

What is Heaven.

"What is heaven?" I asked a little child. "All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled. I asked the aged with her care oppressed, "All suffering o'er, Oh! heaven at last is rest."

MR. SPURGEON'S JUBILEE.

Thursday meeting of Mr. Spurgeon's jubilee was a grand demonstration. Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman, shared largely in honor similar to that extended to Mr. Spurgeon.

ADDRESS BY LORD SHAFTESBURY. The Earl of Shaftesbury then addressed the meeting. He said: Many of you, perhaps, will be surprised to see me here—"No, no!"—but you will not be surprised when I explain to you the reason. This is the fiftieth year of our beloved and invaluable friend, Chas. Spurgeon. (Applause.) It is right, it is indispensable, it is necessary, that he should have the testimony of his congregation, and he has it. (Applause.) It is also necessary and right, and equally indispensable, that he should have the testimony of outsiders like myself—"Hear, hear," and applause)—to come forward and say what we think of the man and what we think of his career. He is a devoted servant of our blessed Lord, and a conscientious and true labourer in the advancement of his glory. If I had not been told I must be brief, I could not have failed to touch upon one or two topics in the character of your excellent friend as well as upon his literary career. I will begin by saying he stands as a marvel before you; fifty years old, and thirty-one years out of that fifty have seen him in the ministry! He began his ministry when only nineteen, and see him now, going on as he began. He has not been puffed up by success, but humbled and animated the more to go on in his noble career of good which God in his merciful providence had marked out for him and for the benefit of mankind. I cannot but call your attention to this, but your attention is not required to it. I want to tell you what we outsiders think. What a tale of his agencies read you just now! How it showed what a powerful administrative mind our friend has! (Applause.) That list of associations, instituted by his genius and superintended by his care, were more than enough to occupy the minds and hearts of fifty ordinary men. It seems to me to be the whole world in a nutshell. He carries on his orphanage and various other institutions, and I would impress upon you that in which I think he shines the brightest—in the foundation and government of the Pastor's College. (Hear, hear.) My worthy friend has produced a large number of men useful in their generation, to preach the Word of God in all its simplicity and force, adapted to all classes, and more especially to the large masses around us, to bring forward the principles of elementary truth—no single man has produced such a body capable and willing to carry on the noble work as our friend whose jubilee we celebrate to-day. I must tell you I have seen their value in our religious services in theatres. To such to those large masses not under influence of the religious life requires man. Still they have of addressing people language and para- to go to the The great not like nose, s

which directs their hearts to a living God, and tells them that they have at their own very doors a personal Saviour who can take care of them. Well, now let me say a word as to effects produced upon the public mind and my own by Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. I remember when Mr. Spurgeon occupied Exeter Hall during the construction of this magnificent edifice—and a nobler building I never saw—that I heard Mr. Spurgeon, who there adopted the mode of preaching to my mind the most effective and most touching and most striking, taking a chapter of the Bible and going through it in paragraph and verse, and explaining as he went along. I never heard him preach again, but I thought, "This is the man to win young hearts, and cannot fail to touch the hearts and rouse the intellects and go to the depths of consciences of those who listen to him." What I admire in our friend—and so will you—in this long success of gratified ambition (and this praise which you have heard to-day is only the concentration of what he hears day by day himself) is that he remains as simple as ever. I doubt not that every time he descends from this pulpit one says to him that he has preached a noble discourse, that he could not reply as Baxter did when he was similarly congratulated—"The devil told me just as much." There is a difference between men's preaching: some tickle the ears and abuse the intellect; some keep their congregations together daily to be instructed, the others get people to church and when they come away they do not want to go again. The force of our friend's efforts lie in the doctrine that he has invariably preached. He has preached one and the same doctrine: he has ever preached Jesus Christ and him crucified; the great stay of all human minds, the great stay to everyone in this world, and that which is above. That constancy is that which has given him such deep strength and force for his congregation, that it is which keeps together such mighty masses that I see before me. That it is which brings them here to give deep and heartfelt thanks to Almighty God that this good man has been allowed to live to the present day, and to express to you and to him, in your own person, the respect you bear to him for his long and blessed service and the career he has seen in the service of his God and Master. I think too many of the preachers in the present day, both of the Church of England and of the Nonconformist bodies, make it a rule never to mention hell in ears polite. I wish to God they would mention it more. They tell of the mercies of our Lord, but they never tell us of the fate of the impenitent. I heard a story a year or two ago, in this very Tabernacle, which will tell you the importance of occasionally touching upon these important issues. A friend told me he heard it from the lips of the man himself, and it tells you what may be done by preaching as our friend Mr. Spurgeon does. He said, "I and my wife were one of the most wicked couples on the face of the earth: we never went to church or chapel; we never went anywhere; we knew nothing about christianity. But one evening we were passing the Tabernacle, and went in. Our friend was in his best vein. He touched upon those solemn and serious things; he touched upon the fearful fate of those who deny God and his Christ." The man and his wife went home. When they got home the man said to his wife, "You heard what the preacher said?" She said, "I did." "Did you like it?" "I didn't like it at all. He told us we should go to hell if we did not pray." "Do you ever pray?" "No," said his wife. "Nor I," said the man, "and I don't know how to do it." Said the wife, "By-the-by, there is our little Mary upstairs. She goes to Sunday-school; she will know how to pray. Mary, you must pray for father and mother." And the little girl did pray for them, and what do you think? That was the saving of the man; from that hour their hearts were changed, and now they go a place of worship regularly with all their heart and soul. I just forgot to mention some- g. I was talking of all the men

