



HENRY MOORHOUSE 1840-1880AD

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
HENRY MOORHOUSE,
EVANGELIST.

BY
GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

CHICAGO:
F. H. REVELL, 148 & 150, MADISON STREET,
Publisher of Evangelical Literature.

1881.

Dedication.

TO THE SCATTERED BELIEVERS,
TO WHOM
THE DIVINE WORD
HAS BECOME MORE PRECIOUS
THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF
HENRY MOORHOUSE,
THIS RECORD OF A LIFE WHICH SO SIGNALLY ILLUSTRATED
THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD OUR FATHER,
THE PEACE OF JESUS CHRIST OUR REDEEMER,
AND THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT OUR TEACHER,
IS PRAYERFULLY DEDICATED.

G. C. N.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Cable Despatch—Dr. Brookes—Why I have written—
“Beholding”—Laborers sent forth.

ON Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1880, a cable despatch reached us from Major D. W. Whittle, then in Glasgow, announcing the sorrowful tidings that Henry Moorhouse died on Monday, Dec. 27. To those who had known of his sickness, and the nature of the disease, the announcement was not altogether unexpected. Immediately on receipt of the telegram, we wrote letters to several of Henry's personal friends, besides a few articles for the press, stating that our dear brother was summoned “Home.” In addition, believing it would be of great benefit to the Church of God, and a testimony to His Sovereign Grace, we wrote to England urging on the friends there the necessity of publishing a full record of the devoted Evangelist. Meantime, we were exercised regarding plans for bringing before American readers some facts of his early life, conversion and ministry. In this country Henry was much beloved. It seemed, therefore, desirable to acquaint his large circle of friends with the influences and circumstances which were thrown around him in his younger years, and in all, trace the Guiding Hand which led him into a wide sphere of testimony and service. While thus pondering, and hoping that some gifted pen would lay before the public such items of interest as we could furnish, the following letter from our dear and well known brother, Dr. Brookes, came to hand:

“St. Louis, Jan. 3, 1881.

“MY DEAR BROTHER:—

“Your letter has just reached me, announcing the departure of dear Henry to be with the Lord. It makes this world seem a little more lonesome to me, and heaven richer and sweeter, to know that he has gone from us. Bonar's lines are ringing through my head and heart today, as they have often done before:

““Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.”

“Oh, that the glorious morn without a cloud, and without an evening, would soon dawn!

“Dear little Harry! He bore faithful testimony to the wondrous grace which he so strikingly illustrated. That one so vile as he had been, and possessing so little of the world’s culture, was so signally owned in his service for the Master, shows what a sovereign God can do for and through a consecrated soul. His life teaches a remarkable lesson, and it ought not to be lost. From your intimate association with him from the beginning of his Christian experience, it seems to me you should prepare a little memoir or biographical sketch, which would be much used by our Lord. It would be eagerly read in the many places which Henry visited, and especially in the Young Men’s Christian Associations. If the thought has not already occurred to you, lay it before the Lord, and see if He does not call you to the service.

“Yours, in Him,

“JAMES H. BROOKES.”

Having had no literary advantages, and being an unskillful and unpracticed penman, we at first demurred from this task. But lack of ability should not hinder a servant from making an honest effort to obey his Master. That we have heard His voice bidding us arise to action is our serious impression. To subserve His interests, and serve His church, we have undertaken to give our readers “Recollections” of our departed friend.

The reader will readily perceive the object of his life was to do good, not merely in a humanitarian but in an Evangelical sense. He delighted in the study of God’s word, and in the work of winning souls. He practically illustrated the text “But we all with open face beholding the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” “*Beholding*” is not a single act, but a life-long work. Henry Moorhouse realized that there was no obstacle between him and Jesus. To commune with Him was his daily habit. He beheld His glory, His grace, His tenderness, His compassion for the lost, and in large measure he reflected his loved Master’s image and character. The evening of his departure corresponded to his morning of joy, and his day of tranquility. He labored fervently and entered into his rest, until the day of Resurrection, when he shall hear the Master’s “Well done.”

Henry Moorhouse, “though dead, yet speaketh.” From the silence of the grave his voice may be of wider range, and more potent in its effects than when with unwearied zeal he used it in awakening the thoughts and stirring the hearts of many thousands. So be it.

Having known him for seventeen years, the writer cannot but adore the marvellous grace which selected him from among his companions in sin, and called him into the exercise of a ministry so abundant in precious fruit. The sketches given of the brethren who labored with him in Evangelistic work

during the early years of his ministry, will, we doubt not, cause thanksgiving from many who shall glorify God on their behalf. His spiritual father, Richard Weaver, with his first tutor in the gospel, John Hambleton, were permitted to bear him to his final resting place. These brethren, with others of Henry's early associates, are worthy of special notice. The Editor of "*The Christian*," (formerly "*The Revival*,") an English periodical, has been chiefly instrumental in bringing to light the work of God in many a dark district, and in introducing many earnest men who had been at first restricted in their fields of labor, but who have since proved a signal blessing to the church and to the world. The back numbers of the above magazine have furnished us with several notes and data in the preparation of this work.

The years 1860-1865 were marked years in the history of revivals in Great Britain. The wave of blessing which so graciously rolled over the United States in 1857-1859, touched the shores of Ireland in 1860. In the Province of Ulster four young men had formed a concert of prayer, and unceasingly they made request for their native land. Like the mysterious wind, blowing where it listeth, the spirit of God moved over the face of the country. Churches, schools, barns, lodges, and every possible place of convenience became thronged daily and nightly with men, women and children, crying out in the bitterness of a convicted conscience, "What shall we do to be saved?" Soon, throughout the length and breadth of the Island the people flocked to hear the word. The officially recognized ministers could not meet the demands made upon them; nor were they always either qualified, or willing to identify themselves with the movement, though there were many grand men amongst them who entered heart and soul into the work. Then it was that the Sovereignty of God was seen and recognized in calling to the front in the work of Evangelism "the weak things of the world, the base things, and the things that are not." Not a few indeed of the upper classes were converted and consecrated to this good work, but from among the common people the Lord had chiefly raised up those who should especially form the vanguard of this noble army.

Richard Weaver had already emerged from the coal-pit; William Carter had given up his occupation as master sweep; John Hambleton, the converted comedian, was engaged in labors abundant; Edward Usher, a dock yard laborer, was fulfilling his ministry as an Evangelist; Henry Varley, the butcher; Reginald Radcliffe, the Liverpool lawyer; Brownlow North, the man of wealth and fashion; Denham Smith, the nonconformist preacher, a beloved brother and prominent leader of the work in Dublin, were all engaged in holding forth the word of life, when Henry Moorhouse was added to their ranks. There were other men of eminence who had been mightily used of God in promoting revival work throughout Great Britain, some pioneering

in evangelistic labors, others maintaining the work of a settled pastorate. Foremost amongst these was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the honored pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a man who has never swerved a hair's breath from preaching the precious doctrines of grace. Henry Grattan Guinness, now the Principal of the London East End Institute, who has given his later years in preparing hundreds of young men for the foreign field, had used his splendid powers in the pioneer work of evangelism. Brownlow North, connected with the highest families, gave his distinguished talents to preaching the Word of God. But the man who was more directly instrumental in encouraging Evangelists, both by his counsel, prayers and means, was Reginald Radcliffe, a successful lawyer, who with whole-hearted consecration entered the great revival movement in its earliest stage. By systematic co-operation, careful engineering, and wise legislation, he urged forward every possible scheme to rescue sinning, lost souls from destruction. When Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Liverpool in later years, they found in this gentleman an earnest advocate of their work and methods. Through his energy and counsel, the house-to-house visitation was carried out in Liverpool, and when Mr. Moody reached London, he urged Mr. Radcliffe to join him and organize a similar movement in that city. Most of these brethren above-mentioned were more or less identified with Henry Moorhouse. Only those, however, who were his constant companions and co-laborers, and through whom his young life was more directly influenced we shall sketch at greater length.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION.

Sustaining Grace—The Young Prodigal—The Name JESUS—Growth—Singular Dreams—Bible Study—Two Questions.

THE conversion of Henry Moorhouse was a striking illustration of the power of the name of Jesus. His subsequent life of good works proved the genuineness of his faith and salvation. From the moment he realized the preciousness and value of that wonderful name, he entered heartily into the service of his Lord. The last letter from his dying bed to Major Whittle was the key-note of his earnest life and noble purpose. "I only want to glorify Him," was the expressed wish of our brother as the time of his departure drew near. And how pathetic is the touching request, "pray for me that I may suffer for Christ better than ever I preached for Him!" This was not an experience gained when laid aside from active labor, for he possessed it in the activity and exercise of strong manhood. How we are reminded of the stirring words of the grand Apostle, "that Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death!"

There is no occasion to dwell upon the dark days of Henry's unregenerate life. The God of all grace and mercy put his sin away forever. The dear brother could never think of his wildness and wickedness without pain, nor are we disposed to lift the veil. He knew himself to be the chief of sinners, a title well befitting us all, who know the leprosy of our own hearts. When very young he was enticed from home. With foolish companions he spent his young days in riotous living. His parents were quiet people, of humble circumstances, who, by their thrift and hard work lifted themselves above many of their neighbors. They still live to mourn the loss of a son who repaid them in love and kindness in later years, for the sorrow which he caused them when a servant of sin. When very young, Henry served in prisons. Whilst yet a youth he joined the army and tried the life of a soldier. He was bought off by his father at considerable cost. Once he attempted suicide by poison, but God's eye looked graciously on the lad, and led him by a way which he knew not. Nearly twenty years ago Richard Weaver was preaching in the Alhambra circus, in the busy city of Manchester. Henry, hearing a noise, and thinking a fight was going on, buttoned his coat, eager to join in the *melee*. But as he entered he was arrested by one word. The glorious name of *Jesus* shot from the preacher's lips, and went like a bullet to the heart of the wayward youth. Then he entered and heard the blessed gospel of grace, simply and earnestly preached. The Almighty name JESUS had entered his soul with living power.

He saw and felt his *sin*, nay more, his *sins* in countless multitude stood against him in battle array. He groaned for release and was speedily delivered. The word of the Lord assured him that his guilt was laid on Jesus. By faith he beheld the Lamb of God, and rested on the blood which saves. He possessed now the blessing of the man who knew that his iniquities were blotted out, and trespasses forgiven. The *Name* which reminded him of early childhood, which brought the long-despised Saviour to his remembrance, which wrought in him deep compunction of conscience, became a healing balm to his wounded heart. He could now sing with true appreciation,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.”

Reader, pardon the digression if we ask, what value has the name of Jesus for you? Name stands for character or quality, and this personal God-given name of the glorious Redeemer means power, and wealth, and goodness, and love, and salvation. But does it mean all this *to you*? Oh! what untold blessings, ideas, wonders, are embraced in that peerless name! Barnard has well said, “it is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, and a jubilee in the heart.” Dear Henry Moorhouse exulted in Jesus. Whatever he failed to find in himself, of goodness, or righteousness, or peace, he found in Christ, “the Lord our Righteousness.”

