

5. Our blessed Lord was often sorely wounded in the house of His friends. What a cruel stab one of them gave Him in the court-yard of Pilate! What a cowardly desertion when that very group from the upper chamber all forsook Him and fled! We wound our Master whenever we break His commandments, and when we bring reproach upon the name of *Christian* before the world. The closer we get to Christ in our profession the more cruel is the stab we give Him when we sin. Many a man kisses his Master in the prayer-meeting and kisses Him at the communion-table, and then by shameful conduct or cowardly neglect of duty betrays Him to His enemies! It is a glorious honor and privilege to be a friend of Jesus Christ, but it involves a prodigious responsibility. Happy is that disciple to whom his Lord can say "I call My friend. I was wounded for thee but thou hast not wounded Me."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says:—I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently,) and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfolded wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening, grinning mouth.

She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigan- tic monster to her. But, in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all.

Lord, make me this day to be kind to my fellow-men, to be gentle and unselfish, careful to hurt no one by word or deed, but anxious to do good to all, and to make others happy.

AN HOUR WITH SPURGEON.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon still draws great crowds to his tabernacle, which is situated in a part of London called Newington Butts. It is by no means a fashionable district, being in the southeast end of the city. You tell any "cabby" to drive you to Spurgeon's church and he will put you down at the door. But it is only a twenty minutes' drive on a 'bus from Charing Cross; fare four cents.

That Mr. Spurgeon attracts great throngs of hearers every one knows, but here are a few figures. His tabernacle accommodates between six and seven thousand people, and on Sunday morning, September 28, when the writer was present, five thousand four hundred people listened to him. This was in September, be it remembered, when every body is out of town, and "London is empty."

The regular members and attendants ascend the stone steps and enter the church through the front door: strangers and visitors get in by a side entrance, through an alleyway, and as they pass in, a tiny paper envelope is handed to each person. You drop into the envelope as much or as little coin as you please (for no human eye is watching you) and this envelope you in turn drop on your left, this method probably taking the place of a collection, which would be a difficulty to manage where five or six thousand people have to be approached.

People sometimes ask what is the secret of this preacher's distinguished success? The foundation of his success in his earnestness and evident sincerity.

He impresses his hearers with the belief that he believes what he is preaching. He does not seem to be making a profession or business of religion. There is nothing perfunctory in his manner; he rejoices in his calling.

Then again Spurgeon is a good and effective speaker. He talks in a slow, deliberate way, his enunciation being clear, and pronunciation perfect. Each word is distinct and clean cut. His accent is cosmopolitan; there is nothing local in it. Except for the pronunciation of a few words, such for instance as the word "af er," to which Mr. Spurgeon gives the broad sound heard in England, you might be puzzled to know whether the great divine was born "within the sound of Bow Bells" or graduated from Columbia College.

His language, hypercritical people might not call choice, but I beg to differ with them: it is exceedingly choice, being direct to the point, and like the man himself, simple and strong. There is no searching for fine phrases or well-rounded periods. His ideas flow freely, and they quickly find expression: there is no effect aimed at. The