

been so long estranged, but of which he now felt the imperious need. Immediately, for conscience sake, he abandoned his lectureship, and, at the age of fifty-three, became a copyist in the cellar of the London Board of Health, at the rate of seventy words for a penny. His conviction of personal sin deepened to such an extent that he dared not pray. "For six months," said his wife, "he never smiled." "I told my dear friend Dr. Jobson," (the present Book-Steward of the Wesleyan Conference Office,) he writes, "who was ever trying to strengthen and help me, that I believed God would shut me up in judicial darkness; that He would never suffer me to live in the light of His countenance again, as a penalty for my great sin in deserting Him. 'No, no!' said my dear friend; 'I don't believe it; God will bring you to the light yet, and fill your soul with it.'" Under the guidance of Jobson, Charles Kingsley, and, above all, of the good Spirit of God, his wandering feet were led back to the solid ground of Christian faith and hope. He became a Baptist from conviction, and for fifteen years has been connected with that Church. He forthwith began peregrinating the kingdom as a preacher and lecturer on Christian Evidences. In eight years and a-half he preached 1169 times and lectured 2204 times—an average of about eight addresses per week. Under the strain his health gave way. Now, at the age of seventy years, he restricts himself to two sermons on Sunday and three or four lectures per week. He has recently published a valuable work on Christian Evidences, which has reached its ninth thousand; a volume of Sermons, and a Spencerian Poem, "The Paradise of Martyrs," a sort of palinodia to his "Purgatory of Suicides." Cooper's prose style is singularly pure, limpid, idiomatic, and vigorous Saxon. He has considerable sense of humour, but lacks, we think, the dramatic faculty necessary for a successful story writer. The chief value of his labour, we conceive, as he himself judges, will be in offering an antidote to the incipient skepticism in the minds of young men, often of religious families and regular attendants on public worship. In the present state of society this is a work of no ordinary importance. It is in some sort the bounden duty of those who, having themselves escaped the toils of skepticism, may help to extricate others who