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THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
ITS HISTORY AND WORK

by Charles H. Spurgeon

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**THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE:**

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C. H. SPURGEON

PREFACE.

WHEN modest ministers submit their sermons to the press they usually place upon the title page the words "*Printed by Request.*" We might with emphatic truthfulness have pleaded this apology for the present narrative, for times without number friends from all parts of the world have said, "Have you no book which will tell us all about your work? Could you not give us some printed summary of the Tabernacle history?" Here it is, dear friends, and we hope it, will satisfy your curiosity and deepen your kindly interest.

The best excuse for writing a history is that *there is something to tell*, and unless we are greatly mistaken the facts here placed on record are well worthy of being known. In us they have aroused fervent emotions of gratitude, and in putting them together our faith in God has been greatly established: we hope, therefore, that in some measure our readers will derive the same benefit. Strangers cannot be expected to feel an equal interest with ourselves, but our fellow members, our co-workers, our hundreds of generous helpers, and the large circle of our hearty sympathizers cannot read our summary of the Lord's dealings with us without stimulus and encouragement.

Our young people ought to be told by their fathers the wondrous things which God did in their day "and in the old time before them." Such things are forgotten if they are not every now and then rehearsed anew in the ears of fresh generations. "Why should the wonders he hath wrought be lost in silence and forgot?" We feel that we only discharge a duty to the present and coming generations when we use our pen for such a purpose.

Very graciously has the Lord dealt with us, and our own part of the long story is by no means the least bright with tokens of his goodness. Charged with egotism we may be, but if this be the penalty for declaring that "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad," we will bear it with easy patience. The Baptist character of the book may trouble some thin-skinned readers of other denominations, but we appeal to their candor and ask them, if they were writing the story of a Methodist or Presbyterian church, would they think it needful, fitting, or truthful to suppress the peculiarities of the case? In all probability they would not have been less denominational than we have been, or if they had succeeded in being so

they would have robbed their record of half its value and all its interest. We do not expect in reading a life of Wesley to find his Arminianism and his Methodism left out, nor ought any one to expect us to weed out Believers' Baptism and Calvinistic doctrine from the annals of a particular Baptist church. *We are Calvinistic Baptists*, and have no desire to sail under false colors, neither are we ashamed of our principles: if we were, we would renounce them to-morrow.

All controversial questions laid aside, dear reader, you will here see how our fathers struggled and suffered for liberty of conscience in former times, how their sons held fast the truths handed down to them, and in a measure how a church "upon whom the ends of the earth are come" still lives and flourishes by faith in the unseen God. How often prayer has been answered in our experience, and what great things faith has done for us, the latter part of this little book will show, and yet not all nor a hundredth part has been told or could be told.

We have taken passages verbatim from other works whenever they suited our purpose, and we have not mentioned the sources of our information, for such details are not needed in a mere popular manual. We end the matter in a word by saying that nothing here is original, but everything borrowed. How could it be otherwise in a history? Ours only is the setting; we could, not make facts any more than jewelers can make diamonds.

May the reader's belief in prayer be increased, and his reliance upon God strengthened, as he reads our testimony, and should he unhappily be as yet unconverted, may he be led to believe in God, to rest in the sacrifice of Jesus, and cast in his lot with the people of God.

Brethren, who have helped us so long, support our enterprises still by your prayers, your efforts, and your gifts, and so shall our Zion become increasingly a praise in the earth. To the Triune God be praise that for two centuries his mercy has surrounded this portion of his church, and that "his hand is stretched out still."

C. H. SPURGEON.

P. S. — Those friends who would like to possess another volume relating to Tabernacle History can procure "The Metropolitan Tabernacle; or, an historical account of the Society, from its first planting in the Puritan era to the present time, with other sketches relating to the rise, growth, and

customs of Nonconformity in Southwark, the Stockwell Orphanage, and the Pastors' College. By Godfrey Holden Pike, with an Introduction by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." It is published by Passmore and Alabaster for 2s. 6d.

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HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

MEETING IN THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

CHAPTER I. — EARLIEST TIDIES.

WHEN Knickerbocker commenced his famous history of New York, he felt it to be essential to begin with the Creation of the world. We labor under no such impression, and shall not therefore judge it needful to give a complete history of the Christian Church in the first ages in order to introduce our brief sketch of the Church in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Still, a few historical memoranda as to the Christians commonly called Baptists, will not be out of place. Our own belief is that these people are the purest part of that sect which of old was everywhere spoken against, and we are convinced that they have, beyond their brethren, preserved the ordinances of the Lord Jesus as they were delivered unto the saints. We care very little for the “historical church” argument, but if there be anything in it at all, the plea ought not to be filched by the clients of Rome, but should be left to that community which all along has held by “One Lord, one faith, and one baptism.” This body of believers has not been exalted into temporal power, or decorated with worldly rank, but it has dwelt for the most part in dens and caves of the earth, “destitute, afflicted, tormented,” and so has proved itself of the house and lineage of the Crucified. The Church which most loudly claims the apostolical succession wears upon her brow more of the marks of Anti-Christ than of Christ; but the afflicted Anabaptists, in their past history, have had such fellowship with their suffering Lord, and have borne so pure a testimony, both to truth and freedom, that they need in nothing to be ashamed. Their very existence under the calumnies and persecutions which they have endured is a standing marvel, while their unflinching fidelity to the Scriptures as their sole rule of faith, and their adherence to the simplicity of gospel ordinances is a sure index of their Lord’s presence among them.

It would, not be impossible to show that the first Christians who dwelt in this land were of the same faith and order as the churches now called Baptists. The errors of the churches are all more or less modern, and those which have clustered around the ordinance of Baptism are by no means so venerable for age as some would have us suppose. The evidence supplied by ancient monuments and baptisteries, which still remain, would be conclusive in our favor were it not that upon this point the minds of men are not very open to argument. Foregone conclusions and established ecclesiastical arrangements are not easily shaken. Few men care to follow truth when she leads them without the camp, and calls them to take up their cross, and endure to be thought singular even by their fellow Christians. However, we are not now writing upon the question of believers' baptism, and are content to leave its discussion for another opportunity. We care more to be conformed to Scripture itself than to the oldest of usages. The moss of antiquity cannot command our veneration if it only garnishes error. The witness of churches is well enough, but "we have a more sure word of testimony" in the Bible itself.

We are content for present purposes to begin with a quotation from an adversary. That the (so-called) Anabaptists are no novelty in England is admitted by those least likely to manufacture ancient history for them. That rampant Ritualist, W. J. E. Bennett, of Frome, in his book upon "the Unity of the Church Broken," says : — "The historian Lingard tells us that there was a sect of fanatics who infested the north of Germany, called Puritans. Usher calls them Waldenses; Spelman, Paulicians, (the same as Waldenses). They gained ground and spread all over England; they rejected all Romish ceremonies, denied the authority of the Pope, and more particularly *refused to baptise infants*. Thirty of them were put to death for their heretical doctrines near Oxford; but the remainder still held on to their opinions in private, until the time of Henry II. (1158); and the historian Collier tells us that wherever this heresy prevailed, — the churches were either scandalously neglected or pulled down, and *infants left unbaptised.*"

We are obliged to Mr. Bennett for this history which is in all respects authentic, and we take liberty to remark upon it, that the reign of Henry II. is a period far more worthy of being called remote, than the reign of Henry VIII., and if the Baptists could trace their pedigree no further, the church of Thomas Cranmer could not afford to sneer at them as a modern sect. Concerning the poor persecuted people who are referred to in this extract, it seems that under Henry II. they were treated with those tender mercies

of the wicked which are so notoriously cruel. "They were apprehended and brought before a council of the clergy at Oxford. Being interrogated about their religion, their teacher, named Gerard, a man of learning, answered in their name, that they were Christians, and believed the doctrines of the apostles. Upon a more particular inquiry it was found that they denied several of the received doctrines of the Church, such as purgatory, prayers for the dead, and the invocation of saints; and refusing to abandon these damnable heresies, as they were called, they were condemned as incorrigible heretics, and delivered to the secular arm to be punished. The King (Henry II.) at the instigation of the clergy, commanded them to be branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, to be whipped through the streets of Oxford, and, having their clothes cut short by their girdles, to be turned into the open fields, all persons being forbidden to afford them any shelter or relief, under the severest penalties. This cruel sentence was executed with its utmost rigour; and it being the depth of winter, all these unhappy persons perished with cold and hunger."

Induced, no doubt, to flee to this country from the Continent by the rumored favor of Henry II. to the Lollards, they found nothing of the hospitality which they expected; but for Jesus' sake were accounted the offscouring of all things. Little did their enemies dream that, instead of being stamped out, the (so-called) heresy of the Baptists would survive and increase till it should command a company of faithful adherents to be numbered by millions.

All along our history from Henry II. to Henry VIII. there are traces of the Anabaptists, who are usually mentioned either in connection with the Lollards, or as coming from Holland. Especial mention is made of their being more conspicuous when Anne of Cleves came to this country as the unhappy spouse of that choice defender of the faith, the eighth Harry. All along there must have been a great hive on the Continent of these "Reformers before the Reformation," for despite their being doomed to die almost as soon as they landed, they continued to invade this country to the annoyance of the priesthood and hierarchy, who knew by instinct the people who are their direst enemies, and whose tenets are diametrically opposed to their sway.

It may not be known to our readers that the Baptists have their own martyrology, and are in nothing behind the very first of the churches of Christ in sufferings endured for the truth's sake. A fine old volume in the

Dutch language, illuminated with the most marvellous engravings, is in our possession. It is full of interesting details of brutal cruelty and heroic endurance. From it we have taken the story of Simon the Pedlar, as a specimen of the firmness and endurance of the baptized believers in Flanders: one instance out of thousands.

“About the year 1553, at Bergen-op-Zoon, in Brabant, there was a pedlar named Simon, standing in the market selling his wares. The priests with their idol — the host — passing by, the said Simon dared not show the counterfeit god any divine honor; but following the testimony of God in the Holy Scriptures, he worshipped the Lord his God only, and him alone served. He was therefore seized by the advocates of the Romish Antichrist, and examined as to his faith. This he boldly confessed. He rejected infant baptism as a mere human invention, with all the commandments of men, holding fast the testimony of the word of God; he was therefore condemned to death by the enemies of the truth. They led him outside the town, and for the testimony of Jesus committed him to the flames. The astonishment of the bystanders was greatly excited when they saw the remarkable boldness and steadfastness of this pious witness of God, who, through grace, thus obtained the crown of everlasting life.

“The bailiff, who procured his condemnation, on his return home from the execution, fell mortally sick, and was confined to his bed. In his suffering and sorrow he continually exclaimed, ‘ Oh, Simon, Simon? The priests and monks sought to absolve him; but he would not be comforted. He speedily expired in despair, an instructive and memorable example to all tyrants and persecutors.’”

During the Reformation and after it, the poor Anabaptists continued to be victims. Excesses had been committed by certain fifth-monarchy men who happened also to be Baptists, and under cover of putting down these wild fanatics, Motley tells us that “thousands and tens of thousands of virtuous, well-disposed men and women, who had as little sympathy with anabaptistical as with Roman depravity, were butchered in cold blood, under the sanguinary rule of Charles, in the Netherlands.” The only stint allowed to persecution in the low countries was contained in a letter of Queen Dowager Mary of Hungary: “care being only taken that the provinces were not entirely depopulated.” Luther and Zwingle, though themselves held to be heretics, were scarcely a whit behind the Papists in their rage against the Anabaptists, Zwingle especially uttering that pithy

formula, — “*Qui iterum mergit mergatur,*” thereby counselling the drowning of all those who dared to immerse believers on profession of their faith. The time will probably arrive when history will be rewritten, and the maligned Baptists of Holland and Germany will be acquitted of all complicity with the ravings of the insane fanatics, and it will be proved that they were the advance-guard of the army of religious liberty, men who lived before their times, but whose influence might have saved the world centuries of floundering in the bog of semi-popery if they had but been allowed fair play. As it was, their views, like those of modern Baptists, so completely laid the axe at the root of all priestcraft and sacramentarianism, that violent opposition was aroused, and the two-edged sword of defamation and extirpation was set to its cruel work, and kept to it with a relentless perseverance never excelled, perhaps never equalled. All other sects may be in some degree borne with, but Baptists are utterly intolerable to priests and Popes; neither can despots and tyrants endure them.

We will leave the continental hive, to return to our brethren in England. Latimer, who could not speak too badly of the Baptists, nevertheless bears witness to their numbers and intrepidity. “Here I have to tell you what I heard of late, by the relation of a credible person and a worshipful man, of a town in this realm of England, that hath about five hundred of heretics of this erroneous opinion in it. The Anabaptists that were burnt here, in divers towns of England (as I have heard of credible men, I saw them not myself), met their death even intrepid, as you will say, without any fear in the world. Well, let them go. There was, in the old times, another kind of poisoned heretics, that were called Donatists, and those heretics went to their execution as they should have gone to some jolly recreation and banquet.” Latimer had ere long to learn for himself where the power lay which enabled men to die so cheerfully. We do not wonder that he discovered a likeness between the Baptists and the Donatists, for quaint old Thomas Fuller draws at full length a parallel between the two, and concludes that the Baptists are only “the old Donatists new dipped.” We can survive even such a comparison as that.

Bishop Burner says that in the time of Edward VI. Baptists became very numerous, and openly preached this doctrine, that “*children are Christ’s without water*” (Luke 18:16). Protestantism nominally flourished in the reign of Edward VI., but there were many unprotestant doings. The use of the reformed liturgy was enforced by the pains and penalties of law. Ridley, himself a martyr in the next reign, was joined in a commission with

Gardiner, afterwards notorious as a persecutor of Protestants, to root out Baptists. Among the “Articles of Visitation,” issued by Ridley in his own diocese, in 1550, was the following: “Whether any of the Anabaptists’ sect, and others, use notoriously any unlawful or private conventicles, wherein they do use doctrines or administration of sacraments, separating themselves from the rest of the parish?” It may be fairly gathered from this “article of visitation” that there were many Baptist churches in the kingdom at that time. This truth is also clear from the fact that the Duke of Northumberland advised that Mr. John Knox should be invited to England, and made a bishop, that he might aid in putting down the Baptists in Kent.

Marsden tells us that in the days of Elizabeth “the Anabaptists were the most numerous and for some time by far the most formidable opponents of the church. They are said to have existed in England since the early days of the Lollards.”

In the year 1575 a most severe persecution was raised against the Anabaptists in London, ten of whom were condemned, — eight ordered to be banished, and two to be executed. Mr. Foxe, the eminent martyrologist, wrote an excellent Latin letter to the Queen, in which he observes — “That to punish with the flames the bodies of those who err rather from ignorance than obstinacy is cruel, and more like the Church of Rome than the mildness of the gospel. I do not write thus,” says he, “from any bias to the indulgence of error; but to save the lives of men, being myself a man; and in hope that the offending parties may have an opportunity to repent and retract their mistakes.” He then earnestly entreats that the fires of Smithfield may not be rekindled, but that some milder punishment might be inflicted upon them, to prevent, if possible, the destruction of their souls as well as their bodies. But his remonstrances were ineffectual. The Queen remained inflexible; and, though she constantly called him *Father Foxe*, she gave him a fiat denial as to saving their lives, unless they would recant their dangerous errors. They both refusing to recant were burnt in Smithfield, July 22, 1575, to the great and lasting disgrace of the reign and character of Queen Elizabeth.

Neither from Elizabeth, James, or Charles I. had our brethren any measure of favor. No treatment was thought too severe for them: even good men execrated them as heretics for whom the harshest measures were too gentle. Had it been possible to destroy this branch of the true vine,

assuredly the readiest means were used without hindrance or scruple, and yet it not only lives on, but continues to bear fruit a hundredfold.

When Charles I. was unable any longer to uphold Episcopacy, liberty of thought and freedom of speech were somewhat more common than before, and the Baptists increased very rapidly. Many of them were in Cromwell's army, and were the founders of not a few of our village churches. When these men were to the front doing such acceptable work for the, Parliament, it was not likely that their brethren could be hunted down quite so freely as before. Accordingly we find that contentious divine, Daniel Featley, groaning heavily, because they were permitted to breathe, and between his pious groans recording for our information certain facts which are, at this juncture, peculiarly useful to us.

Dr. Featley says : — “This fire which in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and our gracious sovereign [Charles I.] till now was covered in England under the ashes; or if it brake out at any time, by the care of the ecclesiastical and civil magistrates, it was soon put out. But of late, since the unhappy distractions which our sins have brought upon us, the temporal sword being otherways employed, and the spiritual locked up fast in the scabbard, this sect among others has so far presumed upon the patience of the State, that it hath held weekly conventicles, re-baptized hundreds of men and women together in the twilight, in rivulets, and some arms of the Thames, and elsewhere, dipping them over head and ears. It hath printed divers pamphlets in defense of their heresy, yea, and challenged some of our preachers to disputation. Now although my bent has always been hitherto against the most dangerous enemy of our Church and State, the Jesuit, to extinguish such balls of wildfire as they have cast into the bosom of our Church; yet seeing this strange fire kindled in the neighboring parishes, and many Nadabs and Abihus offering it on God's altar, I thought it my duty to cast the water of Siloam upon it to extinguish it.” The waters of Siloam must have been strangely foul in Featley's days if his “Dippers Dipped” is to be regarded as a bucketful of the liquid.

The neighboring region which was so sorely vexed with “strange fire” was the borough of Southwark, which is the region in which the church now meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle was born. We are not aware that any of its pastors, or indeed any Baptist pastor in the universe, ever set up for a priest, and therefore the Nadabs and Abihus must be looked for

elsewhere, but Dr. Featley no doubt intended the compliment for some of our immediate ancestors.

The fortunes of war brought a Presbyterian parliament into power, but this was very little more favorable to religious liberty than the dominancy of the Episcopalians; at least the Baptists did not find it so. Mr. Edwards, a precious brother of the stern “true blue” school, told the magistrates that “they should execute some exemplary punishment upon some of the most notorious sectaries,” and he charges the wicked Baptists with “dipping of persons in the cold water in winter, whereby persons fall sick.” He kindly recommends the magistrates to follow the example of the Zurichers who drowned the dippers, and if this should not be feasible he urges that they should at least be proceeded against as rogues and vagabonds. No party at that time understood religious liberty to mean anything more than liberty for themselves. The despised Anabaptists and Quakers and Independents alone perceived that consciences are under no human rule, but owe allegiance to the Lord alone. Even the Puritans considered universal toleration to be extremely dangerous. All the powerful churches thought it right to repress heresy (so called) by the secular power. Things have gloriously altered now. No Presbyterian would now endorse a word of Edwards’s bitterness. Thank God, the light has come, and Christian men heartily accord liberty to each other. The day we trust is not far distant when even the Episcopal body will allow us to bury our dead in the National graveyards, and will wish to escape from that connection with the State which is as injurious to itself as it is obnoxious to other churches.

Moved by the feeling that it was the duty of the state to keep men’s consciences in proper order, the Parliament set to work to curb the wicked sectaries, and Dr. Stoughton tells us: — “By the Parliamentary ordinance of April, 1645, forbidding any person to preach who was not an ordained minister, in the Presbyterian, or some other reformed church — all Baptist ministers became exposed to molestation, they being accounted a sect, and not a church. A few months after the date of this law,, the Baptists being pledged to a public controversy in London with Edmund Calamy, the Lord Mayor interfered to prevent the disputation — a circumstance which seems to show that, on the one hand, the Baptists were becoming a formidable body in London, and, on the other hand, that their fellow-citizens were highly exasperated against them.” Or, say rather, that the Lord Mayor’s views not being those of the Baptists, he feared the sturdy arguments which would be brought to bear upon his friends, and concluded that the

wisest course he could take was to prevent the truth being heard. No Lord Mayor, or even king, has any right to forbid free public speech, mad when in past ages an official has done so, it is no evidence that his fellow-citizens were of the same mind: Jack-in-office is often peculiarly anxious that the consciences of others should not be injured by hearing views different from his own.

We have now come to the margin of the actual personal history of our own church, without, we trust, having quite exhausted our reader's patience.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TWO PASTORS.

FROM some one of the many Baptist assemblies which met in the borough of Southwark our church took its rise. Crosby says: "This people had formerly belonged to one of the roost ancient congregations of the Baptists in London, but separated from them in the year 1652, for some practices which they judged disorderly, and kept, together from that time as a distinct body." They appear to have met in private houses, or in such other buildings as were open to them. Their first pastor was

WILLIAM RIDER,

whom Crosby mentions as a sufferer for conscience sake, but he is altogether unable to give any further particulars of his life, except that he published a small tract in vindication of the practice of laying on of hands on the baptised believers. The people were few in number, but had the reputation of being men of solid judgment, deep knowledge, and religious stability, and many of them were also in easy circumstances as to worldly goods. Oliver Cromwell was just at that time in the ascendant, and Blake's cannon were sweeping the Dutch from the seas, but the Presbyterian establishment ruled with a heavy hand, and Baptists were under a cloud. In the following year Cromwell was made Protector, the old parliament was sent about its business, and England enjoyed a large measure of liberty of conscience. Mr. Henry Jessey was at that time minister of St. George's Church, Southwark, and being a man of great weight, both as to character and learning, and also a Baptist. there is no doubt that Baptist views had a marvellous sway throughout the borough of Southwark and adjacent places. If it be asked how a parish minister became a Baptist, we reply, Jessey first preached against immersion, and by his own arguments converted himself to the views which he had opposed, practising for some time the dipping of children. Finding that many of his people repaired to Baptist conventicles, he studied the subject still further in order to be prepared to face these robbers of churches, and the result was that he was convinced of the Scriptural nature of their opinions and was immersed by

Mr. Hanserd Knollys. This circumstance tended greatly to strengthen the hands of the many Baptist churches on the south side of the river, and, no doubt, Mr. Rider's people were partakers of the benefit. This would seem to have been a period of much religious heartsearching in which the ordinances of churches were tried by the word of God, and men were determined to retain nothing which was not sanctioned by divine authority; hence there were many public disputes upon Baptism, and, in consequence, many became adherents of believers' immersion, and Baptist churches sprung up on all sides. Truth suffers nothing from free discussion, it is indeed the element in which it most freely exerts its power. We have personally known several instances in which sermons in defense of Infant Baptism have driven numbers to more Scriptural views, and we have felt that if Paedo-baptists will only preach upon the subject we shall have little to do but to remain quiet and reap the sure results. It is a dangerous subject for any to handle who wish their people to abide by the popular opinion on this matter.

How long William Rider exercised the ministerial office we are unable to tell, but our next record bears date 1668, when we are informed that, "the pastor having been dead for some time, they unanimously chose

MR. BENJAMIN KEACH

to be their elder or pastor." Accordingly he was solemnly ordained with prayer and the laying on of hands in the year 1668, being in the 28th year of his age. As Keach was one of the most notable of the pastors of our church, we must diverge awhile from the beaten track to describe his sufferings for the truth's sake previous to his coming to London. He was continually engaged in preaching in the towns of Buckinghamshire, making Winslow his head quarters; and so well did the good cause flourish under his zealous labors, and those of others, that the government quartered dragoons in the district in order to put down unlawful meetings, and stamp out dissent. The amount of suffering which this involved the readers of the story of the Covenanting times in Scotland can readily imagine. A rough soldiery handle with little tenderness those whom they consider to be miserable fanatics. When the favorite court poet was lampooning these poor people, and ridiculing their claims to be guided by the Spirit of God, common soldiers of the cavalier order were not likely to be much under restraint in their behavior to them. Thus sang Butler concerning the divine

light, in lines which the court gallants loved to repeat, but which we cannot quote entire, for they verge on blasphemy —

*“For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne’er beside the way;
 Whate’er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i’ th’ right.
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by.
 An ignis fatuus that bewitches
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wildfowl, for salvation;
 And fish to catch regeneration.”*

Keach was often in prison, and his meetings were frequently disturbed. On one occasion the troopers swore that they would kill the preacher, and having bound him, threw him on the ground, with the determination to trample him to death with their horses. Their design was frustrated by the interposition of the commanding officer, and Keach was tied across a horse, and taken off to gaol. His little meeting-house in Winslow still stands, and we have obtained a drawing of it. It is down a tortuous, narrow lane, behind the houses, quite out of sight, and can only be discovered by making special enquiries.

In 1664, Mr. Keach published a little book for the use of children, entitled, *“The Child’s Instructor; or, a New and Easy Primer.”* This one would think must have been a harmless work enough, but his enemies did not think so. A weak cause is afraid of even the feeblest adversary. His little books were seized, and he himself was summoned to appear at the assizes at Aylesbury, October 8, 1664. The indictment against him will not, we trust, distress the reader: he need not dread the pollution of his mind or the depraving of his morals. Police reports are not nowadays quite so theological. Serious as the charges are, there are few men of our times who would think it any dishonor to be found guilty of them.

“Mr. Keach being brought to the bar, the clerk said, Benjamin Keach, hear your charge. Thou art here indicted by the name of Benjamin Keach, of Winslow, in the county of Bucks, for that thou being a seditious, schismatic person, evilly and maliciously disposed and disaffected to his Majesty’s government, and the government of the Church of England,

didst maliciously and wickedly on the fifth of May, in the sixteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord the King, write, print, and publish, or cause to be written, printed, and published, one seditious and venomous book entitled, ‘*The Child’s Instructor; or, a -New and Easy Primmer;*’ wherein are contained, by way of question and answer, these damnable positions, contrary to the Book of Common Prayer and the liturgy of the Church of England; that is to say, in one place you have thus written : —

‘**Q.** Who are the right subjects for baptism?’

‘**A.** Believers, or godly men. and women, who, make profession of their faith and repentance.

“In another place you have maliciously and wickedly written these words : — ‘**Q.** How shall it go with the saints when Christ cometh? **A.** Very well; it is the day they have longed for. Then shall they hear the sentence, “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you ;” and so shall they reign with Christ on the earth a thousand years, even on Mount Sion in the New Jerusalem.’

“In another place you have wickedly and maliciously written these plain English words : — ‘**Q.** Why may not infants be received into the Church now as they were under the law? **A.** Because the fleshly seed is cast out. Though God under that dispensation did receive infants in a lineal way by generation; yet he that hath the key of David, that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth, hath shut up this way into the Church, and opened the door of regeneration, receiving in none now but true believers. **Q.** What is the case of infants;? **A.** Infants that die are members of the kingdom of glory, though they be not members of the visible church. **Q.** Do they, then, that bring in infants in a lineal way by generation, err from the way of truth? **A.** Yea, they do; for they make not God’s holy word their rule, but do presume to open a door that Christ hath shut, and none ought to open.”’

