

"Overflow meeting around the corner!" cried the ushers, forcing back the throng.

It was so. Moody and Sankey had decided to split their forces for the afternoon. Mr. Moody stayed at Carnegie; Mr. Sankey went around to the Central Presbyterian Church on Fifty-seventh street, and drew hundreds there. Still a thousand or more patiently waited outside of the hall, hoping vainly for admittance.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was Moody's text.

Over and over again he had the audience sing the hymn. When the last note softly died away he spoke.

"Won't you come?" he cried. "It's not for the elect; not for the select few; it's for all. Rest! rest! rest!"

The speaker paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Most of the women had out their pocket-handkerchiefs. But not a sound from anyone.

"Rest!" whispered Moody, "one of the sweetest promises given to men. No one is shut out—it's for all! Rest; you can't buy it! If it could be bought like stocks or bonds there are men in Wall street to-day who would give millions for it, and gladly, too. Rest; you can't get it at your theatres or in your ball rooms, or in your whirl of society! You may drink of the cup of pleasure to-day, to-morrow you drain the dregs of sorrow."

"Rest; I'll tell you what it is! It's a gift. It's freely given. The moment you bend to take up the cross away goes your burden. Who'll take it?"

The faces told the effect of Moody's exhortations. There were no ringing "hallelujahs," no frantic "amens," no shrieks of joy or anguish, no falling down on bended knee. The expression on those faces told of cravings satisfied, the hope-lighted eyes, the half-parted lips, the silent tears were visible tokens of fervor deep-rooted.

"He came unto His own," cried the speaker, "and 'His own received Him not.' God wants you all to take Him. Will you take Him? Will you have Him? Will you believe Him? Will you have life?"

Now it was a story of a little dying child. The agonized mother had tried to tell it of approaching death by promising that it would soon hear heavenly music, and see the pearly gates, and the streets of gold, and the jasper walls. But the little one was very, very tired.

"Oh, mamma," it sighed, "said Moody, 'if I saw all that it would make me so tired and worse.'"

And in whispers he told how the heart-broken mother had clasped it to her breast while the little one moaned. "Oh, that's what I want; if Jesus would only take me in his arms I'd get rest."

The pocket-handkerchiefs were all out now. Men, too, were weeping. Moody was exultant.

"If I were searching for those who enjoy perfect rest I should never go among your millionaires to find them. Nor should I go among your pleasure seekers, nor your so-called 400, your fashionables, your bon-tons. Nor would I go among your honorables, your statesmen. No, Washington is the last place I should go to find rest. Ambition kills rest."

"But you can have rest, too," he shouted. "There are hundreds here who want it. Go home to your families and confess God! Be bold. Thousands upon thousands could become Christians if they had the boldness to confess. There is more rest around the family organ than in any other place I know of. But here in busy New York you're too occupied to have family organs and family prayers. No time to pray? Oh, God help you!"

He was done. They sang another hymn. Moody prayed and four thousand heads bowed with his. He called for one more hymn.

"He saved me, O glory," burst from 4,000 pairs of lips in a mighty chorus.

"Now," spoke Moody, "those who feel that they want to know the way to God please come down to the platform. I have a little book that I want to give to you, 'The Way to God.'"

He had reckoned without his host. Those prosperous, well-dressed people surged like a sea down the aisles to get the books. The ushers had big stacks of them ready. They melted away like snow

under an April sun. Hundreds more were holding up their hands for one.

One man, in a frock coat and carrying a silk hat, climbed up on the stage. He wrung the evangelist's hand. Tears streamed down his face.

"I'm sorry," said Moody, "but we didn't expect so many. There are no more books left. But if anyone writes me a letter I'll be glad to send the book."

Still the people wouldn't go. Hymn after hymn the choir sang. Moody led them with uplifted hymn book. At last he had to go. Word had come over from the church where the overflow was that he must come. At last he went. There were many with a new light in their faces who followed him out. —*New York World.*

TRUST IN GOD.

The ends of the earth are coming fast upon us. The world is full of sorrow; the signs of the latter days multiply about the course of time. Why add to all that we have to bear the misery of doubting Him who only of all we ever heard of can help us to carry our burden of anxiety and pain? All this lies in our own hands. Believe me, brethren, no man will be moved who lives his life in God, who places himself quietly in God's hands and fixes on Him, with steady resolve, the eyes of a loving faith. And as that is the way not to be moved, so to neglect it is the sure way toward the great, troubled whirlpool wherein we, who stand on the shore, see men drifting about and dashing each other and themselves into mere masses of forlorn and unhappy wreck. Suffer yourself to be detached from Him, get off from Him, cease to worship, to pray, to read His Word, forget Him; put Him out of your purposes, your interests, your affairs; and all that is worth having, and all that makes life grand and good, heroic and sublime, will recede and vanish, leaving you like those of whom the apostle said that they had "no hope, and were without God in the world."—*Dr. Dix.*