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The Story of Dwight L. Moody's Life and Work

by Charles F. Goss

Chapter I.

Dwight L. Moody's Birthplace — Death of His Father — The Widowed Mother and a Heavily Mortgaged Farm — The Little Red Schoolhouse — An Uncontrollable Love of Mischief — Incidents in His School Days — How His Teacher Conquered Him — A Wanderer at Seventeen — His Advent into Real Life in the City of Boston — How He was Converted — Decides to go to Chicago — Finds Work at Last — Running Down Country Merchants on the Streets — Becomes Identified With a Church — Rebuked for His Rough and Ready Speeches — Starting a Mission School on His own Responsibility — An Outfit of Ragamuffins and Street Urchins — His Sunday-school Grows to 1,000 Pupils — Loses his Interest in Business — "I am working for Jesus Christ" — No Money, but Plenty of Friends.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in Northfield, Mass., on February 7, 1837. He came of Puritan stock, and there would be much in the study of his ancestry to interest the believer of heredity. But it was his mother who alone exerted any demonstrable influence upon his character. This stern and resolute woman was left a widow with a brood of growing children by her husband's death in 1841. Her neighbors advised her to distribute them among her friends; but she planted herself firmly on the slope of a rugged New England hill and resolutely decided to keep them together. The farm was heavily mortgaged and she was excessively poor, but nothing could shake her purpose and she triumphed nobly. That the children had to bear their share of the burdens goes without saying, and Dwight (little fellow that he was) took his turn with the others. The Connecticut Valley, in which Northfield is located, is surpassingly beautiful, and, although Mr. Moody seldom indulged in descriptions of scenery, he was a passionate lover of nature, and no doubt formed this taste in that almost paradisaical spot. In the small and straggling village opportunities for culture were rare. There was a Unitarian church which his family attended, and a village school to which he was sent a good deal oftener than he went! Hear him describe it! "In the little red schoolhouse which stood nearly opposite the house where I lived there were some bad boys who ran things, and I was one of the worst. We had a man teacher, who used the rattan on us a good deal, and took us by the ears and spun us around when we tried to do as we pleased. There was a great deal of excitement in our end of the town over the punishment of the boys. One faction said that love would do for the boys what the rattan failed to do. The other faction thought that the rattan was the only proper punishment. After a while the love faction ruled, and there was a lady teacher in the schoolhouse.

"My, but didn't we think we were going to make things hum! So I said to the other boys, 'Now we will have all the fun we want!' Well, the first one to be punished was Dwight Moody. I was told to stay after school. I told the boys if she tried the rattan on me there would be music. What do you think that teacher did? She sat down and told me that she loved every one of the boys, and that she wasn't going to use the rattan on any one of them. If she couldn't teach school without whipping the boys she would resign. She spoke most lovingly and wept while talking. That broke me all up. I would rather have had a rattan used on me than to see her cry. I said: 'You will never have any more trouble with me, and the first boy that makes trouble, I will settle him.' That woman won me by grace. The next day one of the boys cut up, and I whacked him. I whacked him so much that the teacher told me that was not the way to win the boys. Do you know what grace means? It means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor."

Amidst such influences the boy developed into a sturdy, restless, eager, impulsive youth. His love of mischief was uncontrollable, and the sides of old neighbors still shake at the memory of his pranks. In her later years when the old mother sat in quiet comfort in the home which her son had made beautiful, she would tell with that sparkling light in her eye which was seen almost habitually in his, how he put squirrels into the dinner pails of his companions, or started the horses suddenly when some farmhand was helplessly drinking from a jug upon the seat of the wagon, and tumbled him over into its bed. Humor and pathos, life and death, heaven and hell, sunshine and shadow, blended themselves into a tangled web in his young life. Now he is sent away from home to work, and in a fit of ungovernable homesickness is given a penny by a good old man whom he will remember to his dying day; now he meets with an accident in which he escapes death by prayer; now a farmhand tells him a thrilling tale of his early refusal of the "call of God" and makes him tremble with the sense of sin and personal responsibility; now his brother runs away from home, leaving the old mother to weep by the fireside, and again comes back a prodigal and seeks her pardon.

From his eloquent lips again and again all over the world he has told these incidents of a childhood which remained as fresh to him as if he were still in it, until the whole picture can be reconstructed and he can be seen moving noisily and restlessly among these simple scenes, drinking in the abundant life around him in great full breaths; healthy, ardent, living an out-of-door and out-of-self life, eagerly absorbing but not yet digesting the experiences through which he passed.

Soon after his seventeenth year the "wander-lust" came upon him, and out he went into the wide world, ignorant, but strong and fearless. He made his first grapple with real life in the city of Boston. He had

relatives there, but, being high strung and independent, refused to seek their aid until driven to it by a stern necessity. It did him good to humble that proud young heart, and he secured a place in his uncle's store upon three conditions: He was to board at a place selected by his uncle; he was not to go out nights; he was regularly to attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school.

He accepted the inevitable (as he always did) and plunged in. The strenuous discipline of regular labor told rapidly. The services of the church in which the famous Doctor Kirk was pastor did not at first impress him much; but at length, a Sunday-school teacher whose heart was full of genuine love (a certain Mr. Kimball) placed his hand upon his shoulder and asked him if he would not "give his heart to Christ." This act made one of those indelible impressions upon him which any appeal to his heart or soul always left. He is perhaps to be taken literally when he says "I can feel the touch of that hand upon my shoulder yet." The question aroused a dormant spiritual nature.

It is doubtful if he in any way comprehended the emotions which began to boil up from his deep young heart; but they were unmistakably religious, and he sought to join the church. He was, however, so rough, uncouth, and ignorant that the old deacons shook their heads and put him on "probation." Many years afterward, with that eagle eye of his, he spied one of these very men in one of his great meetings in England, called him to the platform, and introduced him as "one of the deacons who did not think he was fit to come into the church!" It was one of the innumerable dramatic incidents of his life, and was paralleled by another, when, years later, he had the privilege of leading the son of his former Sunday-school teacher to undertake the Christian life.

Boston proved but a cage for this young eagle, and he sighed for the boundless opportunities of the "West." When he was nineteen he took flight and alighted in Chicago. It was the natural habitat for a spirit striving for the fullest possible expression of itself.

He found work at once, and took his place in that procession of young men who were not only laying the foundations of their own subsequent enormous fortunes, but building a city without parallel in the history of the world. He was in his element at last. Here was boundless room, and here were unlimited opportunities. He settled down to his work, and it soon became evident that he had a great future of some kind before him. No obstacle appalled him and no work was too hard for him. If customers did not come to see *him* he went out to find them in the highways and byways, until it came to be a proverb as he was seen running down some country merchant in the streets, "the spider is after the flies again."

The religious emotions kindled in his young soul were still burning, and he at once identified himself with one of the Congregational churches, rented five pews, and undertook to keep them filled with young men.

On his first attempts to take part in the religious services in the elegant church with which he had united he had been tartly advised that his rough and ready speeches were objectionable. He abandoned them without resentment; but there was something in him which had to find vent, and so he asked for a Sunday-school class in a little mission on North Wells Street, and was told that he could have it if he would go out and get his own scholars. This was a simple task for a young fellow who was used to hunting up country merchants in the streets, and he appeared next Sunday with a complete outfit of ragamuffins, an embryonic Falstaffian army.

It would be a matter of the most profound psychological as well as spiritual interest to be able to penetrate the motives which impelled this young fellow, boiling with animal spirits, into this kind of endeavor. It is easy enough to solve the problem by saying that it was "love for souls." No doubt it was, at the bottom. But at the age of nineteen or twenty a man's ideas of life are strangely mixed. He certainly did not have any clear system of thought about the great spiritual problems of existence, and it is likely that what seemed to him and to others an "interest in souls" would resolve itself upon analysis into a passionate love of human beings just because they were human like himself. His heart had always been sensitive and tender. He loved all living things. He also had the instinct of helpfulness to a very high degree. It was as natural for him to run to the assistance of any one in trouble as to escape from personal suffering. That he had acquired the power at this age to differentiate soul from body as an object of interest and devotion in any such way as the phrase would indicate seems extremely doubtful. Perhaps he did not analyze his feelings at all. In fact, a careful self-analysis was unnatural if not impossible throughout his entire life. He lived in the objective rather than the subjective world. He acted upon impulse rather than reflection, and the conception we have formed of those first endeavors is that of a great loving Newfoundland dog pulling little children out of the water in a blind love and devotion. Besides this, such efforts gratified, in the easiest and quickest way, that innate love of activity and of organization which amounted in him to a passion. In the store in which he was only a subordinate, or in churches already equipped with workers, he found no real scope for his independent talents. In this little mission he sought an opportunity to develop along his own lines. And so, with resistless energy and purpose, he threw himself into the activities of the place. But it was not long (either because he ran

against snags or because his talents were still too much confined) before he branched out in an independent effort of his own. He rented the "North Market Hall" on his own personal responsibility, and for the first time began to find the raw material of human life plastic to his touch.

There now followed a series of experiments and adventures which, if they were written up by some one with the talent for the true comprehension of such phenomena, would make reading as fine as Don Quixote or Rabelais. They are still incrusted with the rind of "evangelicalism " or (shall we say) "cant" phraseology. In every form in which we have seen them printed they all have the Sunday-school or tract flavor. But the fact of the matter is, that they were simply elemental in their perfect naturalness. Possessing as real a genius for understanding and controlling human nature as did Alexander or Napoleon, his first rude endeavors with that divine material were as charming as those of the young Mozart with musical notes, or Praxiteles with clay. He brought to bear upon his task a wit as keen as Sydney Smith's, a tact as divine as Fenelon's, a devotion as undivided as St. Paul's, a love as true as St. John's. The "stuff" was rude and he was rude with it often; but generally wise and always kind. At twenty years of age he struck out in absolutely original lines of dealing with the little heathen whom he found in lanes and alleys. It was not long before the children were literally swarming at his heels. His bare appearance was the signal for a pell mell rush. He had no trouble in getting them to come to him, but only to find places for them after they came. Into the work which he undertook he impressed other people as violently as ever the English navy did! He caught one of the rising men of the city (a life-long friend) and elected him superintendent (*nolens volens*) by the wild acclamations of his little howling multitude. Everybody that came had to teach or speak. If they refused, he pushed them forward where they could not escape. At first the crowd was a disorganized mob; but he soon drilled them into veterans. Sometimes he bribed them with maple sugar, sometimes by telling them stories, and, when it became necessary, he thrashed them! Always and everywhere, by one means or another, order rose out of chaos, until at last, at twenty-three years of age, he had built up a Sunday-school of more than one thousand pupils, which was the wonder and astonishment of multitudes of curious visitors.

The soul of anyone who studies this period carefully becomes absolutely thirsty for a fair and full record of these adventures. He ran against every phase of human experience; dragged men out of saloons; captured the children of drunkards; saved men from crime; brought relief to the poor and to the sick, and sunk his plummet down into the depth of human misery. In those six years of unremittent labor in this North Market mission he came to know what human nature was in its

naked simplicity. It was this swift disclosure of the suffering and the sin of human life that developed and ripened his intrinsic love for mankind into what can be called by no other name than a passion. He came to see with an unclouded vision that man was capable of redemption; that he was the victim of circumstance as well as of nature; that he needed human help as well as divine. With a concentration that must remain forever a wonder, he fixed his attention upon the higher elements of manhood and womanhood and childhood. He gradually lost his interest in the business of making money and became absorbed in that of helping out into a larger and truer life these elementary creatures whom he saw imprisoned in the shell of their own selfishness and brutality.

This enthusiasm is the stumbling block of the average student of human life. He regards it with suspicion. But why should it be any more strange that a man should have a passion for the discovery of the angelic elements in human nature than that he should have a passion for collecting rare china or breeding pouter pigeons? Whatever has been said or shall be said as to the genuineness of such disinterested devotion in the heart of this awkward, uncultivated youth, there was kindled a passion for the spiritual natures of men that for forty years burned in him like an inextinguishable fire.

The instrument with which he sought to accomplish their redemption was the English Bible, which, it must be confessed, he read with the greatest difficulty. There were no "International Sunday-school Lesson Helps" in those days, and he fell into the habit of opening his Bible at random and beginning a rambling discourse without head or tail upon the subject which it suggested to his uneducated mind and active imagination. But there were a few great central ideas which he had grasped; which he held with the tenacity of a bull dog, and which he learned to illustrate from human life in a way that made them flame and glow to every one who heard them. They were such conceptions as "The Love of God for Men;" "God's Love Manifested in the Life of Jesus;" "The Rewards of Good Conduct and the Punishment of Bad;" and "The Possibility of Instant Salvation to any Sinner who should accept of the death of Jesus as his Atonement."

With these great truths well in hand he set to work to save men, and he succeeded. That old mission was the scene of some of the most remarkable reclamations of the vicious and depraved that any place on the globe has ever witnessed. It deserves a bronze monument far more than many battlefields.

It was during this period that his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association began. This institution was then new, and at once awakened his interest. Into it he plunged with his accustomed

headlong and unreasoning enthusiasm. There is no doubt that he often made himself a nuisance, and that there were many people who could think of nothing but a bull in a china shop when they saw him enter! He upset every plan. He cut through all red tape. There never lived a man more thoroughly unconventional. The opinions of other people had no weight with him as to the best way of doing things. No matter how they had been done he would have a try and see if there was not a better way. But while he tormented the navigators in easy sailing, as soon as the weather became at all rough they were glad to take aboard this sturdy pilot. The association went through some dark days and he came to its rescue. He took the noon meetings in hand, and they began to respond to his charmed touch. They filled and then they overflowed, and finally became one of the features of Western life. Strangers who came to Chicago were as sure to go and see the Market Street mission and the association as strangers in New York to see the Bowery.

This work and his growing success in it was slowly crystalizing a resolution that had been long in a state of solution. It was to devote his entire time to such enterprises. Business had lost its charm. The fascination of this nobler effort had enslaved his mind and heart. He had saved about a thousand dollars, and with this as his entire capital renounced secular avocations once and for all. This was in 1860. Not long after this step had been taken, his old employer met him and asked: "Moody, what are you doing now?" "I am working for Jesus Christ"—and there has not been a day nor an hour of his life since when this reply would not have truthfully answered the same question. His thousand dollars soon slipped through his ever open hand. How he lived afterwards was a mystery. To those who asked him and who blamed him for his lack of worldly wisdom, he always answered, " I am working for God and he is rich."

This is another fact that excites the incredulity of many who hear the story of his life. But there is no ground at all for skepticism. For more than forty years this was his method of subsistence. He never had any business; he never had any salary; he never had any guaranteed income; he used all the money that came from the royalty on his hymn books for benevolence, and yet he lived! He saved no money to speak of, and left little if any property aside from his home and a life insurance; but he never wanted, and passed "uncounted thousands" through his hands to innumerable worthy causes and people. This is an exceptional experience. There have been other such; but not many. It could not be made the law of life, for someone must produce the wealth which supplies the wants of these exceptional people. But it is certainly not improbable that such people should be found in a life so complicated as ours. Their time and strength are surely needed for the higher interests of existence. There is no insoluble mystery in such an experience even to the unreligious, for those who do not believe that

God fed him as He did Elijah, ought to know that such men will never be permitted to starve; for people inevitably love them and trust them and give them money. They use what little they need and pass the rest along.

