

A sepia-toned portrait of a man with a full, white beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit. The background is a textured, mottled brown. At the top, a black rectangular box contains the text "CHRISTIAN HEROES" in white serif font. Overlaid on the lower part of the portrait is the text "D. L. MOODY" in a large, elegant font, with "D. L." in script and "MOODY" in bold serif. Below that, "THE SOUL-WINNER" is written in a smaller, gold-colored serif font. At the bottom, the author's name "A. T. ROWE" is printed in a gold-colored serif font.

CHRISTIAN HEROES

D. L.
MOODY
THE SOUL-WINNER

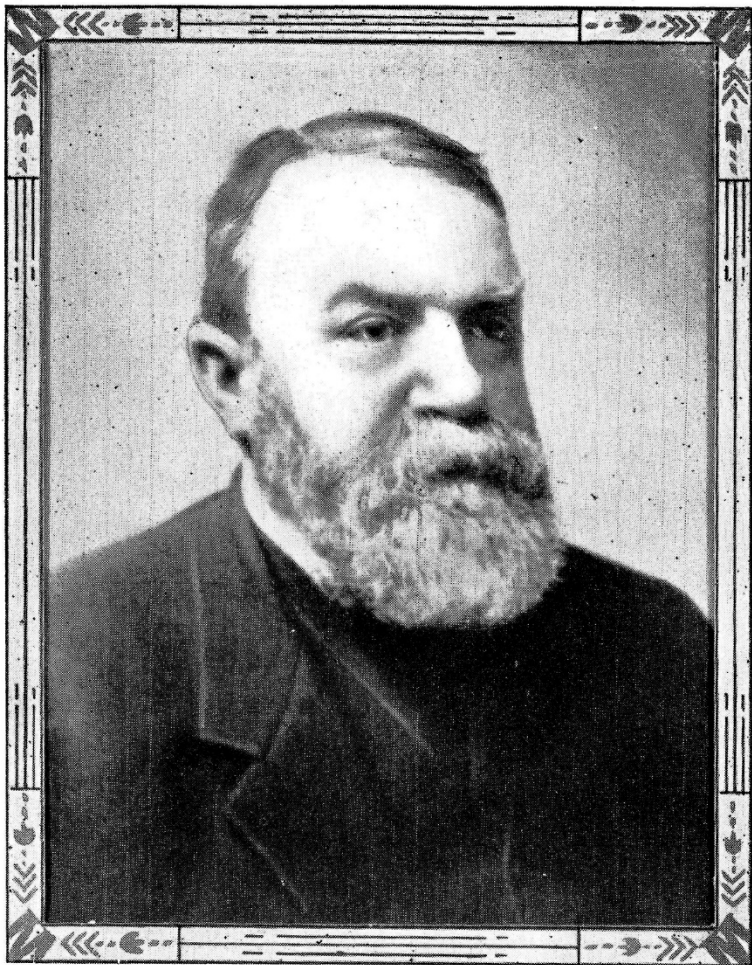
A. T. ROWE

D. L. MOODY THE SOUL-WINNER

**By
A. T. Rowe**

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D.L. Moody

Introduction

The name of Dwight L. Moody stands at the head of the list of “lay” preachers of all time. His son, William R. Moody, says of him, “Father lived solely for the glory of God and for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ.” No man could be paid a greater tribute than this. His entire ministry was devoted to soul-saving.

Soul-winning demands Christian heroism of the highest order. May the reading of this biography inspire the reader, be he young or old, with a deep desire to become a soul-winner. And may it especially call forth a hearty response from our wealth of young people, to the call of the Master: “Go work today in my vineyard.”

The Publishers

Contents

Chapter	Page
I. Ancestry and Early Life.....	1
II. Home and School Life	6
III. Conversion in Boston	10
IV. In Chicago	15
V. Enters the Ministry	21
VI. In the Civil and Spanish American Wars	26
VII. Moody and Sankey	30
VIII. Burned Out in the Chicago Fire.....	34
IX. In England, Scotland, and Ireland.....	38
X. General Evangelistic Work.....	43
XI. Founds Educational Institutions	47
XII. In Palestine	51
XIII. Secrets of Success.....	55
XIV. Moody the Preacher	60
XV. Anecdotes	65
XVI. Incidents and Illustrations	71
XVII. Last Work and Illness	77

XVIII.	Closing Days	82
XIX.	Summary of His Life and Work	86
XX.	A Sermon by D. L. Moody	88

Chapter I

Ancestry and Early Life

When asked concerning his ancestry Mr. Moody replied: "Never mind the ancestry! A man I once heard of was ambitious to trace his family to the Mayflower, and he stumbled over a horse-thief. Never mind a man's ancestry!" Of his birth he said: "I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856." Mr. Moody was born in Northfield, Mass., on Feb. 5, 1837; was converted in Boston, Mass., in 1856; and died in Northfield, Mass., on Dec. 22, 1899. He was the sixth child of a family of nine, coming of hardy, conscientious Puritan stock.

Mr. Moody, like many of our Christian heroes, was born and reared in poverty. His father died at forty-one, leaving the widow with practically no means of support and with the homestead encumbered with a mortgage. The creditors took everything that they could secure, even to the kindling wood in the shed, and left the widow with her seven children in hard straits. The firewood became exhausted; the children remained in bed until school time to keep warm. A brother of Mrs. Moody then came to their rescue with what Dwight thought was the biggest load of wood that he had ever seen. The uncle split it, and soon they had a good fire. The birth of twins after the father's death added to the heavy burden of the

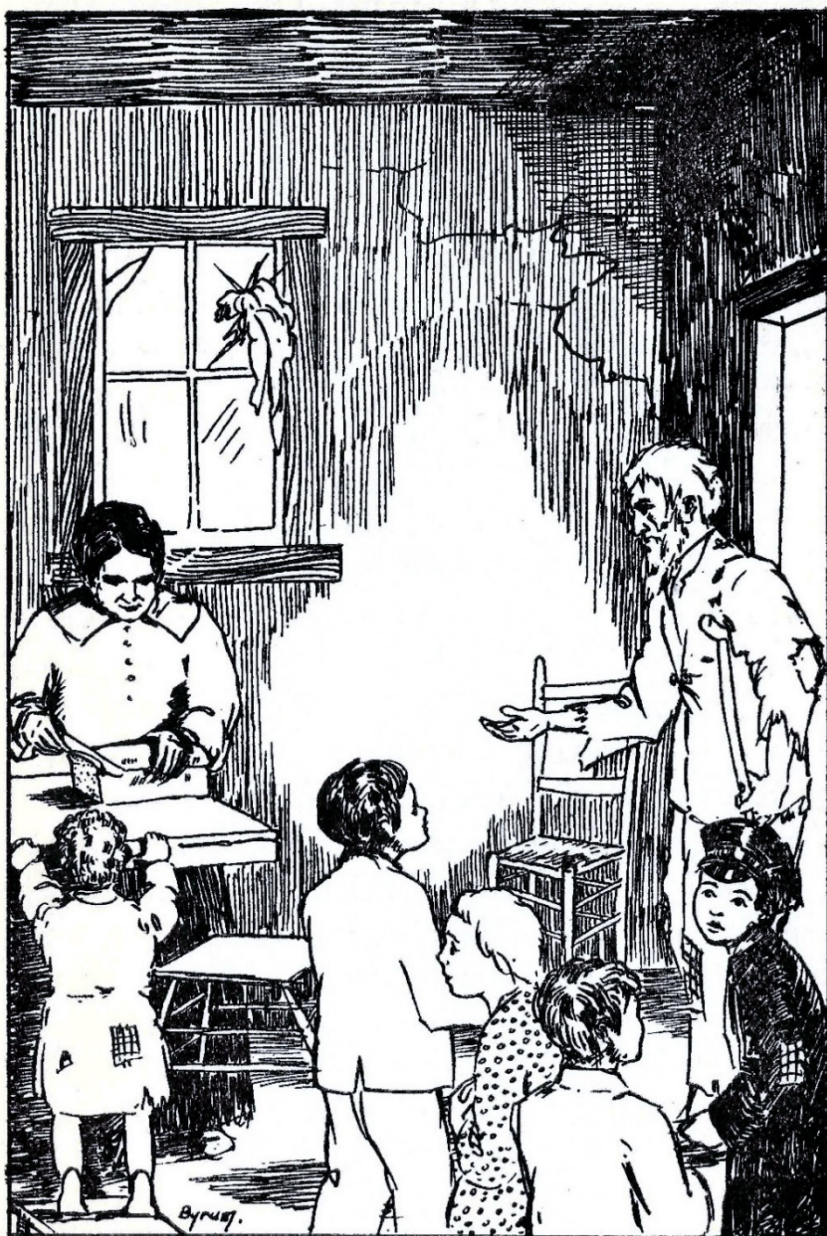
D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

mother and she was advised to break up the home and put the children out among different families for keeping. But "Trust in God" was the simple creed of this mother. Early in life the children learned to love that God and to pray to him who is the strength of the fatherless and the widow.

With the sole care of a large family there was little of religious doctrine taught in the home, but the children were instructed in the true heart religion, "Seek God first and his righteousness." Dwight, at seventeen, as a member of a young men's Bible class in Boston, was bewildered and embarrassed by the request to find a simple Scriptural reference, yet few if any of his amused companions were more thoroughly established in the "pure religion" than he. He was not converted until he was eighteen, but it was to a tender conscience and an open heart that the gospel invitation was given, and Dwight was ready to honor God and accept his salvation.

Mrs. Moody was tender-hearted. She taught the children the privilege of giving from their scanty store. The hungry were never turned away and once when the provision for the evening meal was very meager it was put to vote of the children whether they should share their food with a poor beggar who had appealed for aid. They voted to aid him and offered to have their own slices cut thinner. No fault-finding or complaining about neighbors was tolerated; thus the children learned independence as well as charity. No matter how inexcusable the neglect not one word of complaint was heard from any member of the family.

Church attendance was compulsory. The boys went barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands and putting them on when they came in sight of the church. They carried luncheon and remained all day at church hearing two long sermons and attending Sunday-school in between. In spite of the poverty that



Dividing with the Beggar

parted the children and mother through the week, they all came home for Sunday, and thus the mother preserved the home life and religious training one day in seven.

In later years Mr. Moody looked back to these days with gratitude, even though he had been compelled to attend church and listen to sermons which he could not understand, for it fixed upon him the habit of attending God's house. Of these times Mr. Moody said: "I remember blaming my mother for sending me to church on the Sabbath. On one occasion the preacher had to send someone into the gallery to wake me up. I thought it was hard to have to work in the field all the week, and then be obliged to go to church and hear a sermon I didn't understand. I thought I wouldn't go to church any more when I got away from home; but I had got so in the habit of going that I couldn't stay away. After one or two Sabbaths, back again to the house of God I went. There I first found Christ, and I have often said since: 'Mother, I thank you for making me go to the house of God when I didn't want to go.' "

Three books constituted the home library—a large family Bible, a catechism, and a book of devotions. From the latter a portion was read each morning, also a prayer was made before the family entered upon the work of the day. Mr. Moody could never speak of those early days without the most tender reference to that brave mother whose self-sacrifice and devotion had sacredly guarded the home entrusted to her care. When at the age of ninety, her life-voyage ended, she entered the "Haven of Rest," her children, her children's children, and the entire community rose up to call her blessed. To rule a household of seven sturdy boys and two girls, the eldest twelve years old, required much more than ordinary tact and judgment, but this loyal mother was so discreet that she made home the most loved place on earth to her family and so trained her

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

children as to make them a blessing to society. “For nearly fifty years I have been coming back to Northfield,” said Mr. Moody, long after the circle had been broken up, “and I have always been glad to get back. When I get within fifty miles of home I grow restless and walk up and down the car. It seems as if the train will never get to Northfield. When I come back after dark I always look to see the light in mother’s window.”

Thus the noble blood that coursed through his veins, the careful discipline, the early, persistent religious training, the influence of a godly mother, the hardships and privation which he endured uncomplainingly, laid the foundation for D. L. Moody, doubtless the greatest “lay” preacher of all time. It is conservatively estimated that during his ministry he preached the gospel to more than fifty million people in England, America, Scotland, Ireland, and the Holy Land. It has been said that his life and word glorified the ministry.

Chapter II

Home and School Life

The mother of Moody was kind and loving, but she was a strict disciplinarian and order was enforced with old-fashioned whippings. These were frequent in the case of Dwight, for he was the leader in all sorts of boyish mischief. He said: "Mother would send me out for a stick, and I thought I could fool her and get a dead one. But she would snap the stick and then tell me to get another. She was rarely in a hurry, and certainly never when she was whipping me. Once I told her that the whipping did not hurt at all. I never had occasion to tell her so again, for she put it on so it did hurt." Mr. Moody in later life always seemed to approve of this method of enforcing discipline, but he never adopted the same measures in his own family. In his home grace was the ruling principle, and the sorest punishment of a child was the sense that the father's loving heart had been grieved by waywardness or folly.

Mr. Moody's early book learning was limited. School life was not all that could be desired in those days. Discipline was severe, whippings in school were frequent, and each whipping in school required a similar treatment at home. But evidently Dwight thought the fun was worth the whippings, for his love for laugh-producing pranks never lessened. A new teacher at last came to the school

and another order of things appeared. She opened the exercise with prayer, which greatly impressed the pupils. Her announcement that she proposed to rule the school without the old-fashioned whippings increased their astonishment. Soon young Dwight broke a rule and was summoned to “remain after school.” He expected the customary punishment, but to his surprise when they were alone the teacher began to talk kindly to him and to tell him how sorry she was that he had disobeyed. This treatment hurt Dwight more than did the rattan cane. After telling him how sorry she was that he could not be trusted the teacher said: “I have made up my mind that if I cannot rule the school by love, I will give up. I will have no punishment. If you love me try to keep the rules and help me in the school.”

