

LETTERS OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

by C.H. Spurgeon

A compilation of Spurgeon's personal letters to family, friends, and colleagues, revealing his character, thoughts, faith, and relationships and showing his personality beyond the pulpit.

29 Chapters

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BOOK: Letters of Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Introduction

Introduction

Among the manifold qualities which call forth admiration, Charles Haddon Spurgeon possessed the genius of good letter-writing, and thirty-one years after his decease the desirability of publishing a volume of his letters has been privately and publicly expressed by a number of his admirers, and on many sides there has been made manifest a longing to possess a collection, in a concrete form, of at least a chosen few of those communications which flowed from his heart and pen with such gracious and generous prodigality. The present time seems to be propitious for the publication of such a work, and it is hoped that this garnering of some of the "finest of the wheat" from the vast field of his correspondence, may meet the need of those who have an appetite for such nutritious and delectable fare. A number of friends, knowing that I possessed many of the originals of my father's letters, and others who were willing to supply me with any they had, expressed the gracious opinion that the son of such an illustrious sire should edit a volume containing a collection of these valuable epistles.

I have yielded to this wish, desiring that his memory may be rendered increasingly precious, and his unique character more highly valued. In order that a wider constituency may peruse the letters which are to be found in the Autobiography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, issued in four volumes, this collection, including a large quantity of hitherto unpublished correspondence, is compiled, confident that a fresh lustre will be shed upon a personality rich in love, sympathy, friendship, pious manliness, and religious fervour. An endeavour has been made to set forth the many-sided nature of his character as indicated in the various relationships of life in gathering a collection of letters rich in the honest sentiments of his heart, and expressed in his own racy and rare style. His letter-writing is redolent with that unique charm which he possessed to a remarkable degree, namely, "bonhomie," while sweet humility, gentle kindness, sanctified wit, mighty faith, sound judgment, strength of will, and a vigorous mind are all clearly manifested in his correspondence. There is a piquancy about his writing which becomes an abiding flavour in the memory, full and fresh with the sweet savour of sanctified genius. The remark, "The boy is father to the man," is strikingly illustrated in his letters. The characteristics, which age mellowed, are to be found in the early correspondence of the "boy preacher." His distrust of self, his dependence on God, and his doctrinal beliefs abide from first to last. Even in youth Mr. Spurgeon wrote, as he spoke, with the experience and certainty of one of riper years, and there was a maturity of thought and expression singularly surprising for a young man.

It is felt that the products of his pen ought to have an enlarged ministry through the Press, and the publication of a choice selection of his letters will greatly enhance the human interest of his individuality, and endear him more than ever to those who have derived the highest spiritual profit from his manifold writings. When the Autobiography was compiled, a vast amount of correspondence was reviewed, and much was used, but the store was far from being exhausted.

Mr. Spurgeon, himself, selected a large number of letters, for he held, "A man's private letters often let you into the secrets of his heart.... A man's writing-desk should be used to make his biography."

Pen, ink, and paper are three requisites for good letter-writing, from the mechanical standpoint, but the climax of the art of letter-writing is reached when the penmanship is from the heart.

Mr. Spurgeon's caligraphy was characteristic of himself. In early days it was like copper-plate, and to the end of his life, unless deformed by pain, was always singularly chaste and clear, and to the very last note he penned, it maintained its uniform neatness. His favourite ink was violet, though he judged "there is no better ink than that to be bought in penny bottles," and his was usually the "pen of a ready writer," and he did not take kindly to stylos and the like, for he says: "I am writing with a patent pen which carries its own ink, but I don't think much of it for it seems to be very indistinct, and more like a pencil than a pen." The variety of the paper that he used well illustrated his versatility, as he filled the sheets with "thoughts that glow, and words that burn." Of the innumerable letters which Mr. Spurgeon wrote, he preserved comparatively a few, and those who are the fortunate possessors of his communications are chary of parting with them, and in a very large number of instances the epistles are of such a private nature that it would be a breach of confidence, as well as of courtesy, to make them public. It will be observed that but few of his letters are fully dated, this being an exceptional idiosyncrasy. His correspondence was voluminous, necessitating a great amount of time and labour on his part in replying to it. To a friend he once said, "I am immersed to the chin in letters," and although multitudes of grateful acknowledgments for pecuniary help sent on behalf of his various Institutions were lithographed, he never allowed any letter of importance to escape his notice which called for a personal response in his own handwriting. He knew so well the power of letter-writing, and also how glad the recipients would be, and what lifelong friends he would secure. There are hundreds of brief notes that he addressed to a multitude of inquirers, their very brevity displaying his genius, and conforming to the view he held when he wrote:—"We cannot write letters nowadays, but must be content to send mere notes and memoranda. When letters were reasonably few, and cost a shilling each, men had the time to write well, and thought it worth their while to do so. Now that the penny post is a public man's sorest trial, the shorter we can make our epistles the better." At times he felt the burden of such a mass of correspondence, when added to his already too heavy load, and he often said, "I am only a poor clerk, driving the pen hour after hour; here is another whole morning gone, and nothing done but letters! letters! letters!" "I am so pressed that I can only give a brief space to one person, and a rigid economy of time can alone allow even of this."

It were well that after all the toil involved, these letters should have a wide circulation, and create in this printed form at least a modicum of joy akin to their written originals, which caused the receivers so much pleasure. Unfortunately, many of the most touching and telling of his epistles were destroyed, and the old friends of the great preacher who received his letters have passed away, so that the task of gathering fresh correspondence has been rendered difficult. Of his "pastoral epistles," I have only given a specimen or two, since they would make a volume, and in my humble and sincere judgment rank with Apostolic writings.

I have, however, received nothing but kindness and help, and most gratefully acknowledge the aid afforded by the following friends who have placed their possessions at my disposal: Sir Samuel

Barrow, J.P., Joshua Keevil, Esq., William Higgs, Esq., J. E. Passmore, Esq., W. Olney, Esq., and the Revs. William Cuff, William Stott, Walter J. Mayers, W. Y. Fullerton, F. J. Feltham and A. Cunningham-Burley.

I am also indebted to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for permission to reprint the letters to my brother, the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, from the Biography written by the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton; to the Religious Tract Society for granting me the favour of using some from Personal Reminiscences of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, by the Rev. W. Williams; to A. H. Stockwell, Esq., for allowing me to extract three or four from the volume The Rev. Joseph William Harrald, by Rev. A. Harwood Field; and also for the concession accorded to me by the holders of the copyrights, for letters to Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., LL.D., Rev. William Landels, D.D., which appear respectively in the Life and Memoir of each by Mr. G. Holden Pike, and published by Messrs. Alexander and Shephard, and Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd. Nor can I omit to testify to the ability of my Private Secretary, Mr. Leslie W. Long, in saving me much time and labour by his excellent shorthand, transcribing, and typewriting, and I gratefully acknowledge the ever-kind and courteous treatment received from the Publishers, together with the gracious service rendered by the Rev. F. A. Jackson, in reading through the proofs.

Believing that those who knew and loved Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and others who revere the name, will find pleasure in reading his letters, I commend this volume to the blessing of my father's God and my God.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Balham, 1923.

Biographical Notes

Biographical Notes

C. H. Spurgeon Born at Kelvedon, Exsex.....June 19, 1834 Converted at Colchester.....January 6, 1850 Baptized at Isleham Ferry.....May 3, 1850 Preached First Sermon at Teversham.....January 12, 1851 Pastor at Waterbeach.....October, 1851 Pastor at New Park Street.....April, 1854 Married Miss Thompson.....January 8, 1856 Metropolitan Tabernacle Opened.....March 18, 1861 Preached Last Sermon.....June 7, 1891 "Home-going" at Mentone.....January 31, 1892 Interred at Norwood Cemeter.....February 11, 1892

Facsimile Autographs

To his Father and Mother

To his Father and Mother Newmarket, January 30, 1850. My dear Father,—

I am most happy and comfortable, I could not be more so whilst sojourning on earth, "like a pilgrim or a stranger, as all my fathers were." There are but four boarders, and about twelve day-boys. I have a nice little mathematical class, and have quite as much time for study as I had before. I can get good religious conversations with Mr. Swindell, which is what I most need. Oh, how unprofitable has my past life been! Oh, that I should have been so long time blind to those celestial wonders, which now I can in a measure behold! Who can refrain from speaking of the marvellous love of Jesus which, I hope, has opened mine eyes! Now I see Him, I can firmly trust to Him for my eternal salvation. Yet soon I doubt again; then I am sorrowful; again faith appears, and I become confident of my interest in Him. I feel now as if I could do everything, and give up everything for Christ, and then I know it would be nothing in comparison with His love. I am hopeless of ever making anything like a return. How sweet is prayer! I would be always engaged in it. How beautiful is the Bible! I never loved it so before; it seems to me as necessary food. I feel that I have not one particle of spiritual life in me but what the Spirit placed there. I feel that I cannot live if He depart; I tremble and fear lest I should grieve Him. I dread lest sloth or pride should overcome me, and I should dishonour the gospel by neglect of prayer, or the Scriptures, or by sinning against God. Truly, that will be a happy place where we shall get rid of sin and this depraved corrupt nature. When I look at the horrible pit and the hole from which I have been digged, I tremble lest I should fall into it, and yet rejoice that I am on the King's highway. I hope you will forgive me for taking up so much space about myself; but at present my thoughts are most about it. From the Scriptures, is it not apparent that, immediately upon receiving the Lord Jesus, it is a part of duty openly to profess Him? I firmly believe and consider that baptism is the command of Christ, and shall not feel quite comfortable if I do not receive it. I am unworthy of such things, but so am I unworthy of Jesu's love. I hope I have received the blessing of the one, and think I ought to take the other also. My very best love to you and my dear Mother; I seem to love you more than ever, because you love my Lord Jesus. I hope yourself, dear Mother, Archer, Eliza, Emily, Louisa, and Lottie, are well; love to all.... May we all, after this fighting life is over, meet in—

"That Kingdom of immense delight, Where health, and peace, and joy unite, Where undeclining pleasures rise, And every wish hath full supplies;"

and while you are here, may the blessings of the gospel abound toward you, and may we as a family be all devoted to the Lord! May all blessings be upon us, and may—

I ever remain,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

Chas. H. Spurgeon.

Newmarket, Feb. 19, 1850. My dear Mother,—

I hope the long space between my letters will be excused, as I assure you I am fully occupied. I read French exercises every night with Mr. Swindell,—Monsr. Perret comes once every week for an hour. I have 33 houses at present where I leave tracts,—I happened to take a district formerly supplied by Mrs. Andrews, who last lived in this house, and Miss Anna Swindell. Next Wednesday,—I mean to-morrow,—I am to go to a meeting of the tract-distributors. They have been at a standstill, and hope now to start afresh. On Thursday, Mr. Simpson intends coming to talk with me upon the most important of all subjects. Oh, how I wish that I could do something for Christ! Tract distribution is so pleasant and easy that it is nothing,—nothing in itself, much less when it is compared with the amazing debt of gratitude I owe.

I have written to grandfather, and have received a very nice letter. I have been in the miry Slough of Despond; he sends me a strong consolation, but is that what I want? Ought I not rather to be reproved for my deadness and coldness? I pray as if I did not pray, hear as if I did not hear, and read as if I did not read—such is my deadness and coldness. I had a glorious revival on Saturday and Sunday. When I can do anything, I am not quite so dead. Oh, what a horrid state! It seems as if no real child of God could ever look so coldly on, and think so little of, the love of Jesus, and His glorious atonement. Why is not my heart always warm? Is it not because of my own sins? I fear lest this deadness be but the prelude to death,—spiritual death. I have still a sense of my own weakness, nothingness, and utter inability to do anything in and of myself,—I pray God that I may never lose it,—I am sure I must if left to myself, and then, when I am cut off from Him, in Whom my great strength lieth, I shall be taken by the Philistines in my own wicked heart, and have mine eyes for ever closed to all spiritual good. Pray for me, O my dear Father and Mother! Oh, that Jesus would pray for me! Then I shall be delivered, and everlastingly saved. I should like to be always reading my Bible, and be daily gaining greater insight into it by the help of the Spirit. I can get but very little time, as Mr. S. pushes me on in Greek and French.

I have come to a resolution that, by God's help, I will profess the name of Jesus as soon as possible if I may be admitted into His Church on earth. It is an honour,—no difficulty,—grandfather encourages me to do so, and I hope to do so both as a duty and privilege. I trust that I shall then feel that the bonds of the Lord are upon me, and have a more powerful sense of my duty to walk circumspectly. Conscience has convinced me that it is a duty to be buried with Christ in baptism, although I am sure it constitutes no part of salvation. I am very glad that you have no objection to my doing so. Mr. Swindell is a Baptist.

You must have been terribly frightened when the chimney fell down, what a mercy that none were hurt! There was a great deal of damage here from the wind. My cold is about the same as it was at home, it has been worse. I take all the care I can, I suppose it will go away soon. How are all the little ones? Give my love to them, and to Archer and Eliza. How does Archer get on? Accept my best love for yourself and Father. I hope you are well, And remain,

Your affectionate son,

Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Newmarket, March 12, 1850. My dear Father,—

Many thanks to you for your kind instructive, and unexpected letter.... My very best love to dear Mother; I hope she will soon be better. At our last church-meeting, I was proposed. No one has

been to see me yet. I hope that now I may be doubly circumspect, and doubly prayerful. How could a Christian live happily, or live at all, if he had not the assurance that his life is in Christ, and his support, the Lord's undertaking? I am sure I would not have dared to take this great decisive step were it not that I am assured that Omnipotence will be my support, and the Shepherd of Israel my constant Protector. Prayer is to me now what the sucking of milk was to me in my infancy. Although I do not always feel the same relish for it, yet I am sure I cannot live without it.

"When by sin overwhelm'd, shame covers my face, I look unto Jesus who saves by His grace;

I call on His name from the gulf of despair, And He plucks me from hell in answer to prayer.

Prayer, sweet prayer! Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer."

Even the Slough of Despond can be passed by the supports of prayer and faith. Blessed be the name of the Lord, despondency has vanished like a mist, before the Sun of righteousness, who has shone into my heart! "Truly, God is good to Israel." In the blackest darkness I resolved that, if I never had another ray of comfort, and even if I was everlastingly lost, yet I would love Jesus, and endeavour to run in the way of His commandments: from the time that I was enabled thus to resolve, all these clouds have fled. If they return, I fear not to meet them in the strength of the Beloved. One trial to me is that I have nothing to give up for Christ, nothing wherein to show my love to Him. What I can do, is little; and what I DO now, is less. The tempter says, "You don't leave anything for Christ; you only follow Him to be saved by it. Where are your evidences?" Then I tell him that I have given up my self-righteousness, and he says, "Yes, but not till you saw it was filthy rags!" All I have to answer is, that my sufficiency is not of myself.

(Thursday afternoon.)

I have just now received a very nice note from my dear Mother. Many thanks to you for the P.O. order. I do not know what money obligations are imposed upon members; I must do as you tell me.

(Here a piece of the letter has been cut out.) I am glad brother and sister are better. Again my best love to you all.

I am,

Dear Father,

Your affectionate son,

Charles.

Newmarket, April 6, 1850. My dear Father,—

You will be pleased to hear that, last Thursday night, I was admitted as a member. Oh, that I may henceforth live more for the glory of Him, by Whom I feel assured that I shall be everlastingly saved! Owing to my scruples on account of baptism, I did not sit down at the Lord's table, and cannot in conscience do so until I am baptized. To one who does not see the necessity of baptism, it is perfectly right and proper to partake of this blessed privilege; but were I to do so, I conceive would be to tumble over the wall, since I feel persuaded it is Christ's appointed way of professing

Him. I am sure this is the only view which I have of baptism. I detest the idea that I can do a single thing towards my own salvation. I trust that I feel sufficiently the corruption of my own heart to know that, instead of doing one iota to forward my own salvation, my old corrupt heart would impede it, were it not that my Redeemer is mighty, and works as He pleases.

Since last Thursday, I have been unwell in body, but I may say that my soul has been almost in Heaven. I have been able to see my title clear, and to know and believe that, sooner than one of God's little ones shall perish, God Himself will cease to be, Satan will conquer the King of kings, and Jesus will no longer be the Saviour of the elect. Doubts and fears may soon assail me, but I will not dread to meet them if my Father has so ordained it; He knows best. Were I never to have another visit of grace, and be always doubting from now until the day of my death, yet "the foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." I see now the secret, how it is that you were enabled to bear up under all your late trials. This faith is far more than any of us deserve; all beyond hell is mercy, but this is a mighty one. Were it not all of sovereign, electing, almighty grace, I, for one, could never hope to be saved. God says, "You shall," and not all the devils in hell, let loose upon a real Christian, can stop the workings of God's sovereign grace, for in due time the Christian cries, "I will." Oh, how little love have I for One Who has thus promised to save me by so great a salvation, and Who will certainly perform His promise!

I trust that the Lord is working among my tract people, and blessing my little effort. I have most interesting and encouraging conversation with many of them. Oh, that I could see but one sinner constrained to come to Jesus! How I long for the time when it may please God to make me, like you, my Father, a successful preacher of the gospel! I almost envy you your exalted privilege. May the dew of Hermon and the increase of the Spirit rest upon your labours! Your, unworthy son tries to pray for you and his Mother, that grace and peace may be with you. Oh, that the God of mercy would incline Archer's heart to Him, and make Him a partaker of His grace! Ask him if he will believe me when I say that one drop of the pleasure of religion is worth ten thousand oceans of the pleasures of the unconverted, and then ask him if he is not willing to prove the fact by experience. Give my love to my dear Mother.... As Mr. Cantlow's baptizing season will come round this month, I have humbly to beg your consent, as I will not act against your will, and should very much like to commune next month. I have no doubt of your permission. We are all one in Christ Jesus; forms and ceremonies, I trust, will not make us divided.... With my best love and hopes that you are all well, I remain,

Your affectionate son,

Not only as to the flesh, but in the faith,

Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Newmarket, April 20, 1850. My dear Mother,—

I have every morning looked for a letter from Father, I long for an answer; it is now a month since I have had one from him. Do, if you please, send me either permission or refusal to be baptized; I have been kept in painful suspense. This is the 20th, and Mr. Cantlow's baptizing day is to be the latter end of the month; I think, next week. I should be so sorry to lose another Ordinance Sunday; and with my present convictions, I hope I shall never so violate my conscience as to sit down unbaptized. When requested, I assured the members at the church-meeting that I would never do

so.

I often think of you poor starving creatures, following Mr. ----- for the bony rhetoric and oratory which he gives you. What a mercy that you are not dependent upon him for spiritual comfort! I hope you will soon give up following that empty cloud without rain, that type-and-shadow preacher, for I don't think there is much substance. But, my dear Mother, why do you not go and hear my friend, Mr. Langford? He is an open-communion Baptist, and I have no doubt will receive you without baptism. Perhaps his preaching may be blest to Archer, Eliza, and my sisters, as well as to myself; would it not be worth giving up a little difference of persuasion for? God can save whom He will, when He will, and where He will, but I think Mr.—'s Mount Sinai's roarings are the last things to do it, to all human appearance.

I think I might date this letter from a place in the Enchanted Ground, with the warm air of Beulah blowing upon me. One drop of the pleasures I have felt is worth a life of agony. I am afraid of becoming satisfied with this world. My very best love to yourself, dear Father, Eliza, Archer, Emily, Louisa, and Lottie. I hope you are well. I am very much better; thanks for the prescription; and with my love to you again, I remain,

Dear Mother,

Your affectionate son,

Charles.

P.S. If baptized, it will be in an open river; go in just as I am with some others.... I trust the good confession before many witnesses will be a bond betwixt me and my Master, my Saviour, and my King.

Newmarket, May 1, 1850. My dear Mother,—

Many very happy returns of your Birthday! In this instance, my wish will certainly be realized, for in Heaven you are sure to have an eternity of happy days. May you, in your coming years, live beneath the sweet smiles of the God of peace; may joy and singing attend your footsteps to a blissful haven of rest and tranquillity! Your birthday will now be doubly memorable, for on the third of May, the boy for whom you have so often prayed, the boy of hopes and fears, your first-born, will join the visible Church of the redeemed on earth, and will bind himself doubly to the Lord his God, by open profession. You, my Mother, have been the great means in God's hand of rendering me what I hope I am. Your kind, warning Sabbath-evening addresses were too deeply settled on my heart to be forgotten. You, by God's blessing, prepared the way for the preached Word, and for that holy book, The Rise and Progress. If I have any courage, if I feel prepared to follow my Saviour, not only into the water, but should He call me, even into the fire, I love you as the preacher to my heart of such courage, as my praying, watching Mother. Impossible, I think it is, that I should ever cease to love you, or you to love me, yet not nearly so impossible as that the Lord our Father should cease to love either of us, be we ever so doubtful of it, or ever so disobedient. I hope you may one day have cause to rejoice, should you see me, the unworthy instrument of God, preaching to others,—yet have I vowed in the strength of my only Strength, in the name of my Beloved, to devote myself for ever to His cause. Do you not think it would be a bad beginning were I, knowing it to be my duty to be baptized, to shrink from it? If you are now as

happy as I am, I can wish no more than that you may continue so. I am the happiest creature, I think, upon this globe.

I hope you have enjoyed your visit, and that it will help much to establish your health. I dare not ask you to write, for I know you are always so busy that it is quite a task to you. I hope my letter did not pain you, dear Mother; my best love to you, be assured that I would not do anything to grieve you, and I am sure that I remain, Your affectionate son,

Charles Haddon.

Mr. and Mrs. Swindell's respects to you and dear Father.

Newmarket, June 11, 1850. My dear Mother,—

Many thanks to you for your valuable letter. Your notes are so few and far between, and are such a trouble to you, that one now and then is quite a treasure.

* * * * *

I have had two opportunities of addressing the Sunday-school children, and have endeavoured to do so as a dying being to dying beings. I am bound to Newmarket by holy bonds. I have 70 people whom I regularly visit on Saturday. I do not give a tract, and go away; but I sit down, and endeavour to draw their attention to spiritual realities. I have great reason to believe the Lord is working,—the people are so kind, and so pleased to see me. I cannot bear to leave them. We are so feeble here that the weakest cannot be spared. We have a pretty good attendance at prayer-meetings; but so few praying men, that I am constantly called upon....

One of our Deacons, Mr. -----, is constantly inviting me to his house, he is rather an Arminian; but so are the majority of Newmarket Christians. Grandfather has written to me; he does not blame me for being a Baptist, but hopes I shall not be one of the tight-laced, strict-communion sort. In that, we are agreed. I certainly think we ought to forget such things in others when we come to the Lord's table. I can, and hope I shall be charitable to unbaptized Christians, though I think they are mistaken. It is not a great matter; men will differ; we ought both to follow our own consciences, and let others do the same. I think the time would be better spent in talking upon vital godliness than in disputing about forms. I trust the Lord is weaning me daily from all self-dependence, and teaching me to look at myself as less than nothing. I know that I am perfectly dead without Him; it is His work; I am confident that He will accomplish it, and that I shall see the face of my Beloved in His own house in glory. My enemies are many, and they hate me with cruel hatred, yet with Jehovah Jesus on my side, why should I fear? I will march on in His almighty strength to certain conquest and victory. I am so glad that Sarah, too, is called, that two of us in one household at one time should thus openly profess the Saviour's name. We are brother and sister in the Lord; may our Father often give each of us the refreshing visits of His grace! I feel as if I could say with Paul, "Would that I were even accursed, so that my brethren according to the flesh might be saved!" What a joy if God should prove that they are redeemed ones included in the covenant of grace! I long to see your face, and let my heart beat with yours, whilst we talk of the glorious things pertaining to eternal life. My best love to you and Father, may the Angel of the covenant dwell with you, and enchant you by the visions of His grace! Love to Eliza, Archer (many happy returns to him), Emily, Lottie, and Louisa; may they become members of the church in our house! I am very

glad you are so well. I am so, but hard at work for the Examination, so allow me to remain, Your most affectionate son,

Charles.

Master H-----shall be attended to; be ye always ready for every good work. I have no time, but it shall be done.

Cambridge, 19th Sept., '50. My dear Father,—

I received your kind letter in due time. I joined the Church here at the Lord's table last Ordinance day. I shall write for my dismissal; I intended to have done so before. The Baptists are by far the most respectable denomination in Cambridge; there are three Baptist Chapels,—St. Andrew's Street, where we attend, Zion Chapel, and Eden Chapel. There is a very fine Wesleyan Chapel and some others. I teach in the Sunday-school all the afternoon. Mr. Leeding takes the morning work. Last Sabbath-day we had a funeral sermon from Heb 6:11-12. We have a prayer-meeting at 7 in the morning, and one after the evening service; they are precious means of grace, I trust, to my soul. How soon would the lamps go out did not our mighty Lord supply fresh oil; and if it were not for His unshaken promise to supply our need out of the fulness of His grace, poor indeed should we be.

Yes, where Jesus comes, He comes to reign; how I wish He would reign more in my heart; then I might hope that every atom of self, self-confidence, and self-righteousness, would be swept out of my soul. I am sure I long for the time when all evil affections, corrupt desires, and rebellious, doubting thoughts shall be overcome, and completely crushed beneath the Prince's feet, and my whole soul be made pure and holy. But so long as I am encaged within this house of clay, I know they will lurk about, and I must have hard fighting though the victory by grace is sure. Praying is the best fighting; nothing else will keep them down.

I have written a letter to grandfather; I am sorry he is so poorly. He wants the promises now, and why may not young and old live upon them? They are the bread-corn of Heaven, the meat of the Kingdom; and who that has once tasted them will turn to eat husks without any sweetness and comfort in them? God's power will keep all His children; while He says to them, "How shall ye who are dead to sin live any longer therein?" I feel persuaded that I shall never fathom the depths of my own natural depravity, nor climb to the tops of the mountains of God's eternal love. I feel constrained day by day to fall flat down upon the promises, and leave my soul in Jesu's keeping. It is He that makes my feet move even in the slow obedience which marks them at present, and every attainment of grace must come from Him. I would go forth by prayer, like the Israelites, to gather up this Heavenly manna, and live upon free-grace.

Add to all your great kindness and love to me, through my life, a constant remembrance of me in your prayers. I thank you for those petitions which you and dear Mother have so often sent up to the mercy-seat for me. Give my love to my sisters and brother, and accept the same for yourself and dear Mother. Hoping you are all quite well.

I remain,

Your obedient, affectionate son,

Chas. H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, October 3, 1850. My dear Mother,—

I am generally so slack of news, that I have been ashamed to send a letter with nothing in it. I was last night admitted into membership with this church by dismission from Newmarket. May my future relation with them, whether brief or protracted, be for the glory of Jesus Christ! I am very fond of Mr. Roffe; I like his preaching very much. There is to be a baptizing this evening.... I trust that a year or two of study with Mr. Leeding will be of equal benefit to me with a College education.... I have found a great many Christian friends; last Sunday I had two invitations to tea. I went to the house of Mr. Watts, a coal merchant, and spent the time very happily. We read round with the children, and it seemed just like home-days. I have not had a letter from Stambourne, nor from Aunt, I am quite solitary.

Mr. Roffe preached a delightful sermon from "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." I trust I can look by faith to the hills, and confidently expect the help. I think I learn more every day of my own natural depravity and love of sin: how stupid should I be if I trusted to my own heart! If my salvation depended upon my continuance in the fervour of devotion, how soon should I perish! How joyful it is to know that Jesus will keep that which I have committed to Him, and that He will at length save every one of His redeemed ones!

Give my best love to dear Father, and accept the same yourself. I hope you are both well: give my love to Eliza, Archer, Emily, a kiss to Louisa and Lottie. I thank you for your many prayers; continue yet to plead for me, and may I ever be— Your affectionate son,

Charles.

Cambridge, Nov, 12, 1850. My dear Mother,—

I have just received the Maidstone Journal, in which you will see an advertisement of Mr. Walker's sale. In one of my late letters to Aunt (having heard you speak of her as somewhat trusting to works), I ventured, as a babe in grace, to touch upon the subject,—I trust, with becoming prudence as well as boldness. I then received a letter from Uncle,—a long one, too,—containing much good and even religious advice; of course, speaking as (Oh, how I desire it!) a Christian should speak. Mixed up with it, there was a tincture of naturalism or reason. I have therefore ventured on another letter, and have, I trust, said, though feebly, what a boy should say to a dying Uncle. False fear should never prevent us from being faithful with men walking on the confines of the grave. Could I make religion more the business of my life, how happy should I be! I am conscious I do not live up to my duties or my privileges, and did I not feel sure that Jesus will certainly complete what He has begun, I should never think of reaching Heaven; but, by His might, I would look confidently for it.

I have found a little work here. I have spoken twice to the Sunday-school, and am to read an Essay on some subject connected with Sunday-schools at the next meeting of the Teachers' Institute for the town. I only do so just to fill up. I have been driven to it, Mr. Watts and some others having taken their turns. I hope yet, one day, to prove myself no Antinomian, though I confess my daily sins and shortcomings; yet I would not wilfully sin, and I feel some hatred to it. I desire to hate it more.

I hope you enjoy your health, and that, with dear Father, you have much of the marrow of the gospel as your daily meat. Give my love to all at home, and accept the same for yourself and Father. I am pursuing my studies, though I can say little about progress. I am most happy, and quite well, and hoping to see you before many weeks, I remain,

Your most affectionate son,

Charles.

Monday. My dear Mother,—

I write to acknowledge and thank you for a box from home. Dear Mother, you are indeed very kind; how I ought to bless God for such parents!

Mr. Leeding is very much obliged to you for the ham, and Mr. Spurgeon, your son, desires to thank you for a nice cake, apples, etc. I wish you had not laid your hand on the Key to the Bible; for, if I had had it, I should have been delighted to have given it to my dear Mother. Perhaps I may take the credit for it now.... We have no minister yet. Mr. Leeding said, the other morning, "I need not ask you how you are; you are always well, like some tree." I have been several times to see a lady in this town, mother of one of our boys.... I have reason to think her an eminent Christian. She is all day in pain, never goes out, and can hardly sleep. She made me think of your rheumatics. She has four little children. They are rich; her husband is a good, kind sort of man, but he is not, I fear, a renewed man. She has wave upon wave. She has no one to speak to. I think it a privilege to talk to any of God's people, to comfort and console them. We do not know how many need our prayers. My best love, dear Mother, to you and Father.

