

please the whole lot of you, what on earth would I do?" The questionable colloquialism in the second, occurs more than once or twice: and, what is worse still, such appeals as "Good God!" and "By Heaven!" At the same time that he insists upon preaching that only which he believes true and fit, he declares himself to have no fear that "an honest British audience will turn away from the man who does not stick, and stutter, and stammer in speaking the truth." In citing the following as a specimen of his sayings, justice requires the acknowledgment, that appropriations so little felicitous are extremely rare:—I should like to take you this morning, as Samson did the foxes, tie the firebrands of prayer to you, and send you in among the shocks of corn, till you burn the whole up."

It must be admitted that, if he rivals the pith and point of the old Puritans, he now and then is betrayed into their conceits. In preaching from the words, "I have exalted One chosen out of the people," having commenced his divisions, he says, "You see I have chosen three words, all commencing with the letter E, to ease your memories—Extraction, Election, Exaltation." This may be tolerated; not so some of his abominable puns.

Many instances might easily be given of a force and beauty of language indicative of a high degree of eloquence. "Bright-eyed cheerfulness and airy-footed love," are fine phrases. Winter is described as not killing the flowers, but as "coating them with the ermine of his snows." Again, the sun is not quenched, but is behind the clouds, "brewing up summer; and when he cometh forth again, he will have made those clouds fit to drop in April showers, all of them mothers of the sweet May flowers." Saul is depicted as "bespattered with the blood of Stephen." "God put our prayers, like rose-leaves, between the pages of His Book of remembrance; and, when the volume is opened at last, there shall be a precious fragrance springing up therefrom." "There is one thing, the sinner is told, that doth outstrip the telegraph: 'Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'" The memory, infected by the fall, is described as "suffering the glorious timbers from the forest of Lebanon to swim down the stream of oblivion; but she stoppeth all the draf that floateth from the foul city of Sodom." With quaintness, yet with force and truth, the caste feeling is hit off: "In England, a sovereign will not speak to a shilling, a shilling will not notice a sixpence, and a sixpence will sneer at a penny." A singular quaintness and vigor may be remarked in Mr. Spurgeon's diction; as when he speaks of the lightning "splitting the clouds and rending the heavens;" of the "mighty Hand wherein the calow comets are brooded by the sun;" and of "the very spheres stopping their music while God speaks with his wondrous deep bass voice." Sometimes, as is manifest, he attains to a pitch of elevation and grandeur, as when he exclaims, "Did you ever walk the centuries, and mark the rise and fall of various empires of unbelief? or, when supposing the extinction of Christianity by infidels, he would "hang the world in mourning, and make the sea the great chief mourner, with its dirge of howling winds and its wild death march of disorderd waves."

His sermons abound with aphoristic and pointed sayings, which often afford a striking proof of his genius. *Non multa sed multum*, meets us in a neat form, applicable to the bible sudent: "The man of one book is often more intelligent than the man of fifty." with equal truth and beauty, he says of the Christian not exempt from trouble, that "he wears a charm to escape evil, not a scapula to prevent it."

"Besides, troubles are what the believer is taught to expect; when they come, therefore, let him say: Ah! this is what I looked for; it is marked in the chart to Heaven; the rock is put down; I will sail confidently by it; my Master has not deceived me. Wherefore should his lot be better than the martyrs? Must we swim through seas of blood, and shall I hope to ride to Heaven wrapped in furs and ermine? Did ye fight and then reign, and must I reign without a battle?" In recommendation of pointed preaching, he observes, (and the figure occurs in the course of the volume that has been published) that "it is not the sheet lightning, seen in all places, that takes effect; but it is the forked flash that smites the temple or scorches the tree." Referring to the imputation of the righteousness of Christ to the believer, as incompatible with the least remains of self-righteousness, he describes our Lord as "stripping before he clothes." But there would be no end to enumeration, where apt thought in apt words so greatly abound. Let, then, the following specimens, selected at random, suffice to show of what this youthful preacher is already capable:—

"There is much virtue which is like the juice of the grape which has to be squeezed before you get it; not like the generous drop of the honey-comb, distilling willingly and freely."

"The Christian ought to live up to his income, and not below it."

"While the shepherds find Christ, the wise men miss him."

"There is a dignity about manhood,—a dignity lost one day in the garden of the Fall, but regained in the garden of the Resurrection."

"The tomb [is] the royal bed-chamber of the ransomed race, the closet where they lay aside the garments of labor, to put on the vestments of eternal rest."

"Man always looks for a yet-beyond; he is a mariner who never gets to port; an arrow which never reaches the target."

"A Roman once said, he wished he had a window in his heart, that all might see what was going on there. I am very glad I have not; if I had, I would shut it up as closely as Apsley-house used to be. Most of us would have great need of shutters, if we had such a window."

"Nothing makes a man have a big heart like a great trial."

"If you are the children of God, you will have the whip; and when you have that whip, you well run to your Father."

"It is a fine day, and the child walks before its Father. But there is a lion in the road; now he comes and takes his Father's hand. He could run half a mile before him when all was fine and fair; but once bring the lion, and it is 'Father! Father!' as close as he can be."

"The only discharge possible is pardon by God; but then, it is the only pardon necessary."

"There is such a thing as making a weight lift you: if I have a weight chained to me, it keeps me down; but give me pulleys and certain appliances, and I can make it lift me up. Yes, there is such a thing as making troubles lift one towards Heaven."

"But God sometimes clogs His people, because He would rather clog them than lose them; for, if he did not clog them, they would leap the hedges, and be gone."

"Take the advice of the common people, and