Chapter II.

Opening of the Civil War — Mr. Moody Enters into New Experiences — An Important Epoch of His Life — His Work as Chaplain in the Union Army — Its Effect on His After Life — Organizing a Church of His Own — Raising $20,000 to Build His First Church — His Helpers and Leaders — Sleeping on Benches or on the Floor — His Great Capacity for Work — "Getting the Hang" of Meetings — His Inexhaustible Fund of Anecdote and Story — Captivating Eastern Audiences — Some of His Amusing Oral Blunders — His Marriage and Home Life — Scraping the Flour Barrel at the Bottom — Getting Hold of the Bible — Discovers the Value of Music — Meeting Mr. Sankey for the First Time — The Partnership that Followed — Plans to go to England on an Empty Pocketbook — The Shadow of Coming Events.

With the opening of the Civil War, the expanding life of the young apostle of helpfulness entered a new realm of experience.

Why so courageous, patriotic, and enthusiastic an American did not become a soldier is not easy to guess. Perhaps he felt that he could be of more service to his country in attending to the wants of those who were in the line of battle. So it proved at least. The needs of the soldier boys, temporal and spiritual, stirred his compassionate heart to its depths, and he was one of the very first to grasp and develop the scheme of the Christian Commission. Into it he threw his whole heart and soul. In those four bloody years the good he did and the benefit he received in this thrilling experience made it one of the most important epochs of his life. Young as he was, he had already attained an influence which made his judgment respected by men his superiors in age and in wisdom, and brought him to the front in great emergencies.

The effect of this terrible experience upon his own mind can be traced through all the rest of his life in many of his sermons and addresses. The immense activities which he beheld, the mighty organization of the army, the heroism of the men in battle, their patience in suffering, their gratitude for kindness, the revelation of their spiritual natures in sickness and death, the blood, the tears, the carnage, the awful pomp and pageantry, lend a new color, deep, somber, solemn, to all he did and said.

But exciting and attractive as this work was, it did not wean him from that to which he had given his heart in Chicago.

In 1863 (when he was twenty-six) he raised, by his own unaided efforts, $20,000 and erected on Illinois Street, not far from the Market Street mission, a commodious church with tower and spire for his great and growing Sabbath-school. There was a continuous stream of

converts to the life which he held up as the divine ideal. What to do with them became a serious question. Because they were poor and ignorant they did not fit into the membership of neighboring churches. He was therefore shut up to the necessity of organizing a church of his own. The problem of its ecclesiastical nature and relationships, of course, arose. He called a council of ministers and the subject was debated at length, but the reverend theologians not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion he cut the knot (he has cut more knots than any man who ever lived) and organized it upon an absolutely independent basis. Into its development as a settled, independent, unordained, free-lance minister (the friend of every church and the enemy of none) he now plunged with all his heart. Such bushwhacking work was surely never done on earth before! It was as original as if it had been the first ever undertaken! But it went! Everything he touched did! He worked into it every kind of material upon which he could lay his hands, as birds build their nests. All that came to his mill was grist, and he gathered around himself a band of helpers who for zeal and faithfulness and devotion to their leader might be called apostles. The love between them and their leader was romantic and worthy of the noblest souls. They did anything and everything he told them to. If the work called for great sacrifices they made them. If it needed time and money they gave them. If they had to stay at the meeting-house all night, they slept on benches or the floor. The story is a romance. Laughter and fun were blended (as always) in this strange life, with tears and solemn earnestness. Everything was natural, spontaneous, unconventional, heartborn. His capacity for work was something incredible, and must be dwelt upon at length in a proper place. He never seemed capable of exhaustion. His record on one New Year's day was two hundred calls, during many of which he dropped upon his knees with lightning-like rapidity, fired a prayer to heaven, as a hunter would shoot a gun—and was off!

A fine description of some of those pastoral visits would have been as good a subject as Kipling ever found in barrack or jungle. One would think that this complicated church would have taxed all his energies; but while all this was going on he was elected president of the Young Men's Christian Association on the platform "that the only way to get a building was to put Moody at the head of the institution!" This was an invariable guarantee of success, and did not fail this time. He accepted (as he always did), ran, talked, begged, commanded, until there was no more resisting him than an incoming tide. Everything began to seethe and boil under the flames of fire which he kindled, and sure enough, the prophecy was fulfilled. The first Farwell Hall was the reward of his labor, his faith, and his genius. With this fine plan to work in he began to push the spiritual activities of the place with as strong a hand as the material. The noon meeting was the special feature and became almost

as widely known as the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. In interest and surprises it probably surpassed anything on earth. To be grabbed on the street by a sturdy, hustling young fellow, pulled into the hall, asked right in the meeting "whether he was a Christian, and if so why he did not testify," became an experience which men expected almost as much as to be solicited for alms by beggars. Everything was on the high tide and humming with life when, in January, 1868, the building (not four months old) suddenly disappeared in a holocaust of fire. This was nothing! The coals were yet burning when he had his plans laid for its successor! The way the Phoenix rose out of the ashes was nothing to the way that new hall sprang out of the smoldering embers of the old one. It soon became a place of more than national influence. It was the center of the great religious activities of the city, and it is not too much to say that everything that radiated from there was filled with the spirit, if it did not take the direct impress, of the heart life of this impassioned apostle of goodness. And still he was "spoiling" for work. A church and a Young Men's Christian Association were not enough to consume the boiling energies. Even Chicago was not big enough to hold him!

Another sphere gradually opened to him, in which he received his most direct training for that work which he was to do later on. Early in his career he had occasionally been called upon to attend and participate in Sunday-school conventions held for the purpose of stimulating teachers to more intelligent and earnest efforts. It did not take him long "to get the hang" of such meetings, and he soon began to make himself felt. His wide experience, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, his imperturbable good nature, and strange, droll humor, but above all, the spiritual fervor of every word he uttered, soon gave him an extraordinary influence at every such occasion. It did not take him long to become well known, and his reputation gradually became national and even extended into Canada. He was sent for even from the conservative East, and on more than one occasion astonished and captivated the people of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York.

The charm of the man was undoubtedly in his absolute simplicity. While he possessed the germs of a consummate art, there was not the trace of artificiality. He was an uneducated man, and made no attempt to conceal it. In all his life he never posed. When he made his blunders —and they were legion—he laughed with those who laughed, and went straight forward. "We have with us this morning a young man who is studying in a theological cemetery!" "The lady who is going to speak to you now will tell you how pickled (speckled) trout are raised." "Love John Bull! (in a Canadian convention) I guess we do! Our hearts just warm to her!" Such *faux pas* were too frequent occurrences to phase him. A shrewd observer said of him, "Moody is impetuous and is always making blunders; but he never makes the

same mistake twice."

These varied experiences did for him what his future required. They gave him familiarity with all sorts of people in all sorts of places and in all sorts of conditions. He often found them uninterested and not infrequently hostile. Some were ignorant and others too wise. He learned to read an audience, as some people learn to read a man. There is a physiognomy of a crowd, and he became an expert in deciphering it. To put himself *en rapport* with it soon passed from study and effort to second nature and instinct. He acquired a complete knowledge of all the practical difficulties which people encounter in their individual life and work, through his "question drawer" system. There is, of course, a limited range of such difficulties and problems, and after a man has been in fifty or a hundred meetings and had them fired at him as if from Gatling guns he has become familiar with the whole gamut and cannot be taken off his guard. Perhaps no man who ever lived has more often been confronted with more sudden surprises. What he said and did was continually turning out different from what he expected. In every embarrassment he doubled and turned like a rabbit in the chase. The complete self-confidence—in the best sense of the word, for it will be shown that in the worst sense he never had any—thus acquired became of inestimable value. It seems certain that he never really felt that uneasy and fatal consciousness of "incapacity" which destroys for many men the very possibility of success.

Such experiences as these perfected that equipment which he needed in the practical management of assemblies of men. In the meantime, and by many different ways, he was undergoing a similar preparation in other departments. There can be no doubt that the blind feeling of love and care for all who suffered and were in trouble had gradually undergone an enormous development, and that he had by this time become fully conscious of that spiritual nature in man which has excited the interest and the devotion of the noblest beings who have ever lived. It had grown into what he described as "a passion for souls," and to see anyone anywhere pass through that tremendous change in which the soul recognizes itself as immortal and accepts God and eternity as its real good, was to him an experience more full of ecstacy than the discovery of gold in the vein of a mountain or love in the heart of a maiden. No other view can adequately explain the ardor and passion with which he devoted himself to this work through forty years of ceaseless labor.

The peace and rest which such a nature needed, and which can only be found in a perfectly happy home, also came to him.

On the 28th of August, 1862, he was married to Miss Emma C. Revell. If ever a love was deeper, if ever a happiness more complete, than that

of these two lifelong lovers, it must have been somewhere when the world slipped a cog and earth touched heaven! Children came to bless the union, and that prodigal love which he had lavished upon the ragged gamins of the street was now evoked by little children who called him "father." The home which the lovers established was one of simplicity and hospitality. The latch-string was always out! The story of that domestic economy is both an idyl and a psalm. The friends of the man and his work made him a present of the house he lived in, and "the ravens fed them." It would be easy enough to present a grave religious picture of these two parents solemnly and devoutly waiting upon God in prayer for their daily bread, and going about their labors in a saintlike frame of mind. It would be a true picture, but only a partial one, for to those who knew them best that air of solemn and august piety was missing. They were more like birds who started out in the morning with perfect confidence in their ability to find their food and a complete abandon to the joy of work and song. Their lives were probably as full of bounding happiness as those of their children. The truth of the matter is that the bread and butter problem never puzzled Mr. Moody as it does the rest of us. He took it as a matter of course that the Master for whom he labored would provide the sustenance of the toiler. Although the flour barrel often had to be scraped at the bottom, he never gave himself any care. His confidence was never betrayed, and he grew so accustomed to opening letters and finding checks in them, or having money handed to him on the street, that it was as natural as drawing his salary!

It was during this same period that the final touch was given to the equipment which he needed for the great mission of his life. He had been so full of other work that he had never had time to give to the preparation of his addresses. Those which he did not "shake out of his sleeves" were forged upon platforms and in pulpits. His knowledge of the English Bible was painfully incomplete, and no man ever had to work with a more meager kit of tools. But there came to Chicago one fortunate day a young evangelist by the name of Rev. Harry Morehouse, who perhaps did more for him than any other person who ever touched his life. He delivered seven sermons in Mr. Moody's church on "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mr. Moody was away at the time; but when he returned he learned about these sermons and came under the spell of that very gentle, beautiful, holy, and learned student of the English Bible. Morehouse told him frankly that he needed a better knowledge of that Bible to enable him to win souls. And, what was more and better, he gave him the very method by which *alone* he could have in any way made up for the deficiencies of the past. It was the method of the "Bible reading." He taught him how to use the Concordance to

advantage and how to weave together in a single discourse many different texts which bore upon the same theme. This was perfectly simple, comprehensible, and possible. With his accustomed insight, Mr. Moody saw that here was the very thing he needed, and he did not lose a moment in putting it into practice. He never wasted three seconds in anything he could not do; but what he could do was worth all the work it cost. The method was perhaps an imperfect one for the most perfect comprehension of the Scriptures, and as well calculated to lead an abnormal mind astray, as to lead a normal mind aright. In fact it has been responsible for the collapse of many an eccentric though devout soul. But with his strange prescience, or through the divine providence (or both), he escaped, as he always did, the evils of any course he adopted.

His mind had never been trained to logical reasoning or scholarly methods, and, in fact, was perhaps incapable of proceeding in that manner to the discovery of truth. It was so constituted that it gathered its conclusions from multiplied impressions of many sorts, as a bee gathers the sweets of flowers and turns them into honey. And so where other and eccentric minds used this method to find quotations which substantiated their vagaries, he used it to discover those which supported the few great central conceptions which were the entire stock with which he did his great business. The result, therefore, of his patient, ceaseless, heroic struggles to master the sacred Scriptures was that he accumulated a vast fund of texts and stories to illustrate the truths which he wished to hammer into the minds of men. His Bible got to be at last (that portion of it which he needed) at his very finger tips. He never fell down on his method. He gave it finally an enormous vogue, and while the crowds of his servile imitators made themselves and the Book ridiculous, he used it to delight and instruct millions. In addition to the newness of the method was the marvelous freshness which his own simple and childlike apprehension gave it. Owing to the natural constitution of his mind, the words of the Scriptures took possession of his faculties in the same vivid way that they do those of a child. No one familiar with his utterances can doubt that he had an imagination of a very high order. Had it been trained to poetical expression it could have produced forms of great literary beauty. Before this powerful faculty the heroes of Scripture really lived and its truths absolutely glowed. Faith is only a spiritualized imagination, and his imagination was spiritualized as truly as that of a great inventor is materialized. Most ministers and students of the Bible confess that it requires their strongest efforts to give reality and vitality to the facts recounted in the sacred oracles. Their minds have become suspicious by investigating all the evidences for and against the supernatural elements of the Bible. Their hold upon them is the result of effort. With Mr. Moody it was different. No question of their reality ever for

a moment troubled him. They were as real as if he had seen them with his own eyes. Every one who heard him speak felt this, although perhaps they were not always conscious of it, and this vivid apprehension of the facts of Scripture was the greatest source of his pulpit power.

All his natural gifts had now undergone a high development. The consciousness of them had been pretty clearly unfolded to himself. The wings were nearly grown and the eagle began to plume them for a wider flight.

One thing, however, was still lacking. He had discovered the value of music in kindling the emotions of men and putting them in a receptive state for his influence. The fact that he realized the importance of this is another evidence of the range of his powers, for he had absolutely no knowledge of music and could not even sing a note. Just what pleasure singing gave him personally is an unsolved problem, and perhaps insoluble. It has sometimes seemed to those who observed him carefully that his pleasure was an indirect one, and came from seeing its influence upon others. At any rate he discovered what it could do at public gatherings, and he early began to grope around for some way in which it could be made to subserve his own particular needs. It was a remarkable coincidence (let us rather call it Providence) that just at this time there appeared a class of men working along the very lines which he was blindly following. The pioneers were Philip Phillips and P. P. Bliss, whose aim was not to sing hymns, but the "Gospel." At one of his conventions Mr. Moody heard one of their youngest disciples. He recognized instantly that he had found what he wanted. The story of his discovery and capture of his life-long friend and companion, Ira D. Sankey, is not only striking in itself, but typical of those innumerable experiences in which, without the slightest hesitation, he instantly summoned men to assume grave responsibilities with no other knowledge of their fitness than his own unaided intuitions, the confidence which he reposed in these intuitions being as unquestioning, apparently, as that of an animal in its instincts.

It was at a convention held in Indianapolis in June, 1871, that Mr. Moody for the first time heard the voice of the young Pennsylvanian. Mr. Sankey was thirty-one years of age, healthy, happy, earnest, and full of music. The singing had been dull until he stepped forward to lead it. Something in him fitted the need of the moment. The hymns rolled out sweet and strong. The whole audience was moved; but one of them was enraptured.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody bluntly.
"In Newcastle, Pennsylvania."
"Are you married?"