Your affectionate son,

Charles.

Cambridge, May 3, 1851. My dear Mother,—

Many happy returns of this day, I pray for you. Another year's journey of the vast howling wilderness have you gone; you have leaned on the arm of your Beloved, and are now nearer the gates of bliss. Happy as the year has been, I trust, to you, yet I do not think you would wish to traverse it over again, or to go back one step of the way. Glorious, wondrous, has been the grace shown to all of us, as members of the mystical body of Christ, in preservation, restraint from sin, constraint to holiness, and perseverance in the Christian state. What shall a babe say to a mother in Israel? And yet, if I might speak, I would say, "Take this year's mercies as earnest of next year's blessings." The God who has kept you so long, you may rest assured will never leave you. If He had not meant to do good continually to you, He would not have done it at all. His love in time past, in the past year, forbids you—

"Forbids you to think, He'll leave you at last in trouble to sink."

The rapturous moments of enjoyment, the hallowed hours of communion, the blest days of sunshine in His presence, are pledges of sure, certain, infallible glory. Mark the providences of this year; how clearly have you seen His hand in things which others esteem chance! God, who has moved the world, has exercised His own vast heart and thought for you. All your life, your spiritual

life, all things have worked together for good; nothing has gone wrong, for God has directed, controlled all. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?" He who counts the hairs of our heads, and keeps us as the apple of His eye, has not forgotten you, but still loves you with an everlasting love. The mountains have not departed yet, nor the hills been removed, and till then we may have confidence that we, His own people, are secure. But I am writing what to you are everyday meditations. Well, dear Mother, you know where this comes from, only from your boy. Let us rejoice together; your prayers for us I know will be answered, they are sure to be, for God has said so. May God give you a feast,—honey, wine, milk,—may you be satisfied with marrow and fatness, satiated with the dainties and luxuries of religion, and rejoice exceedingly in the Lord! I remember that, a year ago, I publicly professed the name of Jesus by baptism. Pray for me, that I may not dishonour my profession, and break my solemn vow. While I look back through the year, I can see a Great Exhibition of love and grace to me, more marvellous than even that now opened in Hyde Park. Give my love to dear Father, Archer, and sisters; and accept the same doubly. I trust all are well. I have nothing the matter with me. Mr. and Mrs. L. desire respects. Many thanks for the postal order.

I am,

Your affectionate son,

Charles H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, May 15, '51. My dear Father,— My choice of return home is easily made. I hope very much you will be so kind as to let me go to the Exhibition. Mr. C, who was at Mr. Lewis's, has just called to see me.... I am going to his house to tea, he lodges with Mr. R. I guess I feel no mercy for him; I mean Mr. R.; a cap and gown are poor things to sell one's principles for. You have not written to Mr. heeding. Where is Mr. Walker? I cannot write, for I know nothing of his whereabouts. We have no minister yet. We have had some excellent supplies. I am very comfortable, and I may say, happy. Were it not for my vile heart, I might rejoice. I am the least of God's people, and I am sure I am the worst. But yet I am one; I believe in Jesus and trust in Him, and this, I take it, is the evidence of life. I can fall into His arms, though I cannot rest on my own merits, for I have none. Jesus and Jesus alone is my defence. I know you pray for me. I think I have felt the answer to your earnest entreaties. Sometimes, I pour my heart out sweetly, freely; at another time, I can hardly bring up a petition. What a contrast, mixture, paradox I am! I hope you and dear Mother are well. Love to all. Your affectionate son,

Charles.

Cambridge, October 15, 1851. My dear Father,—

I received your most welcome note, and beg pardon if you think me negligent in returning thanks. I have been busily employed every Lord's-day; not at home once yet, nor do I expect to be this year. Last Sunday, I went to a place called Waterbeach, where there is an old-established Church, but not able to support a minister. I have engaged to supply to the end of the month. They had, for twenty years, a minister who went over from Cambridge in the same way as you go to Tollesbury. After that, they tried to have a minister; but as they could not keep him, he has left, and they will have to do as they used to do. There is rail there and back, and it is only six miles.

I am glad you have such good congregations. I feel no doubt there is a great work doing there;—the fields are ripe unto the harvest, the seed you have sown has yielded plenty of green, let us hope there will be abundance of wheat. Give my love to dear Mother; you have indeed had trials. I always like to see how you bear them. I think I shall never forget that time when Mother and all were so ill. How you were supported! How cheerful you were! You said, in a letter to me,—

"When troubles, like a gloomy cloud, Have gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my side has always stood; His lovingkindness, O how good!"

I trust that you are all well, and that the clouds are blown away. I am quite well, I am happy to say. Where is Aunt? It is four months since I have heard anything from her, or about her. We have no settled minister yet, nor do we expect any. I thank you much for your sermon; it will just do for me.

How greatly must I admire the love that could choose me to speak the gospel, and to be the happy recipient of it! I trust my greatest concern is to grow in grace, and to go onward in the blessed course. I feel jealous lest my motive should change, fearing lest I should be my own servant instead of the Lord's. How soon may we turn aside without knowing it, and begin to seek objects below the sacred office!

Mr. and Mrs. L. are well, and send their respects. Grandfather has asked me to go to Stambourne, but I cannot afford to go his way. With love to you, dear Father, and all at home, I am,

Your affectionate son,

Chas. H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1851. My dear Father,— Your Christmas letter was quite as welcome to me as (mine was) to you—no good action is ever forgotten. I was at Waterbeach staying among my people, and so did not receive your letter till my return. I preached twice on Christmas (day) to crammed congregations, and again on Sunday quite as full. The Lord give me favour in the eyes of the people; they come for miles, and are wondrously attentive. I am invited (to preach at Waterbeach) for six months. My reputation in Cambridge is rather great. This letter from Mr. Smith is an honour. I have now more money for books. When I wrote my essay on my knees in the little room upstairs, I solemnly vowed to give two tithes of anything I might gain by it to the Lord's cause. I have written, the money is come.... My MS. will arrive here shortly. Now, if you wish, I will send you £... (five-sixths of the amount received), as a little present to you and dear Mother—that shall be exactly as you please—I do not know yet how much I am to pay Mr. Leeding. I have enough. Mr. L. has given me a five-pound note, which I shall not touch except for clothes. I mean to keep that money only for clothes; what I earn on Sundays is my own, for books, expenses, etc. I hope I am sparing, but I have bought several books, which I could not do without. This week I have purchased a good Septuagint, which is a Greek translation of the Old Testament; you will see it mentioned by commentators. This I did for two reasons—1. To improve my Greek. 2. To assist me in studying the Bible. I got it in two volumes, unbound, for 12s. 6d.—at that price it is reckoned exceedingly cheap.

Now and then you must give me leave to preach three times, not often. I have done so about four times, I was not at all tired. I shall never do so if I have had a hard day. When I feel myself in tune and not at all tired, I may do so; but only now and then. I must say, however, I always get the best

congregation in the evening, or at least just as good, for sometimes it is best all day; and you would not have me give up so good a place. I have prayed earnestly that prosperity and fame may not injure me, and I believe strength will be equal to my day. More than one in Waterbeach have declared themselves on the Lord's side—the church is praying hard, and they seem very united.

I take every opportunity of improving myself, and seize every means of improvement. I have lately attended three lectures in the Town Hall to get information; I trust I do.

(The conclusion of the letter is missing.)

Cambridge, Feb. 24, 1852. My dear Father,—

Mr. Angus, the tutor of Stepney College, preached for us on Sunday, Feb. 1. Being at my own place, I had no opportunity of seeing him, and was very surprised, when, on Monday, I was told that he wanted to see me. I assure you, I never mentioned myself to him, nor to anyone,—this came quite unexpectedly. I suppose the deacons of our church, hearing of my doings at Waterbeach, had thought right to mention me to him.

Well, I went to the place of meeting; but, by a very singular occurrence, we missed each other; he waited in the parlour, while I was shown into the drawing-room, and the servant forgot to tell him I had come. As he was going to London, and could not wait, he wrote the enclosed.

I have waited thus long because (1) I wanted to get a little more to tell you; (2) I do not want to appear to desire to go to College at your expense. I do not wish to go until I can pay for it with my own money, or until friends offer to help, because I do not want to burden you. It is said by almost all friends that I ought to go to College. I have no very great desire for it; in fact, none at all. Yet I have made it a matter of prayer, and I trust, yea, I am confident, God will guide me. Of course, you are my only earthly director and guide in these matters; your judgment always has been best; you must know best. But perhaps you will allow me just to state my own opinion, not because I shall trust in it, but only that you may see my inclination. I think, then, (with all deference to you,) that I had better not go to College yet, at least not just now, for—

1. Whatever advantages are to be derived from such a course of study, I shall be more able to improve when my powers are more developed than they are at present. When I know more, I shall be more able to learn.

2. Providence has thrown me into a great sphere of usefulness,—a congregation of often 450, a loving and praying church, and an awakened audience. Many already own that the preaching has been with power from Heaven. Now, ought I to leave them?

3. In a few years' time, I hope to improve my financial position so as to be at no expense to you, or at least not for all, I should not like to know that you were burdening yourself for me. I should love to work my own way as much as possible. I know you like this feeling.

4. I am not uneducated. I have many opportunities of improvement now; all I want is more time; but even that, Mr. Leeding would give me, if it were so arranged. I have plenty of practice; and do we not learn to preach by preaching? You know what my style is. I fancy it is not very College-like. Let it be never so bad, God has blessed it, and I believe He will yet more. All I do right, He does in me, and the might is of Him. I am now well off; I think as well off as anyone of my age, and I am

sure quite as happy. If I were in need I think the people might be able to raise more for me. Now, shall I throw myself out, and trust to Providence as to whether I shall ever get another place as soon as I leave College?

5. But, no;—I have said enough,—you are to judge, not I. I leave it to God and yourself, but, still, I should like you to decide in this way. Of course, I have a will, and you now know it; but I say "Not mine, but your will, and God's will."

I have just acknowledged the letter, and said that I could make no reply until I had consulted my friends. I think it might be as well, if you think so, too, to let Mr. Angus know as much as is right of my present position, that he may be favourable toward me at any future time....

I hope you will excuse my scrawl, for, believe me, I am fully employed. Last night, I thought of writing; but was called out to see a dying man, and I thought I dare not refuse. The people at W----- would not like to get even a hint of my leaving them. I do not know why they love me, but they do; it is the Lord's doing.

Give my love, and many thanks to dear Mother, Archer, and sisters. If at any time you think a letter from me would be useful, just hint as much, and I will write one. May God keep me, in every place, from every evil, and dwell with you, and abide with you for ever, and with my best love, I am,

Dear Father,

Your affectionate son,

Charles.

April 6, 1852. My dear Father,—

I am sorry that anything I said in my letter should have grieved you. It was nothing you said that made your letter a sad one; it was only my thoughts of leaving the people at 'Beach. I thank you most sincerely for your very kind offer, and also for your assurance that I am at perfect liberty to act as I think it is the will of God I should act. I am sure I never imagined that you would force me,—it was only my poor way of expressing myself that caused the blunder,—and I do now most affectionately entreat forgiveness of you if I said anything that had a shadow of wrong in it, or if I have thought in any wrong manner. I have desired, all along, to act the part of a dutiful son to an affectionate parent; and if I fail, I feel sure that you and dear Mother will impute it rather to my weakness in act, than to a want of love. With regard to my decision,—I have said so much in my last that more would be unnecessary. I do really think it to be my duty to continue in the place I now occupy,—for a short time at least. I have been assured that never were more tears shed in Waterbeach, at any time, than when I only hinted at leaving. They could not give me stronger tokens of their affection than they did give. One prayer went up from all, "Lord, keep him here!" I am assured by Mr. King that the people have had ministers whom one lot were very pleased with, but there always was a party opposed; but now, though he has a good scope for observation, he has not heard one opinion contrary to me. The Lord gave me favour with the people, and I am so young that they look over many faults; I believe this is one of the facts of the case. The worst is, I am in a dangerous place; the pinnacle is not so safe as the quiet vale. I know you pray that I may be kept humble, and I know I do. Oh, if the clouds pass without rain, how sorrowful I shall feel! When I have been thinking on the many difficulties in preaching the Word, the doctrine of election

has been a great comfort to me. I do want men to be saved, and it is my consolation that a multitude no man can number are by God's immutable decree ordained to eternal life. So we cannot labour in vain, we must have some; the covenant renders that secure.

I shall always be glad of some of your skeletons, for though I do not want them to make me lazy, yet they give some hints when a passage does not open at once. It will be too much trouble for you to write them, but I have no doubt Archer will copy them for me.... As to my cash, I have bought a great many books lately, for my constant work requires them, and you know Mr. L. would not have many of the class of books I want. Yet I calculate on having £15 in hand at Midsummer, or by God's blessing, more. I think that (of course, I mean, if God prospers me,) I shall be able to save enough to put myself to College, and if not, if I should go, which, as you say, is not very certain, why then friends at Cambridge would help me if I could not manage it. Has—taken the positive steps yet with regard to joining the church? If not, tell her, I blush that she should blush to own her Lord. Do not forget me in earnest prayer.... My very best love to my dear Mother. I am sure she can tell all the mothers in the world that parents' prayers are not forgotten, I daresay you think God saved the worst first; if you do not, I do. I believe I have given you more trouble than any of the others, but I did not mean it; and I still believe that I have given you joy, too, and I hope the trouble, though not repaid, will yet be recompensed by a comfort arising from seeing me walk in the truth. Remember me to Emily.... The little ones are getting big, I suppose; my love to them, I hope they will be God's daughters.

I remain,

Your affectionate son,

Charles.

Part of undated letter from C. H. Spurgeon to his mother; the first portion is missing:—I need your prayers doubly at this time. I know I shall have them, and I believe I have felt the blessing of them more than once. The Lord visit you both, and bear you up in His everlasting arms! Troubles you have had, but I believe the comforts have always kept you joyful in tribulation; cast down, but not in despair.

Bless the Lord, I must say, for making me His son; 'tis of His own sovereign mercy. Not one good thing has failed. I have felt corruptions rise, and the old man is strong, but grace always comes in just at the critical time, and saves me from myself. The Lord keep me! I have no hope of going on well but by His power. I know that His almighty arm is all-sufficient. Get everyone you can to pray for me; a prayer is more precious than gold, it makes me rich. Lift up your arms, like Moses; there is a great battle both in me and out of me. Jesus intercedes; sweet thought, to one who needs just such a Pleader. Jehovah-Jesus, His people's buckler, is near; an ever-present help in time of trouble, not afar off. We live in Him, He is all around us; who shall destroy His favourites, His darlings? I have had for one of my sermons, John 15:9 : "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you: continue ye in My love." Here is (1) Love without beginning. God never began to love Jesus. (2) Love without limit. God loves Jesus with an unbounded love. (3) Love without change. God always loved Jesus alike, equally. (4) Love without end. When will God leave off loving Jesus? Even so does Jesus love you and me.

"The weakest saint shall win the day, Though death and hell obstruct the way."

How are all Christian friends? Love to Mr. Langford, and my best respects; tell him I desire a special interest in his prayers. I want to feel "less than nothing," but this is a very great attainment. Thank Father for his letter; the Lord of Hosts prosper his labours abundantly! My very best love to yourself. I hope, if it is right, that your hands are well. Kiss the little ones, and give them my love. May they learn of Jesus! I am glad Archer gets on so well; may your ten thousand prayers for us be answered by Him that heareth prayer! Emily is stronger, I hope, ask her to think whether she loves Jesus with all her heart.

I should very much like to know where Aunt lives. I have asked several times, but I have not learned yet. I do not expect many letters from home. Father is so much engaged, that I wonder I get so many. If you want to know any points in which I am not quite explicit enough, write and ask at any time. My affairs are your affairs. I hope always to do that which you would approve of.

Love to all once more,—

From your affectionate son,

Charles.

Extract from letter from C. H. Spurgeon to his mother, November, 1852:—

I am more and more glad that I never went to College, God sends such sunshine on my path, such smiles of grace, that I cannot regret if I have forfeited all my prospects for it. I am conscious that I held back from love to God and His cause, and I had rather be poor in His service than rich in my own. I have all that heart can wish for; yea, God giveth more than my desire. My congregation is as great and loving as ever. During all the time that I have been at Waterbeach, I have had a different house for my home every Sabbath day. Fifty-two families have thus taken me in; and I have still six other invitations not yet accepted. Talk about the people not caring for me, because they give me so little! I dare tell anybody under heaven 'tis false! They do all they can. Our anniversary passed off grandly; six were baptized; crowds on crowds stood by the river; the chapel was afterwards crammed, both to the tea and the sermon.

Cambridge, December—, 1853. My dear Father,—

I concluded rather abruptly before;—but you are often called out from your writing, and therefore can excuse it in me. I hardly know what I left unsaid. I hope to be at home three days. I think of running down from London on Tuesday, January 3rd, and to go home by Bury on Friday, 6th. I hope it will be a sweet visit though a short one. Should I be settled in London, I will come and see you often. I do not anticipate going there with much pleasure. I am contented where I am; but if God has more for me to do, then let me go and trust in Him. The London people are rather higher in Calvinism than I am; but I have succeeded in bringing one church to my own views, and will trust, with Divine assistance, to do the same with another. I am a Calvinist; I love what someone called "glorious Calvinism," but "Hyper-ism" is too hot-spiced for my palate.

I found a relation in London; a daughter of Thomas Spurgeon, at Ballingdon. On the Monday, she came and brought the unmarried sister, who you will remember was at home when we called last Christmas. I shall have no objection to preach for Mr. Langford on Wednesday, January 4th, if he wishes it.

I spent the Monday in going about London, climbed to the top of St. Paul's, and left some money with the booksellers. My people are very sad; some wept bitterly at the sight of me, although I made no allusion to the subject in the pulpit, as it is too uncertain to speak of publicly. It is Calvinism they want in London, and any Arminian preaching will not be endured. Several in the church are far before me in theological acumen; they would not admit that it is so, but they all expressed their belief that my originality, or even eccentricity, was the very thing to draw a London audience. The chapel is one of the finest in the denomination; somewhat in the style of our Cambridge Museum. A Merry Christmas to you all; a Happy New Year; and the blessing of the God of Jacob!

Yours affectionately,

C. H. Spurgeon.

75, Dover Road, 4th March, 1855.

Dear Father,— Do not be grieved at the slanderous libel in this week's Express. Of course, it is all a lie, without an atom of foundation; and while the whole of London is talking of me, and thousands are unable to get near the door, the opinion of a penny-a-liner is of little consequence. I beseech you not to write: but if you can see Mr. Harvey, or some official, it might do good. A full reply on all points will appear next week.

I only fear for you; I do not like you to be grieved. For myself I Will Rejoice; the devil is roused, the Church is awakening, and I am now counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.... Good ballast, father, good ballast; but, oh! remember what I have said before, and do not check me.

Last night, I could not sleep till morning light, but now my Master has cheered me; and I "hail reproach, and welcome shame."

Love to you all, especially to my dearest mother. I mean to come home April 16th. So amen. Your affectionate son,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Fairfield, near Glasgow, July 19, 1855. My dear Father,—

During the past week, I have been among the noble mountains in the Highlands; and you will rejoice to hear how much better I feel. Last Sabbath, I preached twice in Glasgow to immense crowds.

There is as much stir about me here as there is in London, and I hope souls are really being saved. I am sure you will excuse my being brief, since I have so many letters to answer, and I do not want to keep indoors, but to have all the air I can.

Oh, what must God be, if such are His works! I suppose Mother is back; kiss her for me, and give my love to all. I am happy, but had rather be home again;—you will guess the reason. I only want that one person to make the trip a very fine one;—but patience.

Best love to you, my very dear Father,

From your affectionate son,

Charles.

Mr. Spurgeon wrote two letters to his father, recounting his first experiences in London. A considerable portion of the earlier one is missing, including the first sheet, and also the end of the epistle. Evidently, the young preacher had been relating what the deacons had told him concerning the falling-off in the congregations, for the part of his letter that has been preserved begins as follows:—

... me that the people would be back at the first blast of the trumpet which gives a certain sound.... The people are Calvinistic, and they could not get on with anything else. They raised £100 last week for a city missionary, so that they have the sinews of war. The deacons told me that, if I were there three Sundays, there would be no room anywhere. They say that all the London popular ministers are gospel-men, and are plain, simple and original. They have had most of the good preachers of our denomination out of the country; but they have never asked one of them twice, for they gave them such philosophical, or dry, learned sermons, that once was enough. I am the only one who has been asked twice, the only one who has been heard with pleasure by all. I told them they did not know what they were doing, nor whether they were in the body or out of the body; they were so starved, that a morsel of gospel was a treat to them. The portraits of Gill and Rippon—large as life—hang in the vestry. Lots of them said I was Rippon over again.

It is God's doing. I do not deserve it;—they are mistaken. I only mention facts. I have not exaggerated; nor am I very exalted by it, for to leave my own dear people makes it a painful pleasure. God wills it. The only thing which pleases me is, as you will guess, that I am right about College. I told the deacons that I was not a College man, and they said, "That is to us a special recommendation, for you would not have much savour or unction if you came from College." As to a school, or writing to my deacons in case I do not go, I shall feel happiest if left to manage alone, for I am sure that any letter to my deacons would not do any good. A church is free to manage its own affairs. We are in loving unity now, and they will improve. But churches of the Baptist denomination would think it an infringement of their rules and liberties to be touched in the least by persons of other denominations in any matter which is their own concern. I should at once say, and you would not mind my saying so, "I had nothing to do with the note; I never asked my father to write it; and the deacons must do as they please about laying it before the church."

I feel pleasure in the thought that it will not now be necessary, and I feel that, if it had been, I should have been equally contented. Many other ministers have schools; it is a usual thing. It is not right to say, "If you mean to be a minister;" for I am one, and have been for two years as much a minister as any man in England; and probably very much more so, since in that time I have preached more than 600 times.

More soon.

To his Uncle and Aunt

To his Uncle and Aunt

[Nov., 1850.] My dear Uncle,—

Dumb men make no mischief. Your silence, and my neglect, make one think of the days when letters were costly, and not of penny postage. You have doubtless heard of me as a top-tree Antinomian. I trust you know enough of me to disbelieve it. It is one object of my life to disprove the slander. I groan daily under a body of sin and corruption. Oh, for the time when I shall drop this flesh, and be free from sin! I become more and more convinced that, to attempt to be saved by a mixed covenant of works and faith is, in the words of Berridge, "To yoke a snail with an elephant." I desire to press forward for direction to my Master in all things; but as to trusting to my own obedience and righteousness, I should be worse than a fool, and ten times worse than a madman. Poor dependent creatures, prayer had need be our constant employment, the foot of the throne our continued dwelling-place; for the Rock of Ages is our only safe Hiding-place. I rejoice in an assured knowledge by faith of my interest in Christ, and of the certainty of my eternal salvation. Yet what strivings, what conflicts, what dangers, what enemies stand in my way! The foes in my heart are so strong, that they would have killed me, and sent me to hell long ere this, had the Lord left me; but, blessed be His name, His electing, redeeming, and saving love has got fast hold of me; and who is able to pluck me out of my Father's hand? On my bended knees, I have often to cry for succour; and, bless His name, He has hitherto heard my cry. Oh, if I did not know that all the Lord's people had soul-contention, I should give up all for lost! I rejoice that the promises left on record are meant for me, as well as for every saint of His, and as such I desire to grasp them. Let the whole earth and even God's professing people, cast out my name as evil; my Lord and Master, He will not. I glory in the distinguishing grace of God, and will not, by the grace of God, step one inch from my principles, or think of adhering to the present fashionable sort of religion.

Oh, could I become like the holy men of past ages,—fearless of men,—holding sweet communion with God,—weaned more from the world, and enabled to fix my thoughts on spiritual things entirely! But when I would serve God, I find my old deceitful heart full of the very essence of hell, rising up into my mouth, polluting all I say and all I do. What should I do if, like you, I were called to be engaged about things of time and sense? I fear I should be neither diligent in business, nor fervent in spirit. "But," (say you,) "he keeps talking all about himself." True, he does; he cannot help it. Self is too much his master. I am proud of my own ignorance; and, like a toad, bloated with my own venomous pride,—proud of what I have not got, and boasting when I should be bemoaning. I trust you have greater freedom from your own corruptions than I have; and in secret, social, and family prayer enjoy more blessed, sanctified liberty at the footstool of mercy.

Rejoice! for Heaven awaits us, and all the Lord's family! The mansion is ready; the crown is made; the harp is strung; there are no willows there. May we be enabled to go on, brave as lions, and valiant for the truth and cause of King Jesus, and by the help of the Spirit, vow eternal warfare with every sin, and rest not until the sword of the Spirit has destroyed all the enemies in our hearts!

May we be enabled to trust the Lord, for He will help us; we must conquer; we cannot be lost. Lost? Impossible! For who is able to snatch us out of our Father's hand? May the Lord bless you exceedingly]

Your affectionate nephew,

C. H. Spurgeon.

The first part of this letter to his Aunt (Mrs. Walker) is missing.

The body of Christians, of which for some little while I have been a member, is not distinguished for high standing in the world. I trust I shall never be rich, lest I should by force of additional temptation ever bring dishonour upon the name of Him with whom I have entered into solemn league and covenant. Would that, as I have been buried with Him in baptism, I might have the inward spiritual grace, and be dead to the world, but alive unto the service of the Lord!

There has been much stir here about the late Popish Aggression,—the clergy seem to be very anxious about it.... I hope Uncle will not write to me until he is well. He is so very kind; but he may tire himself. Tell him I am now studying Paine's Elements of Mental Science and Porter's Lectures on Homiletics. I cannot in Greek get further than the Testament. We have only thirteen boys.

Accept my best love and thanks to yourself and Uncle, and permit me ever to subscribe myself,
Your most affectionate nephew,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, June 3, 1851. My dear Aunt,—

I have just received a note from dear father with your address, and feeling some little sorrow for past negligence, I have not put off writing to you.

I make my old complaint again,—I have nothing to write about.... I hope to see the Exhibition with father and mother. I say, it will be quite a treat to see them there. We have our Missionary meeting next Sabbath. Last Sunday we had old Mr. Jay of Bath; a real wonder he is. The place was crammed everywhere. He is eighty three or eighty four, I think.

I do not know anything of my future steps. I have nothing to do with it; I have no wish but to remain here, but am perfectly contented to do as friends think best, I trust I have endeavoured to improve my mind—others will best judge with what success. If I can earn my own living and manage to progress, all my wishes are attained. I have pursued Divinity with some ardour, and only wish that I could learn more of its wondrous mysteries, and feel more deeply the effects of its doctrines. In this course I find fresh and ever increasing delight. May I never go astray or leave the path the Bible prescribes.

It is a mercy Uncle is so well. You have had a rough year; you have been tried severely. No doubt you will derive benefit from it. Accept my best love and thanks, for whenever I write I must thank you for past kindnesses, but thanks are no returns. Your affectionate nephew,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Colchester, June 25, 1851. My dear Aunt,—

I enclose this in Uncle's note. Is he better? I have much enjoyed my three days in London, and am now happy at home. I am very thankful that, if spared, I am going back to Cambridge. Of my progress there, I am not ashamed; it should and might have been greater, but still it is somewhat. My faults I have not learned there, I had the same at Maidstone, and I am not at all fond of having blame thrown on the place where Providence has placed me. I am all fault, but what God's grace has made right. I am content to be evil spoken of, if I can but grow in grace and serve God. Where I have most opportunity of telling sinners the way of salvation, and of preparation for a future course of labour, I trust I shall always feel most happy. Human wisdom I desire to gain, but only in subservience, and as handmaid to spiritual knowledge and Divine instruction.

Grandfather is with us now; he preached last night on "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." A blessed thing it must be for the new-born sons of God to have such a stay in the hour of trouble; and he who having left his own righteousness, trusts alone on Jesus, has a perfect right to this promise.

Mother is gone to old Mr. Merchant's 51st Anniversary at Layer Breton. He is almost past preaching, and stands a monument of the unchanging love of God, who, having once loved a person, will always love him. The motto over his pulpit is, "We preach Christ, and Him crucified." I am sure you need all the comforts of the gospel now, and I wish I knew enough to be able to give them faithfully and successfully; that is reserved for future lessons of experience. None who rely on Jesus Christ will ever find their troubles too heavy; for all those who take Him as their whole Saviour, He is a supporter. May God deal kindly with you, and support you!

Love to self and Uncle from all.

I am,

Your affectionate nephew,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, -----, 1853. My dear Aunt,— Can you kindly inform me whether Mr. James Spurgeon, Junr., of the parish of Stambourne, Essex, is yet alive? I have written two letters to the said gentleman, and, as he was a particular friend of mine, I begin to feel somewhat anxious seeing that I have had no reply. If you should find, among the papers he has left, any letter directed to me, I shall feel obliged by your forwarding the same. When I was last at his house, he was extremely kind to me, and I flattered myself that, if I should ever have occasion to ask a favour, I should not be refused; or, if denied, it would be in so kind a manner that it would not look like neglect. If he is alive, and not gone beyond the seas, please to give him my kind love the first time you meet him, and tell him I suppose he must have gout in his hands, so that he cannot write. Should it turn out that it is so, keep all wines and spirits from him, as they are bad things for gouty folk; and be so good as to foment his hands with warm water boiled with the heads of poppies. By this treatment, the swelling will subside; and, as soon as he is able, if you find him at all tractable, put a pen in his hand, and make him write his name, and post it to me, so that I may be sure he is alive. Ah, 'tis a sad thing people will get gouty! But perhaps he is gone. Well, poor fellow, he was not the worst that ever lived; I felt sorry to part from him the last time, and, as the Irishman said, I hoped he would, at any rate, have let me know that he was dead. I thought you were the most likely person to know him, as I have seen you at his house several times when I have been there. I trust you will

just send me a line to let me know how the poor fellow is, if alive at all. With best love to you and the little ones, I am,

Yours truly,

Charles H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, Sept. 27, '53. My dear Uncle,—

I have two or three reasons for writing to you just at this time. We are going to have a baptizing service on October 19, and I should be so glad to see my uncle following his Master in the water. I am almost afraid to mention the subject, lest people should charge me with giving it undue prominence; if they will do so, they must. I can bear it for my Master's sake. I know you love my Jesus; and the mention of His name makes the tear rush to your eye, and run down your cheek. Better than wife or child is our Beloved; you can sing,—

"Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust;

Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust."

