

ostensibly reject them. In fact Christianity has been largely read into Hinduism, as in the case of Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Sir W. W. Hunter, also a very high authority, says that the withdrawal of the schools and colleges of the Presbyterians would be disastrous to India. The Free Church committee that recently visited India frankly acknowledge that the colleges produce no converts, or hardly any. Still they maintain that educational work ought to be continued with unflagging zeal. Dr Duff was the great founder of the Colleges and schools and experience has justified his plans. Some urge that nothing is required but evangelistic preaching. Some make great use of drums and processions, like the Hindus themselves. In point of fact the experience of the wisest men in the field indicates that the Scottish missionaries acted wisely and with a view to the future of the vast empire of India. Our own church wherever she has gone has been mindful of the education of the people. We have schools even in the New Hebrides: we have schools, and soon we shall have a college, in Trinidad. We have a college in Central India. We have a college and many schools in Formosa. Thus, so far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, the school and the college seem an invariable adjunct of missions. Education is regarded as the handmaid of religion.

Missionary Cabinet.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON of LONDON.

THIS eminent preacher, writer and philanthropist was born in one of the quietest little towns in England—Kelvedon, in the county of Essex, on the 19th of June, 1834. When still a small boy he was taken to Stambourne, the residence of his grandfather who had been many years pastor of the Independent church there. His father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, was also minister of a Congregational church in Islington, London. Charles was a precocious lad, and some amusing stories are told of him. This he has related himself. "When staying at my grandfather's, as the manner was I read the Scriptures at family worship. When reading one day the passage in Revelations which mentions "*The bottomless pit,*" I paused and said; "Grandpa, what can this

mean? If the pit had no bottom where would all the people fall to who dropped out at its lower end?" The question somewhat startled the propriety of family worship and had to be laid aside for explanation at a more convenient season. About that time a pious minister, Richard Knill of Chester was staying at the parsonage. He took a liking for Charles and gave expression to his belief that the boy would yet become a great preacher. So sure was he of this, taking him on his knee one day, he said to the family, "When my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he will one day, I should like to have him promise that he will give out the hymn commencing—'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

The promise was made, and the prophecy fulfilled. Young Spurgeon was sent to school at Colchester where he learned Latin, Greek and French, carrying off the first prize in every competition. In 1849 he became usher in a school at Newmarket kept by a Baptist which led him to attend the Baptist church. He owed his conversion however to the Primitive Methodist Minister of Colchester. After relating how miserable he had felt for some time under a sense of sin, and how earnestly he had prayed for a sense of salvation, he tells how he resolved to visit every church and chapel in the town if haply he might find the 'pearl of great price.' One snowy day he entered the Methodist Chapel.

"I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin looking man came into the pulpit and opened his bible and read these words; "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said, 'Young man, you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, 'You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then lifting up his hands he cried out, as only I think a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look!' it is only look,' said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. O, how I did leap for joy at that moment. I know not what else he said: I did not take much notice of it—I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do