This was too much for Dwight, and where law had failed grace won. “You will never have any more trouble with me,” he said, “and I will whack the first boy that makes you any trouble.” And “whack” he did the very next day, to the surprise of his companions and the teacher.

Dwight was keen on “swapping,” and once he bought off with a broken slate pencil the affections of a rival suitor for a little companion. This “swapping” tendency followed Dwight. At home on the farm one day while the other members of the family were away from home a band of gypsies came along. Dwight challenged them to trade for the old, slow, lazy farm nag. He argued with the folks when they later came home that it would have been impossible for him to trade for a worse nag than the one they had. It later proved that he had made a good trade.

Dwight was much in demand as a debater. On one occasion at the closing exercise in the district school he was on the program to recite Mark Antony’s oration over Julius Caesar. He used a small box to represent the casket, placing this upon the teacher’s desk. The

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

audience, which included the local ministers, school committee, teachers, parents, and friends of the children, was moved to tears as he proceeded. When finally he lifted the cover of the box to take a last look at Caesar, out jumped a tom-cat! "Scat!" shouted Dwight; and great was the uproar and laughter.

On another occasion he was to give a talk on the wrong to which the Indians were subjected. He wrote out about a fifteen minutes' speech and memorized it. When he appeared on the platform, after reciting the first few lines his memory failed him and he closed abruptly with the remark: "The Indians went to the North Pole, and got froze up as stiff as steelyards."

Mr. Moody, himself without an academic education, was a strong believer in education, and he founded institutions of learning that have been very large factors in educating young men and women for gospel work.

On one occasion an over-zealous critic who was not an over-active worker took Mr. Moody to task about his defects in speech. "You oughtn't to speak in public," he said, "you make too many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," was the reply, "and I lack a great many things, but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But look here, friend, you've got grammar enough—what are you doing with it for the Master?"

At another time the minister who followed him as a speaker criticized him, saying that his talk was made up of newspaper clippings, etc. When he sat down Mr. Moody stepped to the front again and said that he recognized his want of learning and his inability to make a fine address. He thanked the minister for pointing

out his shortcomings and asked him to lead in prayer that God would help him to do better.

Mr. Moody, explaining his attitude on an educated ministry, said among other things: “Many young men enter Christian work far too late in life to go through the regular college course. The church ought to take these men in hand and give them the opportunity for doing that for which they are fitted. Peter, the unlettered fisherman, did work as good as Paul, the man of education. Of course, Paul did some special duties better because of his education. If a man has a desire for a university education, let him have it, but it is not necessary for everyone to know Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.” As a finishing point Mr. Moody observed that he regretted exceedingly that he had never had a college education himself, but that he did not get it and was doing the best he could without it.

Mr. Moody stressed the idea of having a divine call to the ministry, regardless of education. When asked, “Would you advise a young man to go into the ministry?” he replied, “Never. If God calls a man, all right; but I have seen too many man-made ministers. If a man is called by God he will succeed; but if he is sent by man, he will fail. All are called to be disciples and witnesses, but there needs to be a special call to be an apostle.” Speaking of pulpit oratory, he said—“I like the oratory that moves men, but I have no use for the elocution where a man is showing off.” On more than one occasion Mr. Moody said, “I done,” “I seen,” “I have saw,” etc. But his overflowing spirituality—the power of the Divine working in and through him—made up for the lack of book education.

Chapter III

Conversion in Boston

As Moody became older he had ambitions to change. His confines were too narrow. He began to appreciate the value of an education, and tried to make the most of his schooling opportunities. One day in the spring of 1854, while in the woods cutting and hauling logs, he said to his brother Edwin, "I'm tired of this! I'm not going to stay around here any longer. I'm going off to the city."

He tried to get work in Boston with his uncles who were in the shoe business, but failed. He then went to Clinton, Mass., where another brother was employed. There he got a job addressing wrappers for the first newspaper that was published in that town. But being dissatisfied he returned to Boston, where he had a homesick and trying time getting work. At last his uncles took him into their store on his promise that he would board at a place selected by them, attend Mount Vernon Church and Sabbath-school, and not drink or gamble. He accepted and became the store boy.

Dwight had ambitions to make a hundred thousand dollars and become a successful merchant. Soon, through application to business principles, he came to the front as a salesman, but he passed through many trying circumstances before reaching this point. He had left home with five dollars; soon he became penniless. He said

of these trying days: "It seemed as if there was room for everyone else in the world, but none for me. For about two days I had the feeling that no one wanted me. I have never had it since, and I never want it again. It is an awful feeling. It seems to me that must have been the feeling of the Son of God when he was down here. They did not want him. He had come to save men, and they did not want to be saved. He had come to lift men up, and they did not want to be lifted up. There was no room for him in this world, and there is no room for him yet."

He would go to the post-office several times a day looking for mail, though he knew there was only one mail a day from Northfield. At last he got a letter; it was from his youngest sister. He opened it with a light heart, thinking it contained some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard that there were pickpockets in Boston, and she warned him to beware of them. To a penniless, jobless boy, it appeared to him that the first thing he should think about was the getting of some money, and then he might be on the lookout for pickpockets.

His first attitude toward his uncles had been that of independence, and a waiting for them to offer him employment. But at last his pride gave way under the dreadful sense of being adrift in a world that seemed to care nothing for him. At this point one of his uncles gave him some free advice to the effect that his self-will was greatly in his way and that modesty was sometimes as needful as courage. He then suggested that another uncle would no doubt be willing to give him work if he were a little more willing to be governed by people who were wiser and older than himself. At first Dwight demurred, but finally yielded and asked his uncle for a place in his shop. His uncle gave him a job with this good advice thrown in:

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“Dwight, I am afraid if you come in here you will want to run the store yourself. Now, my men here want to do their work as I want it done. If you want to come in here and do the best you can and do it right, and if you’ll be willing to ask whenever you don’t know, and if you promise to go to church and Sunday-school, and if you will not go anywhere that you wouldn’t want your mother to know about, we’ll see how we can get along. You can have till Monday to think it over.”

“I don’t want till Monday,” was the prompt reply. “I’ll promise now.”

It was soon evident that he was by natural wit and brightness one of the best of salesmen; He was not satisfied with the ordinary methods of the salesmen, but cried his wares before the door and went out into the street to persuade uninterested passers that they wanted to buy.

This tendency shown in his selling methods of carrying his wares to the people rather than waiting for them to come for them was turned to good advantage later in the ministry when he went into the highways and byways where men in sin congregate and brought them to Jesus. This was one of the dominant factors that made D. L. Moody the powerful preacher that he was.

According to the agreement made with his uncle, Moody became a regular attendant of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church. He was also enrolled as a member of the Sunday-school and was assigned to a young men’s Bible class taught by Mr. Edward Kimball. From the beginning he took a keen interest in Bible study. As a result of his early training Moody was religious, but he had never been regenerated. His Sunday-school teacher gradually led the young student to a fuller knowledge of God’s plan of salvation. Mr. Kimball laid his plans carefully and prayerfully for a personal

interview with young Moody, which finally came in the store where Moody was working. Speaking of this Mr. Kimball said: "I thought that possibly my call might embarrass the boy, and that when I went away the other clerks would ask who I was, and taunt him with my efforts in trying to make him a good boy. In the meantime I had passed the store, and, discovering this, I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the building wrapping up shoes. I went up to him at once, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I made what I afterwards felt was a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and there, in the back of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to Christ."

Mr. Kimball little knew that through his personal efforts and his work in the Sunday-school class he had plucked a brand from the burning and had been instrumental in saving the soul of a boy who was afterward to electrify the world. From the moment that Moody accepted Christ his whole life changed. He said afterward, "Before my conversion I worked *towards* the cross, but since then I have worked *from* the cross; then I worked to be saved, now I work because I am saved."

Mr. Kimball received a blessing in his own household seventeen years later in the saving through Mr. Moody's efforts of Mr. Kimball's son. After a service young Kimball introduced himself to Mr. Moody as the son of his old Bible-class teacher.

"What! Are you the son of Mr. Edward Kimball, of Boston? What is your name?"

"Henry."

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“I am glad to see you. Henry, are you a Christian?”

“No sir, I don’t think I am.”

“How old are you?”

“I am seventeen.”

Other conversation followed, and Mr. Moody asked the young man if he did not want to become a Christian, to which he replied, “Yes sir, I think I do.” In a few minutes the young man was soundly converted.

Chapter IV

In Chicago

Mr. Moody questioned after his conversion the effect his new life would have upon his business prospects, but he found his experience of genuine Bible salvation to be a real asset. From the very beginning he had entered upon his duties with characteristic energy, and in three months' time he had sold more goods than any one of his fellow-clerks. At first he thought that perhaps truthfulness might be a hindrance to his success. But he soon found that Christian principles were an aid in business. Customers, finding that they could rely upon his word, preferred to deal with him.

Just at this time, Chicago, the new city of the West, was attracting the young men of the East. Moody felt the attraction of its appeal, and without informing anyone, decided to cast his lot with the new West. The great accomplishments that were to accompany this move could not be foreseen. In speaking of it Mr. Moody said, "I have always been a man of impulse. Almost everything I ever did in my life that was a success was done on the impulse, and I suppose when I get ready to die I will be up and off."

The thousand miles to Chicago seemed a cruel distance to his mother, and it was a long time before she could be reconciled to the move. During the years that followed, when "Widow Moody's"

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

light burned late, the neighbors knew she was praying for her boy far away.

Moody arrived in Chicago in 1856. In two days he had secured a position better than the one he had left. The same earnest Christian spirit that had shown itself in Boston characterized his life in Chicago, and from Chicago he wrote: "God is the same here as he was in Boston, and in him I can find peace."

He began to look about for some definite Christian service. He had been a successful Sunday-school recruiting agent, so he at once hired a pew in Plymouth Church, which he undertook to fill each Sunday. He would hail young men on the street corners, get them from their boarding-houses, or even call them out of saloons to share his pew. Before long he was renting four pews and filling them all every Sunday with his strangely assorted guests.

At this time a great revival broke out in Chicago, and Moody in writing to his mother said: "I have nothing to write that will interest you unless it is that there is a great revival of religion in this city. I go to meeting every night. Oh, how I do enjoy it! . . . Mother, pray for us." This was in 1857. Moody was just twenty years of age. Already he was entering deeply and whole-heartedly into the work that was to be his life-work and that was to claim his time and best energies to within a few days of his death.

One joke that Mr. Moody used to tell about himself occurred at this period. It was during President Lincoln's first presidential campaign. Mr. Moody's train had stopped at a village in southern Illinois. A farmer was sauntering up and down the platform. Mr. Moody stuck his head out of the window and inquired of the farmer:

"Did you know that Lincoln was on this train?"

"No! is he?"

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

"I don't think he is," answered Moody. "I only asked you if you knew that he was."

The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again, he remarked to Mr. Moody that their town had had some excitement recently.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Moody asked.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," the farmer replied.

"Why not?" asked Moody.

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

Early in his work in Chicago he devoted Sunday afternoons to a little mission Sunday-school. He offered to take a class. The superintendent told him that he had sufficient teachers, but that if he could work up a class of his own he would be welcome. Next Sunday Moody appeared with eighteen dirty and ragged "hoodlums," gathered off the streets, but all needing salvation. Turning these boys over to others, he went out and gathered more recruits, until he had filled the mission to overflowing.

Mr. Moody then started a Sunday-school of his own in a vacant saloon. Larger quarters were immediately needed. The mayor of the city gave him free use of the North Market Hall for Sunday-school work. This hall was in the saloon district and was used nearly every Saturday night for balls, when liquor flowed

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER



Recruiting for the Mission School

freely. In preparing the hall for the balls, the chairs, class banners, and other Sunday-school equipment were thrown into a miscellaneous heap in a corner of the room. Mr. Moody and a crowd of the boys whom he had made his "partners" got around at 6 A. M. on Sundays to sweep the hall, remove the beer barrels, cigar-stumps, and other debris, and rearrange their furniture and banners for the 3 P. M. service. Sweeping the floors was in his eyes as true service for God as superintending the school.

The boys that made up this school were for the most part a "rough bunch." One Sunday Mr. John B. Farwell came by invitation to visit the school. About half of the boys rushed forward to shine his shoes. Presently Mr. Moody invited him to make a speech, at the close of which he was elected superintendent by acclamation. Said Mr. Moody to one man, "I want you to teach these lambs."

"Lambs? Wolves, you mean," replied the other.

Mr. Moody's devices for running the school were successful. He issued stock certificates of the "North Market Sabbath School Association; capital, ten thousand dollars; forty thousand shares at twenty-five cents each." These certified the purchase of shares "for the erection of a new building. For dividends apply at the school each Sabbath at 3 P. M."

His plan for disposing of unfit teachers was automatic. Pupils were allowed by permission of the superintendent to transfer from one class to another. The inevitable result was that teachers who failed to interest their pupils were speedily left without a class.

Thirteen street arabs were promised a new suit each at Christmas if they would attend regularly every Sunday until that time. Here are some of their nicknames: Red Eye, Smikes, Madden

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

the Butcher, Jackey Candles, Giberick, Billy Blucannon, Darby the Cobbler.

In this work Mr. Moody had some interesting and thrilling experiences. An older brother of one of the school pupils who was in the South, hearing of Mr. Moody's influence over his brother, wrote home that he would "whip Moody within an inch of his life." When he got back home he was taken down with typhoid fever, and Mr. Moody helped to nurse him back to health. This so touched him that he became converted and remained a firm friend of the work.

One day a forgetful or careless pupil took his seat with his cap on. One of Moody's "bodyguards" a boy who was Moody's partner, discovered him, planted a stunning blow between his eyes, and sent him sprawling to the floor, with the remark, "I'll teach you not to enter Moody's Sunday-school with your hat on."