who have been raised by our friend Spurgeon. I must mention the founder of the Golden-lane Costermongers' Mission at Hoxton—(applause)—because I want to show you how the services and addresses of good men like our friend Spurgeon extend over the whole creation. That institution is not only a benefit to the costermongers themselves. I derive benefit from it, for I am a costermonger. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) Sometimes I am addressed as a K. G.; that means Knight of the Garter, and I always add "A. C."—and costermonger. (Laughter.) The great improvement among the costermongers I attribute to the work of Mr. Spurgeon. Now I want to tell you what I think of Mr. Spurgeon himself. I think he is one of the most admirable, amiable, loveable fellows I ever knew in the whole earth. (Applause.) You all know the love he exhibits to you, and you all know the affection he bears to you, his obliging nature, his general kindness. What he is in the pulpit he is in private. A kinder, purer, nobler, honest man never existed. (Hear, hear.) And this is his jubilee. We cannot wish that I may live another fifty years, but this we may pray, that he may lead the rest of his life as it has begun, that he may go on increasing in service, in depth of feeling, in winning souls for God. May he live to show in his person an additional instance of the truth of the Word of God, "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

ADDRESS BY CANON WILBERFORCE.

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, who was also loudly cheered, said: I have not the privilege of writing the cabalistic word "costermonger" after my name—(laughter)—but from my far lower position I still feel greatly the privilege of being permitted to stand here to-night, and to endorse every word that has been so nobly spoken by our chairman. (Hear, hear.) He has exemplified to-night this fact when he spoke about your beloved pastor as being some time ago in his best days, that a man whose heart was given to God, and who was looking to God to keep his faculties bright, was always in his best days—(Hear, hear)—and as he gets older in years so he only gets more powerful in the work of the Lord. I am thankful to be here just for a few moments to witness to one principle which is exceedingly dear to my own heart, the real spiritual unity among those who are in Christ Jesus, consistent with a wide divergence of method and eternal practice. You cannot be nearer to God than in Christ, and if you are in Christ you are in one another; and if my brother Spurgeon is in Christ, he is in me, and we are one whatever the outward difference may be; and as the days go on that feeling must be manifested more than ever before; It was a saying of Douglas Jerrold's, that when somebody told him we should endeavour to cultivate brotherly feeling, he replied, "We are all brothers, like Cain and Abel." (Laughter.) I fear there is a great deal too much of the Cain and Abel brotherhood in the world. "If a man love not his brother he is a murderer," and he has got Cain's spirit within him. God has to pour the love of Christ into a man's heart, and then he will love his brethren. It would be impertinent of me to stand here and say words of praise of your pastor. We are not here to glorify him, but to glorify God for him, who has used him in such a wonderful manner to draw souls to Himself during all these years. We do congratulate him upon his jubilee; we thank God for the life that he has been able to live and if you want a testimonial of his power, of his present position; if you want something to justify this beautiful letter, which being a private one, cannot be read, from one who is filling one of the highest, if not the highest, position in the land—(hear, hear)—if you want to justify that—and I hope you will excuse me for quoting Latin—I would say, *Si monumentum circumspice*—look around; see these throbbing hearts here pouring themselves out in gratitude to him for the spiritual blessing they have received from God through his life. I suppose there is not a single man whose sphere of influence is so

