

ing through the streets of London, drunk; it may be pressing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? O, my God, wake up the church! And let us trim our lights, and go forth and work for the kingdom of God."

### MR. SANKEY AT HOME.

Rev. Alexander Clark writes an account of the reception of Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the Evangelist, at his old home in Newcastle, Pa. He says: "The people knew that Mr. Sankey, their neighbor and friend, was coming, and a large concourse met him at the Newcastle depot on Wednesday at twilight. His reception was hearty by all classes. 'Ira' was always a people's man. His whole life, up to his maturity and marriage, had been spent in Newcastle and vicinity. I arrived in his native town the next day, and through the politeness of a friend, Levi Kurtz of the Erie train, we found Mr. Henry C. Sankey, Ira's cousin, at the prayer-meeting, and procuring a buggy, with Henry to drive, we went out of town westward a mile or so, to the residence of Mr. Edwards, the father-in-law of Ira D., and here we met our old-time musical friend, now a robust man, near six feet high, and of good 200 pounds avoirdupois—a model of health after his two years hard work abroad. Mr. Sankey is the same jovial, unassuming Christian gentleman that he was before his wonderful achievements in the Gospel. Always, from boyhood, an

enthusiastic lover of music, a Sunday-school worker, and a sincere man, performing more than he professed, he wielded a gracious influence among all who knew him. We had a two hours' pleasant interview with Mr. Sankey, and heard from his own lips, in modest, but very earnest words, the story of the great work in Britain. With tears, at the close of each narration of special incident, or account of some marvellous meeting, his exclamation was simply this: "God was in it!" He seemed as much at a loss for explanations of what he had witnessed as any mere spectator, if a natural reason was attempted; but the conclusion "God was in it," fully satisfied both reason and faith. Mr. Sankey is at home for rest. He owns a neat little two-story white frame dwelling on the west side of Newcastle, near the residence of his father, David Sankey, Esq., but will spend a few weeks with Mr. Edwards and his parents, whose homes are about one mile apart, his own house being occupied by a tenant. In the Fall he expects to resume his work with Mr. Moody. Mrs. Sankey is a worthy companion of the singing itinerant. Quiet, modest, plainly appressed, with love for her children, which makes woman the highest in the order of ministers, next to angel, and sometimes more—a mother—she has comforted and helped her husband in his arduous toils more than archbishop ever helped a pastor."

### A SONG WITH A HISTORY.

During their farewell concert-tour through the United States, last winter, the Jubilee Singers visited Washington, and were invited by Frederick Douglass, the well-known colored orator, now a grey-haired old man, to spend an evening at his house. He had been telling them what pleasure their concert the night before had given him, and incidentally remarked,