

## DWIGHT L. MOODY.

BY JOHN V. FARWELL.

I never felt so small as when requested to give in words, as an observer from its beginning until his translation, some sort of a digest of Dwight L. Moody's character.

While lying in his coffin in the Northfield church, that gust of wind that opened enough of one window blind to let in the light of the sun on his kindly face, suggests to my mind that only the mind of God—the only source of light of life—can measure a mind and heart aflame with the inspiration of the Almighty, from whence he drew his power for daily use in his work.

Environment and want of education under such a heavenly ray of light, was no obstruction to his being lifted out of weakness into a power sufficient to confound the mightiest men, who had any less communion with God.

Look at yonder dirty pool, too foul for use. We expect nothing from it to help mankind.

Look again. The sun, with its silent chemistry, has in due time drawn it up into heaven's