

SPURGEON'S BUSY LIFE.

THE GREAT PULPIT ORATOR ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

Scenes at the Church. Graphically Described—The Preacher's Daily Life, Work, and Wonderful Popularity—A Congregation Composed of All Classes.

Sunshine in London! There is an air of quietness and peace over the old city on the Thames. It is Sunday morning. Church bells are chiming merrily. There are crowds of people on Westminster Bridge and no end of pleasure boats on the Thames beneath. The omnibuses are filled with people and scores of hansoms are flying from the city proper to the neighborhood of Newington. There is a crowd of men, women and children in front of the Tabernacle that Charles Haddon Spurgeon has made famous in all lands. It is not an imposing-looking structure. Like most of the buildings of London it is soot-colored. But it is a theme in itself, so full of interest and remarkable incident that a long and instructive newspaper article might be written out of the circumstances attending its origin, growth, completion and opening free from debt. A high iron railing keeps the church clear of the crowd in the street. The building is situated perhaps twenty feet back from the curbstone and is reached by a short flight of a half dozen steps. Architecturally it is an imposing structure in the Gothic style. A half dozen big stone columns support an arch, which gives the front of the edifice a rather picturesque appearance. There are plenty of windows through which the sunlight is streaming, and at either end of the steeple is a big gas lamp which, in the evening, sheds its rays upon the worshippers.

It was just 10.55 o'clock. A few of the regular pewholders are in their seats. There is a loud ringing of church bells and a dozen men throw open the gates and all the doors, leading to the Tabernacle. In less than five minutes every seat and every inch of standing room is taken. The rule of first come first served is observed. The old women who open the doors of the pews and who seat visitors are very busy. There is very little noise with it all and a quick glance at the people shows that it is, perhaps, the most miscellaneous congregation in the world. There are flashes of diamonds, marvelous gowns, the brightest of bonnets, and there are the plainest of women with nothing but old shawls about them, wearing frayed dresses and looking almost out of place opposite their wealthy sisters. It is not hard to see that the thick-set, well-dressed, mutton-chop whiskered banker of London is at home here side by side with his clerk or the workman in his Sunday clothes. There are a plenty of youngsters from the Sunday school and a score or more of babes in arms.

The first thing that strikes the American visitor as strange is that there are two platforms at the extreme end of the church. That on the ground floor is occupied by the orphans from the Stockwell orphanage. The other, directly above it, but back a few feet, is for the preacher. It contains a table on which there are a pitcher of water, a big bunch of homely English roses, a Bible and a hymn book. There is an old-fashioned easy chair near it and a lounge. All eyes are turned to this platform, for at this moment there emerges from the room just back of it a short, thick-set, bearded Englishman, who is the reverse of brainy looking and far from handsome. His grayish hair is combed loosely from his forehead. His beard is tinged with gray. His frock coat is a good deal longer and looser than the fashionable tailors of London would recommend, and it flaps about his legs. The sleeves are long and entirely hide his cuffs. He wears a turn-over collar and an old-fashioned black necktie. He would never be suspected of being a great man. He is followed from the ante-room by half a dozen gentlemen, who compose the official board of the Tabernacle. They take their seats just back of the platform. Every eye is on the preacher. The most famous pulpit orator in the world stands at the side of his table for a moment, then glances carefully around his church. He sees that every seat is occupied. He knows that there are 2,000 men, women and children in the street waiting for admission. He advances a step or two to the railing of the platform, raises his right hand and calls upon the ushers to admit all who can be accommodated in the seats of pewholders who have not yet arrived.

"We cannot keep out those who want to come in," he says. "Open the doors. Pewholders who are late cannot expect to find their seats here. Crowd close together, brethren and sisters. Make room for everybody. It is a glorious Sunday morning. Let us have a day that will be memorable to us as long as we live. I want the ushers to open all the windows. Let in the sunlight and the fresh air."

I noticed in one corner of the gallery, so near to the preacher that they are almost within touching distance, a score of old women plainly dressed, but clean and intelligent looking, who are holding trumpets to their ears to enable them to catch every word that falls from the preacher's lips. They are the unfortunate deaf ones of the parish, and the seats they occupy are set aside for them regularly by the trustees, who are thoughtful enough to know that these old people appreciate a good sermon.

