

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



A FAVOURITE BOOK.

READING WITH METHOD, OR WITHOUT.

WE all remember, and many of us have echoed, the counsel which Sandy Mackaye, the old bookseller, gave to Alton Locke, who was getting through the books lent him a little too rapidly:

"Desultory reading is the bane o' lads. Ye maun begin with self-restraint and method, my man, gin ye intend to gie yoursel' a liberal education."

The bewildering increase of books since ante-Chartist days makes a repetition of Sandy's timely caution desirable. The number of young people with Alton's omnivorous appetite, but without his shrewd head and strong, if somewhat confused, aims and opinions, has become astonishingly large of late; and the demand, which in childhood was with difficulty met by school-libraries, Christmas gift-books, and illustrated serials, asserts itself as strongly when business and household duties make leisure hours a rarer luxury.

Much concern was shown some time ago, and with no insufficient reason, at the large place in juvenile literature occupied by publications of a distinctly harmful and unwholesome nature, and a crusade was initiated against this evil by certain publishers and religious houses. But another danger of a far more wide-spread kind remains with us, all the more difficult to combat because for the most part not recognised as an evil. I mean the frittering away of reading moments and opportunities with "whatever comes first to hand;" the habit of reading indiscriminately with no rule to guide but the instinctive desire that it shall be easy and agreeable. I am not referring only to that class for whom the circulating library dispenses its tons of often valueless fiction, and for whom are written those three-volume novels which never attain to the distinction of being re-issued in one. A yet wider class there is, which is capable of higher things: one which prides itself on its acquaintance with the latest achievements in poetry and in criticism, in biography and in history; a class with a sort of universality of taste, which runs lightly from book to book, and takes up everything that comes in its way. Readers of this class are by no means averse to books of a serious and even profound character, but the word "methodical" is repellent to them. They have enough of the butterfly in them to make them prefer to wander through the gardens of literature without an aim and without a purpose. Even Seneca, the wise old Roman, had felt the attractiveness of such a habit. "Definite reading," he says, "is profitable; miscellaneous reading is pleasant." Let us consider, however, whether definite reading—that is, reading with method and order—may not become even more pleasant than that which is desultory.

Lads who have gone early into business life, and whose leisure is encroached upon or broken up by a thousand and one claims of a more or less petty kind, often envy their more fortunate schoolfellows who have passed on to the University, and there, in the "cloistered calm" of college life, are able to read systematically and without interruption. They feel, too, their own loss when they see how this definite and all-round training has fitted the 'Varsity man to grapple afterwards with widely different subjects, just as limbs drilled and exercised in the gymnasium prove equal to unforeseen emergencies in the world outside.

No complete equivalent can, of course, be supplied for this college training to which the freshest years of a man's life are unreservedly devoted, but, thanks to University "Extension" Schemes, reading societies and book clubs (of the higher sort), and other aids, no young fellow with a moderate amount of leisure and pocket money need feel himself wholly cut off from the coveted advantages of "continued education." Of reading societies, the most brilliantly successful has been the Chautauqua literary and scientific circle of America, branches of which have been formed in England. The vigorous way in which this Institution has been developed, and the happy manner in which (thanks to a more settled climate than our own) the healthy pleasures of a prolonged picnic have been combined with schemes of definite study, has been a source of wonder to visitors. The Chautauqua society has not only the advantages of wide organisation, but it is a "visible" society, with a visible centre where the students can meet and know one another. The National Home Reading Union (Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London), is of native growth and owes much of its high character and influence to the energy of Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, its first organizer. Its summer meetings at Blackpool have given considerable satisfaction; it is now approaching the end of its third annual session. The books are well chosen and cover a wide field of knowledge; for the most part the prices are moderate, but more substantial and expensive works are recommended for readers with ampler means. A modest off-shoot from the Chautauqua society is the Victoria Reading Circle (56 Old Bailey, London), which was inaugurated in Jubilee Year, primarily with a view of benefiting the young people of Sunday schools, though the circle was at once joined by students of widely differing classes. A "Wesley Reading Society" has also come into existence this year, under distinguished denominational patronage; the books chosen bear chiefly on Scripture and Church history. Various other societies are in existence or in course of formation, but the paramount idea in all is this principle of method, of systematic direction.

Under the guidance given by one or other of the above, any lad or girl may experience the new zest which is added to their reading by the presence of order and purpose. Books will no longer be taken up at random simply to while away time; the sense of enrichment will become almost as pleasant as that of diversion. Few, perhaps, will ever be able to boast that their knowledge is so well stored, that they can go to their memories for any fact which they may need, as other men go to a shelf for a particular book. But there is no reason why so many of us should drift to the opposite extreme, and have our minds in the condition of an unclassified museum—the result of desultory reading. I am not pleading against the habit of dipping into books, by which moments of waiting are often pleasantly employed, or the habit of skimming books and pamphlets of an ephemeral kind, an acquaintance with which may be temporarily useful. But let such be counted as extras; let there be at least one course of reading going on, which shall be worth thinking about, and round which other reading may gather according as leisure permits. Keep three or four such selected books on your table; variability of mood often interrupts the reading of one book, and to read it when distasteful, under a sense of compulsion, can bring but little profit. Variety often strengthens as well as relieves. The mind turns with relief from polished phrases to rough utterances, and *vice versa*; the hard bones of history are delightful after too much poetic honey, though the time comes when again we crave for it, and returning to it with uncloyed palate we relish it afresh.

Although, in a course of reading, there must be books of entirely opposite character, which have separate and dissimilar values, it is desirable, and indeed it is usual, for a certain number of these to bear upon one another. I have seen a dusky sea-cave in the Channel Islands lit up with the blaze of a single pile of faggots, but the flare gave only an imperfect notion of what the cavern was like. There were dark clefts and corners and far recesses which were still left in shadow. Could we but have planted lights, rushlights even, here and there along the walls, how the arch of the roof and the picturesque shelves and angles and projections would have started into view, with all their glittering crystals and tiny pendant ferns! Let us learn the value of side-lights to a subject, and cease to be content with the illumination given by a single book however brilliant. Let us learn how philosophy may be elucidated by poetry, and poetry be illustrated by history; let us realise the right relations of all these one to another, and their united helpfulness to ourselves.

I remember hearing one of the most popular of the "Extension" lecturers remark more than once, "I attach particular importance to the reading you do from week to week. The exercises which are set you, and which bear upon the lectures, are useful, but I specially would urge you to keep up the reading of the books suggested." And what were these? Not alone the play or poem expounded in the lecture, but books

by various writers, which bore upon the subject and helped to illuminate it.

