

believed and urged upon his hearers with all the earnestness of his nature, expounding them by means of his pathetic stories, and closing with fervid exhortations. From the Bible he educed an elaborate system of morals, but in this the Book occupied for him a field hardly larger than that filled by the writings of Confucius or the teachings of the Stoics. Of its spirituality he taught little; of the universal love of God he was to a large extent ignorant.

In or about the year 1870, a "boy preacher," as he termed himself, whom Mr. Moody had met in England, sent him word one day that he would soon be in Chicago, and would be glad to preach for him. Mr. Moody was out of the city on Sunday, and the young Englishman occupied his pulpit, preaching from the text "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." The sermon was repeated every evening during the week to immense congregations. Mr. Moody came home and was astonished at the enthusiasm of his people. He became intimate with the young preacher and sought to learn the source of his success. He was told that men should preach God's Word and not their own. They should study the Bible and not theology. To do this, only one book was needed, and that was the Bible itself. Mr. Moody thought of this advice. He began to study his Bible, and saw that his methods had been to teach men to lead Christian lives by a thorough struggle with their own hearts and the wickedness of the world. But he learned that salvation should come through acceptance of the gifts which Christ offered to all. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," became the pole-star of his teachings. He made rapid progress in his studies, and went to Europe for further aid. A Bagster Bible, with an index of subjects, Cruden's Concordance, and a few commentaries composed his text-books. While in Dublin, a friend gave him the Bible he now uses and the one which he always has with him at the meetings. On the fly-leaf it bears the inscription: "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872. 'God is love.' W. Fay." It is an 8vo. Bagster, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. This volume has been Mr. Moody's constant companion. It