

**MOODY AND SANKEY.**

STORY OF HOW MOODY DISCOVERED THE MAN TO HELP HIM.

It was at a Meeting in Indianapolis That the Voice of the Great Singer Was First Heard by the Stirring Evangelist—Their First Work.

It was at Indianapolis in 1870 that these two men first made each other's acquaintance. Mr. Moody was already displaying that zeal in evangelistic work which subsequently made him famous, though then his efforts and his reputation were confined largely to Chicago. Mr. Sankey's home was in Newcastle, Pa., where he was then serving as an internal revenue officer. His father was a banker and active in politics and held under Lincoln's appointment the important position of collector of inland revenue for four large counties in western Pennsylvania. Young Sankey was then a Christian, having been converted a number of years before during a Methodist revival, and his talent of song had already begun to be used for his Master.

Coming to Indianapolis to attend as a delegate from Newcastle the national convention of the Young Men's Christian association, Mr. Sankey attended one morning a 6 o'clock prayer meeting, held in the basement of the First Baptist church, led by Mr. Moody. The singing dragged, and Mr. Sankey, at the suggestion of a minister who was seated beside him, started up the familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." It went well and was followed by other songs equally successful, and Mr. Moody became so interested that he looked about to see whence the new impetus in singing came. After the meeting closed, with characteristic quickness of decision, Mr. Moody, hardly waiting for an introduction, said to Mr. Sankey:

"You're the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. Come and lunch with me." The invitation was accepted, and later in the day the two men got together, and the subject of a future combination of forces was talked over in downright earnest. Mr. Moody pressed upon Mr. Sankey the duty of at once joining him in Chicago, but in Sankey's mind there were some practical objections arising from his business and family connections. "I am a government officer," he said to Mr. Moody, "and may find it difficult to get released." "There is a better government to serve than this," was the reply that flashed instantly out. But, persuasive as Mr. Moody was, he did not carry his point then and there. Mr. Sankey took several months in which to consider the matter.

That very afternoon, however, the first Moody and Sankey public meeting was held, with no advertisement except the singing as led by Mr. Moody's newly found friend. It was an outdoor gathering, and the masses were there. Mr. Moody brought out a box from a store to a favorably located street corner, mounted it, and there a short but fervent service of preaching and song was held. At the close of this open air meeting the two evangelists headed a procession for the Academy of Music, where the convention meetings were held, singing as they marched with the crowd into the Academy of Music, the convention having adjourned the discussion of "How to Reach the Masses" and gone to supper. When the delegates got back to the academy building, they found it nearly half full of the very "japed masses" about whom they had been discussing. Mr. Moody cut short his second address, dismissed the audience and went out with Mr. Sankey to get something to eat. Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed with these two meetings and said to Mr. Moody, "You are reaching the masses while other people are talking about them."

After the convention was over Mr. Sankey went back to Newcastle and talked the question over with his wife and family. He did not see his duty clearly all at once, but Mr. Moody kept writing for him to come to Chicago and at last persuaded him to go out for a week to look the ground over. Arriving in Chicago in the early morning, he went first to Mr. Moody's house, reaching there just as family prayers were being held. Almost before Mr. Moody introduced him to his family he asked him to sing a hymn and thus contribute his part toward the informal service of praise. Then the two men went out into the streets of the city visiting the sick and unfortunate.

That day must have been a notable one in the personal history of the two men, who afterward commanded the eager attention of great audiences on both sides of the sea. On this occasion, as two ordinary missionaries, they went about from house to house, singing and reading the Bible and speaking the word of cheer and hope wherever it was needed. This was their first day's labor together. Evening meetings were held during the week in the Illinois street church, of which Mr. Moody was the head and leader.

On Sunday a large meeting was held in Farwell hall, and as the organist happened to be absent Mr. Sankey had to sing without instrumental accompaniment, not having even a small cabinet organ there. The effect of the service upon the people there was so marked that Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, "You see I was right." There were that night not less than 100 inquiries. The earnest preaching and consecrated song had gone home to many a heart. From that time until the present these men have been collaborators, and the story of their career here and in Great Britain is so familiar that it need not again be rehearsed.—Congregationalist.

**Keeping the Congregation Awake.**  
Lapenas, chaplain to the Danish court (1692), noticing that a large part of the congregation fell asleep during the sermon, suddenly stopped, and pulling from his pocket a shuttlecock commenced to play with it. This strange device, we are assured, had the effect desired.—Temple Bar.

**An Unreasonable Mermaid.**  
"This here show business," said the dime museum man, "ain't what it's cracked up to be by a long shot. A man's allus runnin agin things that do him up."

"What's troubling you?" inquired the advance agent.  
"Why, that dern mermaid of mine is gettin me into debt over my head. Now, you know I've got the only genuine mermaid on exhibition. She's a maid of the sea, she is, a living example of the storied nymphs of the wave of old, as my programmer says. I pay her a big salary, and she puts all my other attractions in the shade. It would put your eye out to see the way the people look at her. I tell you, she's the greatest freak in the business, and the best of it is she's genuine. But to come down to cases, as I wuz saying, she keeps me in hot water all the time. There ain't a day that I don't have to do somethin special for her. I don't dast refuse, for I can't get along without her in these dull times. Sometimes, though, she makes me crazy by her unreasonable requests. What do you suppose she wants now?"