His voice is heard in every corner of the big church, and I know at once the secret—or one of the secrets—of his great popularity. The old women in the little gallery lean forward with their trumpets in their ears. The congregation listens attentively, and the rosy-cheeked boys from the orphanage open their hymn books and follow the great preacher as he utters every word. I now get a better look at this marvelous man. His face is long and far from prepossessing. His chin is very prominent and hardly covered by his iron-gray whiskers. His lips are full and disclose teeth not fair to look upon. His nose is thick and not well proportioned. His eyes seem small as they look out from under his bushy eyebrows, but the forehead is broad and commanding. His shoulders are round, and he has an immensity of girth that, if it does not tell of good living, tells of insufficient exercise. His clothing is ill-fitting, but when he speaks all these defects disappear. His voice is melodious. It is as sweet as the babbling of a brook in June. It rises and falls in perfect rhythm. It is a voice that captivates and holds the hearer spell-

bound. There is not a trace of English accent in it, although its owner is an Englishman, as were his father and grandfather before him. As he finishes reading the last line of the hymn he advances a step or two, and, in a quiet, familiar way, tells his audience that he wishes everybody to sing; that there are no strangers in God's house, and that, while some of them present may not be Nilssons or Marios, yet it is their duty to praise God.

At this moment a gray-haired man of 50 steps nimbly forward opposite the preacher. He takes an old fashioned tuning fork from his pocket, taps it gently on the rail of the platform, puts it to his ear until he gets the proper note, and then in a cracked and far from pleasant voice leads the vast congregation in singing. This is, perhaps, the most novel feature of the great church. The orphan boys on the platform below ably sustain the preceptor. Their sweet childish and musical voices very quickly drown the leader's harsh notes, and in an instant the thousands in the congregation take up the hymn and sing it with a will, until the very rafters shake and through the open windows the song may be heard blocks away.

Mr. Spurgeon leans on the rail of the platform familiarly. He looks lovingly at the boys beneath him, smiles fondly at those whom he recognizes in the congregation, and then sings a line or two as we can easily tell by the movement of his lips.

The singing ceases. The last notes have died away. The great preacher bows his head to pray and almost the entire audience follows him. He gives the prayer in a clear, distinct voice. It is a simple plea for mercy. There is nothing theatrical in his manner or his method. His language is so plain that even the tiniest of the orphan boys understand him and his voice is marvellously sweet. The little fellows listen attentively to every word. There are fervid amens from every corner. The great preacher remains in the same position, with his arms extended, until he comes to the last sentence, "May nothing disturb the childlike simplicity of our faith that makes us look up heavenward and say, trustingly, 'Our Father.'" I see that his eyes are resting lovingly on the little waifs beneath him.

It would not be possible in the space of a newspaper article to tell who this wonderful man is, nor to outline the work he has performed. I may say, however, that everything he has undertaken has prospered; whether it be an orphanage, a magazine or a college, it has grown magnificently under his care. He preaches to the largest audience of any minister in the world. His sermons are scattered in all lands and have been translated into every language. Some of them have reached an edition of 150,000 copies. For twenty-five years he has issued weekly the sermon preached on the preceding Sunday morning. He has never missed a week, except during extreme illness. These sermons, bound together, compose a library of fifty volumes. He has published many talks to young men and all his lectures have been in pamphlet form. There is hardly a subject of interest to the human race that this great man has not touched upon and said something that has added to its interest and influence. His writings would make a complete library. He is one of the great men of the world.

That he is a busy man you may well guess when I tell you that he employs five stenographers and keeps them all going. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, he receives the largest mail of any man in the three kingdoms. A great many of his letters from sailors, from soldiers, from poor fellows whom he has managed to help out of the gutter, are simply addressed Spurgeon, England. To these he replies cheerfully, and is always ready to give advice. Nor is this all. He gives freely of his money. In fact, he is a poor man. It is not the kindness of his congregation he would be penniless.