The indictment appears to have contained an amusing clerical error, which charged Keach with writing, that the rest of the *devils* would be raised when the thousand years were ended. Many an indictment has been quashed for a far less serious mistake, but the judge would not listen to the objections of the jury, whom he bullied somewhat after the manner of Jeffries. He bade them bring him in guilty *with that exception*, and when this was done he pronounced the following sentence:

Judge. “Benjamin Keach, you are here convicted for writing, printing, and publishing a seditious and schismatical book, for which the court’s judgment is this, and the court doth award: That you shall go to gaol for a fortnight without bail or mainprise; and the next Saturday to stand upon the pillory at Aylesbury in the open market, from eleven o’clock till one, with a paper upon your head with this inscription: For *writing, printing, and publishing a schismatical book, entitled, The Child’s Instructor; or, a New and Easy Primmer.* And the next Thursday to stand, in the same manner and for the same time, in the market at Winslow; and then your book shall be openly burnt before your’ face by the common hangman, in disgrace of you and your doctrine. And you shall forfeit to the King’s majesty the sum of twenty pounds, and shall remain in gaol until you find sureties for your good behavior, and for your appearance at the next assizes; then *to renounce your doctrines,* and make such public submission as shall be enjoined you. Take him away, keeper!”

Keach simply replied, “I hope I shall *never renounce* the truths which I have written in that book.”

The attempts made to obtain a pardon or a relaxation of this severe sentence were ineffectual; and the sheriff took care that everything should be punctually performed.

When he was brought to the pillory at Aylesbury, several of his religious friends and acquaintances accompanied him: and when they bemoaned his hard case and the injustice of his sufferings, he said with a cheerful countenance, “The cross is the way to the crown.” His head and hands were no sooner placed in the pillory, but he began to address himself to the spectators, to this effect: — ‘Good people, I am not ashamed to stand here this day, with this paper on my head! my Lord Jesus was not ashamed to suffer on the cross for me; and it is for his cause that I am made a gazing-stock. Take notice, it is not for any wickedness that I stand here; but for writing and publishing those truths which the Spirit of the Lord hath revealed in the Holy Scriptures.’”

A clergyman that stood by could not forbear interrupting him, and said, “It is for writing and publishing *errors*; and you may now see what, your *errors* have brought you to.”

Mr. Keach replied, “*Sir,* can you prove them errors?” but before the clergyman could return an answer he was attacked by some from among

the people. One told him of his being pulled drunk out of a ditch: another upbraided him with being lately found drunk under a haycock. At this all the people fell to laughing, and turned their derision from the sufferer in the pillory to the drunken priest! insomuch that he hastened away with the utmost disgrace and shame. After the noise of this was over, the prisoner began to speak again, saying, "It is no new thing for servants of the Lord to suffer, and be made a gazing-stock; and you that are acquainted with the Scriptures know, that the way to the crown is by the cross. The apostle saith, that 'through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven'; and Christ saith, 'He that is ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, before my Father, and before his holy angels.'" He was frequently interrupted by the jailor, who told him that he must not speak, and that if he would not be silent, he must force him to it. After he had stood some time silent, getting one of his hands at liberty, he pulled his Bible out of his pocket, and held it up to the people; saying, "Take notice, the things which I have written and published, and for which I stand here this day, a spectacle to men and angels, are all contained in this book, as I could prove out of the same, if I had an opportunity."

At this the jailor interrupted him again, and with great anger enquired, who gave him the book; some said, his wife, who was near unto him, and frequently spake in vindication of her husband and the principles for which he suffered: but Mr. Keach replied, and said that he took it out of his pocket. Upon this the jailor took it away from him, and fastened up his hand again. But it was almost impossible to keep him from speaking; for he soon began again, saying to this effect: "It seems I cannot be suffered to speak to the cause for which I stand here; neither could I be suffered the other day (on his trial, I suppose he meant), but it will plead its own innocency, when the strongest of its opposers shall be ashamed. I do not speak this out of prejudice to any person, but do sincerely desire that the Lord would convert them, and convince them of their errors, that their souls may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Good people, the concernment of souls is very great! so great that Christ died for them: and truly a concernment for souls was that which moved me to write and publish those things for which I now suffer, and for which I could suffer far greater things than these. It concerns you, therefore, to be very careful; otherwise it will be very sad with you at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven; for we must all appear before his tribunal." Here he was interrupted again, and forced to be silent for some time. But at length he

ventured to speak again: saying, “I hope the Lord’s people will not be discouraged at my suffering. Oh! did you but experience,” says he, “the great love of God, and the excellencies that are in Him, it would make you willing to go through any sufferings for his sake. And I do account this the greatest honor that ever the Lord was pleased to confer upon me.”

After this, he was not suffered to speak much more; for the sheriff came in a great rage, and said, if he would not be silent he should be *gagged*; and the officers were ordered to keep the people at a greater distance from him, though they declared they could not do it. At the end of a long silence he ventured again: “This,” says he, “is one yoke of Christ, which I find by experience is easy to me, and a burthen which he doth make light.” But finding that he could not be suffered to speak, he kept silence till the whole two hours were expired; only uttering this sentence, “Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for their’s is the kingdom of heaven.” When the full time according to his sentence was expired, the under-keeper lifted up the board, and as soon as his head and hands were at liberty he blessed God with a loud voice for his great goodness unto him.

On the Saturday following, he stood in the same manner, and for the like time, at *Winslow*, the town where he had lived; and had his book *burnt before him*, according to the sentence. We cannot obtain any particulars of his behavior there; and therefore thereon must be silent, not doubting but that it was with the same Christian spirit and courage as before.

The person who preserved this relation, being present, wrote down all he heard and saw, at the very instant; and makes this observation of his suffering, namely, That he stood in the pillory full two hours to a minute, which was a more strict execution than ever he saw in town or country; that others always had their hands at liberty, but this godly man had his hands carefully kept in the holes, almost all the time, which must have rendered his punishment so much the more painful.

Mr. Keach, after these afflictions, continued about four years in the country, preaching from place to place, both publicly and privately, as opportunities presented, being continually harassed and followed by his persecutors. His public trial and suffering rendered him more acceptable to the *informers* than other preachers, so that it was not likely he could enjoy any quiet settlement in those parts for the service of the church of Christ; and he, having not then taken upon him the charge of any special

congregation, thought of removing to London, where he might have an opportunity of doing more good. Herein obeying his Lord's counsel to flee to another city when persecuted where he was. Accordingly, he turned his effects into money, and set out with his wife and children for London, in the year 1668. In his journey up to town the coach was beset with highwaymen, who compelled all the passengers to come out of the vehicle, and then took from them all they could find of any value. Law-makers and law-breakers were very much alike in those days, so far as honest Christian men were concerned. This was no small trial, to be bereft of all that he had, and left to shift with a wife and three children in a strange place. Thus he came to London, without any money, and almost without acquaintance. However, a man of such a public character, and spotless conversation, was soon taken notice of; and the Baptists, who are as ready to acts of charity as any others, took care to supply his present necessities. He also joined with the rest of the passengers in suing the county, and so recovered the whole of his loss again in due time.

No doubt the fame of Keach's sufferings gave him the readier welcome in London among the Baptists, and he seems to have become the pastor of the late Mr. Rider's congregation very speedily after his arrival. His persecutions were not at an end, but among a more populous community there were more means of escape than in the hamlets of Buckinghamshire. Meetings were held, though the numbers were limited, and the places kept as a secret among the members. Even then with all their care the church did not always meet in peace, and the brethren were seldom able to enjoy the singing of God's praises for fear of interruption from the authorities. Many such invasions of their peaceful gatherings did occur, and both the pastor and the leading members of his flock were made to suffer for the crime of worshipping God as their consciences dictated. We read that "being met together for religious worship in Jacob-street, in a private house down an alley, the churchwardens, with Mr. Cook, a constable, came in and seized six persons, and had them before Justice Reading, who bound them over to appear at the quarter sessions. At another time they met together at the widow Colfe's house at Kennington, to celebrate the Lord's Supper. At the conclusion they sang a hymn, which soon brought the officers of the parish to them; but from the conveniency of a back door they all escaped except one, who, turning back again for something he had left behind, was apprehended and taken. He was carried before a justice of the peace, who committed him to prison, where he continued till some of his friends

obtained bail for him. At the next quarter sessions he was fined, and the fine paid. The widow Colfe, at whose house they met, had a king's messenger sent to apprehend her; but being informed that she was nurse to one who lay sick of the small-pox, he departed with an oath, and sought no more after her. Mr. Keach after this was sought for, by one of the king's messengers of the press, for printing a little book called *The Child's Instructor*. This book, as near as he could make it, was the same for which he was imprisoned and put into the pillory; the other being then not to be obtained, though he sought greatly after it. He was at this time tenant to that noted informer *Cook*, but not known to him by his name. The which, when he came to know, he told him that one of the king's messengers was in quest of him, and for his sake, as a tenant, he screened him. But at length he was taken up by a warrant, left by the said messenger with another man in their neighborhood, and was carried before Justice Glover. The Justice being informed of an ancient gentleman of worth and credit (who was one of the members of Mr. Keach's church, viz., John Roberts, doctor of physic), sent for him; and when he came, asked him if he knew that man, pointing to Mr. Keach. The doctor answered, Yes, very well. Then said the Justice, Will you be bound for him? Yes, replied the doctor, *body for body*. The doctor's bail was taken, Mr. Keach was discharged; but in the issue, he was fined twenty pounds; the which he was obliged to pay, when others, under the like circumstances, escaped through the insufficiency of the bail that was generally taken in those times." The pastor evidently had a warm place in the hearts of his people, and they were willing to back him up when called before the great ones of the earth for Christ's sake. He must have endured much labor in those perilous times, for the church met in several sections at different houses, and the pastor hastened from one house to another, having thus to preach several times on each Sabbath, evading the watchful eyes of churchwardens, constables, and informers as best he could.

Benjamin Keach was one of the most useful preachers of his time, and built up the church of God with sound doctrine for thirty-six years. Having been in his very earliest days an Arminian, and having soon advanced to Calvinistic views, he preserved the balance in his preaching, and was never a member of that exclusive school which deems it to be unsound to persuade men to repent, and believe. He was by no means so highly Calvinistic as his great successor, Dr. Gill; but evidently held much the same views as are now advocated from the pulpit of the Tabernacle. Nor

must it be supposed that he was incessantly preaching upon believers' Baptism, and other points of denominational peculiarity — his teaching was sweetly spiritual, intensely scriptural and full of Christ. Whoever else kept back the fundamental truths of our holy gospel, Benjamin Keach did not so.

During the time of an indulgence issued by Charles II. the congregation erected a large meeting-house, capable of holding "near a thousand hearers," in Goat's Yard Passage, Fair Street, Horse-lie-down, Southwark, and this is the first meeting-house actually set apart for divine worship of which we find our church possessed. The joy of being able to meet in quiet to worship God, the delight of all assembling as one church, must have been great indeed. One tries to imagine the cheerful salutations with which the brethren greeted each other when they all gathered in their meeting-house of timber, and worshipped without fear of molestation. The architecture was not gorgeous, nor were the fittings luxurious; but the Lord was there, and this made amends for all. In all probability there were no seats, for in those days most congregations stood, and pews are mentioned as extras which persons erected for themselves in after days, and looked upon as their own property. Mr. Pike, in his excellent "*Sketches of Non-conforming in Southwark*," thus speaks of this ancient house of prayer : — "The chapel in Southwark in Keach's time presented to the casual passenger anything but an unpicturesque appearance. Only little traffic in those days disturbed the surrounding quietness. In front of the meeting-house was a court, bounded by a brick wall; and a peep through the iron gates would have shown a pretty avenue of limes, leading to the principal entrance. In the earlier years of the present century an ancient Baptist was occasionally met with who remembered the spot as it originally existed." The chapel ultimately became metamorphosed into a cooperage, and part of the ground on which it stood was occupied by a blacksmith's forge. We attach no sacredness to places, and therefore do not regret that sites which became unsuitable through the advance of the population or the changes of trade have been abandoned for more suitable localities; yet we must confess we have looked for the spot in Fair Street with something of veneration, not for holy ground, but for holy memories which linger around it.

In these days Baptists are received into the family of Christian denominations without needing to defend their existence — at least this is the case where spiritual religion is possessed; but in those days our

brethren were despised and sneered at, and had to fight for existence. Hence, discussions and disputations were forced upon them, and able ministers had to become champions for the weaker brethren. Mr. Keach was often engaged in controversy, and has the repute of having been one of the fairest and most moderate of disputants. He entered the lists with the renowned and holy Richard Baxter, and had the adroitness to turn Mr. Baxter's writings against himself, showing that many of his reasonings rather supported than overthrew believers' baptism. Of this Baxter complains in a letter. "As I am writing this," says he, "the hawkers are crying under my window, *Mr. Baxter's arguments for believers' baptism.*" Keach was also constrained to cross swords with Mr. Burkist, the esteemed author of "*The Practical Exposition of the New Testament.*" That gentleman was rector of Milden in Suffolk, and felt himself greatly ruffled by the coming of a Baptist minister to Lavingham, and yet more by the conversion and baptism of some of his flock. To put an end to this business he went down to the Baptist meeting with a company of his parishioners, and actually held the pulpit for two hours, and discoursed upon infant baptism. This unwarrantable intrusion produced a degree of warmth on both sides, but to Mr. Burkitt must be conceded the pre-eminence in abuse. In a book which he afterwards issued the rector used the following choice language: "Since the late general liberty, the *Anabaptists*, thinking themselves thereby let loose upon us, have dispersed themselves into several counties, endeavoring to draw away our people from us, by persuading them to renounce their first dedication to God in *baptism*, and to enter into their communion by way of *dipping*. One of their teaching disciples has set up in our neighborhood for ranking proselytes, by *baptising* them in a nasty horse-pond, into which the filth of the adjacent stable occasionally flows, and out of which his deluded converts come forth with so much mud and filthiness upon them, that they rather resemble creatures arising out of the bottomless pit, than candidates of *holy baptism*; and all this before a promiscuous multitude, in the face of the sun." When so respectable a person as Mr. Burkitt could condescend to give currency to such ridiculous falsehoods, it was time that he should be withstood by some one who could teach him better manners. His calumnies were answered by the testimonies of those present at the baptism, and his reasonings were confuted by Mr. Keach in his book entitled "*The Rector Rectified.*" Christian courtesy would seem to have been at a discount when the titles of controversial pamphlets were of the kind indicated by the following — "*The Anabaptists washt and washt, and shrunk in the*

washing ;” and when texts were explained in violation of all reason, as for instance Leviticus 11:17, “The owl, the cormorant, and the great owl “. — “ the little owl resembles the unbaptized child, the great owl the Anabaptist parent, and the cormorant betwixt them the wide-throated preacher that divides child from parent, dives into them and swallows their souls.” Mr. Keach had his hands full of disputes with Flavel and men of less note, but he deplored rather than delighted in them, and often lamented the unchristian spirit of those who denied that the Baptist churches were churches at all, and otherwise opprobriously assailed brethren with whom they were agreed in all other matters. He had no cause to shrink from combat on his own account, for he was so able a polemic that sometimes the mere outline of his argument sufficed to let his opponents see that they had no very desirable task before them. An amusing instance of this is recorded by Crosby in the following paragraph : —

“He was challenged by some ministers of the Church of England, not far from London, to dispute on baptism; and the place appointed was at Gravesend. As he was going thither in a Gravesend boat, in company with others, there happened to be a clergyman in the same boat with him. The conversation Mr. Keach had in the boat, with some of his friends, caused this clergyman to suspect he was the person going to dispute with his brethren, and accordingly he attacked him in the boat, and from hence saw the defense he was able to make, and what little credit would be obtained on their side of the question. As soon as the boat arrived at Gravesend this clergyman hastened to his friends, and let; them know the conversation he had had with Mr. Keach in the boat, and what arguments he intended to urge; which put an entire stop to the disputation, and Mr. Keach returned to London again without seeing any one of them. Though they had rendered the Baptists as contemptible as they could by stating that they had nothing to say for their practice in baptising adult persons, yet when all came to all, not one of them dared to appear and defend what they had spoken.” Another method of usefulness very largely used by Mr. Keach was the publication of books. He is the author of two well-known folios, “*Key to open Scripture Metaphors,*” and an “*Exposition of the*

Parables.” These works have long enjoyed a high repute, and though they are now regarded as out of date, the time was when they were so universally used. by ministers, the “*Key to the Metaphors*” especially, that Dr. Adam Clarke complains of the too great dependence of preachers upon them. Keach wrote in all forty-three works — eighteen practical, sixteen

polemical, and nine poetical. These books were mostly embellished with curious wood-engravings and were sold as chap-books by hawkers from town to town. Some of these, such as "*War with the Devil*" and "*Travels of True Godliness*" must have been very popular, for we have seen the 22nd editions, and there were probably more. Those issued by Keach himself have most reputable engravings, in the best style of art of those days, of which we have given two specimens from one of his own editions, on this and the preceding page, but editions subsequent to his death are produced in the very worst manner, and like Hodge's razors, were evidently only meant "to sell." Our copy of the wood block, of "London in flames," is rather a favorable specimen of these wretched productions.

As for the poetry of Keach's works, the less said the better. It is a rigmorole almost equal to John Bunyan's rhyming, but hardly up even to the mark of honest John. We will inflict; none of it upon our readers, except a few lines from his "*War with the Devil*" : —

*“I never read of Peter’s triple crown,
 Nor that he ever wore a Popish gown;
 I never learn’d that he did Pope become,
 Or rul’d o’er kings, like to the beasts of Rome,
 I never learn’d he granted dispensations,
 To poison kings or rulers of those nations
 Who were profane, or turned hereticks,
 Or did refuse the faith of Catholicks.
 I read not that he’s called His Holiness,
 Yet he’d as much as any Pope, I guess;
 I never learn’d Peter did magnify
 Himself above all gods, or God on high!
 Or that upon the necks of kings be trod,
 Or ever he in cloth of gold was clad;
 I never read that he made laws to burn
 Such as were hereticks, and would not turn
 To Jesus Christ, much less to murder those
 Who did, in truth, idolatry oppose.
 I never learn’d, nor could do, to this day,
 That Pope and Peter walk’d both in one way;
 Yea, or that they in anything accord,
 Save only in denying of the Lord:
 Peter deny’d him, yet, did love him dear;
 The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
 To him, and to all those that do him love,
 Who bear his image, and are from above.
 Peter deny’d him, and did weep amain,
 The Pope denies him but with great disdain.
 Peter deny’d him, yet for him did die,
 The Pope in malice doth him crucify.
 Peter deny’d him thrice, and then repented,
 The Pope a thousand times, but ne’er relented.”*

Very sweetly did Mr. Keach preach the great fundamental truths of the gospel, and glorify the name and work of Jesus. His *“Gospel Mine Opened,”* and other works, rich in savour, show that he was no mere stickler for a point of ceremony, but one who loved the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and felt its power. The doctrine of the Second Advent evidently had great charms for him, but not so as to crowd out Christ crucified. He was very solid in his preaching, and his whole conduct and behavior betokened a man deeply in earnest for the cause of God. In addressing the ungodly he was intensely direct, solemn, and impressive, not flinching to

declare the terrors of the Lord, nor veiling the freeness of divine grace. We quote a few sentences from one of his sermons, only remarking that such clear evangelical statements are found throughout all his works. “We preach to you, sinners, that Jesus Christ will entertain you, if you come to him, bid you welcome, and not cast you off, because of the greatness of your sins, though you have no qualifications to recommend you to him. Would you wash yourselves from your sins, and then come to the fountain of his blood to be washed? We hold forth Christ to be your whole Savior, and that he is ‘set forth as the propitiation through faith in his blood;’ whom if you close with, and believe in. you shall be justified: we tell you God justifies the ungodly, i.e., they that are so before being justified.....Therefore, sinners though ‘tis your duty to reform your lives, and leave your abominable sins, which often bring heavy judgments upon you in this world, and expose you to eternal wrath in the world to come; yet know that all that you can do will fail in point of your acceptation and justification in God’s sight, or to save your souls: your present work and business is to believe in Jesus Christ, to look to him, who only can renew his sacred image in your souls, and make you new creatures, which must be done, or you perish. O cry that he would help your unbelief. Come, venture your souls on Christ’s righteousness; Christ is able to save you though you are ever so great sinners. Come to him, throw yourselves at the feet of Jesus. *Look to Jesus*, who came to seek and save them that were lost. ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink,’ John 7:37-38. You may have the water of life freely. Do not say, ‘I want qualifications or a meetness to come to Christ.’ Sinner, dost thou thirst? Dost thou see a want of righteousness? ‘Tis not a righteousness; but ‘tis a sense of the want of righteousness, which is rather the qualification thou shouldst look at. Christ hath righteousness sufficient to clothe you, bread of life to feed you, grace to adorn you. Whatever you want, it is to be had in him. We tell you there is help in him, salvation in him. “Through the propitiation in his blood’ you must be justified, and that by faith alone.”

For the interests of his denomination Keach was a zealous and judicious worker: he was one of the most earnest in inducing the baptized churches to give a suitable maintenance to their ministers, which partly from poverty and persecution, and partly also from mistaken notions, they had very generally neglected to do. At an assembly of a hundred churches which met in London, his little book, “*The Minister’s Maintenance vindicated*,” was ordered to be dispersed among the congregations. Mr. Keach was also

very greatly the means of leading back the Baptists to the habit of congregational singing. Because from fear of discovery by the magistrates the assemblies of believers had been unable to sing, the habit of songless worship had been acquired in many congregations, and when happier days gave opportunity for praising the Lord with the voice, the older folks looked upon it as an innovation, and would have none of it. "When he was convinced that singing the praises of God was a holy ordinance of Jesus Christ, he labored earnestly and with a great deal of prudence to convince his people thereof; and first obtained their consent to the practice of it at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper, and had but two of the brethren in the church who opposed him therein. (These two seem to have made great complaint of the fact 'that many of the honest hearers, who stayed to see the supper, sung with them.' A terrible calamity certainly.) After the church had continued in this practice about six years, they further consented to practice the same on public thanksgiving days, and continued therein about fourteen years. Even this, however, does not seem to have been continuously carried out, and the grumbling few complained that on one occasion, 'when the minister had ended his exercise, a hymn was given up to him, by whom we know not (except it were by Mr Keach's means), which he read and sung and the people with him; but this was not in the least by the appointment of the church, but an imposition on them.' In due time by a regular act of the church, it was agreed to sing the praises of God on every Lord's Day. There were only about five or six persons that dissented 'therefrom, but so far was Mr. Keach, or the church, from imposing on the consciences of those few that dissented (though the church then consisted of some hundreds) that they agreed to sing when prayer was concluded after the sermon, and if those few who were not satisfied could not stay the time of singing, they might freely go out, and the church would not be offended at them. Notwithstanding the care and consideration, however, the malcontents would not yield. They withdrew, and founded another church upon the same principles, *singing only excepted*, so difficult was it to remove longstanding prejudices." The secession formed that right worthy and well-beloved church which has for many years continued to meet in the chapel in Maze Pond, until now it seeks another local habitation in the Old Kent Road. It was some time before the Maze Pond friends learned to sing; but it is needless to say that all in due time they became as fond of making melody unto the Lord as the brethren from whom they parted. There can be no doubt that the separation strengthened the denomination by giving it two earnest churches

instead of one, and therefore we conclude that, however strange the immediate cause, it was of the Lord. The two churches have lived on the happiest terms, and have again and again accommodated each other, when either meeting-house has been under repair. Happily this was the only division which vexed the fellowship under Mr. Keach, though the Quakers at one time, and the seventh-day Baptists at another, caused some trouble and discussion. The pastor was a power in the church, and by the weight of his mind and character directed it aright, so that troublers found it expedient to carry out their mission in some less consolidated community. He could also wax warm, and deliver his mind with vehemence, and then it was somewhat dangerous to be his opponent. Mr. Keach was not, however, apt to spend his time in contention, he was a practical man, and trained his church to labor in the service of the Lord. Several were by his means called into the Christian ministry, his own son, Elias Keach, among them. He was mighty at home and useful abroad. By his means other churches were founded and meeting-houses erected; he was in fact as a pillar and a brazen wall among the Baptist churches of his day, and was in consequence, deservedly had in honor. We find his name among others convening the first assembly of Particular Baptists, and as agreeing to the confession of faith which was issued by that body. His name also appears at the foot of calls to public fasts and thanksgivings, which were held by the denomination. He was a leading spirit in the Baptist body.

“Mr. Keach was of a very weak constitution, being often afflicted with illness, and once to such a degree that he was given over by the physicians; and several of the ministers, and his relations, had taken their leave of him as a dying man and past all hope of recovery; but the reverend Mr. Hanserd Knollys, seeing his friend and brother in the gospel so near expiring, betook himself to prayer, and in a very extraordinary manner begged that God would spare him, and add unto his days the time he granted to his servant Hezekiah. As soon as he had ended his prayer, he said, ‘Brother Keach, I shall be in heaven before you,’ and quickly after left him. So remarkable was the answer of God to this good man’s prayer, that we cannot omit it; though it may be discredited by some, there were many who could bear incontestible testimony to the fact. Mr. Keach recovered of that illness, and lived just fifteen years afterwards ; and then it pleased God to visit him with that short sickness which put an end to his days.” He “fell on sleep” July 16th, 1704, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was buried at the Baptists’ burying ground in *the Park, Southwark*. It was not a little

singular that in after years the church over which he so ably presided should pitch its tent so near the place where his bones were laid, and New Park-street should appear in her annals as a well-beloved name.

Here perhaps is the fittest place to insert “The Solemn Covenant,” to which all the members of the church subscribed in the days of Mr. Keach. It must commend itself to the judgment of all candid Christians. Would to God that all our churches were mindful of the sacred relationship which exists among Christians, and attended to the duties arising out of it.

THE SOLEMN COVENANT OF THE CHURCH AT ITS CONSTITUTION.

We who desire to walk together in the fear of the Lord, do, through the assistance of his Holy Spirit, profess our deep and serious humiliation for all our transgressions. And we do solemnly, in the presence of God, of each other, in the sense of our own unworthiness, give up ourselves to the Lord, in a church state according to the apostolical constitution, that he may be our God, and we may be his people, through the everlasting covenant of his free grace, in which alone we hope to be accepted by him, through his blessed Son Jesus Christ, whom we take to be our High Priest, to justify and sanctify us, and our Prophet to teach us; and to be subject to him as our Law-giver, and the King of Saints; and to conform to all his holy laws and ordinances, for our growth, establishment, and consolation; that we may be as a holy spouse unto him, and serve him in our generation, and wait for his second appearance, as our glorious Bridegroom.

Being fully satisfied in the way of church-communion, and the truth of grace in some good measure upon one another’s spirits, we do solemnly join ourselves together in a holy union and fellowship, humbly submitting to the discipline of the gospel, and all holy duties required of a people in such a spiritual relation.

1. We do promise and engage to walk in all holiness, godliness, humility, and brotherly love, as much as in us lieth to render our communion delightful to God, comfortable to ourselves, and lovely to the rest of the Lord’s people.

2. We do promise to watch over each other’s conversations, and not to suffer sin upon one another, so far as God shall discover it to us, or any of us; and to stir up one-another to love and good works; to warn, rebuke,

and admonish one another with meekness, according to the rules left to us of Christ in that behalf.

3. We do promise in an especial manner to pray for one another, and for the glory and increase of this church, and for the presence of God in it, and the pouring forth of his Spirit on it, and his protection over it to his glory.

