

called for all who felt that they would like to become Christians to rise, and so many stood up that I was fairly dazed. It seemed to me that a holy hush from heaven had fallen upon that meeting, and the presence of God was manifest there. I asked the pastor, "What does this mean?" and he said, "I don't know." "Who are these people?" "Some of them are my own people, and some of them I don't know," he said.

I thought they might have acted hastily, and so invited all who really wanted to become Christians to come into an after-meeting in the lecture-room, and the aisles were blocked with those who came. I talked to them for a while and tried to account for the wonderful scene. Then it occurred to me that I had better give them twenty-four hours to think it over, and told them that there would be a meeting of all who really wanted to become Christians, in that room, on Monday night.

Next morning I went up to Dublin, where I had an engagement, and on Tuesday evening received a telegram from the London pastor, which said, "Come back at once; more people out on Monday evening than ever." I went right back, and remained with him for ten days. The result of that meeting was that 400 people connected themselves with his church on profession of their faith, and many were added to neighboring congregations.

Now for the explanation. There was in that church a "shut in." I mean by that an invalid lady who had been obliged to cease all church work and remain in her home continually. She had grieved over her situation, for she was anxious to do something for the Lord. "It don't seem that I can do any more," she said; but it occurred to her that there was one thing that she could do, and that was to pray.

She began to pray for a revival in the church, which she realized was cold and formal and dead. She asked that the Lord would send a preacher there who would be able to revive them. Having read of some of my meetings in America, when no one came to the rescue of the church, she asked specifically that in some way "Mr. Moody, of America," might be sent to preach to them. This was her constant prayer for months, although she had no definite idea how it was to be answered.

When our morning service was ended that day, the invalid's sister, who had been present, went home and said to her, "Guess who preached for us this morning?" She mentioned a variety of names, and was kept guessing till she had exhausted her list. Then she was told that it was the "Mr. Moody" for whom she had been praying. She said, "That is in answer to my prayers, and I am sure God has sent a blessing with him." They brought her dinner as usual, but she would not touch it. "No," she said, "I will fast to-day, and keep on praying."

That night while I preached she prayed. That was the secret of the wonderful change from ice to fire which took place in that congregation. That was the secret of the wonderful revival which followed. Do you want any more striking illustration of the power of prayer? Yet such results lie within the power of every Christian in this city. We have blessings as the result of these meetings within our reach. Will we pray aright? That is the question.

Now I want to point out some of the characteristics of right prayer, so that we may understand what it is.

First, there should be adoration. One great tendency of the day is to pray carelessly and flippantly. We should ever remember as we come into his presence that God is

a holy being; that even the angels as they approach him cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

Second, the suppliant should see that he himself is right before God. I believe that many of our prayers fail to receive answers because there is something wrong in our lives.

Mr. Moody urged the purification of the life as a requisite to acceptable prayer, and said he would continue his discussion of the theme at the evening service.

Acquainted With Sinners.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Berenice Hapworthy threw down her duster with a touch of impatience — an unusual thing for her. Her face, too, had an unaccustomed expression of perplexity and discouragement.

"I'll go and have a talk with Dr. Ferguson right now," she said half aloud. "Poor man! Two weeks of 'special effort' and no one saved. But there has been no one to save. I don't believe there was a "sinner" at the meeting last night—present company excepted. How can we compel people to come to church and be converted?"

Half an hour later Miss Hapworthy was sitting with her pastor and pouring out to him her questions and self-accusations. He listened with a quiet smile and then, instead of the counsel she had hoped for, came a startling request.

"I am forced to go into the country to-night. I want you to lead the meeting and say to the people what you have said to me."

Miss Hapworthy gasped.

"Well!" she said, after a pause, "I was brought up to render obedience to those in authority. But—"

"I will risk the 'but,' little woman. Just do what I say—the Holy Spirit is in the lead, I am sure."

The church membership knew and cordially liked Berenice Hapworthy. She had lived among them for years, was a regular attendant at all services, subscribing faithfully to the financial calls of the church, and always in her lot and place on special occasions. When she took her stand at the leader's table the evening following her visit to the pastor, her heart beat fast, but she stood in the presence of friends. After the opening hymn, she opened the bible and without comment read from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning with the words, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory."