You can lift your eye to Heaven, and, on your bended knee, before the presence of your Redeemer, exclaim, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Now, my beloved brother in Jesus, can you refuse to perform this one act for Him? "No," you say, "I do not refuse; I would do it at once if I were sure He had commanded it. I love Him too well to keep back any part of my obedience." Ah! but you are sure it is your duty,—or, permit me to hint that you may be sure,—for it is clearly revealed in the New Testament. Taking the lowest view of it, suppose it is your duty, only make a supposition of it,—now, can you go to bed happily with the bare supposition that you are refusing to practise an express command of your Redeemer? Surely, a true lover of his Divine Master will never let even a supposed duty rest; he will want to be sure either that it is his duty, or that it is not; and knowing that, he will act accordingly.

I charge you, by the debt—the infinite debt you owe to Christ—I charge you, by the solemnity of all our Saviour's commands,—I charge you, by the shortness of time, and the near approach of the awful judgment,—not to trifle with convictions of the rightness of this ordinance, not to put off a serious, prayerful enquiry as to whether it is, or is not, enjoined upon all believers in Jesus, and then to carry out your conscientious conviction. If Christ commands me to hold up my little finger, and I do not obey Him, it looks like a coolness in my love to Him; and I feel assured that I should sustain loss by the neglect.

I will not press the matter as one in authority; I only beg of you as a friend, and a dear friend, as well as a loving relative, not to forget or trifle with the commands of One dearer still to me.

Now with regard to coming for a week to preach at Stambourne and neighbouring villages, I am yours to serve to the utmost;—not on the Sabbath, but all the week. I have a good sphere of labour here, but I want to do more, if possible. There is a great field, and the labourers must work with all their might. I often wish I were in China, India, or Africa, so that I might preach, preach, preach all day long. It would be sweet to die preaching. But I want more of the Holy Spirit; I do not feel enough—no, not half enough,—of His Divine energy. "Come, Holy Spirit, come!" Then men must

be converted; then the wicked would repent, and the just grow in grace.

If I come, I shall not mind preaching two evenings in Stambourne if you cannot get other convenient places; and I should love to have some good, thoroughly-hot prayer-meetings after the services. I wish it were possible to preach at two places in one evening, but I suppose time would hardly permit me to do that. Consult the friends, send me word, and I am your man. As to the books, you had better bring them yourself when you come to be baptized. Mr. Elven, of Bury, is going to preach the sermon for me; and, as we have not many candidates this time, we shall all the more value your presence.

If you do not come,—I cross that out, because you must,—then send the books when you can. I left some tracts in Mr. Howell's gig. I should be obliged if you see after them if you go to Hedingham. I should like to go there, too, if I come.

You may show grandfather all I have written, if you like, for truth is truth, even if he cannot receive it;—still, I think you had much better not, for it is not at all likely he will ever change an opinion so long rooted in him, and it is never worth while for us to mention it if it will only irritate, and do no good. I wish to live in unity with every believer, whether Calvinist, Arminian, (if not impossible), Churchman, Independent, or Wesleyan; and though I firmly believe some of them are tottering, I do not like them well enough to prop them up by my wrangling with them. My best respects and regards to Aunt,—Uncles and Aunts,—cousins,—grandfather,—Mr. Unwin, Will Richardson, and all the good people in Stambourne, not excepting yourself.

I am,

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

75, Dover Road, Borough, March 2, 1854.

Dear Uncle,—

I shall be extremely obliged if you will, at the earliest opportunity, forward to my address, as above, by rail or otherwise, the books I purchased of you. I have been expecting them for many months; but thought that, perhaps, you had no means of sending them. Send them to any station, carriage I will pay. Of course, I shall not look for an answer to my note; I never shall again expect to see your handwriting to me. "Hope deferred maketh"—never mind,—let Solomon finish the sentence. I have a birch in pickle for you; and when I come to your house, I shall use it with but little mercy, so you had need have on your very thickest skin. I might say some sharp things about the matter, but I will save them until I sit in your easy chair, or you are seated in mine. When you are in London, you will be in for a sound scolding, if you do not come to see me. I do not think you dare come, and I am sure you will not venture to stay away. I promise you a hearty welcome.

75, Dover Road, Borough of Southwark,

London.

Can you see my address? I send my very best respects to your good wife; she is certainly worth more than you, if I am to value her by the number of letters I have received.

But, to joke no more, you have heard that I am now a Londoner, and a little bit of a celebrity. No College could have put me in a higher situation. Our place is one of the pinnacles of the denomination. But I have a great work to do, and have need of all the prayers the sons of God can offer for me.

I shall be glad to hear of your temporal and spiritual prosperity. Do not, for a moment, imagine that I am cold towards you. My Master's one aim was to spread the spirit of love among His disciples; and I trust little things will never chill my love to the brethren. Permit me, most respectfully and lovingly, to enquire, "How does the cause of God prosper?" "How does your soul prosper?" "How is your love to the precious name of Jesus?" I wish for myself and you much soul-prosperity. We cannot afford to live a useless life; the sands of time are too valuable to be allowed to run on unheeded. We have a work before us, and woe be unto us if we are idle or unfaithful servants! Blessed is the man who often talks with his God alone, and comes forth from his closet, like Moses from the mountain top, with a celestial glory on his brow! Let us seek that blessing, and may God be ever with us! Do not forget the books, and believe me to be—

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To his Brother and Sister

To his Brother and Sister Paris, November, 1871.

Dear Brother,—

I am not very demonstrative in gratitude, but I must indulge myself with the pleasure of saying how much I owe to you, and how greatly you contribute to my peace of mind. Your loving aid is beyond all thanks, although it desires none. Believe me, dear brother, I value you as God's best gift to me in His work.

I have enjoyed my journey here. I am not well; indeed I am, in reality, far other than most take me to be. I am content, however, if I return well enough to carry on our glorious work.

Try and get W—or E—to Sutton. It is my place, and I hope they will have one of our men.

Answer the Welsh letter—I think on vestry table—from Cardiff. See what they can raise, but anyhow we shall be sure to decline.

Next Monday please read the people some pieces from my first article in Sword and Trowel, for December—"Billy Bray." It will give a chance of recommending them to subscribe for the Magazine.

I have posted views of Paris to my wife. Mr. Black-shaw will get done for lantern those marked C. H. S.

Give my love to the men and beg them to live on high, to work hard, and pray fervently. Like the Black Brunswickers they must neither give nor take quarter—(skull and cross-bones)—Victory or Death. Oh! for a picked regiment!

Give my warm love to Lady Burgoyne, and tell her that my heart remembers her in prayer. The same love to Emily, and more for your sake as well as hers. Peace and joy be with you both. The Bon Diable was burnt out here by the Communists, but he finds plenty of shelter—won't be short of a palace while Paris stands.

I send special and particular love to Messrs. Murrell and Cooper, who are sure to be out on Thursday, and the same to all others of my beloved brethren who may be there, with an emphasis for Mr. Dransfield. As for those who are not present I mean my love, but will not ask you to express it.

Go and see Mrs. Potier if you can. Also let me know how Mrs. Phillips gets on—God bless her and her husband. Could you look in on Mr. Haddock?

I hope Mr. Wm. Olney will be at home to help you. Give him my kind remembrances. The Lord be with you very richly. Your own grateful brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, February 2, 1878. My dear Brother,—

I bless the Lord for enabling you to be the means of bearing me over a great crisis, which I now begin to think of somewhat more calmly. I can hardly look at it steadily without depression, and I do not feel that I have any need to do so as yet; but I am all the more grateful to you for leaping into the breach. Mr. G. coming home before me, will complete the work. I have not yet heard from you how the Finchley matter turned out. I shall be relieved to know.

You always have my love. Please remember me kindly to that noble band who are my true brothers in the Lord's work. To Clarke and Smith also remember me. May they have a great harvest. No one has written to me as to how T. succeeded. I hope the Lord was with him.

I get better every hour, but if I were back it would not last for long I fear. The remainder of my holiday will, I trust, deepen what is so well begun. My love to your good wifie. The Lord be with thee.

Thy loving and grateful brother,

Charles.

Off Arran, Saturday, July 27, 1878.

Dear Brother,—

I have suffered so greatly... that I can hardly tell whether I am benefited or not by this change. Yet it ought to be a great boon to me, for fresh air, fine scenery, and cheerful company make up a powerful medicine. M. will have told you how we have got on.

Preaching four sermons is not a help to rest; yet the people are so eager to hear that it ought to be a delight to me.

I trust there will be a large number to receive into fellowship when I return. It is wonderful how the increase has been sustained for so long. I can scarcely hope to see it remain at the highest level, and yet I should mourn its decrease.

I hope your dear wife remains better, and that your trial in that direction may be succeeded by great joy. May you long continue strong and well. With my poor creaking machine, which only holds together with difficulty, it was kind on our Lord's part to find me a brother so vigorous in all ways.

Yours, with hearty love,

Charles.

Westwood, September 7, 1881.

Dear Brother,—

Command me. I feel thankful for you that the stroke has at last fallen; the suspense must have been killing.

I am at your service Tuesday and Wednesday, if I can bury the dear one. Take all the rest you can, and I will do my best without you. The Lord be with thee, my brother. You need no words from me as to your ever-living Helper; it is only fit for me to say again, What can your brother do for you? It will be a delight to be at your service to my very utmost. I am sore grieved for thee, my brother, but the Lord hath done it.

Yours, in loving sympathy,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, December 2, 1882. My dear Brother,—

Love to you and the dear wifie. I am well, and I feel better than I remember to have been for years. Every day I have time for reading, meditation, prayer, etc., and I feel as if my brain boxes were filling up. I keep on accumulating thought from day to day. Once I gathered here a year's materials, and found it a great help all the rest of the year. It is very much so at this time. The Lord is very gracious to me, and I am much alone with Him. So I trust I shall gather that which it will be a joy to sow.

S. has been with me here all the while, nervously broken down; but he is every way better and will do good work yet. He is humble and gracious.

Mr. B. is also with us, a very genial, good man. He is very happy with us and we with him. These brethren go off in the morning when the hint is given. I believe I am serving my age by staying here, and gathering matter for future use.

I am so deeply indebted to you for looking into detail at Stockwell, and to your dear wife also. Now we shall go ahead. Mr. Carr writes me, singing your praises in a carmen of rapture, and the key is not too highly pitched. You are a good brother, indeed.

Please remember me to all souls and all saints at Tabernacle, and to such souls and saints at Croydon as may know me.

Fix time for College recess—say Thursday, December 14, if it seem good.

Yours most lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, August 1, 1885.

Dear Brother,—

I would do anything personally for our excellent friend, Sir Wm. McArthur, and I earnestly hope he may succeed in his candidature for our borough; but the use of the Tabernacle for a purely political meeting would be greatly objected to, and would be very unfair to those of our friends who hold other views from mine. When a religious question is involved, the case is different; but in ordinary political conflicts we must resolve ourselves into individuals, but must not compromise the church which we officially represent.

I am for Sir William heart and soul; but I am sure that he will see that as pastor of the church in the Tabernacle I cannot use its place of worship for any matter in which the church would not be practically unanimous if I proposed to hold a political meeting there.

While writing on this point, I wish you could ascertain whether Sir William feels that he has a good backing for our borough. It would be a pity to fight and lose, and worse to let in a Tory. Could there be some test-ballot or other form of healing disunion? I know nothing whatever about the supporters of Mr. Keay, or about Mr. Keay himself. We will do our best for Sir William, but would like to know what chance there is, and who are with him, and who are not. Your loving brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, April 25, 1887.

Dear Brother,— This man has been at four or five places since he left us, and has been very unwise. He asks me, "Well, what am I to do?" The-----people chose him, but Mr. ----- very properly inquired into his antecedents, and said "No."

I hardly think he ought to remain in the mimicry. He wants to live in a College House till he gets a place, but I think it would not be for the good of others. See him; pitch into him, and relieve his necessities. I don't think we can do more. Have you any wishes or suggestions as to your jubilee? Your portrait for Sword and Trowel. I want one of the same form as mine for next month's magazine. Will you send Passmore what you think the best one?

Thanks to your dear wife for her note just received.

I cannot tell where we shall be. I go to Brighton, but do not want it known. I shall send... my address as soon as I find a lodging.

I have not seen an occasion for saying anything about Sunday boats in the park, and I always wait a seasonable time for speaking. A thousand thanks for your address, and all other aid of last week. I thought you exceeding happy in that address, and several men spoke of it with special fervour. Your loving brother,

C. H. S.

Westwood, June 7, 1887.

Dear Brother,—

I desire for you all that you can desire for yourself and more. It has been a great joy to have you for a brother, not in flesh nor in name merely, but in the fulness of the truth,—in very deed and heart. However much I may have failed in my part, you have done yours to the full, in a way which I can better appreciate than describe. I am not able to remember a jarring feeling between us, and I do not suppose there ever will be one. Certainly the chances of it, if they ever existed, are effectually extinguished by the rare felicity of your choice in your present wedded state. Your wife was my friend long before you made her my sister, and certainly no brother or sister could be more desirable than you twain.

Length of days, domestic bliss, bodily health, mental vigour, and heart repose are among the smallest of the blessings which I ask for you.

I have joined others in two ways in the tokens of regard which will be mere hints of the respect in which you are held. Our love is with you ever. Your loving brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, January, 1889.

Beloved Brother,— So glad you are better. Think the most hopeful things of me. I am quite uninjured as to brain, and that is the main thing. The knee must have time, but I begin to walk, go-cart fashion, with a chair. Cough is better, but voice weak.

I have been nearly wiped out, but the Master's touch is putting in the main lines, and the colours and tones will follow.

I never was a "plaque" for exhibition, but with a rivet or two the plate will be good enough for a few more feedings of the multitude. Get well. Keep well. Love to all.

I will come home when I can move. At present I am fixed for want of fixings. Your loving brother,

Charles.

Westwood, October 18, 1890.

Dear Brother,—

We have a stiff week before us. Monday, at 3.0, laying stone. Tuesday, at Maiden, at 11.0. Wednesday, funeral at Tabernacle, at 2.0. Will you go to the house, 12.30, and to the grave? I will preach in Tabernacle.

I cannot see how I am to get an address for teachers on Monday night, and get my sermon done in the morning before I start for Penrose Street. The Lord help us. With much love,

C. H. S.

Mentone, December 8, 1890. My own dear Brother,—

It may seem childish, but I am full of pleasure this morning because I have dressed myself for the first time. My hand is not yet handy, but you see I can write handsomely. I am coming up to the surface, and no longer belong to "the submerged tenth."...

To-day is perfect. Every moment seems to do me good. I feel very feeble, and, after a drive, need to lie down; but the mischief has passed over, I trust.

Robertson's sermon is printed. Do see it. He must be a sensation to hear. May you have milder weather. My love to your lovely wife and children and yourself. I have to be penurious with my pen, for the hand soon aches. Your friend, Mr. A., has written me a most loving, cheering letter and I have replied. I will write dear father to-morrow. Not many people in Mentone. All the better for my quiet. Mr. W. O. writes a first-rate letter. He will help fill his father's place I trust. May you be kept up during my absence. I wish I were not forced to prolong it; but what else can I do? Love to all our

brotherhood.

Yours ever lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Eastbourne, October 8, 1891.

Dear Brother,—

I am creeping on like a snail; but I am going upward with my horns out in hope of making a sure end. My love—our love to you all at Campbelton. The enclosed will need a little attention from you. I have written. This is a dear family. A great crowd surrounded the gate this morning to see me drive out. Dear souls, it meant a good deal from many of them. God bless you. Your grateful brother,

Charles.

Undated.

Dear Brother,— Have no idea where I am. You have heard that I am going to the Healthy Islands. People are so inquisitive. Your loving brother,

Charles.

Invergordon, May 18. My ever dear Brother,—

All goes well but wearily. I hear you had a great time last Sunday. The Lord abide with you still, and make you more and more blessed in your work. These people seem resolved to eat me up. I cannot go from station to station without being besieged by gazing throngs. Every halt of the train means a deputation, a crowd, and a cheer. Each town, besides its preaching, has its breakfasting, dining, suppering, till I am overdone, and half dead therewith.

I am so longing to rest. But I am very wonderfully helped in preaching. Certainly, I never felt more liberty or power.

God bless you, dear brother. I don't often say much to you about how deeply I love you for your ever kind generous affection; but I think you know I do value you quite as well as if I were demonstrative.

Please give my kindest love to Emily, who is also a dear creature. Your loving brother,

Charles.

Undated.

Very dear Brother,— May the Lord be very remarkably with you, and indeed with all the friends to-night. I feel a sweet repose of mind in what is being done, feeling, indeed, that my being cast into the deep sleep of inaction is a most profitable process, since I perceive that a helpmeet is being found for me. What I might have wished for in vain, all being well, comes to me most evidently from heaven, all being better than well.

Now do not come to see me to-morrow, but rest as much as you can. You must not knock up, or two cripples will be worse than one.

Better, but broken-backed, and broken-kneed. No dealer would buy me except for cats' meat, and I'm not worth so much for that as I was, for I am many pounds lighter. My warmest love abides with you. Your own brother,

Charles.

Cambridge, Thursday, Dec, 1850.

Miss Caroline Louisa Spurgeon,— Your name is so long that it will almost reach across the paper. We have one young gentleman in our school whose name is Edward Ralph William Baxter Tweed; the boys tease him about his long name; but he is a very good boy, and that makes his name a good one. Everybody's name is pretty, if they are good people. The Duke of Tuscany has just had a little son; the little fellow was taken to the Catholic Cathedral, had some water put on his face, and then they named him—you must get Eliza to read it,—Giovanni Nepomerceno, Maria Annunziata Giuseppe Giovanbaptista Ferdinando Baldassere Luigi Gonzaga Pietro Allesandro Zanobi Antonino. A pretty name to go to bed and get up with; it will be a long time before he will be able to say it all the way through! If anyone is called by the name of Christian, that is better than all these great words: it is the best name in the world, except the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. My best love to you. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and try to make others happy, too; for then you are sure to be happy yourself; whereas, if you only look out to please yourself, you will make others uncomfortable, and will not make even yourself happy. However, of course, you know that, and I need not tell you of it. A happy Christmas to you! Your loving brother,

Charles.

To Miss Thompson and his Wife

To Miss Thompson and his Wife 75, Dover Road, January 11, 1855. My Dearest,— The letter is all I can desire. Oh! I could weep for joy (as I certainly am doing now) to think that my beloved can so well testify to a work of grace in her soul. I knew you were really a child of God, but I did not think you had been led in such a path. I see my Master has been ploughing deep, and it is the deep-sown seed, struggling with the clods, which now makes your bosom heave with distress. If I know anything of spiritual symptoms, I think I know a cure for you. Your position is not the sphere for earnest labour for Christ. You have done all you could in more ways than one; but you are not brought into actual contact either with the saints or with the sinful, sick, or miserable, whom you could serve. Active service brings with it warmth, and this tends to remove doubting, for our works thus become evidences of our calling and election.

I flatter no one, but allow me to say, honestly, that few cases which have come under my notice are so satisfactory as yours. Mark, I write not now as your admiring friend, but impartially as your Pastor. If the Lord had intended your destruction, He would not have told you such things as these, nor would He enable you so unreservedly to cast yourself upon His faithful promise. As I hope to stand at the bar of God, clear of the blood of all men, it would ill become me to flatter; and as I love you with the deepest and purest affection, far be it from me to trifle with your immortal interests; but I will say again that my gratitude to God ought to be great, as well on my own behalf as yours, that you have been so deeply schooled in the lessons of the heart, and have so frequently looked into the charnel-house of your own corruption. There are other lessons to come, that you may be thoroughly furnished; but, oh! my dear one, how good to learn the first lesson well! I loved you once, but feared you might not be an heir of Heaven;—God in His mercy showed me that you were indeed elect. I then thought I might without sin reveal my affection to you,—but up to the time I saw your note, I could not imagine that you had seen such great sights, and were so thoroughly versed in soul-knowledge. God is good, very good, infinitely good. Oh, how I prize this last gift, because I now know, more than ever, that the Giver loves the gift, and so I may love it, too, but only in subservience to His. Dear purchase of a Saviour's blood, you are to me a Saviour's gift, and my heart is full to overflowing with the thought of such continued goodness. I do not wonder at His goodness, for it is just like Him; but I cannot but lift up the voice of joy at His manifold mercies.

Whatever befall us, trouble and adversity, sickness or death, we need not fear a final separation, either from each other, or our God. I am glad you are not here just at this moment, for I feel so deeply that I could only throw my arms around you and weep. May the choicest favours be thine, may the Angel of the Covenant be thy companion, may thy supplications be answered, and may thy conversation be with Jesus in Heaven! Farewell; unto my God and my father's God I commend you.

Yours, with pure and holy affection, as well as terrestrial love,

C. H. Spurgeon.

On June 2, 1855, he writes:—

Last evening, about 500 persons came to the field, and afterwards adjourned to the chapel kindly lent by Mr. Eldridge. My Master gave me power and liberty. I am persuaded souls were saved; and, as for myself, I preached like the chief of sinners, to those who, like me, were chief sinners, too. Many were the tears, and not a few the smiles.

On the 23rd of the same month, a jubilant letter, which commenced thus:—

Yesterday, I climbed to the summit of a minister's glory. My congregation was enormous, I think 10,000 (this was in a field at Hackney); but certainly twice as many as at Exeter Hall. The Lord was with me, and the profoundest silence was observed; but, oh, the close,—never did mortal man receive a more enthusiastic ovation! I wonder I am alive! After the service, five or six gentlemen endeavoured to clear a passage, but I was borne along, amid cheers, and prayers, and shouts, for about a quarter of an hour,—really it seemed more like a week! I was hurried round and round the field without hope of escape until, suddenly seeing a nice open carriage, with two occupants, standing near, I sprang in, and begged them to drive away. This they most kindly did, and I stood up, waving my hat, and crying "the blessing of God be with you!" while, from thousands of heads the hats were lifted, and cheer after cheer was given. Surely, amid these plaudits, I can hear the low rumblings of an advancing storm of reproaches; but even this I can bear for the Master's sake.

Aberfeldy, July 17, 1855. My Precious Love,— Your dearly-prized note came safely to hand, and verily it did excel all I have ever read, even from your own loving pen. Well, I am all right now. Last Sabbath, I preached twice, and to sum up all in a word, the services were "glorious." In the morning, Dr. Patterson's place was crammed; and in the evening, Dr. Wardlaw's chapel was crowded to suffocation by more than 2,500 people, while persons outside declared that quite as many went away. My reception was enthusiastic; never was greater honour given to mortal man. They were just as delighted as are the people at Park Street. To-day, I have had a fine drive with my host and his daughter. To-morrow, I am to preach here. It is quite impossible for me to be left in quiet. Already, letters come in, begging me to go here, there, and everywhere. Unless I go to the North Pole, I never can get away from my holy labour.

Now to return to you again, I have had day-dreams of you while driving along, I thought you were very near me. It is not long, dearest, before I shall again enjoy your sweet society, if the providence of God permit. I knew I loved you very much before, but now I feel how necessary you are to me; and you will not lose much by my absence, if you find me, on my return, more attentive to your feelings, as well as equally affectionate. I can now thoroughly sympathize with your tears, because I feel in no little degree that pang of absence which my constant engagements prevented me from noticing when in London. How then must you, with so much leisure, have felt my absence from you, even though you well knew that it was unavoidable on my part! My darling, accept love of the deepest and purest kind from one who is not prone to exaggerate, but who feels that here there is no room for hyperbole. Think not that I weary myself by writing; for, dearest, it is my delight to please you, and solace an absence which must be even more dreary to you than to me, since travelling and preaching lead me to forget it. My eyes ache for sleep, but they shall keep open till I have invoked the blessings from above!—mercies temporal and eternal,—to rest on the head of one whose name is sweet to me, and who equally loves the name of her own, her much-loved,

C. H. S.

Undated.

Sweet One,—

How I love you! I long to see you; and yet it is but half-an-hour since I left you. Comfort yourself in my absence by the thought that my heart is with you. My own gracious God bless you in all things,—in heart, in feeling, in life, in death, in Heaven! May your virtues be perfected, your prospects realized, your zeal continued, your love to Him increased, and your knowledge of Him rendered deeper, higher, broader—in fact, may more than even my heart can wish, or my hope anticipate, be yours for ever! May we be mutual blessings;—wherein I shall err, you will pardon; and wherein you may mistake, I will more than overlook.

Yours till Heaven, and then,—

C. H. S.

Undated. My own dear Sufferer,—

I am pained indeed to learn, from T-----'s kind note, that you are still in so sad a condition! Oh, may the ever-merciful God be pleased to give you ease!

I have been quite a long round to-day, if a "round" can be "long." First, to Finsbury, to buy the wardrobe,—a beauty. I hope you will live long to hang your garments in it, every thread of them precious to me for your dear sake. Next, to Hewlett's, for a chandelier for the dining-room. Found one quite to my taste and yours. Then, to Negretti & Zambra's, to buy a barometer for my very own fancy, for I have promised to treat myself to one. On the road, I obtained the Presburg biscuits, and within their box I send this note, hoping it may reach you the more quickly. They are sweetened with my love and prayers. The bedroom will look well with the wardrobe in it; at least, so I hope. It is well made; and, I believe, as nearly as I could tell, precisely all you wished for. Joe (Mr. Passmore gave this handsome present) is very good, and should have a wee note whenever darling feels she could write it without too much fatigue;—but not yet. I bought also a table for you in case you should have to keep your bed. It rises or falls by a screw, and also winds sideways, so as to go over the bed, and then it has a flap for a book or paper, so that my dear one may read or write in comfort while lying down. I could not resist the pleasure of making this little gift to my poor suffering wifey, only hoping it might not often be in requisition, but might be a help when there was a needs-be for it. Remember, all I buy, I pay for. I have paid for everything as yet with the earnings of my pen, graciously sent me in time of need. It is my ambition to leave nothing for you to be anxious about. I shall find the money for the curtains, etc., and you will amuse yourself by giving orders for them after your own delightful taste.

I must not write more; and, indeed, matter runs short, except the old, old story of a love which grieves over you, and would fain work a miracle, and raise you up to perfect health. I fear the heat afflicts you. Well did the elder say to John in Patmos, concerning those who are before the throne of God, "neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Yours to love in life, and death, and eternally,

To his Son Charles

To his Son Charles Heligoland, Sept., 1867. My dear Charlie,—

I am very glad that you wrote a nice little note to your dear mother, and I hope it is a sign that you are always going to be diligent and thoughtful, and this will be a glad thing indeed..... I am delighted to hear that you are doing so well at College. Give my love to all the students, and tell Mr. Rogers that it always cheers me to know that the brethren bear me up in their prayers. On this little island there is a lighthouse; you see it at the top, on the left of the picture. It is much needed, for many vessels are wrecked here. We live down below, on the beach, near the square tower with a flag on it; that is a bath-house. Steamers come every two days, and then we can send letters; at other times, we are far off from everybody, alone in the wide, wide sea. We have sheep's milk, for there is no room for cows. Fish is very plentiful, and very good. My dear boy, I trust that you will prove, by the whole of your future life, that you are truly converted to God. Your actions must be the chief proof. Remember, trees are known by their fruit, and Christians by their deeds. God bless you for ever and ever! Mother sends her kindest love, and so does— Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Rome, Nov. 3, 1868 [?] My very dear Boy,—

I have had a very happy journey and am very much better. You can trace my journey thus: I have been in stately Brussels, sniffed in odoriferous Cologne, slept in Rhine-washed Mayence, inspected regal Munich, rested in rustic Botzen, floated in palatial Venice, eaten sausage in Bologna, roamed in flowery Florence, and tarried in imperial Rome. Everywhere protected and blessed of God, I am most grateful, and desire to come back strong for the service of God.

One of my sweetest joys is to hear that a spirit of prayer is in your school, and that you participate in it. To know that you love the Lord and are mighty in prayer would be my crowning joy, and the hope that you do so already is a happy one to me. Dear boy, I should like you to preach, but it is best that you pray. Many a preacher has proved a castaway, but never one person who had truly learned to pray. Be careful that your life is consistent with your prayers. You and your brother are differently constituted, and have different temptations, but God is able to bless you both alike, and I pray that He may do so richly.

I wish you were with me here, for you are a nice companion, and if your dear mother were here, too, it would be a joyous day. We will pray to God for her daily.

Give my regards to Mr. Olding. Receive my love for yourself. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Winchester, June 26, 1874. My dear Charlie,— Your kind letter was very pleasant to me, and made my birthday much happier. I am right glad to see that you intend putting on the armour in earnest for the battle of life, into which you must now enter. We have to carry babies; but it is

always a glad occasion when they run alone. After that, comes another period of carrying on a larger scale; and then comes (as now) the time for another running alone as to manly, serious, earnest, industrious life-work. We do not expect you to run, in this sense, all at once; and we shall not be surprised if there are some stumbles and failures; but we shall hope to see you an upright man, capable of any honest achievement, and bending all your strength to accomplish an honourable life-work. I am full of hope about you; and if I feel any anxiety, it is because I love you so well that I want you to be a greater success than other young men. I believe you love the Lord, and that is the main thing; the next is, stick to it. Leave childish things once for all, and buckle to the work. It will not be pleasant, and it may even become irksome; but the harder you work, at first, the less you will have to do in later life. The times are so pushing that you must put out all your energies; and, above all, you must be careful, and very persevering; and then, with God's blessing, you will soon take a position to which your father and mother can point with pleasure. If you do not preach the gospel, you must help me to do it, and make money for Jesus. With my two sons at my side, I shall be able to do marvels, if the Lord be with us.

Letters from your dear mother are encouraging. Do not write to me here, as I am flitting. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Brighton, March 7, [1875].

Mine own dear Son,—

I think it very kind and thoughtful of you to write to your father and the more so because the time you have to yourself is not very long. It is a great mercy to feel so much, better, and I am sure you will help me to bless God for it. Your dear mother has also been far better in health while down here with me than I have known her to be for a long time; this is another great cause for thankfulness. She is so very dear to us that we are all affected by her condition.

