

peetation until the finale brought us back to the world again. Caird drew us after him by a *puissant* intellection, but Guthrie by the cords of awe or heaven kindled sympathy and love. He is one of the kindest and best of men. There is no cabin, lane or alley or street too mean or filthy for him to visit. We have met him times without number in the Grass Market, Cowgate, St. Mary's Wynd, Carruber's close where he was gathering into his ragged schools "ones more unfortunate," like a guardian angel. How could the founder of such schools be other than the first of philanthropists? Although now by reason of ill health his voice as a preacher is seldom heard, yet as the author of "The gospel in Ezekiel," "The City, its sins and sorrows," "Seed time and Harvest," and as the Editor of the "Sunday Magazine," his name will live and the chaste religious literature which has and will flow from his prolific pen can never die as long as the Anglo-Saxon tongue exists and as long as its vigor and beauty are justly admired by succeeding generations.

SPURGEON.

London is full of good preachers; I speak of them in comparison to the ministers of the provincial and rural districts. The metropolis gathers into its omnivorous maw the intellectually great of the nation. Great minds, by a sort of centripetal power, gravitate towards each other. It is in the Capital where the representative powers meet, and from whence pulsate in a never-ceasing stream the virus of scepticism, the mockery of materialism, the vapid sentimentalism of a depreciated christianity, or the high-toned spirituality of a living gospel. Yet, in all these phases of modes of thought, the lower stratum of mind was to a great extent overlooked. The pulpit dissertations of the London divines were generally of a kind not to excite the interest of a degenerate and ignorant populace; I speak of the lower classes. The beautiful and chaste style of a modern Blair had no heart in it to throb in unison with theirs. The abstractions of Lynch only delight the giant minds of the mammoth city. The sermonizer who illustrates his dogmas by geology, mineralogy, botany and astronomy, unless he has the descriptive and analytical powers of Dick, the philosopher, or good "Old Humphrey," will never impress deeply the lethargic mind of the constant and ever bowed down son of toil, who struggles fiercely day by day for his daily bread. Spurgeon filled the breach. We had read the first series of his sermons and thought them trashy; but we were anxious to hear him on account of his popularity. We had landed from a Dutch steamer at the St. Catherine docks on Sabbath morning, and hastening through rain and fog to Surrey Music Hall, procured a ticket for one shilling sterling, just as we would have done to attend a theatre. It admitted us before the throng which, at half-past nine o'clock, was literally crammed before the iron gates of the garden. The ticket admitted us four Sabbaths, and "must be given up on the last date." "Service to commence at a quarter before eleven." The ticket was signed by Thomas Olney. Olney & Son, 139 High Street, Borough, brought Spurgeon out—so to speak. They spared no pains by the press and their influence and money to herald him as a counterpart of Whitfield. Their early estimate of his powers was just and true. He fell like a living shell among the Londoners and took them by storm. When I entered the fine hall the seats on the floor were crowded. The first gallery was full, and I thought myself fortunate to find a seat in the front of the second gallery. The platform or orchestra was also occupied by hundreds. It is half an hour ere the service begins and the ticket holders still pour in. Where will the masses, now surging to and fro