widely extended as that of Mr. Spurgeon. There is that weekly sermon of his which is translated into seven modern languages, just going all over the world to bring souls to the Saviour, for he does preach the love of God. And there is this special point connected with him—it is impossible not to speak of him personally on this his jubilee. It was said once of one of the best preachers in this country that he lived so ill and preached so well to people that it was a thousand pities that he should ever come out of the pulpit, and that once he came out he should never go in again.—(Laughter.)—Yet the converse of that had been the life of Mr. Spurgeon. I have had blessed and happy spiritual and social intercourse with him, and I know that what he preaches he lives. There is another old saying, and I must again ask to be excused for quoting Latin—*Cujus vita fulmen, verba tonitru*—He whose life is lightning, his words are thunder for God. There is another reason why I am here, although there are many points which we have not time to enter into to-night. I look upon this work of Mr. Spurgeon as one of the greatest bulwarks of our time of the spread of atheism going out into our land. I should like to say plainly and honestly, that I do not think that atheism will ever touch a true living faith in God; I believe, on the contrary, that it will leave the truth of the living Jesus even richer than it found it. I do say that atheism has a baneful effect upon national life. When I see a grand sister nation with twenty-nine millions, with seven and a half millions belonging to no religious belief at all; when we see this also spreading in this country, I may say that such work as Mr. Spurgeon's is a bulwark against the spread of atheism. Let every man who has a name for liberty, whether he cares for religion or not, be thankful for such a jubilee as this, which manifests that there is here in London a number of beating hearts brought together believing in Jesus far out-numbering all the infidel assemblies of this metropolis. What does this great meeting mean? It means that we all go a rung or two higher up in the golden ladder; it means that there is teaching and preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost. Down with all liberty, whether social or political, so long as the Son of God makes us free; if the Son of God shall make you free: then shall you be free indeed. There is one more word I should like to say to this great assembly, which has listened to the most powerful preaching, probably, of the Gospel in this country. And to-day is the jubilee of him whom you love. What is the meaning of a jubilee? Does it not mean the sitting free of the captives? Are there still any of our hearts bound by the shackles of sin in this congregation? Would you make him a birthday present, would you keep his jubilee as it ought to be kept, in the name of Jesus, arise and walk, shake the shackles from you, and be free on this jubilee. May you be built up here more and more into a true Church. May the Holy Ghost join you all together; may the Lord save your beloved pastor for years, that he may have more souls to his hire. May every one in this mighty mass meeting be "over there" in the place that Christ has gone to prepare for them, and I ask it for you in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.

ADDRESS BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Rev. Newman Hall said: Although the pastor of a Christian Church, I am very willing to go back to the tabernacle wandering in the wilderness. (Laughter.) I bring congratulations with me from Liverpool to Mr. Spurgeon, and it was very reasonable, because he belongs to the country as well as to London; to all England and to the world as well as the Metropolitan Tabernacle. And so all the world, as well as England, rejoices in his jubilee, and prays to God to spare him many years for ever-increasing usefulness. I owe to my near proximity in work for the last thirty years my privilege of taking part in the proceedings of to-night. It is well that a man's reputation does not increase in direct ratio with distance, but that the better he is known the more he is loved and

respected. Men of the world, who look upon the ministry as a profession would not look upon their neighbours so well, if there were a man ready to take precedence of another. They would think that in the presence of a burning and shining light they must all pale their ineffectual fires. There are two good answers to this idea. Mr. Spurgeon has never done anything to invite envy. He never blows his trumpet himself. He has never been known to do a thing which would appear like an attempt to exalt himself by depreciating his neighbours. He is known to his neighbours for his ready help; in everything in which he can render assistance; he appreciates whatever is good and useful in his neighbours round about him, and this disarms the possibility of envy, and thus it is that his nearest neighbours are amongst those who love him most. Although most of us are inferior in qualification, less known and useful, we may all aspire to the same honour; and, therefore, we do not grudge any honour that comes to Mr. Spurgeon; we rejoice this day in this event. We are all engaged in one work. If I am not doing as much good as I should like, I rejoice that someone else is doing much more good. We all claim a brotherhood one to another; whether Paul, or Cephas, or Spurgeon—they are all ours. (Applause.)

