

boys out of school, and we never put pen to paper, as I know, only when we wrote to our wives, and possibly they must have imagined sometimes that writing materials were very scarce in those parts. One morning we thought we would pay a visit to Spurgeon's Tabernacle. All the buildings happened to be open. We went through that plain but imposing structure from lowest floor to topmost gallery. We had often been there when the mighty congregation filled it to its utmost capacity, and the greatest master of assemblies that God ever gave His church stood upon that platform. We thought of all the scenes that had been witnessed within those walls. How the mighty congregation had sometimes been swayed like a field of grain by the winds of heaven. How they had been lifted into enthusiasm, as the ships in the harbors of the seacoast were lifted by the incoming tide! I thought of some of the wonderful sermons that had been preached in that very spot—sermons that have stirred the lethargy of the centuries, and changed the whole tone of pulpit ministration in England. I thought of the brave words that had rung out upon the eager multitudes that had filled those pews for well-nigh thirty years, and then my mind reverted to Westwood, where at that moment the great preacher lay, as all supposed, at the vestibule of the Eternal City. How desolate that mighty building seemed to us without its central figure, and without prospect of his ever standing there again. We could not shake off the gloom that the thought occasioned. We seemed to be walking under the shadow of the sepulchre, while we magnified the grace of God in this wonderful man's life.

On Sunday we went to church, morning, afternoon and evening. All the great preachers known to fame, with the exception probably of one or two, were out of town or sick. We were not to be deterred, however, from the exhilaration of the sanctuary, because there were not men in the pulpit whom we were especially anxious to hear. We believe in preaching much, but we believe in worship more. There is no small danger of our magnifying the sermon unduly, and that to the neglect and depreciation of what in God's sight is immeasurably more important. In the morning we heard an exceedingly helpful discourse in the Welsh language, and in the evening a man of