Desultory readers know nothing of the real delight which comes to him who reads with method, when he finds obscure passages which he had pondered over in one book made clear, strikingly clear by another writer: or when, having grown familiar with certain scenes and surroundings, he lights upon the incident of which they are the setting. As our reading proceeds, names gather around them new and rich associations; bare ideas develop and expand with a fulness and significance originally undreamed of. He who brings much to a good book will take much away.

Some years ago, I had a little blue volume put into my hands. It was published, I think, by Putnam's Sons, and was called, "The Book Lover." The latter half of the contents contained tabulated lists of books, classified according to subject, and meant to serve as courses of study. Each epoch had its own recommended historical works, with a parallel list of works of fiction, poems, dramas, legends, which bore upon the period. The notion struck me as admirable, for, read thus side by side, the graphic and picturesque touches of the poem or play illuminated the pages of history, and (should the poet or dramatist have drawn too much upon his imagination for strict fidelity) the relentless accuracy of the historical records showed what in the story was fact and what was fiction.

To the Day of Rest our plea for systematic reading specially applies. Surely that is the occasion which should be seized to make ourselves familiar with, or to refresh our previous knowledge of, those great historic facts which have made or moulded the spiritual fortunes of our fathers; the story of the light-bringers and sin-haters of olden days, and of the champions of truth and righteousness who stood up against licence or bigotry, laxity, or tyranny, according as the world swayed towards each extreme. There is in such traditions a certain inspiration and stimulus which for the lads or girls of these smoother days is far from being unneeded.

Reverting, in conclusion, to what we said of the value of collateral reading, or side-lights—if this is manifest in our study of ordinary literature, history, and the like, is it not far more so in our reading of the Book of books? Happily the aids are numerous; but do we avail ourselves of them? If we are willing wisely to use them, the gain is immense. There are large portions of the Old Testament which will acquire an interest we could never have imagined them to possess. And as to the New, familiar though the Life of its central figure is to us, that Life will become instinct with new meanings, and points which before had no special suggestiveness will appear in their true importance. More than this, with expanded views, we shall get to recognise and perceive its right relation to the world's history, and understand the great truth which Canon Liddon crystallised in a single sentence when he wrote: "All human history tends to Jesus Christ, or radiates from Him."

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SURRENDER OF MARY ERNSCLIFF.

"HUGH, oh, I am so glad it is you!"
"Mary, what are you doing out here alone?"

"Do not be shocked, I did not intend to be so late. It was an accident."

"You have hurt yourself?" speaking anxiously and quickly.

"Hardly enough to be worth considering, but it hindered me walking home quickly. I am so glad that step was yours. I have grown nervous, I think, these last months, since——"

She stopped short. There was one episode in her life to which she seldom alluded in presence of any of the Fortescue family. Hugh took up the unfinished sentence and broke out impulsively:

"Since that cowardly attack upon you last winter. Nervous? I wonder you have ever had courage to go abroad alone since. I am not sure that I would not forbid it if I had the power. Mary, Mary, when will you learn that you are not fit to take care of yourself?—that you are not fit to be alone?"

She looked up at him from her seat upon a felled tree. In the wood the spring twilight was fast changing to darkness, but she could see that his face was unwontedly agitated, and a quick wave of colour flushed her own cheek. She rose slowly to her feet, and he saw that she was slightly lame.

"Take my arm," said Hugh placing himself beside her, "I will see you home."

"Thank you, I should be grateful if you would. I was visiting old Betty Dew, and slipped down her narrow staircase in the dark. I did not know I had hurt my foot, but when I had walked a little way I found myself growing lame. I suppose I have given it a little twist. But it is very slight."

She placed her hand upon his arm, and they moved on slowly through the whispering wood together. The trees were still bare of leaves, save a few sycamores and early beeches which had just burst into the first tender green of spring. The young moon hung like a silver lamp in the sky, and the breeze played like an Æolian harp in the tree-tops overhead.

Hugh felt himself tingling all over as Mary placed her hand within his arm, and they moved slowly on together. Burning words rose to his lips, to be held back only at the cost of a great effort. He was torn by the fierceness of the struggle within him, the longing to speak all that was in his heart, the fear lest he should speak in vain, and so sunder the sweet friendship that had grown up between them these past years. Had she ever ceased to mourn the lover of her girlhood? And even if time had healed that wound, there was a barrier now between them in her wealth. For though Hugh would

not be a poor man, his means were small compared with those of the Lady of Ernscliff; and it was impossible for him to forget that one of his name and race had striven to win by cowardly and foul means, the woman whose money he had prized above herself.

Lovers are prone to self-torment and diffidence, and Hugh had said in his heart many times that his cousin's disgraceful outrage had for ever closed his own way with Mary, even had there been a chance for him before. He had seen her often, but seldom alone; and he was almost alarmed at the intensity of his emotion as he found himself conducting her through the dim wood. They had still a mile to go ere they reached Ernscliff, and her progress was but slow. For half-an-hour he would have her all to himself. A sense of almost fierce joy came over him; but to his companion he seemed tongued-tied and abstracted, and she looked up in his face presently, and asked:

"Were you coming from the Quarries, Hugh? Is anything wrong there to make you so grave?"

"Oh, no; since Tom Heron has taken up his quarters amongst the men it is wonderful how civilised they are becoming. He has a wonderful power over those great rough fellows, whom I personally hardly know how to approach. I sometimes think I am almost superfluous, except in Sax itself."

"You must not think that," answered Mary smiling, "Tom is excellent as a lay helper; I wish there were more of his kind, but we cannot on that account do without our priest and pastor. You are not dissatisfied with your small parish, Hugh?"

"Sometimes I think I ought to leave," answered Hugh in a muffled voice.

He felt Mary's hand flutter on his arm, as though she were somewhat disturbed. Her voice had a troubled ring in it as she said:

"Oh, surely not, Hugh; you have done so much for us. You do not really mean to leave us?"

"Mary, Mary, would you miss me, if I were to go?" said Hugh.

Something of the struggle going on within him made itself manifest as he spoke these words. Mary was a woman of deep susceptibilities, and she knew all in a moment what this sudden emotion boded. The sensitive colour flamed in her cheek, but the darkness hid it; her hand trembled on his arm, but it was not withdrawn. Rather she leaned a little more upon him as she answered softly:

"I should miss you dreadfully, Hugh. I hope you will not leave us!"