"Yes."
"How many children have you?"
'One."
"I want you."
"What for?"
"To help me in my work at Chicago."
"I cannot leave my business."
"You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come with me to Chicago."
"Well, I will think of it. I will pray over it. I will talk to my wife."

He did so and accepted his call. This followed almost as a matter of course, for, speaking calmly and without exaggeration, it would be hard to find an instance in which this strange being thus laid his hands upon any one who did not instantly rise up and follow him in much the same way as did those whom Jesus called—his power to command the services of men absolutely being something that of itself alone would have made him a man whose influence bordered upon the mysterious and even inscrutable.

These two companions (true yoke-fellows) worked together in Chicago for several months, and when Mr. Moody made his first trip to Europe he left Mr. Sankey in charge of his church. It was during this period that he began to make a scrapbook of hymns suited to their needs, and this little scrapbook was the nucleus of the "Gospel Hymns"—one of the most famous publications in literature or music.

This new partnership was only a few months old when an event happened which startled the civilized world. The great conflagration of 1871 destroyed Mr. Moody's home and church. "Have you lost everything? " asked a friend. "Everything but my reputation and my Bible," he replied.

Terrible as was the loss and great as was the catastrophe, the unconquerable hero set to work about its reparation as energetically as after the destruction of Farwell Hall. He rushed off East and began a campaign of begging which was a supreme work of genius, sending the proceeds back and telegraphing his friends to "build large," a motto that might be chosen by him as the best expression of his life purpose and a suitable inscription for his tomb. They obeyed him and erected a rough building measuring seventy-five by one hundred and nine feet, and good enough to answer their purpose until he could raise funds enough for the great permanent structure which he afterwards built at the corner of Chicago and LaSalle Avenues.

It was about this time that there ripened in the mind of Mr. Moody a purpose which had probably been long unfolding. It was to go to

England upon an evangelizing tour. He had already been in England twice,—both times upon religious errands—conventions, conferences, etc.

That first trip will be long remembered for the incredible manner in which it was undertaken. He set the day for his departure; but did not have a cent with which to pay his expenses. However, this did not seem to disturb him in the least, for he went on with his preparations as if he had millions in a vault. There were still but a few hours left before the departure of the train, and yet the funds were not in sight. The trunks were packed and his family waiting. It was about time for some one to turn up with the money, one would think! And sure enough he did! A friend who thought that he would need some "*after he reached England*" handed him five hundred dollars! There have been too many such strange events in his life to make it easy to call them mere coincidences.

During these journeys he had made many friends, some of whom had proposed that he should come over to England for the purpose of holding a series of conventions, and he now determined to accept—proposing to Mr. Sankey that he should be his companion. There can be no doubt that the determination to take this step was attended by mental emotions of a peculiar character. If "coming events ever do cast their shadows before," some vague conception of what he was to do must have agitated him unusually. He passed through the only recorded period of profound spiritual disturbance in his whole life. "It seemed as if the Lord was taking him to pieces," he said. It resulted in a more complete consecration, and a full-born desire to "go round the world and tell perishing millions of a Saviour's love," and the hope of "winning 10,000 souls for Christ in Great Britain."

Chapter III.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey Sail for England — Their Arrival in Liverpool — The Sorrowful News that Greeted Them — A Discouraging Outlook — "I Will be There to-night" — The First of the Remarkable Meetings in Great Britain — An Audience of Eight Persons — How Interest in the Meetings Grew — Disagreeable Critics and Ministerial Sharpshooters — Taking Scotland By Storm — Mr. Sankey's "Kist fu' o' Whustles" — The Excitement Spreads Among All Classes — Remarkable Scenes — Sweeping through Scotland and Ireland — The Evangelists Arrive in London — Mr. Moody Questioned by a Conference of Ministers — The Wit, Shrewdness, and Candor of His Replies — The Most Wonderful Meetings Ever Held in London — Personal Experiences — Dining With Mr. Gladstone — Premonition of Sudden Death — Followed by an Assassin — Arrest of the Would-be Murderer — Using up the " Best Minister in Scotland " — Farewell to London.

On the 7th of June, 1872, the two companions sailed from New York and landed at Southampton seven days later.

The experiences upon which they entered may well be regarded as among the most remarkable which have ever befallen men, and as they

are to be understood only with a full knowledge of the difficulties which they had to surmount and the extraordinary results they accomplished, we shall be justified in setting before ourselves a clear conception of the exact state of affairs which they confronted.

Here, then, were two young men thirty-three and thirty-five years respectively—comparatively unknown in the country upon whose shores they had set their feet. A few earnestly religious spirits in Great Britain had heard of the rough bushwhacking work which they were doing and had extended them an informal invitation to undertake their present mission. The customs of the country were almost as much unknown to the young adventurers as they to the country. They were used to handling audiences in their native land; but so great are the differences of national custom that this was more likely to prove an obstacle than an advantage. The people among whom they were about to begin their labors were less inflammable, and more conservative, than those to whom they had been accustomed. An established church was entrenched in all the glory, opulence, and (without disparagement be it said) pride of its antiquity and its power.

Against such odds as these the two resolute youths sternly set their faces to make an impression upon this rigid and unresponsive life. They had come for large game. It was their purpose to excite a wave and not a ripple of religious feeling. That they succeeded is now a matter of history, and of great history, too, for it has been said by competent judges that Great Britain is not the same that it would have been without the effect of this campaign. There are those whose minds are so constituted (and they are undoubtedly the vast majority) who can be interested only or chiefly in those conflicts of opposing forces which involve the outlay of brute strength. The shock of hostile armies, the death grapple of great military machines, the rout of panoplied battalions by strength or strategy, they can comprehend and enjoy. But there are now and then a few elect spirits who can perceive the fascination of struggles of a different character—those in which invisible spiritual forces contend on bloodless fields. To them the struggle which now begins will have a higher and more enduring fascination. It is the battle of life against death; of two young men from a new world battling with the hoary customs and prejudices of the past. To see a ready and pungent wit; a sweet and serene temper; an adroit and invincible courage; a homely but sublime eloquence; simple but sweet songs; a religious zeal pure, noble, consuming—disarm prejudice, conquer bigotry, paralyze opposition, turn curiosity into admiration, lead captivity captive, spoil principalities and powers, and do it swiftly, unerringly, and gloriously—this they think a more edifying and thrilling spectacle than the mere struggles of men turned into wild beasts and armed with deadly weapons.

When the daring companions arrived in Liverpool on the 17th of June they learned to their sorrow that two of the most influential of the gentlemen by whom Mr. Moody had been invited to England had died. This made it impossible for him to begin where he had intended; but he had a third invitation from Mr. George Bennet of York, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He telegraphed a notice of his arrival and asked when he should begin his work. The answer was to the effect that such was the religious indifference in York that it would take at least a month to get the town ready for his efforts! In reply to this not very encouraging response Mr. Moody telegraphed "I will be there to-night." He was! And after looking the situation over (it would certainly not have made any difference what condition he discovered) he decided "to go in at once!"

The first of that series of remarkable meetings which were destined to shake Great Britain was held in a little room in the Young Men's Christian Association building, and there were eight persons present! The congregations increased, but slowly and through the most herculean efforts of those interested. The first week, judged by those crude standards of success which men of a different caliber are accustomed to apply, were a lamentable failure. But these invincible warriors kept right on, and at the end of a month two hundred and fifty people had professed conversion and many church members had been quickened in their spiritual life.

From York they proceeded to Sunderland, where they began against such odds that it was humorously said by an observer that "Mr. Moody had one whole minister, three-fourths of another, and nothing or next to nothing of all the rest to help him." Things moved even harder here than in York, for he not only encountered indifference, but opposition. The preacher was certainly a good target for anyone who wanted practice! He was not an ordained minister. He used strange and unusual methods. His theology was crude. Ministerial sharpshooters filled him full of holes; but they could not stop his fighting, and victory came at last.

From Sunderland they went to Newcastle. Their fighting blood was now up. Those who wish to see the story of this great campaign told in the strictest religious phraseology may object to such expression; but anyone who knew the man will see that only military metaphors will do! The same feelings which flamed in the bosoms of Oliver Cromwell and Sir Henry Havelock were burning in the heart of this resistless and terrible fighter—to his honor be it said! He had a work to do which had to be done and he was going to do it! Like those great heroes in every field of human struggle and endeavor, he relied on the arm of the Almighty; but he also made bare his *own*!

"We have not done much in York and Sunderland," said he, "because the ministers were opposed to us; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us." In other words, "we are going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" The great warriors are all alike.

They stayed and they conquered. People began to see of what stuff they were made and what they were driving at. A perfect furor sprang up around them. The potent spell of genius, character, consecration, wit, sweetness, love, had begun to work. Multitudes thronged from every point of the compass to see this strange spectacle. People of influence and power began to array themselves on the side of the two men who were its germinating causes. Committees waited upon them from many places, and besought them to visit many cities. They passed triumphantly through Carlisle, Bishop, Auckland, Darlington, Shields, and other places, and finally, on the 21st of November, 1873, arrived in Edinburgh, where great preparations had been made for their coming. This was manifestly their Waterloo—to enter and to face this metropolis of wealth, of learning, of power, and influence. The scene reminds one of that in which the Ayrshire plowman a half century before had made the same bold venture among the lions. Some of the greatest preachers in the world had there set up a standard by which he must be compared. The common people were trained to theological discussions and were experts in all the questions of the Law and the Gospels. Prejudices were deeply entrenched, especially against informality and the irreverence of Mr. Sankey's "kist fu o' whustles."

But the two plain men were now profoundly convinced that they were merely the instruments of a divine power and that they had nothing to do but to keep humble and be used. They therefore plunged into their herculean task without fear. From the very first it became evident that the most extraordinary upheaval of modern times had begun. The city may be said to have rocked with it. Every circle of life was agitated. Dr. Bonar declared at its close that there was scarcely a house in the metropolis in which one or more had not been won over to a new life. Society, business, politics, were all affected. Great waves of influence emanating from this center swept through the whole of Scotland. The very material elements of civilization felt the tumult, and the students of human life were confounded by the phenomenon. No one who did not attribute it directly to the influence of God upon human life could make head or tail out of it. It was easy enough at first to charge it up to superstition and the capacity of human nature for emotional excitement. But it was soon proven that the excitement was never irrational, not to say immoral. No appeal was ever addressed to the feelings which had not been first passed through the reason and the conscience. The effects upon character were revolutionary. The

drunkard abandoned his cups; the adulterer resumed the practice of virtue; the thief restored his stolen plunder; the dishonest gave up their ill-gotten gains. Tested by every means which the most expert judges knew how to apply, the convulsion was beyond all question a spiritual one. It was noticed with profound interest and surprise that the work was at first more powerful among the middle and upper classes than among the lower, and, considering the training of the men for their mission, this was inscrutable.

But at length measures were adopted by the great strategist to reach all classes. His powerfully organizing mind grasped the problem of the sub-division of labor and solved it. Meetings were multiplied and distributed. Means were adapted to ends. The movement became as thoroughly systematized as that of a great army, and the details of the scheme were originated, grasped, held, swayed by the one master mind at the center. No army was ever more thoroughly organized or swung with easier power from the tent of a commanding general.

From Edinburgh the two Americans went down to Glasgow, and the same strange scenes were re-enacted there. It began to be discovered that the conditions made no difference with the results. The master mind knew how to cope with them all. Everything became plastic to his touch. The Glasgow meetings were begun in February, and continued with various interruptions and excursions to other places until the middle of May, when they made another three days' visit to Edinburgh, and from there swept through the north of Scotland—one might say like a triumphant army, except that no one moved but the commanders, who created their legions in every city which they entered. To disband an army and re-create it every three days in widely separate cities—this is unknown in military tactics.

In these few months the whole of Scotland had been stirred, and Mr. Moody, feeling that the movement would now continue without his personal effort, accepted an invitation to Ireland. It was in September that the grapple with still other difficulties and conditions began; but he was now assisted by the prestige which he had acquired. The same phenomena began at once to reproduce themselves, not only in Belfast, but in Londonderry and Dublin. For months the waves of this profound spiritual excitement rolled in every direction, and in December Mr. Moody, leaving it to be taken care of by the people who had so heartily sustained him, went over to Manchester.

Within a week "the most difficult of all English cities to kindle by anything but politics was fairly ablaze and the flames were breaking out in every direction." It is hard to find phraseology to describe these phenomena. The words which we are obliged to use have been so often uttered in intentional or ignorant exaggeration that the mind revolts at

again employing them. But there is nothing else to take their place, and the chastened judgment of history confirms their accuracy.

London remained. Mr. Moody must test his doctrine, his influence, his resources, in the metropolis of the world. Any other man would have trembled. He was not even flurried. "If you want me to come" he said, "you must raise five thousand pounds for advertising, halls, etc." "We have already raised ten," they replied. He went down to have a preliminary conference with the ministers. It was a scene long to be remembered. They attacked him with questions from every side and upon every subject. In no single display of those remarkable powers with which he was endowed did he ever appear so utterly bewildering as when subjected to a running fire of questions. Those who have seen him thus confronted have beheld a display of wit, shrewdness, and candor which stands in the forefront of all the exhibitions of the resources of the human mind. It was simply impossible to corner him. It was a game in which he was never beaten. As a mere display of skill and courage and resource it was infinitely more exciting than a fencing match.

"How are you paid ?"

"I have money enough for myself right in my pocket and do not ask for a cent."

"How about the money for the copyrights on your hymn books?"

"That is all in the hands of a committee to be used for public purposes."

"Is Mr. Sankey doing this to peddle American organs?"

"No."

"I am a ritualist. Will you send me all my proper and rightful converts? "

"I am not here to divide up the profits; but to get as many people as I can to give their hearts to Jesus Christ."

"Are you going to save the miserably poor?"

"Yes, and the miserably rich, also."

And then came that climacteric and triumphant reply which deserves to be immortalized and which turned every enemy into a loyal and lifelong friend.

"What is your creed?"

"It is already in print and in circulation. You will find it in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah!"

For adroitness, directness, effectiveness, this retort may be safely placed alongside any ever given in a crisis by the lip of man.

On the ninth of March he began to fulfill his agreement to devote four months to the work of evangelizing the metropolis. It was divided into four different sections. The greatest rooms to be found in each were secured. Innumerable speakers were pledged to their work. The tremendous machine began to grind, and the hand upon the crank turned it with a power that perhaps was never surpassed in any similar undertaking. It must not be regarded as any disparagement of any of the other forces or influences at work to thus recognize the central factor. The singing of his companion was an adjunct without which this work could not have been done. The help of the ministers and of hundreds of consecrated laymen of the highest order of talent was also indispensable. The reverent mind will always keep before it the sublime fact that in every such movement dwells that Holy Spirit which is the light in all these new creations, the breath that woos into life spiritual natures which are dead in trespasses and sins. But it is also inevitable that as time passes and we begin to sift and analyze, we shall discover more and more clearly that all such great movements have their origin in the extraordinary capacities of some human being whom God has raised up and prepared for his work. And it is no irreverence nor any disrespectful hero worship to recognize and applaud and imitate so far as possible the methods, the talents, and the power of such a man.

