

was the decision made than the owner of the property was seen coming toward them, walking up the road. He was invited into the house, and Mr. Marshall asked him what he would take for the property,—having already heard that he valued it at twenty-one hundred dollars. Learning that this was the price, and no less would be received, he proposed that they should make out the papers on the spot. This was immediately done; and before the owner recovered from his surprise, the land had passed out of his hands.

"Subsequent purchases have put the school into possession of about two hundred and seventy contiguous acres, its present domain. All this is in the immediate proximity of Mr. Moody's house, and is admirably suited to its present purpose. It extends from the side of Northfield Mountain to the river, and commands one of the finest views in the valley of the Connecticut; especially in looking north, toward Brattleboro, Vt., twelve miles distant, and the Green Mountains beyond."

This is the domain of the girls' school alone and has upon it five beautiful buildings, three of them rivalling in size and beauty our own McMaster Hall. The other two are a library and recitation hall.

Mt. Hermon is the name of the boys' domain on the opposite side of the river. It comprises some four hundred acres of land and a larger number of buildings than "the Seminary," as the girls' school is commonly called. It is the pride of Mr. Moody. I have said that once there, indifference must go: this is so, not only because of the beauty of the place and its remarkable and fascinating history, but especially because of the actual environment into which one steps if he go there as I did in the midst of one of the conferences. Alighting from one of the old-time stages we entered the Assembly Hall, and there was a gathering of about 300 Christian workers sitting at the feet of such teachers as these:—Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. A. C. Dixon, President Gates of Amherst, the venerable H. L. Hastings of "Infidel literature" fame and Moody himself. And how could the people help singing, how could I help joining in with all my soul, when we had before us and were led by those who wrote the hymns on our lips, Ira D. Sankey, Geo. C. Stebbins, Fanny Crosby, P. P. Bliss, Jr., and the blind couple Mr. and Mrs.