On one of his recruiting excursions Mr. Moody reached a house where there were not only children, but also a jug of whisky. Mr. Moody emptied the whisky into the street. Next Sunday when he returned, bent on a similar errand, the man was awaiting him. The man took off his coat to fight him, but Mr. Moody said: "I emptied the jug for the good of yourself and your family. If I am to be thrashed for it, let me pray for you all before you do it."

Falling on his knees he prayed earnestly. When he arose the father's anger had cooled, and he was permitted to have the children for his school. This school grew to a membership of fifteen hundred.

Chapter V

Enters the Ministry

“The greatest struggle I ever had in my life was when I gave up business,” said Mr. Moody. In 1860 he was working for Buell, Hill, and Granger, in Chicago, and had saved seven thousand dollars toward the one hundred thousand dollars which had been his early ambition. In one single year he made by special commissions in addition to his regular salary over five thousand dollars, and he was in direct line to become one of the wealthy men of the country.

Up to this time he had looked upon his religious activities only from the standpoint of numbers. If his Sunday-school fell below a thousand pupils he was worried, and if it ran to twelve or fifteen hundred he was elated. But none of them were being saved, and no effort was being made to save them. Now there was a reawakening in his soul, and he began to feel his call to active religious work. Finally all ambitions for wealth were sacrificed, after a severe struggle of three months, and he surrendered his own plans for his Father’s.

About this time the teacher of a class of frivolous girls, none of whom were saved, became ill one Sunday. This work of teaching the class was undertaken at the request of the teacher, who was in the last stages of tuberculosis and was compelled to leave the

Chicago climate. Before he left Moody and the teacher visited one of the members. Moody was asked to pray. He said, "I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer." As a result of this effort and further visitation, every member of that class was saved.

Mr. Moody's beliefs were orthodox, but his critics sometimes questioned his position. In later years, while in London, one clergyman asked Mr. Moody to print his creed.

"My creed is in print," Mr. Moody replied.

"Where?" was the general inquiry, as many people reached for their note-books.

In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," was the reply.

His orthodoxy was not further questioned.

Mr. Moody was not an ordained minister, always refusing ordination because he had not taken the required seminary course. But this did not hinder him in his preaching. He had a direct call from God; he had faith in his mission and message. He had left a salary of five thousand dollars a year, at the age of twenty-four; he had no "board" back of him and no guaranteed support.

Just at this time, Miss Emma C. Revell, whom he had met two years before, now a girl of seventeen, promised to cast in her lot with his—a promise fulfilled two years later by their marriage in 1862. His giving up of worldly ambitions and launching into what his friends called a "wild undertaking" was frowned upon by practically all his friends. But this young girl had faith in him and his future. She had a better education than he and became his most able assistant in every undertaking. No trial was so severe, no burden so

heavy that he could not find in her one whose fellowship afforded the warmest sympathy. Her faith and self-sacrifice could be counted upon. In many ways she served to balance his impetuous nature, and he often acknowledged the helpful service her judgment had made possible.

Mr. Moody frankly acknowledged that he made mistakes and that he was at times discouraged. Speaking of one fatal mistake he said, "It was in Chicago, during the hot summer. We had been wondering what to talk about to hold the interest of the people in such a season. I decided upon 'Bible Characters.' " He preached a series of sermons about Adam, Enoch, and others. On the fifth Sunday night on the study of Christ he preached from the text, "What then shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" After preaching he said to the audience—the largest he had ever addressed in that city: "I wish you would take this text home with you and turn it over in your minds during the week, and next Sabbath we will come to Calvary and the cross, and we will decide what to do with Jesus of Nazareth."

"What a mistake!" he said later; "I have never dared to give an audience a week to think of their salvation since. If they were lost they might rise up in judgment against me. I remember Mr. Sankey's singing, and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse:

" 'Today the Savior calls,
For refuge fly!
The storm of Justice falls,
And death is nigh!'

"I have never seen that congregation since. I have hard work to keep back the tears today . . . I would rather have that right hand cut off than to give an audience now a week to decide what to do with

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Jesus. I have often been criticized; people have said, ‘Moody, you seem to be trying to get people to decide all at once: Why do you not give them time to consider?’

“I have asked God many times to forgive me for telling people that night to take a week to think it over, and if he spares my life, I will never do it again.” This incident took place on the day of the great Chicago fire, Oct. 8, 1871.

On the matter of discouragement Mr. Moody gives one experience that should be particularly helpful to all of us. One Sunday he had preached and there did not seem to be any result. On Monday he was very much cast down. He was sitting in his study brooding over his apparent failure, when a young Bible-class teacher came in.

“What kind of a day did you have yesterday?” he inquired of Mr. Moody.

“Very poor; I had no success, and I feel quite cast down. How did you get on?”

“Oh, grandly. I never had a better day.”

“What was your subject?”

“I had the life and character of Noah. Did you ever preach on Noah? Did you ever study up his life?”

“Well, no,” Moody responded.

“If you never studied it before you had better do it now,” said he. “It will do you good. Noah was a wonderful character.”

When the young man had gone Mr. Moody got out his Bible and read all he could find about Noah. Here was a man who had toiled on for a hundred and twenty years and never had a single

convert outside his own family. Yet he did not get discouraged. He closed his Bible; the cloud had gone. He started out to a noon prayer-meeting. In a little while after he was at the meeting a man who sat behind him stood up and asked for prayers that he might become a Christian. Moody thought, "I wonder what Noah would have given if he had heard that! He never heard a single soul asking God for mercy, and yet he did not get discouraged." Mr. Moody said, I have never hung my harp on the willows since that day. Let us ask God to take away the clouds and unbelief; let us get out of Doubting Castle; let us move forward courageously in the name of our God and expect to see results."

Chapter VI

In The Civil and Spanish-American Wars

In those terrible days that followed the firing on Fort Sumter, Chicago, like all the other cities in the Union, felt great excitement. Camp Douglas was formed near the southern limits of the city, and a large number of “Moody’s boys” were among the newly recruited soldiers. Friends urged Moody to enter the service. He felt that he could not conscientiously enlist. He said, “There has never been a time in my life when I felt that I could take a gun and shoot down a fellow-being.”

But Moody was alive to the opportunities for doing good in the camps; so at once he assisted in forming a committee of the Young Men’s Christian Association there. At Camp Douglas there were as many as twelve thousand men at one time, some leaving and others coming. Among these men and boys Mr. Moody did everything he could. Card games were invaded and songbooks offered in exchange for the cards. The soldiers agreed quickly, and several of the Y.M.C.A.’s rooms were filled with playing-cards that the men had given up. There were many conversions in these camps.

Mr. Moody ministered to the wounded after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro. He was with the army at Chattanooga, and among the first to enter Richmond. He

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

tells this, among other incidents: While working among the wounded soldiers in the hospital he sat down beside a dying soldier and gave him water. "Presently he opened his eyes, and I said, 'William, do you know where you are?'"

"He looked around a little dazed, and then said: 'Oh, yes! I am on my way home to Mother.'

" 'Yes, you are on your way home,' " I said, " 'but the doctor says you won't reach your earthly home. I thought I'd like to ask you if you had any message for your mother.'

"His face lighted up with an unearthly glow as he said, 'Oh, yes, tell my mother that I died trusting in Jesus!'"

"It was one of the sweetest messages I ever heard in my life."

Mr. Moody also during the period of the Spanish-American War helped arouse the churches and other organizations to work in the camps and hospitals, hold revival services, distribute gospels and hymn books, comfort the dying, and send messages to the sorrowing. Many times he was almost completely exhausted through his strenuous labors.

At the close of the Civil War in 1865 Mr. Moody returned to Chicago and again engaged in Sunday-school work. He had made known his purpose to his former associates by announcing, "When the War is ended, let's give our strength to Sunday-school work."

Mr. Moody did not wait for Sunday-school workers to come to him—he went to them. The Illinois Sunday School Union was organized in 1859, but during the War it was suspended. The second convention was not held until 1864. This second convention was to be held at Springfield. Mr. Moody and two of his friends arrived Saturday morning. After breakfast they set out in search of some

quiet place for prayer-meeting. A church building nearby seemed to offer such a place and they entered by way of the basement. They read and prayed. While engaged in this the door opened and the pastor entered, saying: "You are welcome, brethren, whoever you may be." Mr. Moody's Sunday-school convention idea soon spread to other sections.

Into his Sunday-school work, as in every move he made, Mr. Moody threw the whole force of his powerful personality. He held a convention in Pontiac, Ill. At the beginning of the convention he went throughout the town talking to every man, woman, and child he met. Approaching a group of politicians, he heard one of them say of a certain nominee:

"I think that man could carry the county." "My friend," interrupted Mr. Moody, "we want to carry this county for the Lord Jesus Christ!" The politician slapped Mr. Moody on the shoulder, burst into a laugh, and cried out, "I am with you there, old fellow."

Mr. Moody's words became the watch-cry of that whole religious movement.

At another time the action of a certain convention was not pleasing to a little group; they launched a bitter attack upon the committee in charge. Mr. Moody reviewed the work of the committee, claimed no credit for himself, magnified the work of the other members, and spoke of the continued blessing that had rested upon them from God. He closed by tendering the resignation of all the committee, and then said; "Let us pray." In a prayer of sweetness and power he led the congregation close to God. He remembered those who tried to turn the convention aside and prayed for them too. The effect was indescribable. The audience of about three thousand was greatly moved, and on motion the committee were reelected by acclamation.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Again and again in Mr. Moody's work among Sunday-school workers and gospel workers he pleaded for faithfulness. His voice, full of pathos, seems to those who heard it, said a friend, to sound forth even now the solemn words: "If I had the trumpet of God, and could speak to every Sunday-school teacher in America, I would plead with each one to lead at least one soul to Christ this year!"

A student of the work and life of Moody cannot fail to be impressed with his spirituality, his enthusiasm, his never-dying zeal for the cause of God.

It is reported that he once heard someone say "The world has yet to see what God will do with and for and through and in and by the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to him."

"He said 'a man,' " thought Moody. "He did not say a *great* man, nor a *learned* man, nor a *rich* man, nor a *wise* man nor an *eloquent* man, nor a *smart* man, but simply 'a man.' I am a man, and it lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that entire and full consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man."

Chapter VII

Moody and Sankey

Throughout the world Mr. Moody's name is associated with that of Ira D. Sankey. The names "Moody and Sankey" were household words for years, and even now they linger in the hearts of the devout everywhere.

Mr. Moody preached and Mr. Sankey sang, while audiences of ten to twenty thousand were stirred to their very depths. Through their combined efforts thousands of people were converted, and cooling and indifferent church people were aroused to action.

Mr. Sankey was a government officer in New Castle, Pa. He was thirty years of age when he and Moody met. He had heard enough of Mr. Moody to make him curious to see and hear him. The time came when his desire was to be satisfied. A religious convention was to be held in Indianapolis, Ind. It was announced that "Mr. Moody from Chicago" would conduct a prayer-meeting on Sunday morning at six o'clock. Notwithstanding the early hour, Mr. Sankey determined to go. The distance to the church was much greater than he had thought, and the service was half through when he arrived and took a seat near the door. At the conclusion of a rather lengthy prayer, a friend urged Mr. Sankey to start right in with a hymn, as there seemed to be no one in charge of the singing.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Without waiting for further invitation, Mr. Sankey arose and sang:

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.”

The congregation joined in heartily. At the close of the service Mr. Sankey was introduced to Mr. Moody. As he drew near Moody recognized him as the man who had led the singing, took his hand and said, “Where are you from?”

“Pennsylvania,” replied Mr. Sankey.

“Married?”

“Yes. I have a wife and two children.”

“What do you do for a living when you are at home?”

“I am in the government service.”

Still holding his hand and looking into his face with his keen eyes, he said, “Well, you’ll have to give up business. You’ll have to give up your government position, and come with me. You are the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. I want you to come and help me in my work in Chicago.”

That was on Sunday. Sankey hesitated, and considered the matter from every angle; but the next morning found him still inclined to stick to the government job with its regular, guaranteed salary. Just at that moment a card was brought to him from Mr. Moody asking that he meet him that evening at a certain corner at six o’clock to sing. Sankey wrote his acceptance on the back of the card, and at the appointed time was there.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Soon Mr. Moody arrived. Without even stopping, he walked into a store, and asked for the use of a store-box for a pulpit. Permission being given, he rolled the box out on the street corner, and climbing upon it, asked Mr. Sankey to sing. After a few songs Mr. Moody preached. Very soon a large crowd of working men coming out of the shops had congregated there, and Mr. Sankey says that Mr. Moody preached that evening from that box as he had never heard anyone preach before.

The crowd stood spellbound as the words flowed from Moody's lips. He talked for about fifteen minutes, leaped down from the box, announced that he was going to hold a meeting at the Academy of Music, and invited the crowd to accompany him there. Mr. Sankey and his friend marched down the street, singing "Shall We Gather at the River?" The lower floor of the Academy of Music was soon packed. Mr. Moody saw that the men in their working clothes were seated before he ascended the platform to speak. His second address was as captivating as the one delivered on the street corner, and it was not until the delegates had arrived for the evening session of the convention that the meeting was brought to a close.

Mr. Moody was fond of singing and valued it highly as a part of religious worship. He said: "I feel sure the great majority of people do like singing, and I purpose to make it a prominent feature of all my services. It helps to build up your audience. If you have singing that reaches the heart, it will fill the church every time."

He used to say that there is more said in the Bible about praise than about prayer, and that music and song not only accompany all Scriptural revivals, but are essential in deepening spiritual life. He said:

"We owe some of our best hymns to seasons like those, when in the family and church, in the factory and street, the great truths of

the gospel are heard in song. Singing does at least as much as preaching to impress the Word of God upon people's minds. During the forty years since God first called me, the importance of praise expressed in song has grown upon me."

