

Sankey's Story of His Own Life



I [Ira D. Sankey] was born in the village of Edinburg, on the Mahoning River in Western Pennsylvania, [United States], August 28, 1840.

The first hymn I remember having heard was from the lips of my beloved mother, when, as a child, she sang me to sleep with the strains of that sweet old hymn:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed."

As a boy, it was one of my chief joys to meet with other members of our family around the great log fire in the old homestead, and spend the long winter evenings singing with them the good old hymns and tunes of the church, which was the only music we had in those days. When at home, my father would frequently join us in these evenings of sacred song, singing a splendid bass, while other members of the family carried the other parts. In this way I learned to read music, and when I was about eight years old I could sing correctly such tunes as St. Martin's, Belmont, Coronation, etc.

The church to which I belonged was situated several miles from our home, but my fondness for singing led me to be a regular attendant.

I received the usual school privileges which fell to the lot of boys and girls of those days. The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to a holy life was in connection with a Mr. Frazer. I recall how he took me by the hand and led me with his own children to the Sunday-school held in the old schoolhouse. I shall remember this to my dying day. He had a warm heart and the children all loved him. It was not until some years after that I was converted, at the age of sixteen, while attending revival meetings at a church known as The King's Chapel, about three miles from my home, but my first impressions were received from that man when I was very young.

In 1857 our family removed to Newcastle, where my father assumed the presidency of the bank. Here I attended the high school, where every opportunity was given to study such of the higher branches as the student might have a taste for, and later I took a position in the bank. On arriving at Newcastle I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon I was elected superintendent of the Sunday-school and leader of the choir.

When I first took charge of the singing it was thought by many of the church members that the use of an organ, or any kind of musical instrument to accompany the voices of the singers, was wicked and worldly. The twanging of an old tuning-fork on the back of a hymn-book was not objected to, nor the running of the whole gamut in subdued voice to find the proper key, nor the choir trying to get the proper note to their respective parts in the never-to-be forgotten, "Do, Mi, Sol, Mi, Do," before beginning the hymn. For several years we kept on in this way, but by and by we found that the majority were in favor of having an organ in the choir. I shall never forget the day on which the organ was first introduced. I had the honor of presiding at the instrument, and I remember well how carefully I played the opening piece. Only one or two of the old members left the church during the singing. It was reported that an old man who left the church on account of the introduction of the organ, was seen on his dray the next day, driving through the main street of the town, seated on the top of a large casket of rum, singing at the top of his voice:

"A charge to keep I have," etc.

It was here that I began to make special use of my voice in song, and in this way, though unconsciously, I was making preparation for the work in which I was to spend my life.

When about twenty years of age I went to Farmingtown, Ohio, to attend a musical convention, conducted by Mr. Bradbury. On my return home, my father said to mother: "I am afraid that boy will never amount to anything; all he does is to run about the country with a hymn-book under his arm." Mother replied that she would rather see me with a hymn-book under my arm than with a whisky bottle in my pocket.

In the spring of 1860, on the call of President Lincoln for men to sustain the Government, I was among the first in Newcastle to have my name enrolled as a soldier. My company was sent to Maryland. Religious services were held in the camp, and I often led the singing. I soon found several other young men who could render the same service. In a short time the people around us also learned that there were some singers in the Union camp, and we were frequently invited out by families who had heard of the singing of the "boys in blue."

I remember with what astonishment the Southern people heard some of our soldier boys play the piano in their beautiful homes. The singing of some of the old-time "home songs" seemed to dispel all feeling of enmity. We were always treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and many friendships were formed that lasted until long after

the war was ended. I organized a male choir in the company to which I belonged, and we would frequently be called upon to assist the chaplain in conducting the religious services of the camp.

At the expiration of my term as a soldier I did not re-enter the army, but returned to Newcastle to assist my father, who had been appointed by Abraham Lincoln as a collector of internal revenue.

In 1863, on the 9th of September, I married a member of my choir — Miss Fanny V. Edwards, a daughter of the Hon. John Edwards. She has been a blessing and a helpmate to me throughout my life and in all my work.

My services as a singer were utilized in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio for Sunday-school conventions and political gatherings. In 1867, when I was twenty-seven years old, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was organized at Newcastle, of which I was at that time elected secretary and later president. The first meetings were held in a small hired room. From that modest beginning, by the help of God, I was later enabled to give to the city a Young Men's Christian Association building, including gymnasium, library and bathrooms, in all costing more than \$40,000, by means of money realized from the sale of "Gospel Hymns." Not far from this building, on Jefferson street, I bought a beautiful lot for my old church, on which to erect a new structure, and later I assisted Bishop Vincent to raise the necessary funds, so that the new church was dedicated without any debt. My father and mother were members of this church until they passed away.

In 1870, with two or three others, I was appointed a delegate to the International Convention of the Association, to be held at Indianapolis that year.

For several years I had read in the religious press about Mr. Moody, and I was therefore pleased when I learned that he would be at the convention, being a delegate from the Chicago Association. For a couple of days I was disappointed in neither seeing nor hearing him. At several of the annual conventions prior to this occasion, it had been the custom to select Moody as chairman, but now it was decided that some one else should occupy the chair, and Moody therefore took a seat among the other delegates on the floor. However, late on a Saturday afternoon, it was announced that Moody of Chicago would lead a six o'clock morning prayer-meeting in the Baptist Church. I was rather late, and therefore sat down near the door with a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Robert McMillan, a delegate from my own county, who said to me, "Mr. Sankey, the singing here has been abominable; I wish you

would start up something when that man stops praying, if he ever does." I promised to do so, and when opportunity offered I started the familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." The congregation joined heartily and a brighter aspect seemed to be given to the meeting.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. McMillan said to me: "Let me introduce you to Mr. Moody." We joined the little procession of persons who were going up to shake hands with him, and thus I met for the first time the man with whom, in the providence of God, I was to be associated for the remainder of his life, or nearly thirty years.

Moody's first words to me, after my introduction, were, "Where are you from? Are you married? What is your business?" Upon telling him that I lived in Pennsylvania, was married, had two children, and was in the government employ, he said abruptly, "You will have to give that up."

I stood amazed, at a loss to understand why the man told me that I would have to give up what I considered a good position. "What for?" I exclaimed.

"To come to Chicago and help me in my work," was the answer.

When I told him that I could not leave my business, he retorted, "You must; I have been looking for you for the last eight years."

I answered that I would think the matter over; but as yet I had no thought of giving up my position. He told me about his religious work in Chicago, and closed by saying that the greatest trouble in connection with his meetings was the matter of the singing. He said he could not sing himself, and therefore had to depend upon all kinds of people to lead his service of song, and that sometimes when he had talked to a crowd of people, and was about to "pull the net," some one would strike up a long meter hymn to a short meter tune, and thereby upset the whole meeting. Mr. Moody then asked me if I would go with him and pray over the matter, and to this I consented out of politeness. After the prayer we parted, and I returned to my room, much impressed by Mr. Moody's prayer, but still undecided.

The next day I received a card from Mr. Moody asking if I would meet him on a certain street corner that evening at six o'clock. At that hour I was at the place named, with a few of my friends. In a few minutes Moody came along.

Without stopping to speak, he passed on into a store near by, and asked permission to use a large store-box. The permission was granted; he

rolled the box into the street, and, calling me aside, asked me to get up on the box and sing something.

"Am I a soldier of the cross?" soon gathered a considerable crowd. After the song, Mr. Moody climbed up on the box and began to talk. The workmen were just going home from the mills and the factories, and in a short time a very large crowd had gathered. The people stood spellbound as the words fell from Moody's lips with wonderful force and rapidity. When he had spoken for some twenty-five minutes he announced that the meeting would be continued at the Opera House, and invited the people to accompany us there. He asked me to lead the way and with my friends sing some familiar hymn. This we did, singing as we marched down the street, "Shall we gather at the river." The men with the dinner pails followed closely on our heels instead of going home, so completely were they carried away by the sermon from the store-box.

The Opera House was packed to the doors, and Moody first saw that all the workmen were seated before he ascended to the platform to speak. His second address was as captivating as the one delivered on the street corner, and it was not until the delegates had arrived for the evening session of the convention that Mr. Moody closed the meeting, saying, "Now we must close, as the brethren of the convention wish to come in to discuss the question, 'How to reach the masses.'" Here was a man who could successfully reach the masses while others were talking about it.

When Mr. Moody again brought up the question of our going into the work together, I was still undecided. After a delay of over six months, and much urging on Mr. Moody's part, I consented to spend a week with him.

I arrived in Chicago one bright morning about daylight, and after a hasty breakfast proceeded at once to Mr. Moody's home, on the north side of the city. Immediately on entering the house, and without any preliminaries or introductions to such members of his family as were present, he asked me if I would not sit down at the organ and lead the singing for the family devotions. After the services were over and I had been introduced to his family, he said: "I am going to spend the day in visiting a lot of sick people, and I want you to go with me and sing for them." In the first home we visited we found a sick mother with a very large family, who were all very glad to see Mr. Moody, who at once took a seat by the bedside, saying: "I am going to read a few words from the Bible, but first I want my friend, Sankey, to sing a little hymn for you." I sang "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," which was quite popular in those days. This hymn, which was the first one I sang for Moody, on

joining him in Chicago, in 1871, was the last one I sang for him, twenty-eight years later. This was at the last public meeting we held together, which was in Brooklyn, in the church of the Rev. Richard M. Storrs, D.D., in September, 1899.

Besides visiting the sick, we spent the week in holding a number of meetings in the Illinois Street Church, of which Moody was the founder and leader, noon prayer-meetings in the business part of the city, some evangelistic services in different churches, and concluded the week with a mass meeting in Farwell Hall. This meeting he opened with a congregational hymn, and while it was being sung, he said to me: "I am going to speak on 'The Prodigal Son,' and I want you to sing one of the songs I heard you sing at Indianapolis, 'Come home, O prodigal child.'" I replied: "But I have no organ with which to accompany myself." Pointing his finger over his shoulder at the great three thousand dollar organ at the rear of the platform, he said: "Isn't that enough for you?" I replied that it was too large, and too far away, and that if I used it, I would have to turn my back to the audience while singing, and that the song so rendered would not amount to anything, nor did I think that the German gentleman who had been playing the organ could accompany me in the way in which I should like to render the hymn. Moody then said: "Give him a book, and tell him how you want it played." This I did. Later on when Moody suddenly finished his address, which was one of great power, he looked at me and said: "Mr. Sankey will now sing a solo for us, and let it be perfectly still while he sings." I arose quickly, and turned around to indicate to the organist that I was ready, but to my horror, he had not yet returned from the quiet smoke which he was in the habit of enjoying in a back room while Moody was preaching. I stepped to the front of the platform and sang the song as best I could without any musical accompaniment. I have always remembered that song, as being the first sacred solo sung by me in one of Mr. Moody's large evangelistic meetings.

