

D. L. MOODY.

HIS WORK IN MONTREAL—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

During the first few days of the New Year Montreal was stirred as it has seldom been before by the series of evangelistic meetings held here by this greatest living Evangelist. From Saturday until Tuesday three meetings a day were held in the largest halls in the city, and at almost every meeting every inch of standing room was occupied, and hundreds had to turn away unable even to gain an entrance. Mr. Ira D. Sankey accompanied Mr. Moody as usual, and with the party also were Mr. Moody's son and Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the now well-known Cambridge cricketer, and his wife. Mr. Studd, it will be remembered, is one of the band of students in the Cambridge and Oxford Universities who became converted under Mr. Moody's preaching, seven of whom (among them Mr. Studd's brother) a year ago went out as missionaries under the China Inland Mission. Mr. Studd turns his attention specially to work among students, and while here addressed large meetings of the students of McGill and its affiliated colleges. Space will not admit of any adequate description of Mr. Moody's work in this city; let it suffice to say that here as everywhere else he has labored, untold blessing has been the result.

We are glad to be able to present our readers with an accurate portrait of Mr. Moody. It is well known that for many years he has refused to sit for his photograph, so that no good likeness of him could be obtained, but while he was here this portrait was drawn from life by a well known artist, and engraved for the publishers of this paper.

In giving a sketch of his life *The Christian* says:—

One day in 1867 a plain, sturdy, and stoutly-built young man came into our office in Ludgate-hill. He was one of those rare men who transact their business, and go about their business, so as to give you time to finish your business. But he was more than a man of business. He was about the Lord's business, and a very little intercourse was enough to prove that he was a thoroughly earnest and devoted servant of Christ, whose one purpose was to qualify himself as a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born on a farm, near Northfield, Massachusetts, on Feb. 5, 1837. The homestead was on a mountain side in a region picturesque and beautiful, but in which nature yields scanty nourishment, even to hard workers. The farm was mortgaged, and the father died when Dwight was four years old, leaving the widow weighted with the responsibility of a large family, every member of which felt the necessity of personal exertion and self-denial.

His mother was a representative New England woman, with a stern sense of duty, ready to do the next thing, and with spirit and energy which qualified her for the responsibilities involved in the training of her family.

The boy who was to achieve such world-wide fame as an evangelist had fair opportunities of education, but his intense physical activity made study in the schoolroom irksome, and he passed out of childhood singularly unequipped with such knowledge as he might have attained at school. He was, however, a born leader, and no one will be surprised to learn that his companions recognized their chief, and naturally fell into line and obeyed his commands.

In the spring of 1854, confident and self-reliant, Dwight left home, and found employment in the boot and shoe store of an uncle in Boston, a man of strict integrity and Christian character. Here he soon displayed the same energy and force of character that had given him the lead among the lads of his own township. His early privations had taught him to regard life as an unceasing warfare, so that from the first he expected an uphill path, and braced himself to overcome all obstacles.

His uncle was a member of the Congregational Church of which Dr. Kirk was pastor, and here the nephew was expected to attend, very much to his advantage all through his after life. His Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Kimball, took a deep and kindly interest in him, and the assiduous and patient labor of this good man was the means of leading his young scholar to Christ. But the boy's

want of acquaintance with Scriptural truth was such that he was kept as a learner for many months before being admitted to the fellowship of the Church.

There was no precocity, we are told, nothing startling or even promising in his early Christian course. But he had a courage that carried him forward in spite of his defects, and an aspiration that led him to rise above circumstances, and to strive for excellence. The revival spirit of the church and of its earnest pastor created in him a zeal which lay as a smouldering fire within. No work, however, was laid out for him into which he could throw his rugged energies, and he was not content. No wonder that he left the city of culture and refinement, and became, in his twentieth year, one of the thousands of enterprising and aspiring men who forsook the overcrowded East, and sought and found scope for his energy in Chicago, the rising metropolis of the North-

He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class he might have room to teach them. Next Sabbath he appeared with eighteen boys, and place was found for his rough and raw recruits. Thus he solved the problem of how to reach the masses—"Go for them."

Other and congenial spirits soon gathered round him, and formed a mission in the New Market Hall, which became a great power for good. The ignorant and uncultured boy had developed into the energetic Christian man soon to become the pioneer evangelist, and in Chicago it was very evident that the uneducated training of his early years was God's own education for the work which He had for him to do.

