

made of it was that we should not allow ourselves to be discouraged by opposition, and that patience and tact often converted even bitter opponents into friends and supporters. "A man can nearly always have his own way," he would say, "by yielding at first and not seeking it too strenuously." In the art of knowing how to manage men he had graduated with honours. It would be simply impossible for any one not personally acquainted, or on the spot, to have any conception of the influences that radiated from that centre—the Tabernacle. It was a hive of busy bees from morn to night, and every day of the week. One hand, however, influenced and organized it all. Mr. Spurgeon was not often seen at meetings that were being ceaselessly carried on, and yet he was always there. Wellington, we presume, was not much seen on the day of Waterloo, and yet in another sense his spirit was all over the field of battle. It was he won the day. Mr. Spurgeon was the heart of all the organizations of the Tabernacle Church—the leader who led on to noble works, and to victory.

But it is as a preacher that Spurgeon stood out in peerless strength and grandeur. It was for this special work that God made him and lavished upon him such gifts as free men, if any, have ever been honoured with. Confessedly in this realm of preaching the simple gospel of Jesus Christ he stands alone. In a sentence shall I describe his appearance on the platform to those who have never seen him. He was of medium height, stout, with large head, his face in repose many would say not prepossessing (although to me the most beautiful face my eyes ever looked upon), but when lit up with the glow of his message it was as if angel's face shone and flamed upon you. As he stands there, and as we watch his mighty hand striking great blows at "caitiffs and wrongers of the world," what a power he is. There is nothing like it. It was my privilege to sit under his ministry during my college days. Would my reader like to accompany me to hear him, as I wedge my way into the service some Sunday morning? We are privileged persons in having tickets to admit us by one of the side doors before the crowd is admitted, but already there are two or three thousand inside and they are flocking in all the time. Every seat is filling, almost filled, when at a given signal the doors are thrown open and the thousands waiting may come. But this

crowding must stop sometime. There is not another square inch for the sole of any one's foot—six, seven thousand people are there. The doors are shut, and in quiet expectancy the multitude waits. At the appointed second the preacher's door opens, and quickly he steps on to the platform. After a moment in silent prayer, "let us pray," he says, and every head is bowed. Then the service begins. It strikes you at the very outset that here is a man who is more than usually in earnest. Every thing he says—everything he does deepens that impression. By-and-by the text is announced. In measured sentences, but with a voice clear and musical as a silver bell, the opening thoughts are given. Then something striking is said; anon you are startled. The preacher's blood is getting warm, and then the rush of grand and inspiring thought. But, O! what persuasiveness is here, and with what entreaty does he beseech men to repent and turn to God. Now and then you see a tear hastily brushed from his face. And what fearless condemnation of sin and vice! Now the speaker's voice is low and sweet, murmuring like a brook, anon it leaps and roars with the dash and thundering noise of a mountain cataract. So still is everything beside that voice that in its secondary pauses you hear your neighbour's heart beat. God is in the place. Hundreds are moved, many of them to tears they cannot conceal; every one of the thousands present is awed. This is but a faint picture of what has been going on for nearly forty years and what any one might see until the last Sunday that he preached.

It is natural now that the question should be asked with reiterated emphasis, what was the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power? His secret defies analysis. The thing of which we are in search eludes all our test. Some will speak of his voice to which we say "yes, for although we have heard nearly all the great orators of the day we think there has been for the mission of the Christian preacher no voice so marvellous as Spurgeon's." Sweet, clear and melodious it would ring out its clarion cry, or thrill men as with the rich and full toned harmonies of a powerful organ. But this is only a very superficial answer to the secret of his greatness and power. I prefer to look for a solution in his intense and burning earnestness. His soul was on fire. He believed he had got a message from God, and, like Martin Luther, he meant to deliver it though all