As I was about to leave the city for my home the next morning, Mr. Moody said: "You see that I was right; your singing has been very helpful in all the meetings, and I am sure you ought to come to Chicago at once, and give up your business."

When arriving home, I consulted my pastor, rather hoping that he would advise me not to go, but when he, as well as all my friends, was of the opinion that it was my plain duty to go, I sent my resignation to Mr. Hugh McCullough, at that time Secretary of the Treasury, and the position which I had held was, at my request, given to a "bucktail" soldier who had escaped from Libby Prison.

We thus commenced work together in Chicago in the early part of 1871, singing and praying with the sick, speaking and singing at the daily noon prayer-meetings, and other work, until Mr. Moody's church was destroyed in the Chicago fire.

Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, we were holding a meeting in Farwell Hall, which was crowded to the doors. At the close of his address Mr. Moody asked me to sing a solo, and standing by the great organ at the rear of the platform I began the old, familiar hymn, "To-day the Saviour calls." By the time I had reached the third verse,

"To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh,"

my voice was drowned by the loud noise of the fire engines rushing past the hall, and the tolling of bells, among which we could hear, ever and anon, the deep, sullen tones of the great city bell, in the steeple of the old court-house close at hand, ringing out a general alarm.

Tremendous confusion was heard in the streets, and Mr. Moody decided to close the meeting at once, for the audience was becoming restless and alarmed. As the people dispersed, I went with Mr. Moody down the small back stairway leading into the old Arcade Court, and from our position there we watched the reflection of the fire, half a mile away, on the west side of the city, as it cast its ominous glare against the sky. After a few moments we separated, I to go over the river to where the fire was raging, and he to his home on the North Side. We did not meet again for more than two months.

On reaching the scene of the fire I found a whole block of small frame buildings burning fiercely, and I assisted in tearing down some board fences, to try to keep the fire from spreading to the adjoining territory. While thus engaged, the wind from the southwest had risen almost to a hurricane, and the flying embers from the falling buildings were quickly caught up and carried high upon the roofs of the houses adjoining, which were soon in flames. Thus the fire spread from building to building, and from block to block, until it seemed evident that the city was doomed. All this time the fire was moving towards Farwell Hall and the business center of the city.

I now gave up the fight, and made haste to recross the river, hurrying back to my quarters — my living room and office — in the Farwell Hall Building. The fire followed so rapidly that several times I had to shake the falling embers from my coat. Arriving at the hall, I gathered

up a number of belongings which I especially wished to save, and, placing them close to the door of my office, went out to find a conveyance so as to transfer them to a place of safety. It was now between one and two o'clock in the morning, and not a carriage or truck could be found.

While still looking for a conveyance I saw in the distance, coming up Clark Street, a horse attached to an express wagon, running at full speed, without a driver, and ten or fifteen men running after it trying to capture the animal. I made a dash for the flying steed, but in turning from one street into another he slipped and fell, and in a moment a crowd of men were on top of him, each claiming the right of possession. Not caring to share in the contest, I returned to the hall, and commenced the task of carrying my effects toward Lake Michigan, half a mile distant.

On the way to the lake I passed the present location of the Palmer House, then being erected, the foundation of which had only been built to the level of the street. Believing that the rooms and underground passages would afford a temporary place of security for some of my things, I walked on a plank down into the cellar, and hid two large valises in the darkest corner I could find. As yet, only a few people were moving out of their homes in this section of the city, and, as I noticed the seeming indifference of those who had come to the windows of their houses, I called out to them to escape for their lives, as the city was doomed to destruction. Some became alarmed; others only laughed.

I returned to the hall for another load of my belongings, and after securing all I could carry, started in a more direct route for the lake, the streets being lighted up by the glare of the oncoming conflagration. After getting about half-way to the shore, I stopped and deposited my burden on the front steps of a fine residence I was passing, thinking I would soon return and find them there. Again, for the third time, I went back to my rooms, and, gathering up a few more articles, started for the stone steps. I found, however, on reaching the house, that the things I had left there were covered several feet deep with other people's belongings, and I never saw them again.

By this time the people were fully awake, rushing about the street, or anxiously looking out of their windows and from the tops of their houses in the direction of the fire. I could not help thinking of the Bible story of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain in the long ago, as many still made light of those who said the city would be destroyed. The air was filled with flying sparks of fire, resembling a spring snowstorm, when the sky is filled with huge, falling flakes.

As I pressed on, two men carrying a sick man on a stretcher overtook me. After passing a short distance ahead, they stopped and laid him by the side of the street, as the invalid, being quite sure the city would not be destroyed, did not wish to be carried farther. As soon as the carriers had been paid off and discharged I employed them to assist me in carrying my effects to the lakeside; but before we reached our destination, in looking southward, they saw that the fire was sweeping through the southeastern section of the city, where they lived. Dropping my goods in the middle of the street, and without waiting for compensation, they rushed away to secure their own homes.

Again I secured help, and at last reached the lake, where I deposited my trunks and possessions close by the edge of the water, with the thought that if the flames came to the edge of the lake I would walk into the water and be saved from the heat. Remembering my first attempt at carrying my goods away from Farwell Hall, I returned to the Palmer House block, to secure, if possible, my first cargo, very much fearing that the things would not be there when I reached the place, as I thought some night wanderer might have noticed my leaving them and appropriated them to his own use. Much to my joy, I found them still there, and carried them away to the lake.

By this time I was greatly exhausted, and almost famished for want of water, that along the shore not being fit to drink. I asked another refugee, who was in like case with myself, watching his little store of precious things, if he would look out for mine while I returned into the city to get some water to drink. The man consenting, I went back to Wabash Avenue, one of the finest residential streets in the city, and, entering one of the large houses, asked if I might have some water. I was told to go into the rear of the building and get all I wished. I found a faucet, but, on attempting to draw water, air rushed out instead. This was my first intimation that the water works, two miles to the northward, had been destroyed. A few minutes later I heard a terrific explosion, which seemed to shake the city, and was told that the city gas works had blown up.

Things began to look very desperate — no water, no light in the houses, and the city in flames! I made my way back again to the lake and, wrapping myself in a great overcoat, lay down behind one of the large trunks which I had saved. Thus sheltered from the wind, I slept for an hour. On awaking I could hear the rush and roar of the fire coming nearer and nearer. The sun, slowly rising out of the waters of the lake, seemed like a red ball of fire. The wind had not fallen, and huge waves were breaking on the shore at my feet.

I now felt that I must have water to drink, and, after wandering along the shore for some distance, found some small rowboats, and asked a man near by, who seemed to be their owner, if I might have one to go out into the lake for fresh water. "Yes," he said; if you can manage the boat you can have it, as we are not likely to have much more boating in this section for sometime to come." So I took possession of one, and rowed down to where my goods were deposited. Rolling them on board, I made my way out into the lake, passing through the piling on which the railway was built, in front of the city. After getting my boat through the piling, I rowed out far enough to find fresh water. Then, tying my boat to some timbers that were being used for the erection of a new breakwater, I climbed up on the pile of lumber and for several hours watched the destruction of the city. Every few minutes a loud explosion was heard. I afterwards learned that these were caused by the blowing up of buildings — by order of General Sheridan, who was in the city at the time — so as to form a barrier against the fire and prevent its spreading to the southward.

It was interesting to watch the tramps and thieves carrying away on their backs large bales of silk and satin goods which they had taken from the burning stores in the wholesale district. Most of them followed the railway track southward, not knowing that at the place where the track reached the land a company of fire insurance agents were waiting with open arms to relieve them of their burdens.

The day wore away, but the city was still burning, and, as the sun was sinking in the west, a song came into my mind which I had been singing a few days before in Mr. Moody's large Sunday-school on the North Side, and I sang it through as I sat there, with the waves beating about me. The first verse was as follows:

"Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er."

I finally determined to get back to land, but was not aware of the fact that the riding of my boat upon the waves had almost sawn asunder the line with which it was attached to the timber. As I jumped into the boat the line broke, and I was swept out into the lake, the waves sweeping over my little craft. For a moment I was in real danger of being lost, but I soon had the boat under control, and, after a few moments of hard work, reached the shore in safety.

I then secured a drayman, who for the sum of ten dollars agreed to carry me and my effects to the unburned end of the Fort Wayne &

Chicago Railway if he could find it. He succeeded. I checked my goods for my home in the East, secured some refreshments at a near-by restaurant, and went back into the burnt district. Farwell Hall was gone, and every building in that part of the city had disappeared. The paved streets, covered with hot bricks and long coils of burnt and twisted telegraph wire, told something of the awful story. Most of the substance of these great buildings had actually been carried away by the hot air into the water of Lake Michigan.

After seeing something of the fearful destruction wrought by the conflagration, I made my way through the heated streets to the railway, and took an outgoing train for my home in Pennsylvania. As we left the city it seemed as though the whole country was on fire; in all directions we could see huge banks of flame sweeping across the prairies, and the air was filled to suffocation with smoke.

I was soon able to telegraph home of my safety and speedy return. It seemed as though this would end my work in Chicago, but two months later Mr. Moody telegraphed me to return and help him in the new temporary "Tabernacle," which had by that time been erected. On my return to Chicago I learned that Mr. Moody, after reaching his home on the North Side, had aroused his sleeping neighbors, assisted men and women into conveyances, and urged them to flee for their lives. As the billows of fire came nearer and nearer, Mr. Moody, with his wife and children, made his way into the northwestern district to a place of safety beyond the fire line. Before leaving her home Mrs. Moody took down from the wall an oil painting of her husband and asked him to carry it with him; but he declined, saying that he did not think it would look well for him to be running through the streets of Chicago with his picture in his arms at such a time! Speaking of the fire to a friend some time later, Mr. Moody remarked:

"All I saved was my Bible, my family and my reputation."

We continued to hold services and to help the poor and needy who had lost everything in the fire. We slept together in a corner of the new Tabernacle, with nothing for a bed but a single lounge, and frequently the fierce prairie winds would blow the drifting snow into our room.