4. We do promise to bear one another's burdens, to cleave to one another, and to have a fellow-feeling with one another, in all conditions both outward and inward, as God in his providence shall cast any of us into.

5. We do promise to bear with one another's weaknesses, failings, and infirmities, with much tenderness, not discovering them to any without the Church, nor any within, unless according to Christ's rule, and the order of the gospel provided in that case.

6. We do promise to strive together for the truth of the gospel and purity of God's ways and ordinances, to avoid causes, and causers of division, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Ephesians 4:3.

7. We do promise to meet together on Lord's-days, and at other times, as the Lord shall give us opportunities, to serve and glorify God in the way of his worship; to edify one another, and to contrive the good of his church.

8. We do promise according to our ability (or as God shall bless us with the good things of this world) to communicate to our pastor or minister, God having ordained that they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel. (And now can anything lay a greater obligation upon the conscience than this covenant, what then is the sin of such who violate it?)

These and all other gospel duties we humbly submit unto, promising and purposing to perform, not in our own strength, being conscious of our own weakness, but in the power and strength of the blessed God, whose we are, and whom we desire to serve. To whom be glory now and for evermore. Amen.

CHAPTER III.

BENJAMIN STINTON.

WHEN Mr. Keach was upon his death-bed he sent for his son-in-law, BENJAMIN STINTON, and solemnly charged him to care for the church which he was about to leave, and especially urged him to accept the pastoral office should it be offered to him by the brethren. Mr. Stinton had already for some years helped his father-in-law in many ways, and therefore he was no new and untried man. It is no small blessing when a church can find her pastors in her own midst; the rule is to look abroad, but perhaps if our home gifts were more encouraged the Holy Spirit would cause our teachers to come forth more frequently from among our own brethren. Still we cannot forget the proverb about a prophet in his own country. When the church gave Mr. Stinton a pressing invitation, he delayed a while, and gave himself space for serious consideration; but at length remembering the dying words of his father-in-law, and feeling himself directed by the Spirit of God, he gave himself up to the ministry, which he faithfully discharged for 14 years — namely, from 1704 to 1718.

Mr. Stinton had great natural gifts, but felt in need of more education, and set himself to work to obtain it as soon as he was settled over the church. Thoroughly to be furnished for the great work before him was his first endeavor. Crosby says of him: “He was a very painful and laborious minister of the gospel, and though he had not the advantage of an academical education, yet by his own industry, under the assistance of the famous Mr. Ainsworth (author of the Latin dictionary), after he had taken upon him the ministerial office, he acquired a good degree of knowledge in the languages, and other useful parts of literature, which added lustre to those natural endowments which were very conspicuous in him.”

He will be best remembered for the zealous part which he took in movements for the general good. He was the originator with others of the Protestant Dissenters’ Charity School in Horselydown, at which conscientious dissenters were able to obtain an education for their children without their being compelled to attend the Established Church and learn the Catechism. To assist in the maintenance of this school, an evening

lecture was established on the Lord's-day at Mr. Stinton's meeting-house, at which six ministers officiated in turns.

We find that Mr. Stinton and his church were largely interested in the repair and rebuilding of a Baptisterion in Horselydown, to which the various churches were able to bring their candidates for baptism, and administer the ordinance comfortably and decorously. Very few meeting-houses at that time possessed baptisteries of their own, and as these places were usually small it was not easy to provide proper vestries and robing-rooms. At the Common Baptistery every convenience could be provided for all the churches which chose to use it.

But the grand achievement of this pastorate was the establishment OF THE BAPTIST FUND. Mr. Stinton was one of the chief originators if not the first mover in the establishment of this fund, which has been the means of untold benefit to the Baptist denomination. Its first object is to make due provision for the honorable maintenance of poor ministers, and to assist in training up others to succeed them in their office. How great a need there was in the matter of ministerial poverty is too clear from a resolution of the managers of the fund that none were eligible to receive assistance who received more than £25 per annum from their congregations. What true devotion must have fired the breasts of men who could bear such penury for Christ's sake! It was time that such extreme poverty should not be allowed to exist needlessly, and that sufferers should be generously assisted. To this end certain churches subscribed a capital sum to form the basis of the fund: Mr. Stinton's church giving £150, and being therefore entitled to send the pastor and three delegates to vote upon the distribution of the moneys. The fund has now a large sum to expend annually, and thereby helps struggling pastors, gives grants of books to students, and spends an amount annually upon the education of young men for the ministry. The fund is called THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND, as being intended to aid Calvinistic rather than Arminian Baptists. This was not at all to the mind of Stinton, who desired to have the fund established for the benefit of all Baptists who held the great fundamentals of the gospel. Although himself a Calvinistic Baptist, he thought it unlovely to divide the body with a hard and fast line, and unwise to open doors for consonant dispute and disunion. Finding that his views were not endorsed by the other brethren, he entered his protest, and then proceeded to aid them to the utmost of his power in their more limited design. He was not impracticable,

and in this he far surpassed certain pretentious Liberals of the present day, who will do nothing if they may not attempt everything.

In the later days of Mr. Stinton, as the lease of the meeting-house in Goat's Yard was nearly run out, preparation was made for erecting a new place of worship in Unicorn Yard.

Spending himself in various works of usefulness, Mr. Stinton worked on till the 11th of February, 1718, when a sudden close was put to his labors and his life. He was taken suddenly ill, and saying to his wife, "*I am going,*" he laid himself down upon the bed, and expired in the forty-third year of his life. He smiled on death, for the Lord smiled on him. He was buried near his predecessor, in the Park, Southwark.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN GILL.

THE loss of its pastor is always a serious matter to a Baptist church, not only because it is deprived of the services of a well-trying and faithful guide, but because in the process of selecting a successor some of the worst points of human nature are too apt to come to the front. All may unite in the former pastor, but where will they find another rallying point? So many men, so many minds. All are not prepared to forego their own predilections, some are ready to be litigious, and a few seize the opportunity to thrust themselves into undue prominence. If they would all wait upon the Lord for his guidance, and consent to follow it when they have obtained it, the matter would move smoothly; but, alas, it is not always so. In the present instance there came before the church an excellent young man, whose after life proved that he was well qualified for the pastorate, but either he was too young, being only twenty or one-and-twenty years of age, or there were certain points in his manner which were not pleasing to the older friends, and therefore he was earnestly opposed. The deacons, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Crosby, schoolmaster, and son-in-law of Keach, were resolved that this young man, who was no other than JOHN GILL from Kettering, should not become the pastor. He found, however, warm and numerous supporters, and when the question came to a vote, his admirers claimed the majority, and in all probability their claim was correct, for the other party declined a scrutiny of the votes, and also raised the question of the women's voting, declaring, what was no doubt true, that apart from the female vote John Gill was in the minority. The end of the difference was that about half the church withdrew from the chapel in Goat Yard, and met in Mr. Crosby's schoolroom, claiming to be the old church, while another portion remained in the chapel, and also maintained that they were the original church. The question is now of small consequence, if it ever had any importance, for the company who rejected Gill, after selecting an excellent preacher, and prospering for many years, met with a chequered experience, and at length ceased to exist. In all probability the division promoted the growth of the cause of Christ, and whatever unhappy circumstances malted it for awhile, both parties acted

conscientiously, and in a very short time were perfectly reconciled to each other. Mr. Gill's people did not long worship in Crosby's school-room, but as the other friends were moving out and erecting another meeting-house in Unicorn Yard, they came back to the old building in Goat Yard, and found themselves very much at home. Crosby, however, quarrelled with the pastor and left him, and with some others of his own family went to the other community in Unicorn Yard. We suspect that Mr. Gill had preached a little too dogmatically for the schoolmaster, and proved himself to be a more thoroughgoing Calvinist, and a more rigid doctrinalist than the brother-in-law of Stinton quite approved. It was not very wonderful that he should turn against the man of his choice, for it has happened times without number, that men who are warm partisans are apt to become fierce opponents when their man does not prove to be subservient, and will not be moulded at their will. The friend is apt to assume the airs of a patron, and talk about ingratitude, but with men like John Gill this would newer succeed.

As Dr. Gill's ministry extended over no less a period than fifty-one years, reaching from 1720 to 1771, and as he proved himself to be a true master in Israel, we shall need more than the usual space in which to describe him. His entire ministry was crowned with more than ordinary success, and he was by far the greatest scholar the church had yet chosen, but he cannot be regarded as so great a soul-winner as Keach had been, neither was the church at any time so numerous under his ministry as under that of Keach. His method of address to sinners, in which for many years a large class of preachers followed him, was not likely to be largely useful. He cramped himself, and was therefore straitened where there was no scriptural reason for being so. He does not appear to have had the public spirit of Stinton, though he had a far larger share of influence in the churches, and was indeed a sort of archbishop over a certain section. The ordination discourses and funeral sermons which he preached must have amounted to a very large number: it seemed as if no Particular Baptist minister could be properly inducted or interred without Dr. Gill's officiating. We shall, however, be more likely to give our readers an idea of this truly great man if we set forth such details of his life as we can gather.

John Gill was born at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, November 23, 1697. His father, Edward Gill, first became a member of the Dissenting congregation in that place, consisting then of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. Besides their pastor, they had a teaching elder of the Baptist

denomination, Mr. William Wallis, who was the administrator of baptism, by immersion, to such persons among them as desired it; but at length the baptized believers halving been rendered uncomfortable in their communion, by some particular persons, they were obliged to separate, with Mr. William Wallis, their teacher, and formed themselves into a distinct church of the *Particular Baptist* denomination. Among the number was Mr. Edward Gill, who in due time was chosen to the office of deacon among them.

Young John Gill, with the dawn of reason, discovered a fine capacity for learning; and, being soon out of the reach of common teachers, he was very early sent to the grammar-school in the town, which he attended, with uncommon diligence and unwearied application, quickly surpassing those of his own age, and others who were considerably his seniors. Here he continued till he was eleven years old. During this time, notwithstanding the tedious manner in which grammatical knowledge was then conveyed, besides going through the common school books, he mastered the principal Latin classics, and made such a proficiency in the Greek as obtained for him marks of distinction from several of the neighboring clergy, who were good enough occasionally to examine and encourage his progress, when they met him at a bookseller's shop in the town, which he constantly attended on market days, when only it was opened. Here he so regularly attended, for the sake of consulting different authors, that it became the usual asseveration with the people of the neighborhood, when speaking of anything they considered certain — “it is as sure,” said they, “as that John Gill is in the bookseller's shop.” And as the same studious disposition attended him through life, so did nearly the same remark: those who knew him usually employing this mode of affirmation, “as surely as Dr. Gill is in his study.”

As the precocious talents of young Gill were also attended with early piety, he was baptized and received into the church in Kettering in his nineteenth year, and, at the request of the church, very soon began to preach among them. This led to his removing to Higham Ferrers, a small borough town in Northamptonshire, where he lived near a minister of learning who helped him in his studies. His name appears at this time upon the books of the Baptist Fund as receiving £16 during his twentieth and twenty-first years. Little did the church in Goat's Yard know when it subscribed to the fund, that one of its future eminent pastors would be an early recipient of its

bounty. At Higham Ferrers Gill married, but did not long continue in the place, returning to reside in Kettering.

A person who was present when John Gill preached his very *first* sermon at Kettering, also heard him deliver his *last* in London, more than fifty years after. *After* his death she joined the church over which he had presided, relating, at some length, a truly interesting experience, which gave universal pleasure to all who heard it. Her name was Mary Bailey, and it is to be hoped that none will imitate her by postponing the confession of their faith in Jesus for so long a time. She lived half a century in disobedience to her Lord, and even when she avowed his name it must have caused her deep regret that she had lingered so long in neglect of the Redeemer's ordinance.

In the beginning of the year 1719, the church at Horsleydown invited him to preach with a view to the pastorate. As we have already seen, there was a determined opposition to him in about one half of the church. The matter was referred to the club of ministers meeting at the Hanover Coffee-house, and they gave the absurd advice that the two parties should each hear their own man turn about till they could agree. Common sense came to the rescue, and this sort of religious duel never came off. The friends with far greater wisdom divided. John Gill's friends secured the old meeting-house for the term of forty years, and he was ordained March 22, 1720.

Little did the friends dream what sort of man they had thus chosen to be their teacher; but had they known it they would have rejoiced that a man of such vast erudition, such indefatigable industry, such sound judgment, and such sterling honesty, had come among them. He was to be more mighty with his pen than Keach, and to make a deeper impression upon his age, though perhaps with the tongue he was less powerful than his eminent predecessor. Early in his ministry he had to take up the cudgels for Baptist views against a Paedobaptist preacher of Rowel, near Kettering, and he did so in a manner worthy of that eulogium which Toplady passed upon him in reference to other controversies, when he compared him to Marlborough, and declared that he never fought a battle without winning it.

Mr. Gill, being settled in London, became more intimately acquainted with that worthy minister of the gospel, Mr. John Skepp, pastor of the Baptist church at Cripplegate. This gentleman, though he had not a liberal education, yet, after he came into the ministry, through great diligence acquired a large acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue. As Mr. Gill had

previously taken great delight in the Hebrew, his conversation with this worthy minister rekindled a flame of fervent desire to obtain a more extensive knowledge of it, and especially of Rabbinical learning. Mr. Skepp dying a year or two after, Mr. Gill purchased most of his Hebrew works, the Baptist Fund making him a grant of £17 10s. for this purpose. Having obtained the books, he went to work with great eagerness, reading the Targums and ancient commentaries, and in a course of between twenty and thirty years' acquaintance with these writings he collected a large number of learned observations. Having also, in this time, gone through certain books of the *Old Testament* and almost the whole of the *New Testament*, by way of *Expositon*, in the course of his ministry, he put all the expository, critical, and illustrative parts together, and in the year 1745 issued proposals for publishing his "*Exposition of the whole New Testament*," in three volumes folio. The work meeting due encouragement, it was put to press the same year, and was finished, the first volume in 1746, the second in 1747, and the third in 1748. Towards the close of the publication of this work, in 1748, Mr. Gill received a diploma from Marischal College, Aberdeen, creating him Doctor in Divinity on account of his knowledge of the Scriptures, of the Oriental languages and of Jewish antiquities. When his deacons in London congratulated him on the respect which had been shown him, he thanked them, pleasantly adding, *I neither thought it, nor bought it, nor sought it.*

The ministry of Mr. Gill being acceptable not only to his own people but to many persons of different denominations, several gentlemen proposed among themselves to set up a week-day lecture, that they might trove an opportunity of hearing him. Accordingly they formed themselves into a society, and agreed to have a lecture on Wednesday evenings, in Great Eastcheap, and set on foot a subscription to support it. Upon their invitation Mr. Gill undertook the lectureship. He opened it in the year 1729, with a discourse or two on Psalm lxxi. 16, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." Through divine grace he was enabled to abide by this resolution to the edification of many, preaching in Great Eastcheap for more than twenty-six years, and only relinquished the lecture when the infirmities of years were telling upon him, and he felt a great desire to give all his time to the completion of his great expository works.

If it be enquired how he distributed his time, and whether he indulged himself in any relaxation, we are able to reply. When the doctor was asked

by Mr. Ryland how it was that he had performed such vast labors, he answered, it was not done by very early rising, nor by sitting up late — the latter he was confident must be injurious to any student, and not helpful. The truth is, he rose as soon as it was light in the winter, and usually before six in the summer, in the last part of his life not quite so early. He breakfasted constantly in his study, and always on chocolate, but came down with his family to dinner, and carved for them. Through the latter years of his life he seldom went into his study after tea, unless about an hour in summer, but sat below reading some book, or correcting his sheets as they were issuing from the press, and with some of these he had care enough, partly caused by his own indistinct autography, for at last he wrote a very small and illegible hand, and partly by the inattention or incompetency of the compositors, from whom we are certain he has been under the necessity of getting six or seven revises of a sheet, especially of such sheets as contained learned quotations. (Alas! in all ages, compositors and authors have been a mutual plague! We have no doubt that in Gill's case the workmen were more sinned against than sinning: if his writing was small and illegible, who wonders that compositors blundered?)

He was never distinguished for the length or frequency of his pastoral visits, and in this he is not an example. Yet probably his time was more profitable to the church of God in the study than it could have been had he spent it in going from door to door.

It was his practice, once a week, to meet his ministering brethren at the accustomed coffee-house, where a sort of ministers' club assembled, or else to spend a friendly hour with them under the hospitable roof of Thomas Watson, Esq., an honored member of the Baptist church then meeting near Cripplegate. That gentleman kept an open table on Tuesdays for the dissenting ministers of the three denominations. The doctor generally met with them, took his part cheerfully in conversation, and maintained it on their return home, whether they came back on foot or by the boat.

As a pastor he presided over the flock with dignity and affection. In the course of his ministry he had some weak, some unworthy, and some very wicked persons to deal with. To the feeble of the flock he was an affectionate friend and father. He readily bore with their weaknesses, failings, and infirmities, and particularly when he saw they were sincerely on the Lord's side. A godly woman visited him one day, in great trouble,

about the singing; for the clerk, in about three years, had introduced two new tunes. Not that he was a famous singer, or able to conduct a great variety of song, but he did his best. The young people were, pleased with the new tunes; but the good woman could not bear the innovation. The Doctor, after patiently listening, asked her whether she understood singing? No, she said. "What! can't you sing?" No, she was no singer, nor her aged father before her. And though they had had about a hundred years between them to learn the Old Hundredth tune, they could not sing it, *nor any other tune*. The doctor did not hurt her feelings by telling her that people who did not understand singing were the last who should complain; but he meekly said, "Sister, what tunes should you like us to sing?" "Why, Sir," she replied, "I should very much like David's tunes." "Well," said he, "if you will get David's tunes for us, we can then try to sing them." Such weak good people may be found among all denominations of Christians.

Dr. Gill was sometimes accosted by rude people, even in his own congregation. A cynical old man, who we would charitably hope was a little touched in the head, had taken an antipathy against some of his minister's tenets, oftener than once had grinned contempt at him from the gallery. Then, he tried another method of annoyance, and would meet him at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, and ask, "Is this preaching?" repeating his question, "Is this preaching?" The insolence at first met with no answer from the preacher, but, it seems, he determined not to be often treated in this manner. Not long after, the said churl, planting himself again in the same position, expressed his contempt somewhat louder. "Is this the great Doctor Gill?" The Doctor, immediately, addressed him with the full strength of his voice, and looking him in the face, and pointing him to the pulpit, said, "*Go up and do better — go up and do better.*" This was answering a fool according to his folly; and the reply afforded gratification to all who heard it..

All the stories told of Dr. Gill are somewhat grim. He could not come down to the level of men and women of the common order so far as to be jocose, and when he attempted to do so, he looked like Hercules with the distaff, or Goliath threading a needle. When he verged upon the humorous the jokes were ponderous and overwhelming, burying his adversary as well as crushing him. It is said that a garrulous dame once called upon him to find fault with the excessive length of his white bands. "Well, well," said the doctor, "what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you like." The lady expressed her delight; she

was sure that her clear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly snip, snip, and the thing was done and the bibs returned. "Now," said the Doctor, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?" "Well — you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate," said the dame, "what is it, here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come then," said the pastor, "good sister, *put out your tongue.*" We have often pictured him sitting in the old chair which is preserved in our vestry, and thus quietly rebuking the gossip.

The comparative asperity of his manner was probably the result of his secluded habits and also of that sturdy firmness of mind which in other directions revealed itself so admirably. When he was once warned that the publication of a certain book would lose him many supporters and reduce his income, he did not hesitate for a moment, but replied, "*Do not tell me of losing. I value nothing in comparison with Gospel truth. I am not afraid to be poor.*"

He had, however, a warm heart beneath his stern exterior, and was full of tenderness, especially in the domestic circle. We read that he went down to Kettering every year to spend a few days with his mother, so long as she lived, and when the news of her death reached him he laid down his pipe and never smoked again. His old country friends were always welcome at his house, and in their society he would seem to have unbent far more than one would have expected. With Mr. Clayton, of Steventon, and other plain men, he would be much at home, and they made very free with him. When this friend once came to London the doctor said, "Brother Clayton, what have you been about? They tell me that you have been expounding the Revelations. A man who enters upon that work should first have some acquaintance with history, the prophecies in general, and many other things!" "Why, doctor," said Mr. Clayton, "I did as well as I could, and you can't do any better." Such simplicity tickled the doctor amazingly, and it was commonly said that he laughed more heartily that part of the year when Mr. Clayton was in town than he did all the year besides.

In the year 1752 Dr. Gill had a very memorable escape from being killed in his study. On March the 15th, in the morning, there was a violent hurricane, which much damaged many houses both in London and

Westminster. Soon after he had left his study, to go to preach, a stack of chimneys fell through the roof into his study, breaking his writing table to pieces, and must have killed him had the fall happened a little sooner. Seriously noticing this remarkable preservation to a friend who had some time before repeated a saying of Dr. Halley, the great astronomer, "That great study prolonged a man's life; by keeping him out of harm's way"; he said, "*What becomes of Dr. Halley's words now, since a man may come to danger and harm in his own closet, as well as on the highway, if not protected by the special care of God's providence?*"

In 1757, the church under his care erected a new meeting-house for him in Carter Lane, St. Olave's Street, near London Bridge, Southwark; which he opened October 9, preaching two sermons on Exodus 20:24. These he afterwards printed, entitling them "Attendance in places of religious worship, where the Divine name is recorded, encouraged." In one of these discourses is this paragraph: — "As we have now opened a new place of worship, we enter upon it, recording the name of the Lord, by preaching the doctrines of the grace of God, and of free and full salvation by Jesus Christ; and by the administration of gospel ordinances, as they have been delivered to us. What doctrines may be taught in this place, after I am gone, is not for me to know; but, as for my own part, I am at a point I am determined, and have been long ago, what to make the subject of my ministry. It is now upwards of *forty years* since I entered into the arduous work, and the first sermon I ever preached was from those words of the apostle: '*For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*' Through the grace of God, I have been enabled, in some good measure, to abide by the same resolution hitherto, as many of you here are my witnesses; and I hope, through Divine assistance, I ever shall, as long as I am in this tabernacle, and engaged in such a work. *I am not afraid of the reproaches of men; I have been INURED TO THESE, FROM MY YOUTH UPWARDS; none of these things move me.*"

Our view of Carter Lane Chapel will not fascinate the reader; we have had to take it from a model in the possession of a former member of the church. We trust the building was not so ugly as our drawing.

In the Doctor's later years the congregations were sparse and the membership seriously declined. He was himself only able to preach once on the Sabbath, and living in a rural retreat in Camberwell, he could do but

little in the way of overseeing the church. It was thought desirable that some younger minister should be found to act as co-pastor. To this the Doctor gave a very decided answer in the negative, asserting "that Christ gives *pastors* is certain, but that he gives *co-pastors* is not so certain." He even went the length of comparing a church with a co-pastor to a woman who should marry another man while her first husband lived, and call him a co-husband. In view of the many disagreements and unhappinesses resulting from co-pastorships, we feel half inclined to admire the Doctor's refusal; and remembering what sort of man *he* was, we question if a co-pastor would have worked happily with him, but his arguments against the proposition were preposterous, and in our own instance, in the selfsame church, two brothers have worked together for years with the utmost harmony, and nothing has occurred to make us fear that the position of affairs is displeasing to the great Head of the church. Great men are not always wise. However, by his stern repudiation of any division of his authority the old gentleman held the reins of power till the age of seventy-four, although the young people gradually dropped off and the church barely numbered 150 members.

The intense admiration and love of his flock is evinced by the letter sent to him in reply to his refusal to have an assistant. They defer at once to this judgment, and declare that they never wished to do more than consult him with the utmost deference, and then they conclude by saying, "We greatly fear that you apprehend an abatement in our affection toward you. *That we are not conscious of*, we think it impossible that our love should be easily removed from him who has instrumentally been made so useful to our souls; but we trust our hearts are knit as the heart of one man toward you, as the servant of Christ, and as our father in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus. Another grieving circumstance is, that if the church is willing, you seem inclined to resign your office as pastor. This expression is extremely alarming to us, and is what can by no means find a place in our thoughts, it being our fixed desire and continual prayer, that you may live and die in that endeared relation. We say with united voice, How can a father give up his children, or affectionate children their father? Dear Sir, we beseech you not to cast us off, but bear us upon your heart and spiritual affections all your days, and let us be remembered to God through your prayers, and who knows but the Lord may visit us again and make us to break forth on the right hand and on the left?" This was signed by all the brethren.

In a few weeks the venerable divine became too feeble for pulpit service and confined himself to his study and the writing-desk, and by-and-by found that he must lie down to rest, for his day's work was done. He died as he had lived, in a calm, quiet manner, resting on that rich sovereign grace which it had been his joy to preach. To his dear relative, the Rev. John Gill, of St. Albans, he thus expressed himself: "I depend wholly and alone upon the free, sovereign, eternal, unchangeable, love of God, the firm and everlasting covenant of grace, and my interest in the persons of the Trinity, for my whole salvation; and not upon any righteousness of my own; nor upon anything done in me, or done by me, under the influences of the Holy Spirit."

Nearly in the same words he expressed himself to others. To one he said, "I have nothing to make me uneasy," and then repeated the following lines from Dr. Watts, in honor of the adored Redeemer : —

*"He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell."*

The last words he was heard to speak were, "O my Father, my Father"! He died at Camberwell, October 14, 1771, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His eyesight had been preserved to him so that he could read small print by candle-light even to the last, and he never used glasses. His was a mind and frame of singular vigor, and he died before failing sight, either mental or physical, rendered him unfit for service: in this as highly favored as he had been in most other respects. He was one of the most learned men that the Baptist denomination has ever produced. His great work, "*The Exposition of the Old and New Testament*," is still held in the highest esteem even by those whose sentiments widely differ from the author's. His "*Body of Divinity*" is also a masterly condensation of doctrinal and practical theology, and his "*Cause of God and Truth*" is highly esteemed by many. The system of theology with which many identify his name has chilled many churches to their very soul, for it has led them to omit the free invitations of the gospel, and to deny that it is the duty of sinners to believe in Jesus: but for this Dr. Gill must not be altogether held responsible, for a candid reader of his commentary will soon perceive in its expressions altogether out of accord with such a narrow system; and it is well known that when he was dealing with practical godliness he was so bold in his utterances that the devotees of Hyper-Calvinism could not endure him.

“Well, Sir,” said one of these, “if I had not been told that it was the great Dr. Gill who preached, I should hare said I had heard an Arminian.”

The reader may perhaps like to look at Gill’s pulpit. It has for years been used by the young men of the Pastors College when preaching before their fellow-students. Ought they not to be *sound*?

CHAPTER V.

JOHN RIPPON, D.D.