I am glad you desire to do something for the Lord and shall be still more so when you actually set about it. Time flies, and the opportunity for doing good flies with it. However diligent you may be in the future you can only do the work of 1875 in 1875, and if you leave it undone now it will be undone to all eternity. The diligent attention which you give to business, the careful purity of your daily life, and your concern to do common things in a right spirit—are all a real service of the Lord. The hours in which your earthly calling is followed industriously for Christ's sake, are really hours of work for Jesus; but still this cannot satisfy you, or at least I hope it cannot. As redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus you feel that you belong to Him and you long to shew your love to Him by actions directly meant to extend His kingdom and gather in souls which He loves to bless. When once such efforts are commenced they become easier and a kind of hunger to do more seizes upon the heart. It is not toil, but pleasure; and if God blesses what we do it rises from being a common pleasure to become a sacred delight.

Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might. It is not for me to suggest what, for the act of invention must be left to yourself, and half the pleasure lies in it.

I deeply rejoiced to see that you had written that you rejoiced in prayer—may it always be so, and yet more and more. Nothing gives us such strength, or affords us such guidance. The Lord bless

you there and all must be well.

I have always hoped to see you a leader in the host of God. How it will be I know not, but that so it may be is one of my unceasing prayers.

Dear son, may all blessings abound towards you. You know I love you very dearly.

It is a very dull Sabbath here as to weather; I hope you have a happy day at home. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, Dec. 14, '78. My dear Son,—

I pray earnestly for you under the solemn responsibility of to-morrow. May your father's God lift you out of yourself, give you lowly dependence on His Spirit, and pleading earnestness that men may come to Christ. I am very ill, or I would be in my pulpit. I am ready to weep at being still away. But, dear son, the Lord is so good in giving me you that I dare not think of repining.

Only lean thou wholly on Him who has been my stay these many years and be nothing before Him.

Tell the people that night and day I am full of pain; and as these three times I have promised to be with them and have failed, I fear to hope any more. Only they will be all sure that it will be my highest joy to be back among them to see their loving faces, and to speak to them the good word. I am an exiled prisoner, and the iron enters into my soul, but the Lord is God, and in His name do I hope.

Comfort your dear mother, and accept my love yourself. Your poor father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Thursday, [1878]. My dear Son,—

You are a good son to write to your father so often and so lovingly. I am indeed happy in having two of the best of sons.

I shall be right glad if you can help the Colportage in any way, for just now it is in great straits. Therefore, go to Birmingham, if you can. In general follow this rule—Do not engage yourself far ahead; for some fitting place for you to settle in may suddenly appear and it would be a great pity to lose it for the sake of some travelling engagements. Work hard now at theology, and never leave off doing so. The more you put in the more will come out. Get nearer and nearer to the Lord in prayer, and in your general walk, and so you will gain a depth which cannot come in any other way. Your time will soon be up, and I should like you to begin in some sphere, not too large, nor too small, from which you may step into a lifelong position. I think you will maintain a good congregation, and by God's blessing will be useful. We must not push or strive to get you a position, but wait on the Lord and He will do better for you than I can. When Bishops look out for livings for their nephews or sons we condemn their nepotism, and we must not fall into it ourselves. You will be patient and believing, and the right door will open. Cheer them all at home. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 15, 1881. My dear Son,— May you some quarter of a century hence enjoy the great pleasure of having your son Charles to preach for you. Mind you must keep up the name—bad as it is. It is a great delight to me to receive such loving letters from the Bishop of Greenwich who is also my son and heir, and it is even more joy to see that God is prospering you and making your work successful. I think you have made specially good progress in the time.

Stick to your studies. Read Matthew Henry right through if you can before you are married, for after that event I fear that Jacob may supplant him. Remember me to Mr. Huntley and all the good people.

I have not had this week's letter from Tabernacle, and so have not had the eulogiums on your sermons. I am better and better. It is 42 days since we have had rain, and all along the fine weather has been unbroken.

I am so grieved about your dear mother, and my impulse is to come home at once, but then I reflect that I can do her no good, and should do her harm by becoming the second invalid to be waited on. Dear Char, don't get the rheums or the gouts, but spin away on your skates and your cycles. Don't go too much over the bridge,—but you may give my love to Sis.

Th sermon was capital, Thank you much. Your own
Dad.

P.S. Mr. Harrauld and George are deeply shocked at your wishing them "plenty of beer." From a teetotaler this is very suspicious, you should have wished them "all ale."

Westwood, June 21, 1881.

Dear Son,—

God bless you evermore. I have great joy in you.

I ought to have written to your wife rather than to you for she has collected this £5. However, as I have written you, please give her a dozen extra kisses for me, and thank her much.

I have had better times of late, and done a fair stroke of work, for which I am deeply grateful.

See you to-morrow, if the Lord will. Your loving Father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Liverpool, Oct. 4, '82. My dear Son,—

I married your uncle, James, yesterday, to Miss Withers, and then came on here. I am to occupy Hengler's Circus to-day, and I am a little nervous.

We were glad to get your telegram at prayer-meeting and your letter from the Irish shore. We are all praying the Lord to bless you, and He will. Every memory of you gives joy to my heart, and brings tears of delight to my eyes. God bless you. May you be a blessing to Chicago, and bring one home with you for Greenwich. Your mother has not been quite so well of late, but still pretty

fair. All things continue much the same. I saw your good Mr. Batchelor last week at the Association Conference.

Mr. Menzies has just come in, and called me off from writing: he wishes to be remembered to you. I suppose you will now be in the middle of your work, and I pray that you may be divinely aided therein. Give them the whole gospel in all its simplicity, there is nothing like it. Thousands will receive it with delight and God will be glorified.

I think the Baptist meetings here will be a great success; they have hitherto been first class. For my sermon this afternoon there were a fortnight ago 15,000 applications, though only 5,000 can be admitted. Oh, for a blessing! I look up and expect it.

We hear good news from Tom, and we are doing all we can for his new chapel.

If you find time to write a few lines for Sword and Trowel as to any subject within range of your present experience, I shall be glad of it; but do not do it if it will be at all a burden to you.

Kind regards to Mr. Smithson, and any others who know me. Love to yourself from, Your affectionate father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, April 6, 1883. My dear Son,— The Lord ever bless you. I beg you to thank your dear people for this noble help to the College funds, £20 os. 8d., which I have safely received.

I feel already most closely united to the brethren in South Street, but these generous deeds make the unity to be more powerfully felt. May you with them enjoy the richest prosperity. Peace and progress attend you. Your dear mother is pretty well to-day. I have been out of sorts, but I am mending. Accept love for yourself and wife and babe. Your affectionate father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Oct. 6, 1883.

Dear Char,—

Poor mother has broken her rib, and I fear more than one. Ah me! She is in great pain, and is done up tight, which is another pain. Can you preach for me in the evening of Nov. 11, and would you also preach all day on Jan. 13? On the first occasion I shall go and have a Luther service for young men at Exeter Hall if you can serve me; and on the second I hope to be at Mentone. I put you on my last Sunday away, so as to leave a good interval that your good people might not be vexed.

Help me if you can, dear son. Love to you and Sissy and the bairn, Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Feb. 25, 1888.

Dearest of Sons,—

Quite right. Always open telegrams in such a case. We are one. The Lord is with us, I am sure. May He be with you to-morrow in a very special way. Truth will pay her own charges though she costs dear for awhile. Your loving sire,

C. H. S.

Westwood, Sept. 20, 1888. My dear Son,— The Lord, Himself, bless you. Long may your useful life be continued and growing blessings be given to you, and be scattered by you. It is always a joy to me even to think of you. In all things you cause me comfort and delight, and specially for the grace manifested in you. The Lord remember in His infinite love your beloved wife and children and make them ever your joy.

I could not tell what birthday gift to send you and so I thought I would ask you to serve me by taking upon yourself the trouble of laying out the enclosed little cheque for something which would give you pleasure.

I have been to Wooton to-day to see Mr. Evelyn, and have rested finely. I feel that my candle has been snuffed. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, May 23, 1889. My dear Son,—

It seemed a long time to be without news of you, but what I have now received is eminently satisfactory as to yourself.

We have had a glorious Conference. Never so good before. All else goes well. I hear glad tidings from Greenwich, except that the church needs you to gather in the converts. You may return without fear of having lost your congregation. Your dear mother grows weaker and weaker, and looks at times very worn and weary. I was washed out by the Conference, but feel somewhat better now. Had a good time at Surrey and Middlesex at Brentford last Tuesday.

I don't know what to say to Tom. He has never told me the case, and I really know not how to advise when I am quite in the dark. He is so good that it seems a great pity that there should be disagreement. I will, however, write him.

I trust you will come home strong for labour and sanctified in spirit. The summer has just come to us, and it as hot as one could well desire—a little more so. T. is well. Your family seems to be flourishing. In fact, I think, all is well. God bless you evermore. So prays Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

I fear there is not time for this to reach you.

Mentone, Dec. 12. My dear Son,— Your note was a real joy to me. What a good fellow you are. I live twice in seeing you so firm in the faith of God's elect. I do not wonder that the chickens flock around the man who gives them real corn and not mere chaff. The Lord keep you evermore true to the truth, and you will see His hand with you more and more. Your little notices of books are first-rate. Short and pithy—better than half-a-page of long-winded nothings. You may do as many as ever you like, for nobody can do them better, nor as well.

You charm me as I think of your interesting your dear mother, with your views and lantern. It is most sad to have her at home, when I am here, enjoying myself. What can we do but try to cheer her up at home and pray the Lord to give her journeying strength. I am right glad to hear of the growth and advancement of the little girl. God bless her mother.

Yes, I am having a true holiday—not idle, but restful. Our weather here is not so very warm, but just such as to allow of sitting about outdoors. Not many people out here yet. Flowers scarce, since autumn rains did not fall; I hope they are not coming in winter instead.

Love ever to you and yours from, Your happy father,

C. H. S.

Marseilles, Thursday, [1890]. My dear Son,— The friends like to hear how I am, so please read them the little note which follows. I have an extreme content in having my pulpit occupied by my dear son. May your father's God be with you. Love to the dear wife and chicks. Your own father,

C. H. S.

I reached Marseilles early this morning after travelling all night. Through the goodness of God I have borne the journey well. The pains of the head are nearly gone; sleeplessness is leaving; and the general weariness is much less. All that was needed was rest. Fifty-six cannot do, even with effort, what twenty-six performed with ease. God bless you all, dear friends, I thank you with all my heart, for sending me away without any burden; your generous love did marvels, may God's love reward you. May my dear son be made a blessing to many.

Mentone, Nov. 2, [1891]. To Char. and Sis.

DEAR CHILDREN,— The Lord bless you in reference to this new babe, in whom the Lord restores to you that which He took away in His good pleasure. May the life be precious in the sight of the Lord, and the boy become a saintly man, a minister of the Lord. May the Lord speak with him as a child, as He did with Samuel, and may he live honored in Israel as Samuel did. The Lord be gracious to the dear mother in her weakness, and the dear father in his personal health and ministry. My love flows to you both, and to your girls, and the new-born son. The Lord be praised for His goodness to our house in continuing the male line in our branch thereof. Your loving father,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Mentone, Jan. 12, 1892. My Dear Son Char,—

I am truly sorry to hear that you are so ill, but all I can do is to pray our Lord to restore you, and bless you and the dear wife and bairns. It seems so strange that you should be laid by in the middle of so much usefulness; but it is often so. So that you may at least know that you are not put on the shelf because you are useless. Some good reason lies hidden in the Divine bosom. Be of good cheer....

You can do no more than the Lord enables. When we cannot work we must rest, and we feel an easy conscience about it. May this new evil-cast out the old one, and may you sleep.

Trying weather just now, but I am holding my own. Mr. F. T. been here and Gone.

Receive my love, and that of your dear mother. Your loving father, C. H. S.

To his Daughter-in-Law

To his Daughter-in-law To [Mrs. Charles Spurgeon].

Westwood, April 20, 1889.

Dear Daughter,—

I have been thinking much of you in your loneliness. I would have driven over, but I have double work just now. Is there anything big or little I can do for you, or get for you? If so; do write me. Mrs. B-----told me all about you and the three darlings. God bless them all, and their dear mother.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, May 31, 1889.

Dear Daughter,—

If it is a fine day, and I am well enough, I shall hope to drive over with the dolls, and reach you about 3.30 Saturday. I will also bring your letters. Your loving father,

C.H.S.

To his Son Thomas

To his Son Thomas Mentone, 5th December. My dear Son Tom,—

I hope the engraving business is becoming an easy matter with you. God bless you, my boy, and prosper you for this life: but yet more for the life to come. Work as steadily in both spheres of service; to neglect either would be like tying up one of your hands or one of your feet. God is glorified in the shop and in the pulpit. May you see good results in both directions! I pray for you in relation to the two. I hope Bolingbroke does not get empty through the cold and wet. I must help you there. Kiss your dear mother, and try and tell her how dear she is to us all three. Our angel and delight, is she not? With much love, Your affectionate father,

C. H. S.

Mentone, 1877. My dear Son Tom,—

I am very sorry that you are feeling so weak, and as your dear Mother thinks a voyage would do you good I cannot but yield to the wish. I am rather afraid that it will be too severe a remedy, but I shall not demur to its being tried. If it ends in your going in for the college course and coming into the ministry I shall not regret it; indeed, I shall rejoice if you went round the world seven times if it ended so.

You will preach, I am sure, but without good training you cannot take the position which I want you to occupy. Theology is not to be learned in its amplitude and accuracy by one destined to be a public instructor without going thoroughly into it, and mastering its terms and details. Perhaps a voyage may give tone to your system and prepare you for two years of steady application. Only may the Lord make you a great soul-winner, and I shall be more than content.

We meet some awful donkeys when travelling, but a lady at San Remo is beyond all others. She said that she regretted that our Lord Jesus was a Jew. When asked if she would have preferred his being an Englishman she replied, "No, but you see it is such a pity that he was a Jew: it would have been far better if he had been a Christian like ourselves"!!! Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

London, August 30, 1877.

Mine own dear Son,—

We have all been delighted to hear of the arrival of the Lady J. at Melbourne, for we hope that it means that our Tom is all right. By this time you will have had enough sea, and when this reaches you I hope you will have found that "the barbarous people have showed you no little kindness."

I have had a very loving and pressing invitation to come out, but how can I leave home? I shall have to write and decline for I am anchored here too fast, but I feel grateful for the loving invitation and wish that I could accept it.

Give them the Gospel. Study all you can, preach boldly and let your behaviour be with great discretion, as indeed I am sure it will be.

You will be a man ere this reaches you: may the Lord give you full spiritual manhood. We shall try to keep your birthday and Charlie's and I must invest something great in the way of presents for your majority. This must be placed round the neck of the fatted calf when you return.

Char is to come into the College in September. He will have a little start of his brother: but he managed that at an early period, and I suppose you must put up with it. The Bolingbroke Chapel is paid for and will be a blessing, I hope. The people want their co-pastor back, and so do I.

You will, I trust, find the Lord open up ways and means for you to see the country and do good and get good. I am all right: full of work and in pretty good force for doing it. The Lord bless thee, my son, and keep thee, and be ever thy guide. Live to Him, and you will be better than great. Thy father's blessing rests upon thee. Your ever loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

November 23, 1877. My dear Son Tom,—

I have been greatly delighted with your letters and they have caused great joy all round; especially has your own dear mother been much cheered and comforted. Write all you can for her sake—though we all share the pleasure.

God has been very gracious to you in opening so many hearts and ears to you. May His grace abide with you that these golden opportunities may all be used to the best possible result. I am overwhelmed with your reception, accepting it as a token of the acceptance which my works have among the people. When I have you and Char at my side to preach the same great truths we shall by God's grace make England know more of the Gospel's power.

Char is working well at College and will, I trust, come forth thoroughly furnished. When you come home I hope that your practice in Australia will lessen your need of college training so that one year may suffice. Still every man regrets when in the field that he did not prepare better before he entered it. We shall see.

I hope you will stay while your welcome is warm, and while you are getting and doing good, and then come home a free man in all respects, free I mean from all entanglements, and buckle down to the work of the ministry here.

Receive your father's best love and think lots of this letter, for I am so pressed for time that it means a good deal more than it appears upon the paper. May our God bless you more and more and use you in His Kingdom to the utmost possible degree! Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

June 5, 1878.

Dear Son,— Your letters give us all great delight, and the readers of The Sword and Trowel enthusiastically praise the delicious dishes which your dear mother prepares from your capital material. Keep on excelling where your father fails.

If only you were here a look at my Australian son would make a day's delight. Everybody seems interested in your goings on. How rejoiced, I am quite unable to tell you. I would give all glory to God, but I may also praise you for the excellent manner in which you have conducted yourself on all occasions, out of the pulpit as well as in it. Go on, dear son, as you have done, and my heart will have to bless the Lord daily at every remembrance of you.

I shall be glad soon to see you home, but still I should like you to see New Zealand. Mr. Sands thinks you would be a suitable successor to Dr. Culross, who is leaving Highbury, but the time which must intervene will, I think, render that of no avail. We will leave such engagements till your course can be more clearly foreseen.

We want zealous, cultured, sound ministers, and when one of these can be met with several churches will be after him. May our Lord clothe you with so much power that you may be very valiant in Israel!

Dear son, your love is very sweet to me. God keep you ever and bring you back to me. Your loving father

Who again blesses you in the name of the Lord,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, November 28, 1881.

Mine own dear Son,—

How your whole conduct delights me! You are quite able to judge for yourself, and yet you defer to your parents in all things. May your days, according to the promise, be long in the land.

I think the case is clear enough that you ought to settle, for a time at least, in Auckland, but still you see, we know but little of the facts and so I preferred to leave you to your own judgment. I know what that judgment will be. I believe the work before you will arouse all your energies—which is good; but I hope it will not tax them—which would be mischievous. It is a sphere worthy of you, and yet its excellence lies rather in what it may be than in what it is. All things considered, it is full of promise. Do not come home. I should dearly love to see you, but how could we part with you again? Stay away till there is a call to come home. When the Lord wills it, it will be safer and will be better for us all. To come home in 1882 would be a journey for which there is no demand, at a time when you are needed elsewhere.

I have thought of you many times here, and especially while worshipping in the room at Les Grottes. How honored I am to have sons who preach the Gospel so fully. I would sooner this than be the progenitor of the twelve patriarchs.

Dear Son, may the Lord make you His workman wisely instructed in moulding upon the wheel a future empire, as yet phstic clay. Who knows what the Southern Colonies may become? Impress your Master's image upon the molten wax, and seal New Zealand as the Lord's for ever. May your desires be fulfilled, and your expectations be exceeded. Your loving father,

C. H. SPURGEON.

MENTONE, December 15, 1891. MY DEAR SON,— As I write I have sweet memories of your delightful companionship with me in this land of the sun. I seem to hear your pleasant voice even now. The Lord bless thee, my son, and thy spouse, and the little one.

I write this day joyfully because I feel better than for many a month. I am weak, but I have the hope that I have turned the cold comer and am turning to the warmer side of the hill. I am indeed a debtor to my Lord and to the prayers of His people, that I now live in the hope of a perfect restoration and in the expectation of future service. AND YOUR MOTHER IS HERE. I know it is true for I see her, otherwise I could not believe it. And she is—well - she is splendid. I pray the Lord to guide you in your tried path. I think you must settle somewhere in the Antipodes, because you could not bear the fogs of Old England. My hope is that some city will be grateful yet for your laborious and valuable services. You have yet a glorious work to do. The coming of a family about you points to a pastorate. God will open a door into "a large place." God's own true benediction rest upon thee. Your loving father,

C. H. SPURGEON.

To Mr. James Low

To Mr. James Low Cambridge, November 28, 1853. My dear Sir,—

I do not reside at Waterbeach, and therefore your letter did not reach me till yesterday, although the friends ought to have forwarded it at once. My people at Waterbeach are hardly to be persuaded to let me come, but I am prepared to serve you on the 11th December. On the 4th, I could not leave them; and the impossibility of finding a supply at all agreeable to them, prevents me from leaving home two following Sabbaths. I have been wondering very much how you could have heard of me, and I think I ought to give some account of myself, lest I should come and be out of my right place. Although I have been more than two years minister of a church, which has in that time doubled, yet my last birthday was only my nineteenth. I have hardly ever known what the fear of man means, and have all but uniformly had large congregations, and frequently crowded ones; but if you think my years would unqualify me for your pulpit, then, by all means, I entreat you, do not let me come. The Great God, my Helper, will not leave me to myself. Almost every night, for two years, I have been aided to proclaim His truth. I am therefore able to promise you for the 11th, and should you accept the offer, I will come on Saturday afternoon, and return on Monday. As I shall have to procure a supply, an early answer will oblige—

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Cambridge, January 27, 1854. My dear Sir,—

I cannot help feeling intense gratification at the unanimity of the church at New Park Street in relation to their invitation to me. Had I been uncomfortable in my present situation, I should have felt unmixed pleasure at the prospect Providence seems to open up before me; but having a devoted and loving people, I feel I know not how.

One thing I know, namely, that I must soon be severed from them by necessity, for they do not raise sufficient to maintain me in comfort. Had they done so, I should have turned a deaf ear to any request to leave them, at least for the present. But now my Heavenly Father drives me forth from this little Garden of Eden; and whilst I see that I must go out, I leave it with reluctance, and tremble to tread the unknown land before me. When I first ventured to preach at Waterbeach, I only accepted an invitation for three months, on the condition that if, in that time, I should see good reason for leaving, or they on their part should wish for it, I should be at liberty to cease supplying, or they should have the same power to request me to do so before the expiration of the time.

Now, with regard to a six months' invitation from you, I have no objection to the length of time, but rather approve of the prudence of the church in wishing to have one so young as myself on an extended period of probation. But I write, after well weighing the matter, to say positively that I cannot, that I dare not, accept an unqualified invitation for so long a time. My objection is not to the length of time of probation, but it ill becomes a youth to promise to preach to a London

congregation so long, until he knows them and they know him. I would engage to supply for three months of that time, and then, should the congregation fail, or the church disagree, I would reserve to myself liberty, without breach of engagement, to retire; and you could, on your part, have the right to dismiss me without seeming to treat me ill. Should I see no reason for so doing, and the church still retain their wish for me, I can remain the other three months, either with or without the formality of a further invitation; but even during that time (the second three months) I should not like to regard myself as a fixture, in case of ill-success, but would only be a supply, liable to a fortnight's dismissal or resignation.

Perhaps this is not business-like,—I do not know; but this is the course I should prefer, if it would be agreeable to the church. Enthusiasm and popularity are often the crackling of thorns, and soon expire. I do not wish to be a hindrance if I cannot be a help. With regard to coming at once, I think I must not. My own deacons just hint that I ought to finish the quarter here; though, by ought, they mean simply, "Pray do so, if you can." This would be too long a delay. I wish to help them until they can get supplies, which is only to be done with great difficulty; and as I have given you four Sabbaths I hope you will allow me to give them four in return. I would give them the first and second Sabbaths in February, and two more in a month or six weeks' time. I owe them much for their kindness, although they insist that the debt lies on their side. Some of them hope, and almost pray, that you may be tired in three months, so that I may be again sent back to them.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have honestly poured out my heart to you. You are too kind. You will excuse me if I err, for I wish to do right to you, to my people, and to all, as being not my own, but bought with a price.

I respect the honesty and boldness of the small minority, and only wonder that the number was not greater. I pray God that, if He does not see fit that I should remain with you, the majority may be quite as much the other way at the end of six months, so that I may never divide you into parties.

Pecuniary matters I am well satisfied with. And now one thing is due to every minister, and I pray you to remind the church of it, namely, that in private, as well as in public, they must all earnestly wrestle in prayer to the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I may be sustained in the great work.

I am, with the best wishes, for your health, and the greatest respect, Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To the Baptist Church of Christ worshipping in New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.

75, Dover Road, Borough, April 28, 1854.

Dearly Beloved in Christ Jesus,—

I have received your unanimous invitation, as contained in a resolution passed by you on the 19th instant, desiring me to accept the pastorate among you. No lengthened reply is required; there is but one answer to so loving and cordial an invitation. I accept it. I have not been perplexed as to what my reply should be, for many things constrain me thus to answer.

I sought not to come to you, for I was the minister of an obscure but affectionate people; I never solicited advancement. The first note of invitation from your deacons came quite unlooked-for, and

I trembled at the idea of preaching in London. I could not understand how it had come about, and even now I am in the hands of our covenant God, whose wisdom directs all things. He shall choose for me; and so far as I can judge, this is His choice.

I feel it to be a high honour to be the Pastor of a people who can mention glorious names as my predecessors, and I entreat of you to remember me in prayer, that I may realize the solemn responsibility of my trust. Remember my youth and inexperience, and pray that these may not hinder my usefulness. I trust also that the remembrance of these will lead you to forgive mistakes I may make, or unguarded words I may utter.

Blessed be the name of the Most High, if He has called me to this office, He will support me in it,—otherwise, how should a child, a youth, have the presumption thus to attempt the work which filled the heart and hands of Jesus? Your kindness to me has been very great, and my heart is knit unto you. I fear not your steadfastness, I fear my own. The gospel, I believe, enables me to venture great things, and by faith I venture this.

I ask your cooperation in every good work; in visiting the sick, in bringing in enquirers, and in mutual edification.

Oh, that I may be no injury to you, but a lasting benefit! I have no more to say, saving this, that if I have expressed myself in these few words in a manner unbecoming my youth and inexperience, you will not impute it to arrogance, but forgive my mistake. And now, commending you to our covenant God, the Triune Jehovah, I am,

Yours to serve in the gospel,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, May 2, 1854. My dear Sir,—

I sit down to communicate to you my thoughts and feelings with regard to a public recognition. I am sure I need not request your notice of my sentiments, for your usual good judgment is to me a rock of reliance. I can trust any matter with you, knowing that your kindness and wisdom will decide rightly.

I have a decided objection to any public ordination or recognition. I have, scores of times, most warmly expressed from the pulpit my abhorrence of such things, and have been not a little notorious as the opponent of a custom which has become a kind of iron law in the country. I am willing to retrace my steps if in error; but if I have been right, it will be no very honourable tiling to belie my former loud outcries by submitting to it myself.

I object to ordinations and recognitions, as such (1) Because I am a minister, and will never receive authority and commission from man; nor do I like that which has the shadow of such a thing about it. I detest the dogmas of apostolic succession, and dislike the revival of the doctrine by delegating power from minister to minister.

(2) I believe in the glorious principle of Independency. Every church has a right to choose its own minister; and if so, certainly it needs no assistance from others in appointing him to the office. You, yourselves, have chosen me; and what matters it if the whole world dislikes the choice? They

cannot invalidate it; nor can they give it more force. It seems to me that other ministers have no more to do with me, as your minister, than the crown of France has with the crown of Britain. We are allies, but we have no authority in each other's territories. They are my superiors in piety, and other personal matters; but, ex officio, no man is my superior. We have no apostles to send Titus to ordain. Prelatic power is gone. All we are brethren.

(3) If there be no authority inferred, what is the meaning of the ceremony? "It is customary." Granted; rebut we are not all Ecclesiastical Conservatives; and, moreover, I know several instances where there has been none. Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, agrees with me, I believe; and has not endured it himself. Rev. J. Smith had nothing of it, nor had Rev. Burton, of Cambridge, nor Rev. Wooster, of Landbeach, etc., etc.

Furthermore, I have seldom heard of an ordination service in which there was not something objectionable. There are dinners, and toasts, and things in that line. There is foolish and needless advice, or, if wise advice, unfit for public mention. I am ready to be advised by anyone, on any subject, in private; but I do not know how I could sit in public to be told: as Mr. C. was told by Mr. S., that I must not spend more than my income; and (if married), that I must be a good husband, and not let the wife say that being a minister had lessened my affection, with all the absurd remarks on family and household matters. I do not know what sort of a homily I should get; but if I am to have it, let it be in my study; or if it be not a very, good one, I cannot promise to sit and hear it.

I trust, my dear Sir, that you will not imagine that I write warmly, for I am willing to submit; but it will be submission. I shall endure it as a self-mortification, in order that you may all be pleased. I would rather please you than myself; but still, I would have it understood by all the church that I endure it as a penance for their sake. I find the friends do not care much about it, and others have, like myself, a decided aversion. I am your servant; and whatever is for the good of the church, let it be done. My knowledge is little; I simply express my feelings, and leave it entirely with you. A tea-meeting of members, with handbills, and notices in the papers, will be a real recognition; and if my God will make me useful, I am not afraid of being recognized by all good men. I write now to you as a kind and wise friend. You can use my communication as you think best; and believe me to be—

Yours, with the profoundest respect,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. James Watts

To Mr. James Watts Borough, August 25, 1854. My very dear Friend,—

I am astonished to find that fame has become so inveterate a fabricator of untruths, for I assure you that I had no more idea of coming to Cambridge on Wednesday than of being dead last week.

I have been, this week, to Tring, in Hertfordshire, on the border of Bucks. I have climbed the goodly hills, and seen the fair vale of Aylesbury below. In the morning, I startled the hare from her form, and at eve talked with the countless stars. I love the glades, and dells, the hills and vales, and I have had my fill of them. The week before, I was preaching at Ramsgate, and then tarried awhile at Margate, and came home by boat. Kent is indeed made to rejoice in her God, for in the parts I traversed, the harvest was luxuriant, and all seemed thankful. The Crystal Palace is likewise a favourite haunt of mine; I shall rejoice to take your arm one day, and survey its beauties with you.

Now for the cause at New Park Street. We are getting on too fast. Our harvest is too rich for the barn. We have had one meeting to consider an enlargement,—quite unanimous,—meet again on Wednesday, and then a committee will be chosen immediately to provide larger accommodation. On Thursday evenings, people can scarcely find a vacant seat,—I should think not a dozen in the whole chapel. On Sabbath days the crowd is immense, and seat-holders cannot get into their seats; half-an-hour before time, the aisles are a solid block, and many stand through the whole service, wedged in by their fellows, and prevented from escaping by the crowd outside, who seal up the doors, and fill the yard in front, and stand in throngs as far as the sound can reach. I refer mainly to the evening, although the morning is nearly the same.