Did he feel that in those words more was meant than met the ear? Did he know that he was understood, and that this was Mary's own

way of paving the way before him? Was he conscious of an electric wave of sympathy passing from heart to heart? Five minutes ago he had braced his will against any sort of declaration; now the burning words overflowed, and he found himself in the midst of passionate speech.

"Mary, Mary, how am I to tell you? It is because I love you that I know not how to stay in Sax, that I know not how to go on meeting you day after day, and every day, and yet not speak of my love. Ah, Mary, I know that I ought not to hope—you are so much higher than I, purer, holier, like a star in yon darkening sky! I know that you have cause to hate the very name I bear, to drive me from you with words of scorn. Oh, Mary, if you were but poor, I would fling myself at your feet and beg you to come to me and share the little that I have; but you are rich, you are courted, there are hundreds who would gladly woo and win you, who would sneer at me for a needy fortune-hunter. Mary, when I think sometimes of these things, and of what you must think of us Fortescues, my heart and courage fail, and it is then I say in myself that I must leave Sax, that I cannot go on day after day seeing you, and holding back what is in my heart."

"And you thought that I should visit on you what your cousin did in the heat of a mad passion of desperation? Oh, Hugh!"

"How could I tell, but what you might think that my motive in trying to win you was the same as his?"

She turned to him with a smile in her eyes which it was light enough for him to see.

"Do you think I do not know you better than that, Hugh?"

Hugh suddenly stopped short, and turned and faced her, taking both her hands in a close, hot clasp.

"Mary," he said, and there was a strange vibration in his voice, "I love you. I must tell you so at all cost. I love you, and if I may not win you I must leave Sax, for I cannot bear to see you daily and know that you can never be mine. Mary, my fate is in your hands. Tell me, must I go, or may I stay?"

Her face was slightly raised to his. He saw the shining brightness of her eyes.

"Stay, Hugh," she answered softly, "We cannot spare you—I cannot spare you."

"You love me, Mary? he could hardly believe his ears and his words came with vehement urgency.

"I love you, Hugh," she answered softly.

"Well, my dear, I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Bridget when the news reached her, and she forthwith set out to see and congratulate her future niece: "It isn't that I set such store by the men-folk as some women do. They think a vast deal too much of themselves for the most part, and their wives spoil them and puff them up and make them worse than nature did, and that's saying something. But all the same for that, it's a lone thing for a woman to live by herself, especially if she has land and property to care for. Your good grandmother may be taken

away before very long, and Ernscliff would be very solitary without a companion."

"I think I would rather be solitary than have any companion except the right one," answered Mary smiling. "But then Hugh is the right one, so that is all right."

Mrs. Bridget nodded her head in approval.

"Yes, yes, that is the way to look at things, the right man or none at all. That is how I have felt all my life; and as the right man has never turned up, I have been very happy to have been without one at all. I have been happier keeping my good brother's house than many women with their own homes and husbands. But all the same, my dear, as you have no brother and no near kinsfolk, I am very glad to see you settled in life; and all the Fortescues will rejoice at welcoming you into the family."

This saying was certainly verified by the event. Of late Madam had held very little intercourse with Ernscliff, and she had showed herself anything but friendly towards her own son. She had taken great umbrage at the way in which Tom Heron had been received in Sax, after she had declared him to be an outcast and a reprobate, and for once in her life, she had been set at defiance by public opinion. Even the Squire had been against her, and had declined to use his authority in the matter.

Tom Heron, a professed Methodist, and acting under the sanction and approval of Mr. Wesley, had returned to his old neighbourhood, and was working at the reclamation of the outlying districts of the parishes of Sax and Hownston under the direction of Hugh Fortescue, and with the consent and approval of the Rector of the town. At first Madam had simply refused to believe such a gross violation of the common decencies of life (as she chose to consider it) could be countenanced by her brother-in-law, and she had flown to him to pour out her wrath, and obtain his support and assistance. But the Rector was one of the few persons in the neighbourhood who did not fear Madam and her vehemence, and he answered her quietly and genially, but very firmly, telling her that if she knew more of Church history, especially in primitive times, she would not see any innovation in the fact that the clergy suffered themselves to be assisted by laymen in ministering to the flock, and that for his part, he felt sure the day was coming when such help would be revived, and prove of the very greatest value to all. There was, to be sure, the alternative of getting Tom Heron instructed sufficiently to pass the Bishop's examination, and having him ordained, but he did not himself think such a step advisable. He was not of the stuff of which students are made, and might be very unhappy as a servitor in either of the universities. He did very well as he was, and paved the way amongst the rough miners and colliers for the clergy to work there after him. For his own part he was glad enough that the thing should be done by those who looked to him, or to his nephew for help and guidance. His nephew was a young man full of energy, and wanted a wide field for his faculties. Let him and Tom Heron do what they could.

He should not interfere, indeed he was only too glad that the work should be done, and that in the doing of it, no spirit of hostility to the Church should be aroused.

"The Methodists, my dear Madam," he said, "will generally work with us, if we will let them, and if we refuse, and they become schismatic, the fault will be ours as much as theirs. If they are doing good, let us keep them with us as long as we can. If they eventually break away let that be their doing not ours, and our consciences will be free. I shall not interfere if Hugh chooses to get Tom Heron to help him. I doubt not that that wild youth, reclaimed from his sins by these same Methodists, may not have turned more souls to Christ than I have done all my long life."

So Madam was forced to go away angry and baffled, and she had vented her displeasure mainly in being very cool to Hugh whenever he was at Rookwood, and in showing herself exceedingly distant towards the Ladies of Ernscliff on the occasions when a meeting was inevitable.

Fulk and Athol were by this time established at Rookwood, and they made large amends for Madam's whims and tempers, by the friendly and easy hospitality always to be found in their quarters of the big house. To do Madam justice, she was devotedly attached to her eldest son and his wife, and never resented what they might like to say or do; and when very early in the year a small son had made his appearance there, her delight was so great, that she had almost taken the whole world back into favour again.

A few months later, therefore, when Hugh's engagement to the heiress of Ernscliff became an accomplished fact, she deigned to forget her displeasure, and came forward with her congratulations in quite a gush of maternal tenderness; whilst Mary, always gentle and ready for peace (though able to hold her own at will when occasion demanded) was more than ready to let bygones be bygones, and receive Hugh's mother with all affection and respect.

"I suppose, dear," said Madam presently, "that Hugh will resign his curacy, and give himself over to the management of Ernscliff?"

