

is sharply tried you find yourself a learner yet, unstable, weak, and apt to slide. You feel out of your depth when you come to deal with souls, and you must have the Holy Spirit or fail.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

## Cruden and His Concordance.

A SANE BOOK FROM AN AUTHOR  
NOT SO.

(By Rev. Marcus Scott, B.A., Detroit, in 'Presbyterian Review'.)

We have heard two great men, each a master in his own sphere, pass the highest possible eulogiums on this really great book. These two men are diverse in many things, though in several they agree. They are both great preachers, though in style, and matter they are as far apart as the poles. They are both great students of scripture. The one is Dr. Alexander White, the eloquent preacher of Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, who, taking him all in all, is the greatest preacher we have ever heard. While we attended Dr. White's church and Bible-class (the largest and best taught, we believe, in the world, for some ten hundred young men and women attend it) he often recommended Cruden's Concordance as a book every Bible student should possess. 'For——,' White would often say, 'consult your Cruden.'

Some few weeks ago we heard Mr. D. L. Moody, who has often been called a man of one book, give one of his unique, racy addresses on 'How to study the Bible.' Mr. Moody urged everyone to possess an unabridged Cruden, as a sine qua non in the study of God's word. Since we heard White twelve years ago Cruden always lies on our study table as an indispensable. Moody's reference incites our curiosity and awakens anew our interest, and we take the book into our hands and begin to turn over its pages. Yes, unmistakably it is a great book. Its history, too, is unique among books. When before or since was ever such a sane book written by such an insane author? It is quite a bulky volume, with its seven hundred, three-columned, closely-printed pages, and yet there is not a single word in it that should not be there. What a world of toil is here compressed within the boards of this silent book.

The story of Alexander Cruden and his Concordance is a wonderfully strange one. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1701. At the age of nineteen he took the degree of M.A., at Marischal College. While a student he fell in love with a minister's daughter. His love was not returned, and the young lady's father closed his doors against the young ardent lover. This overpowered his reason and completely drove him mad. For months at a time he had to be confined in a lunatic asylum. The wound was incurable, and Cruden was insane until the end of his life. His malady seems to have been increased by the cruelty of his treatment, for in those days the mentally afflicted were treated with indescribable brutality. In 1722 Cruden went to London, and was employed as a private tutor till 1735, when he was appointed bookseller to Queen Caroline. About this period he began to work at his Concordance, at which he labored more or less uninterruptedly for thirty-four years, the first edition being published in 1737, and the last one in 1769. On the first edition he was a heavy loser. On the second he made £500, and on the third £300.

The most of his life was spent in a sort of harmless lunacy. He called himself Alexander the Corrector, and claimed that he was sent to reform the morals of the nation. He took a great interest in the unhappy prisoners in the London jails, and did much to mitigate their sufferings. For years and years he turned over the leaves of his Bible and kept correcting and revising his Concordance. And so it happens that from this unfortunately afflicted man we have this great work. While the references are useful, the charm of Cruden's Concordance is the history and explanation he gives of all the leading words in the Bible. He gives in these short, racy paragraphs, all the senses in which the word is used in scripture. Thus his Concordance remains to-day, and will remain as long as the Bible is read, a really standard work. Perhaps few who consult the Concordance ever think of the author's unhappy and unfortunate life. He was one of those ill-fated beings, 'crazed by care, and crossed by hopeless love,' and yet he lived to write a book which is one of the best and most popular of its kind, and one which in all likelihood will never be superseded. This is one of the marvels of authorship, and one of those curious phenomena in connection with the working of the human intellect. His biography may remind us of his unfortunate eccentricity; but of his unremitting toil, his painstaking diligence, and his unwearying and unceasing efforts to elucidate the best of all books, his Concordance is an everlasting monument. And of such monuments, erected under such circumstances, Alexander Cruden's Concordance, is the only one we know of. While we gratefully use the book, some of us, at least, can learn a needed lesson from its author's life. Let us ever be thankful to God for the best of all earthly blessings—'Sana mens in corpore sano,' and let us ever use both for high and worthy purposes.

