### Angtor and Leople.

The Story of Mr. Moody's Life. HOW HE BECAME A PREACHER.

There is no other man living whose name is so often seen in the papers, so often re-peated in public speech and private conversation, so gratefully remembered in so many prayers to heaven, as that of Mr. Moody. It is something new when there is nowhere in the world any ruler or any raseal who attracts so much attention as an unlettered lay proacher. In the light of his later career any facts of his earlier his-

tory become of interest.

Mr. Moody is thirty-eight years old, a native of Northfield, Mass., a beautiful town in the Connecticut River Valley, where his good mother still resides. His father was a farmer, who died in middle age, leaving his widow a little property, and the care of nine young children. Dwight Lyman—there is a suggestive New England flavor about the name—was early thrown on his own resources. His solveding was limited to a few terms, and those fuller of frolic then study, they say, at the district school. At the age of seventeen he found employment in the boot and shoe house of an uncle in Boston. In energy and self-reliance he was

#### A YOUNG STEAM ENGINE.

Ope condition on which the uncle gave the headstrong country boy a situation was that he should regularly attend the ser-vices and Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, of which Dr. Kirk was pastor. There he fell under the influence of a wise and faithful Sunday-school teacher. The heart of Edward Kimball must thrill with thankful joy as he remembers the talk in the shoe store that was blessed to the conversion of the boy whose rough shell hid so rich a kernel!
"I can feel the touch of that man's hand on my shoulder yet," says Moody, as he tells the story to encourage teachers in tells the story to encourage teachers in faithful effort to lead their scholars to Christ. Many years after he met the unconverted son of that old teacher. "How old are you?" he asked. "Seventeen," was the answer. "Just my age when your fatter led me to Christ." And a talk and a prayer followed, from which that young man dates the beginning of his Christian

Applying for admission to the Church after his conversion, the committee found their doctrinal catechism of Moody so un-satisfactory that they kept him waiting six months before they could make up their minds to receive him to membership. It is doubtful whether he knew much more about the doctrines then than at first. But he was ready in the doings. He became a zenlous and successful recruiting officer for the Sunday-school. He lifted up his voice in the prayer meeting; to the great annoy-ance sometimes, so tradition says, of the brethren who did not enjoy his blunt way of laying Scripture alongside the social exclusiveness and the business methods that he thought were not exactly Christian.

It was not long before he was attracted to the thriving young city of Chicago. Finding a situation in one of its largest boot and shoe houses, he soon became one of the most successful salesmen in the establishment. It was his pride to foot up the largest sales of the day. He posted himself at the store door and pounced on customers as soon as they entered. If those who came of their own accord did not keep him busy, he scoured the streets and hotels to hunt up others. He joined Plymouth Church, and packed his Sundays as full of labor as his week days. He rented four pows, which he filled from Sunday with young man picked up day to Sunday with young men picked up in the boarding-houses or on the streets He plunged into Sunday-school work, gathering now scholars, now for this school and now for that—denominational lines made no difference to hun. It was while a member of a Congregationalist Church, and a teacher in a Methodist Sunday-school, that he formed the acquaintance of Mr. John V. Farwell, the rich merchant. The fellowship of spirit and work thus begun has been with both men one of the most influential forces of their lives. It was Mr. Farwell's intimate personal acmintance with Mr. Moody and his work that prompted the

## GIFT OF THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,

a Rorwall Hall its the world has never known, it is doubtful whether Mr. Farwell knows himself, how many thousands more he has invested in his friend's work. A little incident will illustrate the characteristics of the two men and their friendship. When Moody had decided to come to Great Britain, two years ago, he informed his friends of his purpose, and among those who called to bid him good-bye, just before he was to leave, was Mr. Farwell. He supposed that the English friends, on whose invitation Moody went, had supplied him with funds. But thinking he would find good use for all he had, he brought along a check for five hundred dollars. It was only the other day that Mr. Farwell happened to hear, in a round about way from a friend he met in London, that it was the proceeds of that check that paid Moody's passage. He had decided to go, though he had not a dollar in his pocket to go with, believing that the Lord called him, and that the Lord would send the money before it was time to start. To a man coming with such faith it was a matter of no discouragement that his first prayer meeting in England

WAS ATTENDED BY BUT FOUR PERSONS:

and quite a matter of course that the prayer meeting of four in York should be followed by prayer meetings of four thousand in

It was while recruiting for the regular Church Sunday-schools that Moody was seized with the idea of starting a school where the wild young Arabs of the street, who could not be conxed into the well-dressed and well-behaved schools with which he had so far been associated, might be curbed and tamed with Gospel influences. He selected as his field "The Sands," a locality on the north side which rivaled, in equalor and crime, the Five-York. Finding an empty room that had been used as a salcon, he constrains.

