

Life and Labours
OF
DUNCAN MATHESON,
THE SCOTTISH EVANGELIST.

BY THE
REV. JOHN MACPHERSON.

"REALITY IS THE GREAT THING: I HAVE ALWAYS SOUGHT REALITY."

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CHAPTER XI.

CHARACTERISTICS.

“Need holy deeds and holier hopes offend,
On lower heights, the distant gazing crowd,
Who, following on, deny their forward friend,
Refusing still to speak his praise aloud,
Though now he sleeps in peace, unheeding sun or cloud.”

IN person tall, erect and broad-chested, with head firmly set upon the shoulders, and incapable of drooping, Duncan Matheson was the picture of manliness, self-reliance, and valour. The leading features of his countenance indicated, if we may believe physiognomy, the keenest discernment of human character,—a faculty he possessed in the highest degree. His eye, clear and penetrating, softened with his rising emotions until the glistening tear revealed the genuine tenderness of his heart. His nostrils, wide and prominent, visibly dilated with the enthusiasm of the moment,—like the nostrils of the war-horse at the blast of the trumpet or the din of battle. Although rigidly temperate in his habits, he was exuberantly happy, jovial, and free; his countenance beamed with good cheer, while from a storehouse of mother-wit and quaintest humour, his ready tongue was continually bringing forth the rarest oddities and drollest fancies. His powerful voice, clear, sonorous, and trumpet-like, seemed created on purpose to rise above the noise of the elements, the din of camps, and the hubbub of the market-place; and yet it possessed a compass, a pathos, and a cadence, which he could modulate with the precision of a bar of music. His intellect was shrewd, masculine, and practical. His heart was a well of sympathy and kindest feeling. His will was prompt, resolute, and daring. In a word, his soul was a stronghold of restless forces of enthusiasm, vehemence, and heroic ardours, which in their lofty consecration were often impatient of the ordinary limits of convention.

His Christian character fitted closely to his natural man. The religion of some men suggests the idea of ill-fitting garments, as if they had put on somebody else's clothes. Not so our honest evangelist. His religious character, even in its eccentricities, was a natural and consistent whole: it was simply the man himself, inspired, possessed, and swayed by one great and holy passion. His armour fitted him well; so well, indeed, that he slept in it; and helmet or sword he never laid aside till from his encounter with the last enemy he was carried home victorious on his own shield.

His character was so sharply defined at all points as to render him curiously unique. In himself he combined the strongest good sense and the rarest eccentricity; a purpose of life most spiritual wrought out with abounding flesh and blood; most disinterested love strangely yoked to overwhelming

self-assertion; deepest-toned gravity and the broadest humour; the most laborious earnestness and the most jubilant light-heartedness; the loftiest ends and the lowliest means. Now he is preaching a sermon full of apostolic majesty and grace, and anon you find him ringing a handbell, like a common crier, through the streets of a country village, and inviting the inhabitants to a revival meeting. At one hour he is issuing his "Herald of Mercy" with all the dignity of a royal proclamation, and next hour he is seen competing with a twopenny show in a fair for the ears of the rabble.

There he stands, a man of the people, yet towering above them; the enemy of all that is unrighteous and unreal; the friend of all that is genuine and true; the unequivocal witness of Jesus Christ; the soul's advocate at the world's bar, the stern cross-examiner of hypocrites; a man standing at the parting of the ways, and, without respect of persons, saying to every passer-by, "This road leads to heaven, and that to hell." He was in truth the herald of the Invisible running on before, and shouting lustily, "The King is coming! the Judge is at the door! Prepare to meet thy God!"

Duncan Matheson was a fine specimen of the character that is mainly composed of seemingly antagonistic or inharmonious qualities. He was both the lion and the lamb. Such was his courage and such his kindness, such his strength and such his tenderness, such the comings and goings of the genial and the severe, such and so sudden the changes from battle to peace and from play to work, and such the rare measures and minglings of the man and the child in him, that he might be likened to one of his own native mountains, bold, rugged, and stern, yet with a soft gleam of sunshine, covering birch and boulder, corry and cliff, with ceaseless alternations of fairy-like light and shade.

There was in him a fine blending of the natural and the spiritual elements of the thoroughly Christian character. In some good men the natural life is too much dissociated from the spiritual life. Between these two there is a thorn hedge, and religion in such a case seems to lie in the painful efforts to pass from the one field to the other. The things of this life are on one line of rails, and the things of the other world on another line. When they are busy with *Present-world* Train, the other *World-to-come* Train is standing still; and again, when the latter is set in motion, it can go neither fast nor far, lest the luggage should be left behind. In Duncan Matheson the two trains were one, and moved upon the same line of rails, though with this one distinction—life was life and baggage. In fact, in him the natural man and the spiritual man were in as close alliance as the right foot and the left. Some good people go into the necessary affairs and innocent joys of life, as if they were a bar to spiritual progress, and an unavoidable snare; but the more healthy soul knows they are a test of true spirituality, means of grace, and steps to heaven. In the subject of this memoir there was no trace of mawkishness or

sickly pietism. His laughter was as free and innocent as his tears.

Straightforwardness and sterling honesty were among his leading characteristics. Everything cowardly and crooked his soul hated. He was the enemy of every sham. In this he was a representative man; for it may be said with truth that he represented *downrightness in character* and *reality in religion*. Truly did he say on his deathbed, "Reality is the great thing: I have always sought reality." Himself sound in the faith, he hated *dead* orthodoxy with a perfect hatred. The "living dog" of an earnest though faulty revivalism was in his opinion better than the "dead lion" of a heartless orthodoxy. Truth no doubt is truth; but the letter killeth: it is the Spirit that giveth life. Water is water; but better surely is a cupful from the living well than a pitcherful from the stagnant pond. Dead orthodoxy is but the maker of decent graveclothes for dead souls. At best the teacher of lifeless doctrine is but the master tailor of pharisaism. Some men worship the truth of God instead of the God of truth. Dead orthodoxy is the worship of truth, and is the most subtle of all kinds of idolatry. "All truth is precious," they say. Yea; and so is life; but there is a difference between the life of a man and the life of a dog. All money is valuable; but who does not see the difference between a penny and a pound? Our evangelist was grieved to see men splitting hairs while souls were perishing. Are the disciples nodding and sleeping while the cause of Christ is bleeding at every pore? Are men piously wagging their heads because the Lord's work is nailed to a cross? Alas! it is even so.