During these busy months Mr. Moody was always soliciting help from his friends, for the purpose of rebuilding the church which had been destroyed by fire. I mention the following, as a characteristic incident of his skill in securing money: While walking with him one day along one of the principal streets of the city, we met one of his old acquaintances, and abruptly Moody said to him: "Look here, my friend, I am glad to see you, and I want one thousand dollars from you to help

rebuild my church on the North Side." The man looked at him in amazement, and retorted: "I can't give it to you; I haven't got a thousand dollars." Mr. Moody quickly replied: "Well, you can borrow it." The gentleman was so amused and impressed with the earnestness of the petitioner that he at once said: "All right, Mr. Moody, I'll send you a check to-morrow," which he did.

In October of 1872 I moved my family to Chicago, and in the same year Mr. Moody went on his second trip to England, leaving me in charge of the work at the Tabernacle, assisted by Major Whittle, Richard Thain, Fleming H. Revell, and others. There were conversions in the church and Sunday-school every week.

After Mr. Moody's return we accepted an invitation to go to Springfield, Illinois, to hold services, which were attended with great blessing. Indeed, it seemed that if we had remained and thus worked in our own country a great revival would have taken place. On our way to Springfield the train stopped at a station near Chicago, where a great crowd was assembled on the platform. Mr. Moody sat by an open window. Near by stood a tall, gaunt-looking countryman, with his hands in his pockets, looking at Mr. Moody through the window. Mr. Moody asked him what the crowd meant, and the man replied:

"Oh, the folks have just come down to see the cars."

"Did you know that General Grant was on the train?" Mr. Moody inquired.

"Oh, is he?" the man exclaimed.

Mr. Moody, with a smile, told him that he was not. Quite nonplussed, the man walked down the platform a little way, but returned in a little while and said:

"Hello, Mister! We had a great time in town last night."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Moody.

"There was a woman here, and they wouldn't bury her."

"Why wouldn't they bury her?" Mr. Moody asked.

"Because she wasn't dead," the man smilingly answered, to the great amusement of his friends.

Mr. Moody turned to me and said: "Sankey, put that window down!"

About this time my friend Philip Phillips returned from Europe, where

he had been singing for one hundred nights in succession. He came to Chicago and stopped with me. He made a very enticing offer, including a large salary and all expenses, if I would go with him to the Pacific coast and there assist him in his services of song. I wouldn't promise anything until I had spent some hours in consultation and prayer with my friend, Mr. Moody; the result was that I remained with him.

In June, 1873, we sailed for England, Mr. Moody taking his wife and children with him, and my wife accompanying me, having left our two children with their grandparents.

The only books that I took with me were my Bagster Bible and my "musical scrap-book," which contained a number of hymns which I had collected in the past years, and many of which, in the providence of God, were to be used in arousing much religious interest among the people in the Old Country. The voyage was uneventful, but of great interest to our little party. Mr. Moody, shortly after leaving Sandy Hook, for good and sufficient reasons retired to his berth, where he remained for the larger part of the voyage. I had the good fortune to escape seasickness, and was able to partake of my regular three meals a day. Mr. Moody would frequently send his ship steward over to my side of the ship to ascertain how I was getting on, and suggesting a large number of infallible remedies for seasickness.

On arriving at Queenstown, the vessel stopped for a short time, to land and receive mail. Among some letters which Mr. Moody received was one informing him that both the men who had invited us to come to England, the Rev. William Pennefather, a minister of the Established Church of London, and Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, a Wesleyan, and a prominent merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne, were dead.

Turning to me, Mr. Moody said, "Sankey, it seems as if God has closed the door for us, and if he will not open it we will return to America at once."

The next day we landed in Liverpool, strangers in a strange country, without an invitation, without a committee, and with but very little money. The situation was anything but cheerful. I have always felt that God was, by this strange providence, calling upon us to lean wholly upon him in any work in which we might be permitted to engage. We had no friends to meet us, and at once we made our way to the Northwestern Hotel, where we spent the night.

As Mr. Moody was looking over some letters which he had received in New York before sailing, and which had remained unread, he found one from the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at

York, asking him if he ever came to England again, to come there and speak for the Association. "Here is a door," said Moody to me after reading the letter, "which is partly open, and we will go there and begin our work."

The next morning we left Liverpool, Mr. Moody taking his family to London, where Mrs. Moody, being born in England, had a sister. I, with my wife, went to Manchester, to the home of my greatly beloved friend, Henry Morehouse, whom I had met in Chicago.

After three days' stay in London Mr. Moody went to York, where I joined him. On arriving there I went to the home of Mr. George Bennett, Honorary Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who had invited us to come to York, and, on inquiring if Mr. Moody had arrived, was told that he was in the room directly overhead. When Moody saw me he said, laughingly: "Our friend here is very much excited over our arrival, and says that he did not expect us so soon, and that he does not think this will be a good time to commence meetings, as all the people are away at the seaside." I was struck with the fact that notwithstanding these unpropitious circumstances, Mr. Moody did not show the slightest sign of disappointment or anxiety. After talking over the situation for a while, we called for Mr. Bennett, who was busy dispensing his medicines in his drug store below, and asked him if he could get the use of a chapel for our meetings. He at once secured permission to use an Independent Chapel. On his return he requested me to write out the following notice:

Evangelistic Services

D. L. Moody of Chicago will preach, and Ira D. Sankey of Chicago will sing, at 7 o'clock P.M. tomorrow, Thursday, and each succeeding evening for a week, in the Independent Chapel. All are welcome. No collection.

The first meeting was attended by less than fifty persons, who took seats as far away from the pulpit as possible. I sang several solos before Mr. Moody's address, and that was my first service of song in England. It was with some difficulty that I could get the people to sing, as they had not been accustomed to the kind of songs that I was using.

Although this, the first meeting of the long campaign, was not especially well received by the congregation, it gave Mr. Moody an opportunity to announce his noonday prayer-meetings and Bible meetings, which were to follow. The noonday prayer-meetings were

held in a small upper room (reached through a dark passage-way), where the YMCA held their meetings. Only six persons attended the first of these meetings. But these meetings were the beginning of days with us — the rising of the cloud of blessing, not larger than a man's hand, but which was soon to overshadow us with plenteous showers, and often with floods upon the dry ground.

It was at one of these noonday meetings that a young minister, pastor of the leading Baptist church of the city, his face lighted up with a light which I had not often witnessed before, rose and said: "Brethren, what Mr. Moody said the other day about the Holy Spirit for service is true. I have been preaching for years without any special blessing, simply beating the air, and have been toiling hard, but without the power of God upon me. For two days I have been away from the meetings, closeted with my Master. I think he has had the victory over my arrogance and pride, and I believe I have made a full surrender of all to him, and to-day I have come here to join you in worship, and to ask you to pray for me."

This confession and testimony was the rod in God's hand that smote the rock in the desert of doubt and unbelief at York. From that day the work took a new start, and soon there were hundreds of souls crowding the inquiry rooms. We were invited to hold services in this young pastor's chapel, and a large number were taken into his church. From that day on marvelous success has attended his preaching, and his name has become almost a household word in the Church at large. He has visited the conventions at Northfield for many years, and has conducted meetings of ministers in many of the leading cities of this country. His books have had an enormous circulation, and together with his addresses have been most helpful, not only to ministers of the gospel, but to Christian workers of all denominations. This young preacher, the Rev. F.B. Meyer, B.A., will ever be held in grateful remembrance by tens of thousands in this and other lands.

On his way from London to Northfield this year (1907), Dr. Meyer paid me a most delightful visit on a Sunday afternoon. We talked over the old times at York, London, Leicester and other places, and I sang for him, "There'll be no Dark Valley When Jesus Comes," and after praying with me, he promised to call and see me again.

From that small, beginning in York the attendance at our meetings continued to increase, until not less than twenty thousand persons attended the meetings at the Agricultural Hall, London.

The first public mention of our arrival in England was as follows:

"Mr. D. L. Moody has just arrived from Chicago with his family, and is accompanied by a Christian brother, who leads the singing at the meetings after the manner of our friend, Philip Phillips... Last Lord's Day he preached in Independent and Wesleyan Chapels, in York, and we believe that he intends to continue a while in the north of England, and then go to Scotland..."

Our sacred songs continued to grow in popularity, and I was continually beset with requests for the loan of my "musical scrap-book," in which alone could be found the songs that were then being sung as solos at our meetings. For a while I permitted many of my friends to have them, but soon found that it would be impossible to continue doing so, as persons having my book failed to return it in time for the meetings, thus preventing me from using the desired hymns at the services. To overcome this difficulty I had the words of a number of hymns printed on small cards. I hoped that these cards would supply the demand for the song, but as soon as the congregation observed that the cards were given out free to applicants, a rush was made for the platform, and the supply was exhausted the first day. I could not afford to continue this plan, and it was evident that something else had to be done. Having received a number of complaints from persons who had purchased copies of the "Hallowed Songs," which we were using in the meetings, that that book contained but a very few of the solos the people so much desired, I made an effort to have the publishers of that book print a few of the most popular pieces and bind them in the back of future editions of that book. This offer the publishers respectfully declined, saying that Philip Phillips, the compiler of the book, was in California, and that they did not care to make any alterations without his permission. I wrote them again, saying that I was an intimate friend of Mr. Phillips, and that I was sure he would be very glad to have this addition made to his book, but again the offer was declined, and here the matter rested for a while.

Among the many requests we had by this time received from towns in the vicinity, was a very urgent one from a large watering place on the north shore of England. We accepted the invitation and expected to go, but a few days before the time appointed for our start, a deputation of ministers called upon us, asking if they might not recall their invitation, giving as the reason, that the attendance at our meetings was so very large, it would no doubt interfere somewhat with the "penny collections," which they were in the habit of receiving from visitors during the summer season, and on which they relied very largely for the necessary funds to carry on the work for the balance of the year. Notwithstanding that Moody was well aware that they were making a mistake, he allowed them to withdraw the invitation, as we had many

others in hand, and there was lost to that town an opportunity which never returned. A number of petitions were brought to us from this place, urging us to come and hold meetings, but we were never able to do so.