hired it, and started out to drurs up a school. The camins at first fought shy of him; but he filled his pockets with maple sugar, and with this new ammunition soon sugar, and win this new aimintation soon conquered an acquaintance. By day he sold boots and shoe, by night he scouted through, the alleys, distributing maple sugar. It was a queer school at first; but it was a live one. Soon it outgrow the old saloon, and moved into a larger room over the Natl Market the North Market. Here Mr. Farwell was pressed into service as its superintendent; but Moody was its field agent. Within a year it reached an average attendance of six hundred and fifty, and soon swelled to a thousand. It became the best known and most visited Sunday-school in the West. A vast amount of work was put into it. Mo dy and the helpers he had drawn about him were constantly searching the alleys and olimbing the stateways of The Sands, believed the work was put into it. helping the poor, praying with the sick, and coaring old and young to the school. Great was the wrath of the Romanist families over his persistent efforts to get their shildren into his school. Many were the threats against his life; many the times he had to take to his legs for self-protection; but he always came around again, and always carried his point at last. On one occasion three furious-men cornered him in a room, closed the door, and notified him that his time had come. He had never found himself in quite so light a punch before, but he was equal to the emergency. "Look here, give a fellow a chance to say his prayers first, won t you?" They could not well refuse that last request, and down Mondy dropped on his knees, and mayed Moody dropped on his knees, and prayed for them with such forvor that, one by one, they stole out of the room, leaving him to lead off to Sunday school the children he came for.

Moody believes that a man is never so poverty-stricken nor so sick that he needs anything else so much as he needs religion. But along with the Gospel he was always carrying relief for physical necessities, using his own money when he had any, and following it up with such funds as friends familiar with his labors from time to time gave to him. By-and-by this work so grow on his hands and heart that he felt called to give up business and devote his entire time to it. He put a little money that he had not given away into a pony to carry him about his work, and put himself into the hands of the Lord. At first the Lord did not pay him a very large salary. For a while he slept at night on the benches in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, because he had no money with which to pay for leddings also where slent which to pay for lodgings elsewhere; slept there with money in his pockets, which friends that did not know his circumstances had given him to use in his work, but which he would not touch to his personal expenses. In these days, with so many friends, who would be glad to give him more, he

### DECLINES TO TAKE ANY MONEY.

that he does not need for immediate use Moody and his pony were a familiar sight Moody and his pony were a familiar sight in Chicago streets in those days, and no man in the city was better known. He would start out of a Sunday morning on a recruiting expedition, and return to his school-room with the pony loaded down with young urchins, the last enlistments hanging on to the tail as they marched behind. Into this busy life came the upheaving of the war. Moody soon found work to do among the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, and to none else as much as to him was due the great revival which as to him was due the great revival which made so many hundreds of those prisoners of war free men in Christ Jesus. He was often at the front in the service of the Ohristian commission, working day and night with the sick and woudded; the brusque man surprising his friends with his womanly knack and tenderness—dressing wounds and disponsing medicines with his hands from cot to cot, while his tongue talked of Christ and his salvation. His preaching is full of telling illustrations drawn from his remniscences of those

never-to-be-forgotten days.

After the war he returned to his old life in Chicago. As its city missionary, and finally as its president, he did a wonderful work for the Young Men's Christian Association, of which there is no place here to speak, but of which Farwell Hall, a second time rebuilt, with its well-organized bureaus of Christian work and its vigorous noon prayer-meeting, is a fitting monu-ment. But his school was his first love. Conversions were constantly occurring in it. At first he advised converts to unite with those Churches to which their old preferences would lead them. But many of them came out of the depths in which every sort of Church tie had been lost hold of. They did not feel at home in a Church; they were at home with Moody. So an independent Church grew out of the school, and Moody became its unordained Never was there another Church like it. It was made up almost wholly of men, women, and children converted in the school. But it was a hive of Bible readers, tract distributors, lay preachers, and missionery visitors. In Moody's theory of the Christian life, the next thing for a man to do after he has turned to the Lord is to go to work for Him. He preached only the cardinal doctrines believed by all intelliger orthodox Christians-he finds little use for any other in his preaching now. The doctrine that men are lost in sin, and that Christ alone can save them, was the burden of his preaching; and most romarkable were the results.