THE mighty commentator having been followed to his grave by his attached church and a great company of ministers and Christian people, among whom he had been regarded as a great man and a prince in Israel, his church began to look around for a successor. This time as in the case of Dr. Gill there was trouble in store, for there was division of opinion. Some, no doubt, as true Gillites, looked only for a solid divine, sound in doctrine, who would supply the older saints with spiritual food, while another partly had an eye to the growth of the church, and to the securing to the flock the younger members of their families. They were agreed that they would write to Bristol for a probationer, and Mr. John Rippon was sent to them. He was a youth of some twenty summers, of a vivacious temperament, quick and bold. The older members judged him to be too young, and too flighty; they even accused him of having gone up the pulpit stairs two steps at a time on some occasion when he was hurried, — a grave offense for which the condemnation could hardly be too severe. He was only a young man, and came from an academy, and this alone was enough to make the sounder and older members afraid of him. He preached for a lengthened time on probation, and finally some forty persons withdrew because they could not agree with the enthusiastic vote by which the majority of the people elected him.

John Rippon modestly expressed his wonder that even more had not been dissatisfied, and his surprise that so large a number were agreed to call him to the pastorate. In the spirit of forbearance and brotherly love he proposed that, as these friends were seceding for conscience sake, and intended to form themselves into another church, they should be lovingly dismissed with prayer and God-speed, and that, as a token of fraternal love, they should be assisted to build a meeting-house for their own convenience, and the sum of £300 should be voted to them when their church was formed and their meeting-house erected. The promise was redeemed, and Mr. Rippon took part in the ordination service of the first minister. This was well done. Such a course was sure to secure the blessing of God. The

church in Dean Street thus became another offshoot from the parent stem, and with varying conditions it remains to this day as the church in Trinity Street, Borough. It is somewhat remarkable as illustrating the perversity of human judgment that the seceding friends who objected to Rippon's youth: elected for their pastor Mr. William Button who was younger still, being only nineteen years of age. His father, however, was a deacon under Dr. Gill, and therefore no doubt the worthy youth was regarded with all the more tenderness; nor did he disappoint the hopes of his friends, for he labored on for more than forty years with the utmost acceptance. The friends who remained with young John Rippon had no reason to regret their choice: the tide of prosperity set in and continued for half a century, and the church again came to the front in denominational affairs. The chapel in Carter Lane was enlarged, and various agencies and societies set in motion; there was, in fact, a real revival of religion in the church, though it was of that quiet style which became a Baptist church of the straiter sort. Rippon was rather clever than profound; his talents were far inferior to those of Gill, but he had more tact, and so turned his gifts to the greatest possible account. He said many smart and witty things, and his preaching was always lively, affectionate, and impressive. He was popular in the best sense of the term, — beloved at home, respected abroad, and useful everywhere. Many souls were won to Jesus by his teaching, and out of these a remarkable number became themselves ministers of the gospel. The church-book abounds with records of brethren preaching before the church, as the custom was in those days.

In order to provide the denomination with information as to its own affairs, he projected the "*Baptist Register*," and edited it for several years. Its general tone and spirit have been well brought out in a sketch by Mr. Goadby in his "*Bye-paths of Baptist History*." "At first sight the contents of the *Register* do not promise modern readers very dainty fare; but on a further and more careful examination, especially in the long foot-notes given in some of the volumes, one discovers many toothsome morsels. A few of these we now give. It will be seen, that while Dr. Rippon and his friends were animated by the very laudable desire of presenting an accurate account of the Baptist denomination during the latter half of the last century, they often indulged in the freest and quaintest criticisms on ministers who were then living.

"Of *Willingham*, Cambs, we are told, 'The god man (John Rootham, the minister) has been much tried with an asthmatical complaint and other

disorders, so that he seldom enjoys a day's health. *But* he has a considerable congregation, and about forty members.' Nicholas Gillard, the pastor of *Collumpton*, Devon, 'is eighty. His people say that his path is like that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.' David Sprague, the minister of *Tiverton*, enjoys a singularly robust constitution. '*He says that preaching fourteen or fifteen sermons a week strengthens his body, and invigorates his soul.*' It is reported of John Rippot, sen., of *Upoltery*, 'that he is a man of the sweetest temper; and that good judges say he preaches better and better.' The minister of *Coventry*, John Butterworth, we learn, 'went to London to collect money in payment of the debt on the meeting-house, and bore the fatigue as well as could be expected.'

"There are two or three curious morsels from Yorkshire. The first relates to the minister at *Bradford*. 'The aged father *Crabtree* is now getting feeble, and sometimes sits down once or twice in the course of his sermon; but great savor attends his prayers and all his discourses, and he preaches with as much zeal and animation as ever.' The second refers to Mr. James Shuttleworth, of *Coerling Hill*. We are told, with the most charming frankness, that this minister 'is a man of weak constitution, with a little wife and ten children, *many of them very small!*' A friend also writes of Mr. William Hague, the minister of *Scarborough*: 'Our beloved pastor is advancing in years, and almost blind. He is a zealous, faithful laborer in this corner of Christ's vineyard. He has a wife and three children at home. His last year's salary amounted to £30, which is the most we ever raised him.'

"Of the other ministers who are singled out for special remark, two instances must suffice. The Rev. W. Clarke, of *Exeter*, is spoken of as a man remarkable for prudence and sweetness of temper. Surely Mr. Clarke's modesty must have suffered some shock when his virtues were thus paraded before the whole denomination. But the most singular comment is on the Rev. Thomas Mabbott, of *Biggleswade*, Beds. 'As a preacher *he was much too loud and too long*, a habit rarely attended with such desirable effects as ministers are ready to expect; but it is ruinous to themselves, and often creates a disgust in the minds of even a serious audience, and mars the whole service.' Poor Mr. Mabbott! he had gone to his rest before this public lecturing on his defects could produce either pain or profit.

“There are two items about *deacons* that are sufficiently quaint to merit quoting. One refers to Mr. John Hall, a deacon of the church at *Hamsterly*, Devon. ‘He was a man never taken by surprise. However adverse any dispensation, he never said more than, “*It might have been worse.*” It was long remembered of him that when he had a crop of wheat so shaken by the wind that there was scarcely a grain of it left in the ear, upon taking hold of some, he said to the reapers, “We’ll, it might have been worse. *Here is good straw left for which we ought to be thankful!*”’ Verily, Mr. Hall was an exceptional farmer, to say the very least. The other is recorded of Mr. Davey, a deacon of Chard. ‘He had,’ so we are told, with imperturbable gravity, ‘*nine* children; and at, or near the birth of each child he was favoured with an additional *cow* to his worldly substance; *so that he had as many cows as children*, and no more!’

“The man who could pen these quaint and curious details was not destitute of humor; and one cannot but regret that only four volumes of the *Register* appeared. We have thereby lost many side glimpses, and some sad ones also, of the Baptist ministers and people of the close of the Eighteenth Century.”

Dr. Rippon also occupied himself with preparing a history of the worthies who lie buried in Bunhill Fields, and a number of subscribers’ names were received, but the work never reached the press. Rippon was a busy man, and though neither a scholar nor an original thinker, his pen was seldom idle and himself never.

He will be best known as having prepared the first really good *selection of hymns* for dissenting congregations. Although a Baptist collection it was extensively used with Dr. Watts’ among both classes of Congregationalists. This work was an estate to its author, and he is said to have been more than sufficiently eager to push its sale. One thing we know, his presents of nicely bound copies must have been pretty frequent, for we have seen several greatly prized by their aged owners, who have showed them to us, with the remark, “the dear old doctor gave me *that* himself.”

The happy eccentricity of the doctor’s character may be illustrated by a little incident in connection with royalty. He was deputed to read an address from the dissenters to George III., congratulating him upon recovery from sickness. The doctor read on with his usual dear utterance, till coming to a passage in which there was special reference to the goodness of God, he paused and said, “Please, your majesty, we will read

that again,” and then proceeded with his usual cool dignity to repeat the sentence with emphasis. No other man in the deputation would have thought of doing such a thing, but from Rippon it came so naturally that no one censured him, or if they did it would have had no effect upon him. He was asked why he did not attend more denominational meetings and take the lead, “Why,” said he, “I see the Dover coach go by my house every morning, and I notice that the leaders get most lashed.” A somewhat inglorious argument for keeping in the rear.

In his later days Rippon was evidently in very comfortable circumstances, for we have often heard mention of his carriage and pair, or rather “glass coach and two horses.” His congregation was one of the wealthiest within the pale of nonconformity, and always ready to aid the various societies which sprang up, especially the Baptist Foreign Mission, and a certain Baptist Itinerant Society, which we suppose to have represented the Baptist Home Mission. The Pastor occupied no mean position in the church, but ruled with dignity and discretion — perhaps rifled a little too much. “How is it, Doctor, that your church is always so peaceful?” said a much-trying brother minister. “Well, friend,” said Rippon, “you see, we don’t call a church-meeting to consult about buying a new broom every time we want one, and we don’t entreat every noisy member to make a speech about the price of the soap the floors are scrubbed with.” In many of our smaller churches a want of common sense is very manifest in the management, and trouble is invited by the foolish methods of procedure,

Dr. Rippon once said he had some of the best people in His Majesty’s dominions in his church, and he used to add with a nod — “*and some of the worst.*” Some of the latter class seem to have got into office at one time, for they were evidently a hindrance rather than a help to the good man, though from his independent mode of doing things, the hindrance did not much affect him. As well as we can remember the story of his founding the almshouses and schools in 1803, it runs as follows: The Doctor urges upon the deacons the necessity of such institutions; they do not see the urgency thereof; he pleads again, but like the deaf adder they are not to be charmed, charm he never so wisely. “The expense will be enormous, and the money cannot be raised,” this was the unceasing croak of the prudent officers. At length the Pastor says, “The money can be raised, and shall be. Why, if I don’t go out next Monday and collect £500 before the evening meeting, I’ll drop the proposal; but while I am sure the people will take up the matter heartily I will not be held back by you.” Disputes in this case

were urged in very plain language, but with no degree of bitterness, for the parties knew each other, and had too much mutual respect to make their relationships in the church depend upon a point of difference. All were agreed to put the Doctor to the test, and challenged him to produce the £500 next Monday, or cease to importune about almshouses. The worthy slow-coaches were up to time on the appointed evening, and the Doctor soon arrived. "Well, brethren," said he, "I have succeeded in collecting £300 — that, is most encouraging, is it not?" "But," said two or three of them at once in a hurry, "you said you would get £500 or drop the matter, and we mean to keep you to your word." "By all means," said he, "and I mean to keep my word, too, for there is £800 which the friends gave me almost without asking, and the rest is nearly all promised." The prudent officials were token aback, but recovering themselves, they expressed their great pleasure, and would be ready to meet the pastor at any time and arrange for the expending of the funds. "No, no, my brethren," said the Doctor, "I shall not need your services. You have opposed me all along, and now I have done the work without you, you want to have your say in it to hinder me still; but neither you nor any other deacons shall plague a minister about this business. So, brethren, you can attend to something else." Accordingly, the old trust deed of the almshouses had a clause to the effect, that the pastor shall elect the pensioners, "*no deacon interfering.*" The present minister had great pleasure in inducing the Charity Commissioners to expunge this clause, and give the pastor and deacons unitedly the power to select the objects of the charity.

Dr. Rippon continued in the pastorate from 1773 to 1836, a period of 63 years. He outlived his usefulness, and it was a wonderful instance of divine care over the church that the old gentleman did not do it serious injury. He retained the will to govern after the capacity was gone, and he held his power over the pulpit though unable to occupy it to profit. Supplies who came to preach for him were not always allowed to officiate, and when they did, the old minister's remarks from his pew were frequently more quaint than agreeable. It is not an unqualified blessing to live to be 85. During the last few months MR. CHARLES ROOM, with the Doctor's full approbation, acted as his assistant, but he resigned upon the decease of Dr. Rippon. He left with the esteem and good wishes of the church, and afterwards exercised a useful ministry at Portsea.

In 1830, six years before Dr. Rippon's death, the old sanctuary in Carter Lane was closed to be pulled down for making the approaches to the

present London Bridge. Due compensation was given, but a chapel could not be built in a day, and, therefore, for three years the church was without a home and had to be indebted to the hospitality of other congregations. After so long a time for choice, the good deacons ought to have pitched upon a better site for the new edifice; but it is not hardly judging them when we say that they could not have discovered a worse position. If they had taken thirty years to look about them with the design of burying the church alive they could not have succeeded better. New Park Street is a lowlying sort of lane close to the bank of the river Thames, near the enormous breweries of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, the vinegar factories of Mr. Potts, and several large boiler works. The nearest way to it from the City was over Southwark bridge, *with a toll to pay*. No cabs could be had within about half-a-mile of the place, and the region was dim, dirty, and destitute, and frequently flooded by the river at high tides. Here, however, the new chapel must be built because the ground was a cheap freehold, and the authorities were destitute of enterprise, and would not spend a penny more than the amount in hand. That God in infinite mercy forbade the extinction of the church is no mitigation of the shortsightedness which thrust a respectable community of Christians into an out-of-the-way position, far more suitable for a tallow-melter's than a meeting-house. The chapel, however, was a neat, handsome, commodious, well-built edifice, and was regarded as one of the best Baptist chapels in London.

Dr. Rippon was present at the opening of the new house in 1838, but it was very evident that, having now found a place to meet in, the next step must be, to find a minister to preside over the congregation. This was no easy task, for the old gentleman, though still revered and loved, was difficult to manage in such matters. Happily, however, the deacons were supremely judicious, and having kept the interest out of all rash expenditure they also preserved it from all hasty action, and tided over affairs till the worn-out pastor passed away to his rest, and with due funeral honors was laid in that Campo Santa of Nonconformists — the cemetery of Bunhill Fields, of which it had been his ambition to become the historian and chronicler.

There are still some in the church who cherish his memory with affectionate and well-deserved reverence, and there are thousands in heaven who were led first to love the Savior by his earnest exhortations. He quarried fresh stones, and built up the church. He moulded its thought and directed its energies. Without being great he was exceedingly useful,

and the period in which he was one of the judges of our Israel was one of great prosperity in spiritual things. It was a good sixty-three years, and with the previous pastorate of Dr. Gill, enabled the church to say that during one hundred and seventeen years they had been presided over by two ministers only. Those who are given to Change were not numerous in the community. Short pastorates are good when ministers are feeble, but it is a great blessing when the saints are so edified that all are content, and the ministry is so owned of God that vacancies are filled up even before they are felt: in such a case change would wantonly imperil the hope of continued prosperity, and would therefore be criminal.

MEMORIAL - VOLUME.

MR. SPURGEON'S JUBILEE

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

ON

WEDNESDAY AND 'THURSDAY EVENINGS,

JUNE 18TH AND 19TH, 1884.

LONDON:

PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

MR. SPURGEON'S JUBILEE.

(PRELIMINARY NOTICE.)

ON Tuesday evening, May 6th, 1884, a few friends of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon met at the residence of Mr. W.C. Murrell, one of the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, to consult as to the best means of inaugurating a Jubilee Testimonial, to be presented to Mr. Spurgeon on his fiftieth birthday, June 19th. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and explained the object of the meeting, and after speeches by Messrs. Murrell, Carr, T. H. Olney, Stiff, and other gentlemen, promises amounting to £1000 were made as the beginning of the Testimonial Fund. It has been arranged that on June 18th the members of the church and congregation will, by themselves, celebrate their Pastor's Jubilee at a meeting in the Tabernacle, and that on the actual birthday, June 19th a public meeting will be held in the same place under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. At that gathering the amount subscribed will be presented to Mr. Spurgeon, who has already indicated the manner in which some portion of it will be expended. About £1000 will be required to pay for the Jubilee House — now in course of erection — at the back of the Tabernacle, and a part will probably be allotted to the Almshouses and Colportage Association, while Mr. Spurgeon is anxious also that help should be given to the Building Fund of the new Tabernacle which is being built at Auckland, New Zealand, for his son Thomas, who is now on his way to England on a visit to his parents. It may be mentioned that, at the Annual Session of the Baptist Union held in London last week, a resolution was unanimously passed, expressing the esteem and affection of the ministers and delegates for Mr. Spurgeon, and their fervent prayer that still larger blessings may rest on his manifold labors, and still richer peace and joy refresh his heart. Friends in other lands also intend to have a share in the Jubilee celebration. The Baptists of Philadelphia have resolved to present a tangible token of their regard for the preacher whose sermons they have so long read, and Doctors Wayland, Weston, Griffith, Hoyt, and Peddie are on the committee, which is empowered to invite the co-operation of ministers and laymen of other denominations. It is expected that Chicago and the districts around will also have a share in the Testimonial.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 18TH

C. H. SPURGEON in the Chair.

C. H. SPURGEON: As our friends coming in will make too much noise for prayer, let us sing the third hymn, “*All hail the power of Jesu’s name!*”

C. H. SPURGEON. My one deep anxiety and prayer has been that every part of the proceedings of these two days should be to the glory of God. It would be deeply to my grief as long as ever I lived if there should be anything said or done which should be contrary to the mind of our Lord. We meet together, with congratulations very hearty and very loving. I cannot tell you how hearty and how loving they have been already: but we want God’s blessing or we shall fall into evil rather than good. I want the brethren representing the deacons and the elders to pray very briefly, if they please, but I am sure very heartily, for God’s blessing upon us now. My dear brother and deacon, Mr. Allison, will pray, and then our dear and venerable brother, Mr. Bowker, will follow him in prayer.

Mr. C. F. ALLISON and **Mr. W. BOWKER** then offered prayer.

C. H. SPURGEON: Now, dear friends, having thus sought the Divine blessing, we expect to have it. I do not think anybody imagines that I ought to speak at any length to-night, but I should like to say very much in very little. I feel to-night overwhelmed with gratitude to you, and because of you to God. I am sure I went home on Monday night feeling that I was buried in mercies, crushed beneath the weight of God’s loving-kindness to me. I feel just so to-night; therefore a man cannot speak much, especially after the kind things which many of you have said to me. I have much to do

not to cry, indeed, I have had a little distillation of the eyes quietly, but I try to keep myself all right. I feel very much like weeping now, at the remembrance of all the good and gracious things that have been said to me this day. But let me say this for my speech: the blessing which I have had here for many years must be entirely attributed to the grace of God and to the working of God's Holy Spirit among us. Let that stand as a matter not only taken for granted, but as a matter felt and distinctly recognised among us. I hope, brethren, that none of you will say that I have kept back the glorious work of the Holy Spirit. I have tried to remind you of it whenever I have read a chapter by praying that God the Holy Spirit would open up that chapter to our minds. I hope I have never preached without an entire dependence on the Holy Ghost. Our reliance upon prayer has been very conspicuous, at least, I think so. We have not begun, we have not continued, we have not ended anything without prayer. We have been plunged into it up to the hilt. We have not prayed as we should, but still we have so prayed as to prevail; and we wish it to be on record that we owe our success as a church to the work of the Holy Spirit, principally through its leading us to pray. Neither as a church have we been without a full conviction that if we are honest in our asking we must be earnest in acting. It is no use asking God to give us a blessing if we do not mean it, and if we mean it we shall use all the means appointed for the gaining of that boon; and that we have done. One of my first duties to-night will be to remind this audience that it very largely consists of representatives from the various institutions. A partial list will be read to you, but, incomplete as it is, it is a long one; and though one or two of the institutions represented may be small ones, yet many of them are so large that they might have constituted public societies having annual meetings at Exeter Hall; and these things have sprung out of this church through that same Holy Spirit who set us praying and set us working. Next to that, it behoves me to say that I owe the prosperity I have had in preaching the gospel to the gospel which I have preached. I wish everybody thought as much, but there are some who will have it that there is something very particular and special about the man. Well, I believe that there may be something particular about the man, something odd, perhaps. He cannot help that, but he begs to say there is nothing about him that can possibly account for the great and long-continued success attending his labors. Our American friends are generally very 'cute judges, and I have a good many times read their opinion of me, and they say over and over again, "Well, he is no orator. We have scores of better preachers in America than Mr. Spurgeon, but it is evident that he

preaches the gospel as certain of our celebrated men do not preach it." I so preach the gospel that people coming to hear it are impressed by it, and rejoice to rally to the standard. I have tried, and I think successfully, to saturate our dear friends with the doctrines of grace. I defy the devil himself ever to get that out of you if God the Holy Spirit once puts it into you. That grand doctrine of substitution, which is at the root of every other — you have heard it over and over and over and over again, and you have taken a sure grip of it. Never let it go. And I wish to say to all preachers who fail in this matter that I wish they would preach more of Christ, and try to preach more plainly. Death to fine preaching! There is no good in it. All the glory of words and the wisdom of men will certainly come to naught, but the simple testimony of the good-will of God to men, and of his sovereign choice of his own people, will stand the test not only of the few years during which I have preached it, but of all the ages of this world till Christ shall come. I thank you, dear friends, for all your love and your kindness to me, but I do attribute even that in great measure to this fact: that you have been fed with the pure gospel of the grace of God. I do not believe that the dry, dead doctrine of some men could ever have evoked such sympathy in men's hearts as my gospel has aroused in yours. I cannot see anything about myself that you should love me: I confess I would not go across the street to hear myself preach. But I dare not say more upon that point because my wife is here. It is the only point upon which we decidedly differ; I differ *in toto* from her estimate of me, and from your estimate of me too, but yet I do not wish you to alter it. You remember the picture *Punch* gave us of the man and his wife who had bought a teapot — they were aesthetes — and she said, "Oh, what a teapot!" "Yes," said the husband, "I do not know how we shall ever be able to live up to it." That was their high ideal; but the model you set up for me in your kindly estimate of me is one which I must labor to reach. Anything that stimulates us to do better cannot be a very bad thing; therefore I thank you with all my heart for your generous esteem.

Now I am going to ask Mr. HARRALD to read the list of societies represented here to-night. I think everybody should know what the church has been moved to do, and I beg to say that there are other societies besides those which will be mentioned, but; you will be tired before you get to the end of them.

Mr. J. W. HARRALD read the following list :—

The Almshouses; the Pastors' College; the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists; the Stockwell Orphanage; the Colportage Association; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and Pastors' Aid Fund; the Pastors' College Evening Classes; the Evangelists Association; the Country Mission; the Ladies' Benevolent Society; the Ladies' Maternal Society; the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society; the Loan Tract Society; Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society; the Evangelists' Training Class; the Orphanage Working Meeting; the Colportage Working Meeting; the Flower Mission; the Gospel Temperance Society; the Band of Hope; the United Christian Brothers' Benefit Society; the Christian Sisters' Benefit Society; the Young Christians' Association; the Mission to Foreign Seamen; the Mission to Policemen; the Coffee-House Mission; The Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School; Mr. Wigney's Bible Class; Mr. Hoyland's Bible Class; Miss Swain's Bible Class; Miss Hobbs's Bible Class; Miss Hooper's Bible Class; Mr. Bowker's Bible Class for Adults of both Sexes; Mr. Dunn's Bible Class for Men; Mrs. Allison's Bible Class for Young Women; Mr. Bartlett's Bible Class for Young Women; Golden Lane and Hoxton Mission (Mr. Orsman's); Ebury Mission and Schools, Pimlico; Green Walk Mission and Schools, Haddon Hall; Richmond Street Mission and Schools; Flint Street Mission and Schools; North Street, Kennington, Mission, and Schools; Little George Street Mission, Bermondsey; Snow's Fields Mission, Bermondsey; the Almshouses Missions; the Almshouses Sunday Schools; the Almshouses Day Schools; the Townsend Street Mission; the Townley Street Mission; the Deacon Street Mission; the Blenheim Grove Mission, Peckham; the Surrey Gardens Mission; the Vinegar Yard Mission, Old Street; the Horse Shoe Wharf Mission and Schools; the Upper Ground Street Mission; the Thomas Street Mission, Horselydown ; the Boundary Row Sunday School, Camberwell; the Great Hunter Street Sunday School, Dover Road; the Carter Street Sunday School, Walworth; the Pleasant Row Sunday Schools, Kennington; the Westmoreland Road Sunday Schools, Walworth; the Lansdowne Place Sunday School; Miss Emery's Banner Class, Brandon Street; Miss Miller's Mothers' Meeting; Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting; Miss Francies Mothers' Meeting.

C. H. SPURGEON: We have need to praise God that he enables the church to carry on all these institutions. Let us sing hymn No. 7, "Hallelujah for the Cross."

(The hymn was sung.)

I want you now to hear me a moment while I say that the brother who is now about to speak, Mr. Moody, is one whom we all love. He is not only one whom we all love, but he is evidently one whom God loves. We feel devoutly grateful to Almighty God for raising him up, and for sending him to England to preach the gospel to such great numbers with such plainness and power. We shall continue to pray for him when he has gone home. Among the things we shall pray for will be that he may come back again. I might quote the language of an old Scotch song with regard to Prince Charlie, —

*“Bonnie Moody’s gang awa.
Will ye no come back again?
Better loved ye canna’ be,
Will ye no come back again?”*

Now let us give him as good a cheer as ever we can when he stands up to speak.

Mr. D. L. MOODY: Mr. Spurgeon has said to-night that he has felt like weeping. I have tried to keep back the tears. I have not succeeded very well. I remember, seventeen years ago, coming into this building a perfect stranger. Twenty-five years ago, after I was converted, I began to read of a young man preaching in London with great power, and a desire seized me to hear him, never expecting that some day I should be a preacher. Everything I could get hold of in print that he ever said I read. I knew very little about religious things when I was converted. I did not have what he has had — a praying father. My father died before I was four years old. I was thinking of that to-night as I saw Mr. Spurgeon’s venerable father here by his side. He has the advantage of me in that respect, and he perhaps got an earlier start than he would have got if he had not had that praying father. His mother I have not met, his father I have; but most good men have praying mothers — God bless them. In 1867 I made my way across the sea, and if ever there was a sea-sick man for fourteen days, I was that one. The first place to which I came was this building. I was told that I could not get in without a ticket, but I made up my mind to get in somehow, and I succeeded. I well remember seating myself in this gallery. I remember the very seat, and I should like to take it back to America with me. As your dear Pastor walked down to the platform, my eyes just feasted upon him, and my heart’s desire for years was at last accomplished. It happened to be the year you preached in the Agricultural Hall. I followed

you up there, and you sent me back to America a better man. Then I went to try and preach myself, though at the time I little thought I should ever be able to do so. While I was here I followed Mr. Spurgeon everywhere, and when at home people asked me if I had gone to this and that cathedral, I had to say “No,” and confess I was ignorant of them; but I could tell them something about the meetings addressed by Mr. Spurgeon. In 1872 I thought I would come over again to learn a little more, and again I found my way back to this gallery. I have been here a great many times since, and I never come into the building without getting a blessing to my soul. I think I have had as great a one here to-night as at any other time I have been in this Tabernacle. When I look down on these orphan boys, when I think of the 600 servants of God who have gone out from the College to preach the gospel, of the 1,500 or 2,000 sermons from this pulpit that are in print, and of the multitude of books that have come from the Pastor’s pen — (Scripture says of the making of books there is no end, and in his case it is indeed true) — I would fain enlarge upon all these good works, but the clock shows me that if I do I shall not get to my other meeting in time. But let me just say this, if God can use Mr. Spurgeon why not the rest of us, and why should not we all just lay ourselves at the Master’s feet, and say “Send me, use me,”? It is not Mr. Spurgeon after all, it is God. He is as weak as any other man away from him. Moses was nothing, but it was Moses’ God. Samson was nothing when he lost his strength, but when it came back to him then he was a mighty man; and so, dear friends, bear in mind that if we can just link our weakness to God’s strength we can go forth and be a blessing in the world.. Now, there are others to speak, and I have also to hasten away to another meeting, but I want to say to you, Mr. Spurgeon. “God bless you.” I know that you love me, but I assure you I love you a thousand times more than you can ever love me, because you have been such a blessing to me, while I have been a very little blessing to you. When I think of a man or woman who has been in this Tabernacle time after time and heard the gospel, I pity them deep down in my heart if they are found among the lost. I have read your sermons for twenty-five years, and what has cheered my heart has been that in them was no uncertain sound. In closing, let, me give you a poem that one of our American Indians wrote. The first line began with “go on,” the second line was “go on,” and the third line was “go on,” and this was all he could write. I say “go on, brother, and God bless you.” You are never going to die. John Wesley lives more to-day than when he was in the flesh; Whitefield lives more to-day than when he was on this earth; John Knox

lives more to-day than at any other period of his life; and Martin Luther, who has been gone over 400 years, still lives. Bear in mind, friends, that our dear brother is to live for ever. We may never meet together again in the flesh, but by the blessing of God I will meet you up yonder.

