

of worth his aim. In this exercise he must walk every day with his eyes and ears open. Flowers in their opening, and flowers in their zenith, when their beauty and fragrance are most sweet, and when they droop, wither and fall,—every stage of vegetation has its lessons, and every lesson must be wrought out in the teacher's own way, and put after his own method.

See those two lawns on the same street, in the midst of the heat and dust of July. The one is parched as a desert, and the dry roots of the grass are crisped as a thing of death. The other is dressed in living green, all life and beauty. Whence the difference? The one has a hydrant in its centre, and from that hidden underground force, the water is showered freely in every direction, so that the lawn never knows when drought cometh. Jesus is a spiritual, hidden power in the heart of every believer, and the Holy Spirit of promise is as a well constantly flowing, so that, every virtue being in health, fruits are brought forth in their season. The teacher delights in his work, and his sphere of labor is as a garden which the Lord has blessed. Springs are living, not stagnant. Truth, in a healthy believer never stagnates. We are surrounded with needy, thirsty ones on every hand; freely we receive, freely give. Water others, and you shall be watered. Give out, and to you more shall flow in. Some springs do feel the summer drought, and give out in times of need: so do worldly friendships and imitations of Christian life. But springs fed from the sea or lake Huron never dry. So Jesus, the fullness of the Godhead, is the inexhaustible supply of his people. Springs purify themselves. Kill them, put coloring matter or even poison into the water; only give them time and they will expel the impurity by virtue of their own inner purity of life. So Satan fouls our hearts with his temptations, but the inner life of faith and fellowship in the Saviour so purifies the affections, as that in all our services we see God.

Excuse this racy illustration of what we mean by mental digestion, and allow me to refer all teachers to a very superior specimen of this art, in a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's, in a May number of the *Canadian Baptist*, on the "Burial of Christ." It will repay any of us to read it over carefully, noting how unity of design can be combined with all the richness of illustration.

In conclusion, then, let the teacher, with his aim very clearly defined, devote himself to his calling, *braced with the Spirit and of true perseverance*. With time and means at his command, let him consult his Bible Dictionary, the best he can get—Kitto, Fairbairn, or Smith—the last the best—and all of them if he can get his hands on them. His 'Bible Animals,' his 'Geography of Palestine,' 'The Land and the Book,' and if he can't do all this for himself, better than nothing, get the weekly analysis in the Baptist, the Watchman, or any other helper. As helps—anything as a help, seize it by all means; but use it only as a help; and so much the better, if not till after your own resources have been exhausted. It is only when we have made the lesson our own by meditation and prayer, that we can effectively teach it to others. Some teachers, of whom we have heard, take their help to the class, and read from it to the children. This must be dry

work, and it will be well if it do not prove dishonorable work, for no teacher can ever stand high in the respect of his charge, that follows this method. Elisha's first effort to revive the dead child of the Shunammite was by sending Gehazi with his staff that he might lay it on the face of the corpse. The servant did as he was instructed, but there was neither voice nor hearing. The silence of death still prevailed in the room until the prophet in person arrived, and then the struggle between life and death commenced. The living prophet and the dead child were separated from the rest of the household by a closed door. The living man was then stretched upon the dead body, eyes on eyes, mouth on mouth, hands on hands, and the heart of the living went up to Heaven for the dead. The prayer brought warmth into the body, but the eyes were still closed, and there was no breath. Then commenced the final struggle for the mastery—the pacing to and fro through the silent closed-up chamber, and again his ascent upon the bed, and the living in contact with the dead. The answer came. The eyes opened, the lungs began to play, and the child sat up.

Let us all, dear brethren, take instructive warning from this. If we attempt to restore our dead children to life by laying out Bible Dictionaries and our Commentaries, and our Science upon them, we shall be doomed to disappointment. Proxy has no place in this service, and death can never produce life. It is the Holy Spirit in the renewed man that gives life to the dead man. The energy whereby God raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, works effectively only in them that believe; and the Divine arrangement is that through their instrumentality the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live; and lost wanderers shall be delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of His dear Son.

Correspondence.