"Couldn't imagine," replied the advance agent, "unless it's fresh sea water every day or something like that."  
"Huh!" said the dime museum man disgustedly, "that would be easy. That dern mermaid don't want a thing but a pair of button white kid shoes."—Buffalo Express.

**A Conversation by Noted Authors.**  
"I never heard distinguished people talk among themselves but once," declared a young lady the other day, "but then I was quite satisfied. It was even more interesting than I had expected."  
"What did they talk about?" asked her companion curiously, "and who were they?"

The young lady named them—two noted authors, a gentleman and a lady. "And they talked," she added, with a smile, "about pokers."

"Pokers?" ejaculated the friend incredulously.  
"Pokers!" repeated the first speaker firmly. "The authoress had just built a new house, and her furnace did not work well. She thought her companion had one of the same kind in the house and asked about it."

"He gave her information and advice, and then they branched off to pokers and the inquiry of manufacturers who make them of soft iron so that they bend out of shape the first time they are red hot. You have always heard, haven't you, that his style is exquisite and his English singularly clear and vigorous?" Well, it is so, I assure you, when he talks of pokers, and she is charming when she talks in a humorous vein about back dampers and cold air boxes. I was delighted with the entire conversation, though it certainly was not what I anticipated.—Youth's Companion.

**Two Remarkable Cures.**  
An old Irish woman's cow was sick unto death, so she turned to the priest to save it. "I can't do anything to keep your cow from dying," he said impatiently.  
"Fath an begorra it's you that can if any one can," the answered in simple faith.

Unwilling to have her reverence in him shaken, the old man went to her cabin. The sick cow was brought out into the yard and propped up, then the priest began a solemn march around it, chanting monotonously, "If you die, you die; if you live, you live." When at last the tired priest sat down, the cow was reviving, and it afterward lived to a green old age. Some years later the priest was at the point of death with a terrible quinsy, when the old Irish woman presented herself at the house and told the doctor she could cure him. She was laughed to scorn, but at last had her own way. She insisted upon having the dying man's bed brought out into the middle of the floor, and around it she slowly cantered, singing, "If you live, you live, and if you die you die." The humor of the situation tickled the suffering priest so that a hearty laugh broke the quinsy, and he also lived to a green old age.—Springfield Homestead.

**Power of the Imagination.**  
"I never was more firmly convinced of the power of imagination," said a man, "than I was by something that happened to me on the occasion of a visit to a friend. It had been an extremely hot day, and when I went to bed at night the heat seemed almost insupportable. It seemed to me that if I should open the door from my room into the hall it would make a little circulation and make the air more comfortable, and I felt safe in doing this because I am an early riser, and I knew I could get the door shut before anybody was stirring in the morning. So I opened the door, with the pleasant result that I had anticipated, and when I went to close it in the morning I found that I had opened not the door into the hall, but the door into a closet."—New York Sun.

**A Plea For Egotism.**  
Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man you say you are; if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man at a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday picnic; if you are as good when you go out of the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you to be.—Panola (Tex.) Watchman.

**What an Old Lady Fears.**  
"I'm almost afraid sometimes," said a white haired woman at a club meeting not long ago, "when I see the attention given to athletics, the Delaarte system, physical culture or whatever name under which the enthusiasm exists that the coming woman is going to be a superb animal—nothing more."—New York Times.

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Lawsonham	10 57	4 52			
New Bethlehem	11 09	5 04			
Oak Ridge	11 21	5 16			
Mayaville	11 33	5 28			
Summersville	11 45	5 40			
Brookville	11 57	5 52			
Bell	12 09	6 04			
Fuller	12 21	6 16			
Reynoldsville	12 33	6 28			
Pancoat	12 45	6 40			
Falls Creek	12 57	6 52			
DuBois	1 09	7 04	10 55	1 30	
Sabula	1 21	7 16	11 07	1 45	
Winterburn	1 33	7 28			
Penfield	1 45	7 40			
Tyler	1 57	7 52			
Glen Fisher	2 09	8 04			
Benezette	2 21	8 16			
Grant	2 33	8 28			
Driftwood	2 45	8 40			
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

STATIONS.	WESTWARD.				
	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	106.	110.
Driftwood	10 45	5 00	8 35		
Grant	11 17	5 30	7 05		
Benezette	11 29	5 42	7 17		
Glen Fisher	11 41	5 54	7 29		
Tyler	11 53	6 06	7 41		
Penfield	12 05	6 18	7 53		
Winterburn	12 17	6 30	8 05		
Sabula	12 29	6 42	8 17	12 05	5 40
DuBois	1 05	6 50	8 25	12 05	5 40
Falls Creek	1 26	7 28	8 22	12 15	5 30
Pancoat	1 38	7 40	8 40		
Reynoldsville	1 42	7 49	8 48		
Fuller	1 58	7 57	9 05		
Bell	2 10	8 09	9 17		
Brookville	2 20	8 19	9 25		
Summersville	2 29	8 28	9 44		
Mayaville	2 38	8 37	10 04		
Oak Ridge	2 46	8 45	10 19		
New Bethlehem	3 15	9 15	10 25		
Lawsonham	3 47	9 47			
Red Bank	4 00	10 00			
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