"He will live here, of course, when we are married," answered Mary, with a little blush, "but I do not think he will give up his curacy. I do not see how he could be content to do so. He has taken upon himself his ordination vows—he has professed himself, truly and devoutly, to have felt himself called by God's Holy Spirit, and he has dedicated himself to the service of the Church. I am quite sure he will never draw back from that service. He will help me with the estate, I doubt not—but the higher work must come first."

Madam did not argue the point. She felt instinctively that upon such matters words and arguments were alike thrown away. Hugh and Mary would judge for themselves, according to a standard that was not hers. She must satisfy herself by knowing that her son had married a rich woman, and had by that means become one of the large landowners of the neighbourhood. If he chose to be eccentric, and hold the petty

and ill-paid curacy of Sax at the same time, she could not prevent it. No doubt it would prove one of those harmless crazes which time and experience would cure.

Great and unbounded was the satisfaction in Sax, when the news became known there. Of course it was Glegg who first got wind of it, and his complaisant triumph in the accomplishment of a prediction which had begun of late to be jeered at, was in itself a sight to see. He rose quite twenty per cent. in the eyes of himself and the neighbourhood, and the parlour of the Red Dragon was crowded the whole evening with those who came to learn the truth from the fountain head. To hear Glegg talk, one would think that he had been in the closest confidence of both bridegroom and bride elect, and that to him had been confided the inner secrets of each heart. But the audience enjoyed the story none the less from the extraordinary detail in which it was told, and Glegg was in his glory for that and many following days.

Tom heard the news in due course, and it was from the lips of Mike Portway that he learned it first. Although Tom lived professedly in the cottage close to Ernscliff, he spent much of his time either at the quarries on the moors, or at the collieries outside Hownston, often staying several days amongst the rough men and women of those wild colonies, though returning home at frequent intervals to report to Hugh the success or failure attending his efforts, and to assist him in any parish work that might be allotted to him. Tom was, perhaps, more content and happy than he had been at any previous stage of his career. He had recovered all his bodily health, and had attained to a firm and steady faith which was not dependent upon the changing moods of a quick and imaginative temperament. His work was congenial, he was amongst friends. His old comrades no longer sneered or flouted him, and he no longer held aloof and feared to be on friendly terms lest they should drag him back into sin. He had plenty of hard work to do, and he did it well, and on the whole successfully, whilst he had just sufficient intercourse with those in a higher walk of life, to keep alive and growing within him those instincts of refinement and intellectual activity which had always made him somewhat different from men of his own class.

It was with great pleasure and interest that he heard the news of the betrothal of Mrs. Mary to Hugh Fortescue. He turned to Mike with his flashing smile, and said, with that dash of poetry that often gave force or pathos to his words:

"Sure, Mike, that is one of the marriages that has been made in Heaven. I think that Heaven must watch over Mrs. Mary very closely, may be, because she is half an angel herself."

Mike discussed the news a little longer, and then grew uncommonly sheepish, making several futile attempts to change the subject and colouring to the very tips of his ears.

"Why, Mike, man, what is the matter?" asked Tom, aroused to curiosity by this unwonted behaviour. "Thee be as red as a peony."

"Well, it be talking of marriages. I've something to tell thee about another of them," answered Mike, blushing like a girl, "and I feel a bit afeared too, Tom, lest thee feel as I'd done thee an ill turn by it."

Tom's wits were quick enough to jump to conclusions. He read in a moment all Mike would say, and a broad smile beamed over his face.

"Thee means thee is to be married thyself, Mike, and to Meg Dawson, I doubt not? Nay, lad, why should I take it amiss? I wish thee joy, and her too, with all my heart. She is a good lass, and a bonny one, and she will make thee a good wife. Thee needn't be afraid to tell me about it. I——"

"I was half afeared thee might be thinking again on her theeself," said Mike; "I know there was a time when thee and she were courting. And——"

"She would tell thee that I never said no serious word to her of marriage, save once, and then she would not listen. No, no, Mike, I've known this long time that my work isn't work for women-folk. I don't mean to think of marrying this many a year yet. May be, I'll never have a wife at all. I have plenty to do without, and I can do more work for the Lord

when I have but myself to keep. I'm right glad thee will have such a good wife, Mike, and I doubt not I'll have a welcome at thy fire-side of a night when thee has a house of thine own. I'd like to see thee and Meg in housekeeping together, but I've got other things to think of myself."

Tom's eyes looked away over the sweep of the hillside where the stone quarries and their clustering huts nestled together beneath an overhanging crag, and Mike saw an expression steal over his friend's face, the meaning of which he could not fathom, and which, therefore, awed him a little.

"There be a power of work to do in this world, Mike," said Tom thoughtfully, almost dreamily. "It be some men's work to marry and bide at home and keep the village life going, and there be others called out for something different, but they can all be doing the Lord's work together. I be main glad to hear what thee has told me to-day. I'll tell Meg so when I see her next. I like to think of thee and she in that little home you'll have together. But I don't need a home like that. I want to be free to follow where the Lord leads, and when I die I should like to be there, found at my post."

REMINISCENCES OF MR. SPURGEON.

THE last time that I looked upon the face of the great preacher, was on the occasion of his addressing a number of colporteurs on a Monday afternoon of May, or only a few days before he was attacked by that influenza which was really the commencement of his last illness. As a hardy band, who do most laborious Christian service, Mr. Spurgeon always had the most ardent admiration for his colporteurs, justly thinking that their books and homely talk represented the most direct method of reaching the common people both in town and country. What at once struck me in listening to his general advice and directions to such men, was the genuine interest with which he ever listened to the details of their work and adventures; and then, as it were, while speaking to them, placed himself in their situation. Many of these men who carry a heavy pack of books from village to village, are local preachers; and not one of the band who listened to his last address to them will ever forget the force and affection with which he urged them to become pattern ambassadors. They were encouraged to spread abroad their books because books would speak where they as men became silent; but while they preached the gospel to all, they had to do their very best, and they would ensure freshness by keeping to their text. That was the President's way of getting his men to keep close to Bible-teaching. So long as they did that, he did not care even if they rambled a

little because it was all holy ground from Dan to Beersheba, though beyond that into Egypt and Arabia it was not advisable for any one to ramble.