Souls are being saved. I have more enquirers than I can attend to. From six to seven o'clock on Monday and Thursday evenings, I spend in my vestry; I give but brief interviews then, and have to send many away without being able to see them. The Lord is wondrous in praises. A friend has, in a letter, expressed his hope that my initials may be prophetic,—

C. Comfort

H. Happiness

S. Satisfaction

I can truly say they are, for I have comfort in my soul, happiness in my work, and satisfaction with my glorious Lord. I am deeply in debt for your offer of hospitality; many thanks to you. My kindest regards to all my friends, and yours, especially your sons and daughters. I am sure it gives me delight to be remembered by them, and I hope it will not be long before I run down to see them. Hoping you will be blessed in going out, and coming in, I am,

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, Saturday (Oct. or Nov., 1854). My dear Friend,—

I do not think I can by any means manage to see you. There is just a bare possibility that I may be down by the half-past-one train on Monday morning; but do not prepare for me, or expect me. I can only write very briefly to-day, as it is Saturday. Congregations are as crowded as ever. Twenty-five added to the church last month; twelve proposed this month. Enlargement of chapel to be commenced speedily. £1,000 required. Only one meeting held, last Friday evening, £700 or £800 already raised; we shall have more than enough. I gave £100 myself to start the people off. Friends firm. Enemies alarmed. Devil angry. Sinners saved. Christ exalted. Self not well. Enlargement to comprise 300 seats to let, and 300 free sittings, 200 to be decided on. I have received anonymously in one month for distribution, £18 5s., and have given it to poor Christians and sick persons.

Love to you all. Excuse haste. Forgot to say,—Prayer-meeting, 500 in regular attendance. Glory to the Master!

Yours in Jesus,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, March 23, 1855. My dear Friend and Brother,—

Often have I looked for a note from you, but I have not reproached you, for I, too, have been negligent. Really, I never seem to have an hour to call my own. I am always at it, and the people are teasing me almost to death to get me to let them hear my voice. It is strange that such a power should be in one small body to crowd Exeter Hall to suffocation, and block up the Strand, so that pedestrians have to turn down by-ways, and all other traffic is at a standstill. The Globe, of last evening, says that, never since the days of Whitefield was there such a religious furor, and that the glories of Wesley and Whitefield seem in danger of being thrown into the shade. Well, the Press has kicked me quite long enough, now they are beginning to lick me; but one is as good as the other so long as it helps to fill our place of worship. I believe I could secure a crowded audience at dead of night in a deep snow. On Fast-day, all Falcon Square was full,—police active, women shrieking,—and at the sight of me the rush was fearful.... Strange to say, nine-tenths of my hearers are men; but one reason is, that women cannot endure the awful pressure, the rending of clothes, etc., etc. I have heard of parties coming to the hall, from ten to twelve miles distance, being there half-an-hour before time, and then never getting so much as near the door, Dear me, how little satisfies the crowd! What on earth are other preachers up to, when, with ten times the talent, they are snoring along with prosy sermons, and sending the world away? The reason is, they do not know what the gospel is; they are afraid of real gospel Calvinism and therefore the Lord does not own them. And now for spiritual matters. I have had knocking about enough to kill a dozen, but the Lord has kept me. Somewhere in nubibus there lies a vast mass of nebulae made of advice given to me by friends,—most of it about humility. Now, my Master is the only One Who can humble me. My pride is so infernal that there is not a man on earth who can hold it in, and all their silly attempts are futile; but then my Master can do it, and He will. Sometimes, I get such a view of my own insignificance that I call myself all the fools in the world for even letting pride pass my door without frowning at him. I am now, as ever, able to join with Paul in saying, "Having nothing yet possessing all things."

Souls are being converted, and flying like doves to their windows. The saints are more zealous, and more earnest in prayer.

Many of the man-made parsons are mad, and revile me; but many others are putting the steam on, for this is not the time to sleep in. The Lord is abroad. The enemy trembles. Mark how the devil roars;—see Era, last week, a theatrical paper, where you can read about "Exeter Hall Theatre" linked with Drury Lane, Princess's, etc. Read the slander in Ipswich Express and the London Empire. The two latter have made an apology.

What a fool the devil is! If he had not vilified me, I should not have had so many precious souls as my hearers.

I long to come and throw one of my bombs into Cambridge; you are a sleepy set, and want an explosion to wake you. (Here omit a gentleman whose initials are J. S. W.) I am coming on Good Friday; is your house still the Bishop's Hostel? Of course it is. Now, do write me; I love you as much as ever, and owe you a vast debt. Why not come and see me? I know you pray for me. With Christian love to you, and kind remembrances to all your family, I am,

Yours ever truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, Tuesday, [April, 1855].

Dear Friend and Brother,—

(D.V.) Thursday, I shall be with you at 1.30. by the mail train. I shall be glad to preach in St. Andrew's Street Chapel, but shall disappoint you all. The people are silly to follow me so much. It now gets worse. Crowds awful on Sunday last. Collected £90 morning and evening at the hall. At Shoreditch, on Tuesday, there were eight or nine hundred where only six hundred should have been admitted; upon personally appealing to the throng outside, disappointed at not getting in, most of them dispersed, and allowed the rest of us to worship as well as we could with windows open to let those hear who remained outside.

Joseph is still shot at by the archers, and sorely grieved; (see Baptist Reporter, United Presbyterian Magazine, Critic, Christian News, etc., with a lot of small fry;) but his bow abides in strength, neither does he tremble. Oh, my dear brother, envy has vexed me sorely;—scarcely a Baptist minister of standing will own me! I am sick of man; but when I find a good one, I love him all the better because of the contrast to others.

I have just received a handsome silver inkstand, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon by J. and S. Alldis, as a token of sincere gratitude to him as the instrument, under Almighty God, of turning them from darkness to light, March 30, 1855." The devil may look at that as often as he pleases; it will afford him sorry comfort. And now farewell. Christian love to you and yours, from Yours deeply in debt,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, April 24, 1855. My dear Sir,—

I am usually careless of the notices of papers concerning myself, referring all honour to my Master, and believing that dishonourable articles are but advertisements for me, and bring more under the sound of the gospel. But you, my dear Sir (I know not why), have been pleased to speak so favourably of my labours that I think it only right that I should thank you. If I could have done so personally, I would have availed myself of the pleasure, but the best substitute is by letter. Amid a constant din of abuse, it is pleasant to poor flesh and blood to hear one favourable voice. I am far from deserving much that you have said in my praise, but as I am equally undeserving of the coarse censure poured on me by the Essex Standard, etc., etc., I will set the one against the other. I am neither eloquent nor learned, but the Head of the Church has given me sympathy with the unenlightened. I never sought popularity, and I cannot tell how it is so many come to hear me; but shall I now change? To please the polite critic, shall I leave "the people," who so much require a simple and stirring style? I am, perhaps, "vulgar," and so on, but it is not intentional, save that I must and will make the people listen. My firm conviction is, that we have quite enough polite preachers, and that "the many" require a change. God has owned me to the most degraded and off-cast; let others serve their class; these are mine, and to them I must keep. My sole reason for thus troubling you is one of gratitude to a disinterested friend. You may another time have good cause to censure me;—do so, as I am sure you will, with all heartiness; but my young heart shall not soon forget "a friend."

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Borough, Feb. 23, 1856. My dear Brother,— A wearied soldier finds one moment of leisure to write a despatch to his brother in arms. Eleven times this week have I gone forth to battle, and at least thirteen services are announced for next week. Additions to the church, last year, 282; received this year, in three months, more than 80;—30 more proposed for next months,—hundreds, who are equally sincere, are asking for admission; but time will not allow us to take in more. Congregation more than immense,—even The Times has noticed it. Everywhere, at all hours, places are crammed to the doors. The devil is wide awake, but so, too, is the Master. The Lord Mayor, though a Jew, has been to our chapel; he came up to my vestry to thank me. I am to go and see him at the Mansion House. The Chief Commissioner of Police also came, and paid me a visit in the vestry; but, better still, some thieves, thimblerriggers, harlots, etc., have come, and some are now in the church, as also a right honourable hot-potato man, who is prominently known as "a hot Spurgeonite." The sale of sermons is going up,—some have sold 15,000. Wife, first-rate; beloved by all my people, we have good reason mutually to rejoice.

I write mere heads, for you can fill up details.

I have been this week to Leighton Buzzard, Foots Cray, and Chatham; everywhere, no room for the crowd. Next week, I am to be thus occupied:—

SABBATH. Morning and evening, New Park Street. Afternoon, to address the Schools.

MONDAY. Morning, at Howard Hinton's Chapel. Afternoon, New Park Street. Evening, New Park Street.

TUESDAY. Afternoon and Evening. Leighton.

WEDNESDAY. Morning and Evening, Zion Chapel, Whitechapel.

THURSDAY. Morning, Dalston. Evening, New Park Street.

FRIDAY. Morning, Dr. Fletcher's Chapel. Evening, Mr. Rogers' Chapel, Brixton. With best love,

Yours in haste,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. Passmore

To Mr. Passmore May 17, 1854. My dear Brother,—

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind present. I find that all the kindness is not in the country, some at least grows in town; and, if nowhere else, it is to be found in a house in Finsbury.

It is sweet to find oneself remembered. I trust the harmony between us may never receive the slightest jar, but continue even in Heaven. We have, I trust, just commenced a new era; and, by God's blessing, we will strive to make it a glorious one to our Church. Oh, that our hopes may all be realized 1 I feel assured that your constant prayers are going up fervently to Heaven; let us continue wrestling, and the wished-for blessing must arrive. With Christian regards to you and Mrs. Passmore, I am,

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

[Undated.] My dear Mr. Passmore,— As you have to-day paid to me the largest amount I have ever received from your firm at one time, I seize the opportunity of saying, what I am sure you know already, that I am most sincerely thankful to God for putting me into your hands in my publishing matters. My connection with you has been one of unmingled satisfaction and pleasure. Your liberality has been as great as it has been spontaneous. Had I derived no personal benefit, it would have delighted me to see you prosper, for my interest in you is as deep as if you were my own brother, as indeed in the best sense you are. From you and your partner, I have received nothing but kindness, courtesy, and generosity. My share of profits has always exceeded my expectations, and the way it has been given has been ever more valuable than the money itself. God bless you both in your business and your families! May your health be recruited, and as long as we live, may we be on as near and dear terms as we ever have been! I am afraid I sometimes tease you when I grumble in my peculiar way; but I never intend anything but to let you know where a screw may be loose with your workmen, and not because I really have anything to complain of. Your growing welfare lies very near my heart, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to see you advance in prosperity.

I need not add my Christian love to you as my friend and deacon.

Yours ever truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

[Undated.] Dear Mr. Passmore,— Have you retired from business? For, if not, I should be glad of proofs for the month of November of a book entitled Morning by Morning which, unless my memory fails me, you began to print. I was to have had some matter on Monday; and it is now Wednesday. Please jog the friend who has taken your business, and tell him that you always were the very soul of punctuality, and that he must imitate you.

I send a piece for October 31, for I can't find any proof for that date. Please let the gentleman who has taken your business have it soon.

Yours ever truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

P.S. Has Mr. Alabaster retired, too? I congratulate you both, and hope the new firm will do as well. What is the name? I'll make a guess,—Messrs. Quick and Speedy.

[Undated.] Dear Passmore,—

I want a complete set of my sermons bound best; only mark I must and will pay for them trade price. No nonsense. Then I want six Morning by Mornings, which charge to that account. I want also two of my large Hymn-books good binding, and four of the 5s. small, which charge to Hymn-book account.

Suppose I cannot see this sermon again; ask reader to be careful. Note in Sword and Trowel, errors page 434 "all gain and no loss" should have been "all loss and no gain." Page 645—"men is like" for "men are like." This last, reader should have noticed. Go ahead with the Almanack. I have more matter if more should be required. I am very much better.

Yours for ever,

C. H. Spurgeon.

[Undated.] Dear Mr. Passmore,—

All goes well. Our weather is glorious, I am getting well and strong. Your men do not carefully attend to our corrections, and even make fresh blunders. Would you just give them a hint again?

I do not write to complain, but to inform you, that your office may be famous for accuracy.

Mrs. S. Book just come. I will try to write a preface, but must see if the maggot will bite.

You need not send any more sermons, as I have used the three. I sent three sermons yesterday. S. & T. to-night. Hard work.

Those proofs sent by us to-day should be returned at once, that you may cast them and get along. Things intended to reach us soon should come by letter post.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Boulogne, Dec. 23. My dear Mrs. Passmore,— Your noble husband is sitting before the fire on one chair, with his legs up on another, and as it seemed to be a pity to disturb His Royal Highness, I offered to write to you for him, and he accepted the offer. I am happy to say that our mutually respected and beloved Joseph is much better, and will, I hope, arrive at Park Lodge in first-rate condition about 7 or 8 o'clock on Friday. The sea is in an excited condition, and I fear none of us will need an emetic when crossing to-morrow; but it will be better arranged than if we had the management of it, no doubt.

I am very much obliged to you for lending me your worser half so kindly. He is a dear, kind, generous soul, and worth his weight in angels any day. I hope all the young folk are well. My dear wife says you are bonnie, which is vastly better than being bony. My kindest regards are always with you and yours. Pray accept my love, and I daresay His Royal Highness, the King of Little Britain, would send his also; but he is so much engrossed in reading the Standard that I have not asked about it.

Yours ever truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, March 11, 1891.

Dear Mr. Passmore,— When that good little lad came here on Monday with the sermon, late at night, it was needful. But please blow somebody up for sending the poor little creature here, late to-night, in all this snow, with a parcel much heavier than he ought to carry. He could not get home till eleven, I fear; and I feel like a cruel brute in being the innocent cause of having a poor lad out at such an hour on such a night. There was no need at all for it. Do kick somebody for me, so that it may not happen again.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 16, '92. My dear old Friend,—

I have only good news to send you. I have not gone backward, but Doctor says I am a shade better as to my disease; in other respects, I feel up to the mark. Mrs. S. well.

Beautiful ride half-way to Turbie this morning; turned back at the Fountain. Weather has been bad, but to-day is heavenly. Snow on the mountains just makes us the more grateful. Come along as soon as you can.

Mrs. P. thanks you heartily, but does not know of anything which she desires.

I sent telegram of sympathy to Sandringham. I could not help it as the Prince had so kindly thought of me. May the Lord save all you love from this fell disease.

Yours ever lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. William Olney

To Mr. William Olney Mentone, Nov. 6, '91. My dear Friend,—

You have given me more particulars than anyone else. I do not complain of lack of correspondents, but no one has gone into detail so fully as yourself. Hearty thanks.

I see no reason why Dr. Pierson should not preside at Communion when Stott is not there. I think when Mr. Stott is there, he is in permanent office, and the Doctor is a friend supplying the pulpit, and so Mr. Stott should preside. It is a mere point of formality. No one else will raise a question at Dr. Pierson's presiding; if they do, please let me know. There is nothing to hinder his doing so.

I get up in the morning forcible and go to bed feeble. The albumen was increased to one-third instead of one-sixth, when I reached here and it discouraged me; it has gradually decreased to one-fifth, one-sixth. This, so long as it lasts, is a great drain upon the nourishment received, and requires a lot of milk to be taken to keep me going. I have not got on with the other help—beef tea. I do not like any of the manufactured articles, and our meat here is tough. Yesterday, I had a beefsteak minced, and it did me real service. The doctor says, "the kitchen can do a hundred times more for you than the chemist's shop." I do not find it easy at times to realize my true condition. I imagine that I can walk, etc., and when I get a little way I wonder that I made the attempt.

I am now to wait my Lord's pleasure, and I know that it will be well. I sent the telegram that friends might not be misled by former sanguine expressions of mine.

It is a great rest to me that a W. O. is to the front at home. How are you and how is your esteemed mother? Mrs. S. is moderately well. Brother and his wife leave on Monday. Harrauld is all right.

I must not write more, or I shall come under the Doctor's lash; besides a measure of headache comes when I have been for a short time with the pen. My hearty love to you and our good friend Mr. Pierson, and all the brotherhood. Mr. Acland has agreed to be superintendent of Surrey Memorial School, and I hope he will be the right man. May the Revival soon break out.

Yours most lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, New Year's Day.

Dear Friend,—

It does me good to see W. Olney at the foot of a letter. I wish you were here, and could get well as solidly as I hope I have done. I could not say till just now I am well, but now I enjoy life, though weak. Thank God for this New Year's experience.

I wish you were well, thoroughly so. I am greatly interested by all your news. When £10 is wanted for poor at Haddon Hall give me a wink or a word, and I have it at your disposal, now, or at the best

time.

Please remember me to your much-esteemed mother, and to all the Prayer-meeting people. I have 24 in my room in the morning at 9.30, and we do not forget home folks and Tabernacle.

It is fine and sunny to-day, but we have had grey weather below, and we see snow on the hills above. May this year bring health to you. I could not do better than copy John, and wish that your body may prosper and be in health, even as your soul prospers. I dare not say this of very many. Accept my hearty love.

Yours in Christ,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. William Olney].

Mentone, Jan. 31, '91.

Dear Friend,— That Hastings incident raises my desire that we may see the like. God be praised. The old gospel is the real wonder-worker; the new stuff would not save a robin.

I am so glad you like the North African Mission. It is a live work spiritually—financially it needs go; but the spiritual element of faith in God delights me.

I have been in much bodily trial this week, but a dogged determination not to succumb has, by God's blessing, borne me onward, and I am getting on now.

Here I have souls won for Christ, but it is good mowing where there is much grass. Still 40 every morning is a pretty little congregation, and they are by no means ordinary folks, but people of education and thoughtfulness and influence. God bless you with sound health, and your dear mother also.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. Thomas Olney

To Mr. Thomas Olney Nightingale Lane, Friday, Nov. 26, 1869. My dear Mr. Olney,—

It seems so strange to be so near to you, and yet to be virtually in another land. It would have seemed an idle tale if anyone had told me that I should not be at your father's death-bed. Nevertheless, it is well,—well especially for him to whom a longer sojourn here would have meant pain, weakness, and failure of mind, while his departure means a glory too resplendent for us to imagine it.

I quite think that, if you can get Mr. Brock, it will be just what he himself would have desired in my absence. I have sent to the deacons my request to have the pulpit hung with black, for his death is as much a bereavement to us all as anything could be. My dear friend, I devoutly pray to God to incline your heart to be henceforth to me all that your father has been till he fell asleep. Not that you have not ever been the soul of goodness: but now he is gone, you must undertake more publicly the responsibilities which in private you really have borne; and if the Lord accounts me worthy to have in Thomas Olney the same tender friend that I have had in Thomas Olney, sen., my pathway in life will be smoothed, and my labour cheered. The Lord be with you! My devoutest wishes are for your best happiness.

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Jan. 4, 1883.

Dear Friend,— My foot is better this morning though I cannot put it to the ground. This trial is nothing compared with that of losing Mr. Higgs. I cannot bear to think of it. He was a tender friend to me, and a sound adviser to us all. You will all help me under this trouble, but you will each one also have a personal loss to bear in his going home. I should like his son, William, to take his place, but even then the father is not there.

How grateful I ought to be that so many of you live on—all dear to me!

Many thanks for your proposed present. How I wish I could have seen the friends at the Bazaar! The work will get through all right.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 26, 1883.

Dear Friend,— The cheque reached me safely this morning. Many thanks for all your care of the finances, and for your extreme punctuality in payment. If the cheque did not come at the exact time, I should think the Monument had walked over to Fountain Court, and killed the Chancellor of

my Exchequer. I can only pray, "God bless Thomas Olney, and all he undertakes!"

Yours most lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Dec. 17, 1883.

Dear Mr. Olney,—

I had no idea that the presentation to the Rev. Burman Cassin was coming off so soon. Had I been at home, I was to have attended the meeting, for he is a brother for whom my heart always has a warm place. I wish him every blessing, and, above all things, abundant grace to win multitudes of souls for Christ out of his immense parish. His true piety, his loving manners, and his catholic spirit, make me esteem him most highly. Had I been able to attend, I should have added £5 to the testimonial, as a very inadequate but very honest token of my affection for him. As I am so far away, please be my substitute, and give the amount on my behalf. You can trust me till I return.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. William Higgs

To Mr. William Higgs To [Mr. W. Higgs, Sen.].

New Park Street Chapel, June 11, '56.

Dear Sir,—

I beg to inform you that at a Meeting of the Church at New Park Street you were appointed one of a Committee to confer upon the best course of action for providing increased accommodation for the congregations who assemble with us. The first Meeting of the Committee is hereby summoned on Monday afternoon, June 16th, in the Committee Room adjoining the Chapel at 5 o'clock punctually and the favour of your attendance is earnestly requested by Yours very truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Paris, Friday.

Dear Friend,—

You will be glad to know that I have mended every day since reaching France. The weather has been almost like summer till yesterday, and so I have been much in the open air and can now walk a mile at a time, though not without feebleness and great readiness to sit down. I have written very few letters, read little and exercised the brain as little as possible. The result is most satisfactory so far. I am counting upon seeing you all again. You are ever kind to me, you especially. Accept my love and give the same to Mrs. Higgs and family. To save coppers I enclose a note for Mr. T. Olney, which one of your numerous family will kindly give to him on Sunday if this reaches you in time.

I hope to come home on Thursday if the day should not be too rough. I hope Mr. P's corn will indicate smooth weather for that day. Old Moore says it will be fair, but I am afraid he cannot be trusted so far as the Channel.

I hope the Tabernacle will come out gloriously. I am sure you have had all your work to get it done. No I forget, it is Hill, Higgs and Hill; well, such success to them and especially to the young squire in the centre.

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Nov. 4, 1881.

Dear Friend,— The Lord bless you in your substance which you have thus sanctified unto Him by the dedication of so large a portion. I hardly know when I rejoiced more over help to the Lord's work. I see how the Lord is leading you, and your beloved wife, and raising up fresh generations of faithful ones who love His cause indeed and in truth. The four cheques have reached me safely.

May there be no check on your prosperity, but growing blessing.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 19, 1884.

Dear Friend,—

I am buried under the weight of kindness from all sorts of people, but as for you and all the family, you quite beat me. I love you all, and feel most happy to be so remembered by you. I shall have your goodness before me every day. I was going to get a good aneroid, and lo, here it is—a far better one than I should have purchased. I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. I am conscious of having been long your debtor, but I certainly cannot agree that I have done anything for you worthy of mention. The Lord God Almighty bless every one of you.

Yours very heartily,

but rather hurriedly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Dec. 27, 1888.

Dear Brother Will,—

We are getting on as happily as we can expect to do without you and your wife. Weather sometimes weeping, sometimes smiling. I am well as far down as the knees; but my feet are not models yet. The swelling is nothing like what it was, but the ankles are so weak. It is only weakness. You know I was always a little weak in the head, and as it is running to the other part I hope the head will be the clearer. I want to come home, but I must wait till the bearers of the house will sustain me.

Remember me to all the angels at Gwydyr and to your own especial cherub and cherubim. To all the Tabernacle brethren give my hearty love.

We have a very nice family party here to prayer every morning. They ask to come and seem to enjoy it greatly. I have expounded all through John's Gospel, and it has been good for me, if for no one else. The Lord prosper your business in 1889 beyond every previous year, and give your soul prosperity in a still greater measure.

Yours lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Thursday, Dec. 4, '90.

Dear Friend,—

You are a delight to me at every remembrance of you. Receive my love, and give as much of it as you like to your wife, your mother, and your sisters and all the clan.

I thank you for entertaining our friends at the Baths. May more come next Sunday. My hand is not yet so light as it should be, and to write is a painful task. Still it is better, or I could not be scribbling this screech. I sleep nicely, and have been out driving most days, and so I am mending soundly if not swiftly. I have had a hard grind, and I hope it will sharpen me. I wish I could see you.

* * * * *

Remember me to every deacon. I cannot yet write much; will they take it as done until this unworthy right hand gets well.

* * * * *

I like to hear how all goes on. Stir up brethren to write. T. O. sent a very cheering telegram. J-----P-----nice letter. My dear wife seems out of the world rather. She has felt the cold bitterly.

It rains to-day, and Mrs. Bernard laughs because I propose to pay her only when the sun shines!

God bless you and yours.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 20, 1892. My dear Friend,— The sun shines at length, and now I hope to get on. I have not been up to the mark the last few days, and I have a little gout in the right hand which makes it hard to write; but I shall soon get over it.... I wired Prince of Wales, and had a telegram back, which I did not expect. Shall be right glad to see you. Mrs. S. is pretty well.

Yours very lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. Barrow

To Mr. Barrow To [Mr. Barrow, Sen.].

Nightingale Lane, Aug. 5, '79.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I am most grateful for your offer of a house and I see no sort of reason why you should not nominate as you wish—with the proviso that they meet our rules as to being destitute, healthy, and between 6 and 10, besides being legitimate and not deformed.

What a kind friend you are! I pray the Lord reward you for all this according to His grace.

I have seen Mr. Page and had a long interview; you will soon receive draft.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, June 23, '80.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I could not get back again to your meeting last night for I had to start two others and make a speech at each; and at last my legs gave in and would not carry me about any longer.

I thank you with all my heart, and Mrs. Barrow too. May success attend you and God's best blessing. You have done me a great and special service and you have done it so heartily that it is a pleasure to be under obligations to you. Is there anything for me to do by way of acknowledgment to donors? I wrote Mr. H-----, and Mrs. H. sends £5 for herself, and £10 for Mr. H-----. Is this a new donation? or is it a part of your list?

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Mark. 22, 1881.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I am extremely sorry that I cannot come out to-night. I would not give a lame excuse, but, alas, my being lame is the hindrance. I am hardly able to keep out of bed, and to make a journey to Stockwell is quite beyond me.

I think on such a theme as your noble help to the Orphanage I could have risen to eloquence, but Mr. Olney who is always eloquent will make up for me in that direction. I should, however, have said how glad I am personally to see you treading in your father's footsteps, and doing in many ways that which would have filled the good old man's heart with delight.

I am personally obliged to you and Mrs. Barrow for helping the Stockwell Orphanage, and in signing my name to the Testimonial, I can truly say, I did it with all my heart.

God bless and prosper you very abundantly. You will, I know, excuse a cripple. My heart is with the gathering of the evening, though my legs will not carry me into its midst. Peace be to all. My kindest regards are hereby sent to you and Mrs. Barrow.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Feb. 18, 1882.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I am most grateful to you for the noble cheque just received: £250 for furnishing "The Olives."

I should like to create you a Barrownet on the spot, and as I cannot do that I am comforted by the fact that you are noble enough as you are. Peace be to you, and all your house, and continual prosperity.

Yours very thankfully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 5, '87.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I most gratefully acknowledge your cheque for £30 17s. 9d., for Orphanage. This is only one among many generous acts of yours by which my work has been aided. I have never been able fitly to thank you for your princely deeds, but I pray for you to our Lord, and I say, "Lord, he hath loved our nation, and he hath built us several synagogues." May the best of blessings rest on you, and Mrs. Barrow, and all the family.

I joyfully remember meeting you here. Our weather is rather broken in imitation of yours at home. I have been very ill, but I am now better and letters like yours help to strengthen a fellow. Will you please direct the enclosed to Mr. W-----, whose address I do not know?

Yours ever most heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Mark. 23, 1889.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

I am in great need of your aid just now. I want you to take the chair at the College Supper, Wednesday, May 8.

You have been such a splendid helper by building chapels that I want to recognize my indebtedness to you for this, and many other kindnesses, by getting still deeper into debt. My father has told me of your country-house, which I must hope to visit; but this time I want you to visit

me at my workshop. I shall be very greatly relieved and comforted if you will send a speedy "Yea" to this request. With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Barrow, I am,

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Mar, 27, 1889.

Dear Mr. Barrow,—

You are always kind. In many ways you have helped my work like a prince, and I pray the Lord to trust so good a steward with yet larger supplies. I should have been glad of you as a chairman even without your money—useful as that is; but I would not be guilty of overriding a free horse. May every blessing rest on you and all your household! When the weather is warmer, I will invite myself to your house on the strength of the kind invitation of your letter.

Most sincere thanks for your promise of £25.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Rev. A.A. Rees

To Rev. A. A. Rees Clapham, Dec. 14, 1867. My dear Mr. Rees,—

I congratulate you heartily and hope the tar brush will be laid on heavily, it is our reward from this world, what can it give us better?

I like your Rainbow paper amazingly; you and I will be two equal heretics in prophecy one of these days. I am afraid you will lose caste among the prophets.

1867 is nearly over and Dr. Cumming must feel awkward I should think.

How do things go on at Sunderland? Is the Lord with you? We are well spiritually—poor creatures otherwise.

Yours very truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Newington, S.E., June 26, 1869.

Dear Friend,— In brief reply.

(1) Is a case of zeal overdoing its work. I don't see how I can prevent it.

(2) I wish I did know some one with whom to advise a change. O—would have been a fit man, but he is gone to his rest.

(3) H—supplied for me once before and was capital. This time, probably his last, he was flat, stale and unprofitable I hear—but he is a good fellow and capable of good things. Why did not the Bishop of Sunderland let me know he would be in town, and I should have been, and others too, charmed to have his aid. Your friend L-----has refused to dismiss to such a wretch as I am, and yet I don't wear a hatband or shut up the Tabernacle. Dear soul, has he dyspepsia?

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Clapham, 10/9.

Dear Friend,—

Thanks! It should have been hearts. I am always much obliged for these hints.

Yours with much esteem,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Clapham, April 14. My dear Friend,—

Thanks for cheque £2 10s. and thanks also for your good word. Oh! for divine keeping evermore, for it is as you say—one turning aside, and a lifelong testimony is marred. Yet it shall not be so seeing we abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, Jan. 8.

Dear Friend,— Your letter is quite to my mind. The Lord reigneth.

I feel low and weak and I am going away. Your paper was thankfully received, but the Australian letter took up all the space. Its early insertion will occur.

Dear Brother, the Lord smile upon thee ever, and never permit thee to feel my glooms, which yet never cover all the sky.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, May 7.

Dear Friend,—

I wrote to Mr. N-----. I am, like yourself, more and more grieved to see the worldliness of professors. I have sharp work with it in the church.

I have invited Messrs. M. & S. to the Tabernacle, but they say that if my preaching does not suffice neither will men be converted though one rose from the dead. They are as humble as they are useful. I rejoice in them greatly. May you succeed in getting them to Sunderland.

I wish I could read all your note, but I cannot and therefore if I do not answer pray excuse me. I spell and spell but you are such an awful aristocrat that I cannot make out your hieroglyphics.

Anyhow I love you.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, Jan. 17, [1877].