C. H. SPURGEON: Now, dear friends, we have a very good programme. God has given us a blessing at the commencement, and we want to have it all through. There is a great deal to be done to-night, and all the speeches will have to be tolerably short. I believe every word will be blessed of God. Now I will call upon our dear brother, Mr. Chamberlain, who often enlivens our prayer meetings with his music, to sing for us one of the songs of Zion. It has always done my heart good to hear him, though perhaps I have never yet said as much in his presence. Many sons have sung well, but thou excellest them all!

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN then sang Hymn No. 8, "Whoever receiveth the crucified one."

C. H. SPURGEON: Dear friends, we have judged it better on the whole to allow some things to be done twice over rather than to seem negligent. Many friends who are here to-night, cannot be here to-morrow night; indeed, I should be glad if nobody present this evening would attend to-morrow, but give an opportunity to others of coming here; but I think that the address which has been prepared in the name of the church here, and which is to be presented to me, should be read on both occasions, that all may hear it. I do not know anything about it. I have not seen it as yet, and I should not wonder if it contains a great deal that I would have struck out, had it been any part of my duty to overhaul it. You must understand that this is a family meeting, and that we do not have reporters present; if they are here they are in the strangers' gallery. We had no reporters when my father had been married fifty years. We said some good things in his praise, and he did not grumble; indeed, he could not have helped himself if he had grumbled. Nobody said they should not praise the old man like that; because what was done was kept within walls, and this also will be within the walls — of the universe. We cannot anyhow keep it closer. Before the address is read, our Secretary will announce the other bodies that have sent in their congratulations in addition to those afterwards given.

Mr. HARRALD read the following list, in which are inserted a few names of those whose addresses have been received since the meeting : —

The Canada Baptist Union, the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers, the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, the Western Association of Baptist Churches, the Denbigh, Flint, and Merioneth Baptist Association, the Carmarthen and Cardigan Baptist Association, the Devon Baptist Association, the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Baptist Association, the Midland Baptist Association, the Cornwall Baptist Association, the Anglesea Baptist Association, the monthly Fraternal Meeting of General Baptist Ministers in London and its vicinity, a large number of Baptist Ministers and Churches, the Tutors of the Pastors' College, the Canadian Branch of the Pastors' College Association, the former students of the Pastors' College, settled in Victoria, Australia, the Tasmanian Baptist Union recently formed by Pastors' College men in Tasmania, the First Baptist Church Sunday School, Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A., the Baptist Church, West Troy, New York, U.S.A., the Reading Club of the Central Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A., the Professors in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., the Knox Presbyterian Church, Galt, Canada, several French Pastors and Missionaries, in addition to those afterwards mentioned, the Committee and Officers of the Paris City Mission, and the Methodist Conference of Ireland, meeting in Belfast.

Mr. B. W. CARR, one of the deacons, then read the following address to Mr. Spurgeon : —

**“TO THE REV. C.H. SPURGEON, PASTORS OF THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**

“With a united voice of thanksgiving to our ever blessed God on your behalf; with a cordial acknowledgment of the good services you have rendered to the universal Church of our Lord Jesus Christ; and with a profound sense of the high character and wide reputation you have established among your fellow Christians, we beg to offer you our sincere congratulations on this the fiftieth anniversary of your birthday.

“Accept our assurance that no language but the language of personal affection could fitly express the esteem in which you are held by ourselves and by the numerous constituency we represent. Were it possible for the lips of all those who love you as a brother, and those who revere you as a father in Christ, to sound in your ears the sentiments of their hearts, the

music of their chorus at this glad hour would be like the noise of many waters.

“Gathered together as we now are in this sacred edifice, — sacred not by reason of any superstitious ceremony at the opening, but by the soul-saving miracles of grace subsequently wrought beneath its roof, — it becomes us to greet you first as Pastor of this Ancient Church. More than thirty of those fifty years you chronicle to-day have been spent in our midst. As our Minister, you are known to the utmost ends of the earth. Richly endowed by the Spirit of God with wisdom and discretion, your conduct as our Ruling Elder has silenced contention and promoted harmony. The three hundred souls you found in fellowship at New Park Street Chapel have multiplied to a fellowship of nearly six thousand in this Tabernacle. And under your watchful oversight the family group has increased without any breach of order.

“You came to us in the freshness of your youth. At that flowering age when boys of good promise are wont to change their curriculum from school to college, you had already developed into manliness, and there was ripe fruit as well as pleasant foliage on your branches. The groundwork of your education appeared to be so solid, and the maturity of your character so thoroughly reliable, that you were unanimously elected by venerable members of the Church of Christ to preside over their councils. The fair prospect of your spring-time has not suffered from any blight. Your natural abilities never betrayed you into indolent habits. The talents you possessed gave stimulus to your diligence. A little prosperity did not elate you, or a measure of success prompt the desire to settle down in some quiet resting place. You spread your sails to catch the breeze. The ascendancy you began to acquire over the popular mind, instead of making you vainglorious, filled you with awe, and increased the rigour of that discipline you have always exercised over yourself. These were happy auguries of your good speed. Not that the utmost vigilance on your part could have sufficed to uphold you amidst the vast and accumulating responsibilities that have devolved on you as the sphere of your ministry widened. He who ruleth in the heavens has screened you in times of peril, and piloted you through shoals and quicksands, through straits and rapids. His grace and his goodness, his promises and his providence, have never failed you. From the hour when you first committed your soul, your circumstances, and your destinies to the keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, you have never feared such a disaster. To your unwavering faith in his guardian care we venture

to attribute the coolness of your head and the courage of your heart in all the great adventures of your life. Some of us have been with you from the beginning of your charge. Since then a generation has almost passed away. According to a law as legibly written as any law of nature, the Scripture has said, 'Instead of the fathers, shall be the children.' Hence, in not a few instances, you must miss the sires while you meet the sons. The retrospect of your career, to those who have followed it throughout, appears like one unbroken series of successes; but as our memory retraces the steps you have taken, we can testify to the exhaustive labors in which you have blithely engaged, the constant self-denial you have cheerfully exercised, and the restless anxieties that have kept you and your comrades incessantly calling on the name of the Lord. By such an experience you have enlarged the field of evangelical enterprise in the various institutions of the church. And it has been your happiness, not only to see the growth of those institutions beyond the most sanguine hopes you cherished when planting them, but to have received the grateful thanks of those who derived unspeakable benefit in partaking of their fruits. Such gratitude demands our notice, though only in the lowest degree. Your skillful generalship has laid ten thousand happy donors to your charities under lasting obligations to you for providing outlets for their benevolence. It has pleased the Lord to make whatever you do to prosper. You have been the faithful steward and the kindly executor of hundreds and thousands of pious individuals, whose fond design has been to lay up treasure for themselves in heaven by paying into the exchequer on earth of their substance, for the widow and the fatherless in their distress, for the poor and those who have no helper. Let the acknowledgments of subscribers to the various purses you hold in your hands, as well as those of recipients, cheer you as you enter on a fresh decade of the days of the years of your earthly pilgrimage.

“An occasion like this is so solemn, and an address like the present is so serious, that we may well search the sacred volume for suitable words. We feel sure that brethren in all parts of the earth pray for you. And we are equally certain that the churches which are in Christ throughout the world glorify God in you. The Lord preserve and keep you to the end. To this hour you have maintained an unsullied reputation among men. Erring as we all are before God, it is our sincere conviction that if such a thing were possible, a second edition of your life, revised by yourself, could hardly be an amendment.

“You braved much calumny on the outset of your career, and you have outlived it. The secularists who once denounced, now salute you. Where your theology has failed to convert them, your philanthropy has sufficed to enchant them. You are lifted in public esteem above suspicion, as a true man — :no traitor or time-server. Your kindness to everybody has made everybody kind to you. You have illustrated the force and the fullness of a divine proverb which has puzzled many a philosopher: ‘When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.’

“If, dear sir, you give us full credit for the intense sympathy we have felt when sickness and sorrow have weakened your strength in the way, you will not deny us the gratification of alluding to the private and domestic joys that pour down like sunbeams on your face and gladden your Jubilee.

“Your beloved and estimable wife, whose life long trembled in the balance, has been restored to health. Had she been less heroic and more exacting in her protracted illness, you must have been more reserved and less generous in the Consecration of your time and thought to the good works you were doing. In the stillness of enforced retirement her inventive genius discovered new channels of usefulness. Her ‘*Book Fund*’ is beyond all praise. And her delicate mission has been so appreciated, that throughout the British Isles, and in foreign lands, her name has become linked with your own at every station where an ambassador of Christ publishes the glad tidings of the gospel.

“Your father and mother, walking before God in quiet unpretentious piety, have both been spared to see their first-born son in the meridian of a career that has made their once obscure patronymic famous throughout the world.

“Your worthy brother, and trusty yoke-fellow in the pastorate, is still by your side rendering good service, for which his fine business tact, and his manly but modest desire to second all your motions to go forward, eminently qualify him.

“Your two sons have both devoted themselves to the ministry; and each of them in his own sphere of labor has found proof that he was divinely anointed to his pastorate.

“To yourself, however, we turn as a central figure, recognised from afar by tens of thousands of people, to whom your name is an emblem of purity and power, and by whom you are accounted second to none among living

Preachers: and your sermons are appreciated as a faithful exposition of the Gospel of God, instinct with the witness of the Holy Spirit, and therefore quickening in their influence on the consciences and the hearts of men.

“On your head we now devoutly invoke those blessings which we believe the Almighty is abundantly willing to bestow.

“May your steps in the future be ordered of the Lord, as they have been in the past. May a generation yet unborn witness that your old age is luxuriant and fruitful as your youth. May your life on earth wind up like the holy Psalter that you so much love. Be it yours to anchor at last in David’s Psalm of Praise, prolific as it was of other Psalms, into which no groan or sigh could intrude. So may you rest in the Lord with a vision of the everlasting Kingdom dawning on your eyes, and Hallelujah after Hallelujah resounding in your ears.”

C. H. SPURGEON: It is a very great mercy that I am not expected to speak after that. I cannot tell where Mr. Carr can have gathered all those thoughts concerning me. So far as this church and its institutions are truly the work of God — and I believe that the work of God has been done among us so far those words should bring glory to his name; and I am the happiest of the sons of men if I have laid any trophy at the foot of the cross. Now we are going to have a number of short speeches, and my father’s must, of course, come first. Nobody can say that I am old while I have so young a father, although I was “old Spurgeon” when I was very young, and I hope I shall be young when I get very old.

The **Rev. JOHN SPURGEON:** My dear friends, they say all things work together for good. I have a very bad cold for one thing, and have nearly lost my voice, and that is a very good reason why I should not speak to-night, because you will not hear me if I attempt it. However, this young man here makes me think of my father. He was eighty-four years of age, and when we were out walking together he walked so fast that I lagged behind, and he said, “Come on, boy; what makes you lag behind?” Charles is now a better man to walk than I am, but in ten years’ time we shall see, if we live, who can walk the best. When I was a little boy I suppose I had some curious ways, the same as all boys have. I was walking with my father down the road; I walked with my toes in — pigeon-toed, as it is called — and when he saw it he boxed my ears, and said, “You naughty boy, why don’t you put your feet right?” and the necessity of doing so has

been impressed upon my mind ever since. He was a very good man, was my father. My father did all in his power to give me a good education, and advised me to make the best use of it; but I have never had the advantages enjoyed by some ministers, for, like Mr. Moody, I have gathered up my knowledge, comparatively speaking, as I went along. But I think I have done my fair share of preaching. I have preached five-and-forty years, and the Lord has blessed it. What do you think the text was of the first sermon I ever preached? Why, "God is love!" and don't you think I could preach from it to-night? He has taken care of me all my life long. He gave me a kind father and mother, who prayed very much for me, and their prayers were heard. And my son has had a praying father and mother, and his mother's prayers have been heard, and the Lord has taken care of him.. What a mercy it was that that boy was converted when he was! And it was in consequence of his mother's prayers. My heart rejoices that I can say, "God is love," that he loved me, and gave himself for me, and redeemed my soul from death. His love has made me happy, and he has indeed been a God of love to raise up two such sons as I have. My father had five sons, and they all had two sons each, and not one of their sons can preach; but my two boys can speak very well, and so can my son's two boys, God bless them! I wish Tom was here to-night. Last year we had a Jubilee wedding, and then we sang "Hallelujah!" I said "God is love" then, and now at this second Jubilee I again say "God is love." I lost; my father and mother, but kind friends were raised up for me; and whatever circumstances have arisen, I have been able to say "God is love." I do rejoice in that good old doctrine. My friends, do not forget this, that God is so full of love that he could not forgive sin without his law being magnified, and that he gave his Son to be a substitute for sinners. Do you all love Jesus? If not; go to him to-night and ask him to bless you, and give you a new heart. I want to see you all in heaven. I am an old man now, and cannot expect to live long in this world; but if any of you have not sought the Lord, go search for him this very night, and if you ask him to give you a new heart and a right spirit, he will not say you nay. God bless this church, the Orphanage, the College, and all the institutions! My dear son, I am very happy to see you to-night so well; God bless you!

C. H. SPURGEON: I may say that I did not originally choose him as my father, but if it had been left to my choice, no other should have filled his place. May God bless him in his latter days. And now comes my brother. If there is a good man on the earth I think it is my brother. It is the

providence of God, and an instance of the infinite kindness of God to man, that I should have such a helper as my brother. No man in this world has got as good a brother as I have, or if he has, let him cry "Hallelujah!"

PASTOR JAMES A. SPURGEON: There is a big handbill to be seen in Croydon advertising the Jubilee Singers; I think we might issue an advertisement for Jubilee clappers. There is another advertisement that I am reminded of this evening, — it is the picture of a small boy looking exceedingly uncomfortable while his grandmother, I should suppose, takes him in hand and is soaping him well, and he looks as if he was very anxious to keep it out of his eyes. I think that my brother was a little in that position, for it was utterly impossible to take him in hand without doing what some people call using the soap; and though his eyes have been smarting a little bit to-night, I do not think it has been caused by anything that ought not to have been said. In the address to him we have not said half that we should like to say, and it would be quite impossible for us to say to-night all that is in our hearts concerning him. What can I possibly say about him as a brother? There is no one in the world that has so good a brother as I have. Ever since I can remember anything I can remember my big brother, and I am quite content that he should remain my big brother to the end of our days. The esteem in which I have held him has only been equalled by the love I bear him. I always thought him wonderfully wise, but I never thought him so much so as I do to-day. He got the start of me, and he has kept it all along. I do not know that I have gained much on him, though I have tried to run him hard. I have always seen him well in front in every good word and work for the Master, and I have tried to keep as close to him as I could all my life long, and I bless God that we are here to-day as brothers. Looking back, I can see that both of us have been children of many prayers; and all honor to my father and his father, to my mother and to our good grandmother, for we came of a praying stock, and we came of a pious stock for generations past. I think it was in the year 1662 that Job Spurgeon sat a winter through in prison in a chair because he would not go to the steeple-house to worship. He was so afflicted with rheumatism (which the major part of our family inherits) that he could not lie down; so that my dear brother's infirmities are venerable because of their age. With other things he has inherited much weakness, but it was gained in the Master's service, and because one of our ancestors would not submit to worship God in any other way than that which he thought right. I thank God to-night for being my brother's coadjutor. It is a grand thing to

assist my brother in any department of service. I consider it to be the greatest honor God could have conferred upon me to make me co-partner in my brother's work. Anything I can do for him makes me feel that I am multiplying him, and at the same time I feel that I am multiplying myself to a degree which it would have been utterly impossible for me to have done if I had not been linked to my brother. Co-partnerships do not always answer, but be it understood that our co-partnership certainly has answered. A grander leader no man could possibly desire. You who follow him know how nobly he leads us forward. Now, be it known, that the secret of my brother's success, so far as I have solved, it, is prayer. I do not know any man more preeminent in prayer than my brother, and he who prays like my brother prays may look for a like success. I do not know any man who is more profoundly filled with faith than is my brother in his God, in the gospel that he preaches, and in the comrades that God has sent to his side. I do not know any man who is more full of singleness of eye in connection with his work than my brother is. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet, because his valet knows too much about him. I think I know my brother through and through, and I can say that the more I know him the more I love and esteem him for his loyalty to his Lord. I feel in following him that I am not following him only, but following the Master. He seeks blessings directly from the Lord, and passes them on to us, and I esteem my brother's voice to be the voice of God speaking to us in connection with the Master's work. Then I think I shall have to add that I do not know anybody who works harder than my brother. I saw in a window the other day this advertisement: "All Mr. Spur-geon's works to be had within." "Ah!" I thought, "they may get all my brother's printed works within, but his other works will be found everywhere else in earth and in heaven;" for the results of his labor can be found in almost any part of the world, and this not by accident, but by the blessing of God upon what is downright grinding toil. Only those who stand by my brother's side know what an enormous amount of work he is obliged to get through in order to carry out the Master's service on earth. I must confess that a great deal of my brother's success is due also to what I may call, for want of a better word, his geniality. Is not he a man among men? I cannot remember all the genial jokes and good, funny things, and loving remarks that he has made. The first joke I ever comprehended was made by my grandfather, who had been asked how much he weighed, and he replied that "if he was weighed in the balance he was afraid he should be found wanting, but if he was weighed in the pulpit he would be heavy, enough. That, was our

grandfather's joke, but I do not know how many I have heard from my brother, and there has been a shrewdness in connection with them that reminds me often of the old grandfather. It is just that genial spirit of my good brother that lightens his own and others' burdens, and many who have been in despair have been cheered and sent forward again by having the brighter side of the picture placed before them by him. How many of us, after having had an hour's talk with my brother, have gone away refreshed and radiant! In him you have the ingredients of a noble man, and God has helped him to consecrate them to his service. I do not know that it would be kind to wish him another fifty years of life, but as long as he lives may his life be crowned with as many blessings as have been vouchsafed him in the fifty years that have gone by.

C. H. SPURGEON: Dear friends, I am trying to consider that I am merely representing all of you who have done the work here: I could not have achieved what has been done had it not been for a willing, cheerful, constant, persevering, zealous people. If anybody that is very stiff and prim comes here for a time, it is only for a time. He generally say's that he does not like *you*, and goes off; but the real reason is that there is nothing in him that is at all congruous with me, and away he goes. But here is a people warm-hearted, loving, affectionate, tender — everything that is good. Of course we might all be a deal better, I hope we shall be; but I do not know any people that can be better to a minister than you have been to me; and I desire, while my brother is using this soap, which is manufactured on his own premises, and is perfectly genuine — he means, every word he says — I desire to have you all put in the tub with me, and then I shall not object to any quantity of lather. I think it is a very blessed thing for us to have with us without a break three generations — my father, my brother, and then my son.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON: Dear friends, — I am here to-night to speak for two, for we are as one — Charlie and Tommy. I am here to say what no one else can say — this is my father, and a grand father too. I wish there was another tongue to tell of children's love towards him, but he will be here. God spare him upon the sea! I speak with all his heart, and all his faith, if that be possible, but I cannot speak with his tongue, for that is like his father's — full of wisdom. You shall hear it, perhaps, and judge for yourselves. Certainly, I think, you would not have given me such a reception as this had it not been for my beloved father. He laughingly said that he counted it an honor to be my father; but this I do know, and I say it

sincerely, without any soft soap, that I count it to be the highest honor of all to be his son. May God help me never to put a single blemish upon that name he has given me to bear. Your prayers I know are with me, and as our hearts are right, the blessing shall surely come. I am almost lost to-night, in wonder, love, and praise, for all three are present with us. I have gone into my father's study and sat at his feet to learn many a time, but I never had the cheek to open my mouth before him. When he said "Charlie, what are you going to preach from?" I wished I could get to the other side of the door as quickly as possible, for I was afraid if I told him the text he would want to know what the divisions were, and would probably say that the middle one was wrong. I have had a profound respect for him on these matters; nevertheless I have always tried to get as much out of him as possible, because I knew that I could never empty his great pitcher. It may be true that I have been some joy to him at some time, but it is with wonder that I now look upon him, and with profound astonishment shall I ever contemplate him, because he is a mighty man of God. I am over head and ears in love with him. I do not know whether even mother loves him more than I do, for I have got more to love. I have father and mother too. As regards my brother, never was a better one born. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and I know we shall be right glad to see each other. So that I am lost in love, but above all, I am lost in praise, for our hearts are going up, sometimes in tears, sometimes in tones, and this is the burden of our song, — Hallelujah! Praise be unto God that he has spared us to see this bright and happy year. Well may the trumpets be blown when Jubilee's bright morn arrives. Let them ring out every day, for our God has been kind and true to us, and will ever be so. Let us pray that for long years yet our Pastor may be spared to us, and that he may shine with yet brighter light to the praise of God. May we all rejoice to-night, and to-morrow too, because God has made us to be happy in what God has wrought in him, and through him. I speak for the many churches that I have served when I say that if they could all cry out "God bless him" they would do so in one great shout. Everywhere his sermons are being read. Many say to me, "Let me shake hands with you for your father's sake. God bless your father!" I always feel highly complimented when anybody does that. I am profoundly thankful that I can glorify God with you to-night in celebrating my father's Jubilee.

C. H. SPURGEON: Surely you have had enough of us all. I wish now to call upon some of our other children, viz., our students, to speak, but before doing so we will sing the 10th hymn.

“Hark! what hallelujahs bringing.”

There are many ministers here to-night whom I should have been very glad to ask to speak, but I cannot go beyond the programme. It is very kind of them to come. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than now to present Mr. Archibald Brown to you. God bless him for the sake of poor outcast London, and for all that tenderness of heart which he has; though his sympathy with human misery sometimes brings him very low, it only qualifies him the more for the work to which God has called him.

PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN: I received a very characteristic letter from our beloved Chairman the other day. He said, “Will you come on the 18th, which is for home people, or on the 19th, which is for everybody?” I did not hesitate a moment, for I made bold to argue that, although I could not claim any relationship to the family of the Spurgeons, yet am I a member of the family that worships in this Tabernacle, and I felt that I would far sooner say a few words at the family gathering — that is, if you have not struck me off from the number of your sons. It has always been my joy and delight to remember that, by the providence of God, my life has been wonderfully interwoven with the life of your Pastor, and also with this church. It is now some seven-and-twenty years since, as a lad, I used to look forward to my holidays as an opportunity of running up to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach at the Surrey Music Hall. I remember as if it were only yesterday the sermon that first made me feel I was a sinner. The text was, “Compel them to come in.” Twenty-three years ago tomorrow I was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon on this lower platform. I had often heard him preach at the Surrey Music Hall, and I remember that it was with awe and wonderment that I looked at him. Over and over again I felt that I would just give anything if he could only know me, and give me one shake of the hand, little dreaming that we should learn to know each other, or that I should ever be allowed to say a few words on behalf of the College at his Jubilee. What changes have these years wrought! I am now within ten years of a Jubilee myself. Well, Mr. Spurgeon has asked me to speak on behalf of the ministers trained in the College. It is only right to say that I do not occupy this position on the ground of seniority, although I find that there are only three left; and

preaching in Great Britain who belonged to the College when I entered it. Dear Mr. Spurgeon, I am persuaded that I speak your feelings when I say that, in the long list of your enterprises, the College must stand in the very forefront; it is the first-born of your strength. I believe there are now 600 names appearing on the list of ministers. Fifty of them have heard the bugle-call bidding them "Come up higher," but the greater part still remain to witness to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. This evening I want to forget my individuality, while talking on behalf of the men of the College, not only in this country but in foreign parts, and I would think of names of beloved brethren on the Congo, and in China, Japan, India, Jamaica, and elsewhere, for this College has her sons all over the globe. Since 1865 I find that the College has been the means, under God, of adding to the church of Christ by baptism, profession, and restoration, 69,000 brethren and sisters who look upon you as a sort of ministerial grandfather; and if we, dear Sir, have ever been a blessing to you, it is because you have been first blessed to us, and I know that tens of thousands of souls run over with devout thankfulness to God for all the marvellous blessings vouchsafed to you. It is God we have to glorify for it, it is our risen Christ that we have to magnify. He has used us, and unto God be all the praise. When the Lord Jesus ascended up on high, taking "captivity captive," he received gifts for men, and among other gifts unto the church were good men, and our President is a sort of agent to pass on his gifts to the different churches. God thought it worth while to send an angel all the way down to Cornelius to tell him to send to Peter. I often wonder that while the angel was about it he did not give Cornelius himself the gospel, but he said, "Send for Peter, and he shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house may be saved." The risen Christ has been pleased to do the angel's work through our dear friend Mr. Spurgeon, and God only knows how many there are who have been brought to the Savior through our brethren. But there is one failure about the College — one thing that even our President has failed to do — he has never been able to put the stamp of his own genius on any of us: there is no need for me to argue that point — you will believe that at once. Most of us have to say what the Indian did, who, when he was asked where he had been, said, "Me preach." "What did they pay you?" was the next question, and he said, "Sometimes one shilling, sometimes two shillings." "Well, that is mighty poor pay." "Yes," said the Indian, "but it is mighty poor preach." Those of us studying in the College, and those who have come out, are willing enough to acknowledge our own shortcomings in this respect. With all your marvellous powers, Mr. Spurgeon, you have

not been able to put the stamp of your genius upon us, but I think there is one thing you have been the means of doing — you have stamped upon hundreds of us loyalty to the truth of God. If ever we were foolish enough to entertain a doubt, or a sceptical thought, one of your Conference addresses would suffice to knock it out of us. There are hundreds of us to whom you have made the Bible more real than ever it was before, and whilst we thank God for many things in connection with you, there are some of us who thank God most profoundly for the unswerving fidelity you have shown to the Word of God. Oh, it is grand, is it not friends? Years have passed by, but the truth that rang out so clear and loud in the Surrey Music Hall is just the same to-day; and I trust in some humble measure your sons in the College have learned that the grandest thing in all the world is to be faithful to God's Word. I can bear personal testimony that you have been the means under God of making many of us feel an intenser loyalty to Christ. Nobody can come into contact with our beloved President without feeling that Christ has come near to him, that he walks and talks with God, and that Jesus Christ is intensely real to him. And why should he not be so to us also? Mr. Spurgeon has given all in the College a passion for souls, and has made it their ambition to speak as Paul and Barnabas did, — "They so spake that many people believed." Above all things we desire that God will make us the means of winning many to the Savior. Last week I was in the infirmary of the workhouse, sitting by the side of a poor dying woman who had been brought to Christ through our mission work. Death was written on her brow, and she said, "I wish you would give us a look in on Sunday sometimes." I said, "Why? She said," "Because I should like you to give us a jolly good sermon." I said, "That is a queer expression, what do you mean by it?" She replied, "A jolly good sermon is one that is all about Jesus Christ — one that is full of him." Such sermons, none of us can doubt, are the best that have most of Jesus Christ in them, and under God you have done more than any other man to make us come to that conclusion. On behalf of every man connected with the College, believe me when I say that as a preacher we admire you, as a man of God we love you, and as our President we revere you. The entire College owes everything to you, and deeply and sincerely we thank God for the past, we congratulate you on to-night's meeting, and wish you many blessed returns of to-morrow. The address from the students in the College will now be presented.

