

blue, and on the very spot where it cursed the earth, is a garden of flowers, watered by its dew drops, and in the heavens above is God's rainbow of promise, painted by its mystery of heavenly art while on its way to earth, to water that garden of the beautiful, and fields plowed and planted by man, that the earth may bring forth bread for the hungry.

The natural man with his earthly lusts and passions is that dirty pool, only needing the potentialities of heaven's light and heat to transform its stagnant elements into the beautiful and useful.

Mr. Moody was thus transformed by his own deliberate choice, placing himself under the hands of the Almighty, to be used in His vineyard.

Thus equipped, his works were well done, and it may be well said of him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for their works do follow them."

A mighty man has finished his work on earth. The oldest book in existence records, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Moody's spirit—or mental ability—was naturally of a superior order. Had he taken up politics he would have made an exceptional statesman. Having taken up with Christ as

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