

attention from all parts of the world. His welcome I can never forget. On presenting my letters of introduction he said, "You are very welcome, I know you well." One letter was from Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D. He took it and held it, saying, "Dear Thomas, is he in good health?" Then I said, "He told me to ask you, if you were going anywhere to preach, to allow me to go with you, and to ask you to permit me to come to your house." "Dear Thomas, that is just like him," said the great preacher with a laugh. "Well, I am not preaching much now. What are your engagements?" "I have none," was my quick reply. "Everything in London and England is secondary to the privilege of being with you and of coming in touch with your work." "Can you come here to-morrow eve at five sharp?" "I can." "Well, come then, and we will see what can be done." I started to go down stairs, and had got down half way the first flight, when some one called out, "He wants to see you!" I went back, and he said, "Would you like to go to Rochester and see the shipping and the oldest castle in England?" "If I can go with you a desert or a palace is alike to me." "That is good. Come to-morrow at five." The next night I was there precisely at five. That pleased him. When I entered the room he pushed aside the last of his work, and as I said, "You look tired," he replied, "So I am; I have been here since seven o'clock this morning, reading proofs, and correcting my sermon of yesterday morning." That was what it cost to be Charles Haddon Spurgeon, not for one day but for every day for forty years, with no time to visit America or Australia, or even to have a day's pleasure such as comes to less busy men.

HIS WORKING ROOM

deserves a description. It was large and sunny. Before him was the finest portrait of Oliver Cromwell I saw in Europe. Near by, was a fine portrait of Dr. Gill, the first Pastor, and other pictures, and a fine marble bust of himself that was a speaking likeness. A lounge was there on which to rest, and the chairs were all inviting but not luxurious. It was not a den, with books and papers scattered about. It was a working and a reception room where the business wrought out in the Tabernacle was planned and talked over.

On my entering I felt that I was a welcome guest. He showed me the Tabernacle which was his pride. Its acoustic properties were praised. He looked upon it as God's gift to the poor of London. Then we visited the