He has declined as many as a score of invitations to lecture throughout Europe and America at fabulous prices, because, as he explained, he is not a lecturer, and he didn't want the money, and he preferred to work in his own way among his own people in London. When an American lecture agency offered him recently \$1,000 for every lecture and to pay all the expenses of himself and his wife and a secretary, from London to America on a great lecture tour, and held out the tempting offer that he could make \$50,000. Mr. Spurgeon declined it. He said he could do better. He would stay in London and try to save fifty souls.

Of his personal habits it may interest you to know that his sermons are prepared after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. He does not memorize them. He simply selects his text, makes a few notes, takes an hour in his study thinking over the subject and goes into the pulpit next day prepared to deliver a sermon that will stand for all time as a model of simplicity, clearness and eloquence. An old and favored shorthand reporter takes his sermons verbatim, and on Monday the great preacher revises them.

His home in Norwood is in a delightful spot. All is so peaceful and still that the house and the grounds might be fifty miles from town instead of being but three quarters of an hour's drive from the tabernacle. It is a plain, old-fashioned house, with plenty of room, tastefully laid out grounds, well-kept lawns and shrubberies in good order. Mrs. Spurgeon is a pleasant faced woman, a fit helpmeet for the great preacher who has taken upon herself a large portion of the work of the tabernacle, and in her home has a room set apart for distributing books, tracts, etc. She is a ministering angel among the poor of London, and is one of the most popular of women in the big city. All her children, or rather her three sons, are ministers, and her only daughter is married to a minister, and is herself a speaker of no mean ability. It is a typical English home.

Spurgeon's active career in the pulpit is well high ended. He has expressed the fear that his last appearance in the Tabernacle will soon have been made for he is now often so afflicted that he cannot be moved without suffering pain.

It would be impossible to estimate the good accomplished by the Spurgeon family, and if the men and women whom they have helped would stand shoulder to shoulder they would make an army that would encircle the world.—Foster Coates.

PURNER'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil still retains and justifies the good opinion of the best medical practitioners. Its virtues are attested by thousands of its patrons everywhere.

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

I believe the warm weather makes one stupid, girls! I really do! I am intensely fond of it myself; I love to sizzle and fry in the heat, but there is no doubt that to enjoy it properly one must be in a position to do absolutely nothing—in short, to loaf. There is something very delightful in having the requisite leisure to wander off directly after breakfast, wearing an air of abstraction and a plain cotton dress, to the nearest grove of trees, or even collection of scrub hazel bushes, and there give yourself up to elegant languor; lie on your back, with your hat tilted over your eyes, and gaze up through the leaves to the blue sky, thinking all sorts of foolish and impossible things, and finally falling asleep, only to wake with a start and find a small colony of ants making a survey of the back of your neck. The last time I went off on one of these little private picnics, I took the pup with me, but I can safely say that I will never do so again, because there was no elegant languor for me on that day. The pup took care there shouldn't be, for as soon as my head touched its mossy pillow, he settled down to steady work, and the way he licked my face, chewed my ears, snapped at the end of my nose, and wiped his little muddy feet on my cheeks, very effectually chased slumber from my eyes. He is a nice pup, too, a very nice one, but too full of misdirected energy, and too utterly lacking in repose to be a restful companion.

Where was I, when I branched off? oh yes—that the warm weather made me stupid. I have no doubt you have noticed that already without my drawing your attention to it, but somehow when I fish around in my inner consciousness for ideas these hot days, even though I use a salmon fly as bait, I never succeed in bringing up anything larger than a minnow. Perhaps one's brains get soft in summer, like butter, and so the ideas sink down out of reach.

SUNBEAM, St. John.—I am glad you think the girls come to me in their troubles. I like them to do so, and the boys, too.