After the discovery that Jesus died for his sins, his heart became occupied with the love of God. His favorite text was John iii. 16: “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” To him the love of God was very real. Twenty years after his conversion, when the hour of death with all its dread reality was at hand, he turned to his crippled child, and with his dying breath exclaimed, “God is love.” Some of those breathings of spiritual love from a new-born soul, as contained in the song of Solomon, were literally heard from his lips. It was not uncommon for him to speak to the Lord when fast asleep. Frequently those who occupied the same room with him have heard him talk with God when the seal of slumber was upon his eyes. Constantly would he repeat “precious, precious, precious Jesus.” “I praise thee, O Lord.” “I believe in the faith that works for the Lord; faith that works. We want more love to Thee, Lord, and to one another. Lord help us to walk humbly before Thee; to walk honestly before Thee; to walk truthfully before Thee; redeeming the time because the days are evil.” Again, “It is a blessed thing to know that God keeps us, and it is a blessed thing to know that He does a great deal more besides. Thank the Lord; thank the Lord; thank the

Lord.”

Receiving salvation as a *gift*, Henry now sought to serve the GIVER. Into His service he entered promptly and joyfully. From the beginning his individuality was marked, and his address unique. His faculty in describing an incident, or relating an anecdote was quaint and original. Full of sympathy, his face glowed with love. As he spoke his eyes grew moist with tears, his voice became tender and pathetic, and at times his whole frame trembled with emotion.

His first services were chiefly in the open air, and at the great holiday gatherings both local and national. From morning until evening he was engaged in distributing tracts, personal conversation with individuals, and occasionally crying aloud to the multitudes to flee from coming wrath. Who can weigh the results of such self-denying efforts? Early in his Christian experience he was the subject of strange dreams, many of which were helpful and strengthening to him in his spiritual life.

Upon one occasion, he saw in his sleep three young men in Manchester, with white jackets on their backs, on which were legible words written, “These men are going to hell.” The place appeared to be near the infirmary, and before them was a deep burning lake of fire, unperceived by them. Henry called aloud for them to stop, but they took no heed, until he fell down upon his knees and cried to God, saying, “Lord it is not by might, nor by power, but by thy Spirit.” The men then turned back in haste, having discovered their danger. This dream was on Friday night; and on the Sunday evening following, when Henry was preaching in the Alhambra Circus, those three identical young men came into the place, and, before the meeting closed, they were all on their knees, crying out for mercy, and were brought to accept the pardon of their sins. The dream was literally fulfilled.

Another remarkable dream. It appeared that all the evangelists (many scores, who were laboring in the great work now going on) were brought into one room, and placed upon pedestals, like statues. Each one had a looking-glass on his naked breast, and Henry could see the besetting sin of every one of them. A little boy, like an angel, was interpreting and naming each one, for Henry had not seen or known them, except a few who had been laboring at Manchester. As the little boy named each, and told their besetting sins—one, the love of money, another the praise of men; another, self-exaltation, etc., etc. Henry’s own turn came, and he trembled, expecting condemnation, as he received his character, which was the love of praise of men. Only three among the whole company were exempt from any other motive than love to Jesus. The most remarkable part of this dream is its life representation. Those of us who analyze our motives impartially, feel “condemned already.”

Henry very early manifested a growing interest in God’s Word. He loved

good men and sought the company of those who were gifted in expounding the Scriptures. After a hard evening's preaching with the writer, on the street of an English town, he led us to the house of a mail-carrier, who opened to us the Word of Life. Far into the night we sat over our Bibles, Henry's face beaming with inexpressible pleasure, as the divinely-taught post-man continued his striking and precious expositions. Thus he learned from all who taught the Word. To this simple, unassuming and zealous brother, many ministers, and prominent Christian workers are chiefly indebted for their growth in Scriptural knowledge. Some who have never heard him speak have heard his sayings through the lips of more popular Evangelists, and thus his teaching has gone abroad to the ends of the earth. A letter from a beloved pastor has just come to hand, as we write, in which he remarks, "I thank God for the life and work of Henry Moorhouse, and do believe, under God, that all I have of truth, that is deepest, most penetrating and precious, was brought me three years ago by him." Two questions revolve themselves in the mind of the writer:—

1. Who need despair of salvation? Oh! the tender, all-embracing love of God for sinners. Dear Henry Moorhouse was a brand plucked out of the fire, saved by grace through the blood of the Lamb. Is there not efficacy in that atoning blood for you my reader? 2. Why should the weakest child of God limit the power of the Holy Spirit? Henry was a weak instrument, an empty vessel—hence God's pleasure in employing him. And what cannot our God do where there is a willing mind and a consecrated life? With Him nothing is impossible; with faith all things are possible. Oh! that He might increase our faith, that we may no longer question His willingness to serve His own cause through us, and thus speedily hasten His kingdom and glory.

CHAPTER III.

THEOLOGICAL TUTOR.

John Hambleton—Vain Efforts—All in Christ—The Comedian turned Preacher—First Sermon—An early Moody and Sankey—Running Waters—Henry's College— Silent Preaching.

JOHN HAMBLETON, a man of peculiar gift, raised up like Elijah, or John the Baptist, to denounce the sins and follies of this present evil age, was among the first of those itinerant Evangelist's closely identified with the Revivals so general throughout England and Ireland, from 1860 to 1864. He introduced Henry Moorhouse to the great work of his life; watched over him with the love of a mother; nursed him bodily and spiritually; corresponded with him when oceans separated them; welcomed him on his return home from other lands; ministered to him on his dying bed; heard his farewell words, and with other devout men, bore him to the silent grave.

On the 1st day of April, 1851, John Hambleton leaped from the ship on to the pierhead at Liverpool, after an absence of seventeen years, led by an invisible hand through many dangers, having had frequent escapes from death and destruction. He had been thrown out upon the waves of circumstances when a boy, and now found himself in his native city—a man without a home and without God.

As his feet again touched the land of his birth, a silent prayer went upward, so he stated in one of his addresses, something like this: "As a fool I have climbed the ladder of folly all my days; now, Lord God, do Thou give me understanding; make me from this time wise to know Thee, that from this hour my soul may climb the ladder which Jacob saw, whose top reached up to heaven." The prayer was sincere, and was heard of Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. None but He could have prompted the desire. Six weeks had only passed since special direction had been given how to fly from the hands of men who sought his life in a foreign land, making his way of deliverance clear as by a miracle, when American pistols were loaded for his life in one place, and Mexican bayonets pointed at his breast in another. Again, at one time he was delivered when lying under a tree, a spot of earth having been marked out for his grave, and at another, when he had lain down to die in a journey through a desert. Again, he was delivered from drowning when the long weeds entwined his body in deep water, so that he could not swim. Thus he expresses himself at the time: "I had been climbing up and falling down the ladder of death until I was brought to see myself like a little insect blown about this present world; as a poor worm of earth, crawling about,

ready to be trampled under foot of my fellow-man or of the beasts of the field—none caring for my soul—when some invisible helper coming to my rescue, seemed to take me by the hand as a guide unknown.” Six weeks had gone since he left San Francisco, where outward enemies and many troubles had hemmed him in on every side.

In searching for his relatives on his arrival at Liverpool two sisters were found, themselves in the furnace of affliction, yet, like Martha and Mary, abiding together, who were happy to welcome their long-lost brother, brought back again as one raised from the dead.

Under deep conviction Hambleton sought peace for his soul. Many were the expedients attempted, but all in vain. In the month of May he hurried to the world’s fair at Sydenham, but in that palace of art he found no rest. Leaving the scene of pleasure, he paced the streets alone, when his eyes rested on a book store. Here he lingered and bought a Bible. Beginning at the Old Testament he read until the fiery law of Sinai, with all its terrors, augmented his convictions.

Night and day he felt the hand of God heavy upon him, and his moisture was turned into the drought of summer. Being a comedian by profession, he now supposed his theatrical books and dresses must be sacrificed before he could find pardon. Burning every vestige of the Baylonish garments, and not obtaining salvation through his supposed good work, he next chopped, with an axe, a sofa-bed, thinking it too ornamental, and fostering to human pride. But this “work of the flesh” still left him without peace, and in greater soul-agony than before. At last fearing he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that hell yawned at his feet, whilst remorse for the sins and follies of the past life, burned like a red-hot iron in his breast, he was tempted by the Evil One to escape present distress by suicide. Oh! what a wise and powerful foe relentlessly pursues the awakened soul!—now seeking to lead to false peace, and anon urging the temptation that the day of grace is over.

Rushing from the scene of temptation, the penitent went to his room, and spent the night in prayer and reading the Bible. These were indeed hours of blessing to his soul. Before the light of morning streamed in upon him the divine rays from the word had illuminated his dark mind, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. Joy now took the place of agony; he tasted the sweets of liberty, and was graciously delivered from all his fears. Believing the word of salvation, his eye of faith turned to Jesus crucified, through whose precious blood he had redemption, even the forgiveness of sins. The following is a leaf from his experience:

“On the morrow I was led into Mr. Lowe’s church, called St. Jude’s. He went on with the form of prayers and lessons from the Prayer-book, which had no teaching or instruction for me whatever, until he took his text and

began to preach Christ from Col. iii, 3, 4, 'For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.' His description of a soul, quickened by the power of God's Spirit, showed what I had already been passing through a death unto sin and a new life unto righteousness. But when he opened up the second coming of Christ, and the first resurrection, when all who are risen now by faith with Christ should then rise in glorified bodies, and be with Him and see Him as He is, this was real and sincere milk of the Word to my new-born soul, which, as a babe in Christ, just needed breasts of consolation. But no sooner had I returned from the preaching than Satan again suggested, Yes, Christ will appear, but does not the Scriptures say, He will make his enemies his footstool? and this fiery dart caused me to feel myself as the enemy of Christ on my hands and knees, while our Lord sat on his throne judging the nations, with his feet on my back for his footstool. But Satan's malicious power was not quite so strong now, for there was a greater power within. The Lord had come to his temple. Yet my soul was only a new-born babe in Christ, and the enemy having for years past had me as a drudge amidst all the fiction of a theatrical career, filling my mind with vanities and my constitution being broken, he had all the more access to my vain imagination, both to work his wiles upon body and mind. No doubt he is aware of the characters he loses; those who have been his greatest slaves are often, when converted, used for Christ with greater danger to his kingdom of darkness."

This newly saved soul must now spread abroad the knowledge of Christ. He was called to preach in the following remarkable manner:

"One evening before getting into bed, much exercised about out-door preaching, he asked the Lord for an especial direction, whether it were His will that he should go and preach His gospel or leave it alone. That same night, when in his sleep, his thoughts were directed to James's Lamp, near the Market-place. Crowds of people were busily engaged in this world's pursuits, passing rapidly on, and posting their way down to hell, some in ignorance, others willfully. With loud, energetic voice, warning them, he stood repeating, over and over again, only one text, Twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and the fourteenth verse. Awaking he struck a light, not knowing what the passage was, and he turned to it and read, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a *witness* unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Thus his mind was exercised as to whether the Lord intended him for preaching His gospel. Again, when asleep, a man appeared to be crying bills about town, and he said with loud voice, "You will find it written in the first chapter of the book of the prophet Jeremiah, and the fifth verse." Waking again, he read this text, "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew

thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.” Like Jeremiah the prophet, his knees trembled at such a responsibility, and he went upstairs and read it to his two sisters. They were silent, knowing that God had been in the matter all along.