Mr. Spurgeon came upon the scene, as it were at a bound, like a sudden phenomenon, as the late Mr. William Olney described it. A great impression was produced by the first sermon given by the Essex youth in New Park Street chapel in the fall of 1853; and after the second sermon in the evening, the congregation was so excited that they lingered about the chapel. Mr. Olney had far more to do with bringing Mr. Spurgeon to London than is generally supposed, and some time before his death he supplied me with many facts which might otherwise have been lost for ever. The young preacher was at that time the tutor of several boy pupils, such teaching being a chief source of income. The giving up of these boys appears to have been a serious obstacle to coming at once to London; and seeing where the shoe pinched, Mr. Olney sent his friend a cheque to make good any loss which such action might involve. "I am very deeply indebted to you for your most generous offer," wrote back the Waterbeach pastor; "I shall not keep the boys any longer. You are throwing the web around the fly; your kindness binds me to you." The writer then added: "Happy is the church which has in it members who consecrate their wealth unto the Lord." Mr. Olney used to

describo that letter as being the first which Mr. Spurgeon had ever written relative to coming to London. He treasured the original for many years, until it was soiled and worn. He then gave it to me, and it is now among my most prized possessions.

The hitherto little-known Cambridgeshire pastor had no sooner settled in London than the crowd assembled in overwhelming force wherever

passing through his mind while preaching, what a study for the pencil of a Reynolds or a Millais, the full round face of that Essex youth would have been!

What new sensations were awakened when one listened to him for the first time! Will it not be a matter of lasting regret that no portrait of this great man by an artist of the first rank was ever painted? He himself had no ambition in this direction. His lowly opinion of himself, or rather total freedom from what is commonly called pride, was all along very striking.

When his preaching seemed to be strangely awakening all classes in the country, and his name was in everybody's mouth, he sold the copyright of his first book for 50*l.* If the honorarium had been 5000*l.* the bargain would no doubt have been a profitable one to the purchaser; but the young author had had no experience in publishing; and he never dreamed that his name could possibly be at a premium in Paternoster Row. When, many years afterwards, I asked him how he came to sell his *ms.* for such a sum, he replied, "Why, at that time I thought 50*l.* to be a good deal of money." He was a very ready learner, however, in the school of experience; he never repeated a mistake any more than he ever forgot anything he ever read, though he would go through a book at lightning speed.

Almost from the outset of his London career he became associated with his present publishers, Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, the former being a member at New Park Street chapel when Mr. Spurgeon first settled there. It was at Mr. Passmore's suggestion that the weekly issue of the sermons commenced with the first week of 1855. For long past an average of five numbers a month have been issued; but as every discourse preached by the pastor has been taken down in shorthand, the weekly publication may be expected to continue for at least ten years to come. Mr. Spurgeon always expressed the greatest regard for his publishers; and the fact of Mr. Alabaster's being a Churchman, never occasioned the slightest hitch in the harmony of their Christian fellowship.

Though I was so well acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon as a preacher, any personal acquaintance did not commence until I wrote two articles for "The Sword and Trowel" in 1868. In March of the following year, I called at the Tabernacle one week-day afternoon, and had a first interview with the Pastor. He appeared to be selecting books for the Sunday-school library, in the secretary's room, but he at once led the way upstairs into his own vestry, and showed how by his *bonhomie*, he could at once make a stranger fool at ease. A small tray with tea and bread-and-butter had been placed on the table; and filling the cup intended for himself and handing it to me, he used a glass tumbler for



C. H. Spurgeon

At the Age of 21. From the Picture at the Pastor's College.

he preached. The largest buildings were too small; and that matchless voice, of which no one had ever heard the like, appeared to be capable of reaching with ease any number of persons who might assemble in the open air. Those who are old enough to remember Spurgeon at this period will have vivid and delightful memories of the singular phenomenon he then was to them. We had all heard of the preacher having characteristics peculiar to himself; but the reality exceeded all expectations. Some spoke of his features being heavy; but when lit up with the train of ideas

himself. He had accepted other articles of mine for the magazine, and such was his handsome appreciation of anything that was done for him, that was really worth accepting, that no literary worker could have gone from his presence without being conscious of a fresh accession of work-

satisfy the curiosity of anyone who wished to look over the place. He would not be quite himself if Mrs. Spurgeon happened to be away; for as he once remarked at his own table when this was the case, "When a man's wife is not at home, everybody is out." He would be as light-

hearted, entertaining at his own table, as though no care or burden of arduous service pressed heavily upon him; but otherwise he seemed to be always at work. I have accompanied him home after the ordinary Monday prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle to reach the house at 10.45 P.M. After supping in the study I have retired, leaving him still at work; but by six, or soon after, on the following morning, he would again be at his desk. He once confessed that, in a sense, there was misfortune in having so much to

ing capital. Even when conferring a favour, he seemed evidently to be dissatisfied with himself unless he conveyed the impression of receiving one.

At this time he had not long removed to the new manse in Nightingale Lane, Clapham, and an opportunity presented itself of studying his home life. Having charming grounds, the house was very pleasantly situated, but it was no doubt too low-lying to suit one who was subject to rheumatic attacks. The study, approached by one flight of stairs, and overlooking the garden, was the best room in the house, where the apartments were all good. The dining-room, also struck a visitor as being particularly pleasant, for a half-glass door at either end led into what was really a lovely aviary and green-house combined. If, as some would aver, Mr. Spurgeon had no critical eye for architecture, and some other forms of art, he had great taste in gardening, while he loved birds. No gun might ever be discharged in that garden at Nightingale Lane. His horses also had good reasons for being satisfied with their situations; for he took care that handsome treatment was accorded them. The favoured animal which had to accomplish the journey to the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the Sabbath, was regarded as living under the law of works; and hence, on no account would its Saturday's rest be broken.

The first time that I saw Mr. Spurgeon at home was in 1869, when, at his invitation, I went to breakfast. He seemed to be as charmed with his home, as visitors were who went to it; while with the utmost good-nature he would

do, that for weeks he hardly had time to take a turn round his garden.

Nevertheless, he found great delight in his garden, and was not satisfied if anything whether under glass, or in the open, was not well looked after. A friend associated with the Metropolitan Tabernacle tells me a good story which illustrates this point. Mr. Spurgeon, on one occasion, showed him through the gardens, and explained how, under certain gardeners, he had employed, things had gone wrong in the vinery and elsewhere. While they were professors of Christian "perfection," the men had neglected their work, and the grape-vines especially had got into



MR. SPURGEON'S RESIDENCE, WESTWOOD.

a deplorable condition. "You see, these men were so holy that they did not get here till eight in the morning when they should have been here at six," remarked Mr. Spurgeon; "and therefore I discharged them and took on sinners in their place." The change at once brought about an improved outlook.