There was too much of "Young America" about him for the Church with which he first connected himself. He began to take a deep interest in the Young Men's Chris-

Moody, and, with the utmost docility, received from him instructions and directions as to the arrangement and management of great meetings, he was calling into exercise the wisdom he had gained in the drinking and dancing saloon, which he had converted into a house of God.

A very bad boy used to come to the door and make a fearful noise while Moody would be addressing his young hearers. Getting tired of this, he one evening stopped short in his work, gave out a hymn, and, while the school was singing it, he went for that disturbing boy, caught him after a chase of some quarter of a mile, gave him a summary and exemplary castigation, and returned panting from his run, but in time to proceed with his discourse.

In these very early days, Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria, a large merchant, and a mighty man in Sunday-school work, records that, going in a little late one evening, he saw a man standing up with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to teach him the story of the Prodigal Son. Many of the words he could not make out and had to skip. "I thought if the Lord can use such an instrument as that for his work it will be wonderful. After the meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have only got one talent, I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him, and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since, had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly, and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have not known his fellow."

In the dark days of the war Mr. Moody threw himself into the camps near home, and there preached the Gospel, and won souls. He was president of the Chicago branch of the Christian Commission, of which the venerable George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was president in chief, and whose name is fragrant in all lands. Mr. Moody illustrates many of his sermons with anecdotes from the terrible and pathetic experiences which he gained at the front in that long and deadly struggle.

In 1862 Mr. Moody was married to Miss Emma C. Revell, a lady known to many of our readers, and of whom we will only say that she has been a true helpmeet for her husband. Such marriages are made in heaven. They are not only "in the Lord" in the sense that both are Christians, but that God has chosen each for each. Their children have become familiar to the world by Mr. Moody's illustrations drawn from his recollections of "Emma," "Willie," and "little Paul." The two former are now grown up, and it may be that the youngest is being prepared to tread in the footsteps of his father, and of his greater namesake, as a preacher of Jesus Christ.

I cannot, close this very sketchy sketch without alluding to the educational establishments for young men and women which would have been no mean monument to the memory of any man, if he had done little of a public character beside. But in Chicago and many other American cities; in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dublin, and elsewhere in this country, great piles of building bear witness to Mr. Moody's interest in the places where he labors, and to his power of moving other men to a generosity kindred to his own. The current of his unselfish and beneficent nature, however, flowed most strongly toward his native New England home.

The schools at Northfield for girls, and at Mount Hermon for boys are institutions of more than local or even of national interest: they are cosmopolitan in their constitution, and will be eternal in their results. Youths and maidens, of many nationalities have already been, and others are now being, educated there, with the design of training them to become God's messengers to the ends of the earth, but especially to their own nations.

In a recent letter he tells me that in the last ten and a half years he has spent £60,000 on these buildings. He thought, a few years ago, that large sums of money would be given to colleges and schools in America, and that if he could get the institutions, on which his heart was set, well started, legacies would be left for them, and he would thus gain influence over young men and women, who would be a power after he was gone. It was a noble desire, and it will have its recompense, when he shall rest from his labors, and his works shall follow him.



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west. Many of his compeers found here a short road to ruin, but he, and others like him, maintained their integrity, and did exploits.

He had made his mark as a man of business at Boston; at Chicago in secular occupations he proved himself capable and trustworthy. In religious work he was not long in finding the sphere for his energy and zeal which he had not found in Boston. With characteristic daring and courage he plunged into the dark places, the heathenish regions which new cities, no less than the old, contain. He literally fought his way through with all-conquering persistence, till he saw these districts, at least in some degree, renovated by the Gospel of the grace of God.

His first experience was on this wise. "One Sunday he sought out a mission-school, and offered his services as a teacher.

Association, and carried his young Americanism into that. He was soon engaged to look after its spiritual wants; he slept in the rooms, and kept them in order, and, after doing the manual labor, led the noon prayer-meeting, and drew large crowds to the service. He was chosen President of the Association, after holding other offices, and obtained the means to build a hall, named from the chief contributor, "Farwell Hall."

About this time he took possession of an old shanty, an abandoned beer saloon, in a neighborhood where other saloons were in full blast, surrounded by desperate men, abandoned women, neglected and elfish children. Here was another preparation class for the future evangelist. When, years after, a room full of experienced and hard-headed Scotch ministers sat round Mr.