In his love of reality he was blind to the mere accidentals of life, such as names, titles, riches, purple and fine linen. In this respect he was colour blind: he saw the man, and only the man, never the toggery of the man. Many men see everything in the world except the souls of men: he saw souls, and nothing but souls. He could see grace shining through poverty, wrinkles, and dotage. A poor old Christian woman, who would have been contemptible in a poorhouse, was to him "a daughter of the King," a princess of the true blood royal, and an object of supreme interest and regard.

The zeal of some is like a fire on a chimney-top—more conspicuous than useful. Of such he was wont to say, "Some have got into the revival into whom the revival has not got." But for all sorts of religion he had his practical tests. When preaching in a certain rural parish on the day of thanksgiving for the harvest he said, "It is all very well for you to come to church and *say* thanks; but I will tell you what is the thanksgiving most pleasing to God, and without which this day's service is but a solemn farce. Let the farmer who has had a good harvest go and give a boll of meal to the poor widow in his neighbourhood: that is the thanksgiving God loves." At the close of a meeting, perceiving certain persons well-dowered with earthly substance singing with enthusiasm Watts's beautiful lines,

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all,”

he went up to them, and said, “I see you enjoy the singing of that hymn very much;” to which they replied in the affirmative. “Well,” said he, “you know the Lord will receive from us much less than the whole realm of nature, and as I am engaged in several schemes for his glory, I am sure you will be delighted to help me for his sake.” They were fairly caught; but whether or not their purses sang the same tune is another question.

Everything unmanly even in appearance he disliked. Shortly before his death, writing to a “dear son in the faith,” he says: “I hope you are preaching on. Be a man in it. Many chirp like chickens, crow like babies, and put on the Dundee whine like _____. Be a man, D_____. God means you to be what He made you. Be sure there is nothing holy in any acquired tone of voice. Roar out salvation. Get your soul steeped with the great realities of eternity. Come in contact continually with God, heaven, hell, sin, salvation, and so shall God own you. . . . Your dying father in the faith, D. M.”

When lay-missionary to the late Duchess of Gordon, he discovered that certain persons who enjoyed the lady’s favour, and had her ear, were employing their influence to prejudice her mind against the work of God, and that she was being carried away by their fair speeches. Going straight into her presence, he bluntly told her the truth. “Madam,” said he, “I see you are being carried away by misrepresentation and flattery. I must tell your Grace the plain truth. I see you are offended. I cannot help it. Were I to keep back the truth, or use flattering words like _____, I should be a traitor to God and my own soul, and to your Grace also. You are angry at me; well, be it so; but remember, your Grace, that we are both going to the judgment-seat of Christ, and you and I will stand on the same platform there. That is all I have to say.” Well done, and bravely done, honest man! Your forty pounds a year—no fat living certainly, but yet your earthly all—is in peril; but let it go; what are forty pounds a year to manly self-respect, honesty, and a good conscience? The Duchess, eminently a wise and gracious woman, came in due course to see that honest Duncan was right; and she thought none the less of him that he had virtually sacrificed her favour and his own worldly interests for the cause and truth of Christ.

Martial, chivalrous, and heroic, his spirit and character were essentially of the soldier type. All the elements of the soldier were strongly developed in him: his virtues were those of the warrior, and even the grace of God in him wore a soldier-like air. Opposition roused him; difficulties and hardships only nerved him for greater effort; whilst failure or defeat seemed but to develop the resources in which he was so fertile. His Christian work was

a warfare, and his whole life in the faith a campaign. He loved to speak of Christ as his King. Valiant, mailed, and ready for battle, his very thoughts were marshalled, and his words went forth like an armed host. His thoughts and images were often borrowed from war. When his companions appeared to shrink from the fierce ordeal of preaching in the market, he was wont to say, "Come, let us charge them." In his letters he says: "Keep up the flag. Never ground arms. Always advance." Once, when the means failed of the expected result, he said, "Never mind, I am a sinner saved; and when I enter glory, what a regiment will meet me! and we will shout, Victory! victory!" In his preaching he loved to speak of "raising the standard," "unfurling the banner," "marching right forward," "no quarter to the adversary," and "never sheathing the sword till the soldier's blade is exchanged for the victor's palm." His sentences often fell like the blows of a warrior; and never did ancient Caledonian wield broadsword with greater force than did this clansman of Christ wield "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." His manly, chivalrous, lion-like bearing often carried the day when more timid souls would have made a truce. No words could more exactly describe the man and his life than those of the dying apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And this phase of his character—his valour, his endurance, his indomitable power of battle, is to my mind pictured in perfection in the well-known verses—

"With force of arms we nothing can;
Full sore were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord of Sabaoth's Son
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

"And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore--
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ--
A word shall quickly slay him.

"God's Word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger;
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their promise small;
These things shall vanish all,

The city of God remaineth. “

His enthusiastic temperament was well ballasted by practical good sense; his impulses were kept well in hand by a great capacity for business; and the stern spirit of the warrior was tempered by generosity, affectionateness, and genuine kindness of heart. His affection for his mother we have seen. “Hundreds of times,” he says in a letter to his sister, “have her last words, last actions, last look, come to my mind with a thought of the triumph over death which she achieved; and I have often, often called to mind the command she gave us—it was short, but oh, what a meaning it contains! It was ‘Look to Jesus.’ A command big with our welfare for time and eternity.” To such an one it is unnecessary to say that wife and children were unspeakably dear. His friends enjoyed his most ardent affection; and he was more than chivalrous, he was *Christian* in his treatment of a foe. Doing good, showing kindness, relieving want, and lessening the sum of human misery, was to him a feast, and although “Eternity” was stamped on his eyeballs, he would go out of his way to lend a little material help to the poorest thing on earth. One poor believer he maintained until the day of her death, and many others he ministered unto of his substance. Often did he give away his last shilling. On principle he gave part of all he ever received. “I never give but I get more” was his testimony. “It is so like God,” he would add; “He will never be in our debt; no, not even in appearance.” Once when ill he spent a sleepless night. As he lay tossing, he remembered that a certain evangelist was not employed, and must be in poverty. Next morning found him, ill as he was, on the top of the coach, and on his way to the village where the man’s family resided. He could not rest till he saw how matters stood. It was as he feared. He found the wife and children of the evangelist at the point of starvation. Slipping a pound-note into the grateful mother’s hand—the last pound I believe he had in the world—he returned home to rest.

