

'never cross a bridge till you get to it:' to me it seems quite enough for the Father to lay the rod on the child, without the child chastising itself."

"The epistles of John are perfumed with love."

"Somehow, God does choose the last men; He does not care for the diamond; but he picks up the pebble-stones, for He is able, out of stones, to raise up children unto Abraham."

"Why did you say, 'Crucify him?' 'Because Rabbi Simon gave me a shekel to help the clamour. So the multitude were much won by the money and influence of the priests; but they were 'glad to hear Christ after all.'"

"He will give heaven to the chief of sinners as well as to the chief of saints."

"The carnal mind is enmity against God; and the young crocodile, I have heard, when broken from the shell, will, in a moment, begin to put its feet in a posture of attack, opening its mouth as if it had been taught and trained."

"If you were to write your own history, it would be little better than that of Belshazzar's Feast, which existed in the rock for three thousand years; you may have lived like it, but you have done nothing."

"I will cast thy sins into the depths of the sea—not into the shallows, where they might be fished up again."

"He will not build a strong ship, without subjecting it to mighty storms, he will not make you a mighty warrior, if he does not intend to try your skill in battle."

The manly tone of Mr. Spurgeon's mind might be illustrated from the admirable thoughts which he expresses on the connection between the diffusion of the Gospel and the increase of civil liberty. His graphic skill in delineating character might be demonstrated from his life-like pictures of the prejudiced Jew and the scoffing Greek of modern times; his unsparing fidelity, from the sarcastic severity with which he rebukes the neglect of the Bible by modern professors; his powers of personification and dramatic presentation, from the scene which he paints between the dying Christian and Death, or between Christ and Justice and the justified sinner; his refined skill in the treatment of a delicate subject, in the veiled yet impressive description of the trial of Joseph; the use that he can make of a single metaphor, by his powerful comparison of the sinner to "Mazepa bound on the wild horse of his lust, galloping on with helms and volves behind him," till stopped and liberated by a Mighty Hand. The Sermon entitled "The People's Christ," contains a very striking description of the resurrection of Our Lord. In that on "The Eternal Home," the contrast between the dying thief before and after his conversion is powerfully drawn. The rage of Satan on the rescue of a sinner from his grasp, forms a picture of terrific grandeur. In the sermon on "The Bible," the respective characteristics of the holy penmen are sketched with a masterly comprehension of their peculiarities and command of words. But we can make room for only two examples. The beautiful sermon on the words, "And so He giveth His beloved sleep," exhibits a variety and force which stamps the master. It opens with the following truly eloquent introduction:—

"The sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old, when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so sang Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of the ship. Sleep is the gift of God. We think that we lay our heads upon our pillows, and compose our bodies in a peaceful posture, and that, therefore, we naturally and necessarily sleep. But it is not so. Sleep is

the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his fingers on his eye-lids; did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame, which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; He rocks the cradle for us every night; He draws the curtain of darkness; He bids the sun shut up his burning eyes; and then He comes and says, 'Sleep, sleep, my child! I give thee sleep.' Have you not known what it is at times to lie upon your bed and strive to slumber? and, as it is said of Darius, so might it be said of you,—'The King sent for his musicians, but his sleep went from him.' You have attempted it, but you could not do it; it is beyond your power to procure a healthy repose. You imagine, if you fix your mind upon a certain subject, until it shall engross your attention, you will then sleep; but you find yourself unable to do so. Ten thousand things drive through your brain, as if the whole earth were agitated before you. You see all things you ever beheld, dancing in a wild phantasmagoria before your eyes. You close your eyes but still you see; and there be things in your ear, and head, and brain, which will not let you sleep. It is God alone who alike seals up the sea-boy's eyes upon the giddy mast, and gives the Monarch rest; for, with all appliances and means to boot, he could not rest without the aid of God. It is God who steeps the mind in Lethe, and bids us slumber, that our bodies may be refreshed, so that for to-morrow's toil we may rise recruited and strengthened. O, my friends, how thankful should we be for sleep! Sleep is the best physician that I know of. Sleep hath healed more pains of wearied bones than the most eminent physician upon earth. It is the best medicine; the choicest thing of all the names which are written in all the lists of pharmacy. There is nothing like to sleep! what a mercy that it belongs alike to all! God does not make sleep the boon of the rich man; He does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so that they can keep it as a peculiar luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yea, if there be a difference, the sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

The death-bed of the believer has never been more touchingly painted than in the following scene:—

"There on that death-bed lies a saint; no gloom is on his brow, no terror on his face; weakly but placidly he smiles; he groans, perhaps, but yet he sings. He sighs now and then, but oftener he shouts. Stand by him. 'My brother, what makes thee look in death's face with such joy?' 'Jesus,' he whispers. 'What makes thee so placid and so calm?' 'The name of Jesus.' See, he forgets everything! Ask him a question; he cannot answer it—he does not understand you. Still he smiles. His wife comes, inquiring, 'Do you know my name?' He answers, 'No.' His dearest friend requests him to remember his intimacy. 'I know you not,' he says. Whisper in his ear, 'Do you know the name of Jesus?' and his eyes flash glory, and his face beams heaven, and his lips speak sonnets, and his heart bursts with eternity; for he heard the name of Jesus."

But Mr. Spurgeon is himself a picture which contains shades as well as lights. No one can blame him for plainly declaring, and boldly and firmly vindicating, his own conscientious opinions. This, however, ought to be done with a more tolerant spirit towards those who differ from him, than he displays. To be censorious in judging others would be unbecom-