Like the young colt on which never man sat, no man’s religion had ever sat on John Hambleton, and our blessed Lord using the base and foolish things still, leaves no room for flesh to glory. What have we that we have not received?

One evening, on Shaw’s Brow, a general meeting-place for working men, two parties, Roman Catholics and Protestants, were hotly in discussion, and almost coming to blows which party belonged to the true church. It was given John to speak to both parties something like this: “Friends, the gospel of Christ is peace and good will to men, but ignorance of the truth of that gospel causes strife and enmity between men. I perceive you working men on both sides are not so much to blame, because each party believes what they have been taught from their different ministers. You Irishmen have been taught at one school and you Englishmen at another. One believes what his priest says that he is right, and the other believes what his clergyman says that he is right. Now, the Word of God says there is none righteous. We are all like the man fallen among thieves; our lusts and passions of evil are the thieves which have robbed and wounded us. The priest of Borne passes on unable to heal us, and clergy of the Church of England, the Levite, passes on the other side unable to save us; but Jesus Christ, the Good Samaritan, does not pass us by. He cares for us, and is able to heal and save us all. His blood and righteousness are the oil and wine from heaven which, poured into our wounded souls, gives peace with God, and He binds up the wounded spirit.” Under such circumstances did he preach his first sermon.

This was new preaching to these controversialists, and both Romans and Protestants seemed pretty well satisfied; but another time a bellicose policeman took him by the collar, flourished his stick over his head, and delivered him into the hands of a mob, who kicked his legs to get him down. But he knew he was in the hands of God. At that moment, a gentleman forced his way through the crowd, and another man after him—each taking an arm, pulled him out, and thus the Lord delivered him. The gentleman was named Reginald Radcliffe. It was the first time they met, but not the last, for the Lord was about to do a wonderful work through these two men at Liverpool.

John Hambleton took his stand daily in the open air, exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He was soon given, in answer to prayer, as a yoke-fellow, the young Irishman Edward Usher, who possessed a fine tenor voice. Together they went forth, preaching and singing the blessed Gospel.

In 1854, Mr. Radcliffe hired a large hall for an all-day preaching service. A week of prayer was first held, that the Spirit of God would descend in power. Whole nights were spent in prayer, in preparation for the day, and earnest men and women were irresistibly drawn together to plead for souls. Hambleton writes of the occasion:

“It was no earthly expectation swelling the glad hearts of those willing laborers in our Lord’s vineyard on that especial morning—a foreshadowing ray of that bright appearing, when the Lord shall come in the glory of His power, to gather His saints from the dust into the eternal sunshine of His presence, to sing redeeming anthems with everlasting joy upon their heads. There was indeed a delightful token of the Day-spring from on high. The morning sun shone brightly, darting his rays upon us at the seven o’clock morning prayer, an earnest of the day’s full blessing. The fire of Christian love burned glowingly upon the altar of brothers’ and sisters’ hearts. Brother Radcliffe took the oversight of the hall, while some labored inside, others outside. Before ten o’clock, the lower room was filled; by eleven, God ‘s power began to take hold of sinners; by twelve, it was expedient to remove anxious mourners groaning under conviction of sin to the upper room. Christians who happened to come there had their talents brought into exercise, pointing the inquirers to Jesus. But the crowning point was now at hand. A band of singers from the Park end had been led of the Lord to the Lamp, with an especial hymn for the occasion. The company marched up towards the hall, singing—

“The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o’er ocean and hill,
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trumpet sounds,
Come away, come away,
Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day.”

The blending chorus of voices sounded to a distance, bringing hundreds from all quarters. On entering the hall the singers marched down the aisle towards the platform, without any pre-arrangement. Reginald Radcliffe, taking it as it came, leaped on the platform, called out half-a-dozen singers, and drafted them off to a certain part of the town, then another half-dozen to another place, and thus dispatched singers to several localities, in order that they might march down from thence to our center, the Lamp. Never was a more glorious sight than when those different bands came marching, their voices pealing over the town in praises of God and the Lamb. Poor harlots and drunkards, broken under the mighty power of God, were brought along with each company, all of which, joining at Lime-street, sang, and filled the Hall and streets. Preachers now began to address the people all around; souls

were crying out all day, some springing into liberty. Rich and poor were brought under the power of the gospel; ladies in silk and satin dresses huddled up with poor ragged girls; men wearing gold chains, and thieves, down on their knees together, imploring pardon of their sins, until twelve o'clock at night."

These were the running waters which broke out in 1854, and were running in 1860—deeper than ever—when Henry Moorhouse was borne on their blessed current into the life and love of God. The grave man of wide experience, and the vivacious lad, scarcely out of his teens, soon came together. Henry was very happy in the strength and wisdom of the rugged Evangelist, whilst John watched the playfulness of his young *protégé* with quiet admiration, and the lonely man felt rich in the generous love and freshness of the boy.

Strange indeed were the scenes through which Henry Moorhouse was first brought in the early days of his christian career. It may be truly said that Hambleton was Henry's tutor; his college the side of a haystack, a private room, a corner in a railway carriage, or wherever the man and the boy could find a quiet spot for Bible study. Their auditorium was frequently the open heavens; their congregation the lame, the halt, the poor, the blind. The common people heard them gladly, and to the poor they preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ, without money and without price. An incident in connection with John Hambleton's ministry, will not be out of place.

Preaching one day in the town of Whitehaven, hearing the doctrine of man's inherent depravity enforced, a "Spiritualist" cried out, "No; man is not depraved. The child coming into the world is like a clean sheet of paper, and may write his own character on it for good or evil." "Bring your paper here, friend, and let us examine it," answered the speaker. He came into the crowd very eagerly. "Do not little children die as well as aged people?" "Yes." "Why do they die, if the sheet of paper is clean?" He could not answer. "Because they are born in sin, and the wages of sin is death; so death proves in the child that your theory is false. It is born in sin and defiled in birth, otherwise it would be clean and free from corruption. Nevertheless, the blood of Jesus has atoned for sin, and His dead body on the cross pays the debt, and man believing in Him may be free." The man paused, and as eagerly retreated as he had come forward, while a poor Irishman called after him, "Och! your sheet of paper is clane dirty."

Thus were these men, untaught in the schools of human learning, able to wield the sword of the Spirit with consummate skill, and in the use of the ready wit sharpened outside of college doors, they could "answer a fool according to his folly."

Sometimes extraordinary measures were employed to reach the ears and

hearts of the masses. Conjurers, burglars, pickpockets, skittle-sharpers and other *professional* and *non-professional* street *habitués* were not allowed to perish in their ignorance and sin. Let the punctilious, who regard *propriety* as the great factor in religious life, take heed. Is it not a thousand-fold better that rich and poor, educated and ignorant, should be aroused to a sense of their eternal danger by seeming impropriety, than that through our superficial views of sin and spurious ethical taste we allow our hearers to glide with propriety into hell fire?

John Hambleton and his early *confrères* were not possessed with much of that questionable sentiment which demands that we draw on our kid gloves before attempting to save the drowning man. The following narration may therefore shock the sensibilities of some who measure according to the rules of this world, but are ignorant of the leadings of the Holy Spirit of God.

Being in the midst of a fair in Yorkshire, the spirit of Hambleton was stirred within him on the Lord's-day, when crowds filled the marketplace, and scenes of drunkenness and cursing made his heart sick. His mind was impressed that he should go and stand on the top of a wall, which was some ten or twelve feet high, the end of it opposite the open window of an upper room in a public-house, where drunkards, with pipes and pots, were singing, and playing music to sacred tunes. At first he hesitated, but just at that moment some local preachers came into the market and began to sing. Being a total stranger, and not knowing whether they were Mormonites or otherwise, he waited to hear them speak. The preacher gave out his text—"Quench not the Spirit." It came from the Lord to remove his doubt. Immediately climbing up the old wall, and taking his open Bible, he stood as a living witness, yet silent as a statue, without his hat, on the summit of the wall, for an hour and a half. It was a most solemn time. The moving mass of people soon crowded together to gaze at the strange sight; faces were upturned at the open Bible in a man's hand, while he uttered not a word. The preachers themselves were astonished at the intense silence which pervaded the whole scene. Soon and suddenly the revelers in the tavern hurried off; the preachers went on preaching to such an immense audience as they never had either before or since; the whole mass of people seemed spell-bound for an hour and half; then when the benediction was pronounced by the preachers, the chief actor in the scene came down, hurried away unperceived into a distant field, and heard some little children sweetly singing in the distance:

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day."

And his soul wept with joy in that lonely field as he meditated upon the happy

laud, far, far away, longing for that time when in glory we shall stand, bright,
bright as day.

To affect this strange conduct would be preposterous, but to act as a fool
for Christ when prompted by the Spirit of God, is nobly to play the man.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COAL-PIT EVANGELIST.

The Coal-pit Evangelist—Modern Thought—“God wants Men”—Weaver’s First Address—Weaver’s Popularity—Weaver’s Style attracts Henry—Real Prayer.

WE cannot do justice to Henry’s early christian life without writing at greater length of Weaver, another fellow laborer, whose style of preaching he in a measure re-produced.

Richard Weaver was for many years the most popular Evangelist who appeared before an English audience—a born orator, a good singer, and a man of extraordinary endurance. No man in modern days had such crowds to follow him, except it be Spurgeon and Moody. And few men have arisen who preached the gospel more faithfully, and presented the precious soul-saving truths of the Bible more forcibly than did he. For the past ten years this brother has been under a cloud, and his labors have therefore become restricted. It is not for us here to enter into the circumstances of the trial which well-nigh crushed him, and brought him to the verge of death with an attack of brain fever. The writer is well satisfied that Weaver is an innocent and an injured man, and has often hoped that his eloquent words will once more be heard around the world, testifying the Gospel of the grace of God. He was Henry’s spiritual father, and with Hambleton carried the precious remains to the grave, where he participated in the funeral services.

His conversion in answer to the prayers of an aged, and sorely tried mother, sufficiently proves the superhuman power of the Holy Spirit of God. The man who, one night in a frenzy, flung down the stairs his sainted old mother, and then sought to take his own life, must have been possessed of devils. But very soon after, the profligate son becomes a son of God. While yet faint from the fall, and pressing her hands against her broken ribs, the old Shropshire Christian cried out: “Lord, ’tis a hard thing to raise my boy until he is a man, and then have him turn on me so; but Lord, though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust in Thee;” and then turning her eyes towards her unnatural son, still wild with rage at the head of the stairs, she said with sobs and tears: “Richard I’ll never give thee up, my lad, I’ll never give thee up.” Nor did she, till Richard came home one night clothed and in his right mind, a monument to the power and love of God.