One day meeting a student who looked sad, he enquired if the young man was in trouble, and found that the furniture of his widowed mother was about to be distrained for rent. Pulling out his purse, he said, “Here, take all I have; and if it is not enough, let me know. Get the matter settled at once.” His generosity to godly students scarcely knew bounds, and when his own means failed he quietly obtained for them liberal donations from others. As he believed not only in the common ministry of Christians, but also in the special ministry of an ordained pastorate as a divine institution, he spared no pains or expense in aiding godly youths while prosecuting their preparatory studies. In the work of selecting and raising up fit men for the pastoral and missionary offices few have been so successful. At one period no less than fourteen or fifteen of his young men were prosecuting a course of study at the University and Divinity Hall. Whilst all of these enjoyed his affectionate care, most of them also experienced his generosity in

the most substantial form.

He possessed an inexhaustible fund of cheerfulness and good humour. No man ever created more happiness in this way. To despondency or dullness he never succumbed. His sorrows he kept secret: you never saw but the sunny side. To this store of gladness nature and grace contributed equal shares: and freely having received he freely gave. In the exuberance of his mirth his friends sometimes thought he would go too far; and once when gently chided, he gravely said, "Ah, but you see I never joke with the world: it is only with God's children that I make merry." That was true enough. With the people of the world he was grave and serious without gloom. He could not sport with men on the brink of a precipice: with men under sentence of death he could not make merry. The protracted and extreme suffering of his last illness did not diminish his cheerfulness as it did not impair his faith. Shortly before he died, I happened to meet him. He was struggling to support his emaciated frame by means of crutches. The sad change was more than I could bear: but as I drew near the brave man shouted with a voice as jubilant as ever, "Hulloa! Mac, you remember the boys' rhyme, Cripple Dick, upon a stick." At the very worst he could say, "All is well." The joy of the Lord was his strength.

He was a man of great faith. In respect of temporal things his trust in God was simple and strong. Although for many years he had no stipend or salary, no stated or certain income of any kind, and was sometimes without a penny in the world, he seemed to be above all care. Indeed, such was his generosity when his purse was full, and such his cheerfulness when it was empty, that many fancied he was possessed of great wealth. On the income-tax paper once sent him, he wrote, "All my income: 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus,'—fulfilled to the very letter." When asked if his life was insured, he said, "Yes; my life is insured in the office of the Sun: The Lord God is a sun and shield; He will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." When dying, he said, with a firm and confident voice, "I cast my five fatherless children on the Lord." His faith was never put to shame whilst he lived; and it has borne abundant fruit since he passed away. He had learnt in the experience of years to cast all his care upon that Father in heaven who numbers the very hairs upon his children's heads.

In the matter of his salvation his faith was equally pronounced and firm. In the early part of his Christian life his faith was much and variously tried by sore temptation. On one occasion, when sitting at supper with his friends, a strong temptation to disbelief; even in the being of a God, seized his mind. The devil seemed to whisper in his heart, "There is no God! there is no God!" He left the table and went out into the garden. It was a bright, starry night. He looked up to the sky, and, gazing upon the spangled heav-

ens, exclaimed, "There is a God! there is a God! He made all these, and He is my God." The tempter fled, and he returned into the house with a settled peace in his soul; and from that time he was freed from doubt, and could always say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

In the work of winning souls his faith was almost unbounded, and often rose to the sublime. He was not of those who seem to think that the eternal love and purpose of God in Christ will result in little or nothing, that the blood-shedding and death of God incarnate has so scanty fruit that we scarce dare hope to see a sinner saved, and that the gift and work of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the gospel, is the most unfortunate and hopeless business in the world. On the contrary, firmly believing in the purpose and love of God, and knowing that the divine sovereignty runs upon the path of appointed means, he preached the gospel with the most confident expectation of success. Because Jesus has finished the work of redemption, he knew his labour should not be in vain in the Lord. Realising the freeness and sufficiency of grace, and the power of the Holy Ghost in his own soul, he took the Lord's command and warrant in his hand, "Preach the gospel to every creature," and proclaimed the glad tidings with the most joyful assurance of success. He believed, and it was done to him according to his faith. Hence he plied all sorts of means, means that many accounted foolishness, and with amazing results. Hence, too, he preached "out of season," and carried the gospel into the very seat of Satan; and the efforts which some reckoned hopeless, unwarranted, and insane, were crowned with the blessing of God in the salvation of many souls. Thus through faith he was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." The right side of the ship where the great draught of fishes is to be got, is simple, unquestioning, child-like faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Was this then the great secret of his success in winning souls? I think not. Was it intellectual gifts? No. Many possess larger endowments of mind who are less successful. Was it his ready utterance or force of speech? No. Many are more eloquent, with fewer and meaner results. Was it the holy consistency of his life? No. Many saintlier men are less useful. All these things, especially his prayerfulness and faith, doubtless contributed to his success in the Lord's work; but the great secret, I firmly believe, lay in his *intense, self-denying love of souls*. God always blesses love. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Faith is blessed, and hope is blessed; but love enjoys Benjamin's portion of the Master's favour. Listen to the words of Richard Baxter: "I confess to my shame that I remember no one sin that my conscience doth so much accuse and judge me for, as doing so little for the salvation of men's souls, and dealing no more earnestly or fervently with them for their conversion. I confess that

when I am alone, and think of the case of poor ignorant, worldly, earthly, unconverted sinners, that live not to God, and set not their hearts on the life to come, my conscience telleth me that I should go to as many of them as I can, and tell them plainly what will become of them if they do not turn, and beseech them with all the earnestness that I can to come to Christ, and change their course, and make no delay. And though I have many excuses, from other business, and from disability and want of time, yet none of them all do satisfy my own conscience, when I consider what heaven and hell are, which will one of them be the end of every man's life. My conscience telleth me that I should follow them night and day, and take no denial till they return to God." These words exactly express the spirit, aim, and scope of Duncan Matheson's life and work. To him the conversion of sinners was everything; if souls were not saved all else was nothing. On a country pastor modestly declining to occupy Rowland Hill's pulpit in London, the latter said, "Some preachers address my people's intellects, but some of them have no intellect, and the fine preaching is lost on them. Some preach to the imagination, but many have no imagination. Some preach to the feelings, but many say they have no feelings. Come you and preach to their souls. They all have souls, and all will be edified." Our evangelist preached to souls, and grudged no pains or sacrifice for their salvation. When offered an important situation by a gentleman who appreciated his fine business capacity, he though at the time penniless declined, and afterwards said, "What! did he think I would give up preaching Christ for £200 a year?"