Considered, then, in this tremendous undertaking, he must have the credit of accomplishing a task that, for obstacles overcome and results achieved, must be acknowledged to be among the greatest achievements of any man in any undertaking whatsoever. The amount of talent required for this organization, of resource for the overcoming of these difficulties, of inspiration and enthusiasm for all these efforts, the mere physical strength for preaching three and four and five times a day, for staying up far into the night to talk personally with converts, and then arranging for the prosecution of the campaign, are simply unaccountable.

The work was exactly similar in its character and results to all that had gone before. It stirred the great metropolis to the depths of its moral and spiritual life. It was like the passage of a great steamer through the bed of a river, by which the sediment at the bottom is agitated and brought to the surface.

It is of course impossible in so brief an essay to substantiate the

assertions here made. To say that a city so vast was "stirred" may mean one thing to one student and another to another. Nothing could stir it all but an earthquake! No influence except the bared arm of the Almighty could touch every single life of all those millions. But this man and his great lieutenant probably affected the entire life of this metropolis as it has never been affected before, except in times when the life of the nation itself had been threatened. To stir a little country village is much. To agitate a metropolis of the world, this is the evidence of power before which we stand in a sort of awe. The mind which has once come under the spell of this wonderful campaign in Great Britain turns away from it with the same sort of reluctance with which he lays down the story of any great epoch or movement of human life. He feels that he has come in contact with elemental forces and with elemental men.

And it is with a reluctance equally great that he turns away from the narrative of Mr. Moody's personal adventures with some of the greatest men and women which the age has produced. He lived on terms of intimacy with many of them. We shall not aim at any chronological order in sketching a few. They may have belonged to any one of his several visits.

Some of his friends were anxious about his health, and finally, by a well-laid plan, introduced (against his will) one of the most celebrated physicians in London, Sir Henry Somers, I think. After asking a good many other questions, the doctor said:

"How often do you preach?"

"Oh, sometimes five times a day."

"You are a fool," said the doctor.

"How many hours do you practice?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Oh, sometimes sixteen and seventeen."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I am!" retorted Mr. Moody.

He once dined with Mr. Gladstone, and the grand old man, pointing to the evangelist's stomach and chest (it must have been later on, when he had grown stout) said, "Mr. Moody, I wish I had a *chest* and *stomach* like yours."

"And I wish I had a head like *yours*!" he replied, drawing his hand under, his chin with a significant gesture.

Unconventional, but familiar; easy, but respectful, he met princes, lords, educators, magnates with all the open and fearless courage of a

man whom God had just taken from the soil of a new continent. He never despised a human being, but he never truckled to one.

The heart suffers an actual wrench to be compelled to turn away from that romantic story of his discovery of Henry Drummond; the call he gave him, as sweet and potent as the call to Saint John; the beautiful attachment; the year of unremitting and loyal service of the young recruit to the grizzled veteran; the devotion which never died—it is a beautiful, beautiful story.

How can one leave untold those dramatic and terrible dangers and temptations into which he was plunged in this maelstrom of excitement? It is impossible to do so altogether.

Some time during the first few weeks after the inauguration of his work the story was circulated that he had done something in America which had made the people lose confidence in him. It came on his work like a frost and bade fair to end it, when, just in the nick of time, a letter arrived from Chicago, endorsing him in the warmest terms, and signed by many of the best known clergymen.

Such coincidences became mere commonplaces in his altogether exceptional life; but perhaps the most dramatic of all was the one in one of the Irish towns where he made the statement that "a man who had ridiculed the meetings, and declared with an oath that he would never enter them, fell dead immediately afterwards." This declaration was challenged by a group of infidels who immediately set to work to disprove it. They went to the place where Mr. Moody alleged that it happened, and, after the most exhaustive search, could not discover the slightest evidence of such a tragedy. The results of their investigations were published and the most violent onslaught which he had ever experienced followed. It looked as if his doom was sealed, for even his most devoted friends could not defend him. He consulted with them all, but no one could remember exactly where the event occurred. Even Drummond and Sankey were helpless. Life had never looked so dark. He came nearer giving up than at any other moment of his existence. But the very next day, after every resource had been exhausted, a letter was placed in his hands, locating the scene of the tragedy just across the line from the town where he had said it had transpired! The proof was absolute and the vindication complete.

At one time he was seized with a sudden premonition of danger so acute as to shake even his iron nerves. In times of such prodigious excitement the most dangerous and fanatical cranks are always around. His impression was that one of their number was trying to stab him. It grew more and more vivid daily, and finally his nerves almost broke under the strain. He would leave the meetings unobserved and steal

along through the shadows, being compelled at times, in sheer nervous exhaustion, to lean up against door-posts for support.

He reproached himself and tried his best to argue down the premonition. He locked his windows and his doors and did everything he could in self-defense except to employ detectives. The feeling haunted him for a week, and at the end of that time a man was arrested who had been daily dogging him with a firm intention of driving a dagger into his heart.

To choose an anecdote of another type (perhaps the most charming which he ever related), let us listen to his own story of how he raised the money with which the Carrubers Close mission was built in Edinburgh. His intimate friends urged him to undertake it, and he finally consented, saying, "Well, I will do it if you will furnish me the best minister in Edinburgh to go with me and introduce the subject to the people." This request was granted, and a fine, delicate, courteous preacher of immense personal influence and immeasurably long legs was pressed into the service. They started out together, and this reverend gentleman preferred modest requests for sums ranging from ten to fifteen pounds.

"I saw," said Mr. Moody, "it was going to take all winter at that gait, and so (not daring to criticise him) when we came to the next house (that of a very grand and wealthy woman) I said, 'How much are you going to ask her for?'

"Oh, perhaps fifty pounds."

"I kept still, but when the door opened into the room where she was, I just pushed ahead and said:

"'Madam, I have come to ask you for two thousand pounds to help build a new mission down at Carrubers Close."

She threw up both hands and exclaimed 'Oh, mercy! Mr. Moody, I cannot possibly give more than *one* thousand.'

"This reply astonished the timid minister so much that he almost fainted, and when they got outside he said, 'You'd better go ahead.' And I did! About two o'clock we went to the minister's house for lunch, and while he and his wife were apologizing because the lunch was so cold and small I was packing away everything I could lay my hands on so as to be sure to have enough to last me through the job.

"As soon as we had finished, out we went again, and by seven o'clock we had raised the whole sum (something like $100,000), and I rushed back to the hotel and ate the biggest dinner of my life. The next day I left town, and not long afterwards received a note saying, 'Well,

Moody, you raised the money; but you used up the best minister in Scotland, and we had to send him off for a three months' vacation.'"

The departure of these two men from London and from Great Britain was the signal for such a good-bye as was seldom ever said to man. They left a different country behind them from what they found. Old churches had been revived, new ones built, ministers converted or aroused to a new faith, prejudices removed, young men by the thousands rescued from useless lives and turned into heroes, university men quickened to spiritual life and sent out upon missions which have since become famous.

Surely, unless work done in the realm of the spiritual emotions is to be judged by standards different from all others (and the human element to be eliminated in our study of the phenomena, while all is traced to the divine), this exercise of power by these two plain men must be reckoned among the prodigies of human genius.

Chapter IV.

Return of the Famous Evangelists to America — Great Preparation for Their Home-Coming — Erection of Buildings for Immense Audiences — The Campaign in Eastern Cities — Sweeping Through the South — A Work That Never Ceased for Twenty-eight Years — First Steps Towards Organizing Educational Institutions at Northfield — Great Results From Small Beginnings — The Northfield Seminary for Girls — The Boys' School at Mount Hermon — Mr. Moody Grapples with Intricate Problems — The Summer School at Northfield — Visited by the Most Famous Men of the Times — Marvelous Vacation Work — Cherished Life Plans — "I'm Trying to Reproduce Myself" — Mr. Moody's Fervor, Energy, and Faith — " I'm Awfully Concerned About this Matter" — A Man of Action, as well as Words — How He Raised the Money to Found and Support His Institutions.

The return of the now famous evangelists to America was the signal for an ovation which would have turned heads less strong. It was a matter of course that they would be called upon by the citizens of their own country to try and do for it what they had accomplished for a foreign land, and, after a brief rest, they began a campaign not less remarkable for numbers influenced, and reaching over a territory immensely vaster. Great preparations for their coming were made in many of the large cities. Immense buildings were constructed (where they did not already exist), workers were trained in those original methods which had now crystallized into a system, choirs were taught the Gospel Hymns, and everything was made ready for their convenience. The first meeting was held in Brooklyn (October 24, 1875), in the rink on Clermont Avenue, which had sittings for five thousand people, and other large buildings like Talmage's church were pressed into service for the overflow of the enormous crowds. The scenes which had characterized the work in foreign countries were from the first moment reproduced at home, and as it was evident at once that the impulse which brought together these vast concourses

was something more than mere curiosity, the other cities which were watching the movement with an almost strained earnestness began confidently to expect the same results.

From Brooklyn they went to Philadelphia, where the same wave of enthusiasm followed them, and where, in addition to the other invariable results, that of raising $100,000 for the Young Men's Christian Association building must be chronicled.

From Philadelphia they went to New York, where the work was as much greater than in other places as the city was greater in itself.

At the end of February, while Mr. Sankey went home for a while to rest, Mr. Moody went down to Atlanta, Ga., to help his friend Major Whittle in an evangelistic convention, and then turning northward through the greater cities of the South, like Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, and Kansas City, reached his home in Chicago, where he opened with religious ceremonies the great church at the corner of Chicago and LaSalle Avenues, built during his absence, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, secured through his personal fame and efforts. August and September were spent in rest at his boyhood home. In October he returned to Chicago to conduct a campaign whose enthusiasm and results were enhanced by the pride and interest the people felt in one of their own citizens.

From Chicago they went to Boston, and, to the surprise of all, found no obstacle to their success in either its prejudices or its pride.

A protracted narrative of these meetings and of others like them would at last become monotonous. Let it suffice to say that in them all, with but slight variation of characteristics and effects, the familiar phenomena of hundreds and thousands of people awed into silence, moved to tears, driven to repentance, and led to reformation were ceaselessly reproduced.

The fact that he possessed a power which was altogether exceptional was now thoroughly demonstrated, and the future seemed to open to him a bright prospect of useful and noble labors.

The end of this first trip through America closed an epoch in Mr. Moody's life. This is not because he ceased to do what he had previously done, but because he began to do something else. During all the years whose other work it is now our duty to glance at, he continued to perform those prodigies of preaching the Gospel regarded by him as the real call of his life. Every season saw him moving through the great cities of his native land like a whirlwind, or crossing the sea to renew his labors in Europe, which he revisited again and again. For twenty-eight years from 1871 to 1899, when he died, he

kept up this work continuously, with only the brief rests which he took in the summer. In order to form a true estimate of this herculean task one must remember how seldom in the history of human life anything of a similar magnitude has been witnessed. The work of Whitefield and Wesley sinks into insignificance when compared on the basis of the number of years through which it extended, the countries which they evangelized, and the number of people whom they addressed. Wherever Mr. Moody went through all these years, without any waning of interest, these vast crowds thronged about him. Day and night they surged against doors which had often to be closed upon them, up to the very last meeting, in which he addressed as great crowds as he had ever faced in his whole career.

It has already been observed that Mr. Moody had never enjoyed the privileges of an education. This lack he always deeply felt; and early in his career he conceived a desire to secure for the young people who had suffered this same deprivation a training which would enable them to accomplish what he had done, but to do it even more effectively. Soon after his return from Europe he took the first steps towards its execution. The progress of this effort is replete with illustrations of the peculiar genius of the man. When he had anything to do he began—no matter where. His sagacious mind could be depended on to find a way through the most opaque and stubborn obstacles. There is something grimly humorous in the sight of a man who knew absolutely nothing about the science of education, entering in this bold and almost defiant way into a domain of action for which he had had no training whatsoever. He did not take any pains to inform himself as to methods. He did not ask advice. He simply started. Adding a few rooms to his home, he invited some of the daughters of neighboring farmers to assemble and begin their studies. The interest he took in their welfare, and the inspiration which that interest awakened in them, attracted many others, until finally the quarters were too small and he was compelled to begin enlarging them. Additions were made as fast as the occasions demanded, until, through the aid of friends who trusted his judgment implicitly, great buildings began to spring up like mushrooms in the immediate vicinity of his home. The first simple methods of instruction, which partook more or less of his own imperfect conceptions of the nature of a school training, were abandoned as fast as they were found impracticable. Teachers were tried one after another until he found someone who knew exactly what needed to be done, and into those efficient hands he committed the grave responsibilities of the rapidly growing school. The first large building was erected in 1879. The number of the pupils grew apace, until at last there was a large waiting list of applicants who could not be accommodated even in the commodious and splendid structures which now adorn the beautiful hillside.

While the Northfield Seminary for Girls was still in its infancy Mr. Moody decided to commence the same sort of work among the boys. A farm of four hundred acres just across the Connecticut River came into the market and he bought it. The first pupils assembled in the old farmhouse, and when they overcrowded it he erected a few brick cottages for their accommodation. All who had the courage to ask for an education were admitted, and they streamed in from all over America and Great Britain. Taking this success as an indication that he should go forward, he erected dormitories and a large recitation hall, taking all chances and building as fast as the needs demanded, until now there are in these two schools something like twenty beautiful and permanent edifices.

In these two schools from six to eight hundred young people are at present receiving a careful training in all the more important branches of knowledge. They are certainly among the most remarkable and successful educational institutions in America. The tuition and board are as low as it is possible for them to be, and the instruction is of the very highest character. The influences are of course distinctively Christian. The dominant idea is that of "the development of the spiritual nature," and to this end everything else must be subordinated, although the course of intellectual training fits both sexes to enter the best colleges or universities in America.

An institution of a different character sprang up a little later on, as a sort of offshoot from the girls' school. Having a vacant building on his hands for a few months, Mr. Moody invited any young women who wished to study cooking, dressmaking, nursing, etc., to occupy it and pursue these branches along with a course of Bible instruction. This was such a happy hit and aroused such a hearty response that the school is now a permanent feature in this little educational realm.

It is not my purpose to describe these schools in detail, but only to make them illustrate the character and demonstrate the power of their founder. It is the strange genius which enabled this uneducated man to grapple with the most intricate problems of modern education and solve them, which arrests and startles our attention. Nothing seemed more certain at first from his wild and almost plunging efforts than that he had at last grappled with something that would throw him. But these twenty years have demonstrated that the great wrestler was up to his task. We marvel at the growth of institutions like those of Cornell, Chicago, and Leland Stanford University. But we must remember that these at Northfield were founded by a man who knew nothing of what he was doing until he did it, and who, instead of being given unlimited money to work with, had to raise every dollar as he went along.

It would have seemed as if these stupendous undertakings would have

employed—if not have exhausted—the energies of a single man: but Mr. Moody never rested as long as anything else could be done.