Among other invitations was one from a minister at Sunderland, the Rev. A. A. Rees. Mr. Moody, fearing that in this case there might also be some trouble in regard to "penny collections," sent me to the place to learn the situation. Mr. Rees met me at the station, and I remained with him over night. During the evening he made a number of inquiries about Mr. Moody, and said that a year or so ago he had met a man in Ireland with the name of Moody, and that if this was the same man, he desired very much to have him come and preach in his chapel. His reason for this was, that in the home of a Mr. Bewley, he had been assigned to share a bedroom with Mr. Moody, and before retiring Moody suggested that they have evening devotions, and that he had never heard anything that equated Mr. Moody's prayer and burning desire for a greater knowledge of God's Word and power to preach it. On assuring him that this was the same man, it was at once settled that we should come the next week, and that there should be no "penny collections" to interfere with the work.

Almost immediately after arriving Mr. Rees requested me to go with him to the home of Mr. Longstaff, treasurer of Mr. Rees' chapel, and the man who many years afterward wrote the hymn, "Take time to be holy." On entering the parlor I discovered an American organ in a corner of the room, which, I was told, had been used by Philip Phillips in his service of song in that city. I was requested to sing, which I did, not knowing that the minister was strongly opposed, not only to solo singing, but to organs and choirs as well, never allowing anything of the kind in his church. Among the songs that I sang on this occasion I recall the following: "Come home, O Prodigal," "Free from the law," and "More to follow." The minister made no comments, but seemed much interested in the singing. A few days after our arrival in the city we were surprised to see the walls and billboards placarded with enormous posters, containing the following notice: "D. L. Moody of Chicago will preach the gospel, and Ira D. Sankey of Chicago will sing the gospel in Bethesda Chapel every afternoon and evening this week, except Saturday, at 3 and 7 o'clock. All are welcome." Thus the phrase, "sing the gospel" originated with one of the most conservative ministers in England.

We soon learned that we were in the hands of a pastor who was known throughout that section as "the pope of the north," and that none of the other ministers had been asked to join in the services. For the first time in the history of that chapel a small cabinet organ was not only brought

in, but given conspicuous place in the large pulpit, from which place I was better able to command the galleries and lead the singing than would have been the case had the organ occupied a place on the floor below.

Up to this time we had not organized any choirs to assist in the singing, but the people were learning the American tunes very fast, and the singing was becoming a marked feature of the meetings.

The hymn most used by our congregations in those days was, "Sun of my soul," to the tune "Hursley," which was almost the only distinctively English tune with which I was familiar up to that time, and finding that it could be adapted to "Rock of Ages," and many other hymns, we used the tune in almost every meeting.

During our stay at Sunderland we occupied "lodgings," ordering from the market such provisions as we desired, having the cooking done for us by those in charge of the house. On one occasion Mr. Moody was requested to order some fish, and, going through the market that day, he discovered a beautiful salmon, weighing not less than fifteen pounds, which he immediately purchased and had sent to our home. A fish of four or five pounds would have been abundantly large for our temporary wants, but Mr. Moody's generosity kept us in salmon during the remainder of our stay in that city. This was only a small indication of the large things always devised by Mr. Moody.

While here Mr. R.C. Morgan, of London, editor of "The Christian," having heard of the work that was going on in the north, visited us for the purpose of writing up an account of the meetings for his paper, and while seated one day at the dinner table, I remarked to him that I was afraid what I had heard about the English people being slow and conservative was all too true. I spoke with considerable animation on the subject, and he inquired what I meant. I then told him of my attempt to give away my sacred songs, which were in such demand by the people, and that I could get no one to take them. He at once remarked that as he had been printing musical leaflets for a number of years, he would be glad to take some of mine with him to London and publish them in a small paper-covered pamphlet. So I cut from my scrap-book twenty-three pieces, rolled them up, and wrote on them the words, "Sacred Songs and Solos, sung by Ira D. Sankey at the meetings of Mr. Moody of Chicago."

Mr. Morgan returned to London the next day, and in about two weeks we received 500 copies of the pamphlet, which was first used at an all-day meeting, held near the close of our mission in Sunderland. The little book was sold at sixpence per copy, and before the day was over

every book had been purchased. We immediately telegraphed for a still larger supply, which was also soon exhausted, and a few days later copies were seen not only in the windows of bookstores, but grocers', dry-goods establishments, etc. Thus began the publication and sale of a book which, together with the edition of words only, has now grown into a volume of twelve hundred pieces.

During all our campaigns abroad it was our custom to rest on Saturdays, and to make excursions into the country on that day, whenever it was convenient. While at Sunderland, one Saturday, we took a cab and drove a few miles northward along the seashore. Coming to an almost perpendicular cliff rising hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, we descended by a stairway to the beach below. For a while we enjoyed ourselves by walking along the shore, examining the beautiful shells left exposed by the tide, which had gone out before we arrived. Our attention was soon arrested by some one shouting from the top of the cliff. We saw a man wildly beckoning to us to return. On looking around we discovered that the tide had risen and had filled a deep channel between us and the stairway. It was clear that we had no time to lose. Mr. Moody suggested that I should plunge in and lead the way to the cliff as quickly as possible, and while I did so he stood looking on, convulsed with laughter at my frantic strides through the water over the slippery stones. But I reached a place of safety. Then the tables were turned, and it was my opportunity to enjoy a sight not soon to be forgotten, as my friend slowly and with considerable difficulty waded through the constantly rising water to the place where I stood. We were to hold a Bible reading that afternoon at three o'clock. Not having time to go to our lodgings for a change of clothing, we at once proceeded to the place of the meeting, and we held the service in our wet clothes and shoes.

The experience which we had just passed through suggested to me the hymn, "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore," and I sang the hymn at this meeting for the first time in England.

Many interesting incidents occurred at the Sunderland meetings, of which I recall the following: One evening at the conclusion of a very earnest gospel address, I was requested to sing a hymn which had hitherto been greatly blessed in bringing wanderers into the fold, "Come home, O prodigal, Come home!" A deep hush prevailed during the singing, and just before its conclusion a cry was heard through the building: "Oh, father, will you forgive me?" while a young man rushed from the back part of the room down the middle aisle to where his father was seated. Throwing his arms around his neck, and with the deepest emotion, he begged forgiveness for some great wrong that he had done. The father rose from his seat and said: "My boy, I forgive

everything; come now, let us go into the vestry and ask God to forgive us both, even as I have forgiven you." This incident made a profound impression upon the whole congregation, and that night hundreds of penitents retired to an adjoining room for prayer and consultation. From this time on the spirit of anxious inquiry deepened throughout the city, and in a few days Victoria Hall, the largest in the city, seating 3,000, was engaged for our meetings, and was crowded to the doors during the remainder of our stay.

While here a prominent Christian gentleman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Richard Hoyle, who had heard of our work, came over, and, after attending some meetings, asked if we would come to his city. Mr. Moody told him that if the ministers of Newcastle would unite in requesting us to come we would gladly do so. Mr. Hoyle returned to his city and, calling the ministers together, told them what he had seen and heard at Sunderland. As a result of this meeting a petition was at once signed by a large number of non-conformist ministers, together with a few prominent laymen, and forwarded to Mr. Moody, who immediately accepted the invitation. On August 25 we arrived at Newcastle. It was a dark, gloomy night, the town being enveloped in a dense fog. At the chapel which had been selected for our opening meeting that night we found very few present. In the small audience I was impressed with the radiant countenance of one of the ladies, who sat near the front. From the opening hymn to the close of Mr. Moody's address, the expression on her face seemed to show that she fully understood and appreciated the message that was being proclaimed, and at the close she came forward, thanking the preacher and the singer for what she had heard, and predicting that before many days a great blessing from God would be poured out upon that community. How truly this prophecy of Hannah Swinburn was fulfilled is now known to all. Shortly afterward I was invited with my wife to this lady's home, and with her delightful family we spent some of the happiest hours in the Old Country.

In a few days the evening meetings became so crowded that overflow meetings had to be held in near-by halls and chapels. A remarkable impression was made at this place upon some of the people known as Quakers, or Society of Friends. It was not only by Mr. Moody's stirring addresses and Bible lectures, but also by the new hymns and tunes, the like of which had never been heard in the city before. It was not an uncommon sight to see an aged Quaker lady, dressed in the garb of her sect, as soon as it was announced that I would sing in the overflow meeting, get up and follow me to the place of the meeting, and take a place near the platform, where she could hear the new songs. It was at this place that I first began singing the new songs, "The Sweet By and

By," "That will be Heaven for me," and "Christ Arose," which soon became so popular all over Great Britain, also such hymns as "Come to the Saviour," "When He Cometh," etc. It was most interesting to notice how quickly the people took up these songs; they sang them in the ship-yards on Tyneside, on the streets, in the railway trains, and in the market-places. It was the beginning of a revolution in Great Britain in the matter of popular sacred songs, and now, though over thirty years have rolled by, it is said they are still in great favor with the people. It was while in this city that we organized the first "Moody and Sankey" choir.

As the mission here was nearing its close, we went to the town of Walker to hold a meeting, and addressed a large number of workingmen connected with the shipbuilding industry at that place. At the close of the meeting, as we were about to leave the hall, and while I was on the platform gathering up my hymn-books, a very refined-looking gentleman, with a strong Scotch accent, came up to me and said: "Do you think Mr. Moody would go to Edinburgh if he had an invitation from the ministers there?" This canny Scot had been attending our meetings for the past ten days, and was reporting what he had witnessed to his ministerial friends in Scotland. He was somewhat disguised, for he wore an old, soft white hat, while at home he wore a very proper high silk hat. I told him that I thought Mr. Moody would be very glad to go to Scotland, but that he had better speak to him about it. At the close of the meeting this gentleman, who proved to be the Rev. John Kelman, of Leith, who afterward became chairman of our general committee in Edinburgh, took from his pocket a petition, largely signed by ministers and prominent laymen, asking us to come to Edinburgh for a series of meetings. He handed the paper to Mr. Moody, who at once accepted the invitation.

Before going to Scotland we visited Bishop Auckland, Middleton, Darlington and Carlisle. In many of the smaller places we found considerable difficulty in securing small cabinet organs, it being inconvenient and expensive to carry our own instrument from place to place. I shall never forget an experience in Bishop Auckland. The organ, which had been supplied by the committee, was placed in a high pulpit, where there was room for both speaker and singer. The organ did fairly well, till near the close of the meeting. While Moody was in the vestry speaking to the inquirers, I remained with one of the ministers in the large hall, conducting a service of prayer. While thus engaged, the organ suddenly became disorganized and proceeded to give forth a number of discordant sounds, which I was utterly unable to suppress, and in despair I rushed into the vestry, where Moody was speaking to a number of inquirers. He asked me why I had left the

prayer-meeting in the other room. I took him to the door of the chapel and asked him to listen. The organ was still pouring forth its shrill and inharmonious notes, and the prayer-meeting was brought to a rather abrupt conclusion.

