O

Cankey's Sources of Words and Music-His First Convert-Conversions Multiplied.

Ira D. Sankey is once more singing. He is in Boston. Mr. Sankey is not a poet and does not pretend to be an original composer, only a compiler of the best hymns and tunes for evangelistic workers and services. He says:

I find it much more difficult to get good words than good music. Our best works

words than good music. Our best words come from England; the music which best suits our purpose comes from America.

The history of many of the gospel hymns and tunes is the history of profound and striking religious experiences of all kinds.

The hymn

The hymn, "I am so glad that our Father in heaven,"

The hymn,
"Iam so grad that our Father in heaven,"
was suggested to P. P Bijss by hearing the
chorus, "Oh, how I love Jesus." "I have
sung long enough of my poor love to
Christ," sand Mr. Bliss, 'and now I will
ung of his love for me." With this
thought in mind he wrote the hymn. Mr.
Sankey says that a little girl who was
dying bore beautiful testimony to the
power of these sweet words.

"Don't you remember," she said, "one
Thursday when you were teaching us to
sing, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,'
and don't you remember how you told us
that if we only gave our hearts to him he
would love us? and I gave mine to him."
And Mr. Sankey adds, "What that little
dying girl said to me helped to cheer me on
more than anything I had done before, because she was my first convert."

"I am so glad that our Father in
Heaven," by P. P. Bliss was the heart and
soul of the first volume of the "Gospel
Hyms." The hymn was the rallying song of
the great Scottish revival.

"Oh, that song!" said a young man who
attended a Sunday-school meeting in a
hamlet in Missouri, under the work of the
American Sunday School Union. "I could
not get away from it, and it has saved
me."

A vast fortune was left in the hands of a

A vast fortune was left in the hands of a A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his poor parishioners. Fearing that it might be squandered if suddenly bestowed upon him, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with a note saying, "This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow." "Brethren, that's just the way God deals with us," said Mr. Moody.

"The narrative of "Tell Me the Old, Old Story" is given by Dr. Doane of Cincinnati:

The narrative of "Tell Me the Old, Old Story" is given by Dr. Doane of Cincinnati:

"I did not write the words, and there are very few persons who know how they originally came into my possession or by when they were written. They were produced by Miss Kate Hankey, an English lady of distinction. In 1867 I was attending the international meeting of the Y. M. C. A. at Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of foolscap paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read.

"I was much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. He gave me the copy from which he had read. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage coach, one hot summer afternood, between the Glenn Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sang it in the parlors of the hotel, and though it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it. It was afterwards published in sheet form in Cincinnati."

Miss Hankey was the daughter of an English banker.

"Whosever Will," by P. P. Bliss, was written during the winter of 1869 and '70 ofter hearing Henry Moorehouse of England preach from the text "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," (John, iii., 16.) Mr. Moorehouse preached in Chicago every night for a week from this same text, and the new views of the freeness and fullness of the invitation of the gospel to sinners that many Christians at that time received are well expressed in Mr. Bliss's hymn. Miss Hankey was the daughter of an

that time received are well expressed in Mr. Bliss's hymn.

"Rescue the Perishing" has become the lavorite song of workers among the empted and unschooled classes in all Christian lands. Of this, it is said, Miss famy Cresby, the blind hymnist, was the author. In a mission meeting she attended one evening, the hymn was sung, and at its close a young man arose and said that that hymn brought him to Jesus. Then he told of his wanderings and how he had wasted his time and money in drink and those other vices that are sure to follow; but passing along the street one night without passing along the street one night without a cent in his pocket, ragged, cold and hungry, he heard some voices singing:

"Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying. Enatch them in pity From sin and the grave."

ntasted. "As I attempted to drink," he said.

when subsequently he told his story, "I could see written on the walls of the barroom, 'What shall the harvest be?' 'He sought his home. In the darkness, as he tossed to and fro on his bed, he saw on the walls of the bed-room, "What shall the harvest be?"

The next day found him in the Tabernacle again, with that solemn question ringing in his cars. A Christian gentleman addressed him and heard his pathetic story. They prayed together, and the trembling drunkard listened to the good news that even he might be saved from the "ternal shame."

even he might be saved from the "eterna: shame."

