

astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him; and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland.

"The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.'"

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," says one; "for he was the means of leading me to Christ. I was in a railway train one day, when a stout, cheery-looking stranger came in and sat down in a seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying,—

" 'Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?'

"I made some indifferent answer; upon which he earnestly inquired,—

" 'Are you a Christian?'

"I answered, 'No.'

" 'Then' said he, 'you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down, right here, I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the