

camel's strength. Mr. Beecher had supplied to Mr. Spurgeon's hand a weapon of illustration to serve for his own easy and utter discomfiture.

Mr. Spurgeon is a Calvinist, and he preaches Calvinism. But it is Calvinism of a moderate type, about such Calvinism as Andrew Fuller expounded; and it is not as Calvinism, that Mr. Spurgeon preaches it, but as the teaching of Christ and of Paul. This Calvinistic orthodoxy the preacher hugs to his heart, feeding from it as the camel feeds from his hump. He thinks of it neither as beauty nor as deformity, but only as truth. The "new theology" finds no favor in Mr. Spurgeon's eyes. He spurns it, tramples on it. In his monthly magazine, "The Sword and the Trowel," he thus summarily characterizes a certain American book, one of the authorities of the "new theology":

"Some 300 pages of sublime balderdash, and there was no earthly reason why its author should not have made them 3,000. You have nothing to do but muddle your brain and set your tongue going, and the result is unbounded nothing in big words."

Does this seem brutal? Does it look like mere blind bigotry? Well, it is not. For, at not far from the same date, Mr. Spurgeon, of "Ecce Homo," a highly unorthodox book, holds the following language:

"We shall never forget the day in which we fell in with 'Ecce Homo.' We were starting for York, and we opened the book as we left the London terminus. How the train proceeded, and at what stations we stopped we never knew. Having taken one plunge into the depths of the book, we only rose out of them to consciousness when the northern city was reached. The memory is sweet to us."

That I submit is not the language of a blind orthodox bigot. Surely there is "sweetness and light" in such a spirit as speaks there. Mr. Spurgeon declared that all depended on who was the writer of "Ecce Homo."

"The anonymous book was specially good if written by a candid unbeliever, and singularly traitorous if composed by a professed Christian."

What Mr. Spurgeon cannot abide is paltering with the word of God on the part of one who professedly accepts it as authority. This it is that draws the lightning of his displeasure launched in disdainful expressions like the foregoing about the American "new theology" book.

A square-toed, flat-footed believer and preacher is Mr. Spurgeon. No trimming in him. No attempted mediation between this and that. No capitulation to infidelity effected under the form of seeking new modes of expression for truth. No "Sartor Resartus" philosophy, no feint of merely changing your clothes—ostensibly to secure a better fit, really for the sake of coming out a quite new-fangled, different man. Mr. Spurgeon will none of this. The talked-of evolution and transformation of the church of Jesus Christ, if such be indeed in progress, is a tidal movement that at least must count on stemming Mr. Spurgeon's influence as a stubborn, reflux wave of opposition to be first