Weaver, after his conversion, paid a lad two pence a day to teach him how to read. This was all the human education he received preparatory to becoming a preacher. We have no sympathy with the foolish idea, that the less a man knows the more useful will he become. The Bible offers no premium

on ignorance; it presents no crown to stupidity; it never rails at human learning. We are of opinion that the scholar, the man of culture, and thought, and study, *may* become the sharpest tool in God's hand. Let the highest talents become the holiest, and the noblest work will be executed. The culture of Paul, when controlled and directed by the Holy Spirit of God, could rise into a sphere of service, where Peter could not follow. But we are also of the opinion, most decidedly, that scholarly accomplishments, and so-called "modern thought," is the most futile weapon in spiritual conflict when wielded by the impotent arm of human wisdom. Much of what is called science and philosophy, is the merest rubbish, and preachers who are trying to save souls, and hasten the Kingdom of God by debating on the progressiveness of the age and the development of thought, while neglecting to give hungry souls the Bread of Life, are the subjects of an awful delusion. Richard Weaver had no "culture," and was a blundering scholar in the school of Christ, but we re-echo Adolphe Monod's statement, in saying that one warm blundering man will do more real good than a dozen frigid wise ones. And here we are reminded of an utterance of dear Henry Moorhouse, when in his sleep he cried aloud: "God wants *men*; Christ wants *men*; the Holy Ghost wants *men*—men of truth, men of God." Men who fear God and hate sin; not blasphemers; for we regard "modern thought," when not in subjection to God's thoughts revealed in His word, subtle impiety and daring blasphemy. God wants men, not puppets; men, not machines; men "wise-hearted," imbued with Divine power, whether of small or great calibre; men anointed by the Holy Ghost, to preach His word; men who have manhood enough to recognize the claims of God, and preach the preaching that He bids them. We need preachers like Saul of Tarsus, who could say, "if I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ"—not cowards like Saul of Benjamin, who "feared the people and obeyed their voice."

On a Good Friday an announcement was made that some of the ministers would speak at an open-air meeting in Hyde Market. When the time came not a single minister was to be seen. An immense crowd had gathered from the country round, and the collier who had before related his experience, was invited to speak. This was the first public assembly Richard Weaver had addressed. His whole speech seemed directed against landlords and public-houses, telling what God had delivered him from. He had a peculiar flow of natural, unsophisticated eloquence, taking hold of the names of the public-houses—"Dog and Duck," the "Pig and Whistle," the "Blue Pig," the "White Pig," and the "Boar's Head." He seemed like a locomotive engine, running at full speed into Hyde market-place, upsetting wagon loads of Dogs, Ducks, Pigs and Publicans. It was at once settled in the minds of the brethren that the Lord would bring that man out of the pit.

A man may have ability for work, but faith is required to enable him to give up his living, and trust in the Lord for daily bread. Waiting in prayer about the matter, a second meeting was announced one week evening, when Richard Weaver was announced to speak. Immediately after John Street and Reginald Radcliffe took the matter in hand to bring Weaver out of the pit, and send him forth to preach. It was of this Preacher a few years after, the Editor of the *British Herald* wrote:

“Richard Weaver preaching in Dr. Candlish’s pulpit was giving him a recognition in Scotland as an Evangelist, the same as if he were found preaching in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul’s in London. And a happy day it would be for England if those two noble structures, and all the cathedrals throughout the land, were restored to their original use, and had Richard Weaver appointed as Cathedral Evangelist. We write this in downright earnest; for these cathedrals *were originally intended for the masses of the people to meet in for their spiritual benefit*; and it is a pity to exclude the people from them, and devoted and talented men like Richard Weaver, who could waken their echos with the trumpet-utterance of the glorious gospel of Christ, and fill the largest of them with eager multitudes of perishing sinners, to hear the gospel of God poured forth like a river of life from living lips, to the conversion of thousands, and the glory of the mighty Lord.

“We solemnly and in real earnest urge those whom it may concern to get him an entrance into those great gospel halls, originally built for the people—the cathedrals of England. Let people laugh as they may at such a proposal, we deal only with *the ought*, and that is how it *ought* to be, as a matter of ecclesiastical right; as a bit of common sense it would not be amiss; and as to the results, it would do much to roll away the standing reproach that cathedral towns are uniformly the deadest places in the kingdom, an utter disgrace to the religion of the land.”

Weaver’s style could not be reported any more than Gough’s. He was a strong man, carrying his audience with him as with the onward rush of a mighty river. His favorite text was John iii. 16; which also became the constant theme of brother Moorhouse. One evening in the City of London Theatre, Weaver spoke to a dense throng of people from the text, “His name shall be called Wonderful.” The portraiture of the wonderful Saviour was exceedingly good—His wonderful nature, His wonderful wisdom, His wonderful works, His wonderful love, power, etc. The sermon was full of vivid description, and closed as follows: “My brother, my sister, are not you and I wonders? We remember the time when we were blind to the love of God; to the beauty of Christ; blind to heaven and to hell; blind to our own state; led about, not by a dog, but by the lion of hell; but, glory be to God, Christ has cut his chain, and we are free, new creatures in Christ Jesus. Isn’t it wonderful? I

was preaching three or four weeks ago in a place where I used to live, and a man was there who used to work by my side in a coal-pit. 'Who'd ever have thought,' said he, 'of Weaver coming and preaching to us; why it's wonderful.' People say the age of miracles is over. I don't believe it; it's a miracle, friends, that we're out of hell; it's wonderful. Yes, poor sinner, mercy 's door is wide open for thee tonight; and, though thou art nothing but filth and dirt, our wonderful Brother, Jesus, says, 'Come in.' Oh, it's wonderful. Yes, the fire is burning, the worm is gnawing, devils are howling, damned souls are screaming for a drop of water to cool their tongue; but, sinners, here tonight the blood is pleading for thee. Oh, it's wonderful!" Several declared, by uplifted hands, that there and then they had, according to Richard's expression, "taken their seat in the mercy-house."

At one time there was great commotion throughout England on the subject of Baptismal regeneration. Mr. Spurgeon dealt this false gospel some heavy blows. When preaching for the great Baptist Pastor during these exciting times, from the text, "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," Weaver referred to the question somewhat as follows:—"It is only fair to hear both sides; and I have read Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, and an answer by a curate, I believe, of a church called St. Paul's, somewhere here in London. Now this man says that he never finds anywhere in the New Testament that baptized Christians are to be born again. No more do I. I don't believe that baptized Christians are to be born again, but I believe that baptized unregenerate sinners must be born again. I went through all the ceremonies, I was baptized and I was confirmed, but was I regenerate when I was cursing, drinking, fighting, gambling? And as to my godfathers and godmothers, why, my godfather was the man who backed me in my first battle. Was I regenerated in my baptism? No, my friends, if the devil can get poor sinners depending on this thing and that thing for salvation, it is all he wants; but if we can get a poor sin-sick soul to Jesus, to see Him bearing his sins in His own body on the tree he finds salvation. We have redemption through his blood. Life, sinner, for thee and me is in the blood."

Once we heard this doughty Preacher, when speaking on the death of Abel, thrill the audience by shouting, "thank God there was a hallelujah heard in heaven by a redeemed sinner before there was a groan in hell from a lost one."

That Weaver's preaching had great fascination for young Moorhouse there is not the slightest doubt. The stirring incidents of the collier, the simplicity and terseness of his sentences, his colloquial style, and his tremendous earnestness, captivated many a young preacher as well as Henry. The following open letter was written by the subject of our "Recollections," after one of Weaver 's services:

“It is now about a year since the Lord gave me faith to trust entirely upon His arm, and to leave all for the sake of Jesus. Since then I have visited many places in England and Ireland, and in some little measure the Lord has blessed my labors.

“Beloved brethren in the Lord Jesus, especially those brought to the knowledge of the truth during the last twelve months in Bradford, Halifax, Scarborough, and Chester, I wish to impress upon you the necessity of *much prayer*. This desire has been placed in my own soul by hearing the Lord speak by Richard Weaver the other night in Dublin.

“When the Lord made me happy in Jesus about three years ago, I spent every night either in prayer or praise. But after a little while my desire for prayer cooled down, and I was content to pray twice a day. The Lord in mercy has revived his work in my soul, and now my desire is to pray always.

“What precious promises are given to every one of us! and it is by pondering on what the Word of God really promises that we are led to act upon that Word. The Word declares that “whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.” Now there is large scope in these words; the Lord Jesus has not restricted us to any particular object. But whatsoever ye *desire*;—first there is to be a desire, and I believe the Spirit Himself places that desire in our souls; and then we are to *pray*, for the Lord will be inquired of; then we are to *believe*, and all things are possible unto them that believe.

“Beloved friends in Christ, have you a desire to see the Lord’s work revive in your own town or family? Would you like to see sinners crying out for mercy and made heirs of glory? Do you desire to see the arm of the Lord awake, and miracles of mercy wrought in this your day? If so, thank God there is the *first* thing, “whatsoever ye *desire*.”

“Now Christ said, whatsoever ye desire *when ye pray*. When and for how long ought I to pray, is the next question. Did not Jesus say, ‘Men ought always to pray;’ and he gives us examples, such as the Widow and the unjust Judge, the Man and his Friend. Pray always, means whenever I can get a moment with the Lord. At my work; in the house; at home or abroad; on my knees or on my feet; in my bed or at my business, pray always, and faint not, for in due time we shall reap.

“When ye pray, plead and wrestle with the Lord for that which is upon your soul, whatsoever it may be. If it be a revival of the gospel, pray for that. If you desire the conversion of your relatives, pray for that. Whatever good you really *desire*, pray for it. There is no limit to your prayers if the things asked for be really desired.

“But the words of our Lord are, ‘Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, *believe*.’ The blessed Lord gives us whatever we desire when we pray, upon

one condition. That condition is faith in Himself. The desire may be burning in our hearts, and we may pray always, and never faint; but the Lord has not promised to give us our desires for praying, but he is bound by his own word to give us our desires if we pray *believing*. God cannot deny Himself, He will not deny His word, and if any of the Lord's children, however unworthy, have the two requisite conditions—first the *desire* and then the *faith*, and obey the injunction *pray*, God will surely hear, and in mercy answer.

“I ask your prayers for myself, and for all the dear laborers in the vineyard of Christ. May God give you a desire to pray, and faith to believe that He will use us for His honor and glory. Desire—pray—believe.”

This was one of Henry's first literary efforts. He was not expert as a writer. Like other men his thoughts flowed too rapidly to be chained and transfixed on paper, especially when his mind had not been disciplined, or hand accustomed to the pen. In later years he deemed it a labor to write even letters of friendship, unless some specific object demanded it.

CHAPTER V.

“FIDDLER JOSS.”

Another Brother—Joshua and Mrs. Poole—The Great Change—The “Fiddler’s” Letter—The Disciplinarian.

ANOTHER brother to whom Henry was deeply attached, and who still labors amongst the degraded masses in England, is Joshua Poole. Brought to Christ in Bradford jail prior to Moorhouse’s conversion, at his release he left prison walls behind him a free man in Christ.

