

"The first thing Mr. Moody does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influence is, to turn them to account in pushing on the good work. He considers no place too bad, no class too hardened, to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of young people, well trained in singing, to the low drinking saloons, to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion, which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said, 'Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?' No objection was offered, and the children sung a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moody then had a hymn sung by them, and meanwhile went round giving tracts to those present. When the hymn was over he said, 'We shall now have a word of prayer.' 'No, no,' cried several in alarm, 'no prayer here.' 'Oh yes, we'll have a few words of prayer. Quiet for a minute, gentlemen,' he said, and proceeded to offer up a few earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched; and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more about salvation, half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible, Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week."

Mr. Reynolds of Peoria said recently at a Convention in Toronto, Canada, as if in illustration of this last remark:

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honour and glory, it will