In every letter we find him constantly recurring to his one great care, the saving of souls. In his correspondence with Christian friends he labours to stir them up, if it be only to distribute tracts. Speaking of his "Herald," he says: "Year after year these messengers of mercy have been scattered through the wide world, amongst all classes, and *fruit in the conversion of souls has been the result*. Last year upwards of 400,000 were circulated, and the demand made by earnest labourers in the Lord's vineyard far exceeded the supply. In the city of London, Glasgow, and other great cities, the thousands issued were but as a drop to the mighty ocean. The agency employed was very varied, *all aiming at the one thing—all seeking the salvation of precious souls*.

"I am very anxious to send forth more than I have ever done. Doors are open on every hand, and the need is very great. We are bound to preach the gospel to every creature. With the living voice we cannot, but much may be done by the printed page. I thank you very warmly for your kind interest in years gone by. Will you kindly help again? It will be a service done to the Lord. I shall freely take the labour of preparing and sending forth, if you assist by either giving or obtaining contributions, however small."

To make his appeal the more stirring and effectual he adds the following

lines:—

“SOULS are perishing before thee—

Save, save one!

It may be thy crown of glory—

Save, save one!

From the waves that would devour,

From the raging lion's power,

From destruction's fiery shower—

Save, save one!

“Who the worth of souls can measure?

Save, save one!

Who can count the priceless treasure?

Save, save one!

Like the stars shall shine for ever,

Those who faithfully endeavour

Dying sinners to deliver —

Save, SAVE ONE!”

With characteristic faith he adds, “WHY NOT MANY?”

Whenever and wherever he saw any prospect of winning souls, he hesitated not to make every personal sacrifice in order to forward the good work. Once, in a certain town where he was strongly opposed and left without any resources, his companion suggested that, as they were no longer able from want of means to pay the rent of the hall where the meetings were held, they ought to leave the place and seek another field. “No,” said Matheson, in a resolute tone of voice, “I will not give in yet. I will tell you what I have made up my mind to do.” Taking out his watch—a gold one—he went on to say, “This watch is very dear to me, for it was presented to me by the Bible Society for my services in the East; but precious though it is, on that account I have resolved to pawn or sell it. The proceeds will pay the rent of the hall and keep us going for another week or two, and after that we shall see what is to be done.” That very day, however, money was sent him from an unexpected quarter, and the watch was spared. Several times afterwards, as he told me himself, the watch was devoted in the same way; but as often as he sacrificed it in his heart did relief suddenly arise in the providence of God. The mainspring of that invincible resolution was doubtless *a happy assurance that God was with him*. This sustained him in his labours of love, and seemed scarcely ever to be shaken. At one of the most trying periods of his public career, when reproached beyond measure, cast out and forsaken, I wrote him in terms of sympathy, putting into verse what I believed would be his rallying cry. In reply he said: “Your lines have struck the true key-note to my heart. The thought that God is with me has charmed my melancholy away. I feel nerved for anything.”

Here are the verses:—

“TO MY FRIEND DUNCAN MATHESON IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

“CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

“When thy steps on earth are miry,
When a snare thy soul would bind,
Faith on wing shall seek her eyrie:
God is with thee,—never mind!

“Though they sevenfold heat the furnace,
Though in lion’s den confined,
Good to thee thy God will turn this:
God is with thee,—never mind!

“Though a sea of trouble front thee,
With Egyptian host behind,
What on earth or hell shall daunt thee
God is with thee,—never mind!

“When dark clouds and mist descending
Dull thy soul and make thee blind,
Heavenward still thy steps be wending:
God is with thee,—never mind!

“If thy friends should all forsake thee,
And thy dearest prove unkind,
Let that only bolder make thee;
God is with thee,—never mind!

“Should thy frame give way in weakness
(So the saints have often pined),
God thy strength is health in sickness;
God is with thee,—never mind!

“Trust not man, but Him that made thee,
Man is fickle as the wind;
Fear no evil, God thy dread be,—
God is with thee,—never mind!

“Let all creatures fierce oppose thee,
Men and devils fast combined,
Till ten thousand round shall close thee;
God is with thee,—never mind!

“God of power, and truth, and mercy,
Thee my God in Christ I find;
And I hope in death to dare say
‘God is with me,—never mind.’”

In his love to souls he constantly tore himself away from the endearments of home, the pleasures of society, and the comforts of life. For souls he cheerfully sacrificed the favour of the lukewarm, and incurred the hostility of the world. To win souls he suffered hunger and thirst, heat and cold, weariness and pain, the loss of friends and of reputation; was willing to be

counted a fool, and even a crafty impostor; endured hatred, and scorn, and calumny; was mobbed, and beaten, and disgraced, and cast out; and finally fell a sacrifice to his Christ-like compassion for perishing men. How few in love for souls will sacrifice ease, money, dress, dainties, society, and reputation? Not many Christians will in the greatness of their love sell themselves to labour and sorrow for a lifetime. To love souls with a wise and effectual love—a soul-winning love—involves the vivid realising of things invisible and eternal, constant fellowship of the Spirit, deep and true sympathy with Christ, strong faith in God, and an utter deadness to the ten thousand vanities of the world, with a greater sacrifice of self than most Christians are found to make. Rare are the men who can follow Jesus into a Gethsemane of agonizing prayer and bleeding love, and drink a deadly-bitter cup on behalf of souls. Most good men make large reserves of themselves for their own behoof. Few will not allow a fair margin of undevoted flesh and blood. Duncan Matheson kept no balance at that old and over-cautious banker's, Spare-thyself. He reserved not an inch of soul or body, but put his all into the service, and used it with a will, taking out of himself all he could get, even to the uttermost farthing, and so selling his life as dearly as possible. His strong faith looked steadily into eternity, and as he looked the fire burned in his heart till the very heat of his zeal consumed him, and he died of this heroic disease—hard work for others' good.