In 1886 it was suggested to him that it might be a feasible and valuable idea to invite to Northfield (which had then become famous for its "Conferences") delegations of students from the different colleges, to hold a sort of "Summer School" for Bible study. The suggestion fell in with his notions and it was executed. They came from all quarters of the country, lived in tents, spent part of the day in earnest work and the rest in as earnest play, and came under the vitalizing touch of the master spirit of this religious epoch. So great was the effect of this conference upon the lives of those who attended it that they clamored for its repetition, and it grew at last into an established institution. During these conferences some of the most important events of the century may be said to have transpired. It was here that the "Students' Volunteer Movement" was born, and that hundreds and even thousands of college-bred men have dedicated their lives to the cause of Christian missions. Mr. Moody attended and supervised them all, entering not only into the life of the assemblies, but into those of the individual men. This Summer School and this Student Volunteer Movement must be reckoned with by the historian of the religious life of the century.

These "student" conventions were an afterthought. The real "Northfield Convention" was born in 1880.

Mr. Moody's ideas of the nature of the religious life made it inevitable that he would inaugurate some such movement. He thought that it was a spiritual law that if men should put themselves in the proper attitude of mind and heart the baptism of the Holy Spirit would be bestowed upon them. Nothing seemed to him to conduce more to this than public assemblages addressed by men of great spiritual power. He felt that if people could be thus gotten together in places where the undivided attention could be given to religious thought the mind would be awakened and the soul touched.

In 1880, therefore, he called a convention at Northfield for this purpose. It was well attended and his hopes were realized. The people who came received the very stimulus which he anticipated. The effect upon their lives was most extraordinary and justified him in repeating the effort the next year. With the exception of the three summers during which he was absent in Europe, these conventions have been held annually, and have been regarded by competent judges as among the most potent factors in the religious life of the age. To them he gave the best energies and efforts of his life. He always brought to them those speakers whom he thought most able to awaken the enthusiasms of the divine life, no matter at what cost. Many of the most famous

men of the age have been his guests at these times and have communicated impulses to the spiritual natures of the great audiences which will outlast life itself. But no matter who was there, Mr. Moody himself was always the soul and center of the whole movement. From him have always come the noblest and grandest shocks of spiritual power. The management of such complex meetings, the harmonizing of so many different views, the suppression of so much that was erratic, the development of so much talent that was latent, have been among the highest proofs of that marvelous power whose nature we are trying to fathom. This work, it must be remembered, was done in vacation! All these weighty and multifarious occupations were, so to speak, but the pastimes of a giant.

We have not yet finished our enumeration of the feats which Mr. Moody accomplished. Another task of a character intimately associated with what he was doing in Northfield had to be worked out. It was perhaps his most cherished life plan. He had long before discovered that there were multitudes of young people scattered over the country who, if they had the opportunity to study the English Bible under favorable circumstances, might develop into useful and successful workers in the life of the church. His conception of their availability for this purpose was the outgrowth of his modesty. He honestly believed that there was nothing remarkable about himself, and that there were thousands of people better able than he to accomplish what he had done, if they only would give themselves to such work with as much consecration. This conception seemed to some of those who knew him the most remarkable thing about the man. He actually did not believe himself to be possessed of any extraordinary talents. He attributed everything which he had done to the "influence of the Holy Spirit." He thought that if he could get hold of young men and women, impress them with his ideas, get them to seek this consecration, furnish them with a good understanding of the English Bible, and send them forth into the world, they could turn the world upside down. One of his most common remarks was, "I am trying to reproduce myself;" and every time a fine young fellow began to follow and imitate him he seemed to be kindled with the hope that he had at last found a spiritual child. It was the longing of a mother for offspring. It was Paul's passion for spiritual parenthood. When I was pastor of his church I brought him several such men. He fixed his piercing eye upon them and said, "You want an education? What do you want it for? To do good, did you say? Are you in earnest? Well, get ready and start for Northfield tomorrow; I will pay your expenses." And then his great brown eyes, lit up with an almost maternal tenderness, would follow them to the door as if he were dreaming of their future.

For many different reasons he had been compelled to postpone the

accomplishment of his plan for their education from year to year; but at last, in 1889, he came to Chicago determined to carry it out at all hazards, and I had the good fortune to be able to study the operations of his mind during the gestation of this great enterprise. It was to me the most impressive mental and spiritual exhibition I had ever witnessed. The fervor, the intensity of feeling, the prodigious energy of will, the confident faith, were like the mighty forces of nature. One day a few weeks previous, and while riding with him in his buggy in Northfield, he drove up a beautiful and quiet valley and began to talk about his plans. His eye kindled. His face glowed. Suddenly he stopped the horse, took off his hat, and said, in tones that sent a positive physical thrill through me, "I am awfully concerned about this matter. Let us pray God to help us consecrate ourselves to it!" That prayer went to heaven if anything ever did! It was propelled by a spiritual force that would have carried it across infinity. It filled my mind with an indescribable awe.

When he arrived upon the ground ready to begin, such was my curiosity about his mind that I studied its processes as a jeweler does the movements of a watch. He came to the scene of operation as a general would to a field of battle, seizing with lightning-like rapidity upon the strategic positions, utilizing every means towards his end; but utterly without previous definite preparation. Very little money (if any) had been promised, no pupils were actually in sight, the location had not been selected when he swooped down upon the field.

There were no moments in his life more full of interest to the student of his strange nature than those in which he was *incubating* (if I may say so)—when his mind was *hatching* its thoughts. His manner was an "absent" one. His eyes seemed turned inward. He was not quite as talkative as usual, although he "came out of himself" suddenly and easily, but sank back again quickly. His brow was not often "knitted," and the mental effort was not a painful one, at least apparently. Instead of straining itself after a conclusion I should have said his mind sank into a quiescent state, as a bird sits on a nest, and that his "conclusions" *came* to him, rather than awaited his approach.

He was in this state of mind for several days, as he moved among his friends talking about this new enterprise. I took him one day to look at a building site which seemed to me available. He said little, but the first glimpse of it evidently brought all his plans to a focus. With lightning-like rapidity he secured an option from the owners, and within a few hours consummated the bargain. Where he got his money from I could never discover, but almost before his friends knew what he was about the property (three large residences next to the church on LaSalle Avenue and a large lot in the rear) was purchased, and he immediately commenced the erection of a commodious and beautiful

building.

Scarcely were these plans unfolded to the public before young men and young women began pouring in from all quarters of the country, attracted by his fame, his invitation, and his promises. Perhaps no movement inaugurated by him ever received a more intelligent criticism than this. Many intelligent judges declared the plan unfeasible, and likely to flood the country with callow youngsters half fitted for their work. One very able article wounded Mr. Moody more deeply than anything that had ever been published against him; but he pursued his accustomed course and kept silent, although those who watched him closely could see his heart bled. The institution was on its feet, like everything else, almost before it was born, as all his spiritual and material children struck out for themselves at once, like those of fishes. It would take a book to describe it and its results. It would require another to discuss its merits and defects. The aim of this story of his life is to show that he possessed the genius and the power to launch it, and to point out the fact that like everything else he undertook he made it "go."

In connection with this work it may be well to introduce a reference to another undertaking which evidenced the prodigious organizing power of the man, for it was around this school as a center that it was made to revolve. I refer to the series of meetings held during the World's Fair. Mr. Moody was not in sympathy with the Congress of Religions, and this fact, combined with the opportunity for such an effort, led him to organize a remarkable campaign of religious services lasting through many months. They were scattered through every part of the city, and their management was entirely in his hands. He directed all the movements like a major-general. It was his fame and labor which paid the bills. It was his faith that sustained his discouraged followers when one night they found themselves with a deficit of several thousands of dollars. "Do not be troubled about a little matter like that," he said, and, dropping upon his knees, he laid the case before God. It is unnecessary to say that the money came. It always did.

In closing this list of his different enterprises, brief reference must be made to the latest offspring of his fertile brain and loving heart. It is an organization for the distribution of sacred literature. It has two aims, one the dissemination of such literature through the prisons of the country, and the other its sale for a merely nominal sum, to the masses of people who do not enjoy religious privileges. It has grown to enormous proportions. Immense sums of money have been contributed for gratuitous distribution and almost innumerable copies have been sold.

All these institutions were under full headway when he died, and by

his own personal efforts he was raising the money to carry them on. The next day after his burial an appeal to the world to provide funds for the continuation of the "work begun and for twenty years carried on by Dwight L. Moody" was issued. The plea is entitled "Moody Memorial Endowment," and begins:

"'I have been ambitious, not to lay up wealth, but to leave work for you to do,' were almost the last words of D. L. Moody to his children.

'The institutions founded by Mr. Moody are unique in character. They consist of the Northfield Seminary and Training School for Young Women, the Mt. Hermon School for Young Men, and the Bible Institute at Chicago. The Northfield plant consists of 1,200 acres of land and about twenty buildings, which, with the present endowment, are valued at one and one-quarter million, and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land, and endowment exceed $250,000 in value. The Northfield schools have about 400 students, each of whom is charged $100 per annum for board and tuition. The annual cost is about $200. At Chicago the amount required, approximately, is $150 each for 300 students. In brief, therefore, the sum of about $125,000 annually is required to maintain the work inaugurated by Mr. Moody on the principles successfully pursued for the past twenty years. This sum has heretofore been largely raised by his personal efforts. A fund of $3,000,000 is asked for, which, at 4 per cent, will perpetuate the work of Mr. Moody."

To complete this glimpse of the herculean labors of the man it will be a pleasure, no doubt, to see the following enumeration of the buildings erected through his efforts.

His first building was the Illinois Street Church in Chicago, erected about 1858, for the shelter of his mission school and the church which grew out of it. His second building enterprise was the Young Men's Christian Association building in Chicago, erected in 1866, the first commodious edifice for Young Men's Christian Association purposes in this country. His third enterprise was the re-erection of the first Young Men's Christian Association building destroyed by fire, both known as the Farwell Hall. This also was destroyed in the great fire in 1871 and again rebuilt, mainly through Mr. Moody's efforts. The fourth and present beautiful edifice stands partly upon the original site on land given by John V. Farwell. The other Young Men's Christian Association buildings in America for which money was raised by Mr. Moody and in whose erection he was more or less conspicuous were at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Scranton.

In Great Britain these buildings were erected by Mr. Moody's personal

efforts or from the inspiration of his works: Christian Union building, Dublin; Christian Institute building, Glasgow; Carubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh; Conference Hall, Stratford; Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, London, and the Young Men's Christian Association building, Liverpool. In addition to the above are twenty or more buildings at Northfield, Mass., the Chicago Avenue Church, and Bible and Institute buildings, Chicago.

Chapter V.

Mr. Moody's Wonderful Capacity to Stand Hard and Continuous Labor — Always "Ready for Business" — His Disregard of Ordinary Laws of Health — "Have You Got Anything to Eat? " — His Miraculous Power to Stand Fatigue — His Intellectual and Moral Endowments — Looking into the Faces of More than One Hundred Million People — His Wonderfully Retentive Memory — A Life of Incessant Activities — How He Treated Men he Personally Disliked — Dropping Men as if They Were "Hot Coals" — His Devotion to His Friends — Standing by Henry Drummond — How Drummond's Death Affected Mr. Moody — His Great Will Power — His Humility and Modesty — Refusing an Offer of $25,000 for His Autobiography — Offered $10,000 by a Newspaper for a Two-Hours Interview — The Power of His Eye — Did He Possess the Gift of Hypnotism?

It has seemed proper to pursue the general course of Mr. Moody's life in a chronological sequence, and then to present a bird's eye view of the particular undertakings which he has originated, in order that confidence may be established in the claim that his character is one of the richest and most wonderful of modern times. It follows as a matter of course that those peculiar characteristics must be studied and analyzed if we are to discover the sources of his power.

It is too soon to succeed in this, but not too soon to begin, and it will be the purpose of the last part of this sketch to point out some of those strange gifts and indicate the lines along which further investigation must go.

Let us begin at the physical basis of life. He came into the world with a body endowed with the capacity to stand such strains as have been put upon few others in the history of the world. It seemed to have been constructed of steel and to have been incapable of exhaustion, and almost of fatigue. He did not need much sleep, and what he did need he could get at any time and under any circumstances, falling into peaceful slumber the instant he touched the pillow. No matter how late he retired he was likely to be up at five or, at the latest, six o'clock, and, after a ride or a walk, was "ready for business."

His digestive powers were of the most perfect character. He appeared to be able (and inclined) to break all the ordinary laws of health. He would drink four or five glasses of water during a meal. He ate with the greatest rapidity and scouted Mr. Gladstone's rules of chewing each mouthful seventy times—with humorous contempt. Dashing into my

house one evening after a day of terrific effort, he exclaimed, "Have you got anything to eat?" A large dish of pork and beans (of which he was very fond) was placed before him. He sat down, murmured a silent prayer, and, without interrupting his repast by a word, emptied the entire dish as fast as he could carry the food to his mouth. And yet this was done with a certain indefinable grace! He often ate voraciously, but never like an animal nor ever like an epicure.

In the later years of his life Mr. Moody's weight increased to more than three hundred pounds. Such bulk as this becomes an irreparable misfortune to most men, for they become sluggish and appear gross. Neither consequence followed with him. He was as light upon his feet as a boy, and the spiritual qualities in his personal appearance were not even cloaked.

In spite of this incumbrance his capacity for work was little short of miraculous. The physical vitality of the average minister is pretty severely taxed by the delivery of two or three public addresses in the week. Mr. Moody often delivered four and five in a day, five days a week through nine or ten months of the year, and then in vacation performed the hardest labors of his life. These efforts, until the very last trip, seemed to be mere gymnastic exercises to keep him in condition.

Passing from his physical to his intellectual endowments, his biographer will awaken surprise, and, perhaps excite incredulity; for it must be deliberately asserted that he possessed one of the most highly organized brains which the world has ever produced. He was not a "thinker" in the ordinary sense of that word. Whether it would have been possible for him to have become an original investigator like Edison, or profound philosopher like Emerson, is a matter of mere speculation; but his contribution to the store of original thought is very meager. He did not originate thought. He only appropriated it. He did not even create a new phraseology. He simply seized upon that of daily life and breathed a new vitality into it. Compared with a man like F. W. Robertson, to whose pages the noblest intellects of the age have gone for fertilizing thoughts, Mr. Moody cannot in any sense be called an intellectual force. But it is not by logical reasoning merely that the grandeur of the human intellect is shown. The mind has another power not less wonderful. While some of the great geniuses of history have been compelled to arrive at conclusions through long and subtle processes of reasoning, others have reached them by a mental spring as swift as lightning. This is the power which we call "intuition" and it was this power which Mr. Moody possessed to a degree which filled the minds of those who knew him with wonder. I never knew him to pass through such processes of "reflection" as bring out the best results of most men's thinking. All he seemed to require was to have a given

problem set before him in the clearest light possible, and he instantly saw the answer in all its bearings. It was like the mental operation of those mathematicians who astonish the world by their power to compute without addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division.

No single intellectual talent was more often the subject of remark than his memory for names and faces. He had unquestionably looked into the countenances of more people than any man who ever lived (100,000,000, Arthur T. Pierson estimates), and had made the personal acquaintance of more individuals than many of us have ever seen. And yet he seemed never to forget any of those who had once made a distinct and positive impression upon his mind! He could tell you the names of the "leading men" (a favorite expression) in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Boston, New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Atlanta, or any other place in which he had ever been.

