

Moody discovered that one thing had hindered his full decision, viz., want of courage to tell his wife all that was passing through his mind. But last Sabbath afternoon he was enabled to go home and frankly tell all he felt. It turned out that she too was in deep anxiety, only waiting to have the ice broken. The result has been complete deliverance of soul to that young man, who is able now to help others in the way. Of a piece with this case is the one brought out in the following letter from one in Edinburgh, which Mr. Sankey read yesterday:—"I have such good news to tell you. When you were here you wanted me to write to my sister about Jesus and coming to Him; but my old sinful heart went dead against it. Dr. S., however, began to tell me that my health was very precarious, and all your advice came back to me. I *did* write to my sister, a girl about sixteen. My want of faith has been reproved; for I had such a letter from her, telling me she had felt sure all this winter that there had been a change in me, and why had I not written to her before; and she ended by confessing that she could resist no longer, but had taken Christ, and, God helping her, would live for Him. Please pray for her, and encourage all young converts to write to their friends. Another thing you wanted me to do went fearfully against the grain, and that was, to hold meetings. Had anybody told me last year that I'd ever come to do such a thing, I'd have scoffed at them. So you see it's nothing of myself but something that makes me, in spite of myself, long to work for Jesus. Will you pray for my Canongate meeting? I've got such bad characters; oh, if I could only reach them! drunkards, and profane people who don't believe in hell—my heart just yearns over them. It was a fearful effort at first to speak for Christ, but now 'I love to tell the story,' for 'All to Christ I owe.' As I came home last night I

heard such beautiful singing at the head of one of the lowest streets here. Coming up I found some young men were singing 'Depths of mercy' in parts, and whenever they had gathered a crowd, invited them to accompany them to the meeting. A great many followed them. I know it will cheer Mr. Moody to hear of the hint he threw out being thus taken up by these young Christians. The work here goes on wonderfully; it is too great to be spoken of.—Your loving friend in Christ."

I am scarcely leaving myself space to speak of other parts of the work. The evangelistic meetings have been held this week again in the Free College Church. The subjects have been, "Where art thou?" "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and "Sir, remember." The last of these addresses was awfully solemn. Mr. Moody related, as an illustration of memory, being ready to yield back all the past at God's touch, how he himself in early days was nearly drowned, sinking twice, and caught the third time he came to the surface. During the time he was under water, all that was buried in his memory came up before him. And so the memory of Abel's blood flowing from the deadly wound is ever before Cain, and so with all the sins of sinners. This makes hell terrible beyond measure, and there is no sleep there. "It I did not believe in hell for ever, would I (said he) come here to preach night after night? If I did not believe in that hell, I would be off to my home by the first boat that sails from the Clyde."

The Bible-readings have been in the Park Church (Established), and the subjects this week have been, "The Holy Ghost," "Jacob," "Daniel." All the meetings are crowded to the door more than ever, and there is daily fruit.

On Sabbath morning, the members of the Glasgow Young Men's Society for Religious Improvement filled the City Hall at nine o'clock a.m. There were