“Hasten to the side of the dying evangelist ere it be too late,” wrote one who knew him well, “for the King's chariot is at the door of his modest home. Wife and children have been calmly cast long ere now on the great Provider. The cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, dearer than they, is not so easily cast over. The arm of the dying soldier will scarcely disentangle itself from the gospel shield. The devil has shot his last arrow at him in vain; and the last cloud that rested on his brow has rolled away before that promise: ‘They that be wise shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.’ Whisper your question here. The eye opens once more; triumph kindles it. ‘I am going to see the King. If death has terrors, I've met none of them. At least you can say you have seen the vanquished a conqueror. Oh that I could have served him here the fifty years out! Saving souls has been a passion with me these two-and-twenty years.’ The chariot has left his door, carrying him to victory. Where the angels veil their faces; where the elders cast their crowns; where the song of the seraphim is hushed at the higher notes of the redeemed; where the Mediator pleads for his scattered people on earth in the hearing of the great congregation safely gathered; where the river of life yields its waters unmeasured to lips that thirst no more; where there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over sinners on earth repenting; where the beatific vision

is all unhindered—there seek the freed spirit of the evangelist.”¹

The following estimate of his character is from the pen of my friend Mr. Campbell, minister of North Free Church, Aberdeen. “Mr. Matheson was quite an uncommon character, strongly pronounced in his individuality, and freely asserting himself wherever he went. There was in him *a child-like simplicity* that was very attractive, and made him eminently true and reliable as a fellow-worker. All policy and finesse he abhorred; himself had nothing to conceal, and he concealed nothing; in fact, his openness and outspokenness he carried to a degree that was decidedly eccentric; but even his hardest words were never uttered in a malicious spirit. Our brother was one who wore his heart outside, and spoke as he thought,—spoke almost all he thought, as if his very whispers, in spite of himself, became audible; and this of course was not always safe or convenient. Connected I suppose with this child-like simplicity was his happy, buoyant nature, his mirthfulness and hilarity. He was the very embodiment of happiness, diffusing an atmosphere of happiness all around him. . . . Mr. Matheson was a man of a very kind and loving disposition. This was a feature of his character—very prominent. His hand was continually open, both to friends and strangers. It seemed to do him good to be freely giving away money and gifts. He was indeed a most unselfish being, and wanted only to live in the happiness and love of others.

“But it was as a child of God and servant of Jesus that Mr. Matheson was chiefly to be noted and followed. He was a man of faith who lived habitually under the power of things unseen. He apprehended and had ever before his mind as realities God and sin and salvation, heaven and hell: these were to him great and influential realities. I once heard him remark—and I believe he spoke the truth—that never for many minutes together was the thought of the conversion of souls out of his view. He saw very plainly in the Word of God and in the world around him that men in a natural condition are ready to perish and that for ever; and he knew, on the best of evidences, that the truth as it is in Jesus embraced by the soul brings a divine peace and holiness. Hence he laboured with all his might to win souls to Christ, and not without results, such as convinced him that the Lord was with him. His loving disposition, being sanctified, sought nothing less for souls than their eternal well-being, and his natural simplicity, under the control of the Divine Spirit, engaged him in the most direct and decided efforts for the realisation of his object. He was a man of *prayer*, in the spirit of which all his views and movements were baptised.

“You have enquired about Mr. Matheson’s work and its results in this part of the country, but I have no means in my power of speaking with par-

¹ “Who is this King of Glory?” By Mrs. Barbour, author of “The Way Home,” &c.

ticularity on that point. For some months he had pastoral charge of the Congregational Church in Blackfriars Street in this city. This, however, was a kind of sphere not exactly suited to him; he needed a wide field in which to range; while the proclamation of the gospel of salvation was more to his liking and abilities than the regular routine of pastoral teaching. He evidently felt most at home in open-air meetings, standing on a chair or table, and casting forth that powerful, melodious voice of his in earnest invitations and solemn appeals to the hundreds or thousands massed before him. I have no doubt the great day will declare that multitudes of precious spirits were delivered from eternal death and translated into the kingdom of light and blessedness by the instrumentality of our true-hearted and noble friend.”

The transparency of his character revealed its flaws. He was outspoken to a fault; and a certain brusque forwardness of manner sometimes gave offence. He was not so well fitted to wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, as to bear the grim array of sword and shield and coat of mail. His was a Samson’s strength and a Samson-like warfare; and occasionally his measures were not unlike that ancient hero’s firebrands tied to foxes’ tails, which not only burnt the Philistines’ corn, but also displeased his timid friends. The young stonecutter sent by his master into the quarry was typical of his work as an evangelist. His part was not to polish corner-stones or carve delicate forms with a tool as fine as a lady’s needle, but to go down to the quarry and do sledge-hammer work, and by executing fireblasts to rive out of the rock solid masses to be polished and built by other hands. But if his boisterous manners and eccentric bluntness offended gentler natures, these very angularities seemed to others as natural as the crooks in a crab-tree, or the twists of a whorled shell. We need not gloss over faults; but it is vain to pray nature to send us trees without crooks, or shells without those curious and apparently useless whorls. The various forces of grace as well as nature have each its place and work. Shall the gentle dew chide the rude thunder? or the thunder say to the dew, Weakling, what art thou? Wisdom is justified of all her children. Duncan Matheson was pre-eminently a *revival* preacher. In the revival of religion he rejoiced. To extend the work and blessings of revival he laboured with all his might.

This was his mission; and no man was ever better fitted for his peculiar calling than he was for stirring drowsy saints, and awakening a slumbering world. Some may be disposed to ask, What is revival? Since the devil has his counterfeits of everything gracious and divine, it may be well to answer the question.