That Wednesday night was the fifth night of the coldest weather the city had experienced in years. Public sympathy had been aroused and there was much activity in the interests of the suffering poor. The mercy and help department of the league, the deaconess and the church 'visitor,' had done much to relieve cases coming immediately under their notice.

There was one member of the official board of the church at the meeting, and he wondered why Miss Hapworthy had made the selection from Matthew. Of course, she had the poor and hungry in mind. But the fund for emergency cases always had a little ready money, what more could he do? Some of the listeners who were 'perfectly familiar' with the chapter patiently closed their eyes. But a few—that blessed, 'faithful few' who make the mighty foundation of the church—listened with reverence.

"There is no need for me," said the leader, closing over the book, "to emphasize the suffering in our city at this time and our duty

in regard to the poor. I am only here to give a bit of personal experience and to ask your help."

The official member brightened up, closed eyes opened, the watchful sympathy upon the faces of the few deepened. The personal touch is attractive.

"During this bitter weather," continued the leader, with tremulous voice, "I have sat by my comfortable fire, slept in my warm bed and enjoyed my good meals with a positive pain in my heart. It is not wrong for me to have these comforts. My trouble has been, that with some little ability to help another, I do not know personally one really poor person in this city."

"Why don't you put your money in the poor fund, sister?" interrupted the official member.

"There came to my door yesterday," went on Miss Hapworthy, "a man wanting work. I was able to give him some, and as I paid him he spoke about the hard times and how he had suffered in trying to supply his barest needs. "Are you a Christian?" I asked him. He looked startled, and then said slowly: "I have worked up and down these streets all winter for ladies who are employed in Christian work; kind-hearted woman they are too, but you are the first one who has said a word to me about my soul," I only tell you this, dear friends, to illustrate my text and tell you what is in my heart.

"There is hunger of souls which the Bread of Life alone can satisfy. Thousands pass by us every day who are parched for a draught of living water. Sin is making millions sick, and the chains of unrighteousness bind those meant to walk free in the steps of Jesus Christ. You and I have been fed, our thirst quenched, our sickness healed, our chains struck off. . . . I wonder if our Lord meant only bodily hunger, physical suffering in this parable? Was not that man of whom I have spoken made in his image? May it not be that Christ will say to some for whom he worked this winter, "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," for he was pitifully hungry to hear the truth? . . . Our hearts have been sad for some time because our altar is not thronged with sinners seeking salvation. I have been thinking of my possible share in the hindrance. I have told you that I do not know personally one destitute person. Sadder still, I do not know—well enough to help them—Christ's hungry souls. Yet he has given me bread and to spare. . . .

When our pastor tells me to bring the unconverted to church, how am I to go about it? If I have taken no interest in these people for eleven months of the year, why should they listen to me on the twelfth? Is it not likely that if I had been interested in their daily lives I could now command their attention when I say: "Friend, I know you are hungry, I know where you may be fed; will you come with us, and we will do you good?" May I not read the parable once more with this thought in mind?"

There were no closed eyes or tolerant listeners at the second reading, and before the meeting closed some unusual prayers had been offered in earnest humility.

On the following evening, just before the pastor rose to speak, the official member sprang to his feet.

"Doctor," he said, "you will forgive us when we say with all love and all loyalty, we are glad you were absent from us last night. The sister who stood in your place gave us a plain message. Our eyes have been opened. Some of us have been conferring, and we want to have the meetings close for a season while we make a business of getting acquainted with our unconverted neighbors."

Not long after the above incident there was a noticeable growth in attendance at the regular services and Sunday school. In less than two months a committee waited on the pastor with a call from the church membership for special meetings, that seeking souls might be cared for.

"Why doesn't Berenice Hapworthy come to all the meetings?" asked someone.

"She is at them, all in spirit and by representatives," answered a member of the official board. "She works down town all day and she devotes some of her evenings to getting acquainted with the poor and unconverted people in the vicinity of the church. It was a little speech from her that started this revival, and she brings in more unconverted people than any three among us. She seems to see her Lord in every sinning soul."