The following incident illustrates his personal love of song. Accompanied by P. P. Bliss, Ira D. Sankey, and a few other friends, he was crossing the Connecticut River on a ferry, and as they crossed the beautiful stream, the valley sloping down on either side, and the blue hills and mountains beyond, Bliss and Sankey sang together, "Only Waiting for the Boatman," and "There is a Land of Pure Delight." Moody was helping the ferryman. The party thought they were crossing very slowly. After the third or fourth song Sankey looked around and discovered that Moody was holding on to the wire and pulling back while the ferryman pulled forward; his object was to put in a good many songs, not only for his own benefit but also for the good of the ferryman, a boyhood friend, in whose conversion he was interested. Moody greatly enjoyed Sankey's discomfiture, and after a hearty laugh from all, they joined in the song "Pull for the Shore," and by keeping a watch on Moody they finally reached the shore.

Chapter VIII

Burned Out in the Chicago Fire

The year 1871 was a critical time in the life of D. L. Moody. He felt his personal need of greater power with God. This feeling was intensified by the visits to his meetings of two godly women who told him that they were praying for him. He said to them, “Why don’t you pray for the people?” “Because you need the power of the Spirit,” they replied. He had them visit him, and pray with and for him, that he might have this spiritual power. The hunger increased. He said, “I really felt that I did not want to live if I could not have this power for service.”

While he was in this mental and spiritual condition Chicago was laid in ashes. The great fire commenced on October 8, 1871 and swept out of existence both Farwell Hall and the Illinois Street Church. He had been preaching a series of sermons in Farwell Hall on Bible characters. On this night the court-house bell was sounding an alarm of fire, but Moody paid no attention to it. They were accustomed to hearing the fire bell often, and it did not disturb them much when it sounded. He finished his sermon.

On the way home from meeting Mr. Moody saw the glare of flames, and he knew it meant ruin to Chicago. About one o’clock Farwell Hall was burned; soon his church-building went down.

Everything was scattered. It was thought for a time that the fire had been checked, but soon the alarm was given that the fire had crossed the river and was rapidly advancing.

It was too late to think of saving much more than could be carried in the hands. A neighbor took Mr. Moody's two children in his already crowded carriage and made his escape north. A few articles of silver and some valued tokens of friendship were hastily placed in a baby-cart. But there was one item Mrs. Moody's heart was set upon saving—a portrait of Mr. Moody by the artist Healy. It had been presented to Mrs. Moody at the same time that they were presented with a free lease of their home, completely furnished. This portrait Mrs. Moody prized above anything else the home contained.

A stranger assisted in taking it from the wall. Calling Mr. Moody, his wife urged him to save it for her. But he refused. The canvas was hastily knocked out of the gold frame and carried by Mrs. Moody herself. A black eye and a bruised face were part of the price paid for this effort, for once on the street it was a constant struggle between the bearer of the panel and the terrific wind that was blowing for possession of the prize. Love won, but only after a continuous battle.

When they were safe Mr. Moody said, "Wouldn't it have been amusing for me to take my own picture! Suppose I was met on the street by friends in the same plight as ourselves, and they said, 'Hello, Moody, glad you have escaped; what's that you have saved and cling to so affectionately?' Wouldn't it have sounded well to reply, 'Oh, I've got my own picture?' "

As soon as his wife and family were safe with friends Mr. Moody devoted himself to relief work. He went East to raise money for the homeless, and also for a new church-building. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and other friends,

raised three thousand dollars, and a temporary building 75 by 100 feet was immediately reared on a lot not far from the site of the former church. On December 24, 1871, just two months and fifteen days after the fire, this building, known as the North Side Tabernacle, was dedicated.

But that Eastern visit produced greater blessings in Mr. Moody's life. The hunger for more spiritual power was still upon him. The fire did not dismiss the yearning. Mr. Moody said, "My heart was not in the work of begging. I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it, I seldom refer to it, it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say that God revealed himself to me, and I had such an experience of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world—it would be as the small dust of the balance."

Upon his return to Chicago his mission work at the new tabernacle went along successfully. Revival fires were kindled anew and blazed long and bright. Within a year steps were taken to erect a permanent building. Contributions came in from all quarters, thousands of Sunday-school children contributing five cents each to buy bricks. Finally means were provided for the completion of a permanent church building which became known as the Chicago Avenue Church, or Moody's Church.

Five years after the fire, on his return from abroad, Mr. Moody wrote his old church, the Chicago Avenue Church which he loved

so dearly, a letter, extracts from which show something of the inner workings of his heart and mind. He wrote:

“The only way any church can get a blessing is to lay aside all difference, all criticism, all coldness and party feeling, and come to the Lord as one man; and when the church lives in the power of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians I am sure that many will be added daily to the flock of God. I would like to have the church read that chapter together on their knees on Thursday and, as you do so, pray God to apply it with power. Of late my earnest prayer to God has been that he would help me to save more, and I cannot tell you how wonderfully he has answered my prayer. It seems as if you were all much nearer and dearer to me than ever. My heart goes out to you, and I long to see you all coming constantly to God for a fresh supply of love.”

Chapter IX

In England, Scotland, and Ireland

Mr. Moody's religious work extended beyond America. He appreciated other speakers and workers. He had heard much of English methods, and also had a great anxiety to see Charles H. Spurgeon and George Muller. With the twofold purpose of benefiting Mrs. Moody's health and making the acquaintance of these two great leaders and learning of their methods, in 1867 he visited England.

He was unknown in England except to a few who had visited America. Upon his arrival in England, accompanied by F. J. Hartley, secretary of the London Sunday School Union, he attended an anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall, where he was invited to speak. It was customary on such an occasion to be connected with a resolution, as its mover or seconder, in order to give a speaker the right to the floor. Mr. Moody was therefore assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who was on the occasion the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury. At the proper time the vice chairman announced they were glad to welcome their "American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago, who would now move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl who had presided on this occasion."

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with this bold announcement: "The Chairman' has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the 'Reverend' Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sabbath-school worker. And then I'm not your 'American cousin!' By the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested with you in our Father's work for his children. And now about this vote of thanks to 'the noble Earl' for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him anymore than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was an even thing all round."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such talk could not be gauged by any standard. Its novelty was delightful, and Mr. Moody carried his English hearers from that time on.

He visited Mr. Muller and his work at Bristol where Muller had 1,150 children in his orphanages, supported without any guarantees of fund and without solicitation. Mr. Moody said of Muller, "He calls on God, and God sends money to him. It is wonderful to see what God can do with a man of prayer."

He also met Mr. Spurgeon, and paid him a short visit. He visited and addressed the Y. M. C. A.'s, and besides helping them, gained much information which he put to good use on his return to America.

The appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Moody by the English people is shown by the farewell supper given them when they were leaving for America. One of the speakers said: "Few men who have visited a foreign shore have endeared themselves to so many hearts in so short a time, or with an unknown name and without letters of commendation won their way so deeply into the affections of a

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

multitude of Christian brethren as had Mr. Moody. Few had ever heard of him before, but having talked with him or heard him speak of Jesus, asked for no other warrant to yield him a large measure of their love.”

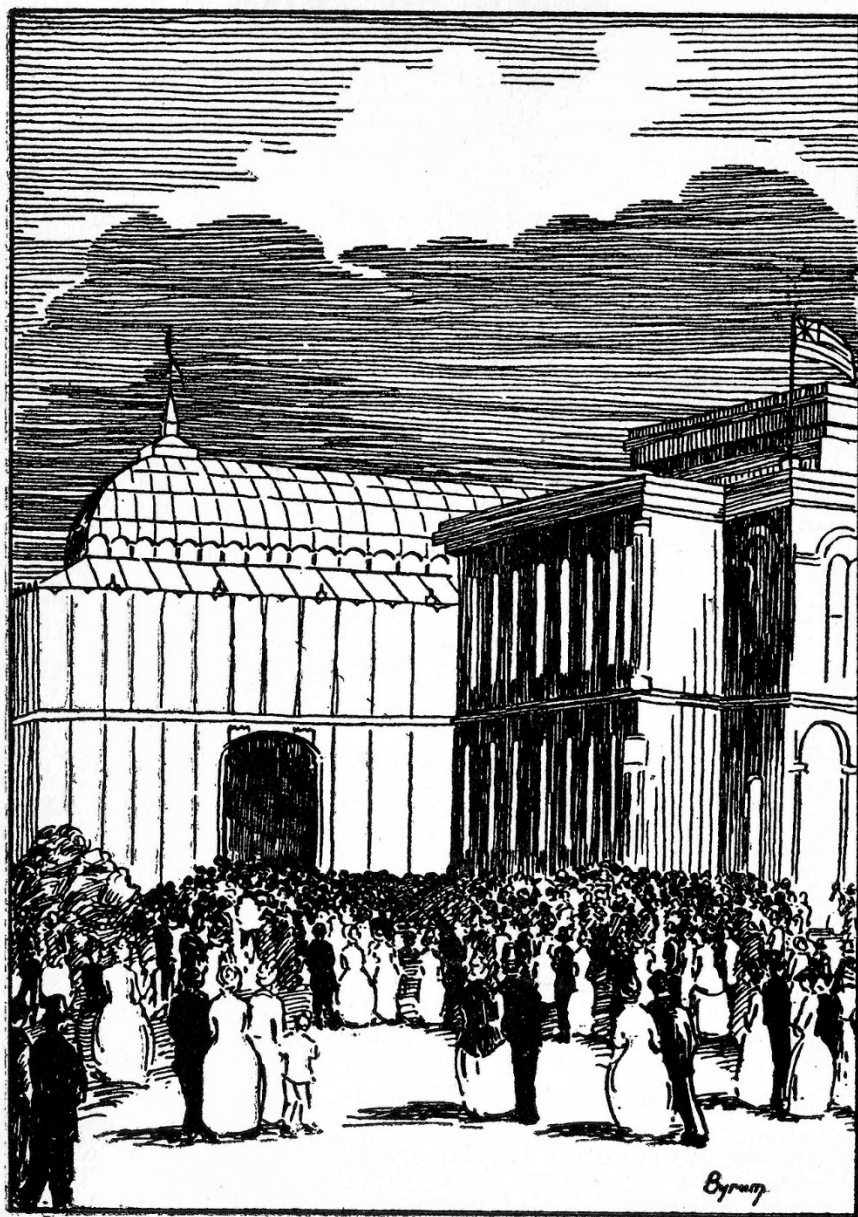
In later years Mr. Moody referred to this visit and his efforts as being in a measure an exhibition of “zeal without knowledge;” but, as he would also add, “There is much more hope for a man in such a condition than for that man who had knowledge without zeal.”

During this first visit to England, Moody also visited Dublin, Ireland, where he met Henry Moorehouse, “the boy preacher.” Moorehouse afterward visited America and preached in Mr. Moody’s church in Chicago.

Mr. Moody again visited England and Ireland for a short time in 1872. In 1873 he went abroad to spend a longer time, carrying on an extensive work in many sections of England and visiting Scotland and Ireland. At his own personal expense he took Mr. Sankey with him. On their arrival they extended their operations, Mr. Moody preaching and Mr. Sankey singing in many cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

There was much prejudice largely because they were not in any way connected with the Established Church. Mr. Moody was really undenominational. But despite the prejudice they quickly won their way into tens of thousands of hearts, and many were converted under their combined labors. One of his friendly critics wrote of his preaching at that time as follows:

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER



Exhibition Hall, Dublin, Ireland

“Mr. Moody preaches, but the conventional use of the word ‘preaching’ does not convey any notion of Mr. Moody’s talk. He is a business man and he means business; every word he speaks is meant to lead to a definite business; if it does not do that, he regards it as thrown away. Most people believe that there is a life beyond the grave and that there is some way of salvation and some way of being lost forever; and this is rather important business after all. Mr. Moody goes into the heart of this matter at once and he puts it in a business way. He says he himself has salvation, in fact is saved forever by the Son of God, and that every soul that wants it may have it too, at once, and know it, and go home with it, and be as happy as he likes.”

It was during this visit to England that Moody and Sankey first began publishing their songs in book form. These books were used in all their meetings, and hundreds of thousands of copies were sold. There arose some unjust criticism of Mr. Moody’s motive in publishing the songbooks, some asserting that he was doing it for the profit there was in it for himself and Mr. Sankey. Whereupon he instructed the publishers to turn over all royalties and profits from the books to a committee of prominent business men of Great Britain, who should administer the funds as they thought proper.

More than one million dollars has been thus distributed through English and American committees, many religious and educational institutions profiting therefrom. Mr. Moody personally received nothing. This was a wonderful demonstration of Mr. Moody’s big-heartedness and unselfishness.

Mr. Moody was very sensitive to criticism, and even if it was unjust and unfounded he usually found some way to turn the criticism into a boomerang that fell on the heads of his critics and proved his purity of motive.

Chapter X

General Evangelistic Work

We can give here only a brief recital of Mr. Moody's general evangelistic work covering a period of more than forty years and extending to England, Ireland, Scotland, Palestine, and to various parts of America. He made several trips to the British Isles. Four months' work in the London mission at one time is summed up as follows:

In Camberwell Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 480,000 people; in Victoria Hall, 45 meetings, attended by 400,000; in the Royal Haymarket Opera House, 60 meetings, attended by 330,000; in Bow Road Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 600,000; and in Agricultural Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 720,000; in all 285 meetings, attended by 2,530,000 people. The mission cost around \$140,000, nearly all of which was subscribed before its close.

Some estimate of the activities of Mr. Moody in evangelistic effort in America can be gained by his work in Chicago in 1893, at the time of the World's Fair. During that six months' campaign every variety of meeting was held—men's, women's, children's, temperance, soldiers', jail meetings, open-air and cottage meetings; meeting for Germans, Poles, Bohemians, French, Jews, and even

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

for the Arabs in the Fair Grounds; meetings for praise and for prayer; all-day and all-night meetings.