Such gifts as these are certainly not always accompanied by those of a fine moral character; but Mr. Moody was intensely and almost perfectly ethical. His ideas of truth and honor and virtue were most exalted. No attack has ever been made upon him here. He was incorruptible. Thrown into ten thousand delicate situations with women, and difficult ones with men, handling enormous sums of money and never compelled to render an account, he stands before the world a monument of fidelity and of purity, unsmirched, uncondemned, and even unsuspected.

He and Herbert Spencer were far enough apart theologically, but his heart would have responded to that noble sentiment of the great philosopher, "Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines."

It is no uncommon thing in life to see men of such extraordinary intellectual and moral endowments, cold, hard, just, and unloving. But tears start to the eyes of those who knew Mr. Moody well, at the thought of the absolutely inexhaustible depths of his love for all living things. Horses, dogs, cows, animals, and birds—all excited the emotions of his heart. In the realm of human life, love for all classes was a master passion. Misfortune, poverty, ignorance, crime even, could not throw anyone out of the pale of his universal sympathy. He had his antipathies, but they were not directed against any class. They were as likely to be aroused by the rich as by the poor, by the learned as the ignorant. These antipathies were never enmities. He had no hard feelings. He was simply repelled. He gave men a wide berth if he did not like them. But if he did he opened his heart to its utmost capacity. Little children, whether his own, his grandchildren, or the children of strangers, fled to his arms as to those of a mother. There never has

been a home outside of Eden more filled with the divinity of love than his. To be in it, to see the play of affection, the absolute confidence and rest of love, was a beautitude.

There will be readers of these statements who will, however, raise one complaint against him. They will say that although he loved ardently he did not love forever. There are those who have been stung by what seemed to them desertion, and it is here that those who knew him best will have to defend him from the charge of disloyalty. That defense is simple. What seemed desertion was not really such. He was a man whose life was one of incessant and terrible activities. He needed helpers. When he found them he laid hands on them with a sort of affectional violence. He gave them his whole heart and trusted them implicitly. If the time came when they were no longer of service to him he dropped them and sought others. There is no use denying that when he dropped men it was as if they were "hot coals," and it was impossible for those from whom he had received such loyal and almost passionate devotion at one time not to feel as if he were unkind and untrue when he turned away. But how could it be otherwise? Could he keep up intimacies with the thousands of people who at one time or another had been his lieutenants? It was a physical and mental impossibility. Sometimes those who had been thus abandoned had a chance to test that memory and that love, and it is safe to say that there came to them revelations of an unbroken and unqualified affection such as filled them with delight. The depth of that devotion, the utter consistency of that affection, can be proven by a thousand cases, but none would be more striking and interesting than that of his loyalty to Henry Drummond. It is now a matter of history how violently Drummond was attacked in Northfield during Mr. Moody's absence, for his advocacy of views which were regarded as erroneous in that supremely orthodox place. Mr. Moody was in the midst of his campaign in Chicago at the time, and many of his most generous supporters wrote and telegraphed that "if he did not denounce Drummond they would abandon him." Instead, he destroyed their messages, and, sending for Drummond, said: "I want you to take part in my meetings." With his accustomed grace and consideration the great author replied: "I should only injure *you* instead of your sustaining *me*." "Preach some of your old sermons," said Mr. Moody. "No, I would rather not take any part," Mr. Drummond replied. "Well, wherever you go or whatever you do, I am your friend, and I will stand by you with the last drop of my blood," said the old fidus Achates, and he did. He was in Cincinnati when the news of Drummond's death came, and that evening at my table he laid his knife and fork down and cried like a child. "He was the most Christlike man I ever met. I never saw a fault in him," he said over and over again through his sobs. No, do not let anyone do him the injustice of calling him unfaithful; it was

only the lack of time and opportunity. It is one of the strangest coincidences of history that these two great men should each say of the other "He is the most Christlike man I ever knew."

All these traits would have had their beauty and value in a nature that was gentle, yielding, and lacking in vigor and purpose; but they would not alone have fitted a man to do a work which was almost co-extensive with Christendom. It was necessary that they should be animated by a will whose power was commensurate with their beauty. Fortunately for the world this sublime endowment was not lacking. Behind all these other great gifts lay a force whose nature we do not and probably cannot understand. We call it "will power." It is that energy which impels the mind and body with resistless power along any path which it has chosen. In Mr. Moody it was like compressed air, powder, or electricity. Whenever a thing had to be done he sprang to it as a projectile leaps from a cannon, and nothing could stop his progress. He knew nothing of those periods of halting and hesitation, nothing of those hours of doubt and uncertainty which paralyze so many strong arms. To decide was to will, and to will was to do. To cite all available instances of this would be to rehearse the whole of his life story. One naturally chooses those which have come under his own observation.

During a visit in the rented house in which I lived in Chicago it became evident to him that a parsonage for the church was desirable. When this decision was reached he said suddenly, "I guess I will go and get one." Seizing his hat he rushed from the house, and within a few hours returned in a cab. Springing up the steps and bursting into the room he exclaimed, "Get on your hat and show me the house you want. Mrs. McCormick has given me the money." We started out and within a few moments he had purchased a residence worth ten or twelve thousand dollars.

This may be taken as a sample of innumerable instances, and, in fact, as the rule of his volitional action. Difficulties were nothing when opposed to the accomplishment of any cherished plan. They only served to stimulate all his powers, call out new resources, and lend actual joy to effort. Up to the very last hour the exercise of these powers seemed unattended with anything like discomfort. He put them all forth in the same way that boys do theirs, in that period where they do anything and everything to work off their surplus energies. Those great words which he uttered on his deathbed were the absolute truth. He had been "ambitious for work." He joyed like a Titan in struggle and effort.

Upon these basal elements his "spiritual nature" was erected. Perhaps it would be impossible to define that expression in such a way as to gain

the assent of all classes of readers. There may be those interested in the man, as a man, who do not themselves believe in the spiritual nature nor in the spiritual realm. But there can be no room to doubt that whatever other men might think, he believed with all the ardor and conviction of his intense nature that his soul was his true self. While he lived amidst visible, tangible, and audible things, he continually felt the presence of that which was beyond the reach of sense. An invisible realm was the real environment of his life. He gauged all his conduct and his effort by their relation to the life beyond the grave. Perhaps no man of modern times has come any nearer to being constantly in that state of mind by which Moses was characterized when it was said of him "he endured as if he really saw the invisible!" As a motive of conduct, it made no difference whether he really saw it or not. His impression of it was more vivid than that of the world of matter. It animated everything and interpreted everything. His consciousness of God was equally distinct. It was as real to him as that of any other person whatsoever—friend or child or wife. To most of us, tormented by invincible doubts, this seems incredible and impossible; but his belief in an ear that was ever open and a hand that was ever outstretched, was like that of a little child in the presence of its mother at the bedside in the dark. The reality of the Saviour's life and of his constant nearness was not less distinct, and there was a spirit—a Holy Spirit, brooding over him and taking possession of him at every moment of his life. I mean all this to be taken literally. I mean it to seem to those who read this story, as being something different from the dull, dreamy, vague feelings of the ordinary man with regard to these great spiritual facts. The things which to most of us are mere theories or hopes were to him burning realities. They glowed before his imagination like fire instead of gleaming with the faint radiance of phosphorus. We linger with an irresistible fascination over the problem of this power—a power which shook men to the center of their beings; suddenly disclosed another world; agitated dull consciences; aroused slumbering emotions; brought to life dead memories, and filled men with a sense of the realities of things which they had thought to be only dreams. We regard it as a mystery demanding our best efforts at solution.

The simplest way to dispose of it was to say, as he did: "It was the Holy Spirit." He always and utterly repudiated the idea that there was anything exceptional about himself, and multitudes of his friends substantiated his simple theory. It is easier to let it go at this; but it does not seem to satisfy our reason. It is like explaining the phenomena of a vast factory in which enormous masses of raw material are transformed into objects of loveliness and usefulness by saying, "this was all done by electricity!" It is true that it was. This is the stupendous force that drives all the marvelous machines. But are

the machines themselves nothing? Is it not necessary to explain the delicate mechanism through which the inscrutable force transmits itself? And is it not just as necessary to analyze the marvelous organism of the living man through whom God pours that resistless tide of energy? It does not seem fair to ignore the instrument entirely. There was a rugged sort of righteousness in that irreverent outbreak of Ethan Allen when the clergyman was ascribing the power of that great Ticonderoga victory to Almighty God, "Don't forget to mention Ethan Allen!"

There are always two factors—the motive power and the instrument. It is the latter with which we are now concerned, and even though the man himself refused (and with passion) ever to admit that there was anything exceptional about his nature, we must be true to our conviction that no ordinary man can be thus used, any more than a toy engine on a parlor table can be made to transmit the electrical current which propels a hundred street cars! No more convincing proof of this can be urged than the fact that out of all the multitudes of men who strove to produce similar results not one of them has ever done more than shine by a sort of reflected light. And yet many of them were among the most beautiful and consecrated spirits of modern times!

No, it cannot be reasonably doubted that he was endowed with numerous gifts of so high an order as to make him an instrument capable of the transmission of this divine power (whatever it may be) to a higher degree than other men. His own incredulity and modesty as to these gifts were among the most striking proofs of their existence. After his return from the army, where he had performed some of those prodigious efforts in the Christian Commission, he was loudly praised by some of his friends upon a public occasion. "Strike me; but do not praise me," he exclaimed passionately.

One day a mutual friend introduced him to "Uncle Johnnie Vassar." The old man's face glowed with more than wonted luster as he grasped Mr. Moody's hand and heartily exclaimed, "And so this is dear Brother Moody? How glad I am to see the man that God has used to win so many souls to Christ!"

"You say rightly, Uncle John, 'the man whom *God* has used,'" said Mr. Moody, earnestly; and, stooping down, he took up a handful of earth, poured it out of his hand, and added, "There's nothing more than that to Dwight Moody, except as *God* uses him."

I once asked him why he so persistently refused to have his name attached to the Clermont Avenue Church. "Why? Because I am no more than any other man. And besides, who knows but that I may do something to disgrace it!" Ponder the following quotation from a letter

written long ago in answer to a request for permission to write his life. "Now in regard to the other thing, I am quite taken back. I have never thought of anything of the kind (a full and authoritative biography). It seems to me there are so many books now that there is not room for one more. And I do not know of anything that can be said of my life that would interest people." And yet, within two years after that letter was written, he told me with his own lips that he could sell his biography at any moment for $25,000, and that when he was in New York he was offered $10,000 for a two hours' interview by an agent of one of the great newspapers!

What can be made of such mysterious contradictions? There is absolutely no explanation except that of the childlike simplicity of the man, and the strange and bewildering vividness of his consciousness of the indwelling of the divine Spirit.

I cannot refrain from giving another illustration of this modesty. I had often felt the immeasurable and unaccountable power of Mr. Moody's eye. I had observed with unbounded astonishment the strange fascination which he seemed to have for everyone who came near him. Crowds surrounded him by day and by night. In fact, it might almost be said that he was never alone. People gathered around him like moths around a candle. They made absurd excuses to approach him. They simply thronged upon him wherever he went. He literally had to shake them off.

The more I observed this, the more it seemed to me as if he must possess that subtlest of all gifts which we vaguely call "hypnotism," and wondered if he had ever thought of it himself. A most favorable opportunity to ask him sprang out of a conversation in which he had described at length Henry Drummond's well-known hypnotic powers. "Do you possess this power?" I said, looking him directly in the eye. "Not if I know myself! " he answered, hotly. "If I thought my influence was owing to that I would quit preaching to-morrow. Any power I have comes from the Spirit of God."

"But how do you know that such a subtle power as this may not be one of the very highest gifts of God, and that it is only when it is perverted (like perverted eloquence) that it does harm?"

"I don't know anything about it, and I won't have anything to do with it!" he answered, with that sharp toss of his head with which he dismissed a disagreeable subject.

"But don't you think you may exercise it unconsciously?" I persisted, determined to satisfy my mind.

"No."

"Did you ever try?"

"No!"

I could get nothing more out of him, but I was not convinced, and I have never doubted that he possessed it to an enormous degree and used it without knowing that he did so.

However this may have been, the fact which now concerns us is that he did not consider himself a man of any great natural gifts, but only one who had given himself up as fully as he knew how to the influences of the Holy Spirit. Early in his career he heard Henry Varley say, "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." This idea took a tremendous hold upon him, and he determined to be that man if possible. Any man in any line of work who gives himself up with such devotion must see great results. When he happens to be a man endowed as Mr. Moody was, he will see miracles. It is certain that what Varley asserted could not be truthfully reiterated since Mr. Moody's death.

To sum the matter up, there are two objects of interest for the student of this life—the complex nature of the instrument, and the divine power which worked through it. The scientist will perhaps care only to analyze the instrument and the fanatic to magnify the divine power. But the calm and reverent student of the mystery of existence will stand in admiration before one and in worship before the other.

Chapter VI.

Mr. Moody's Theology — His Power as a Preacher — What he Regarded the Most Fascinating Doctrine in the Bible — His Belief that Things Were "Going to the Bad" — Waiting for The Final Crash " — His Fine Sense of Humor — His Unshaken Belief in the Bible — His Broad Sympathies — His Oratory and Pulpit Power — Born With a Silver Style in His Mouth — Characteristics of His Platform Addresses — His Limited Vocabulary — His Source of Illustrations — Drawn from Real Life — "Corner Groceries" in Noah's Time — How he Secured the Sympathy and Attention of an Audience — His Intense Energy on the Platform — Conditions that Aroused His Highest Powers — His Ideal of Music, and the Use he Made of it — Electrical Effect of Some of His Sermons — His Last Sermon, and His Last Audience.

Let us now pass from Mr. Moody's natural endowments to a cursory view of his theology and his preaching. His theology was full of the charm naïveté. It was rather that of a child than a man. Two words will characterize it—"evangelical" and "conservative." The greatest emphasis of his preaching may be said to have been laid upon the "blood atonement" in the death of Christ, and the immediate salvation of any one who accepted the redeeming merits of his death, by an act of faith. The language he used to enforce and illustrate these ideas must have often seemed to those who were profound students of

theology to have bordered dangerously upon materialism. He often described the efficacy of the "blood" of Jesus in such a way as to communicate an absolute shock to those who had accepted the theories of the atonement propounded by such men as Robertson and Bushnell. But however much his utterances may have been clouded by the difficult symbols and metaphors in which the death of Jesus had to be presented, it is certain that it was the dying love in the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God which stirred his soul to its depths and enabled him to stir the souls of others. A very slight alteration in the sharpness and literalness of his views took place in the passing years and is recorded in some of his own words.

"There was a time when I used to think more of the love of Jesus Christ than of God the Father. I used to think of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ saved me. It seems to me now I could not have a falser idea of God than that. Since I have become a father I have made this discovery: that it takes more love and self-sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die." As it is not our purpose to criticise, but only to record his views, this brief passage will serve as well as many pages to set them clearly forth.