(1) It depends entirely upon what you mean by flirting. I do not think any girl would wish her intended to make a hermit of himself while she was out of town. I know that if it were my own case, and I felt as sure of his affection, as every engaged girl should feel of her intended husband's love, I should prefer him to enjoy himself among other young ladies during my absence. (2) Of course it is proper to give one's intended a present on his birthday, it would seem very strange not to do so. If you want to give him a handsome present, why not choose a pretty scarf pin, or even a simple one? A card case in leather is another suitable present, and a pair of silk socks is always sure of being gratefully received; then there are numbers of small articles which you might select, a white silk handkerchief with his monogram embroidered in the corner, a shaving case or a necktie case with a pretty tie inside. All of these would be useful. (3) I do not consider an engagement ring by any means as necessary as a wedding ring, for it is quite possible to be engaged without one, but still it is customary. I prefer a wide band of thick gold, with merely the initials of either the lady or gentleman in raised old English letters; but many consider either a diamond or pearl solitaire indispensable. Your questions were not at all foolish.

TWIN TULIPS, Parrsboro.—How sweet you must be, girls, for I don't think anything can equal a tulip for delicate perfume. So you live in the country! Well, it must be lovely just now. (1) I don't see the least harm in standing at the gate talking to a young man, unless it happens to be late at night, provided you know the young man in question pretty well. I have spent many a pleasant hour at the gate myself, when Geoffrey and I were paying attention to each other. (2) Nine o'clock is not very late, and if you are not very early people at your house and you have reason to think your family are still up, you may with perfect propriety invite the young man to come in after your walk. Very likely some of the family will be sitting on the porch, and it would be only polite to ask him to join the group for a little while. (3) Did you both write together, or did one hold the end of the pen while the other wrote? For I cannot see the least difference in your writing, which is very good; but may I ask why you addressed me as "Dear Sir." Did you mean it as a compliment, or did you think Astra a man's name.

THREE SQUIRRELS, Fredericton.—I wonder if you scold and chatter at each other, girls, the way the squirrels do? Do you know that I have an immense admiration for those happy, provident little fellows, who are always laying by for a rainy day, and I think you made a very pretty selection. I wonder if you all have black eyes like the squirrels? (1) If you are merely out for a walk and not spending the evening anywhere, come home between nine and ten o'clock—not later than ten. When walking merely for pleasure it is better form not to walk arm in arm, unless the path is rough. (2) I do think so most emphatically, and if I were the young lady I should make a point of refusing to dance with him in future. (3) Hairdressers say that washing the hair too often makes it dry and brittle and causes it to fall out; once a month is all they advise. You did not put me to any trouble at all, and you only asked three questions, one apiece.

ELSA, Fredericton.—Politeness would dictate that you should return the call, and it will be only ladylike to do so, but the young lady was very remiss in not giving you her address, or expressing a wish to see you at her home. It will be quite sufficient to ask for the pleasure of the company of "the Misses Smith," without sending separate invitations. I am very glad you were not afraid to write to me, for I am always glad to hear from the girls.

SNOW BALL, St. John.—It was very kind of you to write and tell me that you enjoy my column so much; a little praise always helps one along in this world, and you know that when one does their best it is very pleasant to know that some one appreciates it. I really think the quotation would prove true in ninety-nine cases out

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Feltow's Speedy Relief. Speedy results as well as in name.

of a hundred, because I really cannot see how it would be possible for love to turn to friendship; it seems contrary to nature, because when once love dies, you cannot expect to reanimate his body, and warm him over into any other sentiment whatever. (2) 35, I should say now-a-days. (3) No, indeed I do not think there is the least harm in it: it is a most innocent amusement in my estimation, and the reason people who have never danced themselves condemn it, is simply because they know nothing about it. (4) I think the honor lies between Longfellow and Lord Byron, though most people would tell you that Tennyson was the finest poet of the age, but you know it is largely a matter of taste. You do not ask many questions at all, and I am sorry to say that I have no gift for reading handwriting, but yours is very ladylike, and refined looking. That much I can tell you easily. You might see me any day.