On several of the last Sundays Mr. Moody controlled as many as one hundred and twenty-five different meetings, assuming when necessary the expense of rent and incidentals, furnishing speakers and singers, and working up attendance, which would aggregate upwards of one hundred thousand each Sunday. High-water mark on weekdays was reached on Chicago Day, October 8, when Mr. Moody held continuous meetings in three large central halls, and in one case the attendance was so large that the speakers had difficulty in pushing their way in.

Mr. Moody's own estimate of the result of the six months of work says: "The principal result of our six months' work is that millions have heard the simple gospel preached by some of the most gifted preachers in the world; thousands have apparently been genuinely converted to Christ, and Christians all over this land have been brought to a deeper spiritual life and aroused to more active Christian effort for the salvation of others."

The expense of this campaign of six months was sixty thousand dollars. This money was raised through Christian individuals and their friends, and religious societies all over the United States, Canada, and England.

In round numbers it is estimated that he personally preached to fifty million people during his forty years of ministry, and thousands were converted to Christ.

Mr. Moody's constant appeal was, "Let every one of us try to get one soul." And how many he won personally in this way cannot be estimated. Nor did he care to estimate them. He was intolerant of that kind of statistics. When a minister asked him how many souls

had been saved under his preaching he answered, "I don't know anything about that, Doctor. Thank God, I don't have to. I don't keep the Lamb's book of life."

One writer, speaking of the work of Moody and Sankey in England, said: "Moody and Sankey 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 imprint of their individuality upon one great section of English men and women than any other persons who could be named."

Another writer says: "Mr. Moody is a man of such persistent consistency that it is scarcely more possible that he should change himself than that a leopard should change his spots. Indeed there is no prospect that he will ever conform either himself or his style to the demands of propriety or to the requirements of grammatical rules."

Another says: "We would not change him. Make him the best-read preacher in the world and he would instantly lose half his power. He is just right for his work as he is, original, dashing, careless." One of Mr. Moody's meetings is described thus: "At 7:40 the choir begins to sing, and the congregation joins in. Promptly at 8 two men take their places, one within the rail, the other at the melodeon. As the former rises, after a moment of silent prayer, you see a short, stout-built, square-shouldered man with a bullet-shaped head set close on the shoulders, black eyes that twinkle merrily at times, and a full but not heavy beard and mustache. The face expresses fun, good-humor, persistence. The coat is closely buttoned, with a bit of stand-up collar seen over it. Such is D. L. Moody.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“As he stands, with hand resting on the rail, you are conscious that it is to see, not to be seen. Like an engineer, with his hand on the throttle, like a physician with his finger on the patient’s pulse, his mind is on the work before him. A quick, soldiery bearing marks every movement. He gives out a hymn so rapidly that we scarcely catch the words.

“And then we look at Sankey. A man of large build, clear-cut features, and shaven chin; a voice clear, melodious, powerful. Easier and gentler in bearing than Moody, he has enough force and fire in speech and song to hold an audience in perfect quiet, and when he sings alone you hear every word and catch from face and voice the full meaning of the song. Both men impress you as honest, good, hearty, and wholesome in body and mind, and thoroughly in earnest.”

This writer further says: “Headlong talking would better describe Mr. Moody’s preaching. His voice is rough, pitched on one key, and he speaks straight before him, rarely turning to the sides. But how real he makes men. His gestures are few but emphatic—the hand flung forcibly forward with palm open, both hands brought down, hammer-like, with closed fists. But the Bible is too much in his hands to allow frequent gestures. He continually refers to it, reads from it, and keeps it open on the stand before him. His sermon or lecture is little more than an exposition of a Bible truth, or a dramatic reading of a Bible story, with continuous application to his hearers.”

Chapter XI

Founds Educational Institutions

“The reward of service is more service,” was a favorite saying of Mr. Moody’s, and it perfectly indicates his life-work. Having little education himself, he was impressed with the value of an education. One day soon after returning to his native town, while driving with his brother Samuel near Northfield, they passed a lonely cottage, far from any town or neighbor. Sitting in the doorway were the mother and two daughters, braiding straw hats. The father was paralytic and could do nothing for the support of the family; the burden rested upon the women. But the father was an educated man and he had an ambition that reached beyond their present narrow horizon. The limitations of their condition and the apparent hopelessness of their future deeply impressed Mr. Moody. The sight of those women braiding hats in that lonely, out-of-the-way place resulted in his determination to meet the peculiar needs of just such girls in neighboring hills and communities.

Mr. Moody’s determination was soon put into action. One day in the fall of 1878 he stood discussing the project with Mr. H. N. F. Marshall, of Boston, when the owner of sixteen acres of adjoining land passed. They asked him if he would sell and learning his price asked him into the house, made out the papers, and before the owner had recovered from his surprise the land had passed out of his hands.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

Three or four adjoining lots were purchased during the year, all without their respective owners realizing that their barren farmlands had any special value. These purchases increased the estate to one hundred acres, most of it sandy hillocks, useless even for pasturage, but suitably located and commanding a pleasing view of the Connecticut Valley.

On this land the Northfield Seminary for Young Women was opened on November 3, 1879. Classes were held in the dining-room of Mr. Moody's home until the recitation hall was completed the following December. The two girls that he had seen in the mountain home were among the first students. So intelligent were they that they soon justified Mr. Moody's effort in their behalf.

Ground was broken for the first dormitory, East Hall, in April, 1880. In the following September the building had been completed, and the first Christian Workers' Conference was held here. At the dedication, after the singing of a few hymns, Mr. Moody spoke, saying among other things:

"You know that the Lord laid it upon my heart some time ago to organize a school for young women in the humbler walks of life, who never would get a Christian education but for a school like this.

I have hoped also that money might be given for a boys' school, and now a gentleman who has been here for the last ten days has become interested in my plans, and has given twenty-five thousand dollars toward a school for boys. And now, as we dedicate this building to God, I want to read you the motto of this school." Then turning to Isa. 27:3 he read:

" 'I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.' " In 1879 a farm of 175 acres

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

was secured for a school for boys. Later another farm was purchased, making the entire property a tract of 275 acres. Mr. Hiram Camp agreed to contribute twenty-five thousand dollars to this work, and at his suggestion the school was named "Mount Hermon School for Young Men." Mr. Moody did not have mere charity in view; hence these schools did not offer their privileges gratuitously. But the cost was made so low, only one hundred dollars a year, that those of very moderate means could afford to attend.

Mr. Moody's educational work was not confined to Northfield. On December 31, 1886, he began a four months' campaign of evangelistic services in Chicago, going from one church to another and utilizing the roller-skating rinks. During these meetings plans for the "Training School," as it was called, were being brought into shape, but unexpected hindrances appeared. At the last noon meeting of his stay, Mr. Moody asked, "How shall this work be carried on when I am gone?"

Someone called out, "Get a tent."

"All right," said Mr. Moody, "I'll give the first hundred dollars. Who next?"

Money was at once raised, and a gospel tent eighty feet in diameter was secured and pitched in a district so wicked that it was known as "Little Hell." The tent was manned by an evangelist with a corps of assistants, Bibles in hand. This tent was moved from place to place in the city. Summer and winter the services went on, in the winter being held indoors.

In May, 1889, a "Bible Institute" was held in the Chicago Avenue Church, and Mr. Moody found nearly two hundred persons present, where he had looked for twenty. Large sums of money were raised, properties purchased and remodeled, and on September 26,

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

1889, the Bible Institute was formally opened to the public. Students attended the Institute from all quarters.

Like all the organizations and institutions that owe their birth to Mr. Moody, the Bible Institute Colportage Association grew out of a need that he observed as he traveled to and fro in his evangelistic work. He was holding meetings in a western town in 1894 and wanted some books to give away. He called at a local bookstore, but although the shelves were loaded with fiction of all kinds, not a single religious book could be had.

Determined to do something to remedy this situation, Mr. Moody returned to Chicago and consulted prominent Christians, who said, "People won't buy religious books; they are too expensive."

"Then their price must come down," said Mr. Moody. In 1895 the plan of the colportage association was formulated and put into execution. Through this plan, which has since been copied by other religious movements, millions of books have been distributed, many of them free, many at the mere cost of printing, and many souls have been reached with gospel literature who otherwise would have had to remain in ignorance of God's plan of redemption.

Chapter XII

In Palestine

In the summer of 1891, Dr. John Smith, of Edinburgh, came to America with a huge roll of invitations from ministers of Scotland, asking Mr. Moody to visit that country again. He left America in October, 1891, and with Mr. Sankey held short meetings in ninety-nine towns in Scotland during the winter. This was his last visit to Scotland.

In April, 1892, he visited Palestine. From Paris he wrote to his Mother, "I have a great desire to see the city of gold." Accompanied by his wife and younger son, Paul, he joined friends in Rome. The day after his arrival in Jerusalem, which happened to be on Easter Sunday, he spoke from the summit of the new (or Gordon) Calvary on the text, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever"—pointing to Hermon, Olivet, and the mountains of Moab, all in sight from where he stood. It was afterward found that he had unwittingly spoken in the midst of a Mohammedan cemetery, and a little feeling was aroused. The week-days were spent in visiting places of interest in Jerusalem and the immediate vicinity.

The farming on the hillsides specially attracted his attention. To see men living in their little houses perched like crows in a nest on

the edge of the snowline, reclaiming patches of land, some of them hardly twenty feet square, excited his wonder. He would frequently say, "Look here! See that hillside farming! That beats all I ever saw. If ever I hear a Northfield man complaining of his farm again, I'll fall on him." This reference to his size caused much merriment.

Mr. Moody preached at various times and places while in the Holy Land. Of his preaching here he said he had preached for thirty years, but had never felt the awe of God that he felt when preaching in the Holy Land.

After spending about two months in Palestine, which was the longest vacation he had ever taken, he returned to England. The vacation was not an unbroken rest, however, for he had preached in Rome, Jerusalem, Cairo, Naples, and Paris, sometimes twice a day, besides conducting numerous Bible readings to gratify the importunities of English and American friends, who recognized him wherever he went.

On Mr. Moody's return to England he again "got in harness" and preached in and around London. In August he crossed to Ireland and preached in a number of places there. Returning to America with his elder son in November, he had his memorable experience on board the North German Lloyd liner, the *Spree*, an experience that was thrilling, and that threatened to end the career of this noble man of God.

He took passage from Southampton, England. When about three days out he was lying on his couch congratulating himself on his good fortune, and feeling very thankful to God, who had so marvelously taken care of him all his life, so that he had never been in a serious accident of any kind. He says:

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“Suddenly I was startled by a terrible crash and shock, as if the vessel had been driven on a rock . . . My son jumped from his berth and rushed on deck. He was back again in a few moments, saying that the shaft was broken and the vessel was sinking.”

Mr. Moody did not at first believe that it was so bad, but soon found that the report was only too true. The officers and crew did all they could to save the vessel, but it was soon found that the pumps were useless, for the water poured into the ship too rapidly to be controlled.

The ship drifted helplessly; there was no wireless or any possible way of communicating with land. Night came on. Mr. Moody says:

“That was an awful night, the darkest in all our lives! Seven hundred men, women, and children waiting for the doom that was settling upon us! No one dared to sleep. We were all together in the saloon of the first cabin—Jews, Protestants, Catholics, and skeptics—although I doubt if at that time there were any skeptics among us. The agony and suspense were too great for words. With blanched faces and trembling hearts the passengers looked at one another, as if trying to read what no one dared to speak. Rockets flamed into the sky, but there was no answer . . . Sunday morning dawned without help or hope.”

As the second night came on Mr. Moody asked the captain’s permission for a religious service in the saloon. The captain said, “Most certainly; I am that kind, too.”

Mr. Moody says: “Nearly every passenger attended, and I think everybody prayed, skeptics and all.”

He read the ninety-first Psalm. The eleventh verse touched him deeply as he read, “He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

thee in all thy ways.” And surely he did it. Mr. Moody, on examining himself, was assured that he was saved and ready to go; but he thought of his wife and children, and friends in Chicago, and that perhaps the next hour would separate them forever in this life. He says:

“It was the darkest hour of my life. I could not endure it. I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry, and enabled me to say from the depth of my soul, ‘Thy will be done!’ Let it be Northfield or heaven, it makes no difference to me.”

The steamer *Lake Huron* finally got the rocket signal of the disabled vessel and after seven days of peril and hardship the ship’s crew and passengers held a joyous thanksgiving service in the harbor of Queenstown. The captain of the *Lake Huron* was also a man of prayer, and God heard the united prayers of his people and saved them all. Mr. Moody always spoke with profound respect and gratitude of the courage and gallantry of the officers and crew of the *Spree*.

Mr. Moody and his son then sailed for America on the *Etruria* and reached New York safely the next Saturday.

Chapter XIII

Secrets of Success

It will be accepted without argument that Mr. Moody was a successful man. He had failures, made mistakes, was sometimes disappointed, and at times discouraged, but viewing his work from every reasonable standpoint, he was eminently successful as a religious promoter and a soul-saver. Here are some of the secrets of his success.

Mr. Moody had a wonderful capacity for work. For those who knew Mr. Moody intimately it was not difficult to understand the secret of his capacity for hard work. He had a magnificent constitution; he took care of this body that God had given him. He did not dissipate. His very physical build seemed to demand continued exertion and special effort. But beyond this he was able to throw off all burden of mind when he had done his utmost. "It's worry that kills," he would say. He believed that God would carry on his own work, and after doing all in his power he would cast his burden on the Lord. Thus it happened that he could almost sleep "to order." A few minutes before going to address a large audience he would lie down for a nap of ten or fifteen minutes.

Mr. Moody had a wonderful genius for generalship, by which he would delegate to others the work they could do and thus spare

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

himself the trouble of details. As, for example, his large undertakings during the six months' campaign in Chicago during the World's Fair. He was able to organize, plan, and harness the available resources, start and continue an offensive against sin along an extended battle-line.