But what was the chief charm to those who

associated with Mr. Spurgeon at home, was the entire absence in him of the airs of "the great man." He was fully conscious of his powers, and vast influence; but he always made visitors feel at ease. When he confessed, "You know, I'm not the Reverend gentleman," you saw instinctively that he meant it. He could give you rare entertainment by the hour together, in conversing about preachers who belonged to "the gold-headed cane era," in which to encounter a minister was to involuntarily exclaim, as Mr. Spurgeon once remarked, "How dreadful is this place," but he would have disowned such an ancestry.

In a Christian sense, he acted as though he thoroughly believed in equality, so that humble Christians, in common with the more influential, had a warm place in his regard. Thus, when I called at Nightingale Lane on a certain summer Saturday afternoon, he was in a very cheerful mood, and mentioned two Christian coachmen, employed at houses in the neighbourhood,

picture he remarked, "If we could only grow in grace like that."

It was the general rule to reserve Saturday from callers; but to more privileged persons that was the day more especially set apart for their reception. I have often seen Mr. Spurgeon at home on Saturday afternoons in the midst of a circle of friends who knew that they might then call; and the talk with which he regaled us was surely never surpassed in quality at the Literary Club itself in Dr. Johnson's palmiest days. Our host's fund of general knowledge was vast; while his recollections of his own early days and adventures, as well as his reminiscences of eminent personages, appeared to be inexhaustible. His power of mimicry was also perfect; and an affecting anecdote at one time would be succeeded by something sufficiently comical to provoke roars of laughter. Byron said that Sydney Smith was the loudest wit he was ever deafened with; but I do not believe that even in this respect, the

famous Dean of St. Paul's was equal to Spurgeon. His wit seemed to be not only spontaneous, it was always as kind as it was brilliant. Any everyday incident, or the mention of anything which struck him, would call it forth at a moment's notice.

There was a manifest desire to make everything redound to highest purposes; but at the same time, nothing could ever be allowed to encroach on the time set apart for preparation for the pulpit. When Mr. Gladstone, then Premier, invited the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to dine with him after attending one of the services, the invitation could not be accepted because it was for a Saturday evening. Otherwise, the meeting might have come off, and it would have been an high occasion indeed. The Saturday afternoon gatherings at Clapham or Norwood were thus never prolonged. Family prayer

succeeded tea, and after that the pastor would need to be alone in his study. What his general method was in regard to the preparation of his sermons, I seem to have a tolerably clear idea. Heart culture at the throne of grace, was no doubt chiefly kept in view. When the text was chosen, many writers or commentators might be referred to: the library available being in this respect very well chosen and full; but the rich stores of the preacher's own mind must have sufficed for the most ample illustration. Whatever he read, or whatever he saw, found its place in that great treasure-house; and being stored away in complete order, everything was ready to be brought forth at any time when it could be used with best effect. Hence, when in a great company of professors, ministers and students at the Pastor's College, Mr. Spurgeon held up the notes of one of his sermons on a piece of paper four inches square, anyone would have made a great mistake who supposed that he did not laboriously prepare his discourses. He worked in accordance with the methods best suited to



THE BOY PREACHER AND HIS DEACONS AT PARK STREET.
(From a Photograph.)

whom he had entertained in a summer-house until nearly ten o'clock in the evening. These worthies had come up from the country, where one had been a deacon, while both had been noticed and esteemed in a small way. In London, things were of course very different; for while religious privileges might be more abundant, they appeared, as it were, to be lost sight of in the crowd. Hence their satisfaction at being noticed and entertained by so eminent a man as Mr. Spurgeon was extraordinary. Elation of spirits had the effect of making them correspondingly garrulous, and they had almost all of the talk to themselves. "Did they not allow you to say anything, then?" I asked. "Well, sometimes they did," he replied, adding that he wished I had been there.

It was his custom to have a photograph of his two sons taken once a year. Beginning with early infancy, these were continued until the twins were of age, the twenty-one pictures being included in one frame which hung on the dining-room wall. When I was once looking at this

his genius. He probably never fully wrote out a sermon in his life; and in his own study he

time and talent to this service without any pecuniary remuneration; but though he had compensation of another kind, he seems to have always anticipated his annual address as President with some nervous misgiving.

When I heard him for the first time at the



STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

once confessed to me that he would rather be hanged than do such a thing.¹

His favourite institution was the Pastor's College, in the management of which, as well as in the pastorate of the church itself, he was for about a quarter of a century assisted by his brother, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. Between eight and nine hundred men have already passed through the college, and a large proportion are now engaged in pastorates or in other kinds of Christian work in the four quarters of the world. In Spain, in Morocco, in Africa, and elsewhere; some of these have shown genuine daring enterprise; and nothing delighted the pastor more than to hear from their own lips, in a great meeting at the Tabernacle, of the successes of these evangelists.

It was at the annual conference in each successive spring, however, that Mr. Spurgeon appeared as the great leader whose unselfish ambition was to inspire the entire band of ministers with his own enthusiasm. All the year round he gave

Annual Conference, he was not forty years of age, and was, therefore, at the height of his power. With what force he exhorted the preachers to avoid all of the mere tricks of oratory; reminding them by the way that to be misty was not to be profound, and that empty wells always appeared to be deeper than such as were filled with good, clear water. Then, with what inimitable art he

brought forth illustrations, which no one could ever forget, for the enforcement of great truths. Take, for example, the preacher's duty in regard to the control of temper. As all possessed a



THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

¹ In the early days of his ministry we remember his saying to the late Dr. S. Manning, that if he could not "break" his text to his use in an hour, it would be all over with him.—ED. S. H.

brought forth illustrations, which no one could ever forget, for the enforcement of great truths. Take, for example, the preacher's duty in regard to the control of temper. As all possessed a

temper of some kind, it was not to become like a mere old shoe—too easy and of little worth: but if it ever chanced to boil over like an angry kettle, they should take care that no one was scalded save the devil. At that time the late venerable George Rogers—who died only a few months since, aged ninety-one—had recently celebrated his golden wedding, that fact naturally suggesting to Mr. Spurgeon that he should be introduced to one of the meetings as “this young fellow.” A complete volume of no small interest might be made up of reminiscences of the eighteen conferences I was privileged to attend, and at which this great man presided. Such a flow of wit and wisdom we may not expect ever to hear again. A large proportion of the time was always devoted to prayer; and to many the time was one of special blessing. It was then that Mr. Spurgeon always appeared to be at his best, and in his happiest mood. The meetings became larger year by year, and one wondered whereunto the thing might grow. Thoughts of this, at times, also crossed the late pastor’s mind. “They will get more and more,” he once remarked to me in the conference-room; and then added, “until I am gone, and then they will get less and less.”

