

and women into conveyances, and urged them to flee for their lives. As the billows of fire came nearer and nearer, Mr. Moody, with his wife and children, made his way into the northwestern district to a place of safety beyond the fire line. Before leaving her home Mrs. Moody tore down from the wall an oil painting of her husband and asked him to carry it with him; but he declined, saying that he did not think it would look well for him to be running through the streets of Chicago with his picture in his arms at such a time! Speaking of the fire to a friend some time later, Mr. Moody remarked:

"All I saved was my Bible, my family and my reputation."

We continued to hold services and to help the poor and needy who had lost everything in the fire. We slept together in a corner of the new Tabernacle, with nothing for a bed but a single lounge, and frequently the fierce prairie winds would blow the drifting snow into our room.

In October of 1872 I moved my family to Chicago, and in the same year Mr. Moody went on his second trip to England, leaving me in charge of the work at the Tabernacle, assisted by Major Whittle, Richard Thain, Fleming H. Revell, and others. There were conversions in the church and Sunday-school every week.

After Mr. Moody's return we accepted an invitation to go to Springfield, Illinois, to hold services, which were attended with great blessing. Indeed, it seemed that if we had remained and thus worked in our own country a great revival would have taken