

Home School

AND

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1890.

[No. 2.

Dwight Lyman Moody.

It is a pleasure to afford our readers so good a portrait of the world-famed evangelist. While engaged in his revival at Nashville, he was thus referred to by the Rev. S. Steel, of that city:—

"I first saw Mr. Moody in his great meeting in Philadelphia, in 1875. I went there specially to study him and his work, and have been glad ever since that I did so. I advise all young preachers to study not only books, but especially men who have succeeded in their work. More can be learned in a week with Mr. Moody about practical evangelism than can be wrought out in a lifetime of ordinary experience. He is a master-workman. It is easy to criticise him, but it is unprofitable to do so. God has manifestly set his seal upon him, and eternity alone will reveal the full fruit of his labour. His genius for organization and government is equal to John Wesley's, whom he resembles in many respects, and who seems to be his model. He has system everywhere without appearance of machinery anywhere. There is a chief of ushers, a chief of platform, a chief singer who conducts the song; a minister is stationed to take charge of the tabernacle, another to take charge of the enquiry room; another, perhaps several, to take charge of the overflow meetings.

"Mr. Moody expects each man to be in his place, and do his special work, and has a remarkable faculty for securing the service of his ordinates. All of this thorough planning is made the more important, of course, by the immense size of the audiences; but it would yield large results if put in operation on a smaller scale.

"I write for that class who never saw Mr. Moody, and perhaps never will know anything of him except what they learn from the papers—the boys and girls, and the old men and women, who don't get far from home. So come to his hotel, and I will introduce you to him. It is Saturday, his 'rest-day,' and he is at ease. What a big fellow he is! He weighs over two hundred pounds. After seeing him, a bright little five-year-old girl said, 'What a fine Santa Claus he would make!' And so he would. An Episcopal rector, who happens to be present, inquires if he is ever troubled with sore throat. 'No.' 'How do you manage to escape?' Mr. Moody's eyes twinkle as he replies, 'I haven't got any throat to get sore. It is these long-necked

fellows that have sore throats. God chucked my head right down on my shoulders.' So he did. One of the visitors rises to leave. Mr. Moody walks to the door, and bids him good morning, very politely.

"As the door closes, Mr. Sankey laughs, and says, 'Why, how polite you have become since coming South! You don't do that way in Chicago.' 'No,' says Mr. Moody, with a burst of jolly laughter, 'and I wouldn't do it here except on Saturday. If I had a lecture ahead, I'd shoot 'em out with

volume of 'Foster's Illustrations.' There lies Rainford's last volume of 'Lectures on the Eighth of Romans.' There is a neatly-arranged sermon-file, newspapers, scissors, mucilage-bottle, etc.

"Is Mr. Moody social? Yes, indeed. He enjoys an anecdote as heartily as any one, and can laugh as lustily as he preaches. He does not use tobacco in any form; rises early in the morning; eats freely, but eats only a few dishes; refuses to ride on the street-car Sunday—'foots it,' as he says; wears big, thick-soled shoes, with no overshoes, and steps with the confident stride of a giant. He is intensely fond of his home. He told me a pretty little incident one day. 'Here are the home-folks,' he said, showing me an album containing large photographs of his wife, daughter, and two sons. The story was about his youngest boy, nine or ten years old. 'I thought I would get him some goats to drive to his sled. I found two pretty good goats for what I thought a cheap price, and bought them. When I took them home, what do you reckon that boy did? He hitched them to his sled, and went around to where two poor little boys lived, and made them happy by giving them the first ride behind his team. That paid me back.'

"He told this story with a genuine fatherly joy. Do you blame him? I think Mr. Moody knows what too many men do not know—how to govern his own house, and train his children for God. He carries them on his heart. Then we chatted about his son at Yale, and when we parted he followed me to the door, pressed my hand, and said, 'Now, don't forget to pray for Will.'

Some time ago, Mrs. G. R. Alden, the well-known primary teacher and writer for children, gave her impressions concerning Mr. Moody's Bible story-telling

methods, as follows:—

"I learned from Mr. Moody one way of teaching the lesson on the 'feeding of the five thousand,' and it illustrates the dramatizing method which needs to enter largely into every primary teacher's work. Mr. Moody's sermon on this miracle was so vivid, so simple, and withal so full of vigour, that since I heard it there has lingered about me the impression that I must long ago have been present at that scene, and heard the wondering comments, and felt the keen, surprised delight. He describes the seating of the great company, the giving of thanks by the Saviour, the distribution of the loaves. Then follows doubting Thomas, about the



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

less ceremony.' There is a big express package on the floor, presumably of books, papers, tracts, etc. It might weigh a hundred pounds. On the table are piles and piles of letters. Many of these are requests for prayer, for advice, for help, for answers to all sorts of questions, as: 'Why didn't God drive the devil instead of Adam and Eve out of Eden?' There are two Bagster Bibles, limp morocco binding. One is large size, with wide margin, written all about with references, comments, etc. The other is the ordinary teachers' Bible, which he carries with him to the pulpit. It has a number of elastic cords arranged to hold his notes, and worn smooth with use. There is a