

## MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

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

(Continued From First Page.)

Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's boyhood was spent at home. The village school was the only seminary he ever attended, and his course was constantly interrupted by the duties of the home and of the farm. He learned little about books, but much about horses, crops, and men; his mind ran wild, and his memory stored up nothing but the alphabet of knowledge. But in these early country days his bodily form strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled him not only to do the work of ten, but to sustain without a break through four decades as arduous and exhausting work as was ever given to man to do.

Somewhere about his eighteenth year the turning point came. The circumstances were in no way eventful. Leaving school, the boy had set out for Boston, where he had an uncle, to push his fortune. His uncle, with some trepidation, offered him a place in his store; but, seeing the kind of nature he had to deal with, laid down certain conditions which the astute man thought might at least minimize explosions. One of these conditions was that the lad should attend church and Sunday-school. These influences—and it is interesting to note that they are simply the normal influences of a Christian society—did their work. On the surface what appears is this: that he attended church—to order, and listened with more or less attention; that he went to Sunday-school; and when he recovered his breath asked awkward questions of his teacher; that, by-and-by, when he applied for membership in the congregation, he was summarily rejected, and told to wait six months until he learned a little more about it; and, lastly, that said period of probation having expired, he was duly received into communion. The decisive instrument during this period seems to have been his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, whose influence upon his charge was not merely professional, but personal and direct.

## RARE GIFT FOR BUSINESS.

The ambitions of the lad chiefly lay in the line of mercantile success; and his next move was to find a larger and freer field for the abilities for business which he began to discover in himself. This he found in the then new world of Chicago. Arriving there, with due introductions; he was soon engaged as salesman in a large and busy store, with possibilities of work and promotion which suited his taste. That he distinguished himself almost at once goes without saying. In a year or two he was earning a salary considerable for one of his years, and his business capacity became speedily so proved that his future prosperity was assured. "He would never sit down in the store," writes one of his fellows, "to chat or read the paper, as the other clerks did where there were no customers; but as soon as he had served one buyer he was on the lookout for another. If none appeared, he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow-clerks were accustomed laughingly to say: "There is the spider again, watching for a fly."

If Mr. Moody had remained in business there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His enterprise, his organizing power, his knowledge and management of men are admitted by friend and foe to be of the highest order; while such is his generalship—as proved, for example, in the great religious campaign in Great Britain in 1873-75—that, had he chosen a military career, he would have risen to the first rank among leaders.

Mr. Moody's moral and religious in-

stincts led him almost from the day of his arrival in Chicago to devote what spare time he had to the work of the Church. He began by hiring four pews in the church to which he had attached himself, and these he attempted to fill every Sunday with young men like himself. Then he sought fuller outlets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the post of teacher in an obscure Sunday-school, he was told by the superintendent that he would let him try his hand if he could find the scholars. Next Sunday the new candidate appeared with a procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, rowdy, and barefooted, on whom he straightway proceeded to operate. Hunting up children and general recruiting for mission halls remained favorite pursuits for years to come, and his success was signal. Now we find him tract-distributing in the slums; again, visiting among the docks; and, finally, he started a mission of his own in one of the lowest haunts of the city. Opposition, discouragement, failure he met at every turn and in every form; but one thing he never learned—how to give up man or scheme he had once set his heart on. For years this guerilla work, hand to hand, and heart to heart went on.

## SLOW DEVELOPMENT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

As a public speaker up to this time Mr. Moody was the reverse of celebrated. When he first attempted speaking, in Boston, he was promptly told to hold his tongue, and further efforts in Chicago were not less discouraging. He spoke not because he thought he could speak, but because he could not be silent. When Mr. Moody first began to be in demand on public platforms it was not because he could speak. It was his experience that was wanted, not his eloquence. As a practical man in work among the masses, his advice and enthusiasm were called for at Sunday-school and other conventions, and he soon became known in this connection throughout the surrounding States. It was at one of these conventions that he had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ira D. Sankey, whose name must ever be associated with his, and who henceforth shared his labors at home and abroad, and contributed, in ways the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate, to the success of his after work.