Said Mr. Moody, "It is better to put ten men to work than to try to do the work of ten men." To this motto he steadfastly adhered, and he may rightly be called one of the greatest discoverers and developers of lay workers the Christian Church has ever known.

He had the love of the poor, the respect of the learned, the confidence of the wealthy. Think of the thousands of college men who felt the power of his influence. Perhaps his great influence is best seen in the lives of the thousands of young men and women who enjoy high privileges as a direct result of his life and work. Sons and daughters of his spirit have gone out to the ends of the earth, to continue to be true. Mr. Moody once said of himself: "Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody, of East Northfield, is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now." His life still lives, in the men and influences he set in motion.

One of the secrets of Mr. Moody's phenomenal success in bringing souls to Christ was that he believed absolutely, implicitly in his message. His faith was simple and childlike. No doubts ever dimmed his faith in God's Word. To him it was the truth and the whole truth. He never sat down and folded his hands and waited for the Lord to bring about what he wanted. He did not believe in passive Christianity. He said, "I hate the word 'can't.' When a man says 'you can't,' it always makes me want to prove that I can."

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

One writer says of Mr. Moody: "The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality, and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretense or cant. Along with the fundamental quality he cherished a great love of righteousness. His first question concerning any proposed action was, 'Is it right?' " He was brave, magnanimous, and unselfish! To add to all this, he was transformed and transfigured by divine grace.

Mr. Moody was a man of prayer. Here we touch the inner source of his matchless power. To him God was a person who feels and thinks, a Father who rules and loves, concerned with everything that affects his children. With such a conception of God we are not surprised to find him leading a life of ceaseless communion with God, out of which grew overcoming strength. There was a correspondence between Mr. Moody's life and his prayers. Both were massive, and on a grand scale. Prayer was the real working power of Moody's life.

He was systematic. He was an early riser. He generally arose about daybreak during summer, devoting his early hours to Bible study and communion with God. He used to say that one who followed this plan could not get more than twenty-four hours away from God. He would breakfast with the family at 7:30. Family prayers followed; the servants and hired help attended. Mr. Moody read a passage of Scripture, then prayed, simply and earnestly. He usually opened all his letters personally and gave impartial attention to all. But he also had his periods of recreation. On the farm he loved to see things grow. Feeding his chickens furnished him an excuse for exercise. He would spend hours "puttering around" his hen houses.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER



On the Campus at Northfield

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

He had a keen sense of humor. Once he wrote this letter to his grandchild, not yet a year old: “I have just heard that the milk you get at my house does not agree with you. But I think the fault is not with the milk, but with the cooks. You know, or you should be old enough to know, that when you cook milk and put it in a bottle and put a black rubber nipple on it—well, you will be disgusted when you get a little older and know how your parents have treated you! You must not blame my old cow, for she is as good as she can be. I do not want to turn you against your parents, but if they do not treat you right, slip down to my house and get some doughnuts and ice-cream.”

Chapter XIV

Moody The Preacher

We can give here only brief extracts from the sermons of Mr. Moody; of more importance is Moody himself. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., gives this estimate of him: "Dwight L. Moody was undeniably the most extraordinary gospel preacher that America has produced in this century, as Spurgeon was the most extraordinary that Britain has produced. Both had all Christendom for their congregations."

A London writer, after following his discourses, gave this estimate of his preaching: "He is not eloquent, but very fluent; not poetical or rhetorical, but he never talks twaddle and seldom utters a sentence that is not well worth hearing. He is a rapid, too rapid a speaker; nevertheless, what he does say is sensible, forcible, and to the point, and not too long, which is a great advantage. He is American to the core, in speech, intonation, and vigor. His anecdotes are superabundant and for the most part the acquisition of his own experience; they are always apt, often most pathetic, and sometimes appalling. His earnestness is intense, his energy untiring, his courage leonine, his tact uncommon, and his love for souls most tender."

Mr. Henry Moorehouse, the Scotch preacher, gave this appraisal of Mr. Moody's preaching:

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“1. He believes firmly that the gospel saves sinners when they believe, and he rests on the simple story of a crucified and risen Savior.

“2. He expects when he goes to preach that souls will be saved, and the result is that God honors his faith.

“3. He preaches as if there never was to be another meeting, and as if sinners might never hear the gospel sound again. These appeals to decide now are most impressive.

“4. He gets Christians to work in the after-meetings. He urges them to ask those who are sitting near them if they are saved. Everything about his work is very simple, and I would advise the workers in the Lord’s vineyard to see and hear our beloved brother, and if possible learn some blessed lessons from him in soul-winning.”

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* said of Mr. Moody’s preaching: “Mr. Moody is strikingly free from all pretense and parade; he speaks as one who thoroughly believes what he says, and who is in downright earnest in delivering his message. There is very little excitement; there is no extravagance, but the effect of the service is seen in the manifest impression produced on the audience.”

The late Dr. R. W. Dale, of England, who was at first inclined to look with disfavor on Mr. Moody and his preaching, became impressed and wrote as follows: “Of Mr. Moody’s own power I find it difficult to speak. It is so real and yet so unlike the power of ordinary preachers that I hardly know how to analyze it. Its reality is indisputable. Any man who can interest and impress an audience of from three to six thousand people for half an hour in the morning, and for three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon, and who can

interest a third audience of thirteen or fifteen thousand people for three-quarters of an hour again in the evening, must have power of some kind. Of course, some people listened without caring much for what he said, but though I generally sat in a position which enabled me to see the kind of impression he produced, I rarely saw many faces which did not indicate the most active and earnest interest.”

Another writer said: “Men who wrote and spoke against the movement, men who laughed at it, went to hear and came away with changed thoughts—six thousand people at the mid-day prayer-meeting, six thousand at the afternoon Bible lecture, and ten thousand at the evening meeting, with the inquiry-rooms full, is something that even ‘the Exchange’ has to admit. But beyond this there is the mighty power of God’s Spirit, working and acting, which no tables can register, no numbers record.”

Rev. Dr. Frederick Campbell, of Chicago, has this to say of his work: “Mr. Moody has once more proved himself to be a most remarkable instrument in the hands of Providence for working out divine plans. As a Christian he is thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the gospel, and baptized with the Holy Ghost. As an organizer he is a general; massing, distributing, and controlling forces of men and women in the most remarkable manner. I do not discover that there has been a failure in any of his plans; the audacity with which he has undertaken unheard-of things for Christ has been an assurance of success. If ordinary preachers had a little more of his audacity, with the faith and works that should accompany it, they would achieve greater things.”

Here are a few pointed paragraphs from one of Mr. Moody’s sermons: “In the Gospel of John we read that at the tomb of Lazarus our Lord said to his disciples, ‘Take ye away the stone.’ Before the act of raising Lazarus could be performed the disciples had their part

to do. Christ could have removed the stone with a word. It would have been very easy for him to have commanded it to roll away, and it would have obeyed his voice, as the dead Lazarus did when he called him back to life. But the Lord would have his children learn this lesson: that they have something to do toward raising the spiritually dead. The disciples had not only to take away the stone, but after Christ had raised Lazarus, they had to ‘Loose him and let him go.’

“It is a question if any man on the face of the earth has ever been converted without God using some human instrument, in some way. God could easily convert men without us, but that is not his way.

“ ‘What did you think of the preacher?’ says one. ‘Well, I must confess I was disappointed. I did not like his manner; he was not graceful in his actions.’ Another will say, ‘He was not logical’; another, ‘He did not preach enough about repentance’; another, ‘There was too much repentance and no gospel’; or ‘It was all repentance and no gospel.’ ‘The fact is,’ says someone, ‘he did not touch my heart at all’; others will say, ‘He was all heart and no head’; or ‘He appeals too much to the will.’ “You may find hundreds of such fault-finders among professed Christians; but all their criticisms will not lead one solitary soul to Christ. I never preached a sermon yet that I could not pick to pieces and find fault with. I feel that Jesus Christ ought to have a far better representative than I am. But I have lived long enough to discover that there is nothing perfect in the world.”

In Mr. Moody’s preaching he violated most of the rules of homiletics and many of the rules of English, but he had a message from God and delivered it in the power of the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

It would seem that his preaching, the enthusiasm he threw into it, and the wonderful results he was able to get from his work, should be an encouragement to every young man and woman in America to strip for the race and be ready for the call of soul-saving.

Chapter XV

Anecdotes

Mr. Moody's sermons were rich in anecdotes. He said concerning his use of anecdotes: "Many and many a time I have found that when the sermon and even the text has been forgotten, some story has fastened itself in a hearer's mind and has borne fruit. Anecdotes are like windows to let light in upon a subject. They have a useful ministry."

We give here a few of Mr. Moody's anecdotes.

Paul's Persuasion

A man was dying during the war. He was asked of what persuasion he was. He replied, "Paul's."

"What! Are you a Methodist? They all claim Paul."

"No."

"Are you a Presbyterian, then? They claim Paul, too."

"No."

"Of what persuasion are you, then?"

"I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

How to Warm Up the Church

Mr. Moody was preaching in Scotland, and when he got to the church it was so cold that he could see his breath three feet away. He said to the “beadle,” as they called him:

“Aren’t you going to have any heat in this building?”

He replied that they had no stoves or any other provision for heat.

“Well, how do you expect people to get warm?”

“Oh!” he said, “we expect the pulpit to warm us up.”

Looking Downward

Mr. Moody tells of a man who dreamed that he was swept into heaven and, oh, he was so delighted to think that he had at last got there. All at once one came and said, “Come, I want to show you something.”

He took him to the battlements and said, “Look down yonder; what do you see?”

“I see a very dark world.”

“Look and see if you know it.”

“Why, yes,” he said, “that is the world I have come from.”

“What do you see?”

“Men are blindfolded there; many of them are going over a precipice.”

“Well, will you stay here and enjoy heaven, or will you go back to earth and spend a little longer time, and tell those men about this world?”

He was a Christian worker who had been discouraged. He awoke from his sleep, and later he said, “I have never wished myself dead since.”

Calling A Spade A Spade

A lady once said to Mr. Moody, “I have got so in the habit of exaggerating that my friends accuse me of exaggerating so that they don’t understand me.” She said: “Can you help me? What can I do to overcome it?”

Mr. Moody said, “Well, the next time you catch yourself lying, go right to that party and say you have lied, and tell him you are sorry. Say it is a lie; stamp it out, root and branch; that is what you want to do.”

“Oh,” she said, “I wouldn’t want to call it lying.”

“But,” said Mr. Moody, “that is what it was. Christianity isn’t worth a snap of your finger if it doesn’t straighten out your character.”

He Turned the Laugh

Mr. Moody tells of a young man preaching on the streets of London, when an infidel came up and said, “The man who invented gas did more for the world than Jesus Christ.”

The young man could not answer him and the crowd had the laugh on him, but another man got up and said, “Of course, the man has a right to his opinion, and I suppose if he was dying he would send for the gas-fitter, but I think I should send for a minister and

have him read the 14th chapter of John.” And he turned the laugh back on the man.

The Popular Kind of Preaching

Mr. Moody tells of a young minister who took a church in Scotland and began to preach about the sins of the present day and those of the people who came to hear him. The old sexton came to him and said:

“Young man, if you expect to hold this people, you must be careful about preaching on modern sins. You can preach about the sins of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the old patriarchs, but don’t you preach about the sins of the present day, because the people will not stand it.”

All Arranged Nicely

Mr. Moody tells of a conversation with an infidel. He said to the infidel, “How do you account for the formation of the world?”

“Oh, force and matter work together, and by chance the world was created.”

Moody said: “It is a singular thing that your tongue isn’t on the top of your head, if force and matter just threw it together in that manner. If I should take out my watch and say that force and matter worked together, and out came the watch, you would say that I was a lunatic of the first order. Wouldn’t you? And yet they say that this old world was made by chance! It threw itself together.”

He also tells of a man he met in Scotland, who took the position that there was no God. Mr. Moody asked him, “How do you account for creation, for all these rocks?” (They have a great many rocks in Scotland.)

“Why!” he said, “any school-boy could account for that.”

“Well, how was the first rock made?”

“Out of sand.”

“How was the first sand made?”

“Out of rock.”

Mr. Moody remarked, “You see how nicely he had it all arranged: Sand and rock, rock and sand.”

It Took Two

A Scotchman was once asked how many it took to convert him.

“Two,” he replied.

“Two! How was that? Didn’t God do it all?” “The Almighty and myself converted me,” he said. “I did all I could against it, and the Almighty did all he could for it, and he was victorious.”

Getting Too Personal

“My wife was one time teaching my little boy a Sunday-school lesson; she was telling him to notice how sin grows until it becomes a habit. The little fellow thought it was coming too close to him, so he colored up, and finally said, ‘Mama, I think you are getting a good way from the subject.’ ”

Your Walk Tells

“That man must have been in the army, or in a military school,” I said to a friend.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“Yes,” he said, “how did you know?”

“By the way he walks.”

You can tell that some people have been with Jesus by their walk.

Chapter XVI

Incidents and Illustrations

In all of Mr. Moody's preaching he used many illustrations and stories, most of them from his own experiences in evangelistic work, and this method of preaching served the twofold purpose of making his sermons clear and of keeping his audiences interested.

One day while on the train a newsboy came through calling the sale of a book, *Ingersoll on Hell*. Mr. Moody called the boy to him, and placing in his hand a supply of his own book on Heaven, asked him to sell that book also; so the newsboy continued through the train, calling out: "*Ingersoll on Hell, Moody on Heaven.*"

Here are a few of Mr. Moody's stories:

The Little Boy and the Big Book

"I like to think of Christ as a burden-bearer.

"A minister was one day moving his library upstairs. As he was going up with a load of books his little boy came in and was very anxious to help his father. So his father just told him to go and get an armful and bring them upstairs. When the father came back he met the little fellow about half-way up, tugging away at the biggest book in the library.

He couldn't manage to carry it up. So he sat down and cried. His father found him, and just took him in his arms, book and all, and carried him upstairs. So Christ will carry you and all your burdens if you will but let him."

