

but gracious and gifted wife. After worship I left, but not before he bestowed upon me, as a personal gift to "remember him by across the sea," books of great value. That day is bathed in sunshine.

It is as "our college president" that I think of him most gratefully and lovingly. The college was the first, and in many respects, the best beloved of all his works. He was not only president, but occasional tutor, for Friday afternoon he invariably spent in the lecture hall with the students. What afternoons these were! Their memory is written in brass. Stores from every realm he laid at our feet; a full cell'd honeycomb of every good was he on these occasions. How wise, how witty, how incisive, how startling, how original his talks would be. How daring, too, in his mental flights, until, eagle-like, he perched upon the higher crags of thought and then moved us to follow him. Although steadfastly fixed in his old theology, he sought to excite in his students love of mental adventure, and would occasionally stagger us with seeming paradox, or heterodoxy. His ambition was to make his men think, to build their own argument and form their own conclusions. To cultivate the habit of ready speaking he would now and then bring in a hatful of slips of paper with subjects written upon them, and then strike at a name randomly and ask the brother to come up, take out one of the slips and start off. Some of the students would do fairly well on "the spur of the moment," others would flounder about in a perfect roar of jeers from their brother-students, and then, after an ineffectual spasm or two, collapse. How he enjoyed it all, and yet how kindly he would talk afterwards to some one who had been put to confusion.

Mr. Spurgeon could not endure a lazy student. Living under constant pressure himself, he would beg us to work up to the last particle of our power. He often told us that he did not believe that men died from overwork, and considerately would say that if any of us did die from such a cause and a doctor's certificate were furnished to that effect, he would gladly bury us at the expense of the college. Occasionally some brother got into college who thought that "prevention was better than cure," and who went along kind of easy; after a while that good brother *disappeared*, and so we knew what had become of him. There were times when the "Governor," as we

loved to call him, would meet us with an anxious face. Something was troubling him. After a while he would say, "Gentlemen, the brook is failing, there is little in the treasury; let us speak to our heavenly Father about it." In those prayers what a pouring forth of soul. How he pled and pled, until he seemed to have pled his bosom empty. A gleam of joy, born of trust, would after a while illumine his face, and he would then resume college work. He had wrestled with the angel and had prevailed. I have seen it stated that Mr. Spurgeon was unduly familiar in prayer, and at times irreverent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was not afraid of God, as some seem to be, to my mind, and he was always most reverent in all his approaches to the throne of grace; but he knew that he was a child coming to his Father. He believed in God and in the power of prayer. It was his custom after class to have tea with the students. It would not be true to say that he unbent around the table, for to some of us, at any rate, he was always unbent; but how, on these occasions, he mingled with us very freely, talked, joked, touched the fountains and broke them up, grew humorous by turns, until tears of another kind flow, reasoned, told wonderful anecdotes, and then, in a moment, seizing his felt hat, would vanish in a tempest of applause.

The yearly conference of the college was looked forward to by the pastors settled in the ministry as we can imagine a visit to Jerusalem to keep the feast of the Tabernacles was by the Jews. Some of us who have not been able to be present for years cherish, as we would the memory of an angel's visit, the holy joys of the times when we were present. There never were such meetings as those, and, alas! there never can be again. Brethren with bronzed faces and furrowed brows from the heat and stress of conflict in far off fields would gather there and with juvenile *abandon* throw themselves into the exhilarating spirit of the convocation. Personal friendships were renewed, old times talked over, prospects discussed, and plans for the future formed. The "Governor" was always at his best. He was the merriest of the throng. How well he remembered each face, and how patiently he would listen to everything that could be told about each pastor's field of labour. Many a brother has gone back from these gatherings to his work as blithe and happy as a lark, not only