For years, when health permitted, Mr. Spurgeon was accustomed to spend Christmas Day at the Stockwell Orphanage. The hilarious enjoyment of the hundreds of orphans seemed to afford him the rarest of pleasures. He would say a good word to the children; in the afternoon he would distribute Christmas gifts to the members of the staff, complimenting them on their efficiency and not forgetting to let them know how greatly he valued their services. These bygone Christmas Days that I was thus privileged to pass in Mr. Spurgeon’s company are now among the happiest memories of life. A quarto volume by himself given in 1874 and a table ornament in 1881, are now among my mementoes of those festive occasions. The Christmas Day, on which he dined at the Orphanage for the last time, was in 1884, and that was the only occasion on which Mrs. Spurgeon ever accompanied him. Ever after that he had to be content with sending a letter; but even a letter never failed to call forth the children’s loudest cheers. Very sincere mourners for their beloved president will be found among the orphan boys and girls of the Stockwell Institution.

Among the festivals which were chiefly enjoyed by Mr. Spurgeon himself, as well as by tutors of the college, students and friends, was the reunion of the entire college at the opening of each successive August. All were supposed to have returned from their summer outing; and the custom was for Mr. Spurgeon to accord the freshmen admitted some words of welcome and advice after which the day was given up to *al fresco* recreations. Cricket, bowls, or lying at ease on the greensward, &c., might be indulged in; but the day would begin and end with prayer, while at dinner, and after dinner, and after tea, some good addresses would be given. The place of meeting was not always the same. More than once we met at Broomfield, where the philan-

thropist Wilberforce had lived and entertained his friends; and the room was to be seen in which the late Bishop of Winchester was born. Mr. Spurgeon thoroughly enjoyed these occasions, and no doubt chiefly did so because they afforded him an opportunity of being useful to students.

When he was in the prime of his strength and ardour, no rarer earthly treat could be had than to accompany him on a long railway journey. What memories I have of excursions of this kind which I was privileged to take with him as a working journalist. I went with him to the Toller Centenary at Kettering at Michaelmas 1875, when he preached to an immense multitude in the open air. It was at Bristol, in 1877, however, that the eagerness to secure tickets for a service at Colston Hall exceeded anything of the kind I ever witnessed. Then one alone who has experienced it, can possibly realise the charm of visiting Silchester, the English Pompeii, in company with Mr. Spurgeon. He would also enjoy looking over any historical mansion. “The Queen’s rooms” at the Duke of Wellington’s seat at Strathfieldsaye, greatly interested him; but the obliging housekeeper who showed us over the place seemed to be quite unaware of the quality of her visitor. Referring to the aristocracy, it was here that I remarked to him, “Well, after all, these people are not so much better off as they appear to be than we are.” “Not a bit,” he replied; “they can’t eat any more, and they can’t wear any more clothes than we can.” Once, when visiting the ruins of Basing House, Basingstoke, his Puritan sympathies seemed to be awakened as he recalled to mind how Cromwell had reduced the place which no one else could take—“Storming like a fire-flood!”

He always seemed to have an exhaustible fund of anecdotes relating to his own adventures in preaching up and down the country. No man before ever received so vast a number of applications to preach; and once he explained to us how, as a preacher, he believed in the Statute of Limitations. He was once requested to fulfil an engagement to preach, which it was alleged he had made. At first, the fact of having ever made such an engagement was denied; but notwithstanding, the other side maintained its ground. “You said that when we got a new chapel you would preach for us, and now the building is up,” it was urged. Still, no promise of the kind could be remembered. Then it occurred to Mr. Spurgeon to ask, “How long was it ago?” “How long? Oh, twenty years!” “Twenty years!” exclaimed Mr. Spurgeon, much relieved. He then explained that such a promise was given under totally different circumstances from those under which they were then living. “I believe in the Statute of Limitations.”

I close this chapter of reminiscences, not through want of material, but through want of space. The Pastor is dead; but may we not pray that his influence still may deepen? He was always generous enough to confess that no man was ever surrounded with a more efficient band of helpers. Chief among them was his wife,

who, in the most comprehensive sense was "a help meet for him;" and his brother, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, who as co-pastor did an immense deal to relieve the burden pressing upon the great preacher's shoulders. The most effective way of

showing affection for the memory of the departed is to stand by these friends, and to take care that institutions for which they are responsible are not allowed to suffer.

G. HOLDEN PIKE.

SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

SOME years ago there appeared in the SUNDAY AT HOME, the narrative of a sailor's life being saved by an albatross. The huge bird had attacked him when in the water, and he managed to seize its leg, and to hold on till relief came. The case was well attested, and any lingering incredulity may be removed by the following incident, lately related in the "New York Ledger."—"A vessel was ploughing through the waters of the South Atlantic when the cry of 'Man overboard!' was heard. The man at the wheel brought the ship up in the wind, and boats were lowered, but by the time this was accomplished the sailor was a quarter of a mile astern. He kept up, however, and as the boat approached a big albatross was seen to dart at him, and the next moment to struggle; then away went the bird, flapping violently, towing the sailor along at the surface. The men had to pull hard to gain upon it, and then it was found that the sailor was uninjured, and had been saved by the bird. He was almost exhausted when the albatross flew over him in evident curiosity, and as it passed he seized its feet. The bird, in its fear and terror, was strong enough to tow him along the surface at a rapid rate, though not able to lift him out of the water."

The great white albatross attains a prodigious size, the spread of the wings sometimes reaching fifteen feet from tip to tip. There are several species, but this is far the largest. It is sometimes called the "Wandering Albatross" (*Diomedea exulans* of Linnæus). Usually it is seen far out at sea, soaring in solitary state over the waves in the fiercest storms; but at other times they seem to be gregarious.