His former life had been that of a roaming musician, playing for the basest company in the lowest public houses. Then he was known by his neighbors as “the drunken fiddler.” After earnest entreaty from his parents, his suffering wife was induced to swear her life against him. “Joss” was remanded to Bradford prison by the judge for six months. There he suffered the untold horrors of *delirium tremens* on his incarceration. There also he was restored to his right mind, being gloriously converted whilst studying the Bible in his lonely cell. On his release he immediately went about doing good, and having grown in knowledge and power, was led into public service for Christ. Gentlemen of ripe Christian experience who were filled with zeal for souls, urged him to the front. Though not gifted with the penetration of Hambleton, the fluency of Weaver, nor the pathos of Moorhouse, yet Joshua proved himself a faithful witness for Christ.

His dear wife, now with the Lord, was a true help-mate in his work. She was well skilled in Bible knowledge, and *taught* the people whom Joshua *exhorted*. They usually conducted the service by Joshua giving out a hymn, and stating, in half-a-dozen sentences, who he was and what he had been. Next, Mrs. Poole prayed earnestly and fully for those present, enumerating certain classes as drunkards, wife-beaters, etc. This was followed by another hymn by Joshua, and another half-dozen sentences. Then Mrs. Poole, who had the advantages of physical energy and a good voice, read and spoke for about thirty-five to forty minutes, with much earnestness and truthfulness. She depicted very fully (because, alas! she had learned the terrible lesson in the school of bitter experience) the misery of a drunkard’s home, and the ruinous effects of sin, both now and hereafter, on parents and children. The gospel, as *promised* to Adam, *repeated* to Abraham, *alluded* to by Isaiah as foretelling One who should bind up broken hearts, and be the “Prince of peace,” and *fulfilled* in the life and death of Christ, was clearly stated. A fervent testimony to the value of the peace the gospel brings, and an earnest appeal to all to yield their hearts to God, closed her testimony.

At the close of her address a few more verses were sung, and Joshua

spoke; and from the moment he opened his lips the attention of that rough audience was riveted. The substance of his address was to show them the folly and ruinousness of their evil course, and the present and eternal advantages of “coming to Christ.” He told them what he had been, but in such a way as magnified the grace of God, and dealt with his hearers in a way they could understand. The midnight booze and the morning headache and sickness, the twirl of the halfpenny, the cut and shuffle of the pack, “champaign” at night and “real pain” in the morning, the preparation for the running-match, and the relative effects of whether he won or lost, were all *done* as well as described; but all through, the antithesis of all this in the cross, heaven, holy joy, and future bliss, was kept up; so that while the works of the flesh, in ruin and wretchedness, were well brought out, the truths of the Word of God and the great verities of the gospel were also presented. Afterwards he produced the violin Richard Weaver gave him, and he and his wife played and sung the “Pilgrim’s Home,” and other hymns, very sweetly. Some Christians would probably object to this, but it was very well done, and evidently suited the audience, while they could not fail to see that there was far sweeter music in Zion’s songs than in the taproom noise.

Speaking at Bradford on one occasion at the scene of his old debaucheries, he exclaimed:—“Look at me; for seventeen years a poor drunken fiddler; what has made the mighty change? The religion of Jesus! Ah, yes, working men, the religion of Jesus makes happy homes; it can make happy, it does make happy, it will make happy. Poor sinner, come to Jesus. He has washed me from my sins in His blood, and made me ready to die. I have a smiling wife and happy children to meet me now when I go home. I don’t sleep on straw now, I sleep on feathers. The devil doesn’t like me to talk about my happy home, but I will talk about it. All isn’t right when the poor little children run out of the way at the sight of their father at the door, coming home more like a devil than a man. Some of you know something about it. Would to God the landlord and landlady had to wear the poor drunkard’s clothes. If you want to keep your clothes from the pop-shop, come to Jesus. I have nothing to do with two-to-one now. You that love the Lord here, be in earnest; what good you might do! Do you speak to your neighbors about Jesus? When the woman of Samaria got converted there was a revival in the town. Oh, what a friend is. Jesus!

“Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne’er deceive us:
Oh, how He loves.”

The subjoined characteristic letter of Joshua’s in which mention is made

of Henry, was written soon after these brethren had become personally acquainted:

“Beloved Brother in Christ!”

“You will be glad to hear of the Lord’s work here. In coming among them, I found a happy band of converts gathered by the labours of our brethren Hambleton, Moorhouse, etc., but not having a room large enough to hold their meetings in, they have had, from time to time, to flit about and take such places as offered. Now the Lord has opened a way for his little ones, and a room is taken for five years, called the ‘Bethesda Room,’ where large meetings are now held to gather in the poor outcasts of society.

“On Sunday last, we held a meeting on the sands in the afternoon, when a large company gathered around us to hear words whereby they might be saved, and a general invitation was given to the evening meeting at half-past six. The greatest sinners were specially invited, and the place was filled to overcrowding, many not being able to get in, and God blessed his own word to the conversion of many precious souls.

“On Monday night, the room was filled with just the very class desired—drunkards, swearers, gamblers, etc.; and, blessed be God, it was good to be there. The prayer-meeting was crowded with anxious inquirers. One poor man said he was too bad and had no clothes, and that they would not take him in at other places. Whilst speaking to him of Jesus as the sinner’s Friend, and telling him that there was none that came unto Him that should be cast out, he jumped up and went and knelt down, and was made happy in the divine love of our dear Redeemer. Another young man said all was true that I said, and wished he was as happy as I. He said people would not look at him. He was pointed to Jesus, and was told that what God had done for me He was willing to do for him, when he cried out the publican’s prayer, ‘Lord be merciful to me a sinner.’ A well-dressed man near to us told me that this poor fellow was one of the biggest blackguards in Scarborough. Blessed be the Lord, his soul was set at liberty, and, while singing praises to God from whom all blessings flow, I said to him, ‘How are you now, brother?’ With tears running down his cheeks he said, ‘Happy,’ and, seizing me by the hand, he said, ‘God bless you; I have been as bad as you, but now I begin a new life.’ Every corner of the room seemed filled, so that there was not even any more standing ground, whilst those who occupied the platform cheerfully gave up their seats and squatted on the floor.”

“Yours in Jesus,

JOSHUA POOLE.”

Very blessedly the preaching of this uneducated man was owned of God to the classes who eagerly listened to his earnest words. Nor only have the rougher portions of society been benefitted by Poole’s living messages, but

many of the higher circles who were missed by the more polished sentences of cultured men have been wounded between the joints of the harness by the rude arrows speeding forth from his bow.

The first time Dr. Barnardo, the London philanthropist, heard “Joss” in Dublin, he was so shocked at his extravagances that he called him aside at the close of the service and administered him such a rebuke as would dampen the ardor of a less zealous man. When he finished his private lecture to the transgressing Evangelist, “Joss” leaned towards him until his mouth was placed close to Barnardo’s ear, and then with terrific force he shouted the word “glory.” It was like the sharp crack of a rifle, and the ear of the disciplinarian stung with the bullet-like word of the offensive preacher. But the good Doctor lost no love for Joshua. Many an invitation has he since given him to London where in his great tent and chapel Poole has preached with consummate skill and power. On our last visit to London we heard “Joss” from Barnardo’s pulpit give a touching address, whilst his aged father occupied one of the chairs on the rostrum beside him. Henry and Joshua were much together, and had on many occasions spent whole nights in prayer, pleading with God that they might be used in winning many souls to Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

The Hatless Preacher—Henry's Auctioneering—Henry and Shakespeare—Henry and Epsom Races—A Heart for God the Great Desideratum—The Baby Show—Theatre Preaching—Was it an Imp?

A STRANGE man visited Manchester. He wore no hat, but had a long beard, and his hair was thrown back. A piece of green baize was fastened over his shoulders, shawl-fashion, and he had also leathern knee-breeches and boots. He carried a good sized Bible under his arm, full of strings and pencil marks. His past life had been very reckless, bearing arms in the ranks of the Chartists. He was brought under conviction and led to Christ through the efforts of Reginald Radcliffe. Immediately after his conversion, having heard that Sir Isaac Newton took off his hat when he thought upon God, this extraordinary man resolved to out-do him, for he would not wear a hat at all. This vow he faithfully kept for eight years under the bitterest persecution. This brother was very legal, seeking a fleshly perfection of conformity to the outward appearance of the humble Christ, though earnest in desire to serve Him. His zeal was misdirected through lack of judgment and knowledge of the Word, which condemns every fair show in the flesh. Nevertheless God used the eccentric individual who would leave wife and child to visit the fairs, races and wakes, where he warned sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." His language was neither ambiguous nor polite. John Hambleton writes of him: "All fear of man had left him. His method of exhortation was to walk up and down, either in the street or before a grandstand on a race-course, denouncing all alike, rich and poor, who were still unconverted, shouting at the top of his voice, 'The way to the racecourse is the way to hell fire; it is a hotbed of blacklegs, harlots and whoremongers; gamblers, thieves, pickpockets, and all kinds of vice; you are all going down to hell fire, except you repent and get washed in the blood of the Lamb!' repeating this over and over again, in carriages and omnibuses, to foot passengers and those riding on horseback, striking terror into the consciences of some, while others mocked and persecuted. He has been drawn off the course with a rope round his neck, still crying aloud his one theme. He traveled many miles, always on foot, sleeping out of doors in empty houses or anywhere he could lie down, always giving away tracts when he had them, living abstemiously, and appearing washed very clean every day, while his outward garb would become a monk.

One day at Stockport fair, without any ceremony, he walked on to the stage of a show and began speaking to the crowd as if it had belonged to him. His appearance drew a concourse of people, who, after listening a few minutes

to his terrible denunciations, stayed to hear the gospel from others, and there was a good hearing.

On another occasion, the jockeys had carried him into a public-house, and covered him all over with flour, and his white face and head, together with his rude dress, gave him a singularly attractive appearance. Rich and poor on the road stopped to look, while he went on with his sermon, 'The way to the races is the way to hell fire,' etc., fearless of what any might say or do. A man took hold of his coat; he slipped it off and let him take it, without being interrupted in his warning words, which, in many instances, were as nails fastened in sure places by the Master of assemblies."

I have given a somewhat lengthened account of this singular preacher, as in the following manner he became the means of calling Henry Moorhouse from a secular and questionable employment to devote his whole life to the work of an Evangelist.

One evening when Henry was engaged in crying his wares as auctioneer of "Notions," and rapping for bids, the hatless man suddenly appeared before him and cried aloud: "Thou ought to have thy Bible in thy hand out amongst the people, and not that hammer for the devil," and immediately departed. That short, terrible speech, was like a thunderbolt falling on Henry, and the words gave a harder blow than he could stand. He at once dropped the auctioneer's hammer, went to Liverpool, sought out Hambleton, and entered with him on an evangelistic tour through the Provinces. Since that date Henry labored in the special work of evangelism, without a fixed salary, or human promise of support.