Year by year he became more and more in demand for Sunday school and Christian conventions. Called to all parts of the country, he was never absent from Chicago and his school over Sunday when he could avoid it. It will be a joyful day to it and him when he shall stand before it again, after this memorable two years' absence in Great Britain. -J. B. Marsh, in Christian at Work.

Our aim is not to preach incely-arranged essays-we have to do with man's conscience—with heaven and hell-with God and salvation!

What is it makes our heart go out after the children of God, after those whom we should never love, if we did not believe them to be the Lords?—The love of Christ

# One By One.

They are gathering homeward from every land, One by one. As their weary feet touch the shining strand, One by one.

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments all laid down And clothed in white raiment, they rest in the mead-

Where the Lamb leveth his chosen to lead, One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife, One by one. Turough the waters of death they enter life,

One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still As they ford their way to the heavenly hill; To others the wayon run flercely and wild, Yet all reach the home of the undeflied, One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river's side, One by one. We are nearer its waters each eventide,

One by one. We can hear the noise and dash of the stream Now and again in our life's deep dream, Sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow, Sometimes in ripples the small waves go, Ond by one.

Jesus! Redcomer! we look to Thee, One by one. We lift our voices tremblingly.

One by one. The waves of the river are dark and cold. We know not the spots where our feet may hold Thou, who dids't pass through in deep midnight, Strengthen us, send us thy stan and the light, One by one.

Plant thou thy foot beside as we tread, One by one.
On thee let us lean each drooping head, Let but thy mighty arm 'round us be twined, We'll castall our cares and foars to the wind, Saviour! Redeemer! with thee in full view. Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass un ough,

### One by one. On Choosing Pastors.

It is perfectly proper for churches, when making choice of their pastors, to "desire the best gifts." But it is worth while for them to bear in mind that while fine culture, a good presence, oratorical abilities, etc., are not at all inconsistent with other and higher qualifications for the pastoral office, and are qualities one likes his pastor to possess, there are other "gifts" than these (so to speak) external belongings even more to be desired than they.

It is more needful to call attention to this matter occasionally, because there seems to be growing up, in large cities especially, a class of pulpit-platform orators whose ministrations are coveted, not so much for the soldity of their attainments and instructions, and weight of character which gives force to their speech, as for the nimble wit and sparkling brilliancy of the nimble wit and sparkling brilliancy of their public performances. The preaching of such men "draws," say their admirers; it fills the house, attracts the wealthy and fashionable, helps "pay off the debt," and so on. It may be they are a little loose on this or that point of doctrine; that they course about among creeds and confessions, with the recikessness of Don Quixote among the windmills, without knowing much about them except they are creeds and confessions, and so legitimate objects of attacks and demolition; and—saddest of all—that their lives do not always, as clearly as

could be wished, illustrate even their own teachings. But—sufficient answer to all cavils!—they "draw."

Well, it is a fine thing to be able to gather large congregations, to attract the rich and worldly-minded to the house of God and to country the most of the fine and worldly-minded to the house of God and to country the most of the fine and world to country the mind to contact the fine and to country the mind to contact the fine and to country the mind to contact the fine and the country the mind to contact the fine and the country the mind to contact the fine and the country the mind to contact the fine and the country the mind th God, and to secure the speedy payment of church debts, those grievous hindrances to spiritual growth and prosperity. Ministers who possess gifts enabling them to do these things are indeed an acquisition to any church, if, along with them, they have the higher power of winning men of every class, by word and example, to the service of their Saviour. We have no word to ut-ter in dispraise of brilliancy in the pulpit. Dull preaching is by no means always sound preaching. But the point we want to emphazize is this, that churches should be wary of choosing pastors simply because they are seen to have the power to "draw."
A more important matter to consider is,— In what does their power consist? If it be merely thetorical—or if, added to this, there is found to be a tendency to instability, maccuracy, or open perversion archangel ought not to be accounted sufficient to compensate for so serious a dis-

qualification. Besides, the expectation of prosperity based on such ministrations is sure to be disappointed in the end. Men cannot subsist forever on stimulants. The spiritual forces, as well as the physical, need solid food. Ten years of slow but substantial growth under the leadership of a plain, but sound and faithful pastor, will impart more real spiritual strength to a church, than a lifetime of listening to the intellectual corruecations of some of our brilliant pulpit orators, who are orators and nothing

### Call to Prayer.

A brother beloved in the ministry, who is himself "a man of prayer," and whose ministry God has greatly blessed, sends us the following earnest call to prayer. May

the following earnest call to prayer. May its stirring notes be heeded, and the blessing come:

"Arise and pray! Church of the living God, remember thy calling! To thy knees, to thy closet, and plead! Sleep not, rost not. Think of the Master, think of the saints in other days, think upon a dying world, think upon the blasphemies and growing strength of anti-christ, think upon the rent and bleeding Churches of Christ, think upon the glory of the promised think upon the glory c. the promised kingdom; and 0 be stirred up to pray! How can prayerless saints and prayerless churches de the work of God upon the earth? Grudge not the time; grudge not lours of prayer each day. It is all too little for the mighty work—too little in these prayer less days and in such a prayer less world.