Dear Friend,—

I think that at the time I spoke the rebuke was deserved, but I never meant to impute neglect of the poor to the voluntary principle, but rather to the form of government which produces the isolation of the churches, and their absolute independency. The Presbyterian and Wesleyan form of polity are well adapted to reach the poorest localities and we can give abundant evidences to show that in Scotland by the Free Church and United Presbyterians the power of voluntary aid among the poor is abundantly illustrated, and in England all along by the Primitive Methodists.

Please to note that since 1861 which is 15 or 16 years ago there have been remarkable changes,—churches have been removed from London into the suburbs, and on the other hand many noble missions of a purely voluntary character have arisen and have been successfully worked, as I hoped they would be when I spoke so severely.

If your antagonist has no better argument than this very stale one, his cause is nigh unto death.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, May 17, 1880.

Dear Friend,—

You shall have the Treasury as a present from me, and I shall count it only a very small token of my love to you. I think you will find good store in it of others' thoughts, and mine may make the parsley on the dish. May our Lord ever bless you.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Mark. 22, 1881.

Dear Friend,— When you speak of 40 years' ministry you make me look up to you with reverent awe. Surely you must be getting old. Blessed be the Lord who has upheld you in honour and in strength. I joy and rejoice in His name as I think of His faithfulness to you.

I have had rough sailing of late. This place, above the fogs, is perhaps worse in extreme winter for my disease, by reason of increased cold; but in ordinary times it must be much better; besides I can breathe here and do not feel like being inside a saucepan with the lid on. I feel sure the position with God's blessing will be a permanent boon to me.

Many thanks for £5 from your thanksgiving. The Lord is with us graciously in this work.

Peace be to you, and all the blessings of the covenant.

Yours ever most heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Jan, 3, 1882.

Dear Friend,—

I am very grateful for your friends' gift of £5 for orphans. By one and another the charges are borne by the Great Father; glory be to His name.

I have been much pleased by an interview with Mr. Wigstone. May the Lord bless Spain by his means. May the old midshipman have a prosperous voyage this year.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Clapham, July 20.

Dear Friend,—

Issue free tickets, making sure that you print no more than the place will honestly hold. Give these away discreetly by yourself and judicious friends, and not by public announcement.

Scarcely a bill need be printed. I will, D.V., preach afternoon and evening. As to how I come please leave till later. I may perhaps bring my boys for a little trip.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon

To Rev. T.W. Medhurst

To Rev. T. W. Medhurst Borough, July 14, 1854.

Dear Sir,—

I am glad that you have been able to write to me and state your feelings. Though my hands are always full, it will ever give me joy to receive such notes as yours.

You ask me a very important question, "Are you one of God's elect?" Now, this is a question neither you nor I can answer at present, and therefore let it drop. I will ask you an easier one, "Are you a sinner?" Can you say "yes"? All say, "Yes"; but then they do not know what the word "sinner" means. A sinner is a creature who has broken all his Maker's commands, despised His Name, and run into rebellion against the Most High. A sinner deserves hell, yea, the hottest place in hell; and if he be saved, it must be entirely by unmerited mercy. Now, if you are such a sinner, I am glad to be able to tell you the only way of salvation, "Believe on the Lord Jesus."

I think you have not yet really understood what believing means. You are, I trust, really awakened, but you do not see the door yet. I advise you seriously to be much alone, I mean as much as you can; let your groans go up if you cannot pray, attend as many services as possible; and if you go with an earnest desire for a blessing, it will come very soon. But why not believe now? You have only to believe that Jesus is able and willing to save, and then trust yourself to Him.

Harbour not that dark suggestion to forsake the house of God; remember you turn your back on Heaven, and your face to hell, the moment you do that. I pray God that He will keep you. If the Lord had meant to destroy you, He would not have showed you such things as these. If you are but as smoking flax, there is hope. Touch the hem of His garment; look to the brazen serpent. My dear fellow-sinner, slight not this season of awakening. Up, and be in earnest. It is your soul, your own soul, your eternal welfare, your Heaven or your hell, that is at stake.

There is the cross, and a bleeding God-man upon it; look to Him, and be saved! There is the Holy Spirit able to give you every grace. Look, in prayer, to the Sacred Three-one-God, and then you will be delivered.

I am,

Your anxious friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

75, Dover Road, August 7, 1854. My dear Sir,— Your letters have given me great joy. I trust I see in you the marks of a son of God, and I earnestly pray that you may have the evidence within that you are born of God.

There is no reason why you should not be baptized. "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Think very seriously of it, for it is a solemn matter. Count the cost. You are now about to

be buried to the world, and you may well say, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness." The friends who were with you in the days of your carnal pleasure will strive to entice you from Christ; but I pray that the grace of God may be mightily manifest in you, keeping you steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

I should like to see you on Thursday evening, after six o'clock, in the vestry.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

London, September 22, 1855. My dear Brother,—

Since your departure, I have been meditating upon the pleasure of being the means of sending you to so excellent a scene of preparation for the ministry, and in prayer to God I have sought every blessing upon you, for I love you very much. Oh, how I desire to see you a holy and successful minister of Jesus! I need not bid you work at your studies; I am sure you will; but be sure to live near to God, and hold very much intercourse with Jesus.

I have been thinking that, when you are gone out into the vineyard I must find another to be my dearly-beloved Timothy, just as you are.

Now I find it no easy task to get money, and I have been thinking I must get friends to give me a good set of books, which I shall not give you, but keep for those who may come after; so that, by degrees, I shall get together a good Theological Library for young students in years to come.

If I were rich, I would give you all; but, as I have to bear all the brunt of the battle, and am alone responsible, I think I must get the books to be always used in future. Those you will purchase to-day are yours to keep; Mr. Bagster's books must be mine; and I have just written to a friend to buy me Matthew Henry, which shall soon be at your disposal, and be mine in the same way. You see, I am looking forward.

Believe me,

Ever your very loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. Joshua Keevil

To Mr. Joshua Keevil Westwood, April 15, 1885.

Dear Friend,—

I am very grateful for the cheque, The Lord prosper you.

I cannot come to your Mission. At coming home I find so much in arrears that I must peg away very hard to get at all straight, and cannot think of anything outside. My hearty love to your good Aunt. May the Lord bless her. Your zeal for the Lord is a great joy to me. May your Hall be made magnificent by the King of mercy.

I shall be very sorry to part with you. I hoped to have your personal service in the church in years to come. Still, do what is best for the whole Church of Christ; and I think that will involve your joining with Mr. Douglas. It will be a loss to me, but a gain to the cause of God in that place. I leave you to your own prayerful judgment, praying our Lord to direct you in going or in remaining as the case may be. My heart rejoices in Mr. Douglas, and I would lose much to help him.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 19, 1886.

Dear Mr. Keevil,— The grey deserves all you can say about it; but why should you give me a horse? It is a great deal too much. I feel as if I must not take so large a gift of you.

I am ready to buy it of you at a price, and thank you.

Please let me have it for a while, and then we can have this matter over. Meanwhile the best of God's blessings rest upon you for ever. This is my birthday, but no one else proposes such a gift. There seems to be only one Keevil. God bless him.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, April 5, 1888.

Dear Friend,— Where shall I find another heart so true, or warm as yours? I have been made ill by the heavy strain upon me, but love like yours is a cordial medicine. God bless you, dear Mr. Keevil! Your noble gift will help to bring up the Supper Gifts to an amount which will cheer my heart.... Thank you a thousand times over. I pray the Lord to prosper you, and bless your substance.

How kind of you to take in so many men! They will get plenty of corn and clover.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, July 30, 1889.

Dear Mr. Keevil,—

We are greatly indebted to you for the loan of the horse, for so long; but we are both of opinion that we ought to pay something. We are more than willing to do so. You are kindness itself, but I don't see why you should find a horse for me. In any case we thank you heartily for your perpetual kindnesses, and we value beyond all price the love from which they flow. The Lord reward you according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Yours in deep gratitude,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Aug. 30, 1890.

Dear Mr. Keevil,—

What a patriarchal family you are—here is Joshua sending me a letter from Noah, containing news about Enoch and Job and his girls. It makes me feel proud to be in such ancient company.

God bless you all. I will send Noah a receipt. Like his namesake, he seems to have had enough rain.

Well, we shall get home. You are a good soul. May the Lord give you the double portion, as he did Job!

Yours heartily ever,

C. H. Spurgeon

To Rev. A.G. Brown

To Rev. A. G. Brown Clapham, January 29.

Dear Brother,—

Three cheers for you, my true-hearted comrade! The story of your East London gathering of the clans fills me with delight. The Lord be with thee, thou mighty man of valour! Whether, in striking the Spiritualists, you are hitting the devil or a donkey, does not matter much; you have evidently hit hard, or they would not be so fierce. I am not able to take much credit for bringing you up, but I am about as proud of you as I dare be.

I hope we shall have a good meeting on Friday week. It is oil to my bones to see you all.

Yours always lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Clapham.

Loving Brother,—

I thank you much for preaching for me, praying for me, and loving me. I am better, but have had a sharp nip. Lucian says, "I thought a cobra had bitten me, and filled my veins with poison; but it was worse,—it was gout." That was written from experience, I know. Yet I bless God for this suffering also, and believe that your prophetic card will be truer than Dr. Cumming's vaticinations.

Yours ever lovingly,

C. H. S.

Nightingale Lane, May 23.

Dear Friend,— Will you go out with me and others, on June 15, for a week, or two weeks, or three weeks, or a few days, or whatever time you like? We feel that we should like your company, and we think we might do you good. You are very dear to us; to me especially. We shall be very quiet, and jog along with the old greys.

I pray the Lord to bless and comfort you.

Yours so heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon

To Rev. William Cuff

To Rev. William Cuff Nightingale Lane, Dec. 16, '76.

Dear Mr. Cuff,—

You asked me for permission to use one or two more of the caricatures I have in my book, I said "Yes" of course. But Mr. B——says you want to borrow my Album. That cannot be. It never goes out of this house if I know it. You can come and copy what you please, but not remove the Album.

I hope to be on the Mediterranean before I see February. Ask my brother yourself and I dare say he will help you, but I cannot be sure, for he will have everything to see to during my absence.

I have been to see Silverton's place and I think it perfect. You cannot do better than copy it. God speed you.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, July 3, '79.

Dear Mr. Cuff,— By all means see me for a few minutes if you can tell me how to get £100 for Girls' Orphanage.

Come and give your lecture upon C. H. S. at the Tabernacle for your new chapel as soon as the present winter season is over and summer comes on, it will probably be in winter time.

What a fine handsome fellow you are—vide photograph. Some of the others have turned yellow—probably at the sight of such surpassing beauty.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 30, 1884.

Dear Mr. Cuff,—

I thank you and all the friends at the Shoreditch Tabernacle for their kind remembrance of me upon my Jubilee. These expressions of brotherly love are very cheering to me. I feel bound to rise to some higher degree of grace that I may better warrant the esteem of my friends. Pray for me. In return may our Lord richly bless both Pastor and people at Shoreditch. May the peace of God be over you all.

Yours gratefully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 26, 1885. My dear Mr. Cuff,—

I have gone carefully into this case, and though I have the utmost faith in you and your brethren I still think that my decision is the right one. We must not mislead this excellent brother. Providence has placed him in a position of comfort and usefulness and he is tempted to sacrifice it for one of hardship and small success. No one who has written about him anticipates any marked success, even you only look for mediocrity. Of his goodness and zeal I have no doubt, but he has a painful hesitancy in speech, and a fondness for hard words; and it would be a pity for him to give up his calling at his age, and with his family, unless we could predict for him some special success.

I would do almost anything to prove my confidence in you, but I have the conviction that you very much agree with this opinion of mine, and are only moved from it by the sorrow of our brother. I am sympathetic too, but I had rather grieve him now than lead him into lifelong regret. I have no doubt about the unusual worthiness of Mr. L-----; but as far as I can judge, the step which he proposes is so unwise that I dare not be a party to it. Can you preach for me on the evening of July 26th?

Yours ever lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, July 17, 1890.

Dear Mr. Cuff,—

It would be sheer insanity if I were to promise any more preaching or speaking till I have fulfilled all engagements already made, and have gained strength. I make no pretence of illness, and it is a serious matter when I piteously appeal to friends not to ask me and yet they will.

I may add that if I were quite well I should ask you to let me preach at some other time. Openings are in themselves occasions. I prefer to come in as an extra when the occasion has been used. It gives the cause two lifts instead of one. It also enables me to help a brother without being associated with persons from whom I greatly differ, but who are acceptable to the brother himself.

Please leave the matter till I feel in more strength, for I am most willing to aid you and would do exactly as you wish if I could.

Yours very truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, March 7, 1891.

Dear Mr. Cuff,— May our Lord sanctify to you all these fiery trials. He must have some grand purpose of love to answer by them all.

I wish I could do more work than each day brings with it, but I cannot. There are no more hours in the day when I get through my work, and if there were you should have a sermon.

If you can get the rest I will hunt up £50 to help you, instead of any public service. You have enough to think of without financial cares; and I hope many will come to the rescue and get you out of these troubles.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 2, 1891.

Dear Friend,—

I am very weak, but I hope the nerve poison is gone. This influenza is a vile business. The Book on Genesis I had rather not review. It is so good I don't want to condemn it; but I so much differ from it that I cannot praise, I had rather leave it.

S-----,—well, I send you £2 to help you as to clothes you have given. There is no reliance to be placed in him. I will always help you when you feel it right to aid him.

I wrote B----- advising his going with you. He is going to be a great instrument in our Lord's hands.

Yourself, Ah me, how tried you are! The Lord Himself balance the tribulation with consolation! I am not allowed to write much, and my head soon takes fire, and feels vast and flaming, like a prairie.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, January 9, '92. My Dear Mr. Cuff,—

I cannot write letters, but I can manage to sign a cheque. It is with much pleasure that I send you this £50, and I wish you might not have need of any more, though I see you will. Yours is a long task, and I wish I had a long purse with which to help you; but wishing will not bring it.

Doctor says I hold my own. In this broken weather it is all I can expect, and more.

I am truly grieved that you have so much family affliction. What fine clusters our Vine-dresser will get from so much pruning! Is it not a happy thing to live to see some of you, who were my young lads, becoming such truly great fathers in Israel, with your faithful churches around you?

I must think about Conference when I am better able to think of it. Suggestions can wait awhile.

God bless you!

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. S

To Rev. W.J. Mayers

To Rev. W. J. Mayers Nightingale Lane, Sept. 25.

Dear Friend,—

I am going away in November and I am anxious during my absence to keep the flame burning. Would you come and hold a week of services in the Tabernacle for the conversion of sinners? There are several brethren who would help you, and we could get others whom you may name, or try for them. I have no brother Wm. Olney now, and must look to some of my brethren for aid. Would the week beginning Nov. 8 suit you? I shall feel joyful confidence in leaving the work in your hands. Do come if you can.

Yours ever lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Mark. 4, 1882.

Dear Mr. Mayers,— Your letter and gift cheer me much. God bless you. I love you heartily in the Ldrd.

I am of your mind as to the supper, but I know that my leading friends would not be. It will come as surely as Xmas. Christian people will one day be ashamed to have these things at their religious gatherings, but I have had proof of late that it must be growth, not force. I have no wine-glasses in the house, so that all who come here must go without, especially as there is no alcohol on the premises: but I do not feel a right to do the same with others. The wave is rising which will bear away our present customs, and I will not be behind it, but neither do I think it wise to precede it. The supper costs about £200, but three of us pay for it—so that nothing comes from the fund, except certain incidental repairs, &c.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Paris, Wednesday.

Dear Mr. Mayers,—

Mr. B-----tells me you have begun right hopefully. May the Lord grant you a good harvest time. I am very grateful to you, and to the other brethren "which were partners with Simon."

Tell the people I am praying for a great blessing, and especially that those "not far-from the kingdom of God" may be brought in. There are some of the most hopeful people in the world in the congregation. God bless them, and save them from being satisfied with blossoming. Fruit unto God, in repentance and faith is what we want at once. I hope the closing meeting will be so fruitful that there will be a demand for more such gatherings. I cannot ask you to come again—but if you

and the others will, I shall be greatly the debtor to you all. With much love to you and the brethren
Sawday and Stott, and all my elders and officers, I am,

Ever your hearty friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Rev. William Williams

To Rev. William Williams Westwood, Jan. 21, 1881.

Dear Friend,—

Harald will be away to-morrow, and I shall be all alone,—not over bright. Can you leave the queen at the Crown, the circle at the Oval, and come and see one who is ill on the hill, and would be glad to see you.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, April 30, 1881.

Dear Friend,—

You know that my great treat at the close of the Conference week, is to have a dozen brethren down here on Friday evening. Will you make one of them? Train leaves Elephant at 3.36.

Let me know please if you can come or not, so that I may fill up the gap if you cannot manage it.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, June 20. My dear Mr. Williams,— Will you come over to-morrow afternoon and bring—with you to take a cup of tea. I want to see him at once, for both you and Mr. C. think so much of him, though I fear he would never like to do the drudgery work and play second fiddle. I imagine him to be a great swell, fit to play the big bass viol, and I want more of a schoolmaster. I should, however, be glad to see him, and so would Mr. -----.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Feb. 28, 1887.

Dear Friend,—

It is proposed that on the Tuesday evening of the Conference, Apr. 19th, we should have meetings with the Orphans, seeking their conversion. Would you oblige me by addressing the boys? I want Tuesday to be rather a holy day than a mere holiday.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurge

To Messrs. Fullerton and Smith

To Messrs. Fullerton and Smith NIGHTINGALE Lane, Sept 9, '79.

Dear Friends,— The Lord be with you. I like your plans well enough, but the less rule and regulation the better. Thursday nights we shall probably have some other preacher, but all else seems to me right enough. May Burnley continue to burn with grace.

Yours heartily,

C. K. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, July 28.

Dear Brethren,— The best of blessings be with you both. Your letter was too late for the month's Mag.

Fire away, and the Lord direct the bullets.

Pray for me. I have much trouble. Telegrams received thankfully. Prayer offered.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. Fullerton].

Mentone, Sabbath morning, [Dec, 1881].

Dear Friend,— From this distant spot I breathe many a prayer for your work at home and just now I feel moved to write a sentence or two. At the end of your work may the Lord give you some of the most marvellous conversions, for "there are last that shall be first." May some who have said, "I go not," now repent and go. If souls have escaped your arrows hitherto may the last drawing of the bow be for their wounding.

I know that no paper pellets will distress either you or Mr. Smith if the Lord will give you souls. You seek not to be glorious in the eyes of men, but to be regarded as nothing that all the honour may be the Lord's. I consider that the writer who assailed you has supplied you with such a seal as your Irish soul will value—he has just put the stamp of his impartial prejudice upon you.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

[July 4, 1882] Dear Friend,—

Cheque safely received. All went gloriously on Sunday. Success to the Woolwich infants. May you take good aim.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Sept. 13, 1883.

Dear Brethren,—

I rejoice that you have begun so hopefully in Bury, may you see the Lord's hand more and more plainly every day. Oh, for thousands of real conversions! We want no sham penitents, and noisy professors; but men and women whose hearts are sick of sin, and whose minds find real rest in Jesus. This must be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore the godly must pray mightily for you. All must begin and end at the throne of grace. You and I know this, and have felt the truth of it; and therefore we put it in the forefront of the battle.

Give my love to the Lord's servants who are helping you, and bid them ask great things from the great God. Why should we look for so little and reap so little? The God of Pentecost is with us.

Yours in much love,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Dec. 17, [1883].

Dear Friend,— May the Lord bless your word of yesterday. We did not fail to pray for you. I hope this week will be a happy one for you and for the Tabernacle: may many be decided for the Lord. Here in my rest I am not without opportunities of setting forth Christ, and I hope I shall have a seed for the Lord here also. This rest and reading set me up for the year under the divine blessing.

I am praying that our Weekly Offering this year may not fall short for I am taking more students, and the times need more faithful preachers of the word. I pray that on you and Manton Smith may rest a double portion of the Spirit. Be sure to arrange to be with us next Conference.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, 15/1/84.

Dear Mr. Fullerton,—

I am in such a position that I must even drive a willing horse beyond reason. I want a paper from you for the Conference.

I have been very ill; I am ill still; can barely sit up. Yet this Conference must be arranged, and I write therefore importunately. Do not deny me. I grant it is too bad, etc.—Grant much more,—I am thoughtless, cruel, tyrannical,—all that is bad.

Still, I beg you to say "Yes." Some holy spiritual subject. Just handled in your own way.

I groan to see a devout, pleading, spiritual convocation.

You can help towards this as few can. I must be awfully despotic and say you must.

God bless you in Leicester. Best love to Smith and yourself. Oh, that the place may be saved! If any in it love the old truth, may God, our Lord, compel them to come out like men.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, June 14, 1887.

Dear Friend,—

I am sure you need a holiday—all of you. Rest as hard as you can. We don't want to bury you yet, and working through the summer would end in some such calamity. May St. Albans have the richest of blessings through your visit, and so cheer you all that you can rest heartily, being washed up by a wave of blessing. Excuse the brevity of my words. The sense is deep—of gratitude to God for all His work done by you, of loving esteem for you, and of desire for your refreshment.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Grand Hotel, Thursday.

Dear Mr. Fullerton,—

I am greatly rejoiced to hear of your success at Abbey Road and I pray that you may have the like blessing at the Tabernacle. If all our friends should be moved by the Spirit of our God to long for a blessing, a blessing will come. Where the masses are all around us there should be no lack of hearers, and there can be none if our people become living advertisements. Then you will need that all should rally to the standard, not only the usual workers, but those who have hitherto been in the rear rank. Should the older members feel it to be their duty to join with the younger in the common effort you would have weight as well as force. I believe that the absence of a single individual is a loss, and that the hearty cooperation of all would ensure an unexampled measure of spiritual power. As far as in me lies, I would beg the Lord to prosper you at the Tabernacle, and I would also beg my dear people to be earnest in securing the largest measure of blessing. May you and Mr. Smith feel quite at home. Do at Newington as you have done elsewhere. Your experience will have taught you the best methods, and I desire that you be not swayed by anyone on the spot, but follow the guidance of the Lord's Spirit and your own judgments.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Christian Friends].

Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.

Sept. 1, 1888. My dear friends, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, have traversed the British islands preaching the word. God has greatly blessed them, and many wandering sheep have been gathered into the fold. They do not work for any party, but for the Lord Jesus. I would beg the

Lord's people of every church to work with them, in inducing the careless to come and hear them, and in looking after any who may be aroused by their testimony. Prayer is asked from all believers. Oh, that these two brethren, by whom the Lord has already wrought so graciously, may be a still greater blessing to every place where they shall in future visit!

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Nov. 17, 1888.

Dear Mr. Fullerton,—

I am glad to find that from a fund which is apart from College and Evangelists, and altogether my own, I can give to you and Mr. Smith the extra enclosed £... each. This is from me for Tabernacle work—Sundays and weekdays. I will not say that it is not your due; for it is so, and much more. But I like to look at it as a free-gift for service which you cheerfully render, and for which you expected no such return.

I rejoice with you in the extraordinary blessing. May it abide! I wish I knew how to keep on the work in some form or other. Suggest to the elders and students the propriety of looking after the enquirers, and having a weekly meeting for them.

I would not have asked another service of you, but Mr. H——had an idea that you did not begin at Bloomsbury till 28th.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Marseilles, Wednesday noon, [1888].

We have arrived here happily after travelling all night.

I am very frequently thinking of you and the work at the Tabernacle. Send me word to Mentone, where I hope to be to-morrow (Thursday). May some of the lapstones be broken: I have not many, but the few are hard. May some of the rolling stones be fixed in the temple wall. May adamant become flesh. May flint be taken quite away. May the Lord Jesus be to thousands the head-stone of the Corner. Who else should be? Where else would they put Him? My love to all my beloved fellow-workers and yourselves.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 12, 1889.

Dear Friend,—

I felt sure that the Lord would bless you at the Tabernacle, and now I feel grateful that He has done so. Although the weather was horrible, everybody feels that warmth and power were abundant in your testimony. It is to me a joy unspeakable to be associated with a brother so sound in the faith, and so earnest for souls. The blend is one "which only a divine hand can make. May this be the best year we have ever seen! Do not make too many meetings. Yours is killing work:

die at great length.

Now that you have no Home Evangel, can you sometimes help me with a narrative for Sword, and Trowel? This must be kept up or funds will go down.

I feel very grateful for your circulating All of Grace. I believe the Lord will more and more bless that little book. According to Promise is in the same line, from another point of view.

I have been very ill but I now feel convalescent. I have had say four days' real holiday: the rest belongs to the head of illness and getting better. No, I had a good week at first.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Fullerton. She remembers the tea-drinking here. The old Hotel de la Paix remains shut up, and is very dilapidated.

I wish you the largest success at Westbourne Grove. I am right glad you are there. I wish to both church and minister the full sunlight of the Lord.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Oct. 17, 1890.

Dear Friend,— The Lord be with you! My grievous trial in the striking down of W. Olney makes me ask your loving sympathy. What shall I do? The Lord will be with me.

I am grateful for your papers for S. & T., which I will use by degrees.

Narratives are the scarcest and most useful sort of articles. May you have a grand time at Tabernacle when I am away!

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, Nov. 8, 1890.

Dear Friend,—

Hearty thanks for notes better than those of the Bank. I shall try to issue notes on Genesis like your notes. Any on the first six chapters greatly valued. My head! My head!

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Words of Sympathy

Words of Sympathy To [Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spurgeon].

Westwood, Sept. 11, 1890. My dear Children,— The Lord Himself comfort you. I want comforting myself. To think of that dear little creature being taken away! It must be right! It must be good! Our Father is never mistaken nor unkind.

You are acting wisely in not bringing the little one from the place. You will be setting an example of common sense which is greatly needed in an age which is so sentimental as it is false-hearted.

If you would like a wreath from me, kindly order it in Herne Bay, and send the bill to me. I would try to send one, but if you are not going to have any, I should be setting an ill example.

I feel sure you will both find a secret strength poured into your souls, and in this also faith shall have the victory.

I shall never forget the day. For a wonder your dear mother went with me to the Orphanage, and was very happy. We came home, and the telegram came at once,—just the bitter herbs with the feast. To you it must be a sharp cut; but our Lord has an almighty salve. Your loving father,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. Thomas H. Olney].

Nightingale Lane, October, 1875.

Dear Friend,—

I could not say much to Mr. M-----, for I felt stunned by the tidings of your brother's death, and could not realize it; indeed, I cannot now.

God bless you, beloved brother; and as He comes so very near in solemn deeds, may He come just as near in love! Peace be to you in the hour of sore amazement!

I send my deepest sympathies to the bereaved wife. I can do no better than pray that she may now be very graciously sustained. If she can calmly bow before the Lord, it will be for her own good. Grief so natural, and so likely to prove excessive, must be restrained for the sake of herself and babes. God help her, poor soul! What a loss is hers!

Yours lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mrs. Higgs].

Westwood, January 6, 1883.

Dear Mrs. Higgs,—

L-----and G-----have now told me all about our dear one's death. The Lord has dealt well with him. I wonder how he lived so long to cheer us all: and I feel relieved that he lived no longer, for it would have been great anguish to him. He has gone at the right time. The Lord will be your comfort and help. I meant to go to you this morning, but I found my foot would not let me go up and down steps. It is a double pain to be kept from you and your sorrowing family.... We shall all meet again.... Let us bless God. Can we? Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, May 24, 1884.

Dear Friend,— May you be sustained under your heavy trial! Now that you and your dear companion are most fully realizing the void which is made in your household, may you find living consolations flowing into your hearts! "It is well," and faith knows it is so; and worships the Lord from under the cloud. How time has flown! It seems but the other day that you were married; and now you are an old father, bereaved of a daughter. Dear Caleb Higgs, too, is gone home long ago.

We shall meet above before long. Till then, in our Lord's business we will find solace, and in Himself delight.

Yours ever heartily,

G. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. Higgs].

Westwood, Mark. 18, 1886.

Dear Friend,—

I feel very grieved for you and the dear wife, for I know your tender hearts. Yet the bitterest elements of sorrow are not in the cup, for we have no doubt as to where little ones must be.

You have now a child among the angels—to whom we will soon go. So short is life that our wounds are staunch almost as soon as they begin to bleed. We part, and so soon meet.

Mrs. Spurgeon joins with me in loving sympathy.

Yours in our Lord Jesus,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. E. H. Bartlett].

Mentone, Dec. 14, '87.

Dear Mr. Bartlett,—

I sorrow with you over the departure of your little Lillie; but you will feel that there is honey with the gall. She was a dear child ready to take her place with the shining ones. Grandmother will receive her as a messenger from you. May peace and consolation flow into the heart of yourself and wife. I send you a little cheque to ease the expense. I cannot ease your pain but there is "another Comforter" Who can and will do so. Receive my hearty sympathy. We are all going the same way.

The little one has outrun us; we shall catch her up soon.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. Thomas Curme.] Westwood, June 12, 1884.

Dear Friend,—

I casually heard from Mr. Abraham that you were ill, but I had no idea that it was a serious matter; but Mr. Rochfort has kindly given me further news. I feel very sad about it, but I am sure you do not. The loss will be ours, and Heaven and you will gain.

Dear loving brother, you have nothing now to do but to go home; and what a home! You will be quite at home where all is love, for you have lived in that blessed element, and are filled with it. I shall soon come hobbling after you, and shall find you out. We are bound to gravitate to each other whether here or in glory. We love the same Lord, and the same blessed truth. May the everlasting arms be underneath you! I breathe for you a loving, tender prayer,—“Lord, comfort Thy dear servant, and when he departs, may it be across a dried-up river into the land of living fountains!”

I am fifty next Thursday, and you are near your Jubilee. In this we are alike; but Jesus is the highest joy. Into the Father's hands I commit you, “until the day break, and the shadows flee away.” Your loving brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. W. Cuff].

Nightingale Lane, Nov. 30.

Dear Friend,—

I beseech our Lord to minister comfort both to you and your sorrowing wife. It must be a very severe stroke to you, and it is a sign that our Father loves you very much and thinks a great deal of you. I had a watch once which I allowed to lie at ease and never worried it with cleaning for I thought it worthless; but one which keeps time to a second gets wound up every night with a key which touches its inmost springs, and sometimes it gets taken to pieces—for it is worth it.