To Mr. Moody himself it has always been a standing marvel that people should come to hear him. He honestly believes that ten thousand sermons are made every week, in obscure towns, and by unknown men, vastly better than anything he can do. All he knows about his own production is that somehow they achieve the result intended. No man is more willing to stand aside and let others speak. His search for men to whom the people will listen, for men who, whatever the meagreness of their message, can yet hold an audience, has been life-long, and whenever and wherever he finds such men he instantly seeks to employ them. The word jealousy he has never heard. At one of his own conventions at Northfield he has been known to keep silent—but for the exercise of the duties of chairman—during almost the whole ten days' sederunt, while mediocre men—I speak comparatively, not disrespectfully—were pushed to the front.

## MR. MOODY'S SCHOOL AT NORTHFIELD

There is no stronger proof of Mr. Moody's breadth of mind than that he should have inaugurated this work. Mr. Moody saw that the object of Christianity was to make good men and good women; good men and good women who would serve their God and their country not only with all their heart, but with all their mind and all their strength. Hence he would found institutions for turning out such characters. His pupils should be committed to nothing as regards a future profession. They might become ministers or missionaries, evangelists or teachers, farmers or politicians, business men or lawyers. All that he would secure would be that they should have a chance, a chance of becoming useful, educated, God-fearing men. A fa-

vorite aphorism with him is, that "it is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men." His institutions were founded to equip other men to work, not in the precise line but in the same broad interest as himself.

The plan, of course, developed by degrees, but once resolved upon, the beginning was made with characteristic decision; for the years other men spend in criticising a project, Mr. Moody spends in executing it.

Four miles distant from the Ladies' Seminary, on the rising ground on the opposite side of the river, are the no less imposing buildings of the Mount Hermon School for Young Men. Conceived earlier than the former, but carried out later, this institution is similar in character, though many of the details are different. Its three or four hundred students are housed in ten fine buildings, with a score of smaller ones. Surrounding the whole is a great farm of two hundred and seventy acres, farmed by the pupils themselves. This economic addition to the educational training of the students is an inspiration of Mr. Moody's.

Those who before entering the school had already learned trades have the opportunity of pursuing them in leisure hours, and though the industrial department is strongly subordinated to the educational, many in this way help to pay the fee of one hundred dollars exacted annually from each pupil, which pays for tuition, board, rooms, etc.

## THE LARGE PROFITS OF THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMN BOOK.

The mention of this fee—which, it may be said in passing, only covers half the cost—suggests the question as to how the vast expenses of these and other institutions, such as the new Bible Institute in Chicago, and the bible, sewing and cooking school into which the Northfield Hotel is converted in winter, are defrayed. The buildings themselves and the land have been largely the gift of friends, but much of the cost of maintenance is paid out of Mr. Moody's own pocket. The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies, and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divulge to him a fact which the world has been slow to learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is, briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properties in existence. It is the hymn-book which, first used at his meetings in conjunction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius created it, is now in universal use throughout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, he offered it for nothing to a dozen different publishers, but none of them would look at it. Failing to find a publisher, Mr. Moody, with almost the last few dollars he possessed, had it printed in London in 1873. The copyright stood in his name; any loss that might have been suffered was his; and to any gain, by all the laws of business, he was justly entitled. The success, slow at first, presently became gigantic. The two evangelists saw a fortune in their hymn-book. But they saw something which was more vital to them than a fortune—that the busybody and the evil tongue would accuse them, if they but touched one cent of it, of preaching the gospel for gain. What did they do? They refused to touch it—literally even to touch it. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. When the evangelists left London, a similar committee, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was formed in New York. For many years this committee faithfully disbursed the trust, and finally handed over its responsibility to a committee of no less weight and honor—the trustees of the Northfield seminaries, to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is pitiful to think that there are men and journals, both at home and abroad, who continue to accuse of self-seeking a man who has given up a princely fortune in noble—the man of the world would say superfluous—

jealousy for the mission of his life. Once we heard far more of this. That Mr. Moody has lived it down is not the least of his triumphs.—Condensed from 'Cosmopolitan.'

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