A second leading idea in his theological system was that of the Pre-millenial coming of Jesus Christ. Next to the "Atonement" it was to him the most fascinating doctrine in the Scriptures. He was theoretically a pessimist, believing that things were "going to the bad," and must continue to do so to a "final crash," before the Christ could come again. He considered the world a sinking ship and that his sole duty was to save all he could from the wreck. The theory of evolution never even appealed to his imagination. The whole world of modern ideas rolled over him like the waters of a brook over a stone. The conception of the "shipwreck" satisfied his scientific and his theological ideas perfectly. Nothing but his fine sense of humor could have saved him from being mournfully crucified upon this theory and sinking into an inert despair. It did save him, however, and no one who knew him can help being thankful for that saving grace. He never took himself too seriously. It was this grace that saved Abraham Lincoln from despair, and Martin Luther from fanaticism. If Calvin had possessed it, the history of the world would have been different.

A third dominant tone in the limited gamut of Mr. Moody's theology and the one which involved him in the only controversy in which he ever indulged, was the "verbal inspiration" of the Scriptures. He said, and he firmly believed, that the whole Scripture was like a chain, which if it were broken in any single link, become useless altogether. The tendency among modern scholars to take a more liberal view, he regarded as dangerous in the extreme and worthy of the severest

castigation. It was in the administration of these rebukes that for the only time in his life he said things which might be considered uncharitable, and which forfeited for him a little of that confidence reposed by the people in his infallible common sense. This seemed all the more strange, because in all his previous career he had avoided such criticisms, and put into a minor place all those doctrines which did not command what might almost be called universal assent. There was such a grim consistency and a grim humor in his theories that those who liked them least enjoyed them most! To hear him in some moment of terrific intensity and conviction declare: "You can't throw away a part of the Bible and keep the rest. Most of those parts which the critics want to throw out are those on which Jesus Christ himself has set his seal. I am sure I do not want to be wiser than my Master"—half made the most stubborn scholars doubt the results of life-long investigations.

"I don't understand the Bible," he said: "I don't explain portions of it; I don't interpret it; but I do believe it. I don't understand astronomy or higher mathematics, yet I believe in them. It is because we can't understand the Bible that I love it. One can see that it is God's work. There is a length to it, a breadth and depth which we can't understand, but which leads us to a height which we can't understand either."

Scholars might differ with him, but they could not help respecting him. He roiled them, but they loved him. He was harsh against them, but he turned around and asked them to come and address his Northfield pupils—the greatest confidence he could bestow. A man who could invite Henry Drummond, and Lyman Abbott, and George Adam Smith to speak to those whose spiritual welfare was dearer than life, is as broad in his sympathies as we can ask him to be.

In the main, his theology could be found as he told the London ministers, in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

Next in interest to the ideas which constituted his message, are his literary style and his oratory.

In its last analysis, the literary style of every successful writer or speaker must be considered a native endowment, and happy is the man who finds himself upon his first appearance in print or on the platform uttering his thoughts in a way to please the people.

Mr. Moody had the good fortune to be born with a silver style in his mouth. His first recorded utterances possess the same essential literary characteristics as those which are the fruit of all these years of practice. It can be best characterized as "telegraphic"—and it was a style unknown to Tertullian or to Blair. It is the outgrowth of the struggle of modern men to save time. The electric telegraph has compelled a

recognition of the fact that ten words can convey as definite and important an idea as ten pages.

Mr. Moody seemed to seize the idea that his messages were to be delivered over wires kept hot, and that there was neither time nor money to be wasted in their delivery. Brevity, precision, perspicuity, were from the first their prevailing traits. Words and sentences fell from his lips with rapidity and clearness.

In passages of the same length (about 530 words chosen at random from printed sermons) I have estimated that Mr. Moody uttered thirty-six sentences; Bushnell, twenty; Spurgeon, twenty-one; Lacordaire, fifteen; Chalmers, nine.

It would seem as if such brevity would have rendered his speech unmusical; but this was far from being the case. There was a flow and smoothness to its movement which gave an actual pleasure to the ear. In passages of intense excitement the sentences possessed an explosive quality suggesting a pack of fire crackers set off by accident; but after he had gained control of his vocal organs, and of his inflammable emotions, there was nothing of this character.

As the brevity of his sentences was a marked characteristic of his style, so was that of his words. His vocabulary was exceedingly limited; but exactly adapted to his use. Among his words those of three or four syllables are rare. He seemed incapable of uttering them. One of the facts which his old friends recalled with roars of laughter was his effort to master the word "Mephibosheth," when beginning his ministry. He committed its spelling to his memory, and on his parish visits was heard struggling with its pronunciation—Meph-Mephib-phib-bo-bo-bo-sheth, etc." He never attempted such a word in public unless it was absolutely necessary, fearing them as a traveler does a ditch which is just a little wider than he can jump. He did not draw the line absolutely on every thing but Anglo Saxon words, nor did he prefer them from any definite theory of their value, for he probably could not have picked out the Latin or Greek words in any sentence he ever uttered; but they certainly predominated and gave an intense vigor to his style.

In a page of 530 words, 400 contained only a single syllable, and most of them are Anglo Saxon. Many of his longer words were terribly shortened, terminals like "ing" being almost invariably abbreviated to "in". B. F. Jacobs used to say that D. L. Moody was the only man living who could say "Jerusalem" in two syllables.

In his earlier days, in Chicago, an over-zealous critic, who was not an over-active worker, took Moody to task for his defects in speech.

"You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody; you make so

many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here, my friend, you've got grammar enough, what are you doing with it for Jesus Christ?"

His illustrations were always of the simplest possible character and abounded largely in personal reminiscences. They were sometimes classical, for he had listened to so many eloquent speakers that striking stories from antiquity became familiar to him without his having to discover them through reading.

There were a few scientific ones which he acquired from the same source, and occasional tropes and metaphors indicated that he had observed natural analogies. But in the main his illustrations were narratives of real life. As he told the story of Noah's warnings before the Flood, he pictured the scoffers of that day while the Deluge was delayed.

"They'd say to one another, 'Not much sign of old Noah's rainstorm yet.' They'd talk it over in the corner groceries, evenings."

Then, as if in explanation, he added:

"I tell you, my friends, before the world got as bad as it was in Noah's day, they must have had corner groceries."

When contrasted with Demosthenes and Cicero, Burke and Chatham, Webster and Sumner, this sort of speech may not be called oratory; but if oratory is "just whistling to a dog—while eloquence is whistling so as to make him come"—then this was eloquence! At any rate no human being since time began has ever gotten the ears of so many listeners.

I have been re-reading John Brown's description of a sermon delivered by Thomas Chalmers in a little village in Scotland, and Gilfillan's of the preaching of Edward Irving, and the best accounts of the results which Finney, Edwards, Whitefield, and Wesley produced, asking myself in the meanwhile whether Mr. Moody could be honestly compared with them. Are we to place him among the great *preachers* of the ages as well as among its great organizers and inspirers? For one I cannot doubt it.

He had the physical capacities of a great orator. His body was robust and powerful, capable of enduring immense strain, and filled with that strange energy which absolute physical health imparts. He also possessed those two other qualifications of a great orator, a piercing and commanding eye, and a voice of great resonance and command

over vast reaches of space. His eye was a deep rich brown. It was like that of a dove and an eagle, both. Sometimes it charmed with its tranquillity, then suddenly blazed with an indescribable luster. Sometimes it twinkled like a star with humor; but when his heart was filled with sadness it became suffused with compassion. It had, moreover, the strange power of emitting sparks of scorn for evil. I say "sparks," for I have been sometimes half prompted to try to pick them up from the platform! But its power to *command* was its greatest of all. It absolutely seized and chained men as it swept from floor to gallery and gave each one of 10,000 people the idea that it was fixed on him—like the eye of an oil portrait.

His voice was also of immense value in his preaching. It was nearer to a tenor than a baritone in quality. I have never thought myself (nor heard anyone say) that it was beautiful or musical. I do not believe that it had any of those strange and fascinating qualities that the voices of some great orators like Webster or Spurgeon have had to soothe and lull and charm the ear. The tone or quality itself could not have pleased —apart from language, and yet it was smooth, clear, resonant, satisfying, and keyed to give expression to all the feelings of which he was capable. Its carrying power, however, was its most valuable characteristic. So far as I can discover, the hall in Manchester was the only place which he ever found great difficulty in filling, and this was owing more to its shape than size. A man who has voice enough to reach 10,000 people out of doors or in has voice enough for all practical purposes!

Upon the ear of the last man in the gallery every word would fall like the clang of a bell or the note of a lark.

He possessed an instructive knowledge of most of the arts of oratory, but never had an hour's training by a teacher. His gestures had a great variety, but there was no attempt to make them specially descriptive. They were calculated to lend force rather than illustration to his thought. They consisted mainly of the hand pointed heavenward to indicate the aspiration of the soul, or the fist struck upon the pulpit to indicate the stern imperative nature of a present obligation, or the swift downward stroke to show the plainness of the truth, or the finger pointed straight at a hearer to arouse his conscience.

He frequently held his Bible in his hand through much of the sermon, often adjusting his glasses to read in a manner that made every hearer feel "these are the oracles of the living God!"

His first oratorical aim was to secure the sympathy and attention of his audience. One of the prerequisites was pure air. If the ventilation was poor, he would order the windows open during the singing of the

hymn that preceded the sermon. If, in spite of this, the people became drowsy, he would pound his Bible, raise his voice, or tell a funny story! It was impossible for him to speak unless everybody was aroused and eager.

His intuitive discovery of any prejudice in the minds of his hearers was only equaled by his ability to disarm it. He never began his sermon until he seemed satisfied that he had put everyone into a mental attitude favorable to the reception of his message, but when this was accomplished he settled down to *business*! From the first moment to the last the fact that he meant *business* and not fireworks, oratory, or theatricals was apparent. He was there to convince and persuade men, and for nothing else whatever. Nothing could be more impressive than his determination to secure the results he aimed at. The evidences of a supreme and terrible resolution were manifest in every move.

Most of us know what it is "to stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood" in some great emergency; to go down into the arena of the soul and beat the reveille; to call out all the reserves; to conscript every energy and fling all against some obstacle. Mr. Moody *always* did this when he preached! Of course he believed that he wrought his results by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and he did. But he wrought them by obeying the laws of the Spiritual world. It is through human nature thus exalted, thus in a state of highest activity, that this divine influence flows. Had he called upon the Holy Ghost without thus summoning up the energies of his own nature, he would have been powerless. Had he thus summoned these energies without calling upon the Holy Ghost he could have produced great effect upon men; but not *Spiritual* effect! He could have aroused, excited, moved to tears, but not to Heaven.

He sometimes became terrible when the current was running against him and he could awaken no response. The efforts, physical, mental, spiritual, which he put forth were as intense and terrible as those which men like Richard Coeur de Lion have made when set upon by multitudes of foes!

I have seen him when the expenditure of power scared me. I have felt the platform shake under the movements of his body—seen the sweat start from his forehead, his eyes blaze, his muscles grow tense and rigid, and have felt as one does when a great engine puffs and pants upon a slippery track, the steam escaping and the wheels revolving without gripping the track. But he always got the track at last! He always pulled his load! These mighty struggles always *carried* his audience.

He was, of course, like most remarkable men, dependent upon certain

conditions for the highest exhibitions of his power. Those conditions were immense audiences—immense choirs—immense excitement—everything on a colossal scale. When he looked out upon a sea of faces in every direction he absolutely caught fire! In order to secure such a crowd he packed the people in like sardines. His eagle eye could detect a single vacant seat in the most distant part of the room. When at last there was a solid mass of human life in front of him so that not only elbows touched, but shoulders, when there was an unbroken circuit for his electricity to pass through, he was ready to begin to create the emotional conditions.

His unfailing instrument was sacred song. He would have nothing whatever to do with a piece of music which only appealed to the sense of beauty. He could form no judgment of its value by hearing it played or sung in private. He must see it tried in a crowd, and could discover in an instant its adaption to awaken the feelings which he needed to have in action. If it had the right ring he used it for all it was worth. "Let the people sing," he would shout—"let *all* the people sing. Sing that verse again. There's an old man over there who is not singing at all, let *him* sing." No matter how long it took, he would keep the people at work until they were fused and melted. If choruses would not do it, solos would, and he always had singers who possessed the requisite repertoire.

Having at last secured the true emotional condition, he rose to his work. The joy of conflict, of leadership, of victory, was in his eye, but merged in the sublime feeling that now he was to put forth that mighty energy to make men better; to lead them to the renunciation of sin; to point them to Christ. The joy of warriors in battle, of old sea captains on the bridge, of the trainers of wild horses, of artists painting pictures, of sculptors carving statues, of statesmen swaying assemblies, were flaming in his soul. There was also something higher—it was almost the exultation of Creation. Was he not about to see avaricous men abandon their love of gold, defaulters restore their ill-gotten gains, adulterers abandon their lust, drunkards dash down their cups, the captives loosed, the bowed down lifted up?

Yes, he could see it, feel it all! As the words poured in torrents from his lips he knew that those eternal deeds were being done. He pierced the mask of those faces and saw the operations of the souls. He beheld Christ moving among them. He forgot himself utterly.

And now the audience begins to feel the strange spell of his rugged eloquence and marvelous simplicity. They draw into their hearts the great compassion. They burst into a ripple of laughter at a droll story; they break down in sobs at a tale of love; they stiffen with nameless awe at those terrible denunciations of sin.

There were certain passages in some of his sermons where, judged by the effect they produced, it must be said he rose to a sublime eloquence. I heard him preach his sermon on "Elijah," in the city of Detroit, when it appeared to me that supernatural things were actually occurring in the room. The line of demarcation between the real and the imaginary seemed broken down. That solemn hush had fallen upon the audience which rests upon the world before a thunder storm. You would have thought that every listener had been nailed to his seat. In the final outburst we actually beheld the chariot swoop down from heaven, the old man ascend, the blazing car borne through the still air; and when the impassioned orator uttered that piercing cry "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" the excitement was almost unendurable.

I also heard him preach his sermon on "Whatsoever a Man Soweth, that shall He also Reap," to 2,500 men one night in the Chicago Avenue Church, when I am sure that an actual vision of a man progressing through all the stages of vice, and at last borne away to his doom, could not have made all the dreadful phenomena of evil seem more real. That was the sublimest exhibition of the power of one life over many that has ever been granted to me.

No one who has not heard him can ever imagine what this power was. No quotation can give any impression of the effects produced; but here is a random specimen:

"I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him. 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'Go hunt up that man that spat in my face; tell him he may have a seat in My kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on My brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into My kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a scepter in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to My heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift. Tell him there is a nearer way to My heart than that.'"

The most wonderful thing about this preaching was that the people never seemed to tire of it. Through all those wonderful years from 1871 to 1899 the crowds that thronged about him were as great as ever, surging around the doors and cramming the hall almost as soon as the doors were open, and all this time he was preaching the same

old sermons! Some of them had been delivered seventy-five or one hundred times, and he finally ceased to care whether he had spoken them in the same place or not, for the people liked them the second time as well as the first, and the fifth as well as the second. If this is not a prodigy, what is? Let those who are disposed to take this man lightly remember that they can move across the continent and no one observes their progress or cares a farthing what they have to say; but whether it was in Chicago or London, San Francisco or Paris, Mexico or Alexandria, Cairo or Jerusalem, thousands upon thousands pursued him, until a careful statistician has concluded that he addressed in all not less than 100,000,000 of human beings! For myself I must regard it as I do any great natural phenomenon. He was an elemental force in human society. And he did not lose this power even to the last. The meetings which he held in Kansas City, where his public life closed, were in some respects the most enthusiastic in his whole career, and his last sermon was delivered to fifteen thousand people!