You will have the presence of the Comforter in this trial. You are dear to me for your work's sake and also for yourself. May all grace abound towards you by Christ Jesus. Your busy friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. W. J. Mayers].

Clapham, July 25, 1874.

Dear Friend,—

I am deeply grieved by the sad news which has just arrived by telegram. It is unexpected indeed. I pray that your will may run side by side with that of your Lord, and may you even thank Him, “for so it seemed good in Thy sight.” We can see no reason or goodness in the removal because we

are quite unable to see afar off, but faith knows that there is both wisdom and love in it, and leaves all to the far-seeing Lord. The Comforter will be with you; a deeper experience of trial will prepare you for greater heights of service. Sharp pruning will increase sweet fruit. With the utmost love,

Your sympathizing friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. F. J. Feltham].

Mentone. [Undated.] Dear Mr. Feltham,—

It is a great sorrow to lose such a mother, but also a great joy to know it is well with her. She could not have passed away under happier circumstances. She must have been glad to see her son so happily settled, and then gladder still to be with her Lord for ever. No lingering sickness, no fierce pain; but gentle dismissal, and instant admission into the glory. I envy her as much as I dare. The Lord be with you and your beloved, and comfort you to the full! Your sympathizing friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. W. Y. Fullerton].

Westwood, Feb. 17, 1886.

Dear Brother,—

I am sorely afflicted in your affliction. What a grand voice is thus silenced!

Rest. Leave all thought of the work. The Lord will help me in this extremity. Only do you be still. In this will lie your hope. A good wife and a quiet mind stayed on God will be the best helps to recovery. Mrs. Spurgeon grieves much. My true love be with you ever.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. J. W. Harrauld].

[Undated.] Dear Harrauld,— The Lord Himself comfort you. What can we do? He is your Helper. I think we can manage the letters until you can come. I am better this morning, but I have had a thorough knock over such as I little expected. The Lord's hand is in all these troubles. Get out of your house as soon as you can or we may have you ill also. The Lord bless thee and keep thee, dear Brother, and be more than ever thy Comforter.

Yours in great sympathy,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To You People

To Young People Letter addressed to Master William Cooper, one of C. H. Spurgeon's former pupils at Newmarket:—

Cambridge,-----, 1851. My dear William,—

You see, by this address, that I am no longer at Mr. Swindell's, but am very comfortable here in a smaller school of about fifteen boys. I suppose you are at home, but find fanning is not all play, nor perhaps altogether so profitable or pleasant as study; it is well said, "We do not know the value of our mercies till we lose them."

Knowing, (in some humble measure, at least), the value of religion let me also bring it before your attention. If you give yourself time to think, you will soon remember that you must die; and if you meditate one more moment, you will recollect that you have a soul, and that soul will never die, but will live for ever; and if you die in your present state, it must live in endless torment. You are an accountable being; God, who made you, demands perfect obedience. But you must own that you have sinned; say not "I am not a great sinner," for one sin only would be sufficient to sink your soul for ever in the pit of perdition. The sentence of death stands against you, and mercy alone stays its execution. Seeing now that you are in such danger, how do you think to escape? Surely you will not be content to die as you are, for you will one day find it no light matter to endure the hot displeasure of an angry God. Do you imagine that, if you live better for the future, God will forgive your past offences? That is a mistake; see if you can find it in the Bible.

Perhaps you intend to think about religion after you have enjoyed sin a little longer; or (but surely you are not so foolish) possibly you think that you are too young to die. But who knows whether that future time will be afforded, and who said that you can turn to Christ just when you please? Your heart is deceitful above all things, and your natural depravity so great that you will not turn to God. Trust not, then, to resolutions made in your own strength, they are but wind; nor to yourself, who are but a broken reed; nor to your own heart, or you are a fool. There is no way of salvation but Christ; you cannot save yourself, having no power even to think one good thought; neither can your parents' love and prayers save you; none but Jesus can, He is the Saviour of the helpless, and I tell you that He died for all such as feel their vileness, and come to Him for cleansing.

You do not deserve salvation; well, there is not a jot of merit on the sinner's part mentioned in the covenant. You have nothing; you are nothing; but Christ is all, and He must be everything to you, or you will never be saved. None reach Heaven, but by free-grace, and through free-grace alone. Even a faint desire after any good thing came from God, from Whom you must get more, for He giveth liberally, and no poor sinner, begging at His door, was ever yet sent empty away.

Look at the blessedness of real religion, no one is truly happy but a child of God. The believer is safe, for God has promised to preserve him; and if once you have the pearl of great price, it cannot be taken from you. The way to Heaven is faith, "looking unto Jesus;" this faith is the gift of God, and none but those who have it know its value. Oh, may you possess it!—is the earnest prayer

of—

Yours faithfully,

Charles H. Spurgeon.

To [Young People at the Tabernacle].

Paris, Jan. 16, 1874.

Dear Young Friends,—

I have your welfare continually upon my heart, and therefore thought I would pen a few sentences to you. I was much encouraged by the prayerful attention and deep feeling which I saw last Monday in many of you. It filled me with great hope concerning you. I see that you desire to have your sins forgiven, and to escape from the wrath of God, and I am therefore rejoiced; but I pray God that the signs of grace may not end with these mere beginnings and desires. Buds are beautiful, but we cannot be satisfied with them; they are only good because blossoms often become fruit. Mere blooms on the trees, and no fruit, would be a mockery of expectation. May it not be so with you!

I am writing in my chamber in Paris at midnight. I could not sleep till I had said to you,—Put your whole trust in Jesus at once. All that you want of merit, He will give you; all that you need of help in the Heavenly life, He will bestow. Only believe Him. You who are saved, be sure to wrestle with God for the salvation of other young people, and try to make our new meeting a great means for good. You who are unawakened, we pray continually for you, for you are sleeping over hell's mouth; I can see your danger, though you do not. It is therefore time for you to awake out of sleep. I send my earnest love to you all, praying that we may meet on earth in much happiness, and then at last in Heaven for ever. Your anxious friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Jan. 23, 1874. My dear Young Friends,—

I am delighted to hear that you came together in such large numbers last Monday in my absence, for I hope it shows a real and deep anxiety among the seekers to find the Saviour, and among the saved ones to plead for others. You do not need the voice of any one man to secure your attention; the Word of the Lord Jesus, by whomsoever spoken, is life and power. It is to Him that you must turn all your thoughts. Sin has separated between you and your God, and Christ alone can bring you back to your Heavenly Father. Be sure that you remember what it cost Him to prepare the way of reconciliation; nothing but His blood could have done it, and He gave it freely, bowing His head to death upon the tree. It must have been no light matter which cost the Redeemer such a sacrifice; I beseech you, do not make light of it. Hate the sin which caused Him so much agony, and yield to the love which sustained Him under it.

I hear that in London you have had fogs and rain, here it is all flowers and summer, and the difference reminds me of the change which faith makes in the soul. While we are unbelievers, we dread the wrath of God, and walk in gloom; but when we believe, we have peace with God, and enjoy His favour, and the spring of an eternal summer has commenced. May the Spirit of God, like

the soft south wind, breathe upon you, and make your hearts bloom with desires, blossom with hopes, and bring forth fruits of repentance! From Jesus He proceeds, and to Jesus He leads the soul. Look to Him. Oh, look to Him; to Him alone; to Him simply; to Him at once! Your anxious friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Feb. 5, 1874.

Dear Young Friends,—

I am greatly cheered to hear that you gather in such numbers, and shall be yet more glad when I hear or see that hearts are won for Jesus and that with your mouths you make confession of Him. I look with so much hope upon you, that it would be a bitter disappointment if I did not hear that some of you are saved in the Lord.

I have just limped up a high hill into the cemetery here, and there I saw a text which struck me. "But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him." Noah was her rest, as Jesus must be yours. Just notice that it is added, "he put forth his hand, and pulled her in unto him into the ark." She was too weak to get in, but Noah's kind hand "pulled her in unto him." Dear young friends, I pray the Lord Jesus to grasp those of you who are weary and weak, and pull you in. His promises are pulls, His invitations, and those of the kind friends who address you, are so many pulls. Yield yourselves unto them, and be pulled in unto Him. No rest is there, East, West, North, or South, for your soul's foot, save in the ark of sovereign grace; but there is rest there. As the dove turned her eye, and then her wing, to the ark, so turn your desires and prayers to Jesus; and as she dropped into Noah's hand, so fall into the hand which was pierced that sinners might live. I pray for each one of you, and have entreated the great High Priest to bear each one of your names before His Father's face upon His own breastplate. May the Lord save, sanctify, and preserve every one of us till the great day of His appearing! Your loving Pastor,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, Feb. 12, 1874.

Dear Young Friends,—

I am full of delight at hearing of what the Lord is doing among you in saving souls; but will any of you be missed by the gracious visitation? Will the sacred rain leave some of you dry as the mountains of Gilboa? Is Jesus passing by, and will you not cry to Him? Is His grace felt by your brother, your sister, and your mother, and not by you? Unhappy soul, which shall manage to elude the blessed influences which are now abroad among us! Surely, such an one must be dexterous in resisting the Holy Spirit, and desperately resolved to perish! What reason can be urged for such a course? What excuse for such suicide? Let those who are saved, pray much for others who remain hardened.

I am rejoiced that those of you who have found Jesus are not ashamed to own Him. Why should you be? Only make sure that you are really converted; do not be content with shams. Seek the real thing. Lay hold, not on temporary hope, but on eternal life. True faith always has repentance for its twin-brother, love for its child, and holiness for its crown. If you have looked to Jesus for life,

be sure that you next look to Him for the pattern of life, so that you may walk as He also walked. As young Christians, you will be greatly tempted; pray, then, to be securely kept, that you may never dishonour your Lord. We shall soon meet, if the Lord will; and till then, my love be with you all. Amen.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Ministers' Children].

Mentone, 1890. My dear Young Friend,—

I am anxious that the little ones should be saved. I heard a number of ministers pray for their dear boys and girls; and after they had done, I said to myself—"I will write a letter to their children, and try to make them think about Jesus." What a joy it would be if you, dear... were, while yet a child to be saved by the Lord Jesus. He can wash away sin, and by His Holy Spirit, He can change the heart, and He can do it quite as easily in the young, as in the grown-up people. If we seek salvation by Jesus Christ, God will give it. In the Bible we are told to believe, and that is trust. We trust Jesus to save us, and He does save us. I want you to trust Him now. I hope you will have a long and useful life, and trust in Christ will be the sure way to help you year by year to live happily. But you may die while yet young, and then through faith in Jesus you will enter Heaven to be glorified in the Lord for ever. "They that seek Me early shall find Me." That is the text for you. I hope you will seek at once, and find Jesus at once. I may never see you here, but I hope I shall meet you and your dear parents in the land of the blessed.

Yours with my best wishes,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Ministers' Children].

Westwood, June 19, 1890.

O Lord, bless this letter!

My dear——

I was a little while ago at a meeting for prayer, where a large number of ministers were gathered together. The subject of prayer was "our children." It soon brought the tears to my eyes to hear those good fathers pleading with God for their sons and daughters. As they went on entreating the Lord to save their families, my heart seemed ready, to burst with strong desire that it might be even so. Then I thought, I will write to those sons and daughters, and remind them of their parents' prayers.

Dear——, you are highly privileged in having parents who pray for you. Your name is known in the courts of heaven. Your case has been laid before the throne of God. Do you not pray for yourself? If you do not do so, why not? If other people value your soul, can it be right for you to neglect it? All the entreaties and wrestlings of your father will not save you if you never seek the Lord yourself. You know this.

You do not intend to cause grief to dear mother and father, but you do. So long as you are not saved, they can never rest. However obedient, and sweet, and kind you may be, they will never feel happy about you until you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and so find everlasting salvation.

Think of this. Remember how much you have already sinned and none can wash you but Jesus. When you grow up, you may become very sinful, and none can change your nature, and make you holy but the Lord Jesus, through His Spirit.

You need what father and mother seek for you, and you need it now. Why not seek it at once? I heard a father pray, "Lord, save our children, and save them young." It is never too soon to be safe; never too soon to be happy; never too soon to be holy. Jesus loves to receive the very young ones.

You cannot save yourself, but the great Lord Jesus can save you. Ask Him to do it. "He that asketh receiveth." Then trust in Jesus to save you. He can do it, for He died and rose again that "whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Come and tell Jesus you have sinned; seek forgiveness; trust in Him for it, and be sure that you are saved.

Then imitate our Lord. Be at home what Jesus was at Nazareth. Yours will be a happy home, and your dear father and mother will feel that the dearest wish of their hearts has been granted them.

I pray you to think of heaven and hell; for in one of those places you will live for ever. Meet me in heaven! Meet me at once at the mercy-seat. Run upstairs and pray the great Father, through Jesus Christ.

Yours very lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Children at Stockwell Orphanage].

Mentone, Saturday evening, January 24, 1874.

Dear Boys,—

I have been much impressed by hearing that death has been to the Orphanage. Are you all prepared, if he should shoot another arrow into one of the houses, and lay another low? I wonder who will be the next! Dear boys, would you go to Heaven if you were now at once to die? Wait a bit, and let each one answer for himself. You know, you must be born again, you must repent of sin, you must believe in Jesus. How is it with you? If you are not saved, you are in great danger, in fearful peril! Be warned, I pray you! I cannot bear to think of one boy going from the Orphanage to hell; that would be terrible indeed. But to rise to Heaven, to be with Jesus for ever; why, this makes it worth while even to die a hundred deaths.

I hope my dear friend, Mr. Charlesworth, and all the teachers, and matrons, and nurses, are, well; I send them all my kindest regards. I often think about you all. I want to see you all happy here and hereafter. May you grow up to be honourable Christian men; and if God should take any of you away, may we all meet in Heaven! Will you pray a special prayer, just now, that the death of one boy may bring all of you to Jesus to find eternal life? Be diligent in school, be very kind in the houses. Do not cause us pain, but give us all joy, for we all love you, and desire your good.

Mr. Charlesworth will, on my behalf, give you a couple of oranges all round, and I will pay him when I come home. Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Grand Hotel, Mentone. Dec. 23, '83.

Dear Children,—

It pleases me to think of you all as full of glee and gladness to-day. Let us thank God for providing the Orphanage and then for giving us kind friends who think of our daily wants, and then again for finding another set of friends to make us merry on Christmas Day. You see the Lord not only sends us our daily bread, but something over. Let us together bless the Great Father's name. I do not know how you can thank Him better than by becoming His own dear children, through believing in His Son Jesus. I hope every boy and girl will be found believing in Jesus, loving Jesus, and serving Jesus.

I am just a thousand miles away from you, but my love gets to you by one great leap. It is a little after seven on Sabbath morning, the sun is just up, and the sea is like melted silver. There are such sweet roses in my room, and just outside the window there are oranges and lemons. Don't envy me, for I know the oranges are sour, and those which you will have to-day will be much better. Do not forget three cheers for Mr. Duncan. I shall listen between 1 and 2 on Tuesday, and if I hear your voices I shall just ride on the moon to you, and drop down from the ceiling. That is a great big if! Be very happy and very kind to one another. Do not give the dear matrons and masters any trouble at any time. Obey immediately all Mr. Charlesworth's rules, and make him happy, and then perhaps he will get quite stout.

God bless you, my dear girls and boys. Three cheers for the Trustees. No more, except my best love, From

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, December 20, 1887.

Dear Boys,—

I wish you all a merry Christmas. My son, Mr. Charles Spurgeon, will tell you that it is a great trouble to me to be away from you all at Christmas, but I hope you will all enjoy yourselves none the less, and be as happy as kittens. I am very pleased to hear that as a rule you are a good lot of fellows, obedient, teachable, and true; therefore you have a right to be happy, and I hope you are. I always wish everything to be done to make you love the Orphanage and feel it to be your home, and in this all the Trustees join, and so does Mr. Charlesworth. We want you to be very jolly while you are with us, and then to grow up and go out into business, and to turn out first-rate men and true Christians.

Boys, give three cheers for the Trustees, who are your best friends, and then the same for Mr. Charlesworth, the matrons, and the masters. Don't forget the gentlemen who send the shillings and the figs. Hip, hip, hurrah! Where are the girls?

Dear Children,—

I hope you will be happy too, with Miss Moore and the other kind folks. You cannot make quite so much noise as those uproarious boys, but your voices are very sweet, and I shall be glad one day to hear them when I get well and come home. Enjoy yourselves all you can, and try to make everybody happy in your new home. I hope my first little girls will be specially good ones. Ought not the first to be the best? Your friend always,

C. H. Spurgeon.

[Undated.] My dear Children,—

I wish you a merry Christmas; every one of you. I hope you are all well, and able to enjoy the good things which kind friends have enabled us to provide. Three cheers for those friends!

Let us all be grateful that throughout the year our heavenly Father has provided us with bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and has given us shelter from the stormy wind, and a place wherein to rest. Let us all sing—

"Let us with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For His mercy shall endure Ever faithful, ever sure."

As long as you are in the Orphanage, I hope that all of you, both boys and girls, will be very happy. I should be very unhappy myself if I thought that you were unhappy; yet the best joy some of you may not yet know; it is the joy of being right with God through faith in Jesus Christ, and so being ready both for the life which now is and for that which is to come. I had this happiness when I was a boy, and I wish you all had it.

Let us make the best of ourselves. Boys and girls, you will soon be men and women. Learn all you can that you may know how to play your parts, and succeed in life. Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Mr. Charlesworth with thanks for his letters and heartiest regards to himself and all the staff. This is my word to the Boys and Girls.

1888.

Dear Girls and Boys,—

I wish you a merry Christmas. Think of me as I shall think of you when you are eating the plum-pudding. Don't eat too much, but enjoy yourselves over head and ears.

I hope you have each one deserved a thousand good marks during the year. Mr. Ladds always gives you good characters. But I don't think even he will dare to say that no boy is up to mischief, and that all the girls are quiet at all times. I think you are better than the average laddies and lassies, and this makes me feel very happy about you. God bless you and make you noble men and women in due time. I wonder which boys and girls will be missionaries. Certainly not all, but all may be useful Christians. May the loving Jesus make you so.

Give the Trustees three cheers, and do the same for the friends who give the shillings, the figs and other things. I will be listening about two o'clock and if I hear you cheering I will cheer too, and if you hear my voice you will hear me say "Another cheer for Mr. Charlesworth, the matrons and the

masters, etc."

Bless God when you go to bed for giving you a happy day and ask Him to make you His own children.

Yours lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Mentone, December 21, 1891.

Dear Boys and Girls,—

I send you all my love so far as the post can carry it at twopence-halfpenny for half-an-ounce. I wish you a real glorious Christmas. I might have said a jolly Christmas, if we had all been boys; but as some of us are girls, I will be proper, and say, "A merry Christmas!" Enjoy yourselves and feel grateful to the kind friends who find money to keep the Stockwett Orphanage supplied. Bless their loving hearts, they never let you want for anything; may they have pleasure in seeing you all grow up to be good men and women. Feel very grateful also to the Trustees. These gentlemen are always at work arranging for your good. Give them three times three. Then there are Mr. Charlesworth, Mr. Ladds, and all the masters and the matrons. Each one of them deserves your love and gratitude and obedience. They try to do you good; try to cheer them all you can. I should like you to have a fine day—such a day as we have here; but if not, you will be warm and bright indoors. Three cheers for those who give us the good things for this festival. I want you for a moment in the day to be all still and spend the time in thanking our Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus for great goodness shown to you and to me, and then pray for me that I may get quite well. Mrs. Spurgeon and I both send our love to all the Stockwell family.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [One of the Orphan Boys].

Mentone, February 5.

Dear Bray,—

I was so pleased with your little note. It was so good of you, with all your pain, to sit up and write to me. I hope when the spring weather comes you will feel better, but if not, you know of the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" which "stand dressed in living green." The Lord Jesus will be very near you. He feels for dear suffering children. He will keep you patient and joyful. Oh, how He loves! If there is anything you want, be sure to let me know. Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To Various Friends

To Various Friends To [Rev. R. Knill].

Cambridge, Feb. 7, '53. My dear Sir,—

I feel confident that you will pardon the liberty I take when you read the occasion of it. I have for some time wished to write to you, but could not find you out, until in The Banner I observed a notice of your preaching in the theatre of Chester.

Eight or nine years ago, you were travelling, as a Deputation from the London Missionary Society, in the county of Essex. Among other places, you preached at the village of Stambourne. I was then a little boy staying at my grandfather's (Rev. Jas. Spurgeon). You kindly noticed me; I read at family prayer; you took me by your side, and talked to me in a very affectionate manner. You told me a tale of a little boy in Colchester; we went into an arbour in the garden, there you asked me to sing, and I joined in as well as I could. I shall never forget the way in which you tried to lead me to the Saviour. Your conversation and spirit were all a father's could have been, and that one interview has made my heart yours. My eyes rejoice to see your name, and the mention of it brings up emotions of gratitude. In fact, unknown to you, a few words you then spoke have been a sort of star to my existence, and my friends look on them with half the reverence of prophecy. You meant them not perhaps to last so long, but now they are imperishable; they were to this effect, and were heard by more than one: "I think this little man will one day be a preacher of the gospel, and I hope a successful one. I think you will preach in Rowland Hill's Chapel; and when you do, tell the people this verse, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' &c." You told me to learn the hymn, and said it seemed perhaps unlikely, but Providence had wrought wonders, and you thought it would be so. This is often mentioned by my grandfather; and somehow, though I am far enough from being superstitious, it holds me fast, and I do confidently, and yet, somehow (and paradoxically), distrustfully, look forward to the time when the whole shall come to pass. When sixteen and a half years old, I was persuaded to preach in the villages, having for some time been often called to address children in Sabbath Schools, and always gaining attention, perhaps from my youth as much as anything. Once started in lay-preaching around Cambridge—where I was and am still assistant in a school,—I put my soul into the work. Having been invited to supply, for one Sabbath, the Baptist Church at Waterbeach, I did so; I was invited to continue, and have now been the minister of the congregation for one year and four months. The chapel is always full, many profess to have felt the power of Divine grace, and residents in the neighbourhood say that there is a visible reform manifest; God has used things that are not, to bring to nought things that are. I preach thrice on the Sabbath; and often, indeed, almost constantly, five times in the week-nights. My salary being insufficient, I still remain in the school. Though the congregation is large, they being poor, or men of small property, are unable to do much,—though their kindness may be judged of from the fact that I have been to sixty-two different houses to dine on the Lord's Day. Thus are your words in part realized.

Though I do not say that your conversation did then lead to my conversion, yet the thought of what I conceived might be my position one day ever worked in me a desire to gain true religion, which even then I knew was the great essential in a minister. I long for nothing more earnestly than to serve God with all my might. My education is amply sufficient for my present station, and I have means and desires for further improvement. The particulars I have given are perhaps too lengthy, but you will excuse it. I could not refrain from letting you know what is no doubt more interesting to me than to you. I pray that, while standing on the polluted ground, (in Chester theatre), you may consecrate it in many a heart by being the means of their conversion. Your words spoken in season have been good to me; and if I am of any use in the army of the living God, I owe it in great part to you that I ever enlisted in it. I am not nineteen yet; and need, and trust I shall have, a mention in your prayers. With the greatest respect,

I am,

Yours truly,

Charles Spurgeon.

P.S. Since you are much engaged, I shall scarcely expect a line from you; but if I should be happy enough to receive one, I shall be rejoiced.

To [The Misses Blunson].

Borough, March, 1854. My dear Friends,—

I have not forgotten you, although I have been silent so long. I have thought of your trials, and have requested of my Master that He would comfort and sustain you. If you have a portion in Him, your troubles will be blessings, and every grief will be turned into a mercy.

I am very well, and everything goes on even better than I could have hoped. My chapel, though large, is crowded; the aisles are blocked up, and every niche is packed as full as possible. I expect to come and see you in about a month. I hope to be at Waterbeach the fourth Sabbath in April. I get on very well in my present lodgings;—but not better than with you, for that would be impossible. I had nothing to wish for better than I had, for your attention to me was beyond all praise. I cannot but feel very much for you, and only wish that I knew how I could serve you.

I hope you will not give way to doubts and despondency; but do what you can, and leave the rest to God. Blessed is the man who has the God of Jacob for his Helper; he need not fear either want, or pain, or death. The more you can realize this, the happier you become; and the only means for so doing is to hold frequent communion with God in prayer. Get alone with Jesus, and He will comfort your hearts, and restore your weary souls. I hope you have let your rooms. I think I shall stop at Mrs. Warricker's; but I will be sure to come and see you, and leave something to remember me by. Trust in God, and be glad, and—

Believe me to be,

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. John Anderson].

New Kent Road, Monday, 24th Nov., 1856. My very dear Friend,—

I have received your munificent donation, and return you very hearty thanks, and beg you to express my gratitude to all those who have contributed.

Yesterday, the Lord was with me mightily; not a dog moved his tongue. But, oh, the griefs I have endured! God has borne me up, or I had been overwhelmed.

How hell has howled, but how Heaven will triumph! How is the work in Helensburgh? I hope the shout of a King is with you.

Dear wife and I very often talk of our dear Anderson. You are very near to our hearts. Our boys are well, so is "beloved Apphia." Give our kind regards to all friends, and accept our true love yourself.

I am,

Yours ever,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. Sawday, Sen.].

Clapham, April 12, '62. My dear Sir,—

I scarcely wonder at your preference of Regent's Park College for your son, but I think you labour under some mistake, for it so happens that the ground of your choice is just one of the evils which my Institute seeks to remedy. The residence of a number of young men in one house encourages and necessarily generates levity; their separation from common social life is a serious injury, and tends to unfit them for the wear and tear of future work among ordinary mortals. When a young man resides in a Christian family, not only is he under the most vigilant oversight, but he never ceases to be one of the people. We are far from putting our men into the way of temptation; on the other hand, we think our arrangement is the most effectual method of preservation. I merely write this because your brief acquaintance with our systems may allow me to suppose that this view of the case has not suggested itself to you. Our tutors are sound scholars; but, as we do not aim at any very profound scholarship, we allot but two years to the course. The young men who have left us have been very useful, and the class now in hand will bear comparison with any body of men living.

I could not, while possessing any self-respect, prepare your son for Dr. Angus; but I shall be delighted to be of any other service to him.

Yours most truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. John Ruskin].

Clapham, Nov. 26, 1862. My dear Mr. Ruskin,—

I thought you had cast me off; but I perceive that you let me alone when all is right, and only look me up when you are getting disgusted with me. May that disgust increase if it shall bring me oftener into your company!

I shall be delighted to see you to-morrow, here, at any time from 10 to 12 if this will suit you.

I wish I had a den in the Alps to go to; but it is of no use for me to grow surly, for I am compelled to live amongst you sinners, and however disgusted I may get with you all, I must put up with you, for neither Nature nor Providence will afford a den for me.

Yours ever most truly and affectionately,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. William Landels, D.D.]. My Study, Saturday, September 3, 1864. My dear and right faithful Brother,—

It is strange that you, who differ so widely from me, should be the first man to stand side by side with me in my time of need. Not strange when I know your character and have learned by experience to appreciate you, but still sweetly strange that you, the last of my friends, should be the best in the day of trouble; let me add to that sentence this word—last probably through my own fault.

I should have written at once, but heard you were away; in writing now let me thank you from my soul. I have learned to stand alone, but I have not learned to undervalue true friendship. Like myself, you have nothing to gain in this world by your testimony, but you and I know something of what it is to be sustained by conscience and the Master's smile. Your hints upon my severity I understand and do not dislike, but you may not feel quite so thoroughly as I do the depth of the evil and the need of the plainest rebuke; and, moreover, I have my own peculiarities and cannot speak like any other. Far enough am I from claiming freedom from error in my modes of witness-bearing, but when I hear our erring brethren cry, "If he had said so and so we should not have minded it," since I meant them to mind, the more content I am to glory even in infirmity because the power of Christ rests on the work.

I beg an interest in your prayers, even as I pray for you. We are not run in the same mould, why should we be? but we cannot cease to love each other at any time, much less when common struggles thus cement us. Mr. Noel talks of love and unity, and then forsakes me when I only echo his own former utterances. Alas, how many leap with the many in apparent charity, and limp when real love is needed.

Please read my letter to the Alliance, which will be sent to you.

I thank you again and again. Twenty-seven pamphlets I have, and only four on the side of truth.

Yours lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Clapham, February 18, 1865. My dear Friend,—

I owe you very many thanks for the splendid addition your kindness has made to my library. I shall very greatly value the books as coming from yourself in so kind a manner, and for their own sakes too.

Mrs. Spurgeon desires her kindest thanks for your kind remembrance of her. May you have every blessing, abounding in your path, work, home, and person.

Yours very thankfully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Nightingale Lane, Saturday Evening My dear Friend,— Can your course of lectures commence with the second week of the New Year and last through six Fridays from three to four? This would carry my men over my absence, and be, you scarcely can tell how great, a relief to me. I am in some trouble, which I carry to my Lord, but I want human help and sympathy. Mr.-----grows old, and we begin to feel it; I want more help; if God moves you to render it, it will be a boon indeed. I am in my very soul heart to heart with you, and I think we grow towards one another. I could trust you as I could not everyone, or scarcely one. Lectures and sermons already in your hand might be made invaluable to me, with less toil to you than benefit to a rising race of ministers. I know you are overworked, and if you feel you cannot do it I will not press, but just now my need is urgent, and your aid will come in as a great boon. You will do it if you can.

I ought to be getting my sermon, but cannot readily settle to it because of cares which toss my brain. Having tried the human side, I shall now cast all my care on the Divine Helper; but I feel as if I had you here sympathizing with me now that I have written you.

Breathe a prayer for me, and believe me ever to be— Your loving brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.].

Mentone, Jan. 20.

Beloved Brother,— Your love allows brevity. Thank you. I am arising from stupor to pain, from pain to intervals of ease, from coughing hard to a weak voice, from writhing to wriggling about in an initial style of walking with a chair for a go-cart. I have had an escape which makes me shudder with gratitude. Here is a man who knocked out his teeth and yet did not cut his flesh; and turned over twice so completely as to put his money into his boots. Something of the comic attends solemnity when I am in the midst of it. I have not lost a grain of peace or even of joy, yet I pity a dog that has felt so much in all his four legs as I have had in one. All is well. I shall be home soon.

