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THE NINETY AND NINE.

It was in the year 1874 that the poem, "The Ninety and Nine," was discovered, set to music, and sent out upon its world-wide mission. Its discovery seemed as if by chance, but I can not regard it otherwise than Providential. Mr. Moody had just been conducting a series of meetings in Glasgow and I had been assisting him in his work as director of the singing. We were at the railway station at Glasgow about to take the train for Edinburg, whither we were going, upon an urgent invitation of ministers to hold three days of meetings, before going into the Highlands, we having had a three months' series in Edinburg just previous to our four months campaign in Glasgow. As we were about to board the train, I bought a weekly newspaper for a penny. Being much fatigued by our incessant labors at Glasgow and intending to begin work immediately upon our arrival at Edinburg, we did not travel second or third-class, as was our custom, but sought the seclusion and rest which a first class railway carriage in Great Britain affords. In the hope of finding news from America, I began perusing my lately purchased newspaper. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as the only thing in its columns to remind an American of home and native land, was a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher. As I had been preached to constantly for the preceding eight months, I did not feel the need of another sermon, and I threw the paper down, but shortly before arriving in Edinburg, I picked it up again with a view of reading the advertisements, and while thus engaged, my eyes fell upon a little piece of poetry in a corner of the paper. I carefully read it over, and at once made up my mind that this would make a great hymn for evangelistic work—if it had a tune. So impressed was I that I called Mr. Moody's attention to it, and he asked me to read it to him. This I proceeded to do with all the vim and energy at my command. After I had finished I looked at my friend Moody to see what the effect had been, only to discover that he had not heard a word, so absorbed was he in a letter which he had received from Chicago. My chagrin can be better imagined than described. Notwithstanding this experience, I cut out the poem and placed it in my musical scrap-book, which, by the way, has been the seed plot from which sprang many of the gospel songs that are now known throughout the world.

At the noon meeting on the second day, held at The Free Assembly Hall, the subject presented by Mr. Moody and other speakers, was that of the Good Shepherd. When Mr. Moody had finished speaking, he called upon Dr. Bonar to say a few words. He spoke only a few minutes, but with great power, thrilling the immense audience by his

fervid eloquence. At the conclusion of Dr. Bonar's words, Mr. Moody turned to me with the question, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject with which to close the service?" I had nothing suitable in mind, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. The twenty-third psalm occurred to me, but this had been sung several times in the meeting. I knew that every Scotchman in the audience would join me if I sang that, so I could not possibly render this favorite psalm as a solo. At this moment I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Sing the hymn you found on the train," but I thought this impossible, as no music had ever been written for that hymn. Again the impression came strongly upon me that I must sing the beautiful and appropriate words I had found the day before, and, placing the little newspaper slip on the organ in front of me, I lifted up my heart in prayer, asking God to help me so to sing that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hand upon the organ, I struck the key of A flat and began to sing.

Note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this. As the singing ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting and I knew that the song had reached the hearts of my Scotch audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved, and, leaving the pulpit, came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ, he looked at the little newspaper slip from which the song had been sung, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life." I was also moved to tears, and rose and replied: "Mr. Moody, that is the hymn I read to you yesterday on the train, which you did not hear." Then Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus "The Ninety and Nine" was born.

A short time afterward, I received at Dundee a letter from a lady, who had been present at the meeting, thanking me for having sung her deceased sister's words. From the correspondence following, I learned that the author of the poem was Elizabeth C. Clephane, one of three sisters, all members of a refined Christian family, and a resident of Melrose, Scotland, near the old Abbey, and not far from where lies the remains of Sir Walter Scott. IRA D. SANKEY.

LITERARY NOTES.

A vivid light is thrown on the actual moral status of the police in New York City by Josiah Flynt's article in McClure's for April, under the title "York, a Dishonest City." The present agitation of this subject attaches particular interest to the contribution, while the manner in which the famous author has gained his materials—by close association with the criminals themselves—makes his conclusions of extraordinary value.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, author of *Mooswa and Others*, has just written for early publication in the Saturday Evening Post a short, stirring serial, entitled *The Outcasts*.

The outcasts are an old buffalo and a wolf-dog; and the greater part of the story is about the strange comradeship and striking adventures of these companions, and their pilgrimage, in company, to the distant plains of deep grass, of which the wolf-dog knew.

She (looking over some signed sketches)—I didn't know Mr. Flynn was an artist.
 He—He isn't.
 She—Didn't he do these?
 He—Yes.

NOT for many years has THE OUTLOOK published a serial feature which has attracted such widespread attention as Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery." These articles are now to be published in substantial book form, by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, and we have arranged to make a most unusual and attractive offer to you for an advance order. The arrangement with Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who are also publishers of "The World's Work," a magazine of a new kind, beautifully illustrated, and edited by Mr. Walter H. Page, provides for the offer of the following at exactly half price.

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