

Mr. D. L. Moody of Chicago, who said he had no fears for the success of the Protestant religion when he remembered that it was stated in the Divine Word that one should chase a thousand and two would put ten thousand to flight. He did not fear the progress of the Roman Catholic Church, and thought it was better for Protestants to pray for their Roman Catholic friends, instead of speaking harshly of them. For his own part he could say that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago, who was a fine warm-hearted man, was one of his best friends. If their Roman Catholic friends were only treated with kindness they would have no trouble with them. The Protestant church required life in the members; more earnest prayer and faith in the power of God to save them and to bring them at last triumphantly to Heaven. The speaker urged the young men to further effort, and the citizens to more liberality towards those engaged in this good work. They ought, he said to get at least \$50,000 to build them a hall of their own. The citizens of Toronto were liberal, but \$50,000 more was not too much to require of them—all they held was His—and the few thousand dollars required for this object was a small item. You can be your own executors and give now—do good while you live with your money, not wait 'till you can't use it, and then leave it to somebody to fight over, there are no pockets in shrouds, and you can't carry your gold and silver into eternity, but work done for Christ will live forever. He proceeded to speak of the Christian work, and related several touching incidents that had come under his own notice of the power of the Gospel to save the fallen sons of men, and to ensure them a glorious reception in the kingdom of their master. It was an affecting thing to think that they would never all meet again on earth, but he would say to them what had been said by a christian soldier, to his brother on a battle field in the South. They went into the fight side by side, and pressing on towards the front, a bullet entered the breast of one and he fell mortally wounded—his brother stopped a moment, raised up his head, while the life blood was streaming from his breast, and as he was turning to leave him, the dying brother called him back, and in a deep voice said, "Charles live for Jesus, and we'll meet in heaven." As a parting word, he would say, let all find some work to do, and do it with their might. Let them live for God, and they would meet in heaven on the resurrection morn.

The audience then rose and sung

"There is a fountain filled with blood,

Rev. W. M. Punshon then pronounced the benediction. While the large congregation was passing out of the church, the Hymn "*Say brothers will you meet us*," was sung, and the Farewell meeting of the First Convention closed.