

coming. Every month new converts have been added to the church, until now we have forty-one members, and the new converts are now awaiting baptism. About six months ago, 'Billy' received word that his aged mother was very ill, and in all probability would not live more than five or six months. Some friends here offered to pay his expenses to Japan, but 'No,' he said, 'I must not take money from our mission; I will get another brother to carry on mission, I go to fishing Frazer River and earn money.'

This he did in spite of all we could say, and is now in Japan.

You will see below the letter just received from him in Japan. Although there are one or two curious expressions it is an excellent composition for a young Jap, who never went to an English school a day in his life.

Oct. 10th, 1898.

75 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.

To Mr. R. W. Trotter.

Dear Brother,—

I trust that in the mercy of God this letter will find you and Mrs. Trotter in good health and rich in the heavenly blessings that come to us through our Lord Jesus Christ; may you be rich indeed in all that pertains to the knowledge of His will and glorious Gospel. I am glad to say that I arrived here safely on 3rd Instant, and also very glad that my mother's sick get better at present, and I am waiting now here, my elder Brother come from Hokukaido or Ezo northern Island to talk about family matters, and hoping also to stay here for a while to study Bible if I got the time to do so.

I never forget Victoria, our mission, and our church, and praying that God will bless dear Brothers and Sisters, and their homes, With best wishes and prayers.

I am, yours very truly,

E. Iwanaga.

Of course, the work goes on, for when God removes one workman he always finds another. Mr. J. J. Utsunomiya is now our efficient Japanese pastor. We also expect 'Billy' back in a few months to take up his much-loved work.

Our boarding and sleeping department is very crowded, but more than pays for itself, and the surplus goes for light and fuel.

Do not some of the thoughtful young readers of the 'Messenger' want to ask a number of questions?

Someone says, 'What kind of Christians do they make?' I can only say that those we have had all prove faithful and earnest.

What kind of people are they? Well, small in size, strong, industrious, very polite, honest, kind, intelligent, hard students, very ambitious.

What is the main object of your mission?

1st. To save the precious souls from death.

2nd. To make Christian citizens of them.

3rd. To train men for mission work in British Columbia and Japan.

4th. To operate, from this base, a native mission in Japan. 'Billy' is now spying out the land.

5th. To educate! educate! educate! that they may be a blessing instead of a curse to this land.

6th. We are going to erect a building, commodious, and suitable for home, school, workshop, church, when God sends us the money. We need \$5,000. He has already sent us \$1,000. He will send the rest.

We could have hundreds of men if we had the room. These people must either be Christianized by us, or we shall be heathenized by them.

A Great Evangelist.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born at Northfield, Mass., Feb. 5, 1837. He worked on a farm until the age of seventeen, when he became a clerk in a shoe store in Boston. In 1856 he went to Chicago, and while engaged there in active business, entered zealously into missionary work among the poorer classes. During the civil war he was in the service of the Christian commission, and afterwards became a lay missionary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Chicago. In 1873, accompanied by Mr.

Sankey, an effective singer, he went to England, and the two instituted a series of week-day religious services, which attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. They returned to America in 1875, where they organized similar meetings all over the country. They again visited England in 1883. In addition to the many printed accounts of his meetings and reports of his addresses, Mr. Moody published 'Heaven,' 1880; 'Secret Power,' 1881; and 'The Way to God, and How to Find It,' 1884.

When Mr. Moody applied to his uncle, Mr. Samuel Holton, for a position in his shoe store in Boston, this gentleman agreed to engage him as salesman on the following conditions: First, he was to board at a place to be selected by his uncle; second, he was not to be out in the streets at night, or go to places of amusement which his uncle did not approve; third, he was to regularly attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday School. In his extremity, the young man agreed to all things required of him, and, what was more, he kept his agreement. In the Sunday School he was placed in the Bible class of Mr. Edward Kimball. His teacher says he felt as if he were not getting any hold of the young man, but was

with young barbarians, just the kind of scholars he wanted. He had a kind of instinct that his mission, like that of his Master's, was to save those poor lost.

At the breaking out of the war in 1861, the devotional committee of the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr. Moody was chairman, found a new line of work made ready to their hands. On the arrival of the first regiment ordered to Camp Douglas for instruction, the committee was on the ground, and before tents were fairly pitched, a camp-meeting was in progress.

Mr. Moody travelled through every part of the United States and Canada, preaching the Gospel, and he had four campaigns in England, Ireland and Scotland. His last visit to the Old Country was during the years, 1892 and 1893. When in Belfast, the greatest meeting of his life was held, 16,000 people crowding into the building nightly to hear him. It was on his return from that campaign that he was nearly shipwrecked on the North German Lloyd SS. 'Spree.'

He was invited to conduct the great evangelistic campaign which is now in progress in Glasgow, Scotland, but through pressure of work at home, and perhaps re-



THE LATE MR. MOODY,

even failing to interest him, but one Sunday, when the lesson happened to be about Moses, he listened with considerable attention, and at length broke out with this question: 'That Moses was what you would call a pretty smart sort of a man wasn't he?' Glad at last to hear a word from his unpromising scholar, Mr. Kimball received the question with much favor, and enlarged upon it, greatly to young Moody's satisfaction. He soon began to warm towards his teacher. One day Mr. Kimball called upon him at his place of business, and, putting his hand kindly on his shoulder, inquired if he would not give his heart to Christ. That question awakened him, he sought the Saviour in earnest, and obtained the assurance of the pardon of his sins and of his acceptance as a child of God. Years afterwards he used to say, 'I can feel the touch of that man's hand on my shoulder even yet.'

Among his first missionary work was visiting the ships in Boston harbor on Sunday mornings, distributing tracts and testaments. He was always an enthusiastic Sunday School worker. Shortly after going to Chicago he started a Sunday School in a deserted saloon near the North Side Market, and occasionally held service during the evenings of the week. The region in which this school was opened may be understood from the fact that standing on the steps of the old market near by, his voice could be heard in two hundred drinking and gambling dens. It swarmed

cognizing that his physical powers were failing, he declined.

At noon time, on December 22, 1899, at his home in East Northfield, Mass., the famous evangelist passed peacefully away.

Mr. Moody was sixty-two years of age. A widow, two sons, and a daughter, survive. The cause of death was a general breaking down, due to over-work. Mr. Moody called his wife and children that morning, and told them that the end was not far off. The family remained close by the bedside all the forenoon. The evangelist was almost free from pain, and occasionally he talked with apparent ease. About the last words he was heard to utter were: 'I have always been an ambitious man, not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do.' Just before twelve o'clock, the watchers saw that the end was approaching, and exactly at noon the great preacher passed away.

Mr. Moody was stricken with heart trouble in Kansas City, on Nov. 16 last, while conducting revival meetings at Convention Hall. He was compelled to give up his work, and on the day following started for his home in the care of a physician. Mr. Moody probably addressed the largest crowds during his stay in Kansas City, that he ever faced, and he was under a great strain. He preached his last sermon on Thursday night, Nov. 16, fully 15,000 people listening to an earnest appeal that many stamped as the evangelist's greatest effort. —From the 'Witness.'