youth converted in a Primitive Methodist revival, almost without any academic training, takes in his early manhood the foremost place in the world's metropolis, and holds it for nearly forty years. Upon him are heaped the obloquy and contempt of the scoffer and scorner, but he lives it down and commands throughout the world the love and respect of every Christian man. None of the brilliant scholars, none of the right reverends of St. Paul's or Westminster, none of the prelates or

archbishops of the realm had such a hold upon the people, nor even for their great occasions command such a vast audience as this plain, homely man held by his spell of power week after week, for forty years. And wherever the English language is spoken, there his printed sermons on the wings of the morning have gone and been the means of succour and salvation to unnumbered thousands. "Being dead he yet speaketh." "He rests from his labours and his works do follow him."

DEATH OF CARDINAL MANNING.

It is indicative of the growing breadth of Christian liberality that the death of Cardinal Manning should call forth such warm tributes of respect from men of every shade of thought and of religious belief. The time was when the deceased Cardinal was one of the most abused men of Europe. But he lived all that down. Broader and deeper than his devotion to his Church was his devotion to humanity, morality and religion in its widest aspects. When the cause of temperance was almost everywhere scoffed and mocked, the Cardinal became its ardent champion and exponent. In every humanitarian cause he was earnest and indefatigable. During the recent strike of the dock labourers in London he lent his powerful aid to the assistance of the poor man in his conflict with unlimited capital and unscrupulous greed. The strange spectacle was seen of a prince of the proudest Church on earth and the agents of the Salvation Army, the most active opponents of that Church in existence, working in loving alliance.

It was an earnest of a broader Christianity when Mr. Spurgeon, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, General Booth, Cardinal Manning and Mr. Bradlaugh were found sitting at the same council board, and giving their best thought for the uplifting and succouring of the dumb, weltering mass of suffering humanity crowded in the slums of Whitechapel and Blackfriars.