Listen to the Psalmist. “Wilt Thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?” (Psalm lxxxv. 6.) Fresh life from God issuing in new joy in the Lord—*that is revival*. Hear the voice of the church in the Song of love: “My Beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one,

and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.” (Song ii. 10-12.) Springtime of the church, summer of the new creation, buddings of grace, songs of holy joy, and the glad voice of the welcome Saviour calling his beloved into closer fellowship and sweeter foretastes of the better paradise—*that is revival*. Harken to the prophet: “Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.” (Isa. xxxv. 5, 6.) The plagues of man’s heart and the woes of man’s life marvellously healed by grace and truth—*that is revival*.

Let us come to the New Testament. Listen to the words of Jesus: “From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” (Matt. xi. 12.) Earnest and vehement desire, bold and strenuous effort, self-sacrificing and soldier-like decision, resolute and victorious perseverance in seeking the Lord and securing salvation, like warriors mounting the breach and capturing the citadel—*that is true revival*. “Verily I say unto you, ‘That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you: for John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and the harlots believed him; and ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterwards, that ye might believe him.’” (Matt. xxi. 31, 32.) Sinners of the worst class fleeing from the wrath to come, and finding in Christ mercy to pardon and grace to help in the time of need, while self-righteous professors and rationalistic moralists look on with anger and contempt, and perish at the very gate of salvation—*that is the usual course of heaven-sent revival*. The prodigal son, returning home with penitential tears, his father running forth to meet him and clasping him in his arms, the kiss of forgiveness, the servants summoned to minister to him, the best robe, the ring, the shoes, the fatted calf, the feast, the music, and the dance, and the churlish elder brother coming to add his phial of vinegar to the entertainment—*the whole story presents a perfect picture of a true revival scene*.

Listen to the evangelist: “As Jesus passed forth from thence, He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom: and He saith unto him, Follow Me; and he arose and followed Him.” (Matt. ix. 9.) Jesus speaks to a man of the world in the midst of business; by a word He casts the charm of an all-conquering love around Him, and the worldling straightway becomes a heavenly-minded pilgrim—*that is revival*. “The woman saith unto Him, I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ: when He is come, He will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He.” The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way in-

to the city, and saith unto the men, Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city and came unto Him.” (John iv. 25-30.) Jesus meets a sinful woman at a well, accidentally as men say, but really in virtue of a pre-arrangement as ancient as the counsels of eternity, then and there convinces her of sin, reveals to her his glory as Redeemer, and by a mysterious touch of saving grace sends her away to awaken the whole city by her simple testimony—*that is genuine revival*. “And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, Make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house. And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully.” (Luke xix. 1-18.) Christ converts a notorious sinner among the branches of a sycamore tree, and the converted sinner immediately opens his heart, his house, and his purse to the Lord, to the disciples, and the poor: and in the name of righteousness offers restitution fourfold for any wrong done his neighbour—*that is genuine revival*. “Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls.” (Acts ii. 37-41.) A pardoned sinner preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and multitudes are converted on the spot—*that is revival*. “For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” (1 Thess. i. 5.) Not mere knowledge in the head, but experience in the heart; not a gospel in the creed merely, but in the character; not a profession only, but a possession also; not a mere glimmer of hope struggling through clouds of doubt and fear, but a present salvation, a great felt reality of joy in the Holy Ghost and much assurance—*that is characteristic of all genuine revival*.

Revival is the springing up of the life of God in the soul of man. It means sleepers awaking, wanderers returning, saints becoming more holy, and sinners becoming saints. It means peace to the troubled conscience, songs instead of sobs, and thrills of holy joy instead of stings of remorse. Were the revival of religion, pure and undefiled, to fill the world, it would break the neck of sin, stay the ravages of war, empty prisons, turn labour into a joy, dry up rivers of tears, reduce the misery of mankind to a shadow, and transform earth into a paradise. It is “glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men.”

Of such a revival Duncan Matheson was the unwearied advocate and successful promoter. He preached not revivalism, but Christ the life. He preached the doctrines that contain the germs of all true revival—the doctrines of the cross. These doctrines he proclaimed in the way in which they are usually most effective; he preached as one who believed what he

preached, with a holy enthusiasm of faith and love. He preached in prayerful dependence on the Holy Spirit, and his preaching therefore was “in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” In that sense he was a wise and true *revival* preacher.

Our evangelist was a pioneer in the work of revival. Like all pioneers he had to clear the forest, make roads across dreary swamps, grub up thorns and briars to get at the virgin soil, and endure hardships as a good soldier of the advance guard. Not seldom did he encounter a hostility that might have provoked a more patient spirit than his. Sacred prejudices hoary with age met him at the frontier, and challenged his right of entrance. Calumny often lied her worst, and the lay-preacher was held a fool, a fanatic, and a rogue by turns. That he disturbed Israel cannot be denied; but Israel settled upon his lees needs to be disturbed. To go into a place where thousands lay asleep and, as his manner was, suddenly to blow a blast that might almost wake the dead, was abominably “out of season.” To all, therefore, except the few who arose and trimmed their lamps, his presence and testimony gave deadly offence. The opposition thus encountered was met with wisdom and firmness. When told that a certain parson threatened to keep him out of his parish, the evangelist said, “Go and ask him if he has got a monopoly of saving souls.” Once when preaching in a northern market from the text “Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him,” a scoffer came up and sneeringly cried out, “Ay, but when is He coming?” The evangelist in prompt reply raised the Bible in his hand, and looking round on the audience, solemnly said, “Ah, friends, you see this is a wonderful book. Eighteen hundred years ago it predicted that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, ‘Where is the promise of His coming?’ I call you to witness that the prediction is just now fulfilled. What do you think, sirs? Is not the Bible true? He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.” The caviller was silenced.

Infidels frequently assail Christianity on the ground of the inconsistent lives of some of its professors. Matheson when opposed did not hesitate to use that weapon of their own against themselves. A certain noisy sceptic, who had scandalously failed to pay the rent of a hall where he had been lecturing, was one day throwing out his challenges and charges against Christians, when our Evangelist stepped up and said, “Ask him if he has paid the rent of the hall yet at ____?” The effect on the lecturer may be imagined. The balloon soaring so proudly, suddenly collapsed and fell into the mire.

Knowing that scepticism is often but the desperate effort of a heart ill-at-ease to find rest, his usual method of dealing with infidels and gainsayers was not so much through the head as through the heart. His frequent question to the caviller, accompanied with a knowing glance of the eye, “Are you happy—tell me now, are you happy?” was found unanswerable. For

the most part, however, he avoided controversy, and met opposition with kindness, prayer, and the word of God.