"Be in earnest, for the time is short. Be importunate, for vast and eternal issues are at stake. Be believing, for the promise is sure. The groanings that cannot be ut-tered, the strong crying-and tears—these are the utterances of men who are bent upon the blessing. We will not let let thee go ex-

cept thou bless us. "Meet together, hold followship with each other in the Loxd. Stir up one another—fan the faint and flickering flame; for love is cold, and life is low, and faith is waxing feeble among the saints. O, look around you on every side, near and far, and call each one on his friend or brother to awake, arise, and pray! Yearn over a dying world; let rivers of waters run down your eyes for them that keep not Jehovah's law. Plead with God for it; there is much to be done in it, and for it before the Son of Man comes. Join the Psalmist, and say, of Man comes. Join the Fsaimst, Aut say, 'How long?' Join the afflicted widow, and say, 'How long?' Join the souls under the altar, and say, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true?'

"Awake, O north wind, and come then south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Make laste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of

or a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

#### John.

John "the Divine," called in Scripture "the beloved disciple," and also "a son of thunder," was the son of Zebedee and Salome. His father was a fisherman, in all probability of Bethsaida, and, doubtless, in easy circumstances. It seems that John followed his father's occupation till he was called by Christ to be his disciple or apostle. At this time he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He was constantly with Christ till his ascension. He, with Peter and James, were with Christ at special times when the other apostles were not. John is said to have gone into Asia Minor de pastor of the seven churches; he resided, according to "the Fathers," chiefly at Ephesus, from which place he was banished to Patmos (A. D. 95), where he wrote the Apocalypse. After Domitian's death, and Talears when the distance of Nevra, he returned to Ephesus, where he died, about A. D. 100, aged about 100 years, in the third year of Trojan's reign. That the beloved disciple" was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, before his exile, is stated on the authority of Tertullian atone. He wrote his Gospel between seventy and eighty-five, at Ephesus; but some say Patmos; others again at Patnios, but published at Ephesus. He wrote it chiefly for Christiaus, to confirm them in the dectrine of our Lord's divinity. His Gospel is called the "Supplemental Gospel.'

#### The Horseback Preacher.

Under this title the United Presby-terian gives a delightful picture of the pro-bationer spending his vacation in missionary work:
The licentiate felt himself under the care

and direction of a Presbytery. Sen forth as a probationer, he accepted his appointments, and, on his horse, set out for a three or six months or a years journey. There was no waiting for the Saturday evening train, no hastening for the first on Monday morning, no hurrying back to spond the week in the study or with friends. From one appointment to another the journey was loisurely made, lodging with families who gave old-fashioned welcomes to ministers. The sick was visited, families in out of the way places were visited, communities where church privileges were rare were visited, and services held in a neighboring school-house were often the beginning of more regular services and of a congregation. Congregations remote from public means of travel were nourished and Licentiates were missionaries, and probationers were in effect travelling pas-

It is true there was not much opportunity study and the writings of sermons but there was never a better school for the krowledge of human nature, for the cultivation of needed sympathies, and for much important, practical training for the pastoral work. There has been no better means by which to secure suitat's pastors for all our congregations, and for the supply of destitute fields.

After a summer spent thus the student returned to the seminary for the fourth torm, built up in strength and enriched with varied experience, and entered upon his studies with a zest and profit unknown before. And at last left the seminary well prepared for any field to which the provi-dence of God might lead him.

# A Roman Catholic Boy's. Testimony.

The following is the testimony of a Catho-lic boy in Chicago, who has found Jesus. He is about ten years old, and is a stead-fast yet gentle soldier of the cross, amid much persocution: "I asked Jesus to wash all my sins away, and he did, and he gave me a new heart, and made me very happy. I think every one can love Jesus, if they want to. All you have to do is to pray to him to forgive you, and he will, and make you very happy. Some think that you can't have fun if you love Jesus. You won't have so much fun, but you will be happier."—Exchange.