Mr. H. H. DRIVER: Christian friends, to all that Mr. Brown has said about the College I would add my hearty “Amen,” and so say all of us, I believe. The address has been engrossed and beautified by Mr. Chambers, one of our students, and the son of one who was among the first to be educated at the College. At the foot of the address there is a miniature portrait of this glorious building, and underneath that is our President’s famous motto, “We preach Christ and him crucified.” Then comes the text put upon the Jubilee House, and under the initial letter there is a miniature drawing of the College. On the other side is shown the entrance to the Orphanage, and above that is the far-famed Sword and Trowel There is next a Bible grasped by a hand, and on the top the seven volumes of Mr. Spurgeon’s most famous work, “The Treasury of David.” There are also two Jubilee trumpets, round which are fastened ribbons with “Hallelujah” upon them.

The address is as follows : —

“TO MR. C. H. SPURGEON, PRESIDENT OR THE PASTORS’ COLLEGE.

“BELOVED SIR,

“We cannot allow the celebration of your Jubilee birthday to pass by without a hearty expression of our thankfulness and love to you. If all others were silent, yet our indebtedness to you is so great that we must speak out our gratitude on this joyful occasion. We are glad, however, to know that our voices do but blend in a world-wide chorus of congratulation which greets you to-day from numberless friends and admirers: and of all these we feel that we have the best reasons for joy. It is our privilege to belong to the institution which, of all you have founded, lies nearest to your heart; and which, more than all others, has aided the cause of truth and righteousness. Our College owes its existence, its influence, its success, under the good hand of God to you, Sir, and it must gladden your retrospect of half-a-century to remember that more than six hundred and fifty men have gone forth from it to wield the sword and ply the trowel in the service of the Lord. Some lead the van in ‘the sacramental host of God’s elect,’ and some are content to fill the lowliest stations, but in the truest and tenderest affections of all you are enshrined.

“We adore the God of all grace that you were ever given to this age as a Defender of the Faith, that the founding of a College so fraught with blessings to the world was entrusted to your care, and that it has been our

happy lot to come so directly under your influence. Mingled with our thanksgiving there arise from the depths of our hearts most fervent prayers for your continued health and prosperity. The Lord ever enrich you with the selectest bounties of his grace.

“Please accept our most sincere and heartfelt congratulations, and believe us to be, dear Sir,

“Yours ever gratefully,

“On behalf of the Students,

“HARRY H. DRIVER, Hon. Sec.”

The address is also signed by “The Apostles.”

C. H. SPURGEON: We always call the front benches in the College the apostolic benches, and twelve elected students are styled by their brethren “apostles,” and I only hope that they may be apostles indeed. Of all the works that have ever been done, there shall be none to redound more to the credit of their authors than education given to those who preach the gospel. I believe everything in this address has come from the heart. I will now call upon Mr. Pearce to speak for our Sunday School.

Mr. S. R. PEARCE: After the elaborate speeches we have listened to, I do not think any of you would care to have a long speech from me. However, I should like to say a word in reference to what we have done in the Sunday School towards celebrating the Jubilee. The boys and girls have taken the matter up very earnestly, and I need scarcely add that the teachers and officers of the school are glad to have an opportunity of doing something to show their love to our dear Pastor. As teachers, we are delighted to see you in such good health. We have not been unmindful of the attacks of illness with which you have been often visited, and many and many a time have the teachers joined in the earnest prayers offered up for your restoration. We desire to testify to you our gladness, not only because we personally love you, but because of the gospel that has been so faithfully preached in this place. It has been preached so plainly that the very children have understood and believed it, while we too, as teachers, are pleased to know that you have helped to build up in the faith many of our young people. Personally, I confess that the sermons our beloved Pastor has preached have helped me marvellously, and I believe they have helped others as well. His preaching is really going on from strength to

strength, and producing good effects. As a Sunday School we felt that we ought to do something practical in showing our regard for him, for the gospel is not to be followed in word only, but in deed also. Well, we set to work. Papers were prepared on which the scholars placed their names and the amount given, and I have pleasure to-night in handing to you, Mr. Spurgeon, this book. On the cover of it is this inscription, "Pastor's Jubilee Testimonial Fund, June 19th, 1884. The offering of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School to their Beloved Pastor, Charles Haddon Spurgeon." Just inside there is this short address : —

**“METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
PASTOR’S JUBILEE TESTIMONIAL**

“The Teachers and Scholars of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School have much pleasure in taking this opportunity, with other members of the church and congregation, of testifying their affection to their beloved Pastor. They desire: to add their congratulations on the prosperity and spiritual success which have ever attended his way. They desire to acknowledge the deep and eternal benefits they have enjoyed under his ministry, and they earnestly pray that the same mercy and grace of our Covenant God, and the same victorious faith and love, may be vouchsafed to him in the future as in the past.

“They beg his acceptance of the accompanying sum, in which the youngest scholar in the school has had a share, as a token of the place which he holds in the hearts of all in the Sunday School, and as an expression of every desire for his health and happiness in every relationship of his honored and useful life.

“Signed on behalf of Teachers, Parents, and Scholars,
“S. R. PEARCE, Superintendent.”

This book contains an alphabetical list of the names of the teachers and the amount placed against each scholar's name, and I am very happy to have the pleasure of handing it to you with a cheque amounting to £63.

C. H. SPURGEON: The Lord be thanked for the Sunday School and all that the Lord works in it. You, dear friends of the Sunday School, — God bless you, and anoint you with fresh oil! You could not have a better superintendent than Mr. Pearce. The first to meet me to-day were two or three children of some of our members with their mites. Numbers of

children have come to me with flowers, saying, "God bless you!" I prize these sweet salutations of the little ones. May God bless them all. Now we want to have quickly represented to us some of the work that has sprung out of this church. Our dear friend Mr. Orsman will speak to you about that, for he can say that he, too, grew up among us. You know how gloriously he has been serving God in Hoxton. He is the lord archbishop of the costermongers.

Mr. W. J. ORSMAN: My dear father — for you, Mr. Spurgeon, are my spiritual father as well as my Pastor; therefore I think I have a right thus to address you, — you do :me too great honor in asking me to speak to-night. When our good brother Moody spoke about meeting up there, it reminded me of some things that occurred years ago in Virginia. I had been preaching, somewhat excitedly, perhaps a little in the style of the Salvation Army. I told an anecdote of yours, and mentioned your name. An old negress in the congregation became interested, and afterwards said to me, "Do you know Massa Spurgeon?" "Yes," I said, "he is my father," at which she went down on her knees to me. I had to explain that I did not mean he was my father according to the flesh, but my spiritual father. Then the poor soul told me how she had read. his sermons, and how they had been blessed to her. When Mr. Lowell, the American minister, was present at the unveiling of Longfellow's bust at Westminster, he said that some men's names were like a master-key, and I speak the truth when I say that one of those names is Mr. Spurgeon's. I have been thinking, as an old member of the Tabernacle, of the faces I knew when at New Park Street Chapel I was brought to Christ, and as I stood at the gate looking at the passers in and out, there were but few I could recognize. On my return from the Crimea I was very indignant, as one who had been brought up in the Church of England, to hear of the large numbers that went to hear him. After the accident occurred at the Surrey Gardens I went myself to hear him, and that changed the whole tenour of my life. Instead of rowing on the river on Sundays, and spending my time in disregard of the Lord and of his day, I was started on the right track, and I thank God that through you, Sir, I have been the means of encouraging many young men not only to enter the ministry, but to preach the gospel of Christ as laymen. I was invited to enter the College, but, after all, I think I did right in refusing, and I now not only carry on my business, but do all I can to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. I think I am attached to one of the oldest missions in London, and nearly three hundred members are on the books. I think it is

twenty years since you, Sir, came down to Golden Lane to open the old Tabernacle, and to preach your famous sermon to costermongers. The Earl of Shaftesbury visited us afterwards, and since then he has been more or less connected with our fraternity. It is generally admitted that the donkeys in London, and indeed throughout the country, are in much better condition than they used to be, and I think we may fairly attribute it to Mr. Spurgeon, who is the friend of the donkeys. As to Mr. Spurgeon's personal influence, it is interwoven with most of our families. It will never be known in this world how much our family life has been influenced in various ways by Mr. Spurgeon's preaching of the gospel. In Rome they show you in one of the cathedrals a marble slab with the imprint of two human feet upon it — they are very large ones — which they say are those of Jesus Christ when he appeared to Peter and said, "I am going to Rome to be crucified," and Peter turned back and went to Rome. That is not the sort of thing we admire, but it reminds me of a certain temple in India. Men gave their substance to adorn it. One rich man gave as his contribution a thousand young trees, which people thought mean at the time. Those who gave their gold and their jewels are all now gone, and so is he who gave the saplings, but no one remembers the gift of the precious gems, while the trees now form the finest avenue to be seen anywhere in that part of India. Mr. Spurgeon has put in the living seeds, and not only has he seen the foliage but the fruit of his efforts, and in years to come hundreds of those who do not know the gospel shall know it, and their children also, through the teaching of our dear Pastor.

The Hymn, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," was then sung.

Rev. W. L. LANG, F.R.G.S.: Dear friends, — It is my duty to speak to you on behalf of the Baptist Ministers of France, and I will first read a translation of the address they have entrusted to me to present to your dear Pastor.

"TO PASTOR CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

"SIR, AND VERY HONORED BROTHER IN JESUS CHRIST: —

"The Members, Pastors, and Evangelists of the Baptist Church of Paris recognize it to be both a duty and privilege to tender to you their most sincere congratulations and best wishes, on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of your birth.

“We render thanks to God on your account for the lively interest which you have manifested on so many occasions in the labors of the Baptist Church in France in general, and in our own church in particular; for the great and distinguished services which, by Divine assistance, you have been able to render to the Baptist cause throughout the entire world; and above all for the incalculable blessings which, by the precious help of the Divine Spirit, have resulted from your earnest and multiplied labors.

“And we ask, at the same time, that He would continue and multiply to you His choicest blessings for many years to come, to the joy of those who love you, for the encouragement of individuals as well as the churches that venerate you, for the eternal good of many many souls, and for the glory of the Master.

“Be pleased, Sir, and honored brother, to receive these our best wishes and congratulations, and also to accept the two volumes which accompany this address, which we tender as a humble but sincere token of our respect for you.

In the name of the Church —

HENRI ANDRU, Pasteur.

ALEXANDRE DEZ, Pasteur.

PHILEMON VINCENT, Evangelist.

J. VIGNAL, Evangelist.

RUBEN SAILLENS (of the McAll Mission).

PARIS (48, rue die Lille), *June 18th, 1884.*”

There is a long list of names appended which I will not trouble you with reading, but I feel compelled to read one letter from Pastor J. B. Cretin, the oldest Baptist Minister in France, though it is a private one to your dear Pastor.

C. H. SPURGEON: That letter is exceedingly beautiful, and in the French language it is still more so. Our friend Mr. Lang’s translation is very good, but one never can convey in a second language all that there is in the original. This is a peculiarly sweet letter, which I shall always keep by me. You will understand, dear friends, that these things have come to me by no sort of solicitation; they are entirely unprompted, and therefore the more valuable. I thank God for them, and take courage. Among those who sent to the testimonial, I could not but notice the names of friends

with whom I have conversed at Mentone. In that town I have made some of the most valuable acquaintances I have ever had, and some of my most hearty helpers. I remember one dear friend staying there who attended my morning prayer; he was not very well, and after a while he went away; but he soon returned. I said to him, "Ah, you are back again, I see." He said, "I missed your little meetings, and I came back to enjoy them again." I was delighted to notice that he sent £25. It was like the usual liberality of friends who consorted with me at Mentone. And now we shall hear one of the best workers in the church, Mr. William Olney, Junr., though I could wish that we had been able to finish up with his father.

Mr. WM. OLNEY, Junr.: This is a night of great joy. It seems almost a pity that we should have to acknowledge that a single regret has entered into our hearts; yet one face has been absent this evening, and one voice has been missed. Both would have been very pleasant to us. Thank God, it is no tragic tale I have to tell. My father has gone on a long voyage with a cheerful heart; but I am sure of this, that one of the greatest regrets he had in leaving England was that he would miss the Jubilee meetings. No more earnest prayer is ascending at this time than his, that God will bless the Pastor, and give him still greater joy in this church in years to come. I do not know that I ever heard my father say that he esteemed Mr. Spurgeon, because I believe that word is ten degrees too cold for my father, but I have heard him say very many times that he loves the Pastor. I do not know that I ever heard him put an adjective before the name of our dear Pastor less warm than this — our "dear" Pastor. And somehow when my father uses the word it has a double meaning in it, for it comes from his heart as well as from his lips. I cannot represent my father, but I would say this in my father's name, because I know it is the feeling that is in his heart, "Dear Mr. Spurgeon, may God's blessing rest more increasingly upon you; may there be more and more of the Holy Spirit in your ministry, and may souls be brought to the Cross of Christ in still larger numbers." A gentleman shook hands with me this evening and said, "Good evening, Mr. Representative." I wondered for a moment what I represented, but I suppose he referred to Haddon Hall. Just now, however, I represent all the many missions in connection with this place. One of the chief reasons the workers in the missions have for loving the Pastor is that so many were brought to Jesus under his ministry. And is it not a fact, dear mission-workers, that whenever we want fresh encouragement in our work we do not so much turn to ourselves as to the words of our Pastor, to hear from

him God's blessing? It was said in the, time of Whitefield, "As surely as God is in Gloucestershire;" and if we want encouragement we say, "As surely as God is with the Pastor," and then we feel that God is also with us. When we remember how our Pastor has struggled against pain, and often served God in great weakness and weariness of body, we are encouraged to go on too, and if we do not ourselves, meet with immediate results, we do look to this church and see how steadily the number is increasing. Go on working and believing, and God will send his blessing. I am quite certain that, however devoted we are to the work of missions, it is impossible that. we should be kept away from the Tabernacle long. Our Pastor has a double influence. He has a repellent influence and an attractive influence. He first of all puts pins into the cushion and drives us away, and makes us feel we cannot stay in the congregation while souls are perishing outside, and then he so preaches Christ that we are compelled to come back even though the pins prick again. So we are continually kept going to and fro, first getting a sip from the brook, and then carrying the water to those perishing of thirst. It seems to me that we ought not to let the testimonial be confined to the Tabernacle; shall we not rather go out and live a testimonial of gratitude to our God? Oh, that we might this night devote ourselves to God with a holier enthusiasm, with a more entire, hearty, loving earnestness of soul than ever we have done before! Nothing will please the Pastor like that; yea, not all the gold and silver that could possibly be given him would so rejoice his heart as the knowledge that all the Sabbath School teachers, all the mission-workers, and all the tract-distributors from this place are filled with the Holy Ghost afresh, and are working for God with greater enthusiasm. I wish you likewise to remember the Pastors' College. Might not the testimonial be carried on in the weekly-offering box during the year? Some of you, perhaps, have made it a regular thing to help the Pastor in his much-loved work. Let those of us who attend the ministry here never go past those boxes, if God has only allowed us to partake of his favor in the week to the smallest extent, without giving a fresh expression of our gratitude to God for giving us our beloved Pastor. If only in our gifts and in our work we can do more for our God and try to do it better, then this Jubilee shall indeed be blessed, and there shall come upon this church more reason for gladness, because men and women are seeking to work with all their might for the Lord. I have thought what a pity it was Mr. Spurgeon could not have another fiftieth birthday in a little while. This Jubilee seems to stir us all up, — we all want to do more and give more. A man said to me, "I must go to the Jubilee

meeting, for Spurgeon will never be fifty years of age again;" and I thought, "No, but he may be a hundred." We will give him this promise — I know you will make it, and therefore I make it confidently in your name, — My dear Sir, if only you will live to one hundred we will give you a handsomer testimonial than you are to receive to-morrow night.

C. H. SPURGEON: In closing, let me say that I cannot promise you that. Will you join with me just a few minutes in a hearty, earnest prayer? and then we will go our way'.

O God, thou art infinitely good, a well that has overflowed for ever. Blessed be thy name. We have trusted in thee, and we are not confounded. Thy servants remember dark days, and times of need, and hours of great difficulty, when we had nothing to stay ourselves upon except our God, and we never were better stayed. Never were we happier, never was there an intenser joy in our spirit than when we felt we were out of our depth, and yet could not drown, but could safely swim. Lord, we thank thee for teaching us to trust thee, for causing us to cast ourselves upon the invisible God, to rest in him whose voice we cannot hear, whose person we cannot see, but who is nevertheless most certainly very near to his people. The Lord bless each speaker tonight. We would pray for each one individually, but thou knowest each one. The Lord bless every member of this church, and bless every person who has been here to-night. We would lift our hands to thee, O Lord, to-night, and dedicate ourselves to thee anew; for thee to live, for thee to die, if need be. Thine are we, thou Son of David, and oh, that we could follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and :find this our joy, to live *in* thee, to live *with* thee, to live *for* thee! Oh, send a blessing now upon every head! Reward these generous ones a thousand-fold, in their own persons, and in their children, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

ON

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 19TH.

The EARL of SHAFTESBURY, K.G., in the Chair

The meeting was commenced by prayer offered by Mr. Spurgeon.

Lists of the various Societies represented at the celebration, and of congratulatory addresses, letters, and telegrams which had been received, were read by Mr. Harrald, Mr. Spurgeon's Secretary.

The **Earl of SHAFTESBURY** then said: Many of you, perhaps all of you, will be surprised to see me here, but you will not be surprised when I explain the reason. This is the fiftieth birthday of our admirable, our invaluable friend, Charles Haddon Spurgeon. It is right, it is indispensable, it is necessary, that he should have the testimony of his congregation; and he has it. But it is also necessary, right, and equally indispensable that he should have the testimony of outsiders like myself, to show what we think of the man and what we think of his career as a devoted servant of our blessed Lord, and a conscientious and faithful laborer for the advancement of his kingdom.

If I had not been told that I must be very brief, I could not have failed to enter into one or two topics relating to his character and conduct. I will not touch upon his literary career, but I will begin by showing that he stands as a marvel before you. This day completes his fiftieth year, and thirty-one years out of his fifty have seen him in the ministry. He began his ministry at nineteen years of age, and you see him now as he began — the same true simple man that he was, not puffed up by success, but rather humbled by it, and animated to go on still more in the noble career that God in his

merciful providence marked out for him for the benefit of mankind. I cannot but call your attention to what we outsiders think, though your attention does not require to be so directed.

What a powerful administrative mind our friend possesses is shown by that list which has been read of the various societies and associations constructed by his genius and superintended by his care. These are more than enough to occupy the minds and hearts of some fifty ordinary men. Why, it seems to be the whole world in a nutshell! Mark what he has done by his missions and his schools and his various institutions. I will refer principally to that work in which he shines the brightest — the foundation and government of his College. My worthy friend has brought forward a large number of men to be useful in their generation by preaching the Word of God in all its simplicity and force — men adapted to all classes, but more especially to that large mass who need instruction in the elementary principles of Christian truth. No man has produced a greater body of disciples capable and willing to carry on that noble work. I speak from some experience. I have heard his preachers at different times in our special services at theatres. To preach for that large class of people, untaught before in the truths of the gospel, strangers to the first principles of religious life, requires no ordinary adaptation. One had need understand the human heart, and the besetting temptations of an enormous aggregate of our fellow-creatures. Your evangelists had an easy colloquial mode of addressing the people. They adopted the example of our Lord. They were picturesque in illustration and parable. That is the way to go to the hearts of the people. Stilted sentences, long periods, high sounding words, and labored efforts of intellect are foreign to the taste of those whom we aim to teach. They like a religion that goes straight to the heart. A cosy religion and a cosy form of worship suit them. They like prayer that touches their present case, and tells their pressing need. When their instinct feels that you have gripped their weakness on earth, they are ready to believe that you have linked them on to the Omnipotence in heaven. I remember when Mr. Spurgeon occupied Exeter Hall during the construction of this magnificent edifice. A nobler edifice I never saw. Filled as it is to-night, I confess that it completely overawes me. In his early days he adopted a mode of preaching which was, to my mind, most effective, most touching, and most instructive. It was that of taking a chapter of the Bible, and going through the paragraphs and verses in succession. When I heard him, I invariably said, “This is a man after one’s own heart; preach where he will he cannot

fail to touch the hearts, to arouse the intellects, and to stir to the depths the consciences of those that listen to his exhortations.”

In this long course of success, of gratified ambition, and homage of praise, our friend remains as simple as ever. I doubt not that, if any one says to him, when he descends from this pulpit, that he has preached a noble discourse, he replies with his lips, or reflects in his heart, with old Baxter, “The devil told me just as much.” There is the difference between a flash preacher and a true preacher; between those who tickle the ears, and those who contend for the faith; between those who keep together the congregations that come to be instructed and to be comforted with the words which the Holy Spirit dictates, and those who please the itching ears of indiscriminate masses who come in succession, but having been once entertained, feel no further interest in the matter. The great force of our friend consists in the doctrine that he has invariably preached. He has ever preached “Jesus Christ and him crucified” as the main-stay of his ministrations, the solution of life’s problem, the help of every one in this world, and the hope of every one for the life to come. This it is that has given him a deep, strong, and permanent force over his congregation. It; holds together such mighty masses as I now see before me. This it is which brings them now, with heartfelt reverence and deep gratitude, to give thanks to Almighty God that this good man has been allowed to live to the present day, and which leads them to express to him the gratitude and reverence that they bear to him for his long: and blessed services. I think that a great number of preachers in the present day, both in the Church of England and among the Nonconformist bodies, follow very much the habit of the chaplain mentioned by Pope. He said,

“He never mentions hell to ears polite.”

I would to God they would mention it a little more. They are very fond of talking of the love of our Lord, but they say very little of the issues that await the impenitent; and these are the persons to whom your efforts should be the most directed. When good Mr. Reeve, of Portman Chapel, was alive, I always “sat under his ministry,” as the phrase is. One day, as I was coming across the park after church, I met a friend of mine, who said, “Where have you been? :” I said, “As usual, to hear Mr. Reeve.” He said, “Oh, I hate that kind of fellow! He. is always telling you about your sins.” I heard a story a year or two ago about this very Tabernacle. The man who gave this history about himself said: “I and my wife were the most godless,

wicked, and wretched couple upon the face of the earth. We cared neither for God nor man. We never went to church or chapel. One evening we were passing by the Tabernacle, and my wife said to me, ‘ Let us go in.’ I said, ‘ I have no objection to hear the nonsense talked.’“ They came in. Our friend was in his best vein, and you know what his best vein is. He touched upon the most solemn and serious things. When the man and his wife went home, the man said, “Sukey, did you hear what the preacher said?” She said, “I did. He has told us that we should go to hell if we did not pray.” “Do you ever pray?” “No,” said his wife. “Nor I,” said the man; “and I do not know how to do it.” “Oh,” said the wife, “by the by, there is our little Mary upstairs; she goes to Sunday-school, she will know how to ;pray.” Up they went. They woke the little child, and they said to her, “Mary, you must pray for father and mother.” And the little girl did pray for them; and what do you think was the declaration of the man? “Why, sir,” said he, “from that hour I was a changed man, and I now go to places of worship with all my heart and soul.”

Talking of the men that have been raised up by our friend Spurgeon, I should be sorry to omit the founder of the Golden Lane Costermongers’ Mission, my friend, Mr. Orsman. The institution among the costermongers has civilized, and in some instances, I hope, Christianized the costermongers. I derive benefit from it, for I am a costermonger. I am proud to add that to my address. People sometimes write to me, “The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.” That means” Knight of the Garter,” and I always, when I write my name in full, add “and C.” That means “and costermonger.” The effect of the work among the costermongers has been to diffuse feelings of humanity towards the brute creation. The constant observation now is that the improvement in the condition of the donkeys is entirely due to my friend, Mr. Spurgeon.

Well, now, I think that I have talked nearly enough. I think of Mr. Spurgeon as a man. He is one of the most admirable, affable, amiable fellows I ever knew in the whole course of my life. I do not enlarge upon his merits as a pastor. You all know the love he exhibits to you, and you all know the affection that you bear in return to him. You love him not only for his private character, and his public achievements, but you love him personally for his good nature, for his genial humor, for his generous kindness, and for the free and easy manner in which he associates and identifies himself with you all. Whatever Mr. Spurgeon is in private he is in the pulpit, and what he is in the pulpit he is in private. He is one and the

same man in every aspect, and a kinder, better, honester, nobler man never existed on the face of the earth. This is his Jubilee. We cannot wish that he should live to see another Jubilee, but this we may wish and pray for, — that the rest of his life may be according to its beginning; that he may go on increasing in service, in depth of feeling, and in power of exhibiting it, in winning souls to the Lord, and in advancing the heavenly kingdom; and may the whole course of his life on earth illustrate those blessed words in the written Word of God, “The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Canon **WILBERFORCE**: My lord, ladies, and gentlemen, I have not the privilege of being able to write the cabalistic word “costermonger” after my name, but from my far lower position I still feel greatly privileged in being permitted to stand here and endorse every word that has been so nobly spoken by our chairman. He spoke about your dear Pastor being some time ago in his best days. He has exemplified tonight the fact that to a man whose heart is given to God, and who is looking to God to keep his faculties bright, all his days are his best days, and that as he gets older in years he only gets more powerful in the work of the Lord. I am thankful to be able to be here just for a few moments to witness to one principle which is exceedingly dear to my own heart, and that principle is real spiritual unity amongst those that are in Christ Jesus — consistent, if you please, with rather a wide divergence of method and of external practice. You cannot be nearer to God than in Christ, and if you are in Christ you are in one another; and if my dear brother here is in Christ, and if I am in Christ, we are one, whatever the differences may be. The days are coming when this true spirit of unity must be manifested more than ever it has been before. When Douglas Jerrold was told by somebody that he should endeavor to cultivate brotherly feeling, he said, “Why, we are all brothers — like Cain and Abel.” There is a great deal too much of the Cain and Abel brotherhood. “If a man love not his brother,” says the divine apostle, “he is a murderer” He has got the Cain spirit within him. As the power of the living Christ is poured out more and more, upon men’s hearts they are drawn together by love, and as they love the Lord, they love one another.