Mr. Moody never lost an opportunity for reaching those whom others could not reach, and many an incident is related of his thus entering the enemy's country. Once he was invited as a joke to the opening of a great billiard hall and saloon. He saw the owners and asked permission to bring a friend. They consented, but asked who he was. Mr. Moody told them it was not necessary to tell, but he never went without him. They understood his meaning then and protested, "Come, we don't want any praying!"

"You've given me an invitation, and I'm going to come," he replied.

"But if you come, you needn't pray."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," was the answer, "we'll compromise the matter, and if you don't want me to come and pray for you when you open, let me pray for you both now," to which they agreed. Mr. Moody made them kneel down on the instant and then prayed that their business might go to pieces, but that God would save them. He says, "Within three months the whole thing smashed up, and one of them was converted shortly after; I have never been invited to a saloon since."

Touching the Spot

"When a man has broken his arm, the surgeon must find out the exact spot where the fracture is. He feels along and presses gently with his fingers.

" 'Is it there?'

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Is it there?’

“ ‘No.’

“Presently when the surgeon touches another spot, ‘Ouch’ says the man. He has found the broken part and it hurts.

“It is one thing to hear a man preach down another’s sins. Men will say, ‘That is splendid,’ and will want all their friends to go and hear the preacher. But let him touch on their individual sin and declare as Nathan did to David, ‘Thou art the man,’ and they say, ‘I do not like that.’ The preacher has touched a sore place.”

Tried and Proved

“I knew an old lady who marked in the margin of her Bible opposite the promises, ‘T.P.,’ ‘T’ for ‘tried’ and ‘P’ for ‘proved.’ What we want is to try the Bible and see if it is not true.”

The Sinner’s Heart

“When I was in Dublin some years ago I got up to go to an early meeting and found the servants had not opened the front door; so I pulled back a bolt, but I could not get the door open. Then I turned a key, but the door would not open. Then I found that there was another bolt at the top and another bolt at the bottom. Still the door would not open. Then I found there was a bar, and then I found a night-lock. In all I found five or six different fastenings.

“I am afraid that door represents every sinner’s heart. The door of his heart is double-locked, double-bolted, and double-barred. O, my friends, pull back the bolts and let the King of glory in!”

The Meanest Kind of Murderers

When Mr. Moody was in England in 1892 he met a gentleman who claimed that they were ahead of us in the respect that they had for the law. “We hang our murderers,” he said, “but there isn’t one out of twenty in your country that is hung.”

Mr. Moody replied, “You are greatly mistaken, for they walk about these two countries unhung.”

“What do you mean?”

“I will tell you what I mean,” said Moody. “The man who comes into my house and runs a dagger into my heart for my money is a prince compared with a son that takes five years to kill me and the wife of my bosom. A young man who comes home night after night drunk, and when his mother remonstrates, curses her gray hairs, and kills her by inches, is the blackest kind of murderer.”

Where Your Treasure Is

“You can soon tell where a man’s treasure is by his talk. If it is in heaven he will not be long with you before he’s talking about heaven; his heart is there; so his speech isn’t long in running there, too. If his heart is in money, he will soon have you deep in talk about mines, speculation, stocks, bank-rates, and so on. If his heart is in lands, it won’t be long before he’s talking about real estate, improvements, houses, and so on. Always the same, wherever a man’s heart is, there his tongue will be sure to go.”

Settle It Now

“Some years ago in one of the mining districts of England a young man attended one of our meetings and refused to go from the place until he had found peace in the Savior. The next day he went

down into the pit, and the coal fell in upon him. When they took him out he was broken and mangled and had only two or three minutes of life left in him. His friends gathered about him, saw his lips moving, and bending down to catch his words heard him say, 'It was a good thing I settled it last night.'

"Settle it now, my friends, once for all. Begin now to confess your sins, and pray the Lord to remember you. He will make you an heir of his kingdom if you will accept the gift of salvation."

Help Yourself

"When I was out on the Pacific Coast in California some years ago, I was the guest of a man who had a large orchard and a large vineyard. One day he said to me, 'Moody, while you are my guest, I want you to make yourself perfectly at home, and if there is anything in the orchard or in the vineyard you would like, help yourself.'

"Well, when I wanted an orange, I did not go to an orange tree and pray the oranges to fall into my pocket; but I walked up to a tree, reached out my hand, and took the oranges. He said, 'Take,' and I took.

"God says, 'There is my son; take him as your Savior. The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life.' "

When Ye Think Not

"McCheyne, the Scotch preacher, once said to some friends, 'Do you think Christ will come tonight?'

"One after another they said, 'I think not.' "When all had given this answer he solemnly repeated this text, 'The son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.' "

Home Piety

“If a Christian is unsound in patience, or unsound in love, we take no notice of it; but let him be unsound in faith and off goes his head. I do hate to see a minister or professing Christian mean and peevish to his wife, yet be as polite as a dancing-master to other women. I tell you he is not fit to preach the word of God. I don’t want to have anything to do with him. The home was established before the church, and he sadly needs more home piety.’ ”

Chapter XVII

Last Work and Illness

Of some prominent preachers it has been said that when you see them in the pulpit you wish they might never leave it, and when you see them out of it you wish they might never enter it. This could never be said of D. L. Moody. His character could bear a rigid examination. One of his closest friends said, "Doubtless he had faults, but I never saw them."

If his preaching was persuasive in the pulpit while addressing thousands, in the home or in the companionship of friends he was truly eloquent. He was impulsive, energetic, and resolute, yet he possessed to a marked degree patience, sympathy, and unselfishness.

To the stranger his most prominent characteristic was enthusiasm. Nothing could swerve him from the deep-rooted purpose of his life, and in giving of his life's energy to the various religious and educational projects which he launched and in which he was interested, there was but one motive—the proclamation of the gospel through multiplied agencies. But all his enthusiasm was perfectly controlled by what was perhaps his most remarkable quality—his "consecrated common sense."

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

He was the soul of simplicity and humility. On one occasion he was asked to introduce Henry Ward Beecher as the speaker of the evening. "What" responded Mr. Moody, "introduce Beecher? Not I. Ask me to black his boots, and I'll gladly do it."

A press representative once interviewed Mr. Moody with regard to his training for evangelistic work. Mr. Moody responded, "I am the most overestimated man in this country. For some reason the people look upon me as a great man, but I am only a lay preacher and have little learning. I don't know what will become of me if the newspapers continue to print all of my sermons . . . Brooklyn hears every Sunday a score of better sermons than I can preach."

On one of Mr. Moody's earlier trips abroad it is related that he received a most impressive introduction to some lord as he was beginning a service in a crowded hall. "Glad to meet you, Lord _____," was the brusque acknowledgment, "won't you please give those two old ladies a seat down there in the middle aisle?"

Mr. Moody had a strong aversion to committees. In a meeting a motion was made to appoint a certain committee. Mr. Moody arose and said, "We don't want committees. When you want anything done, tell Mr. So-and-So to do it, and you will accomplish something. One is enough to constitute any committee. If there had been a committee appointed Noah's ark would never have been built."

He was accused in Boston of lowering the pulpit because he urged the churches to seek those who did not seek the churches. His reply was, "If lowering the pulpit means bringing it to the people, I would to God I could. If I wanted to hit Boston, you don't think I would mount my guns on Bunker Hill Monument and fire into the air, do you?"

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

It seems a pity that there should be such a thing as “Last Work” for such a man as Moody. But earthly work must end for all of us. We may so live and work that the good influences we set in motion will live after us, and this Mr. Moody did.

Toward his closing days Mr. Moody thought and spoke more of heaven and the life beyond. One day he said to his friend, Mr. Hawley, “Hawley, were you ever homesick for heaven?” This was at the close of a long, tiring day’s work. “Do you know, I’ve just been reading something from Rutherford, and I think I understand sometimes how he felt. See this,” and then he handed Mr. Hawley the book with this passage marked:

“His absence is like a mountain upon my heavy heart; Oh, when shall we meet?

“Oh, how long it is to the dawning of the marriage day; O sweet Lord Jesus, take long steps.

“O my beloved, flee like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of separation.

“Oh, that he would fold the heaven together like an old cloak and shovel time and days away and make ready the Lamb’s wife for her husband.

“Since he looked upon me, my heart is not my own; he hath run away to heaven with it.

“How sweet the wind that bloweth out of the quarter where Christ is!”

This conversation took place in the early sixties. During the last year of his earthly career the same longing was at times greatly intensified.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

It was his solicitude for others that made him conceal from those nearest him his first symptoms of a breakdown, though doubtless he himself little realized their serious nature.

An invitation had been accepted to conduct a series of meetings in the large Convention Hall of Kansas City. Mr. Moody assisted by C. C. Case began this meeting in November, 1899. He was taken seriously ill but preached six sermons after that. When he began speaking he did not show his weakness, but preached with his old-time fire and spirit; but when he got back to his room he was exhausted.

The first intimation that Mr. Moody's family had of his illness was a telegram: "Doctor thinks I need rest. Am on my way home." This was followed by other telegrams: "Have had a splendid day. No fever. Heart growing better all the time. No pain. Am taking good care of myself, not only for the loved ones, but for the work I think God still has for me to do on earth."

No man loved his family and lifework more devotedly than did Mr. Moody. He had often said, "Life is very sweet to me, and there is no position of power or wealth that could tempt me from the throne God has given me."

Only a few days before his going, in conversation about some future plans, he referred to the possibility of his lifework being nearly completed. In reply to a remonstrance and an attempt to encourage him, he said:

"I'm not discouraged. There's lots of hard work left in me yet, I believe. I want to live as long as I'm useful, but when my work is done I want to be up and off."

A touching incident is recorded concerning the journey home during Mr. Moody's last illness. To get to Boston without loss of

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

time, connection had to be made with a certain train at Niagara. When the train pulled into Detroit it was over an hour late. When the engineer of the train learned that Mr. Moody was ill and was hurrying home he said: "Look here," his voice choking as he spoke, "fifteen years ago I was converted by Moody, and I have lived a better and a happier life ever since. I didn't know he was on board tonight, but if you want me to make up the time for you, I'll do it. Just tell him that one of his friends is at the throttle, and then hold your breath."

As soon as the train got clear of the city the engineer pulled open the throttle and it is said that he made the fastest time ever made over his division. Including stops he ran one hundred and thirty miles in exactly one hundred and thirty minutes. Connections were made all right, and when the party awakened next morning they were on the Boston train.

Chapter XVIII

Closing Days

To the world, Friday, December 22, 1899, was the shortest day of the year, but for D. L. Moody its dawn ushered in that day that knows no night. For forty-six years he had been a worker together with God, and the transition from the seen world to the unseen, from the sphere of the temporal to that of the eternal, was no interruption in the life with which his friends were familiar. For nearly half a century he had striven to do God's will, and when God called he responded with readiness.

All through the night of December 21 he was restless. About six o'clock he became quiet and fell into a natural sleep. He awoke in about an hour. Suddenly he was heard speaking in slow and measured words. He was saying, "Earth recedes; heaven opens before me." The first impulse was to try to arouse him from what appeared to be a dream. To his son he said, "No, this is no dream, Will. It is beautiful! It is like a trance! If this is death, it is sweet! There is no valley here! God is calling me, and I must go!"

What a contrast to the closing scenes of the life of Robert G. Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll died in 1899. On the occasion of Mr. Ingersoll's death Mr. Moody said: "How dark must be the life of a man for whom, by his own confession, it was like a narrow vale

between the peaks of two eternities; we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our calling, and for whom death seemed like ‘a leap into the dark.’ “When asked if he thought Mr. Ingersoll had died without hope of the future, Mr. Moody replied, “I don’t know. I don’t see how a man can *live* without such a hope. It must be terrible. We are not his judges. It is for God alone to judge him.”

Let us return to the closing scenes of Mr. Moody’s life. Those watching by his bedside felt that his end was near. The friends were summoned. Mr. Moody continued to talk quietly and seemed to speak from another world. His message to the loved ones he was leaving was:

“I have always been an ambitious man; ambitious to leave no wealth or possessions, but to leave lots of work for you to do. Will, you will carry on Mount Hermon. Paul will take up the Seminary, when he is older. Fitt will look after the Institute, and Ambert (his nephew) will help you in the business details.”

Then it seemed he saw beyond the veil, for he exclaimed, “This is my triumph; this is my coronation day! I have been looking forward to it for years.” Then his face lit up, and he said with a voice of joyful rapture: “Dwight! Irene! I see the children’s faces” (grandchildren who had preceded him to the glory world). Then as he thought he was losing consciousness, he said, “Give my love to them all.” Turning to his wife, he exclaimed, “Mama, you have been a good wife to me!” and with that he became unconscious.

Heart stimulants were administered and he revived. Suddenly raising himself on his elbow he exclaimed, “What does all this mean? What are you all doing here?” He was told that he had not been well, and immediately it all seemed to be clear to him, and he said:

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

“This is a strange thing. I have been beyond the gates of death and to the very portals of heaven, and here I am back again. It is very strange.”

To the plea of his daughter that he should not leave them, he said, “I’m not going to throw my life away. I’ll stay as long as I can, but if my time is come, I’m ready.”

To the very last he was thinking of those about him and considering them. Turning to his wife, only a little while before he passed away, he said, “This is hard on you, Mother, and I’m sorry to distress you in this way. It is hard to be kept in such anxiety.”

Upon the doctors last approach to administer a hypodermic injection he looked at him in a questioning and undecided way, and said in a perfectly natural voice, “Doctor, I don’t know about this. Do you think it best? It is only keeping the family in anxiety.”

In a few moments he had another sinking spell and from it he awoke in the presence of Him whom he had loved and served so long and devotedly. One who was present says, “It was not like death, for he ‘fell on sleep,’ quietly and peacefully.”

