

be puzzled how to dispose of some Gentiles when it came to the scratch.

MR. MOODY'S INVITATION.

“I am glad to send out this invitation to my fellow-workers, because I believe such a gathering was never more needed than it is this year. Many thoughtful men have come to feel strangely that the hope of the Church to-day is in a deep and wide-spread revival. We are confronted with difficulties which can be met in no other way. The enemy has come in like a flood,—it is time now for those who believe in a supernatural religion to look to God to lift up a standard against him. Oh, for a revival of such power that the tide of unbelief and worldliness that is sweeping in upon us shall be beaten back; that every Christian shall be lifted to a higher level of life and power, and multitudes of perishing souls be converted to God! Why not? God's arm is not shortened, nor His ear heavy. I believe the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees may already be heard.”

It is to be hoped Mr. Moody hears something like the scrape of the present author's pen: if what he hears does not resemble it, it is to be feared the sound will remain over the trees.