It would, be simply impertinent in me to stand here and say words of praise of such a man as your Pastor. We are not here to glorify him: we are here to glorify the living God who has made him what he is, and who has used him in such a wonderful manner to draw souls to himself during all these years. We thank God for the life that he has been enabled to lead, and if

you want a testimonial to his power and to his present position, — if you want something to justify that which, being a private letter, cannot be read, from one who fills perhaps the highest position in this country — if you want to justify that, I would say (if I may be excused for quoting the words in Latin), “*Si monumentum quoeris, circumspice.*” If you want a testimonial, look round at this Tabernacle. Just see these throbbing hearts pouring themselves out in love towards him, many of them full of gratitude for the spiritual blessings that they have received from God through his means. I suppose that there is hardly an individual man — I am not exaggerating when I say it — whose sphere of influence is so widely extended. Independently of the thousands that he speaks to here in this Tabernacle, there is, as we know, the weekly sermon, which is translated into about seven modern languages, and which goes all over the world to bring solace and comfort to the hearts of men; for he does preach the love of God: he does tell us that God’s heart is yearning over us, and that he would draw us to himself by the attractive power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And there is this special point connected with him. It was said once of one of the greatest preachers in this country that he lived so ill and preached so well that when he was in the pulpit people thought that it was a thousand pities that he should ever come out, and when once he was out of the pulpit they thought it a thousand pities that he should ever go in again. The exact converse has been the life of your dear Pastor. I have been privileged to know him in his private life. I have had. blessed and happy spiritual and social intercourse with him, and what he preaches he lives. There is a beautiful saying of Augustine, “*Cujus vita fulgor, ejus verba tonitrus fulmen Deo.*” “He whose life is lightning, his words are thunder for God;” and I believe that that has been the real power with him.

And there is another reason why my whole heart is poured out with thankfulness when I see such an audience as this. I look upon the work located here, and being carried on by God through your Pastor, as one of the greatest bulwarks of modern times against the spreading atheism which is coming into our country. I would like to say plainly and honestly that I do not believe that atheism will ever touch the true faith of the living God. On the contrary, with all its merciless iconoclasm of everything that sounds like sham, it will leave the true faith of the living Jesus even richer than it found it. But for all that, it will certainly have a terribly deleterious effect upon our national life. When I see a grand sister nation, with such capabilities and powers, registering amongst her twenty-nine millions of

inhabitants no less than seven and a half millions as belonging to no religious belief at all, and when I see the same spirit spreading in this country, I say that philanthropists, patriots, let alone religious men, are all interested in such an assembly as this, which shall be a bulwark against the spread of atheism. There is one man whose name in history is looked to as being that of the apostle of unbelief. Now I saw myself in a work of Voltaire that he deprecates intensely that a nation in which the word “liberty” was dear should be ruled by those who profess atheistic principles, simply because true liberty is impossible under the banner of atheism. Therefore, whether a man professes religion or not, if he cares for the progress of the nation in which he lives, and if the name of liberty is dear to him, let him be thankful for such a Jubilee as this, which manifests that there is an assembly here in London of beating hearts brought together, believing in Jesus Christ, outnumbering by their hundreds all the unbelieving assemblies of this metropolis. And why is this? The great statesman Mirabeau, years ago, was asked how he would spread liberty in a nation. He said, “I would begin with the infant in the cradle, and I would teach him to lisp the name of Washington.” That is very well in its way, but what does this Tabernacle mean? It means that we can go a rung or two higher on the golden ladder than that. There is here a preaching and teaching in the power of the Holy Ghost which sends back thousands of you to teach the infant in the cradle, and to let the first name that he lisps be the name of Jesus, God and man — the founder of all liberty, whether political, social, moral, or religious, for “where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.” Do not talk to me about liberty which is not spiritual liberty. If the Son of God shall make you free, then shall you be free indeed.

But there is one word that I ought to say to this splendid assembly which listens Sunday after Sunday to the most powerful preaching of the gospel probably in the whole of this country. There does rest upon you a tremendous responsibility. Woe unto you, Chorazin and Bethsaida! If the mighty preaching that has been given to you had been given to other places, would they not have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes? And to-day is the Jubilee of him whom you love. What is the meaning of Jubilee? Does it not mean the setting free of captives? Are there still any that are bound by the shackles of sin in this congregation? Would you make the preacher a birthday present? Would you give him joy and peace in his heart? Would you keep Jubilee as it ought to be kept? Now in the

name of Jesus, rise up and walk. Shake those shackles of sin from you. Be free upon this his Jubilee. May you be built up here more and more in our most holy faith. May the Holy Ghost bind you together like the mortar binds the stones of the wall. May the Lord spare your beloved Pastor to you many years, that he may have more souls for his hire, and, in the end, when the education of this life is over, may every single individual of this mighty mass meeting be over there in the blessed rest which the Lord has gone to prepare for them that love him. I ask it for you through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The **REV. J. W. TODD, D.D.**, who attended in company with a deputation from the London Baptist Association, and as the bearer of a congratulatory address from that body, was then introduced to the meeting.

The **REV. J.P. CHOWN**: You will forgive me, my lord, and dear Christian friends, if, at the request of Dr. Todd, I anticipate his presence for a moment. I do so simply to explain that when the matter of the Jubilee of our beloved and honored friend was spoken of, the committee of the London Baptist Association felt that it could not be permitted to pass without an utterance of fraternal esteem and affection for the Pastor of the Tabernacle. I may say, for the information of some who are not very intimately acquainted with the Association, that it comprises a membership of 153 churches, and a fellowship of 42,000 souls. We felt that the opportunity must not be permitted to pass without our saying as much as it was in our power to say, though we never could say a tithe of all we felt. Our honored President, Dr. Todd, will now represent the Association by presenting the address which has come from the committee, and has been signed by the brethren by whom the committee are represented.

The **REV. DR. TODD**: I am extremely obliged to my friend Mr. Chown for the loan of his voice to explain the position in which I stand. I have simply to present to Mr. Spurgeon the address prepared and signed for the committee of the London Baptist Association.

The address was read by the **REV. J.P. CHOWN**, as follows : —

“Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — By the unanimous and earnest request of the committee of the London Baptist Association, we desire to share the privilege of uniting with the thousands who are assembled to offer you their cordial congratulations, to rejoice with you on this Jubilee of your

birth, and to pray that your path may be' as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

"In discharging the very pleasant duty which has devolved upon us, we are happy to record the fact that to you, in great part, is traceable the origin, as well as much of the success, of that organisation which we are here to represent; for you were especially prominent in bringing it into existence, and its efficiency as an agency for extensive and lasting good to our London churches is largely attributable to your fidelity and fostering care.

"This, however, is only one of the many important works which you have achieved, and which come up for review as we call to remembrance the way by which the Lord has led you these fifty years. This vast building in which we are assembled, with its crowded congregation of enlightened believers, who mingle Christian work of a manifold sort with spiritual worship of an earnest order, must ever rank as a memorial of your devoted toil that has been so richly crowned with the Divine blessing. So likewise the Pastors' College, in which, as in 'the school of the prophets,' many hundreds have been trained and sent forth to preach 'the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.'

"Nor would we forget the Orphanage that you have founded and endowed, in which the fatherless of every section of the Savior's one Church find a home and an education adapted to nurture them for the Lord, and fit them for spheres of human usefulness as well as Divine service in the kingdom of Christ.

"In addition to these agencies which you have called into existence and still sustain in vigorous action, to overtake the wants of a guilty world, you have taken hold of that stupendous power — an unfettered press — and have laid that under tribute to make known the Gospel 'in the regions beyond.' Periodically, by the space of thirty years, you have poured forth a flood of Christian literature which has found its way into India, China, America, and other lands; and whilst the productions of your pen have penetrated into every social circle of Great Britain and her colonies, they have been translated into every language on the continent of Europe.

"When we, thus gather up the outline of your widespread influence, and reflect on the power which you exert for the defense and diffusion of the 'faith which was once delivered unto the saints,' and when we realize the fact that your position has been won without human patronage of any sort

whatever, in spite of not a little hostility and suffering, and maintained with an unclouded reputation, as well as with pre-eminent ‘simplicity and godly sincerity,’ we gratefully recognize and adore that grace which raised you up, and has rendered you all that you are to the church and the world. ‘We glorify God in you,’ and lovingly interblend our prayers with those of your own people, and un-numbered thousands besides; and we seek of ‘him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand,’ that he may still sustain you, long spare your valued life, yet more abundantly bless you in your manifold toil, and brighten with his own light the hours of a distant ‘eventide.’”

C. H. SPURGEON: I only rise to say two or three words. I thank these dear brethren very much. I take the deepest possible interest in the Association, and I hope that I always shall. I have not done for it more than I ought to have done, or a hundredth part as much as I wished to do. May these brethren, who have honored me by coming here to-night, receive in their own persons every blessing, and may all the churches of the Association, most of whom salute me one by one, receive the benediction of the Most High.

The **Earl of SHAFTESBURY** said that he thought that he must go home before the next speech. He was not as elastic as he used to be. He hoped that the meeting would not object to his withdrawing.

Mr. SPURGEON asked the assembly to give the Earl a hearty cheer for his life-work before he went. The request was very heartily responded to, and the chair was then taken by Mr. Spurgeon. Hymn No. 9, “When the mists have rolled away,” was sung by Pastor W. J. Meyers, of Bristol.

The **REV. O. P. GIFFORD**, of Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, U.S., in presenting an address from the Baptist Ministers of Boston and its vicinity, said: Friends in Christ, New England sends her greetings to Old England. The adjectives do but modify the nouns. The best blood in New England comes from the mother country. Our institutions are but an adaptation of your own. Your common law is our common law; and we have one common Christ. It is said that, in the States, a schoolboy was once asked, “Who is the Prime Minister of England?” and he replied, “Charles H. Spurgeon.” “A little child shall lead them” in speaking the truth. Your political Prime Ministers change ever and again. Thank God, your gospel Prime Minister has held on his way these many years! Our land is washed by the same sea as yours, domed by the same sky, lighted by the

same sun by day, and the same stars and moon by night; but deeper than the deepest ocean, higher than the highest sky, we are, both old and new held and kept between the protecting arms of a divine providence. With you we thank our common Christ for Charles H. Spurgeon. Years before I stood by the shore, I gathered the shells, and heard their home-sick song for their native sea; but never did I know the meaning of the majesty of the ocean till I listened to its own song of praise to God. For years, though I am a young man, I have pressed the sermon, and the lecture, and the Articles of Charles H. Spurgeon to my ears. Thank God, I stand by the sounding sea of the redeemed manhood's depths of Christian character to-night. I cannot tarry or detain you. I have simply to thank you for the kindly care you have had over our brother, and to bring you the greetings of New England. I pray God, with you, that he may double his years of service, and that his last years may be his best.

C. H. SPURGEON: Anything which binds our two countries into a yet closer union must be a blessing. We are truly one. I believe that we are one in the excellences of the race, and also one in its faults. I have two sham books in my library, which I sometimes show to friends. One is "Jonathan on Exaggeration," and the volume that stands side by side with it is "John Bull on Bragging." Both of us do a little of that. I have no doubt that New England learned it from Old England. I do thank a great number of American friends who have kindly written to me at this time, and a great many more who are always writing to me, telling me of their troubles and asking me for sympathy, telling me of their joys whenever they get any good from the sermons, and blessing God for it. I count myself right happy to-day to have so many letters from every part of the world, of some of which I confess I cannot read a word, but I know what they mean. As the Quakers sometimes "take the sense of the meeting" without formally putting the resolution, so have I taken the sense of Bohemian, Swedish, and Dutch letters which I have had to-day, which I am unable to read.

SIR WILLIAM MCARTHUR, M.P.: Ladies and Gentlemen, — There are some things we meet with in our lives which become impressed upon our memories so that it is impossible we can forget them. I think that one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever witnessed has transpired this evening. I shall never forget the reception Mr. Spurgeon met with when he made his appearance. The waving of handkerchiefs, the uplifted faces, and the expression of delight and affection manifested in every countenance, must have impressed every one as something that he had never witnessed

before, and perhaps will never witness again. Well, Sir, it was a very happy thought to celebrate your Jubilee in such a way as this. It is a delightful thought for you, Sir, to look back upon the time that you have spent in the work of the ministry, and to feel that every year has not only added to your influence for good, but has strengthened the bonds that unite you to your people, and that you are more beloved and honored now than you ever were before.

Sir, I can or but congratulate you from the very bottom of my heart. I trust that by God's help you will be long spared to be an honor to Christians in this country, and a blessing to this church. We have had several commemorations during the last year in London. There have been bi-centenary commemorations and ter-centenary commemorations. We have had a commemoration for Luther, and very properly so. We have had also one for Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation. We have had one for Tyndale, who gave us our glorious translation of the Bible. But, Sir, we are met to-night not to commemorate the history of one who has passed away, but to thank God that he has spared you to the church, and to thank and bless him for your usefulness in connection with the church. It is a remarkable fact that God, in his providence, raises up men in particular crises in the history of every country. He raised up Luther; he raised up Wycliffe; he raised up Wesley; he raised up Whitefield. Coming down to later times, the names of illustrious men survive in the affections of the people; and, Sir, I believe that at this particular time in the history of this country, God has raised you up to occupy a sphere of far-reaching influence.

*“Such men are raised to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to the land,
He speaks, and they appear. To Him they owe
Skill to direct, and power to strike the blow.”*

As a preacher of the gospel Sir, you belong to the church of Christ throughout the world. Certainly I claim you as one of my ministers. After breakfast on Sunday morning, I am accustomed to read the sermon which you delivered to your church the Sunday before. I have traveled over a great part of the world, and I have never gone to a place where I have not met with “Spurgeon's Sermons.” A short time ago, our American brethren, finding that they could manage to employ the telegraph on Sunday, had a reporter here sitting to listen to Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, and he reported it, and sent it over to New York, and on Monday morning that sermon was

on the breakfast-tables of no fewer than 500,000 people. When I was in Australia, I found that one gentleman there gave a thousand pounds a year in order to have your sermons put into one of the best papers in the colony, and circulated through the whole of that country.

I think that one great secret of your success in the ministry has been your humility. It is told of Augustine that when asked what was the first step towards heaven, he said, "Humility." And what was the next step, he said, "Humility. And what was the third? "Humility" It is no mean virtue for a man placed in your position to be always modest, and to be simple and unaffected, as you have ever manifested yourself to every one with whom you have come into contact. I believe that the truth is you have been humble before God, and you have attributed to him all the praise and glory. I once listened to Dr. John Hall, of New York, who read a very beautiful sermon, and I said to him afterwards, "I admire very much your ability, but I admire still more your simplicity." Your plain good old Anglo-Saxon has a special charm. As such, your sermons are a model of style. And now, on behalf of myself and a large number of friends, I rejoice to have the privilege of being here, sincerely and heartily to congratulate you that for such a length of time you have been enabled to discharge so onerous a ministry. May you be long spared to occupy this position, and to be still more useful to the church of Christ!

C. H. SPURGEON: I do not know how to receive these kind things that are said of me. I can truly say, however, that I do not feel in any particular danger of pride from what I have heard. I will tell you when I have been afraid of pride, that is, when I have been in the middle of a fight, and everybody has abused me, including some of whom I have felt that they were not worthy to be set among the dogs of the flock. I fear I have been proud then. But, when people are so kind I can only feel the great obligation laid upon me to live up to it. Here is a telegram from Canon Fleming: — "Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, accept my hearty congratulations on your Jubilee. I would say to you in the words of the Old Book, 'O king, live for ever.'" It shows great kindness on the part of these canons to speak in this way. As my brother says, they "go off" so gently. There are certain persons in their community who will feel aggrieved thereby, no doubt. I am very sorry that they should be aggrieved, and yet I feel some kind of pleasure in their infirmity being stirred up on this occasion, because I do really think that anything that brings true Christians together is an advantage all round. To-night; it is not only good for me to receive, the

affection of so many, but it is good for all to feel that you do love some servant of Christ. I am sure that your love to me is for Christ's sake. In your ministry of more than a cup of cold water to-night to one who comes to many of you as God's servant, you shall have your reward.

I must call upon our next-door neighbor, Mr. Newman Hall, to speak to you. I always feel under great obligations to him. Years ago, when we were cleaning up, and had not anywhere to go to on week-nights, we went to Surrey Chapel. Then afterwards we went to what is not nearly so well named a place, that is to say, Christ Church. I had no fault to find with the place, but "Surrey Chapel" is the best name, and ought, for fifty thousand reasons, to have been retained. But every father has a right to name his own child. I am glad to see my dear friend here.

The **REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.**: Although the pastor of a Christian church, I am very willing to go back to the Tabernacle wandering in the wilderness. But, first of all, I must discharge a duty imposed on me last night. I was preaching at the Independent Chapel at Loughborough, and as I came away, one of the deacons said, "Give our hearty congratulations to the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to-morrow night." It is very reasonable. Mr. Spurgeon belongs to the country as well as to the town, to Loughborough as well as to London, to Leicestershire as well as to Surrey, to all England and the world as well as to the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and so all England and the world rejoice in his Jubilee, and pray to God to spare him many many years for ever increasing usefulness. I owe it to my neighborhood of work during thirty years that I have had the great honor and privilege of taking part in this meeting; and that near neighborhood enables me to do so with special emphasis and heartiness. It is well when a man's reputation does not increase in a direct ratio with distance, but when the better he is known, the more he is respected and loved. Men of the world, who look upon the ministry as a profession, might think that near proximity would make us rivals rather than friends. If we were anxious to take precedence one of another, they would think that the big tree overshadows and injures the little shrubs; or, to change the figure, they would think that, in the presence of the burning and shining light, we must all "pale our ineffectual fires."

There are two answers to this idea. The one is given by our friend himself. He has never done anything to promote or invite envy. Other people may blow his trumpet, he never blows it himself. He has never been known to

say a word or do a thing which appeared like an endeavor to exalt himself or to depreciate any one else. He is known by his neighbors for his generous sympathy in all our sorrows and difficulties, and his ready help in everything in which he can render assistance. He enjoys, he admires, he appreciates, he fully honors whatever there is of good and of usefulness in his neighbors round about him; and thus he prevents the possibility of envy, and thus it is that his nearest neighbors are those who respect and love him most.

Another reply is given by the nature of the Christian ministry. It is not a secular profession. It is a divine vocation. We feel that we are all of us engaged in one work, and that we may all of us share the same honor. Of course it is impossible that we can have the same honor from men, because we have not the same gifts and the same visible usefulness; but the great honor of every servant of Christ in the ministry so-called, or out of it, is that we may have the approval of him who will say, "Well done," — not "good and talented" — "good and popular," — or "good and useful," but, "good and *faithful* servant." And therefore all of us, however inferior we may be in qualifications, less known, and less useful, may aspire to the very same honor; and, therefore, we do not grudge our brother any of the lustre that has gathered about his name. We belong to a fraternity, a commonwealth. We are all engaged in one work. If I am weaker, I rejoice that someone else is stronger. If I am not doing so much good as I should like, I rejoice that some one else is doing much more good. We all claim a partnership with one another, and we say, "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or Spurgeon, all are ours; and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Near neighbors know something of the works done in connection with the Tabernacle, and the necessities of such a district as this. This Tabernacle is not a mere theological lecture platform. It is a fountain from which streams of beneficence are ever flowing forth. Our friend would never be satisfied with crowds listening to his eloquent voice, if those crowds were not prompted to go away to do all the good they can, imitating his example, and blessing the neighborhood round about. We have heard of some of these works. That Orphanage, not confined to his own denomination, but open to all England; the Almshouses; the Colportage Society, not a commercial speculation but a great home-mission, the agents of which, about eighty in number, call at the houses, pray, speak, preach, and are all of them emissaries of the gospel of Jesus Christ; the Sunday School work;

the work of philanthropy amongst the poor and suffering; the College, that sends out so many earnest men, all of them preaching the same gospel of Jesus Christ, that all the world may be appealed to. No matter how much money is poured into the treasury, every one knows what is done with it. The accounts are audited. The accounts are published. The whole of the institutions belong not to Mr. Spurgeon, but to the public, to Christ, and to the poor. Therefore, every one may be called upon without any doubt or any difficulty to contribute. And large as are the institutions of this church, they may become indefinitely larger. They are worked by willing hands and by unpaid agents in proportion as the money may come in for the performance of this ever-extending and most blessed work. It is all for Christ. The great aim of every part of this wonderful institution is to make known Christ, and to win souls for him.

There are other subjects on which our friend is supposed to have thought. Rumours reach us sometimes that, on the whole, he would not prefer the Episcopal form of church government. Whether it is so or not, we cannot say on this occasion. It is whispered that he does not approve of liturgical forms, except in the form of rhythmic hymns sung to beautiful tunes. Then there is no objection. It is said that he has views about church establishments, that he goes so far that he does not intend to petition the Government to establish his denomination. About his particular denomination there is a good deal of ignorance. Three days ago I was asked by an eminent artist what denomination Mr. Spurgeon belonged to. When I told him that he was a Baptist, it seemed quite news to him. And this is the glory of our friend. He has intelligently thought of these subjects, he has a conscientious conviction about them. On proper occasions he can zealously advocate his views, but they are all so subordinate to the great subject of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that we come together, Churchmen and Nonconformists, establishmentarians and voluntaries, Tories and Radicals, Christ Church and Tabernacle, and, forgetting all these differences, rejoice together in the common salvation of which our friend is so earnest and successful an advocate.

But the great work is preaching;. This congregation is unique — so many thousands gathered together in the same building during so many years to listen to the same voice. It is unparalleled in the history of the Christian church. How is it accounted for? Some will say that our friend is ever so fresh. Quite true. Some will say that his style is so marvellous; it delights the most cultured; it is understood by the most unlettered. Some may say

that it is wit. I wish I had a little touch of it; but he never in his life tried in the pulpit to be witty. It came; it was natural, not artificial. It grew out of the subject. It illustrated the subject as the silver foam upon the ocean wave, adorning it, a part of it, not delaying it; the great wave of argument and persuasion rolling on unconscious of the foaming flakes which are melting away in the distance behind; or, rather, it is like the flower of the blossom on a beautiful tree, not a vulgar gewgaw fastened on from the outside, but growing out of the very vital sap of the tree, and helping to produce the solid fruit which is permanent. One great feature of his preaching is that he forgets himself and makes us forget him. I am not praising Mr. Spurgeon. I am only setting forth a few principles which may be of use to students. I have no desire to praise my brother here. I thank God for him. But some of these principles may be of use to younger preachers. I have sat in that gallery. I have come to hear Charles Spurgeon, and I have forgotten all about Charles Spurgeon and the Tabernacle, and I have gone away wondering where I was, but feeling that I was in heavenly places. The last time that I heard Mr. Spurgeon was at Exeter Hall. I stood all the time to "hear Spurgeon." I soon forgot all about Spurgeon, all about standing, and all about Exeter Hall. I was up in the third heaven, and I came away thanking God for a preacher who made me forget the preacher and think only of the Master. The worst compliment you can pay a sermon is when you go away and say, "What a clever sermon! What a talented, man! What eloquence we have listened to!" The best proof of preaching is when you go away and say, "What a sinner I am! What a Christ I have got, and how I have treated him!" It is said of one of the rivals of Demosthenes that the people went away after having listened to him and said, "What a fine orator!" but it is said that when they heard Demosthenes they went away and said, "Let us go and fight Philip." And so, when the people hear our friend, they go away and say, as he did in a letter he wrote to his uncle when he was fourteen, "Let us go up like lions, and in the name of Jesus fight against everything." What would be thought about the eloquence of a barrister pleading with a jury, if the jury were to put their heads together and say, "What a fine fellow! How witty he was! What jolly stories he told us!" But if they did not give him the verdict? How much better if they thought nothing at all about the speech, but said, "Certainly we must give him the verdict." And so, when our friend preaches, the hearers are inclined to give their verdict to Jesus, — not to say, "We find no fault with the preacher," but, "We find no fault in the Savior, and whatever others say, we decide for him." Popularity is a good thing when it brings people to

hear the gospel, but our friend does not feel that in order to maintain his popularity it is necessary that he should be always indulging in novelties, and finding out fresh theology. One glory of this pulpit is that he holds to the old truths. I think, Sir, that you still believe that the Bible is an inspired book, and of divine authority. I think, Sir, that you still believe that the narratives of Moses and the Old Testament are facts, and not fiction. I do not think, Sir, that you are one of those that are getting rid of the supernatural element, and the record of signs and wonders from the Bible. It is Jesus Christ you preach. You are not one of those that explain away the atonement, and say that it means nothing but moral influence, — just the same influence which we may have upon one another, only in a higher degree. You are not one of those who represent that to speak about salvation by the blood of the Lamb is not consistent with modern culture, and that these things must now be put on one side. There is, alas, a great tendency to evade the great central doctrine maintained by the Church of England in its beautiful sacramental service, in which it says that Christ “offered upon the cross a full and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.” It is wonderful that any who use those words do not preach the plain meaning of those words. Our friend has proved the truth, “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me;” and whatever may be the subordinate attractions of his ministry, Christ is the great attraction. It is the cross that draws you together. Mr. Spurgeon might have, all his oratorical power, but if he were to cease to preach Christ Jesus and him crucified, he would soon begin to see empty seats instead of a crowded assembly. He is always saying to the sinner, “Look, look, look.” He tells us that when he was young he went in great anxiety into a Primitive Methodist chapel, and the preacher looked at him and said, “You are unhappy, young man. Look, look!” and then he felt, “Ah, that is what I have got to do! I have just to look.” And then he records that he considered that no one preached a sermon satisfactorily if in the course of it he did not direct some poor sinner to the Savior. Alas, many sermons are preached without a word to the unconverted. It is never so here. (A voice: “Never.”) Thanks to God for a preacher who addresses six thousand Sunday by Sunday, and always remembers that there may be some there who may never hear another sermon, — some there who have not yet found the Lord Jesus Christ. He is not too refined to leave out of sight the atoning sacrifice. He says, “We preach Christ and him crucified. We are not ashamed of the gospel. It is the power of God unto salvation.” He is not ashamed to declare that Christ “bare our sins in his own body on the

tree.” He is not ashamed of the declaration, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” He is not ashamed of the anthem which saints above are not ashamed of — “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory, and dominion, and praise.” And because we who are assembled here love that gospel above all other loves, and that great truth above all other truths, therefore we combine in rejoicing at his Jubilee, and pray for his continued life, inasmuch as he and we still say,.