IGNORAMA, St. John.—I don't know everything by any means, but what I do not chance to have at my finger ends, I generally manage to find out somehow or other, for you know it would never do to confess myself beaten. (1) It would be strict etiquette to send in your card by the servant, but it is quite as common to give your name, and then leave your card on the hall table as you go out. (2) I have an idea, ignorama, that you are contemplating a wedding trip, and if so, let me advise you not to wear any special dress at all: avoid the regulation morning dress in princess, or tea gown style, especially. It is in summer, wear some fresh cambric or chambray dress, that will look cool and bright, or else a dark skirt and one of light muslin, or silk blouses which are so fashionable now. If you are going out sightseeing immediately after breakfast, you could wear your travelling dress. (3) It is very unusual for a bride to offer her guests wine; tea, coffee, or chocolate, are the regulation refreshments. They are sometimes brought in from the dining room, but it is quite as usual to have them in the drawing room; the cake in a basket on a side table, and the tea or coffee, kept hot by a cosy or spirit lamp, is poured out either by the hostess or some friend. In the case of a bride, by a friend of course. If you were at a hotel and had but the one room, you could manage in this way easily. Your writing is odd, and very much like a man's, but it is not bad. No, I am not the editor's wife, I can assure you of that, and it he knew you suspected such a thing, he would laugh himself into small pieces, and so would Mrs. Editor, at the very absurdity of the thing. I have not the least idea of your age, and I never have time to speculate about my correspondents.

FRANCES.—I am glad to hear that you have always taken so much interest in our column, and have at last made up your mind to write, also that you think you profit by our "Talks." I do not know of anything that will prevent the bristles from falling out of tooth brushes, unless it is standing them in water all the time. Your writing is unimproved as yet. Yes, you may write as often as you like. I shall be glad to hear from you.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT.—What a wonderful fellow you are: because so few of us really want to do right. We do it very often, but it is only because we are afraid to do otherwise. I will answer your questions with pleasure, as far as I can, but I am afraid I will not be able to give you very much information. I have never furnished a house, but with the help that always comes in the shape of wedding presents, I should think you could furnish a small house such as you would require very comfortably for \$400, and I know of at least one young couple who lived very comfortably in St. John on \$600 a year. I think you are quite right to consider the matter well, but if you are fond of each other I see no reason why you should not be very happy if your income is not smaller than the sum I have named, which I think the least that one could get along comfortably upon. Good luck to you.

CYCLOPS, St. John.—Shake hands, old man, and come and have something to celebrate the occasion, a drink of soda water or a glass of sarsaparilla beer! In moments of excitement like this I am utterly reckless about expense, and you know we really must drink her health. Seriously, I was delighted to get your letter, and thought it so nice of you to write and tell me about it. Accept my warmest congratulations, and remember that it is always a satisfaction to a woman to be able to say, "I told you so." And I really did tell you, didn't I? I am heartily glad that I was right. Mind you send me a piece of the wedding cake, Cyclops, for I consider that I had a hand in the matter. Of course I rejoice with you—by the way your writing looks so much like a lady's that sometimes I feel a little suspicious of you.

ASTRA.

Physical Beauty.

It is conceded that men admire fine physical development in women, but it is sometimes questioned whether women admire fine physical development in men. In the classic days of Greece, physical beauty ranked above arts and physical culture formed no small part of the education of the nation. Today we put on a mock modesty, and speak of physical beauty under our breath. In view of this a recent unusual incident should not pass unnoticed.

Muldoon, the athlete, took the part of Charles the wrestler, in the open-air performance of *As You Like It*. He had been standing wrapped in a cloak, scarcely noticed; but when he strode forward and asked who was his challenger, he threw off the cloak and stood forth in sleeveless tights that revealed his huge muscular arms and giant legs heavily corded with muscles. An involuntary and perhaps unconscious "A-ah!" of admiration came from so many hundred feminine lips that the exclamation filled the air. As though started by this unanimous and spontaneous approval of physical perfection, the women suddenly became possessed of the consciousness of the sense of impropriety on their part and became silent. Then, after a moment, they applauded with their hands. This incident is sufficient evidence that the love of physical beauty in either sex is not educated and conventionalized out of us.—Illustrated American.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

15000

FROM JUNE TO JANUARY.