He believed he entered upon the right way, and walked therein. The staggering drunkard stood firmly on his feet, a reformed Christian man.
One day just before Mr. Sankey—from whose narrative we have condensed this story—left the city, the nan came to him. "Here is a letter," he said, "I want to read you. It is from my little girl. My wife and I have been separated; for eight years I have not seen them."

Then with tears he read: "Papa, I knew that you would come back to us some time. I knew that the Lord would find you, for I have been praying for you all these years."

WITH BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR CURIOUS LANGUAGE.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes.
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces. That the plural of goose isn't gooses nor And remember, though house in the plural is That the plural of mouse should be mice, not

Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice, But the plural of house should be houses, not hice; And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet, But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

AIM HIGH.

AIM HIGH.

Boys and girls, aim high. Do not say, "I will be pretty good," but endeavor to be perfect.

A great artist was once highly praised for a beautiful painting which he had just completed. "Ah, do not praise me!" he said sadly, "It may be very beautiful, but I aimed at perfection."

I once put the following question to a ragged little newsboy: "What are you going to be when you are a man?" The little fellow met my half-quizzieal glance with a look of determination in his bright eyes; then he replied, President of the United States, sir." That lad may not become President, but he will not remain a newsboy.

George Eliot, in writing the last words of of one of her most powerful novels, exclaims, "It is so much less than what I hoped for, I am dissatisfied."

Bear this in mind: "If we aim at the ground, we shall never reach the sky.—[New York Observer.

ASKING FOR CHEESE,

ASKING FOR CHEESE.

There was once a little girl—and the only reason that there is none such now is that she has grown a big girl—who talked of everything in the plural. Especially was she likely at the table to ask for "forks," "spoons" or "portates" when it was but one of the articles she really desired.

One day her papa said to her at dinner: "Kitty, don't ask for biscuits. Say 'Please give me a biscuit. You don't want any more than one at a time."

"No, papa," was the dutiful answer. But presently came the request: "Please, may I have some rolls?"

"A roll," corrected the father, and she repeated the world carefully.

Then all went well until the cheese was handed round, and this Kitty was not assaully allowed to eat. Yet she delighted in it and realized that her success in obtaining a bit might be determined by her manner of asking for it. Leaning forward, she said anxiously, in a soft, sweet voice: "Papa, will you please give me a chee?"

HORSES.

The horse runs wild in some parts of the world, and men catch and tame him. To do this they give chase to the heard of which he is one on a swift tame horse. The man who goes to catch the wild horse has in his hand a long rope or strip of hide, with a noose or slipknot at one end. When he comes up with the horse he throws the noose around his neck and rides off as hard as he can go. The slipknot holds the wild horse fast, and if he will not go drags him on his knees, so that at last he has a rope put in his mouth and can be made to go to a place where he is shut in a space with a a place where he is shut in a space with

"Resoue the perishing, Care for the dying, Enatch them in pity From sin and the grave."

He followed the sound of the voices until the came to the building where there was a mission meeting. He went in and sat down on the back seat and listened to the words of that hymn. "I was just ready to perish that night," he said, "but that hymn by the grace of God saved me." Loving hands ministered to him in Jesus' name after he had told them that he wanted to leave the evil life and become a good man. The workers for Christ "wept o'er the erring one, lifted the fallen, and told him of Jesus, the mighty to save,"

When the young man finished his story he said that he had a great dosire to meet the writer of that hymn and tell her what it had done for his soul. It was a singular coincidence that his wish was to be gratified that very night, and what a great joy must have filled the author's heart when she was led up to the speaker and could take his hand and say, "I wrote that hymn."

"What Shall the Harvest Be?" also by P. P. Bliss, has an interesting history.
One night a man, staggering through the tense in the east, where men have to go for miles on vast tracts of sand, the horse is appread at night he sleeps just at he door, at take, a much pride and pleasure in its work as the man who drives or ridea it. The reace knows it business and strives to win; the hunter follows the hounds with the greatest zeal, and the war horse rejolees in the sound of the burgle and or military the selection of all. When the tents are spread to fall. When the tents are spread to fall. In the east, where men have to go for miles on vast tracts of sand, the horse is appread to fall. In the east, where men have to go for miles on vast tracts of sand, the horse is appread to fall. When the tents are spread to fall. When the tents are spread to fall. When the tents are spread to fall. In the east, where men have to go for miles on vast tracts of sand, the form all esteps just in his pride and pleasure in its work as the man who drives or ridea ence all around.