This Tabernacle is not a mere theological lecture platform; it is the centre whence streams of beneficence are ever flowing. Our friend never would be satisfied with people merely listening to his voice, if those crowds were not to go away out into the world to do all the good they can, and to be a blessing to the neighbourhood round about. We have heard of the orphanage open to all England—not confined to the Baptist denomination—of the colportage society, not a speculation, having now some eighty missionaries of the Lord Jesus Christ. And all the world may be appealed to. Not much money is poured into the treasury, every one knows what is done with it. The accounts are published; the whole of the institutes belong, not to Mr. Spurgeon, but to the public, to Christ and to the poor. (Applause.) Therefore every one may be called upon to contribute. Large as these institutions are, they may be infinitely larger in proportion as the money may come in to perform this work. It is all for Christ; the great aim of every part of this institution is to make known Christ and win souls for him. Mr. Spurgeon's individuality was sunk in his work. It is whispered that he does not approve of a liturgical service, and that he has certain views about the Established Church which he can give expression to in the proper time and place. But about his denomination, there is a great deal of ignorance. I was asked the other day by an artist to what denomination Mr. Spurgeon belonged. And when I told the good man, it seemed quite new to him. And so we all, Church and Dissent, Tories and Radicals, Christ Church and Tabernacle, come together now to rejoice in the work of which Mr. Spurgeon was so earnest and successful an advocate. This congregation even, is unique; so many thousands gathered together in the same building during so many years, to hear the same Gospel by the same preacher, is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. How is it accounted for that some will say, "He is fresh still." Some will say, "His style is so plain." Some will say, "It is wit"—I wish I had a little of it. He never in the pulpit tried to be witty, it was natural; it illustrated the subject and grew out of it. One of the great features of his preaching has been that he has forgotten himself; and some of those principles might be of use to younger preachers. I have come to hear Chas. Spurgeon, and had quite forgotten Chas. Spurgeon, and the Tabernacle, and have gone away wondering where I was. His speech pinned me. The best proof of the value of preaching is when people go away saying "What a sinner I am; what a Christ I have got." When our friend preaches his hearers are disposed to give the verdict to Jesus; nor does he find it necessary to be always indulging in novelties to maintain his popularity.

One glory of this pulpit is that it holds to the old truths. I believe you believe, sir, that the Bible is an inspired book. You are not one of those who would get rid of the supernatural element and the miraculous element from the Bible of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is the Jesus Christ you preach. You are not one of those who explain away the atonement, and say that it means moral influence. You are not one of those who represent that to speak about salvation by the blood of the Lamb is not consistent with modern culture, and that these things must now be put on one side. You are one of those to maintain that Christ offered upon the cross a full and sufficient obligation for the sins of the world. Our friend Mr. Spurgeon has proved the truth of saying, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Christ is the attraction of his preaching. If he were no longer to preach Christ, and Him crucified, he would soon begin to see empty seats instead of a crowded assembly always. He says, "Look sinner, look." He tells that when he was a young man he went in great anxiety to a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and the preacher looked at him, and said, "If you are unhappy, young man, look, look, look." Alas, many sermons are preached without a word to the unconverted. It never was so here. Though he addresses a church of nearly 6,000, he always premises there may be some one there who may be unconverted, and who may never hear another sermon. He says, "We preach Christ and Him crucified; we are not ashamed of the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation." He is not ashamed of Christ, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He is not ashamed of the declaration, "The blood of Jesus Christ sanctifieth from all sin." He is not ashamed of another, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood, be glory, and dominion, and praise." Therefore we rejoice at his jubilee, and pray for his continual useful life.

An address followed by Rev. W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, who spoke as a neighbouring minister, as an old student, and as a personal friend, in all of which capacities he paid a warm tribute to Mr. Spurgeon's active sympathies and ready help.

PRESENTATION OF THE TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. T. W. Olney, one of the deacons of the church and the treasurer of the fund, next announced that the money already raised towards the fund amounted to over £4,500. (Applause.) This sum had been contributed to by all classes of people—from the children's farthings and the working men's pence. He had much pleasure in handing Mr. Spurgeon a cheque for that amount, and he thanked God they were not pensioning the old gentleman off. (Laughter.)

Mr. Murrell, the other treasurer, said that they gave him the sum on account. They meant to keep the fund open as long as people would contribute to it. Mr. Spurgeon had many claims upon his private purse, and he knew he needed the money. Many contributors had stipulated that the pastor should have the money absolutely, or they would not give a penny. He hoped they would make the sum £5,000 that night.

On rising to reply Mr. Spurgeon received an ovation, the audience rising en masse and waving their handkerchiefs. Mr. Spurgeon, in responding, said: After this display of your loving kindness, it is not merely the waving of handkerchiefs and the cry of "hurrah"; it is what I have been hearing for this last two days is enough to melt a heart of stone. I may say that the affectionate words I have listened to have sunk into my heart. I can take a great deal of encouragement without being lifted up to the ordinary level, but all that I have received will operate upon me more afterwards than now. I am sure the way in which one after another has told me how I led them to the Saviour has been a great blessing to me. I have not proposed these doings, and had there being no money attached to this celebration I should have been just as pleased. I thought there should be some money gather-