And yet we must pause here to consider the impressive fact, while the crowds were as large and enthusiastic as ever, it will probably be discovered (or perhaps it is already acknowledged) that one element was lacking. The spell of the man's personal presence and influence was as great as formerly, but the results in numbers actually brought to accept the ideas and the life he advocated, had diminished. The fact of the matter is that the last decade of Mr. Moody's life witnessed a great change in the entire situation of the religious world. New ideas and new conditions had arisen. With these Mr. Moody was not perfectly in touch. He did not fully understand them. This was not strange. In fact, it was inevitable. No man ever lived perhaps (unless it was Gladstone) who was able to keep pace with the rapid changes from one period to another during a long life. Men grow up into a certain set of conditions, adjust themselves to them, become hardened in them, and stay there, while a new generation arises with new needs and new notions, passes on, and leaves them behind.

Mr. Moody helped to make an epoch. His influence upon the religious life of the generation playing its part in human affairs between 1860 and 1890, was that of a formulative force. He moulded thought, action, worship. It would be too much to expect that his mind thus hardened in its habits of thought and feeling should be able to adjust itself to the enormously altered conditions of the last decade. In order to have done this he would have had to alter himself, and this was impossible to a nature like his.

I said to him once, in 1897, "You are at odds with much of modern life. Why do you not conform to the new epoch? You were a leader of a great movement a generation ago, and you are still young enough to head the religious life of the new age if you will only comprehend it

and accept it."

He fixed those great deep eyes upon me with one of those long stares which seemed to penetrate into my very soul, and shook his head! What I said did not appeal to him. He knew no other methods. He could grasp no other ideas. He belonged to the last generation. Some other leader must arise for the new. Pray God he may come soon! Pray God he may be as pure, as great, as competent as he who led the old. It is honor enough to have piloted one generation. It was all Moses and Joshua could do. This is certainly one of the most pathetic facts of human life. It is a limitation which every man who is growing old shudders to admit; but it is the most inevitable limitation of all.

Chapter VII.

Mr. Moody's Loyalty to the Regular Institutions of the Christian Church — What Might Have Happened if he had Unfurled His Banner — The Countless Multitudes that Would Have Flocked to Him — His Ability to Organize and Bring Order out of Chaos — How he Supported the Regular Work of the Churches — One of Four Men "Sent Forth by God" — His Last Meetings in Kansas City — Great Preparations and Enormous Crowds — His Sudden Illness — "Oh, I am Much Better" — Forced to Remain Away From a Meeting for the First Time in Forty Years — Alarming Symptoms — He is Sent Home in a Private Car to Northfield — Watching at His Bedside — Helpless, but Cheerful and Hopeful — "What is Going on Here?" — Nearing the End — Close of an Illustrious Life — Mr. Moody's Last Words — His Funeral — His Grave on Round Top.

In summing up the results of a long study of Mr. Moody's character, I must say that it always seemed to me to be one of the most remarkable things about him that he could never be induced to turn aside from the regular institutions of the Christian church, into any side issue or narrow sect. Two influences would naturally impel him to do so. In the first place, his clear conceptions of the lack of fervor and consecration to be found in the ordinary denominations; and, in the second place, a natural capacity for organization and opportunity to identify his name with a great and new movement.

At almost any time during his whole career, if he had sounded the war cry, Mr. Moody could have rallied around his standard countless multitudes not only of disgruntled people, but of earnest and consecrated souls who saw in him the prophet and exponent of a higher Christian life. He always knew that if he should but once unfurl his banner and summon these people to his side he had the capacity to organize them into a compact and mighty association. For this power of organization was certainly akin to genius. The instant he appeared amidst chaos, it became order. With a swift insight he discovered exactly what had to be done, and who were the best people to do it. With a knack and cunning that were simply marvelous he swept all unpromising agents into the background, and almost before any one knew what had happened a living organism had sprung into being. If

this man had gone into the ranks as a private soldier, this capacity would have made him a general, and if he had once come into command of a great military organization, it would have become a fighting machine of irresistible power. It was impossible to see him manipulating the forces which he had at command, without thinking of Grant or Napoleon. The indubitable proof of this power is, of course, to be seen in the vitality of every institution which he established. There they stand, and in spite of the prognostications of critics, those who have studied them most intimately are persuaded that they are there to stay. Some one will pick them up and carry them forward. They have been endowed with an indestructible vitality. The church he founded in Chicago bears as fresh an imprint of his hand to-day, as when he was its pastor a generation ago.

With such self-knowledge as he possessed he must have clearly seen that if he had struck out, like Wesley or Booth, to form a new society he could have given it colossal proportions and have secured for himself an undying fame through the society which should subsist to perpetuate his memory and his ideals. But he deliberately turned away from this great temptation. He scorned to further divide the already sundered body of the Christian church. He decided that instead of communicating the mighty impulses of his life to a separate organization he would instill them as best he could into the church universal and be forgotten if need be. This we regard as the very noblest decision of his mind and the noblest impulse of his heart.

His desire to support the regular work of the churches was evidenced two or three years ago, when he literally crushed the proposed Northfield Emergency Fund, designed to send out student volunteers as foreign missionaries, when the regular denominational boards could not send them for lack of funds. People who have known him for many years and heard him speak frequently said that they had never heard him throw more earnestness into an address than when he said:

"Some of the people have been sending me checks for this fund. I want you to call them back, or I shall send them on to the missionary Boards. I am in sympathy with the Boards and have no sympathy with the croakers. You cannot find a better set of men on this continent than those in the American Board. You cannot find a better set of men than those in the Presbyterian Board. Where can you find a better man than Robert Speer? Where will you find a man that is doing better work than Bishop Thoburn in India? Any man that is working as he is in India we will help. Dr. Clough is also doing a magnificent work there. We are in hearty sympathy with these regular Boards. I think it is a great mistake to send any money outside of the regular channels."

It is clear that Mr. Moody affords the deepest problems for the

psychologist and the philosopher. He is no longer the "Evangelist Moody" alone; but also the founder of institutions and movements which have shaped the habits of a generation, and bid fair to continue their influences indefinitely into the future. This fact is not known to the masses, and one of the difficulties to be encountered by his biographers will be that of persuading men to believe that he was ever anything more than a strolling preacher! Sooner or later, however, it will be conceded by all impartial judges that he must be a great man who could spring from the humblest surroundings and yet by his own genius attain a world-wide reputation; who had only a district school education and yet saw the most polished scholars of the age sitting humbly at his feet; who never despised the material element of existence and was, notwithstanding, one of the most spiritual men who ever lived; who walked through a long life on the sharp edges of great dangers and yet never fell; who was endowed with powers of the highest order but never used them for his personal aggrandizement; who was the object of most extravagant adulation and yet retained the modesty of a child; who passed the whole of his later life among the rich and learned and yet never lost his sympathy with the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering.

No wonder that in speaking of Dwight L. Moody, Dr. N. D. Hillis said in part:

"When long time hath passed, some historian, recalling the great epochs and religious teachers of our century, will say: 'There were four men sent forth by God—their names, Charles Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dwight L. Moody.' Each was a herald of good tidings; each was a prophet of a new social and religious order, and each made a permanent contribution to the Christian church; while of all it may be said their sermons were translated into many tongues and their names known in every town and city where the English language is spoken. For our instruction, rebuke, and inspiration God hath raised up other preachers, representing a high order of intellect, marked eloquence, and permanent influence; but as to the first order of greatness there have been perhaps these four—no more. God girded each of these prophets for his task and taught him how to dip his sword in Heaven."

"In characterizing the message of these men we say that Spurgeon was expositional, Phillips Brooks devotional, Henry Ward Beecher prophetic and philosophical, while Dwight L. Moody was a herald rather than teacher, addressing himself to the common people—the unchurched multitudes. The symbol of the great English preacher is a lighted lamp, the symbol of Brooks a flaming heart, the symbol of Beecher an orchestra of many instruments, while Mr. Moody was a trumpet of narrow range perhaps, but sounding the advance sometimes

through inspiration and sometimes through alarm.

"And our sorrow to-day is the more in that the last of these giants has gone down to the valley and disappeared behind the thick shadows. Oft in hours of gloom and doubt, full oft in days when wickedness seemed enthroned in high places, when the rich seemed to be selfish in their strength, and the poor without an advocate in high places, when good men seemed weakness and leaders seemed a lie, in our depression we have turned our thoughts toward the three prophets in the English Tabernacle, in Trinity, and in Plymouth, or toward the evangelist and friend of the common people, and have been comforted by the mere thought that things were a little safer because these four men were in their appointed places. The first three were commanders, each over his regiment, and worked from a fixed center; but the evangelist was the leader of a flying band, who went every whither into the enemy's country, seeking conquests of peace and righteousness. Be the reasons what they may, the common people gladly heard the great evangelist. In his death the unchurched classes have lost their best friend. For nearly forty years the multitudes have pressed and thronged into the great halls and churches to hear this herald speak of duty, sin, salvation, and God's love in His great Christ. But, disappearing from our sight, he is not dead. While life continues for multitudes he will remain a cool spring flowing in a desert, the covert of a rock in time of sorrow."

It is now time for us to bring this story of an illustrious life to its close. On the 16th of November, 1899, Mr. Moody opened a series of meetings in Kansas City. Great preparations had been made. He was at his best. The crowds were enormous. There was not a premonition of what was to occur. But one night at the close of a meeting he experienced an unusual fatigue. A doctor was summoned and decided that the great heart which had performed such prodigies through all these years was working very badly and demanded immediate rest. This declaration he heard with his usual incredulity, saying to those who inquired about it— "Oh, I am much better. Don't know just what is the matter. A little touch of malaria or grip, perhaps. But the doctors are bringing me around all right."

But on the 18th he was forced to remain away from the noon meeting. "I regret it very much," he said, "for it is the first time in my life I was ever compelled to do such a thing." The symptoms became rapidly more alarming, and almost immediately arrangements were made to send him in a private car to his home in Northfield. There he lay for several weeks almost helpless, but cheerful and hopeful—ministered to by as loyal and as loving a circle of friends as ever surrounded the couch of an invalid. In fact, it may be said, that the civilized world watched at that bedside, for the bulletins of his condition were

telegraphed wherever men knew of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For a long time the hope of recovery was cherished; but early in the morning of December 22d it became clear that he could not survive the strain. He soon made the discovery for himself. "What is the matter? What is going on here?" he exclaimed as he awakened out of a slumber and saw evidence of unusual feeling. One of the children replied, "Father, you have not been quite so well, and we came in to see you." He well knew what these kind words really meant and began to make his preparations for the last great change by summoning his family and addressing to them his parting words. During a portion of the time he could talk freely, and said to his sons: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do, and you are going to continue the work in the schools at East Northfield and Mount Hermon and Chicago." Still later on, the stillness of the room was broken by the sobs of his daughter, who exclaimed, "Father, we cannot spare you!"

"I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die," he said bravely.

Just as the shadows were closing in upon him December 23d, he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Earth recedes and Heaven opens before me. If this is death, there is nothing awful here. It is sweet. This is bliss. Do not call me back. God is calling me. I must go. There is no valley here. It is all beautiful." A few moments later, the great soul passed to its reward.

It was only a few weeks before that that he had closed a sermon to the students with these impressive and prophetic words:

"By and by you will hear people say, 'Mr. Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the spirit will live forever."

The world will not soon forget that scene, those words, that triumph!

The funeral occurred on the 26th of December, 1899.

The sun rose clear over the mountain, at whose feet North-field nestles. In the distance, on the foothills of the Green Mountains, patches of snow appeared. The morning was frosty, but in the afternoon, as the friends gathered for the service, the temperature had risen several degrees. Early in the forenoon special trains arrived, and large parties on regular trains came later. Several of the older friends came the day before, and were entertained at The Northfield, which was opened for the occasion.

At 10 o'clock there was a brief service at the house, conducted by Dr. C. I. Scofield, the pastor of the Congregational Church, who was present during those "four glorious hours" as the Friday morning has been called by one who saw the great evangelist fall asleep, and Dr. R. A. Torrey, the pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, and the superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Dr. Scofield read the ninetieth Psalm and the fourth chapter of 1st Thessalonians, and Dr. Torrey offered prayer. No signs of mourning appeared about the house; no crape was seen on the door. The window blinds were all open. People entered the house as if going to a reception. Inside, after the service, they sat in the library and parlor chatting pleasantly. Their conversation was mainly about Mr. Moody, recalling incidents in his eventful career, helpful words which he had spoken and deeds of kindness which he had done.

Shortly before 11 o'clock the body upon which others had leaned for a generation was taken from the room upstairs in which it had rested after being embalmed, and placed in the cloth-covered coffin with quiet trimmings and a plate bearing simply the name and dates of his birth and death:

Dwight L. Moody
1837-1899.

The coffin was placed upon a cloth-covered frame and carried to the church, a half-mile distant, by thirty-two students of the Mount Hermon School, headed by the officiating clergymen and followed by Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's associate for nearly thirty years, trustees of the Northfield School, and other intimate friends. Christmas greens festooned the galleries of the church, while on the coffin and about it were appropriate floral tributes from the trustees, faculties, and students of the several institutions here and in Chicago. At the head was a pillow, in which a crown had been worked in white, with a purple ribbon, on which Mr. Moody's last words were seen. "God is calling me."

An open Bible, with "Victory, I Corinthians xv. 55-57" on the left side, and "II Timothy iv. 7-8" on the other, rested at the foot. Palms, ferns, laurel, violets, cut flowers, and callas were placed about the pulpit.

Dr. Scofield had charge of the services, which began with the hymn, " A Little While." He then offered an invocation, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson read the Scripture lesson, and Dr. George C. Needham prayed. "Immanuel's Land" was the second hymn.

After the public services the coffin was carried again by the Mount Hermon students to Round Top, the Olivet of Northfield, and placed in

a vault just at the crown of the little hill, where many of the best meetings are held every year. Mr. Moody thought that the Lord might return while he was living, and he had been heard to say that there was no place on earth that he would prefer to be when that eventful hour dawned than on Round Top. His remark was recalled after he entered "within the gates," and no other place of burial was even mentioned.

From this resting-place one may see his birthplace, a little more than a stone's throw to the south; his own home for the last quarter of a century, about as far to the west; the seminary buildings, some of them a minute's walk to the north; the last two buildings erected at Mount Hermon, the chapel and Overton Hall, four miles distant, appear across the beautiful Connecticut River Valley. A prayer, a hymn, and the benediction composed the simple service at the grave—a grave which we believe will be one of the great shrines of history, one that for centuries will be visited by pilgrims from all over the world; for he was one of the few men of modern times whose fame and influence was conterminous with civilization.

There are many of us to whom it seems as if a big mountain had dropped out of sight or a great river ceased flowing. It will never be the same world to us any more.

We remember the words of Beecher over the coffin of Lincoln: "Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Disinthralled of flesh and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo and triumph there. Pass on!"

—Charles F. Goss

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