We went to Carlisle on November 15, 1873, on the invitation of a prominent Christian worker with whom we had no acquaintance whatever, but who proved to be one of the leading Plymouth Brethren of that place. But one minister and the pastor of the chapel where we held the meeting attended the first service. For a few days there was no power in the meetings, and Moody decided to call together all the ministers of the place to see what was wrong. When assembled he asked them if they knew what was the cause of the lack of interest in the meetings. One minister arose and said that he had not attended, because he did not believe in "sheep stealing." Others expressed the same sentiment, saying that as we had come to the place by invitation of one who was not in sympathy with the ministers and their work, as carried on in the churches and chapels, they had decided not to have anything to do with this mission. Mr. Moody at once arose and said that he had never before been accused of "sheep stealing," or of working to either build up or tear down any one denomination of Christians; that he had come to Carlisle to preach the gospel, and that he desired the co-operation of all the ministers of the place, and asked them if they would not join him in prayer over the subject. He asked that each one present lead in prayer, and when this was done there was established the most kindly and brotherly feeling, and all promised to be present at all the meetings which were to follow.

It was a dismal night in November, 1873, when our train rolled into the station in the city of Edinburgh. Desiring to avoid the formality of a reception at the hands of the committee and friends who had invited us to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in their city, we had refrained from notifying them as to the hour of our arrival. Securing public cabs from the numerous array massed about the station, we were soon rattling along the well-lighted streets to the places where we were to abide.

I had selected a hotel on the principal street, not far from the Walter Scott monument, and after being assigned my room walked out on the crowded thoroughfare for a stroll. I had not proceeded half a block when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice said, "Ah, Mr. Sankey, is this you? When did you arrive, and where is Mr. Moody?"

I gave the desired information in a few words and then made bold to ask, "And, pray, who are you?" The chairman of your committee," he responded. "And I've been waiting for days to hear when you would

arrive. Come away. You're not to be stopping at a public hotel when there are a hundred homes ready to receive you."

So, hurrying me into a cab, and arranging with the hotel-keeper to release my room, I was soon welcomed into one of the most delightful homes in all Edinburgh. It was while abiding in this house that I wrote the music of my first Gospel song, "Yet there is room."

Our first meeting in Edinburgh was advertised to be held on Sunday evening, November 23, and long before the hour for commencing the service arrived the whole building was densely packed to its utmost corners; even the lobbies, stairs and entrance were crowded with people, while more than two thousand were turned away.

The first announcement made was a sad disappointment to the congregation, for it was that Mr. Moody could not be present, he having contracted a severe cold the day before, while on the train en route from Carlisle. It was further announced that Mr. Sankey would conduct the service of song, and the Rev. J. H. Wilson would preach.

This was indeed a trying hour for the singer. Much had been said and written in Scotland against the use of "human hymns" in public worship, and even more had been uttered against the employment of the "kist o' whistles," the term by which they designated the small cabinet organ I employed as an accompaniment to my voice.

A goodly number of ministers and prominent laymen were present. After the opening prayer I asked all to join in singing a portion of the One Hundredth Psalm. To this they responded with a will, as it was safe and common ground for all denominations, and no questions were raised as to Mr. Rouse having introduced anything "human" into David's version as found in the Bible. This was followed by reading the Scriptures and prayer.

The service having been thus opened in regular order, we now faced the problem of "singing the gospel" — a term first devised and used by the Rev. Arthur A. Rees, of Sunderland, England, some months before, in advertising our meetings in that city, and since then much discussed in Scotland. The song selected for my first solo was "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The intense silence that pervaded that great audience during the singing of this song at once assured me that even "human hymns," sung in a prayerful spirit, were indeed likely to be used of God to arrest attention and convey gospel truth to the hearts of men in bonny Scotland, even as they had in other places.

After a powerful address by Dr. Wilson, and a closing prayer, I was requested to sing another solo. Selecting "Hold the Fort," then comparatively new in Edinburgh, the audience was requested to join in singing the chorus, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," which they did with such heartiness and such power that I was further convinced that gospel songs would prove as useful and acceptable to the masses in Edinburgh as they had in the cities of York and Newcastle in England.

In our meetings held prior to entering Scotland, it had been our custom to have the committee in charge of the various meetings — often three and four, in different localities, in a day — see that organs were placed in the halls and chapels ready for use. In Edinburgh we failed to inform the committee that upon them would devolve the matter of placing the organs in each hall and church as needed. The consequence of this oversight was that at our second meeting, held in Barclay Free Church, there was no organ provided, and therefore we could have no solo singing or gospel hymns.

When the committee discovered, about the hour for commencing the service, that the organ was not present, but away off at the Music Hall, they sent after the missing instrument, which was brought with great speed.

They hoped to arrive at the meeting in season for the closing exercises, and this end they certainly would have attained had not the Jehu in charge been over zealous in the use of his whip. In whirling round a corner near the church at too great a speed he overturned the vehicle, rolling both deputation and "kist o' whistles " into the middle of the street.

The "kist" was in a sadly demoralized condition, and its appearance now strangely suggestive of its Scotch name. The outcome of the disaster was that Mr. Moody had to conduct the second meeting alone, as I had led the first alone.

These occurrences evidently greatly pleased some of the Scotch folks, as they were heard to say: "It had a fine tendency to break up any scheme the evangelists might have had in their working together."

The third meeting was held in the same church, and great interest was manifested by the citizens. The question of the solo singing, as to its propriety and usefulness, was not as yet fully understood or admitted; hence it was with much fear and trepidation that we thus really entered, this third night, upon our three months' campaign.

As I took my seat at the instrument on that, to me, most memorable evening, I discovered, to my great surprise, that Dr. Horatius Bonar

was seated close by my organ, right in front of the pulpit. The first gospel-song music I had ever composed, written since coming to Edinburgh, was set to words which he wrote—"Yet there is room."

Of all men in Scotland he was the one man concerning whose decision I was most solicitous. He was, indeed, my ideal hymn-writer, the prince among hymnists of his day and generation. And yet he would not sing one of his own beautiful hymns in his own congregation, such as, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," or, "I was a wandering sheep," because he ministered to a church that believed in the use of the Psalms only.

With fear and trembling I announced as a solo the song, "Free from the Law, oh, happy condition."

No prayer having been offered for this part of the service, and feeling that the singing might prove only an entertainment, and not a spiritual blessing, I requested the whole congregation to join me in a word of prayer, asking God to bless the truth about to be sung.

In the prayer my anxiety was relieved. Believing and rejoicing in the glorious truth contained in the song, I sang it through to the end.

At the close of Mr. Moody's address, Dr. Bonar turned toward me with a smile on his venerable face, and reaching out his hand he said: "Well, Mr. Sankey, you sang the gospel to-night."

And thus the way was opened for the mission of sacred song in Scotland.

At one of the meetings here a young man anxious to gain admittance to the already over-crowded hall, cried out to Mr. Moody: "I have come twenty miles to, hear you, can't you make room for me somewhere?" Moody calmly replied: "Well, if we push the walls out you know what the roof will do."

On another occasion, as we were holding meetings in the Free Assembly Hall, while I was singing a solo a woman's shrill voice was heard in the gallery, as she made her way toward the door, crying: "Let me oot! Let me oot! What would John Knox think of the like of yon?" At the conclusion of the solo I went across the street to sing at an overflow meeting in the famous Tolbooth Church. I had just begun to sing, when the same voice was again heard, "Let me oot! Let me oot! What would John Knox think of the like of yon?"

Professor Blaikie said in the Edinburgh Daily Review at this time: "It is almost amusing to observe how entirely the latent distrust of Mr.

Sankey's "kist o' whistles" has disappeared. There are different ways of using the organ. There are organs in some churches for mere display, as some one has said, 'with a devil in every pipe;' but a small harmonium, designed to keep the tune right, is a different matter, and is seen to be no hindrance to the devout and spiritual worship of God."

In 1874 my father visited Scotland, bringing with him my two children. He frequently said to his friends that he never enjoyed anything in his life as much as this visit to Scotland.

In London, a little later, Gladstone, accompanied by Lord Kinnaird, visited one of the meetings we were holding at Agricultural Hall. At the conclusion of the address Mr. Moody was introduced to the Grand Old Man of England by Lord Kinnaird. "You have a fine body for your profession," remarked Mr. Gladstone. "Yes, if I only had your head on it," Mr. Moody replied, and then hurried away to an inquiry meeting. The Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family attended a number of our meetings at Her Majesty's Theater, occupying their private box. I was told by the Duchess of Sutherland that the Princess was very fond of "Sacred Songs and Solos," a copy of which I had the pleasure of presenting to her. When the weather was not propitious and she remained at home from her church service, she would gather her children around the piano and sing by the hour.

We remained in Great Britain this time for two years, holding meetings in many of the leading cities of England, Scotland and Ireland.

We found but little opposition to the use of hymns and organs in Ireland, and our choirs contained many people of the higher walks of life. It was in the Exhibition Palace in Dublin that I first sang, "What shall the harvest be?" I was surprised when Moody requested me never to sing it again in the meetings, and for a while he took the precaution personally to announce the solos that he wished to have sung. I afterwards learned that his reason for not wanting this hymn sung at his meetings was that a prominent minister, after having heard the hymn the first time I sang it, had remarked to Moody that if I kept on singing such hymns I would soon have them all dancing. However, when Moody did not announce the solos he wished me to sing, I would start up, "Sowing the seed in the daylight fair," and after some time he began to give it out himself occasionally, and, hearing no further criticism, the hymn was from that time onward always sung in connection with Moody's address on "Sowing and Reaping."

Another instance of Mr. Moody's being influenced against certain hymns, was in the case of the hymn "Memories of Galilee." I first introduced this hymn at one of our meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at

which service a very prominent and distinguished lady was present. She expressed herself as not approving of this kind of hymns, and Mr. Moody at once requested me to leave it out of "Sacred Songs and Solos," which I was just then preparing. I told him that I thought the song would certainly become popular, and that I very much needed some new solos, and that I had already sent it on to the publishers. A few months later this lady again heard me sing the song, and after the meeting she told Mr. Moody that she thought it was one of the most beautiful songs she had ever heard. The song from this time became a great favorite of us all.