The colour of the bird varies chiefly according to its age. There is little distinction in the plumage of the sexes. Some have the wings above brownish black, with the abdomen white; in others the head is white, and the rest of the plumage brown. They all grow lighter in colour with age, the birds which have given the designation of the "White" albatross to the species, being the oldest. It is certainly the grandest and most notable living object in an ocean view. Power and gracefulness, without any appearance of effort, are displayed in all its movements. With much elegance it sails along, cleaving the air obliquely, slightly inclining from one side to the other; then rapidly descending till near the surface of the waves, which its huge pinions seem almost to touch. Then it soars aloft again, with equal boldness and facility of action, using

the wings as sails; and the changes are made with marvellous rapidity. Roaming incessantly over the wide seas, whether in calm or storm, the albatross may be said to live in the air, except during the season of incubation, when the land is sought. These birds never seem to know fatigue, their structure being wonderfully adapted to their habits and their necessities. In proportion to their size they have an enormous supply of air-cells, capable of voluntary inflation, whereby muscular power is economised, and they are enabled to sustain the long continued flights of their wandering life. The bony skeleton of a bird of twenty pounds weight, scarcely weighs two pounds, and the hollow bones freely communicate with the large air-cells in various parts of the body, contributing to diminish the specific gravity of the whole mass. This confined air is also preserved at a temperature far above that of the cooler surrounding atmosphere, thus rendering the body lighter than the apparent bulk would lead us to expect. Moreover, the dense and warm plumage is suited for the cold tempestuous latitudes which they chiefly frequent.

The food which they seem to prefer, is the squid or cuttle-fish, shoals of which they are observed to follow, with the pintados or Cape petrels acting as their jackals.

At Marion island, in the Southern Ocean, they nest in great numbers, their white shapes, dotting the plains and forming conspicuous objects. The nest is a low mound, a foot and a half at the least in diameter at the top. The base of the nest is concave, to prevent the egg rolling out of its place. The colour of the egg is white, a little larger than a goose egg, and of peculiar shape, being an elongated oval, nearly equally thick at both ends. Twin eggs are very rare. The female sits on the nest, the male standing beside her, both refusing to move when approached, simply snapping their bills together violently. The most remarkable feature is that often when a bird is taken from the nest no egg appears, and for a long time it seemed difficult to find one. The secret was that the albatross conceals its egg as if in a pouch, in its webbed feet, so that it can actually carry it. During the time of incubation the birds do not fly, being apparently helpless. The birds are affectionate lovers, the male being a self-appointed guardian, standing by the nest, spreading his tail and wings, throwing his head in the air, and all the time uttering a curious cry, to which the female responds.

Every one knows the superstitious fear generally

attached to the appearance of the albatross at sea. Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," has also made celebrated the popular superstition as to woe and disaster following any one who kills the mysterious bird. The writer of these notes possesses a splendid specimen, shot by a captain of a ship, from Liverpool, in the South Seas. Strange to say, the captain perished at sea in his next voyage. He is also told that the captain of the ill-fated emigrant ship, the *Benvenue*, wrecked last year on our own southern coast, was brother, or near relative, of the slayer of his albatross. Incidents like these perpetuate the superstitious feeling among seamen. He believes that they are mere coincidences, perfectly natural. The few cases where calamities overtake those who spend most of their lives at sea are noticed and commented on, while hundreds of cases followed by no remarkable event, are passed unnoticed and unrecorded. At the same time, the wanton destruction of these noble birds is to be deprecated. It is equally bad, whether done for sport, or for gain. In the *Queen* newspaper, there was lately the picture of a bride, whose cloak had "albatross feather trimming." Now these birds are either shot, or caught by baited hooks, as cruel boys angle for swallows; or, what is meaner, taken from the nest when breeding. We do not give the name of the lady or of her dress-maker, because cruelty is more often the result of ignorance and want of thought than of want of heart. But we refer the use of "albatross feather trimmings" to the ladies who are associated for discouraging dress made ornamental by rare birds' plumage.

This great sea-bird, in its size, its habits, and whole natural history, is, in itself, an object of interest, apart from any poetical or legendary associations. And our interest in it is increased, on knowing that sometimes, in the Providence of God, it has been the instrument of saving human life.

WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR THEE?

AN aged man was lying on what he knew would prove his deathbed. Free from pain, but overcome by weakness, his thoughts ranged back over the whole period of his life. His youth, his early manhood, came back to him with vivid distinctness, even as the events of yesterday. At the age of seventy, he could clearly recall the events of fifty-five years, and the conclusion forced upon him was that God had been very good to him. No father could have been more tender, as men judge kindness. He had hedged him round from most of the common ills and afflictions of life. All things had been much as he wished; and now his end was approaching he felt that he had no anxiety about the future of his loved ones, who stood round his bed, smoothed with every comfort.

Yet he felt uneasy, and self-condemned. He had made his will; he owed nothing; and he had left a good sum in various charities. But what

had he done for the spread of the Gospel? What had he done towards extending the kingdom of Christ, that others might acknowledge Him as their Lord and King? Beyond an occasional small sum after a missionary sermon, he had really done nothing, nor had he given the least consideration to the subject. "Look at home first; don't send money to foreign regions," had been too often a reply to applicants for help to sending the gospel to those who had never heard of Christ or His salvation.

The painful reflections arising out of this thought, we need not dwell upon. Only let it be remembered that there are multitudes of comfortable self-satisfied "Christians," whose death-bed meditations would be equally blank as to any active part, either personally or by contributions, towards missionary work.

"Oh, that I had done something to spread the gospel of Christ!" Let not this be the dying thought of anyone who has himself been privileged to live in a Christian land, and to share in the blessings that attend Christianity. From His Cross, the Saviour looked in mercy upon all mankind; and He gave to His disciples the command to preach the gospel to all nations, "beginning at Jerusalem." His truth was to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as the glory of His people Israel.

Very touching is that anecdote of a famous painter who, after gazing at a picture of Christ crucified, was heard to exclaim, "Ah, Lord, Thou hast done this for me, what have I done for Thee?"

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

BY DEAN BURGON.

WHEN sorrow's tide runs all too high,
And on my bed I sleepless lie,
With throbbing pulse and aching eye—

Jesus, my Saviour, mighty Lord,
By angels and by saints adored,
Help me to lean upon Thy word.

To lean on that, to lean on Thee,
What difference? there Thy form I see,
Thy voice it is that speaks to me.

And there, in all my deep distress,
And in my spirit's loneliness,
I find Thee waiting but to bless.

Hold Thou me up from day to day,
And lest these footsteps go astray,
Still keep them in the narrow way.

Nor do I ask that when I die,
An angel may be hovering nigh;
I pray for Thee to stand close by.

Be with me in that darksome hour,
When Satan struggles most for power,
Lest spirit, soul, or flesh should cower.

And for the rest, Oh! Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, Thy will be done;
I know 'twill be a righteous one.

(Written, July 3, 1862, lying on the deck of the steamer at Beyrout.)