

that the Holy Spirit will guide him, if he has got those hymns and cannot go any other way? Then the ears are fixed on the way they are so as to catch the sound. I often wonder how those in the choir endure to be at the back of the people—not much inspiration in singing to the back of people's heads. I know I would not expect to make much progress in preaching if I had to talk to people that way. The choir ought to be in front, where the preacher can see the people and lead them in the singing. You could not have better singing than in Spurgeon's church. There is a vast audience and not an instrument in the building. The preacher will not have an organ. People in country places have the idea that the people in the cities have the advantage because they have great organs. But you can have fine singing in the country places, too. I like the human voice as well as anything. If you have a little organ to keep time with it may help, but it is not necessary. I remember years ago I went into a little New England town, where everything was asleep, and where we could not do much at first. We got the children together—they were the only ones we could get. We got them singing. Of course I did not know anything about music. But I found that one woman could play, and we got her at the organ, a little instrument we had. Then I got somebody who could pitch the tune. We did not get it pitched right at first, but we kept at it until we got it, and inside of a week we got the whole town singing. That was twenty years ago. I met a lady not long ago, and she said, "The first time I ever saw you, you were a singing master." I said I guessed not, I do not think anybody that knows me would say I had ever been a singing master. But she was a child then, and I suppose she thought I was a singing master—she did not know but I was. I just did the best I could. If I can get people to singing anybody can, for there is nobody with less music in him than myself. There is music in every crowd, I do not care who they are. I have preached to every kind of people, and I never saw a crowd yet that you could not get music out of. I have been among the miners of the western mountains and among the hoodlums of California. The hardest crowd I ever tried was the Chinese, but we got them singing as well as the others. You might call it pretty poor singing, but we got them at it. The ministers should insist on all singing. If the minister sees anybody not singing let him get them singing the hymn again—say, "Sing that over again, and give this man a chance." You will get them all singing after a while. When we were about the close of the work we did in Glasgow, the question came, as to how we should reach the drinking men. We got a band of holy people together, and they went down into the back streets and into the drinking places, and we got together all the men we could—no matter who they were we got them together. For several weeks we were at this work, until we had a band of a thousand reformed drunkards. But the question came, what were we to do to keep them together while we had to be away? It was a curious question. Take a man who has been every night in the week for years in the tavern, take him out of that society and put him right into the church, and there is not enough excitement to satisfy him or keep him there. The churches are closed in the evenings, and they cannot spend their time there. We formed a male choir and we called them the Mizpah Band. We found that there were four hundred men amongst that thousand who could sing—some. You might not call it good singing. We got a good leader and set them to work. The first time they were singing, people with high musical

taste, or people who knew anything about music, would have been shocked. Their voices were worn out with singing their drunken songs in the taverns. I went to Glasgow six months after and I heard those men sing. I never heard singing that would move anyone so much. The result is that no four buildings in Glasgow will hold the crowds that come out to hear those men sing the Gospel. What was done in Glasgow with those men can be done in every city. Men like music and it gives them something to do. The Gospel sang with the heart will draw the people. I heard of a man who had gone to South Africa. He was very ill with consumption. There was a Christian lady who was his friend, and who felt that she must seek to save his soul. But whenever she spoke to him about religion he would get up and go away. One day they were sitting together, when she went to the piano and began to play and sing that beautiful hymn, "I love to tell the Story." Pretty soon she saw a tear on his cheek. It had set him thinking and she had the great pleasure of leading him to Christ. I will tell you what occurred during these very meetings, through the singing of the song, "Come, oh come to Me." I was telling a story the other night of the man who could not get this word out of his mind after he had heard the song. Well, that night there was a man here. He went from the meeting and all the next day he heard the word "Come"—"Come"—"Come." He could not get it out of his mind. He got away from his work as soon as he could and came over here, but the doors were closed. The house was full, and no more could be admitted, and he thought, "It was God calling me. Suppose the time has gone, why did not I rise last night with those who wished to be prayed for?" He went down to the meeting in Knox church and there Major Whittle was preaching. He had taken this for his text, "Come." He felt then that it was God calling him, and Major Whittle had the joy of leading that man into the light. God bless these hymns to us all.

MR. W. H. HOWLAND.—I should like to give an instance out of my own experience to show how these verses of gospel hymns are remembered. A young lady came to our mission meeting and she felt that there was not much to be done for the poor class. On her way to Simcoe-street she took a short cut through St. John's Ward, and at length lost her way. She was becoming alarmed when she heard a little, quavering voice singing "Sowing the Seed." The moment she heard that she regained confidence. A dear old Christian woman, just able to get along, came up and said, "You were out at our meeting to-night." She said she was, and they walked along talking until the old woman's house was reached. By that time one earnest Christian worker had been made. The young lady had been convinced that there was work to be done among the poor, and seed to be sown.

In reply to some remarks made by two or three speakers as to the use of organs,

MR. MOODY said—I have been at meetings where they had organs and I liked them; and have been at meetings where they had no organs; I liked them, liked them all. If you have a consecrated organist I like to hear him; if you have not I do not. That is all there is to it. Put a man up there in the pulpit and let the singing be without heart, and it is pretty hard work for a man to preach. I know what it is to have a choir out of sympathy with the preacher. When choirs look down on gospel hymns and will not sing them, but will insist on singing music that goes right over the heads of the people, it is pretty hard for a man to preach. I have preached for ministers where the choir was not in sympathy. They sang hymns