

THE NORTHERN WESTERN

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. XXX., No. 3.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

30 Cts. Per. An. Post-Paid.



MR. MOODY IN 1882, AGE 45.

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

(By Henry Drummond, LL.D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S.)

To gain just the right impression of Mr. Moody you must make a pilgrimage to Northfield. Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts which bears that name, or, better still, to South Vernon, where the fast trains stop. Northfield, his birthplace and his present home, is distant about a couple of miles, but at certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not conspicuous for varnish, but famous for pace, driven by a stout farmer-like person in a slouch hat. As he drives you to the spacious hotel—a creation of Mr. Moody's—he will answer your questions about the place in a brusque, business-like way; indulge, probably, in a few laconic witticisms, or discuss the political situation or the last strike with a shrewdness which convinces you that if the Northfield people are of this level-headed type they are at least a worthy field for the great preacher's

energies. Presently, on the other side of the river, on one of those luscious, grassy slopes, framed in with forest and bounded with the blue receding hills, which give the Connecticut Valley its dream-like beauty, the great halls and colleges of the new Northfield which Mr. Moody has built, begin to appear. Your astonishment is great, not so much to find a New England hamlet possessing a dozen of the finest educational buildings in America, but to discover that these owe their existence to a man whose name is, perhaps, associated in the minds of three-fourths of his countrymen, not with education, but with the want of it. But presently, when you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astounding discovery greets you. For when you ask the clerk whether the great man himself is at home, and where you can see him, he will point to your coachman, now disappearing like lightning down the drive, and—too much accustomed to Mr. Moody's humor to smile at his latest jest—whisper, "That's him."

If this does not actually happen in

your case, it is certain it has happened; and nothing could more fittingly introduce you to the man or make you realize the naturalness, the simplicity, the genuine and unaffected humanity of this great unspoiled and unspoilable personality.

MR. MOODY MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD.

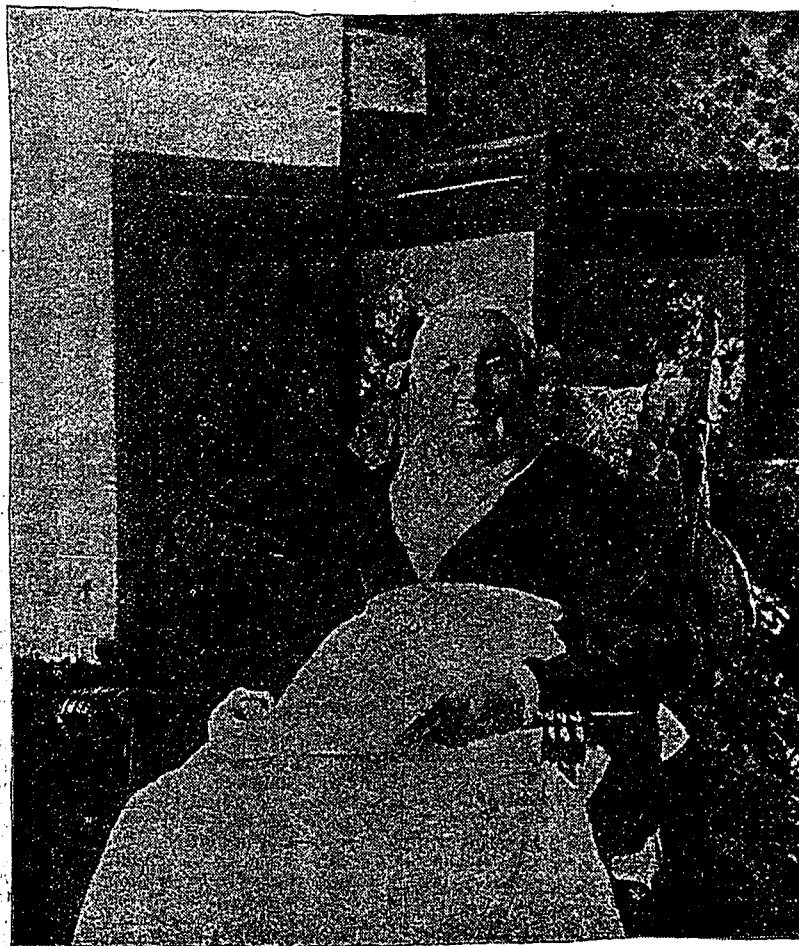
Simple as this man is, and homely as are his surroundings, probably America possesses at this moment no more extraordinary personage; nor even amongst the most brilliant of her sons has any rendered more stupendous or more enduring service to his country or his time. No public man is less understood, especially by the thinking world, than D. L. Moody. I have never heard Mr. Moody defend any particular church; I have never heard him quoted as a theologian. But I have met multitudes, and personally know, in large numbers, men and women of all churches and ranks, from the poorest to the richest, and from the most ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he has placed an ineffaceable moral mark.

BOYHOOD ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

Fifty-seven years ago (Feb. 5, 1837) Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the same New England valley where, as already said, he lives to-day. Four years later his father died, leaving

a widow, nine children—the eldest but thirteen years of age—a little home on the mountain side, and an acre or two of mortgaged land. How this widow shouldered her burden of poverty, debt and care; how she brought up her helpless flock, keeping all together in the old home, educating them, and sending them out into life stamped with her own indomitable courage and lofty principle, is one of those unrecorded histories whose page, when time unfolds it, will be found to contain the secret of nearly all that is greatest in the world's past. It is delightful to think that this mother has survived to see her labors crowned, and still lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early battles. There, in a sunny room of the little farm, she sits with faculties unimpaired, cherished by an entire community, and surrounded with all the love and gratitude which her children and her children's children can heap upon her. One has only to look at the strong, wise face, or listen to the firm yet gentle tones, to behold the source of those qualities of sagacity, energy, self-unconsciousness, and faith which have made the greatest of her sons what he is.

(Continued on last page.)



MRS. BETSY MOODY, MOTHER OF D. L. MOODY.

The Little Power