

the sawdust and filth, cleansing the floor, and putting the room in order for their Christian work. The repetition of this kind of labour week after week was obviously not very agreeable; but it was cheerfully rendered by a young man who lived for one object—the salvation of souls. In this hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members. Many were brought to Jesus; and the work was carried forward amidst marked encouragements and discouragements.

“Finding it extremely difficult to hold prayer-meetings or Sabbath-evening services in this hall, Mr. Moody rented a saloon that would accommodate about two hundred persons. He boarded up the side windows, and furnished it with unpainted pine-board seats. It was a dismal, unventilated place, and during service it was necessary to have policemen to guard the door and building. Here he collected the poor and the vicious; and sought, by melting appeals and fervent prayers, to lead hardened sinners to abandon their evil courses and accept the offers of salvation.”

Says another: “The man who may be called, *par excellence*, the Lightning Christian of the Lightning City, is Mr. Moody, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steamboats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that everybody was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

As soon as the classes had been going on for a specific number of minutes, he mounted a platform, rang a bell, and