Some opposed the revival movement and the work of the evangelist from dread of excitement and ecclesiastical disorder. They forgot the far greater hubbub of Pentecost, when thousands were crying, "What must we do?" It would have been strange if Peter and John had only answered, "Propriety! propriety! God save propriety!" What parent would not prefer the noisy and even excessive demonstrations of his children to the decent stillness of a desolate home and the chamber of death? There is an order of life and an order of death. There is an order of lifeless form which breeds the saddest disorder; and there are disorders of a new-born life that to the discerning eye carry in their bosom the germs of the truest order. By wise and gentle management the irregularities of ignorance and indiscreet zeal may for the most part be entirely done away with or reduced to insignificance. All things in the house of God ought indeed to be done decently and in order; but some of the worst disorders and errors are due to an unwise and cruel repression of new-born life. Making due allowance for the eccentricity of his manner, and the impetuosity of his character, Duncan Matheson was a true friend of order in the Lord's house. He had no greater joy than in co-operating with godly pastors and other office-bearers in building up Zion's walls, and many of his spiritual children are pillars of the church at this day.

He was opposed by others because they feared *lay*-preaching would give rise to heresy. If church history does not lie, not laymen, but learned ecclesiastics have generally been the originators of heresy: witness, for example, apostate Rome. If a minister of the gospel dreads the influence of Christian laymen, he underrates his office, he mistrusts his Master, he misunderstands the time; the testimony of the lay-preacher is often the echo of the faithful pastor's voice. Who would not wish to hear the wilderness resound with the thousand cheerful echoes of a revival time? When a religious awakening, with its excitements, marvels, and it may be also subversion of old methods and ideas, takes place in a congregation or parish, let the faithful pastor put himself at the head of the movement, and he will speedily find men and things falling into rank. Every man by and by finds his own post and work, and everything its own place and value. In point of soundness in the faith, our lay-preacher could have given lessons in theology to not a few, alas! who, though ordained teachers in the churches, are amidst the present darkness giving no better light than the light of the wandering star.

Other opponents of the lay-preacher and revival work sceptically asked the question, "Will it stand?" They pointed to the evil mingling with the good, forgetting that there will always be thistles among the corn, and tares among the wheat. "Look at these backsliders," said they. Well, what is the fact? Is any of the churches perfectly pure? Why, in the churches where the

quietest modes and most *judicious* means are employed without any revival demonstration, a portion of the communicants invariably become worldly-minded, ungodly, and even immoral or profane. The Apostolic Church itself was not free from impurity. Even under the ministry of our Lord, many disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Are we wiser than the Lord Jesus or his apostles? Backsliding is an evil greatly to be deplored: yet it may be a sign of good. It may indicate the existence of a standard beneath which men may sink. In certain religious communities, in which revival is tabooed, backsliding is simply impossible: a soldier of straw never deserts: a man up to his neck in mud can never fall. Thousands that were converted during the revival period are now walking with God, and are in every sphere of human activity adorning their profession by holy and useful lives.

In summing up the results of so useful a life we can scarcely avoid asking the question, Why did it seem good to the divine Worker to use a layman in so marked a way in the conversion of sinners? Without presuming to penetrate the mysteries of the sovereignty of God, a few thoughts may be here suggested by way of an answer.

I. Perhaps in this way the Lord Jesus is calling the attention of his church to her lay-talent, which has too long lain neglected. Now that she begins to be alive to her duty on this head, our gifted laymen may be found occupying a not less useful, though perhaps a less prominent, place in the work of the Lord than they did in the recent revival.

II. In this way the Lord seems to be rousing his church to the prosecution of her evangelistic mission in the world. She has erred and failed in ceasing to acknowledge and employ the order of evangelists, as well as pastors and teachers. If she will not send forth evangelists in a regular, constitutional way, her divine Head will send them forth in a way fitted to humble her and to stir her up to jealousy. The peculiar function of the pastor is to conserve, to edify, to defend. The work of the evangelist is aggression and extension. A policy of mere self-preservation must prove selfish and fatal. To live and prosper the church of Christ must be aggressive.

III. Is it not made to appear by the remarkable gifts and fruitful labours of the lay-preacher that not man, but the Lord,—not the church, but her divine Head,—can raise up true and efficient preachers of the gospel? Does not the life of such an one illustrate and vindicate the gracious sovereignty of the Holy Spirit, who distributes his gifts as seems good to Himself? The church of God has no more important question to settle than this, *the training of her ministers*, unless it be the question, *how to get the right men to be trained*. The best method of tempering the sword is an important matter: not less so is the procuring of the genuine metal to be tempered.

IV. Is not the extraordinary usefulness of the layman fitted to humble

those ministers who are apt to pride themselves on their learning and office; and to stir up such of them as are prone to care more about polishing sermons than winning souls, who pillow their heads upon the heads of their own discourses, and go to sleep upon neatness, fine taste, and theological precision?

V. Is it not also made plain that salvation is of the Lord? It is “not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” When Goliath fell, not by the sword of a trained warrior of Israel’s host, but by a smooth stone from the sling of the Bethlehem shepherd lad, the victory was manifestly of God. So things that are not are chosen of God to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. (1 Cor. i. 25-31.)

VI. To encourage the right-hearted servants of Jesus Christ, is it not made as clear as noonday that faith, and zeal, and love, will always be honoured with blessing and success?