## How he Answered Infidelity.

An instance of a blind man's familiarity with the bible, which ought to bring the blush to some cheeks that enclose eyes flashing with light, was related by Robert E. Speer, in one of his Northfield addresses.

Last year we had a meeting with some Corean Christians who had known the gospel but a few years. I said to them: 'Now, you know that not everybody in America believes in this gospel. The majority of the people in our country are not followers of Jesus, and as to this Bible, there are a great many who do not believe in it; and some day they will come here and they will tell you these things. Is your faith in Christ and this Bible dependent on your belief that a great nation, mightier and wiser than you, believes in Christ and the Bible? Or does it rest on other grounds? What will you say when men come and question your faith in Christ and his word?'

There was a young man sitting down on the floor, who had been blinded from early childhood, with the marks of the disease that had made him blind all over his face. He raised his head and said:

'I will tell you what I would say. I would answer him in the words of the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the fourth chapter of Acts: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard."'

I said, 'Do you know all your Bible as well as that?' He could not read, and they have no raised-letter Bibles in Corea.

'Well,' said the blind man, 'I know my Bible pretty well.'

I asked, 'Can you tell me what is in the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke?'

'Certainly,' he said, 'that's the chapter that has the parable of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son.'

'Do you know in what chapter of Matthew is the feeding of the five thousand?'

'Certainly,' he answered, 'it's in the fourteenth.'

I thought it was the twelfth, but I turned to the fourteenth and found that the blind man had placed it correctly.

He had learned all he knew about Christ's life from his friends, who sat on the floor of the little room in which he lived, and read to him, translating out of an old Chinese Bible the whole life of Christ.

I asked him what he liked best of all.

'Oh,' he replied, 'I like the ninth chapter of the Gospel of John, that tells the story of the blind man to whom Christ restored sight.'

I asked him what he looked forward to most.

'Well,' he said, 'I look forward most to Christ's meeting me at the gates of that Beulah land. I wouldn't dare to go up to see the Father alone, a blind man from Corea, but I shall wait at the gate until Christ comes and takes my hand and leads me up to his Father and mine.'

I don't know when I was so rebuked as to my own knowledge of the Bible as by that poor blind Corean, who had been less than three years a disciple of Christ.

## A Workman's Evening Hymn

O 'Son of the carpenter,' daylight is gone;  
My worship is closed, my thoughts are  
now free,  
The noise of earth's traffic is hushed in the  
streets,  
And my heart and my voice I lift unto  
Thee.

I sing of the glory from which Thou didst  
come

To live in a cottage and work for thy  
bread;

I sing of the glory which Thou didst conceal.

In a carpenter's son, 'neath a carpenter's  
shed.

How lowly Thy life! how simple Thy  
toil!

No temple or place emblazons thine art;  
Thy kinsfolk cared not for Thy birth or  
Thy deeds;

Thy mother alone kept these things in  
her heart.

O 'Son of the carpenter,' now on Thy throne,  
Reveal unto me Thy wonderful plan  
For building an earthly yet heavenly life—  
For growing in favor with God and with  
man!

I, too, am a toiler, unheeded, unknown;  
I, too, have a spirit which longs to be  
free;

O teach me to work and patiently wait,  
While knowing my kinship with God and  
with Thee!

George H. Fullerton, in 'Waif.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac.

### TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 11., Sun.—I will commune with thee  
from above the mercy seat.

Feb. 12., Mon.—Whatever toucheth the  
altar shall be holy.

Feb. 13., Tues.—I will dwell among the  
children of Israel.

Feb. 14., Wed.—I will meet with thee.

Feb. 15., Thurs.—I am the Lord that  
doth sanctify you.

Feb. 16., Fri.—My Sabbaths ye shall  
keep.

Feb. 17., Sat.—Mine Angel shall go be-  
fore thee.