

on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were admirable.

"The appearance of the vast throng was, in itself, a sight worth going many miles to see—impressive to an extent that would make any words of picturesque description vain. There was abundance of light shed from thousands of gas burners beading the walls. A broad strip of red cloth running round beneath the lines and arches of light, bore appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, was—"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel;" the first on the left—"The gift of God is eternal life." On and around the platform were hundreds of leading men of all the Evangelical communions, ministers and laymen; and it struck me that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches were represented in special strength, especially the former body.

"At seven o'clock, Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, 'I hear Thy welcome voice,' and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to the most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn, 'Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and his love,' was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of 200 voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, 'Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is going to do in London.' The response, as the people sang the familiar doxology, was thrilling; and no sooner had the strain ceased, than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. 'We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour,' he said; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervour. Very hearty, too, were the 'Amens' which followed the request that God might be pleased to 'speak to all London' by the mouth of His servants from the other side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version

of the hundredth psalm, Mr. Sankey saying, 'Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing.' To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain. Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labour in this dark city. 'It is a great city,' he said, 'but thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them.' He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be 'no strife among the herdmen.' Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,' explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. 'May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere,' said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and especially the line, 'What means this strange commotion?' was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud, but they were instantly rebuked into silence by a murmured 'Hush!' from thousands of lips.

At eight o'clock Mr. Moody began his address, first reading the passage, 1 Cor. i., 17-31, on which it was founded. He spoke for a little over the half-hour. It was an earnest exhortation to Christian workers not to lean on the arm of flesh, but to place their dependence on God. Apt illustrations from Scripture constituted the main part of the discourse; and these were wrought out with homely vigour, which rose at times into true eloquence and high dramatic power. Gleams of humour, racy of the American soil, caused a frequent broad smile, and