*“Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I’d cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given,
On which I place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the Corner-stone.”*

C.H. SPURGEON: My dear friends, it is among my happiest memories that I came to London early enough to know Mr. Hall’s father, the author of “The Sinner’s Friend,” and I have gone home made happy by the squeeze of the hand which the old gentleman used to give to me. You know he was fond of good strong doctrine. He loved to get a bit of the meat that is savoury to the taste of a mature believer, and as we agreed therein he would say some very sweet things to me whenever I met him. I claim a share in the reverence which Mr. Hall renders to his father. I honor his name.

With regard to that matter of people not knowing what I am, some very funny things happen through my being a Baptist. When our boys were lately singing, one of the bills of the Orphanage was stuck upon a wall. A friend standing near heard the following little dialogue: — A very fine and aristocratic old lady condescends to read the bill, and she is attended by a very nice young lady, who stands and reads it too. The old lady remarks — I mean *older* lady, of course — “Who do these children belong to?” “Oh, they belong to Mr. Spurgeon’s Orphanage.” “And what denomination does he belong to?” “Well, I think I have heard that he is a Baptist.” *Old lady:* — “And who are the Baptists?” *Young lady:* — “I do not know, but some of their clergy stand very high.” Explanation given by myself — that she was alluding to Dr. Todd, and Mr. Chown, and Mr. Wigner. And as for me, I also stand very high when I go up to the top gallery. Well, we shall make people know one of these days who the Baptists are, depend upon that; and then there will come a day when they will not wonder what we

were, for then the world will never believe that any persons who believed in the New Testament could come to any other conclusion but that believers should be baptized.

PASTOR W. WILLIAMS, minister of Upton Chapel, Lambeth, formerly a student of the Pastors' College, then addressed the meeting. He said:— Beloved President and Christain friends, in his account of the Jewish Jubilee, Dr. Eadie says, that one remarkable feature of it was that, as far as possible, individuals, families, and communities were restored to the same position they had held fifty years before. I am sure that no man in his senses would wish this to be done with the community of the church of Christ, for, with all her faults, she is to-day far in advance of what she was fifty years ago — more aggressive, more generous, and more united; and it is simply stating a palpable fact when we say that, so far as human instrumentality and individual influence have been concerned, this is owing to Mr. Spurgeon more than to any other individual man. This remarkable feat cannot be accomplished with regard to Mr. Spurgeon's family; for though, perhaps, fifty years ago it may have been to a large extent unhonored and unknown, it has since received a patent of nobility which has made its name a household word, and necessitated chroniclers of modern ecclesiastical history to hunt up its lineage till they have found that it is lost amid the sturdy Protestants of Holland. And I am sure that no one, except it be his satanic majesty, would wish that remarkable feat to which Dr. Eadie alludes to be accomplished with regard to Mr. Spurgeon himself. Let him sing as persuasively as he can preach, "Make me a child again, just for to-night," it cannot be done. He is here, and yet I think that all his marvellous growth since first he looked and lived has been a growth toward the cradle. He is every inch a man, but every inch a child — such a child as our Savior speaks of, over whom the great Father spreads his protecting wings, whom he presses to his embrace, and to whom he reveals the secret counsels of his will. We behold our President and Pastor to-night a giant man, and yet a little child. What if I say a phenomenon of nature — a very prodigy of grace?

I am here this evening in a. threefold capacity, — as an old student, as a neighboring minister, and, I think I may add without presumption, as a personal friend. I speak as an old College man, and in doing so I do but represent six hundred men with single aim, and hearts that beat as one. Sweep a circle of seven feet round the cross, and within that sacred enclosure most if not all of the six hundred men who have gone forth from

the College are, and the President in the midst of them. We are determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. We can say of our beloved friend and Pastor, as David's servants said to David, "Thine, we are, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse. Peace, peace be unto thee and unto thy helpers, for thy God helpeth thee." Every day I feel more thankful that it has been my privilege to be associated with the Pastors' College; and ten years in the ministry but deepen my gratitude for the doctrines concerning which I received instruction there, and my determination more than ever to preach them. I think that we may refer without any hesitancy to a large extent the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success to the fact that he has imbibed and taught the verities of God, and not the speculations of men; and I feel confident that if we would know success we must preach the same gospel; and we are determined to preach it. I feel more thankful to-day than ever I did that I was taught the doctrines of the grace of God in the College; and as God shall help us — and I speak, too, on behalf of hundreds of others — we mean to preach them more determinedly and more fearlessly than ever. Ten years ago it was said that there was a vessel wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, but in the providence of God all were saved, and they were landed at a small village. There was a Clergyman of the Church of England who was anxious to improve the occasion, and get capital out of it for his Master. So he invited all who had been saved to come to his church on the following Sabbath for a thanksgiving service. They all came, and he preached pointedly the gospel to them, and in his sermon he depicted a man struggling in the water. "When a plank came near to him, how eagerly he would seize it" said the good man, "and how firmly he would grip it. Such a plank is the gospel. Get on it, for it will bear." He heard nothing of the sermon until fourteen years after, when he was sent for to visit a dying sailor. Upon asking the man about his soul, he found that he could scarcely speak, but he looked up into the clergyman's eyes and said, "The plank bears, Sir. The plank bears." Oh, brethren, after having preached for ten or twelve years the gospel that we were taught in College, we can say without any hesitancy, "The plank bears." In my short ministry I have seen it float scores and hundreds of sinners into the harbour of peace; I have seen it carry scores of saints into the still waters of an eternal calm. While we live we will preach the gospel that we received years ago, and believe that by its power our usefulness can be extended more and more.

I speak also as a neighboring minister. Some one said to me, when I had an invitation to come to London seven years ago, "Do not go there, because you will be overshadowed by Mr. Spurgeon." Well, they considered that would be a calamity; but it struck me that it would be a blessing. In his shadow for these seven years have I rejoiced; and, if anybody would do me a great kindness, let him, if he can, find another Mr. Spurgeon, and put him the other side of me, and my joy would be still greater. I am sure that Mr. Spurgeon has no idea of the influence he exerts upon the churches in this neighborhood. I believe that I have been stimulated myself, and my own people have been stimulated in many ways by his example and by his influence. And then, many of the good things that he says, the ministers who hear him and read his sermons preach afterwards themselves. I was at a great meeting the other day, sitting on the platform, and as rather a smart thing was said by one of the speakers, a gentleman next to me, whom I did not know, said, "' That's Spurgeon." When we have said a particularly good thing, if our people were as wise as that man, they might often say, "That's Spurgeon." And I am sure that the churches in this neighborhood have been blessed beyond what they wot of through the influence he exerts. I thank God.that it is my privilege to be associated with him so closely in Christian work.

Now I must not say much about personal friendship. Perhaps it would be out of place; still it has been my privilege to have sweet and real fellowship with him in private, for which I am deeply grateful. Some men of genius preserve a rigid isolation, but it is not so with Mr. Spurgeon. He is eminently sociable, and many far inferior in gifts and position have claimed friendship here, and had the claim allowed. Of this friendship it is my joy to participate now, and I trust it antedates a glad eternity, and is a heaven in epitome.

The **REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.**, Chairman of the Congregational Union, was the next speaker. He said : — A change has taken place somewhere. As a friend of mine was coming out of a chapel in Huddersfield thirty years ago, a distinguished layman followed him and said, after Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, "I hope you do not consider this young man a fair specimen of our Baptist ministry. I should be ashamed of our young ministers if he represented them." A change has taken place somewhere. We have heard to-night that Mr. Spurgeon has not changed. I infer, therefore, that the change has taken place on the other side. I opened a book not long ago in which there was a preface written by a friendly hand

to some very brilliant sermons preached by a Clergyman of the Church of England. In the course of that preface a letter is cited, and in that letter I read, "Even Mr. Spurgeon with his vulgar slang." A change must have taken place somewhere. We have heard to-night that for one generation Mr. Spurgeon has continued the same, so I infer that the change has taken place in the opinion of those who criticised him in a hostile spirit. A minister of considerable reputation said, some time ago, "Spurgeon has gone up like a rocket, and will come down like a stick." However, he has not come down at all yet. That minister may be perfectly correct for anything we know to the contrary, but, as the descent has not been accomplished, we cannot absolutely test his prophecy. The last time I saw Mr. Spurgeon he was upon two sticks. Probably they were those upon which two of his critics may have come down, and he condescendingly picked them up and used them. But what a wonderful change! It is sown in contemptible slang: it is raised again in magnificent English. He was sown a man who was worthy only of ridicule, and now, behold, he has awoken in the glories of a newspaper article. There is yet hope for the very worst of us. What know we but that some poor, dying, pulpit ape may awake in the paradise of a newspaper eulogium? Let us stick to our work. Hold on to it; persevere; stand in the same footprints; and if we do our duty to the best of our ability we shall not go even without human recognition. I am pleased to say that my esteem of Mr. Spurgeon has always allowed me to entertain an excellent opinion of other kinds of preachers. I have never found it necessary, in order to offer a sacrifice at his altar, to pull any other body's altar down. I believe in gospel preaching, simple, true, and real, of every kind. I believe that God is not confined to one chariot. His chariots are twenty thousand. God may choose whom he will, and may work as he pleases; and do not let us look at the mere instrument, but wonder and adore as we bring before our imagination the infinite vastness of the resources of him who, though the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, makes his own rule of hospitality in fixing his abode in the broken and humble heart. The great lesson of Mr. Spurgeon's career seems to me to be that there is still room for preachers. We are told that the market is very much crowded. It may be so. I believe that it is so in some respects; but if another Spurgeon were to arise he would create a space for himself. He would establish himself in the confidence and in the affections of the people. He would first have to go through an evolutionary process, as Mr. Spurgeon has done. He would have to submit to the law of development, even though he might sometimes find a little critical fault with it. A greater

Baptist than Mr. Spurgeon had to pass through it. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" A nine days' wonder? A flash in the pan? A little momentary flutter, after which all is forgotten again? That is the first step in the process. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?" — seeking himself, feathering his own nest, promoting his own interests, making a good thing out of it — and other vulgarisms too detestable to be quoted? That is the second step in the process. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A prophet?" That is the last step. Evolution has completed itself. The man who was abused thirty years ago is praised to-night for his pure Saxon; and the slang of a generation since is forgotten in the magnificence of his unchanged English. There is always room for preachers of all kinds who are true, who have the music of the kingdom of heaven in them — men who have touched by sympathetic faith the immortal cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their voice is known. A response is not wanting to their persuasions and appeals. It is very easy to forget the man who mumbles in the pulpit something which he never got out of his own mind. It is very easy to forget the preacher who uses polysyllables which can only be explained by foot-notes. It is very difficult for the man to make his way in a common-sense world who delivers those charming compositions, so finished and so perfectly beautiful, so delightful to listen to and so easy to forget. It may be difficult for this man to make a way in the world; but the true preacher, be he what he may as to mere denominationalism, is not the creature of men; and, as the creation of the divine sovereignty, he could never be put down. The second lesson that I have drawn from Mr. Spurgeon's great career is that there is still room for the gospel. The people like it: the people know it. I am sure that I would rather trust the common people to settle this question than a committee of technicalists and experts. The people know what life is. They know its battles and its sorrows, its deep, dark valleys, its days of cloud, its nights of fear, its bitterness, its burdens, its sore tragedies. And they know what balm can soothe them, — what can give them heart again, and what can rekindle their expired hope. "*Vox populi vox Dei*" in this matter. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." I wish along with all my other brethren to live and to work with Mr. Spurgeon in terms of mutual confidence and brotherly affection; and I wish that we may be one in every high aspiration — one in every gracious prayer. I want the hostile world to see no break nor flaw between us. I am speaking now of the whole denominationalism of the evangelical

churches; and I believe that, when that union and solidarity are really effected, they will constitute an argument which the most hostile critics of Christianity will find it impossible to answer.

C. H. SPURGEON: I asked Dr. Parker to come, and he very kindly consented. I did so for two reasons. The first was because of his official position as the Chairman of the Congregational Union, in which I desire for him every blessing. The other reason was my own personal esteem for himself. Whether he was a Chairman or not a Chairman did not matter much. He is himself, and he has spoken to us in such a way as we shall never forget.

Now we are to come to the other part of the meeting, which will interest you, I have not the slightest doubt, as much as an eloquent speech could do. Permit me to say that there are many brethren here whose voices I should have greatly liked to hear, and so would you; but we did not bring our nightcaps with us, and the London streets are not proper places for most people very late. I wish they were. I cannot make out why there cannot be some form of law and order that would make it safe for a Christian woman to go home from the Tabernacle of a night. I have it in my heart to propose to you one of these days that, if we cannot be protected by the police, we should tramp the streets ourselves and protect ourselves, for things in the London streets are getting so detestable that I can hardly conceive that Sodom at night was half so bad as this city has now become. I want to speak very plainly, so that it may get to the ears of those who ought to hear it. It is time that we could go between this place of worship, or any other place of worship, and our homes, without having the most abominable vice intruded upon us — ay, fifty times within a hundred yards, as it is in this neighborhood. It is one of our great sorrows. We cannot forget it.

Most of you have not heard the address which has been prepared by the church to be delivered to me before the presentation of the testimonial. Now, my dear Mr. Carr, you are one of those old friends who have been with me from the beginning. I cannot help looking with special love upon you and other veterans. Had Mr. William Olney been here, Mr. Carr would have read this address, for he is our historian, but we should before this have heard Mr. William Olney's warm, enthusiastic greeting. Not because other deacons are not as old and just as loving, but because it has been the habit of most of us to let our dear friend Mr. William go first. We cannot

help bringing in his name to-night, though he is far away. Just put your hands to your eyes one minute, and telegraph a blessing to him now. [*A short space of time was passed in silent prayer.*] My prayer ended thus — “and bring him back again.”

The address from the church, which was read at the meeting on the previous evening, was again read by Mr. B. W. Carr.

A portion of the Jubilee Hymn, composed by Mr. Vernon J. Charlesworth, Head-Master of the Stockwell Orphanage, was then sung.

C. H. SPURGEON: Before we come to the closing part of this meeting, I want to thank a great many people who have joined in the celebration of these two days. I do not mean, just for the moment, those who have given money, but I mean those who have helped to make the days go so well. Chiefly, and first of all, there is Mr. Murrell, who has managed the great task of getting us into our places, and making us as comfortable as we could be in such a crowd. And then the ladies of the Flower Mission decorated my rooms in such a way that I felt as if I was a frog coolly hiding my ordinary self underneath all those fair flowers and leaves, and I hardly wanted to hop out, I felt so comfortable in the midst of it all. Everybody else seemed to do something or other in kindness. Those friends of the Clapham Male Choir must needs come last evening and to-night and sing, for which I feel very grateful to them. Mr. Charlesworth set to work to write a hymn. Everybody has done something or other. My dear friend Mr. Chown came on purpose to utter his great heart, but I want to get through and let you all go; and I know that he is a man who will not be offended by my not asking him to speak.

Mr. T. H. OLNEY: My dear Pastor, and Christian Friends, I suppose that every one whom I see in front of me has contributed to the Spurgeon Jubilee Fund. We, as treasurers, have now the pleasing duty to perform to report to you the progress of this fund, and the large amount to which your kind liberality has raised it. The amount of the fund at present is over £4,500. I think this sum has proceeded from all classes and conditions of men. I know that a great portion of it has been raised in the Sunday Schools, and the superintendent told us that many of the children had brought in farthings. I know also that there are the pennies of the working-men; and I also have the pleasure of knowing that there are the hundred pounds of the merchant princes. It is a great pleasure to know that our dear

Pastor is appreciated, esteemed, and loved by so many classes of society. Both I and Mr. Murrell have not only reason to esteem him, but we have reason to love him; and I can assure you that the more any of you know of him the better you will love him.

I can say what perhaps not more than a dozen people in this place can say, that I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach the first sermon he ever preached in London. I have always considered that the text which he then chose had a prophecy in it. It was this, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of a turning." With respect to the first part of that verse, it has turned out true. Our dear Pastor has, indeed, been a good gift, a most precious gift, and I can almost say a perfect gift to us as a church; and in addition to that, I can say that our heavenly Father has been the same to us all through, without the shadow of a turning. And I know that our dear Pastor will bear me out when I say that God has smiled on all his enterprises. *Spurgeon* and *Success* both begin with an S, and they are very near neighbors, and always have been since he has been in London.

I have the pleasure of handing a cheque for £4,500 in your name to our dear Pastor. The sum is a large one, but I scarcely think that it is adequate to show the love and esteem that we all have for him. It is a happy thought to think that we are not pensioning off the old gentleman. We are not giving twopence to the old clarionet player to go into the next street, but at the same time that we present him with this token of our love, we can congratulate him on the full powers which he still possesses to charm our ears, and to instruct and move our hearts. And I know that, in handing this amount over to him, I shall not be wrong in saying that it is the unanimous opinion of this meeting that he is worthy of this testimonial.

Mr. W. C. MURRELL: My dear friends, — it is to me a great pleasure and a peculiar privilege to be connected with this testimonial. I have been identified with it from the first, and I am not tired of it yet. We give this £4,500 on account. I happen to know that our dear Pastor has a great many calls on his private purse. It will be very handy for him to have this on account, to liquidate some of these calls. I happen to know that it is the opinion of every one, without exception, that this money should be given to him entirely free from any condition, and remain absolutely at his own disposal. I mention this because our dear Pastor is so very tender upon that point. He thinks that it ought to be for some of the Lord's work. Well, if he

thinks so, I am sure that he will do it, but I want him to have it; and lots of friends — I may say hundreds — have thus expressed themselves to me, “If I did not know that Mr. Spurgeon was going to have this money given to himself unreservedly, I would not subscribe a penny.” I say this thus emphatically that you may all give your right hearty “Amen” to the resolution that he should have this money to do as he pleases. We have no right to it. We hand it over to him. It is his money. It is not ours. We have no feeling whatever other than you all have, that he should accept it as an expression of our personal regard. It might be thought that we might have the laying out of part of it, but I would not lay out the smallest fraction of it. Let me take this opportunity of saying that I desire to offer my very hearty thanks to those friends who helped me at the very beginning of this testimonial. To all others, from the smallest to the largest contributors, I am deeply obliged; but those that helped me from the first, at a drawing-room meeting in my own house, I seem to love with a very tender affection. They were special friends that came to the rescue when it was needful. We started the thing ably, amicably, and admirably, and that helped and encouraged other friends to give in the kind and generous manner which they have done. I am sure, dear friends, I thank you each individually from my very heart for help in this good cause.

Our dear Pastor has had very much abler tongues than mine to salute him with congratulations. Little has perhaps been left unsaid. But we do seem in a measure to have forgotten Mrs. Spurgeon. I am sure that many of us have had an opportunity of seeing the great help that she has been to Mr. Spurgeon in so many ways, that I think that we cannot fail to be thankful to see her here on this second occasion to-night. It is an old saying, that a man is only half a man without his wife. I am quite sure that he would not be so good a man as he is if it were not for Mrs. Spurgeon. One instance has fallen under my notice that may not be generally known. I hope I am not betraying a home secret in referring to it. When our dear Pastor has his eyes weary with reading and writing in that busy study of his, his good help-meet reads to him hour by hour, much to his refreshment. It is a joy to her and a succor to him.

As I mostly speak on the weekly offerings when I am here, I have all my work to do not to get on that theme now. I should have liked to see the five thousand pounds made up to-night. There is one thing I can say — that Mr. Spurgeon will lay this money out well. He needs it, and wants it; and he has got so many ways for it that everything that you give will be a

great blessing. I mention that because so many friends say, "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon does not want money!" That is the very thing that he does want. A great many friends said, "Oh, well, let us give him some costly present!" Nay, nay! Let us give him the money, dear friends, and then he can buy whatever he likes. I would just tell you, dear friends, that this fund will not be closed to-night. It will not be closed whilst any money comes in for it. I fear that I have had the best part of my speech knocked out of me; I meant to say this at the first. A great many friends said, "I hope I am in time before the fund is closed." I only want to say for Mr. Olney and myself that this fund will be kept open as long as any friend will send any subscription to it.

MR. SPURGEON, on. rising to reply, was received with three hearty cheers. He said: My dear friends, am I really expected to make a speech after this display of your loving-kindness? It is not merely the waving of handkerchiefs, and the crying of "hurrah;" it is what I have been hearing the last two days. It has been enough to melt a heart of stone. I am sure that the affectionate words to which I have listened have sunk into my heart. I can take a very great deal of encouragement without being lifted up even to the ordinary level, and all I have received will operate upon me more afterwards than just now. But I am sure that the kindly pressure of the hand, and the way in which one after another has told me that I led them to the Savior, or that I comforted them in the time of trouble, has been a very great comfort to me. To God be all the honor; to me it is an overwhelming honor to be his servant. Had there been no money whatever accompanying this celebration, I should have been as well pleased as I am now; for I never proposed a gift, and I never thought of it. I did propose that there should be some money gathered on account of the building of the house at the back, which is for the use of this church. I thought that a very good and proper object. You will remember that some years ago you were so good as to give me £6,000 and more as a testimonial; and I went away that night with a very light heart, because I handed the whole of it over to you back again for the work of the almshouses and some other works. That exactly is what I proposed to do to-night — just the same thing over again, only that I am not permitted to do it. A very large number of the donors said that they would not give anything if my Jubilee day was made a pretext for assisting the societies. They put it as strongly as that; they had given the time before with a view of giving something to me, and they would not a second time give unless they did give to me. At the start I

proposed four objects to be helped, and I asked the donors to allot their money to one or other of those four as they pleased.. In pursuance of that request, there has been an allotment made. Judge how very little that idea seemed to take with our friends! Having it before them, and having it pressed upon them by myself, they have allotted £81 9s. 6d. to the Almshouses, £31 to the Colportage, £74 to the Orphanage, and £43 to my son's Chapel at Auckland, and there is a pound or two — perhaps three — allotted to societies; and that is all; and all the rest is evidently left by the will of the friends totally free. Well, it must be so, and I accept the money for myself so far as that is the expressed desire: only if I give it now to any charitable enterprises in any proportion you give me full liberty to do as I like with it. You will not suppose that I am not having it, because I do not know how I can better have it than by being allowed to give it away. What I have is best enjoyed by myself personally when I can use it in some way or other for the advantage of the work of God. I cannot be debarred from this gratification. I will go the length of saying that I will take some portion of this for myself. But first of all there will be a thousand pounds needed to pay for the house at the back, and furniture and all sorts of things; and I shall pay to the church treasurer a thousand pounds for that object. Then I want to give something to St. Thomas's Hospital, which helps our friends. Some years ago, my dear brother, Mr. Higgs, at my request, paid the usual amount, and became one of the governors of the hospital. He is gone, and I want to be a governor in succession to him — not that I have any interest to serve there except that of the sick poor. Then I want to give to the church £200, to make up what is given to the Almshouses to £200, and also to give to the deacons £100, which they may keep to lend to persons who can use a loan well. We have no money to lend, and I am the party who has to lend to everybody. I do not go in for large loans, but I speculate in sewing machines, and mangles, and some other things of that sort. I should have a considerable number of sewing machines and mangles if I ever had them back again, but that does not generally happen; so I want other persons to look after the things that are lent and get the money back again, and I think that that would be very useful. I want also, to give to the Baptist Fund for the relief of poor ministers, £50, on the behalf of my son Charles, to make him a member of it. I should like to give £100 to the fund for augmenting the salaries of our poor brethren. I should like to make up the amount for Colportage work to £200. I should like to give £250 to the Tabernacle at Auckland. I should like to give at least £100 to my wife's Book Fund for poor ministers. I have a little list here, but if I were to read

any more friends might object that I was doing contrary to their wish. I must try and avoid all opposition to the donors, and yet help my work and other work. I am called upon so much to help the building of chapels and such like things, that I am kept perpetually very poor — not that I want anything. I have all things. I do not need this money; but still there has been a time when we expended all that we had, and we had nothing laid by whatsoever. But if anybody supposes that I have a very large sum of money laid by, I shall be very glad to let them make a bid for it. I think that it is highly probable that I should be a great gainer by their proposition, even if it were reasonable. I had a huge fortune left me, as you know, some time ago — *in the moon*. It was in the papers everywhere: that is where it was. When the papers hand it over I shall be glad. So it has been ever with me, that whenever I have had help given me there have been calls at once more than equal to it. On the last occasion I was greatly amused at the shoal of applicants who applied for the money. Though the papers stated that I gave it all back again, they applied for it all the same. One person wrote wanting help for her husband, that he might pay his debts on his farm, amounting to some £500, because it was clear to her mind that I had such a lot of money that I did not want any more, or else I should not have given the money back. I could not see how after I had handed the money I could still give it to somebody else. I beg to give notice that it will be useless to write to me for this money, because I shall be able to appropriate it without the assistance of friends. There are so many institutions here, and so much work to be done, that whatever comes to me, the first thing I begin to think of is not “What shall I do with it?” but “In what direction do I most need it?” Mr. Murrell spoke the honest truth when he said, “Money is just what he does want.” I am the pipe through which the money runs. It runs in at one end, and it runs out at the other with extreme rapidity; and you may see daily what that money does. If you ever wish to see, go to the College; go to the Almshouses; go to the Orphanage. Go and see what God has done through your liberality. I have coveted no man’s silver or gold. I have desired nothing at your hands, but that you love the Lord Jesus Christ, and serve him with all your might. But I have coveted, and I do still covet to have a generous people about me, because I am sure that it is to God’s glory and to your own advantage. Poor men should give that they may not be always poor. Rich men should give that they may not become poor. These are selfish motives, but still they are worthy to be mentioned. “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to

poverty.” As a general rule, he that keeps will not find it multiply under his hands: he that gives shall find that it is given back to him, “pressed down, good measure, and running over.” Besides, I do not think much of giving when I have plenty to give with. I like it better when I can pinch myself. If you pinch yourself there is a sweetness about giving to the Lord. What you do not want you can dispense with, and exhibit small love; but when you come to what you do want, and give that to the Lord, then there comes to your own heart the comfortable assurance that you are really doing it unto the Lord, and would do it unto the last penny, if it were demanded of you by the needs of his cause.

Now I thank everybody who has given a hundred pounds, and everybody who has given a penny. God bless you, and return it to you in every way! One of our brethren told you the other night what once happened to me. I had been preaching in a country place, and a good woman gave me five shillings. I said to her, “Well, my dear friend, I do not want your money.” She said, “But you must take it; I give it to you because I got good from you.” I said, “Shall I give it to the College?” She answered, “I don’t care about the .College. I care about you.” “Then I will give: it to the Orphanage.” “No,” she said, “you take it yourself.” I said, “You want it more than I do.” She replied, “Now, do you think that your Lord and Master would have talked like that to the woman who came and broke the alabaster box over him? I do not think he would.” She added, “I know you do not mean to be unkind. I worked extra to earn it, and give it to you.” I told her that she owed me nothing, and that woman owed the Lord everything. “What am I to do with it?” She said, “Buy anything you like with it. I do not care. Only, mind, you must have it for yourself.” I mention the incident because it is much in that spirit that the friends have given now.

The Lord bless you! The Lord bless you! The Lord b!ess you yet more and more, you and your children!

The **REV. J.P. CHOWN** offered prayer, and the meeting was closed with the Doxology.

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