In the life and labours of this man we see the power and beauty of the grace of God. Grace it was that followed him from a child, and called him a youth into the fellowship of the saints. Grace finding him a man by nature made him a man of God, a faithful witness of the truth, a valiant soldier of the cross, a lover of good men and souls, an unbeneficed Dean of the Chapel Royal of Feeing-Markets, unmitred Archbishop of Open-air, and above all, the faithful Apostle of Christian reality and thoroughness. Grace it was that burned and shone in him—a golden candlestick of the true temple—and inspiring him with a very fury of holy ardour to save lost men, made him—unlearned, unlicensed, and unordained though he was—a more successful winner of souls than a whole Presbytery of mere sermon-makers, or a diocese of prayer-readers. Grace it was that taught him to preach Christ with the water in his eyes to ten thousand, and not less earnestly to a single soul; to make no difference betwixt great and small, to see only in each an eternal destiny trembling in the balance, and to drop tears as freely for the daughter of poverty and vice as for the fine lady in her silks and in her sins. Truly it was the power of God that wrought mightily in him, in labours at home and abroad; on land and sea; by night and by day; in strength and in sickness; in hunger and in thirst; in honour and dishonour; in peaceful gatherings and amidst tumultuous scenes; in cottage homes and on fields of blood; amidst the hubbub of a Scotch fair and the babel of the oriental bazaar; amongst roughs and lawless men; among soldiers and sailors; amongst infidels, and Turks, and Jews, and Papists; on the decks of ships; in camps and noisy tents; in the bivouac and the trench; in abodes of misery and death; in hospitals among the diseased, the plague-stricken, and the dying; amidst perils of every kind; in affliction and sorrow; in scorn and rejection of men; in reproach, and calumny, and sufferings too truly apostolic: for he was even a fool for Christ’s sake and as the offscouring of all things.

Surely, it was the power of Christ that made him a matter-of-fact Christian, bearing as he did bear no mere modern sham cross, no mere painted and decorated chip of comfortable and self-sparing profession, but a huge beam of reality with flesh-piercing nails of painful sacrifice, crushing him, as it crushed his Master, into an early grave.

Beyond question it was Christ in him that enabled him to rejoice with irrepressible joy amidst his many trials and tribulations, and in his very weakness to triumph over the gates of hell, being faithful to his latest breath. In fine, as it was grace that inspired the holy self-consecration and the solemn vow as, in the solitude of the burial-place and the silence of night, he knelt upon his uncle's grave, where the struggling moonbeams revealed the prophet's words upon the tombstone, and a still more silvery light, such as never was on land or sea, photographed the divine saying upon the shrine of his innermost heart to be the motto and the motive of a lifetime; so it was grace, most rich and free, that answered his prayer to the full, and strengthened him to sustain the high resolve with martyr-like endurance throughout the long and noble service of two-and-twenty years, till the spirit of the soul-winner wore out all that was mortal of the man, and he went to realise the full meaning of the prophet's words, where "they that be wise shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." "Whatsoever things," therefore, in this man's life "are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;" and to the God of all grace be all the glory.

Now, Christian reader, is there no lesson for you here? If you have been stirred, or cheered, or strengthened, give God the praise, and use every fresh ray of light to finish your day's work on earth, and prosecute your soul's journey in its perilous chariot of flesh to its awful close. Yield to your Saviour an undivided heart; love Him with a holy tenderness and a child-like simplicity; serve Him with a wise enthusiasm and a meek abandonment of self-will; lay out your all for his glory, and die daily for his sake; be as thorough in your wisdom as the world is in its madness; and go your way to heaven as manfully as most men go their way to hell. Remember, basking in the light is not shining. Few Christians shine. Clouds of earthliness and tempestuous darkness of the flesh obscure their brightness, and their light is too dim to guide a wanderer in the world's night, or rule another's destiny for eternal good. Be you a shining one. Dwell under the face of God. Even the dust sparkles and is resplendent in the sun. If the stars make night beautiful, it is because they revolve in day: they shine in the night because they are not of it. Too many conceal their lights be-

neath the “bushel” of carnal policy and the fear of man. “Let your light so shine that men, beholding your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Righteous in the righteous One, hold fast that unity, even as Christ’s body cleaves to his Godhead, and knows no divorce. Ever receive Jesus in his constant love. Be true to the pure impulses of his Spirit. Live in the clear rays of his truth, and give full credit to his dark sayings till the day dawn. Frequent the well-springs of his grace, draw freely from his fulness, and see that you give no offence by an unbelieving stint of prayer. Meekly bear the sharp chills of adversity till the rough manners of his providence shall melt into the summer dews of heaven, when the mask of present mystery shall vanish in the glory of his face, and He shall lay aside once for all the guises of his love, and you shall misinterpret his heart’s intent no more for ever.

Reader, if you are not in Christ, ponder, I pray you, “the path of your feet.” As we part, I will leave the Scottish evangelist at his old post, with his hand pointing you to the way of life. You remember the words of the Lord Jesus in which He describes the wide and strait gates (Matt. vii. 13, 14), and by a few master-strokes portrays the characters, ways, and eternal destinies of the two classes of men, the saved and the lost. This was our evangelist’s great burden, and never did he preach on the broad and narrow ways, as we heard him tell, without seeing fruit. The substance of that discourse, so marvellously owned of God, he printed in a conspicuous form, which he held up everywhere to catch the eye of travellers to the judgment-seat. Here then, as we mark the last footprint of this faithful servant of the Lord, let us erect his finger-post of

THE TWO ROADS.

THE BROAD.	THE NARROW.
Its gate is wide.... Matt. vii. 13.	Its gate is strait .. Matt. vii. 14.
Its way is dark Prov. ii. 13.	Its way is light John viii. 12.
Its paths are false.. Prov. xiv. 12.	Its paths are truth.. Ps. xxv. 10.
It is crowded by those	It is trod by those
who forsake God. Isaiah i. 4.	who forsake sin. 1 Pet. iii. 10,
who do iniquity. Isaiah lix. 3.	who do the will of God Matt. vii. 21.
	who serve the Lord Christ Col. iii. 24.
who serve the devil. John viii. 44.	It leads to Happiness Ps. lxiv. 10.
It leads to Misery .. Rom. ii. 9.	Life... Matt. vii. 14.
Death .. Rom. vi. 21.	Eternal Glory... 1 Peter v. 10.
Judgment. Matt. xii. 36.	Its end is HEAVEN, where there is fulness
Its end is HELL, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Matt. xiii. 42,	of joy and pleasures for evermore. Ps. xvi. 11.

READER,

Mark! On this side you have
DEATH!
DAMNATION!
SATAN!

And on this side you find
LIFE!
SALVATION!
GOD!

Along which of these roads are you hastening? for in one or the other you most certainly are. Are you in the way to GOD and HEAVEN? or SATAN and HELL? A mistake, if continued to the end, will be fatal. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.)

Jesus Christ says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John xiv. 6.) "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Mark ii. 17.) "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.)

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

"FOR GOD AND ETERNITY."