Yours most lovingly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, July 4, 1888. My dear Friend,—

I have only just heard that to-day is your anniversary. I congratulate you, and I pray that you may have a right good day. If I had been well enough, I would have accepted your invitation, you may be quite sure. I thank you and your friends for many kindnesses received by way of help in my

hour of sickness. The Lord bless you who preached, and the people who spared you! In these days, we are two of the old school. Our experience has taught us that, both for conversion and edification, the doctrine of Christ crucified is all-sufficient. A childlike faith in the atoning sacrifice is the foundation for the purest and noblest of characters. As the hammer comes down on the anvil ever with the same ring, so will we preach Christ, Christ, Christ, and nothing else but Christ. Our friends leave us for the suburbs, but I trust the Lord will raise up around us another generation of faithful men. God bless those attached brethren who stick to us, and bear the brunt of the battle with us! I feel a deep gratitude to all such, both at the Tabernacle and at Christ Church. To you I desire continued health and joyous communion with God.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller].

Nightingale Lane, June 30, 1877.

Dear Friends,—

We are both bound to be in Scotland upon the joyful occasion of Aug. 1, but we are grateful for your kindness in asking us, and we wish for the bride and bridegroom a mint of blessings, and for the friends on both sides the favour of the Lord.

We shall hope to remember the happy couple at the time, though we hope to be among the Islands of the Northern Sea.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

C. Spurgeon.

To [Prof. W. S. Aldis].

Westwood, Oct. 18, 1882.

Dear Sir,— My son was weak in the lungs, but the climate of Auckland has quite set him up, I should think it is the place for an invalid; at any rate, it is the place for him. My knowledge is slender, but all encouraging. Your letter asking for an interview on Saturday did not reach here till Monday, or I would gladly have seen you. May you be guided; and I think the oracle will say "Go."

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. A. S. Patton].

London, March 26, 1884.

Dear Sir,—

I do not know who "the sainted gentleman" may be, but he did not speak the truth if he reported me as saying that I hated a close-communion Baptist as I hate the devil. I never even thought of such a thing, and assuredly it is not and never was true of me. The "saint" must have dreamed it, or have mistaken the person. The most unaccountable statements are made by men of known integrity, and they can only be accounted for by misunderstanding or forgetfulness. I know my own mind and views, and I can say, without reserve, that the expression could not have been used by me. As compared with the bulk of English Baptists, I am a strict-communionist myself, as my church-fellowship is strictly of the baptized.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Dr. Doudney].

Mentone, January 6, 1892.

Dear Venerable Brother,—

I know that a bit of real deep and grateful experience like my grandfather's is sure to suit you even as it does me. We rejoice to hear from our old friend. The Lord bless thee. You are now enjoying ripe fruit. The Gospel is good when it is green and new to us, but it suits us better and better as our autumn of life mellows our knowledge. We have no inclination to change: I might almost say "no temptation to alter." None but Jesus; nothing but grace. Our love to you. I am slowly improving.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Written to a venerable friend in his eighty-ninth year, in answer to a message of gratitude for a sermon. My Dear Brother,—

I thank you for your word of good cheer. It is a great joy to be the means of comfort to an aged believer. You will very likely get home before I shall, but tell them I am coming as fast as the gout will let me. The Lord will not leave you now that hoary hairs have come, but will now carry you in His bosom. Peace be unto you!

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon sent with a Study Table used by him during the first fifteen years of his ministry in London.

Clapham, Nov. 16, '71. Dear Mr. Goldston,—

Warranty of Table. This is to certify that the table this day sent to Mr. Goldston has never been known to turn, twist, dance, fly up into the air or otherwise misbehave. It has not been addicted to convivial habits and has never been known to be on a roar. As a most studious piece of furniture it is sent to a studious man with the kind regards of

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Dr. David Brown].

Nightingale Lane, May 11 [1877].

Dear Sir,—

I have to apologize for having troubled you twice about so small a matter as your autograph; but the fact is, I did not recognize Dr. David Brown of Duncan's Memoir as the David Brown of The Commentary. Pray excuse me. I am getting to fear and tremble about the Browns. You must know that the President and Vice-President of our Baptist Union are both Browns, and that the Chairman of our London Association is also a Brown. "Browns to right of us, Browns to left of us, etc." God bless them all!

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. J. W. Harrald].

[Undated.] Dear Mr. Harrald,—

I think your having a wife would not quite preclude your being sent out to South Australia. Passage would be paid for both, I think. I am not, however, sure of this, and of course a single man would be preferred. As to moving to some English sphere. I must leave that with yourself. I am sure you will be useful wherever you go. When you feel you ought to leave you shall have my best aid in finding another sphere. I fear your leaving Shoreham would destroy what you have built up, and if this be a well-grounded fear I would urge you to remain. In any case we should try to meet with a fit successor, before we shifted ground. May our Lord direct you evermore. Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Harrald.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Benmore, July, 1880. My dear Harrald,—

Thank you for your notes which tell me no more than is needful and all that I want to know. I will send the receipt to Mr. C. I suppose there will be 16 pages of accounts extra. If there should be need for more small print for the Magazine one of Mr. Dawe's "Apostles" can be inserted. I did the notes easily and I thank you for so admirably forming the backbone of them, I am greatly enjoying my holiday and I wish you could have one also, but I fear it will not be till late, for we shall soon be in the throes of moving. I am writing with a patent pen which carries its own ink, but I don't think much of it, for it seems to me to be very indistinct and more like a pencil than a pen. Have you heard how Miss C. gets on, and whether she is with Mr. H.? Peace be ever with you.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Canon Palmer].

Nightingale Lane, July 4.

Dear Sir,—

I beg to call your attention to the great disturbance caused by the ringing of a bell, at St. Gabriel's Church, while the congregation at the Tabernacle is engaged in prayer. I reminded your predecessor that no right of bell-ringing belongs to any but a parish church, and informed him that I really must appeal to the law to stop the needless nuisance. He very kindly reduced the evil to the minimum, and I no longer objected. I am sure it is far from me to wish to interfere with the peculiar habits of my neighbours; but when many hundreds of persons, met to worship God, are disturbed by the clanging of a loud bell, it compels me to complain. The hours when we are at worship are at 11 and 6.30 on Sunday, and from 7 to 8.30 p.m. on Monday and Thursday.

Wishing to be upon good terms with all in the parish, I trust that you will not allow the bell-ringer to disturb us further, but will substitute a few strokes for the many which are now given.

I am,

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Canon Palmer].

[Undated.] Dear Sir,—

I am exceedingly obliged by your prompt and Christian reply. I felt it needful to make my protest against the bell-ringing somewhat strong, that I might not appear to be asking a favour merely, but claiming a right not to be disturbed. Otherwise, the lapse of years gives right to a custom against which no protest is entered. This, and no unfriendliness to you, prompted what you considered to be a threat. I can only hope that future correspondence may be, on my part, on a more pleasant subject, and, on your part, may be in the same generous tone.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. F. J. Feltham].

Nightingale Lane, Dec. 5.

Dear Sir,—

I tender you my Christian love in return for this good thoughtful deed of yours, which may my Lord repay.

I have been too pressed to write before; but you have cheered me and made me pray, "God bless him!" £20 safely received.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Rev. Arthur Tappan Pierson, D.D.].

[Mentone]... 1891.

Dear Dr. Pierson,— The Lord's name be praised that ever I knew you. He planned to set me aside and at the same time He made you ready to fill the vacancy. Every word about you makes me praise God for sending you. I feel that I can rest in you as one sent by my faithful Lord to do faithfully His work. May you never have to regret anything in connection with your remarkable deed of brotherly love....

Moses may be weak but Aaron and Hur are strong in the Lord. I am mending as to flesh but quite restored in spirit. Before long I hope to be on the watch tower again and gratefully surveying the fort which you have held to the satisfaction of all the garrison....

I trust that Mrs. Pierson is not unhappy in the city of Gog, Magog and Fog. I cannot wonder, but I do ponder over, the great unselfish love that keeps you grinding in the fog that I may rest in the sun. God bless you and make it up to you.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Mr. John Seivwright].

Mentone, Dec. 27, 1891.

Dear Sir,—

Shut in by rain on Sabbath, I receive your fraternal note. I thank you much. The Lord be with you and all His saints in Aberdeen. I progress slowly, but I think surely. In me let His will be done, and that shall be joy to me, be it what it may.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

General Correspondence

General Correspondence To [Mrs. Bartlett's Class].

Mentone, Saturday evening. [Undated.] Beloved Friends,—

I write to salute you all, and especially your beloved mother in the gospel, my dear friend, Mrs. Bartlett. I hope you are enjoying times of power such as have been so usual with the class. The Lord's own daughters among you—each one a princess, not in her own right, but by marriage to King Jesus,—are, I trust, living in the enjoyment of their high privileges.

"Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days?"

Yours it is to wear a girdle of joy; "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." See to it that your lives are consistent with your high callings, for it ill becomes the daughters of Zion to demean themselves like the children of earth. "Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." Be watchful for the souls of others, and support by your prayers the earnest efforts of your beloved leader, Mrs. Bartlett. For those of you who are unsaved, I have this word,— "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Years roll on; and each one spent in alienation from God swells your dreadful account. Have you not sinned enough? Have you not run risks enough, that you must still imperil your souls? An hour even of the toothache is too much; but what is that compared with the disease of sin and the anger of God? Yet these you bear as if they were mere trifles. Will the time of decision never come? Or will you linger till you perish in your sin? "Remember Lot's wife." She is a monument of salt; take a little of that salt, and season your thoughts with it. Your graves are yawning for you, hell also enlargeth itself. Flee from the wrath to come; start up, like those who have been asleep upon the brink of death; and "strive to enter in at the strait gate."

Yours lovingly, for Christ's sake,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The Church Officers, Metropolitan Tabernacle].

Mentone, Jan. 12, '91. My Beloved Brethren,—

Another death among us, and so soon! It is a loud voice to us all to stand ready.

I greatly wish I had been at home, for Mr. Carr was an old comrade and perhaps better known and valued by me than by anyone else,—since he served me in many private literary ways. He was true as steel to the old faith, and to me as an advocate of it. He was eccentric in manner, but in doctrine he kept to the form of sound words with great firmness. I am sure you will, in my absence, do all that the severe weather allows to make the family and the world see how we respect an ancient comrade, and a brother-officer. Some letter of sympathy would come well from you as a body of deacons and elders; but this you will have thought of apart from my suggestion.

Also pray for Mrs. Carr, with that large family, and so many of them young men and boys. What a charge for her! The Lord bless them!

Hearing of the continued badness of the weather, I accepted the advice telegraphed by deacons, and supported by letters from many valued friends, and I will remain here another week,—not idle, but storing powder and shot for the fight.

Brethren, you know I love you, and I know the same of you.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The Deacons, Metropolitan Tabernacle].

Mentone, 1892.

Beloved Brethren in Christ,—

I know not how to express the wondering gratitude which continues to fill my mind and heart. That the Lord our God should hear the importunate prayers of His whole Church delights me, but does not surprise me. But that the Church should favour me with such a hearty and spontaneous outburst of loving solicitude, altogether amazes me. I am as one spared from the grave henceforth a double debtor to the people of God; and I can only acknowledge the debt, and seek to increase it by asking still to be remembered in prayer. My recovery so far has been most remarkable. The cessation of the waste caused by the disease is very, very gradual; but as the case is altogether special, I expect, in answer to prayer, to receive a fuller cure than has been known aforetime. I desire this that I may, according to your desire, return to my public service, bearing witness for truth, wooing the souls that stray, and feeding the faithful of the flock.

I pray that to you, my brethren, the Lord may send a gracious recompense for your careful sympathy with me. From my inmost soul I thank you. Peace and prosperity be with all the churches of our Lord Jesus of every name and nation! May loving union prevail over all divergences of judgment, and may He come, Who will be the consummation of our hopes!

Yours with hearty gratitude,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [An Elder].

Mentone, December 21, 1877.

Dear——,— This is a Sabbath with us, but not a Sunday. It is grey and windy, and I am not able to go out. Yet I am much better, although my middle finger is only middling, and will not let the gout go out. The small punning which appears above is solely due to your letter. I am not in the habit of committing puns, but there is a contagion about persons who have the evil in its very worst form.... I desire you to tender my kindest love to each one of the elders.... I thank those who pray for me. In my pain and weakness I have had great need of your prayers, and now that I am getting well I feel it even more.

Oh, for a great blessing! I open my mouth wide, and there is the promise, "I will fill it." The weather is unsettled here, and cold for this place. The logs of olive blaze cheerfully, and are a necessity.

Remember me to----- . Peace be unto you! I cannot write more—the finger forbids.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [A valued Christian worker].

Mentone. [Undated].

Dear——,—

I felt grieved to note how ill you seem to be, only kept up by your indomitable spirit. I am afraid you may undertake too much, and break down yet further under the strain. Better serve the Lord with five talents than kill yourself with trying to make them seven.

Mr.-----must have preached well, if I may judge his sermon by your extract. We have a nice company of some twenty-four to prayer each morning. The weather is perfect. Only Mr. and Mrs.——are with me. May heaven's own smile light up house and heart for you while the husband is away. Salem.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [One of his most earnest helpers].

Westwood, June 24, 1884.

I was truly sorry to hear of your illness, but Elijah must faint if he runs before the chariot, and who is to prevent his running? I don't wonder at your excitement, or blame you, but I do feel sad that it should lead to such illness, and place you in such great danger. You are a splendid engine, but you will burst up if you are worked at such high pressure. The most of our people need the fire to be poked, and very rarely do we need to be damped down; but you, dear -----, are not so strong as you look to be, and must be careful.

Anyhow, we will rejoice together. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Peace be unto you. The sycamore fig was bruised before it became sweet. The bruising has been done with heavy hand; but the sweetness is evidently coming. The Lord bless both you and dear----- . I am deeply grateful to you both for the generous present sent to me, which is the most personal gift I have received. I fear it rejoices a weakness, but it is certainly all my own.

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Temperance Workers].

March 15, 1882.

Dear Friends,—

I am exceedingly sorry to be absent from this first meeting to form the Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society. The worse of it is, that my head is so out of order that I cannot even dictate a proper letter. I can only say, "Try and do all the better because I am away." If the leader is shot down, and his legs are broken, the soldiers must give an extra hurrah, and rush on the enemy. I sincerely believe that, next to the preaching of the gospel, the most necessary thing to be done in England is to induce our people to become total abstainers. I hope this Society will do something when it is started. I don't want you to wear a lot of peacocks' feathers and putty medals, nor to be always trying to convert the moderate drinkers, but to go in for winning the real drunkards, and bringing the poor enslaved creatures to the feet of Jesus, who can give them liberty. I wish I could say ever so many good things, but I cannot, and so will remain, Yours teetotally,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [His Students].

Mentone, Saturday evening. [Undated] Beloved Brethren,— In my absence, I never cease to remember you, because I have you all in my heart, as the hope of the church, and the future benefactors of the world. I trust every man is conscientiously labouring at his studies, never wasting an hour. Your time for study is so short, and so much will be required and expected of you, that I beseech you to quit yourselves like men. Every moment with you is worth a Jew's eye, and its profiting will be a hundredfold in the future. We have to cope with no mean adversaries. Our antagonists are well equipped and well trained. Our trust is in the Lord alone, and we go forth armed only with a sling and a stone; but we must practise slinging till we can throw to a hair's-breadth, and not miss. It was no unpractised hand which smote so small a target as Goliath's brow. Do not let the devil make fools of you by suggesting that, because the Lord works, you may be idle. I do not believe it of the least among you.

Brethren, for our Lord's sake, maintain a high degree of spirituality; may the Holy Spirit enable you so to do! Live in God that you may live for God. Let the church see that her students are her picked men. I rely upon you, in my absence, to help in all meetings for prayer or revival to the utmost of your ability. Nothing would give me greater joy than to hear that, while I am away, the Lord was moving some of you to make up for my lack of service.

I am much better. Here, "everlasting spring abides;" and though flowers wither, there are always fresh ones to fill their places. The balmy summer air is as oil to my bones.

I send my sincere love to you all, and especially to your honoured tutors, and the venerable Principal, to whom be long life, and the same to you all! My dear brother will be to you all that I could have been and you will pray for him, and also for, Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Subscribers].

Metropolitan Tabernacle, April 6, 1886.

Dear Friend,—

Time has speedily brought round the annual occasion upon which I trouble you about the Pastors' College. You never treat it as a trouble, but respond cheerfully, and therefore I do very earnestly invite you to the Annual Supper, which is appointed for Wednesday, May 5, at the College.

I give my daily thoughts to this work of aiding my Master's young servants to know the way of God more perfectly, and to preach it with greater clearness. As the result of years of this work, we have sent out more than 700 men into the field at home and abroad. Among these have been some of the most successful soul-winners of the period; and we are not ashamed of the larger number who make up the rank and file. The Lord has very signally blessed this service, and He continues to do so, although it is not without its trials and disappointments.

Friends have so often rallied at the Supper to help me that I feel already overwhelmed with gratitude; but I must remind them that each year brings new necessities, and that we shall be glad of the same help as we received last year, namely, some £2,000. When times are bad, they will not be improved by stinting our gifts to the cause of God. When we have great losses, it is wise to make sure of something by laying it up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. But I will not plead; but only say, do come. George Palmer, Esq., of Reading, has most cheerfully consented to be our chairman, and he will be glad to be well supported. Do not give the tickets to others if you cannot come yourself, unless it be to generous friends who will really help the object.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Members of the Conference].

Metropolitan Tabernacle, June 17, 1886.

Beloved Brother,— At the Annual Conference it was agreed that we unite in special prayer for each other and for the Church of God on Monday, June 21. As the day is close at hand, I write most lovingly to remind you of it.

There is an urgent need for increased supplication just now; there is a certainty that such supplication will be effectual; and a bright hope that it may bring us more than we ask or even think. Our utmost prosperity can be far outdone, and our adversity can be altogether removed; the wilderness may become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest. There is no limit to the working of our God unless our unbelief should limit the Holy One of Israel, which may God forbid! A special meeting is often a new departure, and commences a brighter period; let us try it. For Christian friends to meet in their own houses during the day in twos and threes has been found useful. The family altar also may be a favoured place for common intercession. With hearty, ever-growing affection, I entreat all the brotherhood to pray for the prosperity of everyone, for the feeble and dispirited among us, for those who are sick and sorrowful, for the wandering and declining, and for me also. Brothers, we live as we love and pray. By the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of the Spirit, let us bestir ourselves to a holy agony for the kingdom of God, the salvation of souls, and the glory of our Lord. Your loving brother,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 4, 1887. My dear Friend,— As the time for the College Conference draws nigh I am full of anxiety, and I would desire to let that anxiety condense into prayer. Please join me in that prayer. Our sole desire is the glory of God, and this would be greatly promoted if we all made a distinct advance in the Divine life; this may be produced by the Holy Spirit through our communion with each other and the Lord. Let us bow low before the throne for this, and take hold upon the promises with a mighty faith.

It is comparatively a small matter to all but myself; but I hunger to be with you all the day every day. We love each other in the Lord, and yet see so little of each other that I am bitterly disappointed if taken from you by pain. Brother, pray that we may look each other in the face, and may together behold our Lord. Would you do me the great service to set apart a little time privately to seek an unusual blessing? and it would be a great gain if in addition you could lead your Church to pray with us. I pine for a heavenly shower to saturate us all.

Please answer the letters of Secretaries promptly. This is a huge business: ease us all you can. Your loving friend,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Subscribers].

Westwood.

Dear Friend,—

Thank you heartily. Five hundred little mouths at Stockwell will be filled. My own heart is full already. How graciously does the Lord bless His people by causing them to bring forth the fruit of liberality to His cause. By such kindness as yours I am kept free from all care about the needs of my large family of orphans, and thus I am the more free for the spiritual work which occupies me at all times. Your gift... has been received gratefully, Yours most heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood.

Dear Friend,—

If we are to rejoice with them that do rejoice, I am bound to shout with the boys and girls at Stockwell who are made happy by your bounty. You have helped to make a merry Christmas for them. May the Lord give you a full return in your own household and person! May the blessing of the Father of the fatherless come into your soul like music from angelic harps. Your kind gift... was safely received.

Yours with all the good wishes of the season,

C. H. Spurgeon.

Westwood, 1887.

Dear Friend,— The Orphanage has a mouth which is for ever swallowing, and if it be not filled it will soon be crying out. This last calamity has never yet fallen upon me, for the Lord has supplied

our needs from day to day most graciously. Glory be to His Name.

I am most grateful to you for your generous help.... The Lord recompense you according to His grace.

Now that we have girls as well as boys our expenses are doubled, but our subscriptions are not increased to so large an extent, and sometimes we feel the water under the good ship to be a little shallow. Still, she floats.

I beg you to continue to remember me in your gifts and prayers.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [A Correspondent].

Westwood.

Dear Sir,—

One of the trials of my life is being perpetually requested to find situations of various sorts. How can I do this? I am the last person to find a situation for anybody; for my study, my pulpit, and the duties of my calling fill up all my time, and I have no knowledge of any vacant situations. No one ever writes me to tell me of vacant situations, and yet I am to find them. I am willing to do what I can, but I could as soon fly in the air as find a situation for anyone. It is out of my line altogether.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [A Correspondent].

Newington, S.E., June 12, 1869.

Dear Sir,—

I have never, at any time in my life, said, believed, or imagined that any infant, under any circumstances, would be cast into hell. I have always believed in the salvation of all infants, and I intensely detest the opinions which your opponent dared to attribute to me. I do not believe that, on this earth, there is a single professing Christian holding the damnation of infants; or, if there be, he must be insane, or utterly ignorant of Christianity. I am obliged by this opportunity of denying the calumny, although the author of it will probably find no difficulty in inventing some other fiction to be affirmed as unblushingly as the present one. He who doubts God's Word is naturally much at home in slandering the Lord's servants.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The Editor of The Star].

Nightingale Lane, June 10, 1857.

Sir,—

I beg to call your immediate attention to several errors in an article in this morning's Star headed "Mr. Spurgeon done by a pickle-selling Tartuffe." I cannot imagine the origin of so extraordinary a statement, for it might as well have been said that Adam robbed my orchard as that Mr.—had appropriated our funds. I am happy to say that the moneys for the new Tabernacle are "preserved" in the London and Westminster Bank, in two good names, and have never been placed in any jeopardy up to the present. It is very probable that Mr.—was a hearer of mine; for, in a congregation of such magnitude, he may have been sometimes included; but he was not a member of my church, he did not hold a seat, nor did he regularly attend. He may have worn a white neckcloth, but he did not purchase it out of our funds, for he was in no way whatever connected with us beyond being an occasional attendant. If ever your informant has been under the sound of my ministry, I can only regret that I must put him down, with—, as one who did not hear to profit. Men should be cautious in their repetition of unfounded tales, and especially so in cases where the sacred name of religion is concerned.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The Secretary of the Church at Devonshire Sq.].

Clapham, Jan. 8. My dear Sir,—

I congratulate you on the prospect of an emigration from the worse than Egypt of Devonshire Square. Whatever your chapel may have been in ages past, it has become of late atmospherically and entomologically horrible; the din outside, on the Lord's-day, in which Jews and Gentiles emulate each other in row-making, fits your house to be a den in Babylon rather than a temple upon Zion. That a church and congregation should have gathered so long, in such a spot, is a miracle of grace on God's part, and of inertness on the part of man. May you get away from the rags and the racket, and may you and your friends enjoy prosperity abundantly!

Yours very truly,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers].

[Undated.] Dear Sir,—

I beg you to thank all the brethren on my behalf. I am deeply affected by your brotherly love. One touch of grace has, in a truer sense than a touch of nature, made us all akin. I rejoice every day in the prosperity of the Church of God in the United States. Your nation is but in its youth, and you are educating it for a high career; ours is old, and slow to learn, and we are with much difficulty lighting its candle, lending it spectacles, and opening the Bible before it. We cannot expect to teach Mr. Bull quite so readily as you teach Master Jonathan. We will, however, do our best; and you will pray for us, and God will bless us.

I feel as if I was even now squeezing the hand of each minister, and receiving a return grip. Take it as done. Thank you! God bless you!

Yours heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [The members of The Society of Friends meeting at Devonshire House].

Nightingale Lane, 13/1/'77.

Brethren in Christ,—

I have for some years felt a desire to hold, at times, in our great City, meetings for business men where I might address them upon the things of God, Convenient places are few, and the hire of those available would be beyond my personal means.

It therefore occurred to me that you might perhaps allow me to speak in your Meeting-house, for I know your liberality of mind; and although personally I am not agreed with you in all points, yet in the greater truths we are one, and even in all things one in the desire to be led of the Spirit, and to live to the glory of God.

Several Friends have encouraged me in the hope that you would freely lend me your Meeting-house, but I earnestly entreat that those who are in favour of so doing will not imagine that I could or would wish for this favour if it would wound the minds of any Friends.

I, your brother in the Lord, ask you for the loan of your Meeting-house for one hour about mid-day on four days in April or May which may be mutually convenient. If it seem good to you to decline, I shall not need to be assured that your reasons will be kind, for I shall be sure of it; but if you are moved to grant me my desire, I can assure you that I seek not to make converts to a sect, or to a school of thought, much less to any form of outward ordinance; but I desire to bear testimony, as the Spirit enables me, for the gospel of Jesus, with the one aim of leading souls to the Saviour.

As, through great weariness, I am obliged to rest for a while in the South of France, I must ask your patience if there should be delay in replying to any enquiries which may arise out of this request. May the Spirit of God be over all in your assembly, even as I trust He moveth me in this act!

Yours in Christ Jesus, in brotherly love,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Ben. Nicholson, Esq.].

Westwood, April 1, 1882.

Dear Friend,—

I am the earnest friend and helper of all who preach the Gospel of Jesus; yet I deem it no unfriendly thing to speak the truth, and what I wrote in 1876 I have never seen any reason to alter. Messrs. Moody & Sankey are two blessed men of God, and if their converts on that occasion vanished, it was no fault of theirs, neither would I have had them refrain for an hour—far from it.

The movement in London had (comparatively) no link with the Churches, and fostered a rival spirit, and hence it did not bring a permanent blessing of increase to the Churches.

Still, it brought a great blessing to the Church universal, and revived and encouraged us all.

I would warn Churches against trusting in spasmodic effort, but at the same time against refusing such special help as the Lord puts in their way. There is a medium. In any case, I am not against Evangelistic effort, but heartily its advocate.

Yours very truly and gratefully,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Readers of his sermons].

Clapham, June 5. To my Friends everywhere,—

I have now endured ten silent Sabbaths, and as I know that many of you are anxious to have accurate information as to my state of health, and as I have now something cheerful to communicate, I feel bound to add the present note to this week's sermon. The pain of my disease which has been intense has now ceased for a week or more. I have had a succession of good nights in which sweet sleep has so refreshed me that I felt each morning to be far in advance of the previous day. I am now very weak, weak as a little child, but by the same mercy which allayed the pain strength will be restored, and I shall have the pleasure of being again at my delightful labour. Please pray for me that I may be speedily and lastingly restored to health, if it be the Lord's will. Ask also that the furnace heat which I have suffered may produce its full effect upon me in my own soul and in my ministry. My heart's inmost desire, as the Lord knoweth, is the salvation of sinners and the building-up of His people in their most holy faith, to the glory of the Lord Jesus: hence it has been very grievous to me to have been debarred my pulpit and shut out from other means of usefulness. Nevertheless, no work has flagged at the Tabernacle, because of my illness; pecuniary help has been furnished just when it was needed, and spiritual help has been given by the Lord of Hosts. We desire to accomplish more, and to receive more blessing, when our health is restored to us. Surely the Master has some great design to be answered by laying His servants aside; we trust it will prove to be so. Let our prayers be more fervent, our zeal more ardent, and our labours for the spread of the Truth more abundant, and God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

I have one great favour to ask of all readers of the sermons, and that is that they will try to spread them abroad, and increase the number of regular subscribers. What has been good to you will be good for others if the Lord bless it. If you cannot preach yourself, you can distribute the word spoken by others.

I hope to be able to occupy the pulpit again by June 25, if the Lord will; but all things are uncertain to us, especially when one is slowly recovering from severe affliction.

Yours to serve till death,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Readers of his sermons].

Mentone, Jan. 9, 1892.

Beloved Friends,— The one want of the church in these times is indicated by the title of this sermon. The presence of God, in saving power, in the Church, will put an end to the present plague of infidelity. Men will not doubt His Word when they feel His Spirit.

It will be the only security for the success of missionary effort. If God be with His people, they will soon see crowds converted and added to the Church. For a thousand reasons, we need that Jehovah should come into the camp, as aforetime He visited and delivered His people from bondage in Egypt. Could we not all unite in prayer for this as fervently as all united in prayer for my life? It is a far greater and more necessary subject for intercession, and the Lord will not be slow to hear us. Come to Thy Church, O Lord, in fulness of power to save! If the Great Advent is not yet,—indulge us with outpourings of grace, and times of refreshing!

Oh, that all Christendom would take up this pleading, and continue it until the answer came!

Receive, dear readers, my hearty salutations. Personally, I scarcely make progress during this broken weather; but the doctor says I hold my own, and that is more than he could have expected. Whether I live or die, I would say in the words of Israel to Joseph, "God shall be with you."

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. Spurgeon.

To [Readers of his sermons].

Mentone, Jan. 17, 1892. My dear Readers,— Your weekly preacher is still weakly; but though his progress towards strength is slow, it has been steadily maintained during the late trying weather. When we consider how many have died, your chaplain is very grateful to be alive to be able to send forth his usual discourse from the Press, and to be, as he hopes, half-an-inch nearer to his pulpit. Happy will he count himself when he is able to preach with the living voice. Would it not be well for all the churches to hold special meetings for prayer concerning the deadly scourge of influenza? The suggestion has no doubt been made by others; but I venture to press it upon Christians of all denominations that they may in turn urge all their pastors to summon such meetings. Our nation is fast learning to forget God. In too many instances ministers of religion have propagated doubt and the result is a general hardening of the popular feeling, and a greatly-increased neglect of public worship. It is written, "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Let us, who believe in inspired Scripture, unite our prayers that it may be even so. With a court and a nation in deepest mourning, it is a time to cry mightily unto the Lord.

I have been able again to revise a sermon without assistance. It is upon Psa 105:37, and, if the Lord will, it will be published next week.

Yours, in deep sympathy

with all the sick and the bereaved,

C. H. Spurgeon.

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