John Hambleton the preacher, Edward Usher, the singer, and Henry Moorhouse the young and fervid disciple, attended the Ter-centenary of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. We furnish John Hambleton's report:

"Bibles, Testaments, tracts and text-boards plainly printed, were our weapons of warfare. A large pavilion or theatre had been built for the purpose of operatic displays, masked balls, and general amusement; the performance of plays, concerts of sacred music, and similar things that the sons of men delight in, were announced on the walls. People wore the image of Shakespeare, stamped upon silver medals, on their breasts; shops and bazaars were furnished with heads, busts, likenesses, etc., of the play-writer, all differing, yet all professing to be the true picture of the great man. After having in prayer besought God's blessing on our testimony to 'Jesus only,' we went forth with text-boards belted upon us and lifted above the heads of all. 'Christ for me; Praise the Lord, Mercy's free,' was read by thousands of the spectators. We had not been long out, when a procession of great people, led on by a fife and drum, marched to the pavilion—archbishops, bishops, deans, clergy, and other great men, wearing blue and other colored sashes across

their shoulders, with a medal of Shakespeare hanging on their breasts near their hearts. 'CHRIST FOR ME,' in large type letters, was seen by all as they walked one way and we the other. Henry, standing amongst the crowd, was threatened to be removed as a nuisance. Hundreds of the clergy of all denominations, with fashionable ladies, sat down to listen to the operatic powers of London professionals singing that portion of Scripture: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities,' etc.; but, when they came outside and read the very words held up in the name of the Lord by poor men, who had been snatched by the Spirit of God from Satan's kingdom and theatrical blasphemy, they raged and threw back into our faces the tracts which had been given to them. The opposers at Stratford were not the uncouth and ignorant Romanists of Lancashire, nor yet working mechanics who had imbibed infidelity, but the Oxford and Cambridge representatives of refined civilization, and, moreover, many of them were the professed religious teachers of the people, and theologians of no mean colleges. But the spirit of error has deceived them, and they have taken the platform of the Sadducees.

"The whole community were in high excitement concerning the grand procession of imaginary characters from the principal plays of William Shakespeare, which was to pass through the town in gorgeous display as they had passed in the fertile brain of the poet. But when the works of men's hands are brought into the full glare of the summer's sun, it discovers all the hidden things of darkness, as was proved when this great procession was seen at noon-day. The Jew slop-seller from London had brought his theatrical wardrobe to cover the poor hired tramps and beggars who had been employed to sustain the playwright's characters. Horses of any description had been hired wherever they could be found. Carts were covered with glazed calico, and the whole display was squalid and dirty.

"The glories of Satan's kingdom founded on the lie of unbelief, fade into vapor and death. when brought into the light of day and contrasted with the truth as it is in Jesus Ghrist. One man, we were informed, who came up last, sitting pensively in the character of Hamlet, with half whitewashed face and black wig, had been a professor of religion and a class-leader amongst the Wesleyans, but had gone back to his vomit. Thinking it might be a warning to him, we held the text-board close to him that he might read 'Christ for me.' Henry Moorhouse followed in the rear of the procession with his board lifted up, 'Christ for me,' as crowds of poor working men and farm servants who had holiday on this last day, thronged the streets. When an envious equestrian came between Henry and the procession to turn him away, a ploughman took hold of his horse's tail and pulled him round, leaving the way open for Henry to follow up the motley concourse with texts of Scripture: 'Jesus only;' 'He was wounded for our transgressions,' etc.; while the

lips of hundreds of poor men were uttering the words,

“Christ for me,
Praise the Lord, mercy’s free.”

The first time Henry attended Epsom races as an Evangelist was in company with the undaunted Hambleton. Filling their wallets with tracts, and lifting their text-boards on their shoulders, these two children of the King tramped along the road leading to Epsom Downs.

Crowded omnibuses, carriages and carts, horses and foot passengers thronged the road, until they were compelled to halt, and afterwards to move on slowly. “Jesus only,” on one side of the road, in large letters, and “God is love,” on the other side, was something so uncommon that it attracted all eyes, and reached many consciences in the midst of the revelry. The enmity of the natural heart in many exhibited itself by violence, while others mocked; the lash of the horsewhip left marks of hatred to the name of Jesus, and many missiles were thrown at them from omnibuses and costermongers’ carts. Members of the legislature in coaches, lords and ladies, heard their warning voice; even the Prince of Wales himself, in one of the carriages, was compelled to tarry and hear the word of truth sounded out, for the vehicles could only move slowly, so dense were the crowds from station and road which met at this one point.

The following extract from the *Times* newspaper shows that a form of godliness is acknowledged by lovers of pleasure, but that the power of godliness, which lives above such pleasure, is literally hated:

“DERBY DAY, 1864.”

“Pleasant it is to receive kindly words of encouragement from spectators as you pass, evidently wishing that they, too, were going to the Derby; and when, with a smile, some female hand places in yours a paper which you discover to be a ‘tract,’ you credit the donor with a desire that in the midst of enjoyment you should not lose sight of serious things. But pleasant it certainly is not to encounter at a turn of the road two men (Hambleton and Moorhouse), supporting placard-holders, which exhibit in gaudy colors, names and texts of the most solemn kind: one of these men, moreover, delivering himself at half-minute intervals of sentiments such as these:—“The race is indeed short. The way down to the pit is easy,’ etc. With certain persons religion resolves itself into a systematic attribution of the very worst motives to their neighbors, and this looked very like a case in point.”

A clergyman going to the race with the others, had to pass the text-boards and accused them of bringing a reproach on the name of “our Saviour,” laying great emphasis on “our Saviour.” Upon which they replied: “If Jesus is

your Saviour, tell us what has He saved you from? He has saved us from the company of evil-doers, and from the race-course to which you are going, which is one mass of iniquity. He has redeemed His people from all sin, and from the things of the world, which they once loved. This is what *our* Saviour has done for us; what has *your* Saviour done for *you*? You have a form of godliness; you wear a white neckcloth as a badge of your calling, and, for aught we know, you tell people on Sunday to serve the Lord, but on Monday you yourself go to the races, where they serve the devil. How can you call Him your Saviour when your fruit proves you are not saved? Where is the power of godliness to keep you separate from the world lying in wickedness? Lovers of the pleasures of sin and of this sinful world can talk about ‘our Saviour’ while they despise the pleasures of holiness, righteousness and truth, which are at His right hand forevermore.” The clergyman could not stand the power of Bible truth, but he went on towards the racecourse, nevertheless, not willing to return.

We are reminded here of the grand words of Wesley: “Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen; such alone will shake the gates of hell, and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth.”

Such was the education which young Moorhouse received as he accompanied these sturdy workers from place to place. And in this school of experience the Lord taught him that daily bread would be provided, let him but serve God with a true heart, and seek first His kingdom, then all other things would be added. From the day when Henry threw down his auctioneer’s hammer until he fell asleep in Jesus he trusted in the God of Elijah for daily support, and the blessed Master never deserted him. One of his first experiences in this life of faith occurred when traveling with Hambleton to Scarborough in England. While passing up a street in Bradford, a man met them in the road, and asked who they were. On receiving the answer, he called Hambleton on one side, took out his purse, put four sovereigns into his hand, saying,

“South Cave; ask no more questions;” and left. Now before they had started for Yorkshire, a letter had come to Liverpool, speaking of a village near Hull, in Yorkshire, called South Cave, and this was the Lord’s way of furnishing their traveling expenses to it, and giving especial direction to visit South Cave. The man who gave the money was a perfect stranger to both. But the Lord knew their need for the journey, and gave them their expenses—four pounds in advance.

It was a stimulant to Henry’s courage in after years to remember what daring deeds his early comrades in the gospel attempted, both in rebuking evil practices, and in preaching Christ. There was no public exhibition of a

demoralizing character, where it was possible to attend, that did not find John Hambleton with his awful trumpet-voice of warning, reading the denunciation of scripture against evil-doing. He was truly a Boanerges, “a son of thunder.”

The undercurrent of iniquity at the Belle Vue and Pomona Gardens, through the factory system, was one of the most putrid streams running through Christendom. The number of illegitimate children was frightful. Upon one occasion there was a baby-show announced to be held at Pomona Gardens; children were carried in arms and weighed naked for prizes. Hambleton and Usher went to testify against this pagan abomination, and, having had a large text-board printed, stood near the entrance gate. It was not long before the proprietor came out. He was a giant in size. He brought a horse-whip, and with the butt end laid on John’s back with all his might; but God was at his back, and gave him power to stand without even looking around at him. Then, seeing he was unheeded, he seized the pole, but, the text being printed on millboard, was not easily torn, so he carried it into a field, and, like a big dog, he twisted and turned it in a terrible rage. The bold Evangelist then taking out his Bible, the Lord gave him power to cry aloud and read how they gave their children to Moloch. Two young men were convinced of sin, and many trembled under the Word. They have not had a baby show since.

Henry was early in the field to aid in Theatre preaching, which had been started in London by Reginald Radcliffe. Though neither a gifted orator or pretended theologian, yet the Holy Spirit had given Radcliffe a heart to feel pity for the poor neglected outcasts. He took Weaver to Scotland, where his cheerful songs of Zion at first startled the ears long accustomed to the psalmody of the kirk, and, after putting a few cog-wheels in lively motion, he brought the happy-spirited collier to London, and engaged the Surrey Theatre for a Sunday evening. From that time the blessed Lord gathered laborers around them. Weaver’s extraordinary power of utterance attracted the people, and the fire of God’s holy love burned into the hearts of many poor outcasts. William Carter, the converted sweep, was raised up also, whose gift was calculated to win costermongers, thieves and wanderers in the South of London to hear the glad tidings of salvation, without money or price, through “Jesus only.” Others, filled with first-love to Jesus, scoured the slums and rookeries of the East End; and thus, wheel upon wheel, crank, wharl, spindles, bands and braces were now all in revival motion. Lords and gentlemen, rich and poor, learned and simple, male and female, were moved together in one common cause by the power of that blessed Spirit who bloweth where He listeth.

No less than fourteen theatres were open on a Sunday night in London,

each one filled with persons of all ranks and conditions, hearing the message of love from the fervent lips of Weaver, Hambleton, Carter, Moorhouse, and others.

A somewhat ludicrous incident occurred one evening when Henry was preaching in a London theatre. The house was filled. The workingmen and their families, with many of the coster-mongers and street vendors, formed his congregation. Having held their close attention for about half an hour, and during the recital of a very affecting anecdote which brought tears to the eyes of many, suddenly Henry observed a broad grin on the faces of old and young. Not divining the cause, as they were still looking towards him, he became very much embarrassed, thinking he must have blundered in his remarks. But imagine his chagrin when the whole audience broke out into hearty laughter whilst youngsters whistled and screamed aloud. Suddenly it occurred to the astounded preacher to look behind him, when he immediately discovered the cause of this extraordinary outbreak of excitement. There on the stage was a veritable cat, black as a coal, looking with indignant surprise upon the audience. With eyes flashing, and arched back, the tail straight and stiff as a rain-rod, the creature itself seemed dazed for a moment, and then walked off through a side door and disappeared. Those who knew Henry's sensitiveness and impatience when disturbed during a meeting, can readily understand how completely unnerved he was on that occasion. In fact, he presently dismissed his audience, fearing he could not again rally them. When referring to this incident in after years, he would add, with a sudden flush of indignation, in his most natural tones of true Lancashire dialect, "I suppose it was the devil."

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY IN IRELAND.

“Beloved, I Love Thee”—The Suit of Clothes—Low Life in Dublin—“Sing a ‘Im Mon”—Marvellous Grace—Letters.