Thus D. L. Moody, who as he had said, “was born of the flesh in 1837; born of the Spirit in 1856,” passed to his great reward from Northfield, Mass., on December 22, 1899. On December 26, 1899 his body was laid to rest on “Round Top.”

Those who remained studiously observed Mr. Moody’s wishes with respect to any outward show of emblems of mourning. About the home everything was, apparently, as usual. There was no crape on the door, and the window blinds were all open. In the death-chamber where he lay “asleep in Jesus” there was only a sense of quiet repose in the loved form, and one who was there says, “Looking upon him as he lay upon the couch, one would have

thought that he was taking one of those short naps with which he was accustomed to refresh himself before conducting a service.”

Four months before, Mr. Moody had planned the funeral service for his grandchild, Irene. “Just this once let me have my own way,” he had pleaded, and everyone had gladly fallen in with his simple arrangements. As the family and friends followed the white casket, borne on a bier by twelve Mount Hermon students, the special friends of the little one, Mr. Moody had remarked to his son, “That is just as I would want it. No hearse and no mourning, but just let Mount Hermon boys bear me to my resting-place.”

Chapter XIX

Summary of His Life and Work

D. L. Moody's mother, Betsy Holton, was born on February 5, 1805. She married Edwin Moody on January 3, 1828. To this union were born nine children, Dwight being the sixth. Dwight L. Moody was born at Northfield, Mass., February 5, 1837. He preached personally to fifty million people in forty years of ministry. He labored in England, Scotland, Ireland, Palestine, and America. He gave up a good salaried position to enter the ministry without any guarantee of support.

D. L. Moody promoted and assisted in establishing Y.M.C.A.'s in this and other countries. He established universities for boys and for girls in Northfield, Mass. He established in Chicago, Ill., the Chicago Bible Institute. He established the Moody Colportage Association in Chicago, which distributes millions of copies of gospels and religious books all over the world.

Moody established Sunday-school conventions over Illinois and in many other States. He was the first man to introduce the idea of uniform Sunday-school lessons, upon which the present system of International Sunday School Lessons was established.

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

But there is no earthly possibility of appraising the life and work of D. L. Moody. Eternity alone will reveal the good he has done. There, heaven will contain thousands that were converted, either directly or indirectly, through his efforts. Thousands of ministers and gospel workers, college men and women, fathers and mothers from all over the world, have been touched and helped through his labors.

And may the young men and women of this and future generations emulate the example of this great man and bring many souls to Christ.

Chapter XX

A Sermon by D. L. Moody

What Think Ye of Christ?

Text: Matt. 22:42

I suppose no one is reading this who has not thought more or less about Christ. You have heard about him, and heard men preach about him. For nearly nineteen hundred years men have been talking about him, and thinking about him. Some have their minds made up about him, who he is, and doubtless some have not. And although all these years have rolled away, this question comes up, addressed to each of us, today:

“What think ye of Christ?”

I do not know why it should not be thought a proper question for one man to put to another. If I were to ask you what you think of any prominent public man, you would already have your mind made up about him. If I were to ask you what you think of the President, you would speak right out and tell me your opinion in a minute. If I were to ask about the Secretary of State, you would tell me freely what you had for or against him. And why should not people make up their minds about the Lord Jesus Christ, and take their stand for or against him? If you think well of him, why not speak well of him, and range yourselves on his side? And if you think ill of him, and

believe him to be an imposter, and that he did not die to save the world, why not lift up your voice, and say you are against him? It would be a happy day for Christianity if men would just take sides—if we could know positively who was really for him, and who was against him.

It is of very little importance what the world thinks of anyone else. Kings and princes, presidents and generals must soon be gone. Yes, it matters little, comparatively, what we think of them. Their lives can only interest a few; but every living soul on the face of the earth is concerned with this man. The question for the world is, “What think ye of Christ?” I do not ask you what you think of the Episcopal Church, or of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics; I do not ask you what you think of this minister or that, of this doctrine or that; but I want to ask you what you think of the living person, Jesus Christ.

I should like to ask, was he really the Son of God—the great God-man? Did he leave heaven and come down to this world for a purpose? Was it really to seek and to save? I should like to begin with the manger, and follow him up through the thirty-three years he was here upon earth. I should like to ask you what you think of his coming into this world, and being born in a manger when it might have been a palace; why he left the grandeur and glory of heaven, and the royal retinue of angels; why he passed by palaces and crowns and dominion, and came down here alone?

I should like to ask what you think of him as a *teacher*. He spake as never man spake. I should like to take him up as a *preacher*. I should like to bring you to that mountain side that we might listen to the words as they fall from his gentle lips. Talk about the preachers of the present day! I would rather a thousand

times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world!

I should like to ask you what you think of him as a physician. A man would soon have a reputation as a doctor if he could cure as Christ did. No case was ever brought to him but he was a match for it. He had but to speak the word, and disease fled before him. Here comes a man covered with leprosy. "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," he cries. "I will," says the great Physician, and in an instant the leprosy is gone. The world has hospitals for incurable diseases, but there were no incurable diseases with him.

Now see him in the little home at Bethany, binding up the wounded hearts of Martha and Mary, and tell me what you think of him as a comforter. He is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. The weary may find a resting-place upon his breast, and the friendless may reckon him their friend. He never varies, he never fails, he never dies. His sympathy is ever fresh, his love is ever free. O widow and orphans, O sorrowing and mourning, will you not thank God for Christ the comforter?

But these are not the points I wish to take up now. Let us go to those who knew Christ, and ask what they thought of him. If you want to find out what a man is nowadays, inquire about him from those who know him best. I do not wish to be partial; we will go to Christ's enemies and friends. We will ask his friends and his enemies, "What think ye of Christ?" If we only went to those who liked him, you would say, "Oh, he is so blind; he thinks so much of the man that he can't see his faults. You can't get anything out of him, unless it be in his favor; it is a one-sided affair altogether." So we shall go in the first place to his enemies, to those who hated him, persecuted him, cursed and slew him. I shall put you in the jury-box, and call upon them to tell us what they think of him.

I.

First, among the witnesses, let us call upon the Pharisees. We know how they hated him. Let us put a few questions to them.

Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God! What do you think of Christ?

Hear what they say! "*This man receiveth sinners.*"

What an argument to bring against him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love him! It is the glory of the gospel. He receives sinners. If he had not, what would have become of us? Have you nothing more to bring against him than this? Why, it is one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid him!

Once more: when he was hanging on the tree, you had this to say of him, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." And so he died to save others, but he could not save himself and save us too? He laid down his own life for yours and mine. Yes, Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives! *He saved others*. He died for others. He was a ransom for many; so it is quite true what you think of him—"He saved others, himself he cannot save."

Now let us call upon *Caiaphas*. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes; let us ask him for his evidence.

Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried. You were president of the sanhedrin. You were in the council-chamber when they found him guilty. You yourself condemned him. Tell us, what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge him? What testimony was brought against him?

"He hath spoken blasphemy." says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of Heaven.' When I heard that, I

found him guilty of blasphemy, I rent my mantle, and condemned him to death.”

Yes, all that they had against him was that he was the Son of God; and they slew him for the promise of his coming for his bride.

Now, let us summon *Pilate*. Let him enter the witness-box.

Pilate, this man was brought before you. You examined him. You talked with him face to face. What think you of Christ?

“I find no fault in him,” says Pilate. “He said he was the King of the Jews” (just as he wrote it over the cross), “but I find no fault in him.”

Such is the testimony of the man who examined him! And as he stands there, the center of a Jewish mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way, in haste. He rushes up to Pilate, and thrusting out his hand, gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads—“Have thou nothing to do with *this just man*, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.” It is from *Pilate’s wife*—her testimony to Christ. You want to know what his enemies thought of him? You want to know what a heathen thought? Well, here it is, “no fault in him”; and the wife of a heathen, “this just man”!

And now, look—in comes *Judas*. He ought to make a good witness. Let us address him.

Come tell us, Judas, what think you of Christ? You knew the Master well. You sold him for thirty pieces of silver. You betrayed him with a kiss. You saw him perform those miracles. You were with him in Jerusalem. In Bethany, when he summoned Lazarus from the dead, you were there. What think you of him?

I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table—“*I have betrayed innocent blood!*” Here is the man who betrayed him, and this is what he thinks of him!

Yes, my friend, God has made every man who had anything to do with the death of his son put their testimony on record that he was an innocent man.

Let us take the centurion who was present at the execution. He had charge of the Roman soldiers. He had told them to make him carry his cross. He had given orders for the nails to be driven into his feet and hands, for the spear to be thrust in his side. Let the centurion come forward.

“Centurion, you had charge of the executioners. You saw that the order for his death was carried out. You saw him die. You heard him speak upon the cross. *Tell us, what think you of Christ?*” Hark! Look at him! He is smiting his breast as he cries, “*Truly, this was the Son of God.*”

I might go to *the thief on the cross*, and ask what he thought of him. At first he railed upon him and reviled him. But then he thought better of it. “This man hath done nothing amiss,” he said. I might go further. I might summon the very *devils* themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have *they* anything to say of him? Why, the very devils called him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, “Jesus, thou Son of the most high God.” Men say, “Oh, I believe Christ to be the Son of God, and because I believe it intellectually, I shall be saved.” I tell you the devils did that. And they did more than that, *they trembled*.

II.

Let us now bring in his friends. We want you to hear their evidence.

Let us first call that prince of preachers. Let us hear the forerunner, the wilderness preacher, *John*. Save the Master himself, none ever preached like this man—this man who drew all Jerusalem and all Judea into the wilderness to hear him; this man who burst upon the nations like the flash of a meteor. Let John the Baptist come with his leathern girdle and his hairy coat, and let him tell us what he thinks of Christ.

His words, though they were echoed in the wilderness of Palestine, are written in the Book forever, “Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” This is what John the Baptist thought of him. “I bare record that he is the Son of God.” No wonder he drew all Jerusalem and Judea to him, because he preached Christ and whenever men preach Christ, they are sure to have plenty of followers.

Let us bring in Peter who was with him on the mount of transfiguration, who was with him the night he was betrayed.

“Come Peter, tell us what you think of Christ. Stand in the witness-box and testify of him. You denied him once. You said, with a curse, you did not know him. Was it true, Peter? Don’t you know him?”

“Know him!” I can imagine Peter saying: It was a lie I told them. *I did know him*. Afterwards I can hear him charging home their guilt upon these Jerusalem sinners. He calls him “both Lord and Christ.” Such was his testimony on the day of Pentecost. “God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ.” And tradition tells us that when they came to execute Peter, he felt he was not worthy

to die in the way his Master died, and he requested to be crucified with his head downwards. So much did Peter think of him!

Now let us hear from the beloved disciple, *John*. He knew more about Christ than any other man. He had laid his head on his Savior's bosom. He had heard the throbbing of that loving heart. Look into his Gospel if you wish to know what he thought of him.

Matthew writes of him as the royal King come from his throne, Mark as the servant, and Luke as the Son of Man. John takes up his pen, and, with one stroke, forever settles the question of his divinity. He goes right back before the time of Adam. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." Look into Revelation. He calls him "the bright and the morning star." So John thought well of him because he knew him well.

We might bring in Thomas, the doubting disciple. You doubted him, Thomas. You could not believe he had risen, and you put your fingers into the wound in his side. What do you think of him? "*My Lord and my God!*" says Thomas.

Then go over to Decapolis and you will find Christ has been there casting out devils. Let us call the men of that country and ask what they think of him. "*He hath done all things well,*" they say.

But we have other witnesses to bring in. Take the persecuting *Saul*, once one of the worst of his enemies. Breathing out threatenings, he meets him. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" says Christ; and he might have added, "What have I done to you? Have I injured you in any way? Did I not come to bless you? Why do you treat me thus, Saul?" And then Saul asks, "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." You see, he was not ashamed of his name; although he had been in heaven, "*I am Jesus of Nazareth.*" What a change did that one interview

make in Saul! A few years after we hear him say, "I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross that I may win Christ." Such a testimony to the Savior!

But I shall go still further. I shall go away from earth into the other world. I shall summon the angels and ask what they think of Christ. They saw him in the bosom of the Father before the world was. Before the dawn of creation, before the morning stars sang together, he was there. They saw him leave the throne and come down to the manger. What a scene for them to witness! Ask these heavenly beings what they thought of him then. For once they are permitted to speak; for once the silence of heaven is broken. Listen to their songs on the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the lord." He leaves the throne to save the world. Is it a wonder the angels thought well of him?

Then there are the redeemed saints—they that see him face to face. Here on earth he was never known, no one seemed really to be acquainted with him: but he was known in that world where he had been from the foundation. What do they think of him there?

If we could hear from heaven, we should hear a shout which would glorify and magnify his name. We are told that when John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and being caught up, he heard a shout around him, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands and thousands of voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

Yes, he is worthy of all this. Heaven cannot speak too well of him. Oh, that earth would take up the echo, and join with heaven in

singing, “WORTHY to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!”

But there is yet another witness, a higher still. Some think that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New. But when Jesus came out of Jordan, baptized by John, there came a voice from heaven. God the Father spoke. It was his testimony to Christ: “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Ah, yes! God the father thinks well of the Son. And if God is well pleased with him, so ought we to be. If the sinner and God are well pleased with Christ, then the sinner and God can meet. The moment you say as the Father said, “I am well pleased with him,” and accept him, you are wedded to God. Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, himself? Once more he repeats it, so that all may know it. To Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, he says again, “This is my beloved Son; hear him.” And that voice went echoing and reechoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yea, that voice is echoing still. “*Hear him! Hear him!*”

My friend, will you hear him now? Hark! what is he saying to you? “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” Will you not think well of such a Savior? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the cross and died on it for me, ought I not be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against

D. L. MOODY, THE SOUL-WINNER

such a Savior? Do you think it is just to cry, “Crucify him! crucify him?”

Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father by thinking well of his only-begotten Son.