In the east, where men have to go for

what Shall the Harvest Be?" also by P. P. Bliss, has an interesting history.

One night a man, staggering through the streets of Chicago, noticed the people eniering a large, lighted building. Ignorant that it was the Tabernacle, where Mesers. Moody and Sankey were holding religious meetings, he staggered in and sat down near one of the posts which supported the roof.

In a sort of drunken stupor he leaned his sead against the post. Something roused him. The happy faces of the people fisturbed him. 'This is no place for me, he said to himself, and arcse to go out.

Just then Mr. Moody gave out the hymn, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" The first trains arrested the man's attention. He sat down and listened. With a thrill of emotion he heard the lines, "Sowing the seed of a tarnished name. Sowing the seed of a tarnished name. Sowing the seed of a tarnished name. Sowing the seed of eternal shame." "That's me," he said to himself. "That's what I've been doing, 'sowing the seed of a tarnished name. Sowing the seed of eternal shame." "He was so disturbed that as soon as the singing ended he went out, determined to drown out those convicting lines with rum. He entered a saleon, called for drick, raised the glass to his lips, and set it down untasted.

"As I attempted to drink," he said.

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Bachelors are stones in a growing field. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

WANTED-A PERSON. Woman's Summer—A Story with a Point.

A Point,

I taught school last year.

When my school closed in June I felt as if the four fundamental rules of arithmetic were written all over my countenance—a result of my conscientious efforts to drill them into 33 stubborn little heads. I also felt that it would require an espe pleasant summer to clear my physiog and to tone me up for possibly are vear's grind.

and to tone me up for possibly another year's grind.

Now it happens that my country friends live in sleepy villages, and, although I had more than one cordial invitation to share a quiet home life for the summer, it was not what I desired. I craved gayety, lively people about me and the seashore.

My purse was inadequate to the emergency—how was I to manage? "Why don't you advertise? I know a young lady who always spends her summers at some popular resort—she teaches two or three hours each day in return for board—and invariably

day in return for board-and invariable day in return for board—and invariably enjoys every social consideration; or you might act as companion to the sea.son."

A friend said this to me, and I accepted the timely suggestions, notwithstanding my failure to be elated over the possibility of having teaching connected with my summer

outing.

It was with the hope of having a companon's position placed before me that I
nserted the following advertisement in the
'want' column of a city daily:

A YOUNG I ADY WILL TEACH OR ACT as a companion, etc., in return for a bleasant summer home.

The "etc," was intended as a stroke of policy. It represented versatility and covered a wide field. I then waited complacently for developments, marking out for myself a brilliant season.

The first development read:

Miss—

Miss

I am in need of a person to wheel my aged grandmother up and down the boardwalk at Ashbury Park every Sunday morning. She is an invalid, and her doctor precribes the sea ir. Would wish said person to read to her in the afternoon before she takes her nap and act as her companion generally. For the right person the position would be a comparatively easy one.

The next mail brought me:

The next mail brought me:

Dear Miss—
Your ad. comes to my notice. have
two children, aged respectively 7 years and
18 months, and I wish to engage a person
to accompany me to Vermont, where I go
for the summer. I am very nervous, and
shall have to have some one with me who
will take entire charge of both children,
teach the older and look after their mending. The baby is sickly. You could manage to have a very pleasant summer and
ample time to yourself.
Smiling grimly over this last assurance,
I waited for the next. It came:
A "person" was wanted to act as com-

A "person" was wanted to act as com-panion to a girl of 15, and to keep an eye on her three younger brothers and sisters— to wallow with them in the sands of the seashore and to see that they didn't drown or kill themselves in other various ways peculiar to children. Such a person would have a pleasant home on the coast of Maine.

But the drop that overflowed my cup of despair was the fourth answer. It read:
A person desired as companion to a very stout old gentlemen in New Jersey. Must be respectable and willing to fan elderly party, who often suffers from asthmatic attacks. In return for satisfactory services a pleasant home and a Delaware River breeze for the summer.

pleasant home and a Delaware River breeze for the summer.

Alas! Unfair advantage had been taken of my "etc."

Moral—When you advertise, specify exactly what you want, and don't add "etc." to save expense and express the width of the field.

Thus it came to pars that my summer was spent in a sleepy little mountain hollow, where I occasionally wondered if my various correspondents had found what they wanted—a person.



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