

## **MY LIFE**

### **SANKEY'S STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE**

by Ira D. Sankey

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## **Chapter 2**

### **A DOOR OF MINISTRY OPENS IN EUROPE**

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, 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 passageway), 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, *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, 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 workmen 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 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 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 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.

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