Tur death is announced of the Rev. The desti is announced of the Rev. Thomas McCrie, D.D., LL.D., at Edinburgh, Scotland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas McCrie, author of the "Life of Knox," and was born in Edinburgh, 1798. He first settled as minister in Crieff, and was appointed in 1836 to supply his father's place in Edinburgh. ply his father's place in Edinburgh as minister of Davie Street Secession Church. He nublished a translation of Pascal's "Provincial Letters," "Sketches of Scottish Church History," "Life of Sir A. Agnew," and contributed to the Witness the British and Poreign Evangelical Review, and other religious poriodicals. A number of years ago, Dr. McCrie, along with a portion of the Original Secession Synod, joined the Free Church, and he was afterwards (in 1856) appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the English Presbyterian College, London. In the same year he held the office of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:

# Anndom Bendings.

Is not that wisdom that leaves nothing for a dying hour? Ir belongs to the lily of the valley to be

in the valley of humiliation.

A whole-heargensinner will never know anything of a full Christ.

In the light of the Spirit or adoption a man will see an evil he had no conception

"SAINT!" The lip curls, and they look down upon the man who uses it. Why do you not look down upon the floly Ghost,

who toach it? "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," and he that trusteth in his own conclusions is no better.

TEMPTATION rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred. - Dr. W. M. Taylor. MORALITY and outward decency are as the casket, which man is willing to give to God in many cases; but it is the jewel— the heart—that He requires. "My son, give me thine heart."

LAZINE s grows on people; it begins in cobwobs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

A Scoron elder, on learning from his minister that he proposed a series of lec-tures on Revelation, cautioned him: "I've nae objection to ye taking a quiet trot through the seven churches, but for ony sake drive canny among the seals and truinpets."

What an unique and meaning expression was that of an Ivish girl in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said sic. "I'm sure he never made his mocher smile." There is a biography of unkind-ness in that short and simple sentence.

Nor new truth only, but new life, is the word for the hour. The old words and old facts will shine with new meanings, if we but open our eyes. Nor will the man who loves the good be indifferent to the true. The pure in heart see, and light is sown for the righteous.

Singing is worship. Singing grand I grand to whom? The sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite spirit. The praise that goes up from a hundred ponion theoris is more acceptable to God than the music of a hundred dead organ papes.

LET me live and die with a prayer to the Sou of God on my lips; and if I err, it will be with Stephen when full of the Holy Ghost, and with the whole Apostolic Church. Let me now and for over be a worshipper of the Son of God; and if I err, it will be with all the angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not af-fection, that it is far harder to keep our fection, that it is far harder to keep our view of heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and, therefore, so fail of reality to us another life seems by comparisen unreal. This is our condition and its peculiar temptations, but we must endere it and strive to evergenge them, for I dure it and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—Dr. Arnold.

It is almost always so. The Lord's portion is the first to get lost. A gentleman who had promised to give to some good cause, possibly the Sunday school, excused himslef on the ground that he had lately with logger. You have leard of the met with losses. You have Leard of the Sunday school boy who lost the ponny he had intended to give to the heathen, and not the one he had intended to spend for sugar plums .- Sunday School Times.

THERE is no piety in the world so good that it cannot be made better. That "highest type," of which we so often hear, will bear fraternal watching and ecclesias. tical care; and the man who is enjoying it and giving it illustration ought to quote very frequent y the words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take head lest he fall." If we hear a man say, as we sometimes do, that he is perfect—beyond the reach of sin—of him we may be sure he is given up to the delusion of believing a lie, or that he is trying to deceive his brethren and the world.

Says a pastor. "I greatly njoy the service of a ag in the house of the Lord where I worship. The members of the Il professed Christians; two of them are elders in the Church, another a deacon. They sing with the spirit and the deacon. They sing with the spirit and the understanding. I enjoyed hearing them as I sat in the pulpit to-day. There was no performance, no show. It was service, religious service, anctuary service. I could hear every word. They pronounced the words with natural accent and distinct articles in the service of them. ticulation, just as if they themselves understood and heeded them. Not a few of the congregation could and did join in the song and the whole house was filled with melody."

"The doctrine of sinless perfection is not to be rejected as though it were a thing simply impossible in itself, for nothing is hard for the Lord, but because it is contrary to that method which He has chosen to proceed by. He has appointed chosen to proceed by. He has appointed that sanctification should be effected, and sin mortified, not at once completely, but by little and little; and doubtless He has wise reasons for it. Therefore, though we wher reasons for it. Interctory, though we are to desire a growth in grace, we should at the same time acquiesse in His appointment, and not be discouraged or despond because we feel that conflict which His Word informs us will only terminate with our lives."-Newton.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Johovah-shammah, "the Lord has been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. -Dr. James Hamilton,