Some of the comedians at the theaters tried to make hits by changing our hymns and using our names on the stage. This was always resented by the audiences.

In imitation of the popular song, "He's a Fraud," an actor one evening sang at the Royal Theater in Manchester some doggerel beginning, "We know that Moody and Sankey are doing some good in their way." It received both cheers and hisses from the audience at first, but on a repetition of the words the displeasure was so great that the comedian had to leave the stage. At a circus in Dublin, on one occasion, one clown said to another, "I am rather Moody to-night; how do you feel?" The other responded, "I feel rather Sankey-monious." This by-play was not only met with hisses, but the whole audience arose and joined with tremendous effect in singing one of our hymns, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

While holding meetings at Burdett road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and I one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. There we visited a gypsy camp. While stopping to speak to two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gypsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on the head of one of them and said: "May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!

Fifteen years later, when Gypsy Smith made his first visit to America, I had the pleasure of taking him for a drive in Brooklyn. While passing through Prospect Park he asked me:

"Do you remember driving out from London one day to a gypsy camp at Epping Forest?" I replied that I did. "Do you remember a little gypsy boy standing by your carriage," he asked again, "and you put your hand on his head, saying that you hoped he would be a preacher? "

"Yes, I remember it well."

"I am that boy," said Gypsy Smith.

My surprise can better be imagined than described. Little had I thought that the successful evangelist and fine gospel singer of whom I had heard so much, and whom I had so much admired, was the little boy I had met in the gypsy camp. Truly God has granted my wish of fifteen years before, and has made a mighty preacher of the gypsy boy.

During our meetings in Her Majesty's Theater at Pall Mall a Mr. Studd, who had a great many fast horses and fox-hounds, gave them all up and became a follower of Christ. Mr. Studd's son was attending Eton College, at Windsor, near the Queen's castle. He and Mr. Graham, of Glasgow, a member of Parliament, invited us to go to Windsor and hold meetings for the young Lords in the college. When it was rumored that we would accept the invitation, the subject was taken up and discussed in Parliament.

Although we were accustomed to devote Saturdays to rest, we decided to give one Saturday to Eton College. When we arrived at Windsor Station we were met by Mr. Studd and Mr. Graham, and taken to the home of a merchant. As there was so much excitement in the town because of our coming, it was decided that it would be best to hold the meetings in this gentleman's garden. Mr. Graham gathered about fifty of the students under a large apple tree in the garden. There Mr. Moody gave a short address on John 3:16, and I sang a number of solos, including "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour." We also distributed copies of "Sacred Songs and Solos" among the students, who took an enthusiastic part in the singing. Mr. Studd's son, who afterward became known as one of the chief cricketers of England, was converted at this meeting.

On one of our subsequent visits to Great Britain this young man got up a large petition, inviting us to Cambridge. The invitation to Cambridge we gladly accepted, and arrived there on Guy Fawkes night. When we entered the Corn Exchange, which was the largest meeting room in town, we found it filled with students. It was the largest religious meeting that had ever been held in Cambridge. On reaching the platform we found Mr. George E. Morgan, of "The Christian," London, who was then a Cambridge student, conducting the singing. Mr. Moody asked one of the Dons to lead in prayer, after which he called upon me to sing "The Ninety and Nine." The students listened to the first verse in perfect silence, but at its conclusion they vigorously beat the floor with canes and umbrellas, and cried, "Hear, hear!" This demonstration followed each verse to the end. Mr. Moody's address for half an hour held the undivided attention of his congregation. At the conclusion some of the students attempted to stampede the meeting, but a large majority remained and gathered around us, saying: "These men must have fair play while they are in Cambridge." Thus began a

great revival in that town. Hundreds of young men dated their conversion from that time.

The news of the religious work at Cambridge naturally spread to Oxford, and we were invited to hold meetings there. We had hoped that the success of our meetings at Cambridge would make the way easier at Oxford. But a similar process had to be gone through there. We stopped at the Bull's Head Hotel, and held meetings for two weeks in a large hall connected with that building, and eventually a large number of students took their stand on the Lord's side.

One day as I was making some purchases in a bookstore in London, a sailor came rushing in, saying: "Give me a dozen little Sankey's, quick!" The hymn book "Sacred Songs and Solos" was usually called "Sankey's."

While holding meetings at Campbeltown, on a subsequent visit to Scotland, a drunken man staggered into the meeting one evening, while Mr. Moody was preaching. He had not been seated long before he arose and said: "Mr. Moody, will you please stop a bit, I want to hear Mr. Sankey sing 'The Ninety and Nine.'" Moody, with his marvelous tact, said: "All right; sit down, my friend, I will ask Mr. Sankey to sing for you." Those sitting near him said he was visibly affected by the song. Later on when the invitation was given to retire to the inquiry room the man sitting next to this drunkard brought him in. I sat down beside him and talked and prayed with him. He said he was the black, as well as the lost sheep of his family, and that he wanted to sign a pledge to stop drinking. We did not use the pledge in those days, but to please this man we hunted up a copy, under which he signed his name, John McNeil. He declared his intention to give up drink forever. For many evenings he came to our services, and always went into the inquiry meetings. He told me that to get away from temptation he used to take his mother's Bible and his lunch, and for many days go into the hills in the country. I corresponded with him for over a year. He was said to have been one of the most wicked men of his town, and had given the police more trouble than any other man there, but he became a humble follower of Christ.

On the 3d of August, 1875, a great farewell meeting was held for us in Liverpool. Several addresses were made, one of some length by Mr. Moody. As we took our departure on the "Spain" we left with the most enthusiastic applause and evidences of good will, the great crowd on the shore singing several of our hymns as the vessel moved out of sight.

After our return to America, the first meeting held was at Northfield,

on the 9th of September, 1875. There, among many others, Mr. Moody's mother, who was a Unitarian, stood up for prayer. At this meeting I first sang "The Ninety and Nine" in this country.

One day while crossing the Connecticut River on a ferry, which was pulled across by a line stretched over the river, Mr. Bliss and I were singing, "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore," when we noticed that the boat pulled unusually heavy, and on investigating, found that Mr. Moody, who was sitting in the rear, was pulling back on the line with all his might, so as to delay the trip, and give him a chance to listen to the singing. This illustrates Mr. Moody's fondness for singing. Although himself not a singer, he used the service of praise more extensively and successfully than any other man in the nineteenth century.

Brooklyn was our next place to visit. Although the first meeting, held in Clermont Avenue Rink, October 24, was at half past eight in the morning, the hall, which had chairs for five thousand persons, was packed full, and thousands were turned away for want of room. I was assisted in the singing here by a choir of two hundred and fifty voices. My first solo was, "Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer has come!" At the second meeting, in the afternoon, fifteen thousand persons had to be turned away for lack of accommodation. From two to three hundred requests for prayer would often be announced at these meetings.

At one of them a fine-looking young man came into the inquiry room along with a number of others. I asked him if he was willing to accept Christ as his only Saviour. He bowed his head in his hands as he sat by my side. With great earnestness, while his whole frame shook with deepest feeling, he replied: "Jesus will not accept me."

"Why not?"

"Because I have been an infidel for many years, a follower of Charles Bradlaugh, and for the last eight years have not ceased to speak in private and public against Christ. I have traveled over nearly all the world, and have spoken everywhere against him and all those who professed to be Christians; now I fear he will not forgive me for what I have done."

"Do you want him to forgive you?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I do not know what is the matter with me or why I am here to-night. Some power that I do not understand has been working upon me for the last two days, and I am in a despondent state of mind."

I lifted my heart in prayer that I might make no mistake in dealing with this man. I waited for a moment, and then said, "My dear friend, what you need to-night is Christ; he will dispel your gloom and sorrow."

"But," he exclaimed, arousing himself from what seemed to be a deep reverie, "I have fought against him all my life, and I thought I was right, too."

"Did you have peace in your heart when you were preaching against Christ?"

He looked up at me. "No, I was a coward," he confessed. "I remember, while coming home from a long journey on the sea, we were one night driven by the storm near the rocks off a certain cape, and when I thought we were sure to go to the bottom of the sea, I got down on my knees and prayed to God to save us. The storm died, and with it went my prayers. For as soon as I thought we were safe, like a coward I went back to my old ways, and denied that there was a God."

"Well," I said, "let that go. What brought you here to-night? "

"I don't know," he replied. "I have not been in church for eight years; I have not spoken to a Christian in that time, as I have lived entirely among infidels and skeptics. But about a year ago I received a letter from my poor old mother, away over in Dundee, Scotland. She asked me to make her one promise, that when Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came back to America I would go to hear them, if they came to the place where I was. I answered her that I would. When you came here I thought I would have to keep my word to my mother, so I went to the Rink two nights in succession. Since that time I have had no rest. Yesterday and to-day I have had to close up my office. I am a civil engineer. I have been walking the streets all day, thinking, thinking. Not being acquainted with any Christians to whom I could speak, I thought I would go once more to the Rink. And now here I am, talking to you."

"My dear friend," I said, "it is an answer to your mother's prayer. She may be praying for her wandering boy this very night. Now, do not delay any longer. Yield to Christ and he will receive you."

He bowed his head, while his trembling form told how deeply his heart was moved. After a hard struggle he took my hand and said: "By the grace of God I take Jesus Christ as my Saviour now!"

After a word of prayer I asked him if he would not write to Scotland at once and tell his mother all about it, and he promised that he would. A few evenings later I met him at the door of the Rink. As he came up to

shake hands and bid me good bye I asked him if he had written to his mother.

"Oh, yes," said he, "but not until I had sent her a cable dispatch first."

"What did you say in the dispatch?" I asked.

"Well, I just said, 'I've found Jesus,' and signed my name to it."

"Thank the Lord," said I.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "that is just what my dear old mother cabled back to me, 'Thank the Lord, O my soul.'"

Our first meeting in Philadelphia was held on November 24, in the old Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, which John Wanamaker fitted up for our use. It had a seating capacity of more than ten thousand persons. Here, as in Brooklyn, the leading ministers gave their hearty support to the work and in every way expressed their approval of the effort. On one occasion the meetings were attended by President U. S. Grant, several Senators, and members of the Supreme Court. During my stay in Philadelphia I often visited the home of Henry Clay Trumbull, then the editor of "The Sunday School Times," who gave us his heartiest support in every way. Among the laymen who were very efficient helpers at our meetings were John Wanamaker and George H. Stuart. Mr. Wanamaker's special meetings for young men were largely attended. Under Moody's powerful preaching many conversions took place in Philadelphia.