PROGRESS has a circulation at present of between 9,000 and 10,000 copies—the exact figures will be found at the head of the editorial column—the largest by all odds of any paper in these maritime provinces. We want to make it larger than this, and have laid plans which, if only fairly successful, will, we think, increase it to

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES

by the first day of the year 1892. We cannot do this without help—we do not expect to accomplish this without great aid from the people. We already have a little army of workers to whom we owe much. We have nearly one hundred and fifty newsgatherers: we have more than one hundred newsboys, and we have thousands of subscribers—to say nothing of those directly connected with the office—each of whom we hope has some interest in the paper.

A circulation of 15,000 means much. It means nearly 6,000 more copies of PROGRESS than we are circulating now; it means an

INCREASE OF ABOUT 1000 COPIES EVERY MONTH

for the remainder of this year, or about 250 copies every week. We do not expect to do that at the start, and our friends must not expect it. There may be weeks when we will do much more owing to some attractive and popular feature of the paper in those issues, and again we may fall short some weeks. That is the life of a newspaper. It is much the same as any other business. But whatever the circulation is, the figures will be printed at the head of the editorial column. The people will know just how we are making out. Our friends will know just how their efforts are helping us.

IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE TO HELP US.

We repeat, it will be worth your while to help us—we will make it worth your while. We cannot tell you how in this first announcement, but the men and women, and the boys and girls who read PROGRESS will find it interesting to watch its columns for inducements to get subscriptions.

We are going to start out by making our system of distribution more complete: we want more newsboys and more newsgatherers: we know of scores of places where there are no papers of any kind sold; where they might be sold if we only had some good boy to handle PROGRESS. There is money in it for the boys, and there is circulation in it for us. Every new boy we get will bring us closer to the family of 15,000 subscribers.

WHO IS GOING TO HELP US?

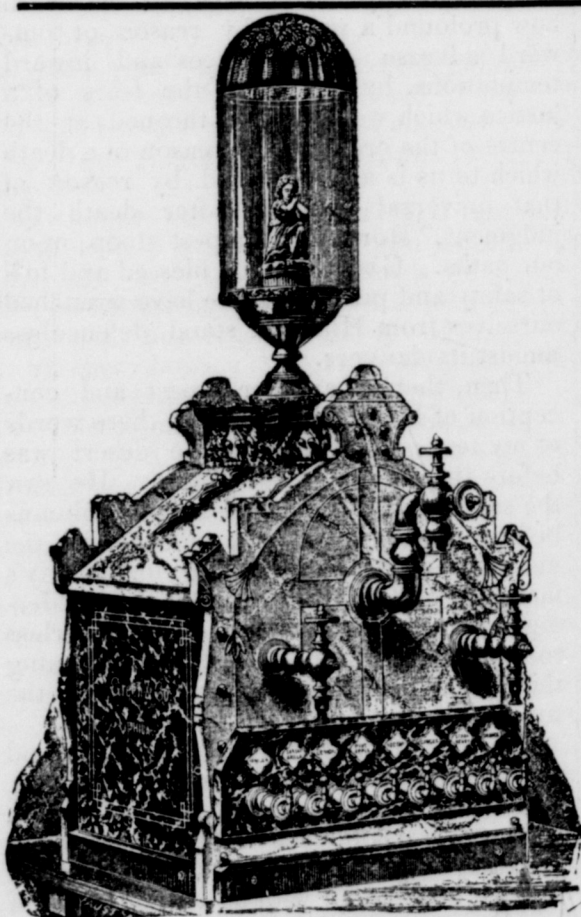
We will not speak of failure—we will not even think of it. The fact that we have always been successful in our undertakings is no reason why we should not fail this time. Nor is it any reason why we should not succeed. We have not made this announcement of our intentions without much planning—without looking over the ground very carefully and—all the chances are in our favor.

Do not imagine that we expect 15,000 full yearly subscribers—that would indeed be a glorious result—but we will work for 15,000 steady circulation, for yearly subscribers; for six months subscribers; for three months subscribers—they will all count in the grand total.

In the meantime the paper will be kept up to the standard—that is the work of the editorial staff which, though scattered from one end of the provinces to the other, will we know help us in every effort.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

June 17, 1891.



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