

lay on the altar of God. Why should it seem a strange thing that glad tidings should be sung? And such glad tidings! It were a small matter to say that by those holy songs hearts are thrilled and ears are won. What is far better, new conceptions of the Gospel and of the great central figure in the Gospel—the Son of God—are thus conveyed to the minds of many. It may without exaggeration be said of Mr. Moody's speaking, that he thundered and wept by turns all the week. What sweetness, and tenderness, and heart-moving touches! His Bible-reading on "The Blood" was singularly clear, masterly, and convincing. To quote from one of our daily newspapers—"Mr. Moody said: As early as in Gen. iii., they had blood covering sin. Abel's sacrifice was accepted because he brought blood. Cain's fruit might seem more beautiful, but God did not accept it. Without shedding of blood there was no remission. And God gave the reason in Exodus, 'The life is in the blood.' It was not a live lamb that was tied to the door-posts of the Israelites in Egypt; but the blood was sprinkled over them. It was not the life of Christ that saved; no imitation of His life would suffice, but His death, His blood. If a man made light of the blood, there was no hope for him. The Bible was bound together by a scarlet thread—the blood ran all through."

No report can convey an adequate conception of the impression made upon the audience. I saw some weeping on the street after the meeting, and needing to be supported by their friends on their way home.

Mr. Moody's address on the freeness of the Gospel was the happiest, sunniest, tenderest setting forth of "grace abounding" that ever I listened to. It made one think of the Gospel as the sweetest April morn, with sunbeams as soft and playful as any that fell on Eden, and moisture as gentle as any that bedewed the glades of paradise.

It may be premature to speak of results. There are many enquirers. On every night of this week since Monday there have been upwards of one hundred conversed with. On Tuesday night I counted as many as one hundred and fifty-two. Doubtless there are many that do not find their way to the inquiry meeting. Some found the Lord ere the addresses were closed, and needed not to mingle among the inquirers, but went away home with the newly-found treasure. We have seen husbands and wives sitting side by side, and with tearful eyes asking the same momentous question. Parents and children are seen together in the same attitude of earnest seeking after Jesus. Some we have seen from all classes of society, and of every age.

A few instances may be given. A man

who had gone to the meeting last Friday night, seemingly out of sheer curiosity, was arrested, and next day he gave up his work for the purpose of attending the meeting at noon to give thanks to the God of salvation for his conversion. A young man sat side by side with his father at the inquirers' meeting. The son was weeping, and the father trembled from head to foot. By and by light dawned upon the mind of the young man, and he began to rejoice, whilst the father seemed to be left without a ray of hope, his anguish contrasting painfully with the joy of his son. Next night the father obtained deliverance, and now father and son rejoice together.

Very affecting was it to find a whole family of six seeking the way to the feet of Jesus. The eldest, a grown-up girl, was rejoicing in Christ; the others, three girls and two boys, in age ranging from eight to sixteen were weeping most bitterly, entreating the Lord to convert them. In every instance, these children traced their first impressions to the teachings of their mother. "Mother is always speaking to us about Jesus," they said. The importance and value of home-training was apparent in the questions put to those who sought to point them to the Lamb of God. They all had clear views of sin. Conversion seemed to stand out distinct before their minds as essential to salvation. "Oh, tell me," said one of the boys, "what true believing is." "Oh, my sins!" said one of the girls, and then she wept bitterly. Next day, thanksgiving was offered at the prayer-meeting for the bringing of six little lambs into the fold of Jesus. In one pew we saw a lady of high position, her daughter, a girl just budding into womanhood, and their servant-maid, mingling their prayers, tears, and inquiries together. The maid was the first to find rest in Jesus, and she went away singing—

"Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away."

This morning I saw the young lady. She said with great calmness she was trusting in the Lord Jesus. "But I am much concerned," she added, "about our coachman and gardener. They and their families are careless. We have asked them to come to the meetings, but they will not." She then burst into tears.

Two nights ago a young woman came to the knowledge of Christ in the inquirers' meeting, and went away home full of joy. Last night she returned seemingly as sad as ever. "What is the matter now?" asked the lady who had been her instructor. "My father and mother are not converted," was the reply. She then bowed her head and wept. She had come to the inquiry meeting in their stead.

At the union prayer-meeting yesterday