A number of Princeton students attended the meetings, and an invitation was extended to us to go to Princeton to hold meetings there for the college men, which we were glad to accept. In the Princeton meetings we had the warm sympathy and co-operation of President McCosh. Among the converts at Princeton was Wilton Merle Smith, now one of the leading ministers of New York City.

The old Hippodrome in New York, located where Madison Square Garden is now, was the scene of our next meetings, in February, March, and April of 1876. It was the largest place of assembly in the city, though a very unattractive structure. The building had never been used for religious meetings before, but was a place for sport and gaiety. The hall which we used, the largest in the building, seated eight thousand. A monster stage was built, large enough to hold the choir of six hundred voices, and still to leave room for at least four hundred visiting clergymen and guests. Here for the first time I sang "Waiting and Watching," which afterward became a great favorite. Thurlow Weed, who frequently attended the meetings and occupied a seat at the

reporters' desk, would often have written requests laid on my organ asking me to sing this hymn. The New York meetings were very successful. One day, near the close of the ten weeks' campaign, an audience assembled which numbered more than four thousand persons, all of whom confessed that they had been converted at these meetings.

Our next large meetings were held in Chicago during the fall of 1876, in a large Tabernacle erected for the occasion by John V. Farwell. It was capable of seating more than eight thousand. At one of these meetings Mr. Moody's attention was attracted by an usher with a wand in his hand, seating the people as they came in. Mr. Moody did not like the man's appearance. He asked the chairman of the committee, Mr. Harvey, who the usher was. Mr. Harvey replied that he did not know, but would go and see. Taking the man out into the inquiry room, Mr. Harvey learned that his name was Guiteau — the man who afterward shot President Garfield. So great was Mr. Moody's power in reading character.

At the close of the three months' mission in Chicago, a farewell service was held for those alone who professed to have been brought to Christ during the meetings, and it was attended by six thousand persons.

Then, for six months, we conducted meetings in Boston. On an average, three meetings a day were held, in a large temporary building erected for the occasion by a committee of wealthy gentlemen. Here also we had the hearty co-operation of many prominent ministers and laymen, among whom Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Joseph Cook, Phillips Brooks, and Henry M. Moore may be mentioned. Among those who professed conversion at these meetings was H. M. F. Marshall, who afterward removed to Northfield, and there, under Mr. Moody's direction, erected a number of the school buildings.

New Haven was our next field of labor. Many of the Yale University students were here converted, and afterward became useful ministers of the gospel throughout the country.

At Hartford, which we next visited, Mark Twain attended several of our meetings. On one occasion P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, attended and remained for an inquiry meeting, where it was my privilege to speak to him in regard to his spiritual condition. In our conversation he said: "Mr. Sankey, you go on singing 'The Ninety and Nine,' and when you get that lost sheep in the fold we will all be saved." I after-ward learned that he was a Universalist.

For the next six months we conducted meetings in the churches of St. Louis. Able assistance was, rendered by the Rev. J. H. Brookes and

other eminent ministers. At one of the inquiry meetings I asked a fine-looking man as he was leaving the meeting, if he was a Christian. "No," he replied, "I am a Missourian."

On our first visit to California, we stopped at Ogden, so as not to travel on Sunday, and went to Salt Lake City on Saturday afternoon. As soon as it became known that we were in the city, we were invited by the Presbyterian minister to hold services in his church, which we did. The interest at once became so great that we decided to change our plans and stay here for a couple of weeks. The church soon became too small for the great crowds, and we were invited to the Methodist Church, the largest in the city. Many Mormons attended the meetings, and one night two daughters of President Taylor went into the inquiry room and professed conversion. The solo singing was of great interest to the Mormons. A gentleman from England, who had become a Mormon, and who was collector of tithes, took a great fancy to Mr. Moody, of whom he had heard much from friends in England, and invited us to hold meetings in the Mormon Tabernacle. This, however, we declined. The Englishman said to Moody: "You are all right, only you don't go far enough." When Moody asked what he meant he said: "You do not have the revelation of Joseph Smith in your Bible." Moody answered that he was thankful for it; that he had no gospel of man, and that if Joseph Smith could have a revelation, D. L. Moody could have one also. This closed their discussion. A great crowd of people, among whom were many Mormons, came to the station to bid us good bye. Mr. Moody never visited Salt Lake City again.

Our work spread out in all directions, and hundreds of cities were visited, not only throughout the United States, but in Canada, and even in Mexico, much blessing attending all the services.

At a meeting in Norfolk, as Mr. Moody was about to begin his sermon, after I had sung a number of hymns, the minister of the church stepped up and said: "I want to make a little explanation to my people; many of my members believe that Moody and Sankey are one man, but brethren and sisters, this man is Mr. Moody, and that man at the organ is Mr. Sankey; they are not one person, as you supposed."

At Chattanooga the colored people boycotted our meetings, the colored ministers taking offense because they were not invited to take seats on the platform. We arranged a special meeting for the colored people, and were surprised to find the church nearly empty when we arrived. But Moody was not to be defeated in this way. He went out into the street and gave personal invitation to hundreds of colored people, and no further difficulty was experienced.

On one occasion, when I was leaving Chicago for New York on an evening train, a gentleman took his seat beside me. For some time nothing was said, but after a while we got into a general conversation. After discussing the weather and politics, we entered upon the subject of religion. This finally led to the discussion of Moody and Sankey. The stranger said that he had never had the pleasure of hearing either of them. When I told him that I had often heard Moody preach and Sankey sing, he seemed much interested and asked:

"What kind of folks are they?"

"Oh, they are just common folks like you and me," I replied.

His daughter, he said, had a cabinet organ and they were all very fond of the "Gospel Hymns," and he was sorry that he had not had the opportunity to hear Sankey sing 'The Ninety and Nine' before he died. I told him I was much surprised, and asked him what proof he had of Sankey's death. He replied that he had seen it in the papers.

"It must be true if you have seen it in the papers," I said.

By this time we were nearing the station where my friend was to get out. Hearing the whistle blow, he looked out of the window and remarked: "I have enjoyed your company very much, but will soon have to leave you now."

"I hardly think it is fair that we should part without telling you that I am one of the men we have been talking about," I said.

"Why, who are you?" he asked.

"I am what is left of Sankey."

At this he reached for his gripsack, and giving me a quizzical look he said: "You can't play that on me, old fellow; Sankey is dead." Then he rushed for the door, leaving me to continue my journey alone.

During the years which followed, we made several trips to Great Britain and held meetings in hundreds of places. In the campaign of 1881-'84 we held meetings in ninety-nine places in Scotland alone. Mr. Moody was once asked if he had kept any record of the number of converts at his meetings.

"Records!" he exclaimed, "why, they are only kept in heaven."

In one of the recent revival meetings at Sheffield, conducted by Torrey and Alexander, a man gave the following testimony: "I found Christ in this hall in 1882, when Moody and Sankey were preaching the gospel;

I was brought face to face with God, and in the after-meeting Mr. Sankey led me to Christ, and I am happy in him to-day."

"Well, now, that is refreshing," commented Mr. Alexander. "When anybody asks you if revival converts stand, you can speak of that one; he looks as if he is going to stay, too. As we have gone around the world we have found that the best workers, as a general rule, are either workers or converts of the Moody and Sankey meetings. We have found them in India, in Tasmania, and everywhere we have gone."

Lord Shaftesbury, speaking at a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, in the interest of evangelical work in Ireland, said: "Therefore go on circulating the Scriptures. I should have been glad to have had also the circulation of some well-known hymns, because I have seen the effect produced by those of Moody and Sankey. If they would only return to this country they would be astonished at seeing the influence exerted by those hymns which they sung. A week ago, when in Paris, I went to Belleville, the very nest of the communists, and even in this quarter I heard their hymns being sung. If we could get something like that in Ireland a mighty influence would be exerted."

"These American laymen," said another prominent man, "have wrought a work in Great Britain which the Church of England itself feels in its inmost heart. They are not, it is true, graduates of any university; they are men of the people, speaking the language and using the methods not of the refined, but of the generality. Yet they have probably left a deeper impress of their individuality upon the men and women of Great Britain than any other persons that could be named."

On our last visit to Scotland, Mr. Moody and I visited the town of Thursough, where we held a number of meetings. One of the ministers of the town said he could not join in the service, because he did not believe in using any other songs of praise than those of David.

We were invited from here to the town of Granton, still farther north, to hold a single service in the established church of that place, the Presbyterians being opposed to our methods. When arriving we found the town had been well placarded with notices of our meetings, and the women and children lined the streets to watch us as we passed by in a carriage. Some one had gone through the town and written underneath the posters: "Human Himes." When arriving at the church we found it well filled, but very cold, and there was no stove or furnace. Before beginning the service Mr. Moody asked one of the elders how they heated the church, to which he replied: "Ah, mon, our minister heats it from the pulpit." On our return to Thursough, while driving along the road, we overtook a strange-looking little man, wearing an old silk hat,

a blue coat and checked trousers, walking along with his wife. He called out: "Stop, Johnny, we want to get in." As the driver only smiled and drove on, I told him to stop. The old couple climbed in and took seats. I asked the old man if he had attended the Moody and Sankey meeting that day, to which he replied: "No, our minister does not believe in the sudden conversion that they preach. I said: "That is Mr. Moody, beside whom you are sitting," and Moody said: "And that is Mr. Sankey, beside whom your wife is sitting." The little man said: "Oh, gentlemen, I have made a mistake; I thought this was a public conveyance," and he arose to get out, after offering to pay for their fare. We told him to sit still, as there was plenty of room, and that the ride was as free as the gospel we preached. At the end of the journey he thanked us profoundly, saying we were different people than he had thought we were, and went on his way to Wick, where he was to attend a funeral.

One of the most delightful experiences of my life was a trip to the Holy Land in 1898. I was accompanied by my wife, one of my sons, my brother, and a few friends. One of the most genial members of the company was the late Roswell P. Flower, with whom we had the pleasure of traveling for more than three months. We sailed from New York in January, made a short stop at Gibraltar, and dropped anchor at Alexandria. Cairo we reached by rail. We saw the pyramids, the Gizeh Museum, and the Howling Dervishes; made an excursion to Heliopolis, and took the trip up the Nile to the First Cataract, visiting the usual places, such as Luxor and Karnak. At the latter place we met the old Arab who discovered the mummy of Rameses II. We asked him if he would allow us to take a snapshot of him. This he at first refused, but the glint of the bright Egyptian sun on the proffered piece of silver secured his consent.