FROM BRO. CHARLES COOK,
of Spurgeon's College.

KEYNSHAM, near Bristol, England,
July 22nd '78.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—You will perhaps wonder at first sight, who the writer of this letter can be, and I think I am safe in affirming that if you are not familiar with the name, the place from which it comes, you are a little familiar with the person, whose name you will see below. The desire to send you a letter has long been in my heart but not till now,—our vacation,—has the opportunity presented itself. At present I am spending a couple of weeks with a dear brother, who was a fellow-student of mine and who has lately settled here, and I assure you that this change from the *fools* of College life, and the noise and bustle of City life, is very refreshing. Here among the flowers, the fields, and the works of God, one feels that he is away from man and man's works and has come nearer to his Creator. In the city we meet *men*—are jostled about by *men*—hear *men*—see the works of *men*, but in the country we meet with God—see God—hear God—hold communion with God?

It is now about two years and three months since I left Toronto. In a former letter to yourself written fully a year ago, I think I had then to testify to the faithfulness and goodness of our God. As I look back and remember the blessings received

during that year I dare not change the strain. His loving-kindness changes not. He is the same yesterday to-day and forever. Gladly therefore do I again witness that the good hand of the Lord has been upon me. Those who have gone through College as students for the ministry know full well that it is not *altogether* like walking through a garden of delights. There are always some thorns of disappointment, and briars of trouble, that very much diminish the pleasures of the place. Even Pastor's College, with all its privileges, is not wholly free from these causes of pain. I with others, have found them in my path—but in each case I have rejoiced because of the manner in which God has removed them. Not only has He done this but He has given me special reasons for glad thanksgiving.

There is one thing that Mr. Spurgeon constantly impresses upon the minds of his students: it is that while in College they should *preach* all they can—his maxim being, the way to learn is to *preach*. To this, his wish, there is a very hearty response, as you will perceive when I tell you that out of about 100 students from 55 to 65 are preaching regularly every Sunday. Some go to one place constantly, others go to different places. For over 18 months after entering College I had considerable practice in preaching, but about five months ago I felt deeply anxious to be engaged in some regular work. I knew it would demand of me rather involve a heavy strain upon mind and body; but wishing for more constant preaching, I sought guidance, left the matter in God's hands, and waited results. Soon the opening presented itself. A little Baptist church near London wanted a regular supply. I had preached once for them; and finding that I desired such an engagement as they had for a student they asked me to go. I did so—feeling that it was the Master's call—and although it has been no small matter to be faithful to both College and pupil claims at the same time, yet, as you will learn from the sequel, I have had no reason to regret the step taken—the first Sunday that I preached for the church after their invitation, I had only 25 to listen in the morning—perhaps a smaller number in the evening—yet in that little gathering of about 50 persons the presence of God was felt, *yet* manifestly so—for on that first Sunday evening, a young woman, who had carelessly come into the chapel for the first time, heard the message that was the means of bringing her to know Jesus as her Saviour. Since then I have been preaching at this place almost every Sunday, and have seen greater things than the above mentioned. The congregations have increased—the church has been revived—Sunday school work reorganized—Bible class, singing class, and two new prayer-meetings have been instituted, while best of all, some who were believers but not baptized, have come forward, and with others who have recently found Christ, have put on Christ by baptism.

In May four were baptized, and I have, by Rev. Wm. Brock—son of the late Dr. Brock of Bloomsbury. On the 2nd of July I had the joyous privilege of baptizing seven more, and we expect to welcome three or four more to the same ordinance on the 30th inst.

This, dear brother, has the Master graciously blessed me, unworthy as I am to receive such gifts. Yet it has been His *will*. To Him who is worthy of all the honour—who is the King of kings, be all the glory!

I fancy, however, that I hear my dear Bible class teacher of days gone by, saying that the double work must be too much for the strength of his old scholar. Why, of course it is, but it has not been too much for the arm that supports him. It is true that through the past season I sometimes felt weary, yet I must, I think, thank my enduring frame. I have had good health all along, and now after three weeks of our vacation, I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I have not forgotten what I know you would recommend, that is exercise. I have taken it as