MY LIFE

SANKEY'S STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE

by Ira D. Sankey

Chapter 3

ONWARD TO THE HOMEGOING OF D. L. MOODY

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 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 baksheesh, 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.
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