IN April, 1864, Edward Usher, Joshua Poole and Henry Moorhouse made their first appearance in Dublin. After a hard day’s work at an execution in England the day before, preaching for several hours, and a rough night on the channel, the trio looked rather weather-beaten on landing. They reached the “Dublin Tract Depository” of Mr. Henry Bewley in the morning just as the writer stepped into the office. Usher having been in Dublin the previous year in company with John Hambleton introduced his comrades, who had arrived unheralded and unknown. Poole, with his serio-comic face, and Henry’s youthful appearance and restless eyes, became a study. Evangelists! thought we, who were wedded to our ideas of propriety. Evangelists! such scarecrows! Preachers! The funny man with the laughing face looks like a jockey, and that hungry looking boy is the groom! Can persons help such thoughts which flash on the mind or drive through the brain with electric speed? We had been introduced in due form as a brother evangelist and tried to be informal. If we had any starch, it was soon taken out of us, for the lad, placing his hand on our shoulder, said with a face beaming out with benevolence: “Beloved, I’m glad to see thee. I love thee,” and we tried to respond, as the lump arose in our throat, that we were glad too, and loved him also. In fact at the time the writer was lonely and down-hearted, and it did sound good in the strange city to hear some one say “I love thee.” And real Christian affection filled our heart, and flowed out towards our English brother. Is there not a lesson and an illustration here? We had no love for Jesus till we heard him say, “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” And in addition we read, “Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet enemies, Christ died for us.” Then it was our flinty hearts began to melt and we loved Him who first loved us.

Dear Henry Moorhouse was sick and weary from overwork. In those days he looked wan and feeble. His constitution was far from robust, yet his powers of endurance were very great. He was also poorly clad, but he was humble and contented. He had been praying for a suit of clothes, and that very day his prayers were answered. A beloved friend, who never lost sight of Henry ever after, happened to come into the Tract Depot. In a few moments after an

introduction to the English evangelists, with the spiritual discernment of a devoted child of God, ever ready to help the needy disciples of his Lord, at a glance he observed Henry's condition. Instantly beckoning him to the door, he called a cab, drove to a popular clothier's, and Henry returned with him a different man. A stock of linen, underwear, hat and boots were added to the full suit of clothes, which made the recipient of the thoughtful gift laugh and cry by turns. This was not the only time that Henry had reason to praise God for providing him with food and raiment. But he is now with the glorious Lord, forever shielded from poverty, pain and sin. No more does he need to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," for he "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed him, and shall lead him unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes."

Soon after their arrival, these brethren went to work for the Master. The scene of their labors had been in one of the worst parts of Dublin, known as the Liberties, and where very little effort had been put forth to meet the thousands of poor who live there. It was laid upon the hearts of a few Christians to make a special effort for this neighborhood, and an application was made to the trustees of the Old Congregational Meeting-house, where, after much prayer, the Lord opened the way, and a gospel mission to the working classes was commenced, which resulted in the salvation of many precious souls. Week-night services, Sunday and evening schools, and a regular Sunday afternoon service, were afterwards established, where many were gathered of the very classes who are seldom found at our usual places of worship. At the first service held by our brothers from England about fifty attended, but after it was well advertised that there would be services every evening that week. This had the effect of bringing a great many more. The addresses were simple, but to the point, and God gave the truth a lodgment in some of the most unlikely hearts. At some of the meetings there could not have been less than 1,300 persons and one very happy evening was spent while they were here. Tickets were distributed to 600 men and women for tea, on the gospel plan, "to the poor." It was a fine opportunity for talking about Jesus, on account of many of them being Roman Catholics, and the Spirit was present in power. Seldom was greater blessing given; never at this place. Many homes were changed through the inmates becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The following hymn was written by a Christian lady who felt much interested in our brothers, whose visit many will have reason to remember throughout eternity. The three brethren sang well, and to a simple air they sung it at several of the meetings.

“Onward, onward, brothers, onward,
There’s a glorious prize in view;
Though the way be rough and thorny,
God will ever guide you through.

Take the sword of His own Spirit,
And with helmet on your head,
Be ye strong in Jesus’ merit,
Think—for you the Saviour bled.

“Onward, onward, brothers, onward,
Do not linger by the way;
Say to dying sinners round you,
Jesus calls to you today.

Tell them what He is to you,
How He loved—long, long ago!
Tell them how He rescued you
From the depths of endless woe.

“Onward, onward, brothers, onward,
Soon your warfare will be o’er,
Soon you’ll cast your armor from you,
Landed on fair Canaan’s shore.

There, amid the ransomed throng,
You shall swell the note of praise,
And with loudest, sweetest song,
Sing of Jesus’ matchless grace.”

At this time Mr. Denham Smith was preaching the Gospel in the new Merrion Hall recently built on the plan of Mr. Spurgeon’s Tabernacle. His inimitable style; his prominence as a leader in the great revival; his personal associations, and his clear presentation of salvation drew around him a splendid congregation of the upper and middle classes. It was thought proper to invite the Lancashire lad to give an address on a Sunday evening. Henry’s simplicity, directness, pathos and youth made him already a favorite in Dublin, and his gifts were recognized as being superior to those of his faithful co-workers. Accordingly, when the time arrived, after the symmetrical and polished address of the famous Evangelist, Mr. Smith, he introduced Henry Moorhouse to the congregation, who tremblingly began his remarks somewhat as follows: “Beloved friends: This is the first time I ever spoke to an audience of rich and learned people. I don’t know how to speak to you, though I am sure we are all one in the sight of our God and Father. When I was at home the other day a rich lord went with me to my meeting; and we

knelt together in prayer. I said 'Our Father,' and he said 'Our Father,' and the lord and me were brothers. Soon after I visited a poor beggar dressed in rags, and he prayed and I prayed, and he said 'Our Father,' and I said 'Our Father,' and the beggar and me were brothers." At this point Henry noticed some ladies sweeping down the aisle towards the door which increased his trepidation. His thoughts vanished, his sentences became disconnected, his words were no longer under control. "Joss" was in the audience seated with the grandees in the middle of the house, and seeing his friend's embarrassment, regardless of all impropriety, and perfectly oblivious of his surroundings, he startled the congregation by the ringing shout, "'Enry sing a 'im, mon, sing a 'im."

But how marvellous the Lord's grace. He first humbles his servants, and then lifts them up that no flesh should glory in His presence. For many years, until our sleeping friend could visit Dublin no more, there was no pulpit or platform to which he was more welcome. And for many weeks, during successive visits he preached nightly to listening crowds in that same building. The Holy Spirit greatly used the feeble instrument to the conversion of many, rich and poor, in that city.

During his stay in Dublin, many invitations were sent him from other parts of Ireland, some of which he accepted. Usher and Poole returned to England, whilst Moorhouse, in company with the writer, started for the Provincial towns, and country places of the North of Ireland. After preaching there for a few weeks, he passed through the midland counties, tarrying a few days at important points, until he reached the city of Cork.

In this city he remained for a month, addressing meetings daily. The following extract of a private letter is dated Cork, April 27, 1865:

"A new meeting-room has been taken, capable of holding 200, and dear Harry Moorhouse laboured there for a month with success. Very many of the poor came to hear, and professed to be made happy in 'Jesus only.' H. Moorhouse wrote for me from County Meath, to come and take up the meetings there, which the Lord led me to do. Arriving on March 21, I found a very full meeting waiting for me, and very many happy faces, 'new-born babes.' Since then, I have preached three times each week, besides addressing extra meetings. Our blessed God, in power and grace, touched many hearts, and the simple preaching of Christ proves very successful; and I am satisfied, in the day of reaping, much will be revealed. There is an undercurrent of opposition from those wedded to forms and ceremonies. Nevertheless our numbers seem to increase each night, and nearly all remain for the after-meetings, which are very interesting and full of life; so that, thank God, we have a regular revival amongst the lower classes. Some Catholics attend our meetings. One found peace lately—a very bright case, in which

all was given up for Jesus. H. Moorhouse was well received in Bandon. I was there last Wednesday; a good meeting, and the Divine blessing rested upon us.” “GEO. C. NEEDHAM.”

It was whilst there a prominent Evangelist visited the city, and, in the fullness of his heart, addressed the people as “You dear Cork souls!” It is scarcely necessary to add that an audible smile was quickly evoked.

Another writes of the work at this time:

“CORK, Ap. 1865:

“The Lord is graciously beginning to answer prayer for this dark and dead city, and we would ask all those who love his name to unite in praising Him for the good things He hath already done, and in entreating Him for further blessing. About six weeks ago, a room was taken in an obscure part of the town for the purpose of holding meetings for the poor. It was first opened for a free tea-meeting, at which about 200 persons attended, to whom our brother Henry Moorhouse preached the gospel. He continued laboring amongst us with real blessing till within the last week, when the Lord required him elsewhere. Many poor sinners, old and young, have found peace in Jesus, and homes have been made happy. One man, a stoker in a steamer, who had led a very ungodly life, is rejoicing in his newly-found treasure, and his house is now an abode of prayer and praise, his wife having also found Jesus at the same time. He reads the scriptures for his neighbors, and tries to say a word for his Master whenever he can. Another man, who was for years an inveterate drunkard often attempting his life, was induced to attend the meetings. After a time, the Holy Spirit showed him his lost state, and he has now accepted the offered salvation. A few nights ago he awoke his wife, saying he could keep the good news to himself no longer, for that he was ‘going to be a new man.’ ‘In fact,’ said he, ‘I *am* a new man.’ Praise the Lord for his goodness! I could mention several interesting cases, but refrain. Meetings are held three times a week, and the room is well filled. Geo. C. Needham is now laboring amongst us with acceptance.”

John Hambleton accompanied Henry for a time in Ireland. In the theatre at Cork they were mobbed, and had to flee for their lives through a private door. The Roman Catholics supposed they were Gavazzi’s agents, as he had preceded them by a week in that city, and his terrible denunciations of popery maddened both priests and people. These brethren returned again to Dublin, from which city Henry wrote:

“The Lord is blessing His own word, and the power of the Holy Ghost had been felt by many during our tour through the North of Ireland. The spirit of hearing is very great. Go where we will, the people flock to hear the word, and listen often for two or three hours together to the preached

gospel. Dear John Hambleton and myself have been in many towns proclaiming the word, and many tokens the Lord has given us of His presence. Oh, praise His name, the gospel has not lost its power, nor the blood of Jesus its virtue. God still loves, and Jesus, in the word, still pleads; the Spirit still convinces, and sinners are saved. All glory be unto Him who died to save the vilest of the vile. We hope (D.V.) to stay in Dublin for a week or two, proclaiming the Gospel of God's love to this sin-blighted world, and then to go northward again. Will you pray that the Lord will use and bless us in the preaching of the word? I could say much about the blessed work going on in Dublin at Merrion Hall. The Lord is blessing, and I have met very many who have been brought to a knowledge of the truth in that place."

CHAPTER VIII.

WERE THEY FANATICS?

Henry at Chester Races—The *dilletante* Clergyman—A Wise Leader—“Reeds” and “Rams’ Horns”—Saved and Kept.