After spending about forty days in Egypt we started for Palestine in March — by a provokingly slow train from Cairo to Port Said, and thence by one of the regular mail steamers to Jaffa. In the Holy Land we followed much the usual round — exploring Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, Bethany and other historic spots, and sharing the profound emotions that forever stir the hearts of Christian tourists in Palestine. On our way home we visited Constantinople, returning via Athens, Naples and Rome and, of course, taking in Mt. Vesuvius.

All through this trip — here so briefly outlined — I had occasion to sing the "Gospel Hymns" many times. The first evening in Cairo I visited the American Mission. I found the building well filled with Americans, Egyptians and English. A man on the platform was giving an address on temperance. The room was divided by a partition about two feet high, separating the natives from the foreigners. I made my

way to a seat among the Americans, and had not been there long when a missionary beside me leaned over and said: "Are you not Mr. Sankey?" When I replied that I was he said he hoped that I would sing for them. I told him that, although I had come for rest, I would gladly sing if they had a small organ or piano on which I might accompany myself. There being no instrument in the church, the matter was dropped. A few minutes later a lady pressed her way into the pew behind me and, leaning over toward me, said: "I am delighted to see you here to-night, and I hope you will sing for us."

She proved to be a woman from my own county in Pennsylvania. Being told that there was no instrument in the church, she declared that she would soon get one. She beckoned to four Egyptian soldiers to follow her. In a few minutes they returned with a small cabinet organ, which they placed on the platform. At the conclusion of the address I gave a service of song, lasting for a half hour, after which I said good-night. But they refused to be satisfied, and demanded more songs. Again a number of pieces were rendered, and the service was finally closed.

While returning down the Nile I was often prevailed upon by missionaries along the way where the steamer stopped to give services of song. At several of these services I found that the natives already knew a number of our hymns.

In Jerusalem I started early one morning to visit the Tower of David, which was located only a few rods from the hotel. I was stopped by one of the Sultan's soldiers, who informed me by signs and gesticulations that I could not ascend the tower without a permit from the captain of the guard. I secured the desired permit by the use of a little bakhsheesh, and was escorted up the winding stairway by a savage-looking soldier carrying a gun. From the top of the tower may be seen one of the grandest and most interesting scenes in the world. I determined to have at least one song in honor of King David before descending. Selecting one of the most beautiful psalms, the 121st, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," I began to sing at the top of my voice, using the grand old tune, "Belmont." The soldier, not acquainted with that kind of performance, and perhaps never having heard a sacred song in his life, rushed up to where I stood, looking quite alarmed. I knew that he could not understand a word of what I was singing, so I kept right on to the end of the psalm. Coming to the conclusion by this time that I was not likely to do any special damage either to him or to myself, the guard smiled and tipped his cap as I finished. By tipping him I returned the salutation, and then we passed down into the Street of David.

A few hours later our party visited that portion of the city called Mount Zion, where we entered the fine school erected by an English bishop for the children of Jerusalem. We were greeted by the principal, who proved to have been a member of my choir at the meetings in London. I was invited to sing for the children, and consented to do so if they would sing for us first. I was much surprised to hear them sing some of my own songs, as well as their native songs in Arabic. I sang "The Ninety and Nine" and other songs, much to the delight of the children.

Standing on the summit of the green hill far away, outside the city wall, I sang the fine old gospel hymn: "On Calvary's brow my Saviour died." While at Constantinople I visited Robert College, where I sang several hymns and gave an address to the Turkish students; and also at the American and English missions in that city I rendered my service of song. In Rome I had the same pleasant experience, where I held a number of services, both speaking and singing in the English, American and Scotch churches.

On returning to America I visited the soldiers in camp at Tampa, Florida, where I held several services. I was here invited by Theodore Roosevelt, then Colonel of the Rough Riders, to conduct services at his camp, but a previous engagement prevented my accepting.

The following year I again visited Great Britain, where I held services of "Sacred Song and Story" in thirty cities and towns. The result was that my health broke down. Later I lost my eyesight.

My friend, Dwight Lyman Moody. was born February 5, 1837, at Northfield, Massachusetts. His father, who was a stone mason, died when the lad was about four years old. Many years later Mr. Moody was laying the corner-stone of the first building at Northfield. His friends had secured a silver trowel for him, but he refused to use it. He had been at his mother's home, and in the garret he had found one of his father's old trowels with which he had earned bread for the family.

"You may keep the silver trowel," Mr. Moody said "this one is good enough for me."

Mr. Moody used to tell of how he earned his first money by driving the neighbors' cows to and from pasture at two cents a day. When he was eight years old a man who owned a mortgage on his mother's little farm came to the house one day and told the widow that she must pay the mortgage or get out of the house. The poor woman was sick at the time. She turned over in the bed and prayed that God would help her. Then she wrote to her brother, and he helped her by paying the interest on the mortgage for several years. At last, by economy and industry,

the family was able to clear off the mortgage and retain the home. Many years afterward, by God's blessing, young Dwight was able to secure the farm belonging to the man who had once held the mortgage, and on that farm is now located the school of Mount Hermon, established for the education of young men. At the age of nineteen young Moody left the farm and went to Boston, where he entered a shoe store owned by his uncle. In Boston he was converted through the preaching of Dr. Kirk, at the Mount Vernon Church. After remaining in Boston for some time, Moody went to Chicago, where he found employment in a shoe store owned by a Mr. Henderson. He made a good record in business, and sold more shoes than any other clerk in the establishment. And whenever Mr. Henderson heard of the failure of any of his customers in the towns about Chicago, he would always send Moody to collect the debts, as he invariably arrived there ahead of all other creditors.

While he was thus engaged Mr. Moody did not lose zeal in religious matters. He was very active in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was soon elected president of the branch located at Farwell Hall. He also became much interested in Sunday-school work, hiring a saloon for use on Sundays.

In his Sunday-school was a wicked and unruly young man, who constantly disturbed the exercises. Mr. Moody remonstrated with him a number of times, but to no avail. Finally, taking the young man into an adjoining room, he gave him a severe chastising. When Moody returned, flushed with excitement, he said to his assistant superintendent: "I think I have saved that young man." And truly he had, for from that time the young disturber became an earnest Christian, and was one of Moody's warmest and best supporters for many years. Mr. Moody's Sunday school work grew until he had one of the largest schools in Chicago, in what was known as the Illinois Street Church. There I joined him in 1871, acting as his chorister until we went to England in 1873, after which we continued to work together for about a quarter of a century.

Dwight L. Moody was the greatest and noblest man I have ever known. His strongest characteristic was common sense. The poor heard him gladly, as they did his Master of old; the rich and learned were charmed by his simple, earnest words. He will not only be remembered for his extended evangelistic work, but also for the two noble schools which he founded.

Those schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, originated in this way: One day, in the early seventies, Mr. Moody drove up into the mountains near his mother's home. Stopping at a

much dilapidated farmhouse, he hitched his horse to the fence and went in. The man of the family was sick in bed; the mother and two daughters were making straw hats, by which to support the family. Moody said to them:

"What are you going to do? This old farm is unable to maintain your family."

The girls answered that if they could obtain an education in some way they might afterward be able to earn sufficient money for the support of their parents.

"Well, let us pray about it," said Moody. After the prayer he gave them a little money, got into his carriage, and started back down the mountain to the village. I met him on his return, and he said to me: "I have made up my mind to start a school for poor girls in New England." Later it was proposed to utilize the royalty received from our hymn-books for the erection of buildings.

To this I heartily agreed, and this was the beginning of the now famous Northfield schools. The first students in the school were the poor girls who were making the straw hats. The story of these two girls, and of Mr. Moody's visit to them, I told some years afterward to a number of summer guests at Lake Mohonk. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Smiley, being much impressed, took his hat and collected among the guests \$1,500 for the school. On receiving the offering next day, Moody said to me that it was the most providential thing, as they were just that amount short in making up the annual accounts of the school.

Some time after the establishment of the girls' school a wealthy gentleman from New Haven was visiting Northfield. He sought Mr. Moody's advice concerning the making of his will, and Mr. Moody said: "Be your own executor and have the joy of giving your own money." He then asked Mr. Moody to suggest a worthy object, and Mr. Moody outlined his plan for a boys' school.

"I will give \$25,000 to commence with," said the old, white-haired man.

The offer was gladly accepted. It was this money which Mr. Moody used for buying the farm of the man who had ordered his widowed mother from her home. On this farm, situated four and a half miles from the girls' school, across the Connecticut River, are now located a number of buildings, in which young men from all over the world are educated. About a thousand students attend the schools every year. One hundred dollars a year is charged for each student, but pupils are expected to do whatever work they can to help along.

After forty-four years of faithful and consecrated labor for his Master, Mr. Moody passed on to his reward December 22, 1899.

The last meeting Mr. Moody and I held together was in Dr. Storrs' church, in Brooklyn. His subject at this time was "Mary and Martha." I had often listened to him speaking on these two friends of Jesus before, but never with greater pleasure than on this occasion. His heart seemed very tender, as he talked in a quiet and sympathetic way about Mary, Martha, and their brother Lazarus, and the love and sympathy that existed between them and Jesus. The hearts of all present seemed deeply moved, and many strong men, unused to tears, were unable to hide their emotion. Hundreds tarried after the meeting to shake hands, many recalling memories of blessings received in the meetings in this city twenty-five years before. Mr. Moody seemed to have just as much power and unction upon him in this meeting as I had ever witnessed during all the long years of our united labors. Little did I think that this was to be our last service together. A few weeks later I spent a Sunday with him in New York, walking with him to Dr. Hall's church and back to the hotel, where we parted for the last time.

On my way from Canada I stopped over one night in Rochester to hold a service of "Sacred Song and Story," and there I received the last letter from him. It was dated at Northfield, November 6, 1899, containing nine pages, in which he spoke of his work in Northfield and Chicago. He also told me he was due in New York at 3:30 on Wednesday, and asked if I could meet him at the Murray Hill Hotel. I at once telegraphed that I would come down on the night express and see him the next morning. When I arrived he had gone. I learned later that he went to Philadelphia on Wednesday evening, spending an hour with friends there, and took the night train for Kansas City, where he fell in the front of the battle, as brave a soldier of the cross as ever won a victor's crown.

Copied by Stephen Ross for WholesomeWords.org from *My Life and the Story of the Gospel Hymns...* by Ira D. Sankey. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1907.

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