SOON after his return home from Ireland, after a brief rest, Henry visited Chester races. On the Cup-day it is estimated that 100,000 persons were present to witness the great struggle between the popular horses. A gentleman and family visited the race, and after arriving at the grand stand, the footman was at liberty to go and enjoy himself, but there was no relish to him in seeing one horse put his nose before another, so he left the course. As he was passing, his eye caught the large text and immediately exclaimed, “Oh, let me have some tracts,” and he then began to circulate tracts and preach the gospel to the people. He being in livery, with bright buttons, attracted the race-goers, who remarked, “Oh, it’s come to something now; the footman has turned preacher.” This young man was one of the converts at Manchester, and though he had to accompany his master to the races, yet the Lord enabled him to close his eyes from beholding vanity. He was in the world, but not of it.

Thus “in season and out of season” was Henry found abundant in labors. Though “a babe” and “a suckling,” in comparison with others, he went about everywhere, like his Master, doing good. Scribes and Pharisees, and the Rulers of the people may jeer at such flesh-denying, self-sacrificing work, and ease-loving Christians may fall back upon the old worn-out cry of “fanaticism,” as an opiate for their own awakened consciences, but we are persuaded of this, that in the day of rewards Henry Moorhouse’s crown will shine brighter than theirs, with the lustre of whole-hearted service. To him, and to such as he who bore reproach and shame for Christ’s sake, and by all means sought to pull souls out of the fire, will the righteous Judge say, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter THOU unto the joy of thy Lord.”

On one occasion, a *dilletante* minister, skipping along with a lady on his arm, saw Henry struggling with his board, and in reading the text, remarked, with a pretended look of holy horror, loud enough to be heard, “deluded infatuation!” But he mistook his man. Scarcely had the words of contempt reached the ears of the evangelists than John Hambleton took a step or two after him, and with a voice of awful solemnity, shouted in his ear, “You must be born again.” The little exquisite hopped hurriedly ahead, and made the rest of his remarks in a minor key. Had the earnest Evangelist no right to permit such criticism to go by unrebuked? Yet the warning words were given

with an earnest solicitude for the man's salvation. The ecclesiastic would have been allowed to skip along to his darling pleasures unnoticed, had he permitted those unofficial and unpaid men to pursue their work without insult from him. They had opposition and trial enough from the godless crowds; surely a clergyman need not have lifted his hand against them.

That these brethren were not "fanatics," but, on the contrary, sober-minded, loyal and scriptural preachers, I quote from a letter written by Hambleton when he was yet a young disciple in the school of Christ. The tendency of the times, by a certain class of Evangelists, was toward sensationalism. It was no common sight to find cities and towns placarded that "The Converted Sweep," "The Reformed Thief," "The Regenerated Clown," "The Glory Band," "The Newry Blacksmith," or "The Hallelujah Pugilist," would conduct religious meetings, etc., etc. That the grace of God was magnified in the salvation of such characters was unquestionably true, but that it was essential thus to parade the character of their former lives was a questionable proceeding. Hence John's faithful letter.

"Dear Brethren:—Lest Satan should get an advantage of you, or that your good should give occasion to others to speak evil of you, permit me to give a little advice as a friend and brother in the Lord.

"A copy of a placard has been put into my hands announcing meetings by a band of brethren calling themselves the "Glory Band," with several names and old professional habits as dog-fighters, prize-fighters, navvies, etc., etc.

"Knowing some of you, my dear brethren, that your love to Jesus is great, but that your knowledge is yet very weak, permit me to caution you against the enemy of your souls, for the depths of Satan are as yet unknown to you. It is good always to be zealous in the work of the Lord, but judgment and prudence are necessary in all things we do as children of God. It is very cheering to the hearts of the Lord's people to hear of the great blessing accomplished by the preaching of Christ crucified, in turning drunkards, dog-fighters, prize-fighters, gamblers, etc., from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; but, now that you are saved, beware lest Satan should exalt your flesh, that, instead of growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, he should so puff you up as to cause you to glory in your shame, that is, because you were drunkards, dog-fighters, race-goers, gamblers, etc.

"Now, dear brethren, my heart's desire for your own sakes, and the honor and glory of God, is that you forget those things which are behind, and press forward to those glorious things in Jesus which are before.

"To do this, you must come together quietly for prayer and meditation on the Word of God before going out amongst the multitude. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. This

will give ballast to your walk and work, in and for the Lord; otherwise you will be like a ship in a gale, without weight in her hold to keep her steady. Study the two Epistles of Paul to Timothy well, and each of the other epistles in turn. Get them thoroughly digested in your souls, waiting on the Lord continually, and never permitting the old-Adam flesh to go before God's Holy Spirit, either in *excitement* on the one hand or *dead formality* on the other. The narrow path lies between these two, and he who walks therein hearkens to the voice of 'Jesus only' in the word of Scripture, 'This is the way walk ye in it;' and while you are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, beware of Satan's temptations, causing you to serve yourself; for Jesus says, 'If any man come after Me, let him DENY HIMSELF, take up his cross daily, and follow Me.'

"May He, by his blessed Spirit; dear brethren, cause you so to walk and grow in grace, that you may, by your good conversation, put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and forget the things of former days, yea, even in the mention of them, for we were all guilty of every lust, and evil things in our wicked hearts, of which now the very thought and mention ought to make us blush with shame.

"Brethren, there are heavenly glories awaiting us. Let us contemplate these things, and grow daily more like our heavenly Lord Jesus, meek and lowly IN HEART." (Read Col. iii.)

"Yours in Jesus only,"

"JOHN HAMBLETON."

Is there not a blending in this epistle of sound theology, heavenly wisdom, courage to rebuke, love for the brethren, and loyalty to the Master? To denounce indiscriminately every attempt on the part of zealous converts to bring their former companions in sin to the Lord Jesus, would surely call upon ourselves the Master's sternest rebuke. Publicans and harlots were received by Him, in the days of His flesh, and to a saved demoniac he said, "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done to thee. And he went his way and published how great things Jesus had done unto him." That some men take advantage of their past wickedness, and overdraw the picture of their previous lives is undeniable: that it is shocking taste and conserves no good end we freely allow. But to spurn as unworthy of the cause all honest effort in casting out devils because the workers follow not *us*, is to betray ignorance of the purposes and spirit of the Master whom we profess to serve. We should ever remember that in heaven's chosen band, there are instruments of various sorts. John the Baptist was a "reed" blown upon by the Divine breath. The music of a reed is neither sweet nor mellow to cultured ears, but its notes are not necessarily discordant or profitless to others. There are "ram's horns" in this divine orchestra which wax loud and

harsh to some, but if Jericho's walls must be blown down, ram's horns are not out of place. That one of the "brands" plucked out of the fire, a ringleader in wickedness, debased in mind and body, should soon after his conversion make the following entry in his private memorandum book argues that *all* of his class were neither hypocrites nor fanatics:

1. "I am not what I once was; but by the grace of God I am what I am, an empty sinner, depending on Christ, a full and present Saviour.

2. "My creed is this: Ruin by the Fall; Redemption by the Cross; and Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

3. "My knowledge of Scripture is small, for it is not long since I was plucked as a brand from the fire; but I am hungering to know more, and God, by His Holy Spirit, will teach me the truths contained in His glorious Gospel. I feel myself nothing, and can do nothing; but I go forward looking up to Him who has said, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' (Ps. lxxxi. 10.)

4. "I have seriously weighed the difficulties I must meet in the service of God; and in His strength I will bear the cross which every faithful follower of Jesus has borne. This has been a matter of earnest prayer, and I firmly believe that God is with me. I see nothing before me but to fight the Lord's battles; but, leaning on His arm, I shall hold up the Banner of the Cross, and hope to obtain a humble place in His service."

I have heard it frequently remarked by persons who ought to have more intelligence and charity, that the ravings of such unauthorized ranters ought to be silenced, as more harm attended their ministrations than otherwise. Even those who had friendship for the "Revivalists," as they were termed, feared a reaction would follow their preaching, making more perversions than conversions. That some indeed went back, we have to record, even as there were disciples who withheld whole-hearted allegiance to our Lord during the years of His ministry. That the true converts did not go back is an indisputable fact, as many of them, still living, are to this day evidence of God's power to save and to keep. The following remarks from Henry Moorhouse when yet a young Christian, are forcible and to the point:

"I have often been asked, 'How do the converts stand? Don't they go back again into the world?' I say, 'Well, I am one of them, and I have not gone back. God has kept me over three years, and He is able to keep me unto the end.' 'But are you not an exception?' I reply, 'No, there are many who were brought to know their sins laid upon Jesus some four years ago under the preaching of dear Richard Weaver, R. Radcliffe, John Hambleton and others, who are to this day walking worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called—men who work for Jesus in their leisure hours, and the Lord is with them, and He owns their labors. By their means souls are saved, and homes are made happy. Let the doubters come to Manchester and see for themselves

what God has done and is doing among some of the chief of sinners. All praise be unto Him forever! When God works He works effectually.

“Let me give you one case. There lived close to my mother’s house some years ago a wild young fellow of the name of Torn Castle. He was a pigeon-flyer, race-runner and prize-fighter. He was the terror of the neighborhood. Scarcely a week passed but Tom was fighting. On one occasion he was severely stabbed, but when he recovered he was as bad as ever. Richard Weaver came to preach in the Free Trade Hall, and Tom was persuaded to go and hear him; that night he was convinced of sin, and the next night he was savingly brought to Jesus. From that moment he was a changed young man. He went about preaching Jesus, and was the means in God’s hand of bringing very many to a knowledge of the truth.

“From the day of my conversion we were companions in the gospel, and a more devoted servant of Christ I never met. It did not matter how far the distance, nor how cold the night, nor how late the hour; winter or summer, rain or snow, if Tom heard of any who were sick, he would go and tell them about Jesus, and many have borne testimony at the eleventh hour that they knew their sins were forgiven through hearing the truth from the lips of dear Tom Castle. He was also an earnest, powerful, and successful open-air preacher. The poor people used to say: ‘We like Tom, because we understand him.’ God indeed spoke through him, and many times I have listened to him and felt the silent tear trickling down my cheek. When the Lord brought him to Himself he could not tell his letters, but in a short time he learned to read his Bible. Many of the worst characters in his neighborhood were by him told of Jesus, and some were saved.

“The last time he preached he told the people he felt sure he should never see them again. He went to his work soon after that, and received an injury from a circular saw which caused his death within forty-eight hours. He was carried home to his wife and little child, and doctors were sent for, but all in vain; the Lord wanted him. He suffered intense agony, but he never lost sight of Jesus.

“His sister said to him a short time before he died: ‘Tom, my lad, thou art going to die.’ ‘No, Hannah,’ he said with a smile, ‘not going to die; going to live; for he that believeth in Jesus shall never die.’ A few hours afterwards he said to his wife: ‘The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ And with a smile upon his face, he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. He was buried in the Ardwick Cemetery, and was followed to the grave by hundreds of people, who wept bitterly as he was lowered into the grave. We have not to pray for him now, for we know he has gone to rest; and by and by when Jesus comes we shall see him, and hear him sing praises unto Him who washed him from his sins in his own precious blood.”

Tom Castle and his former comrade, Henry Moorhouse, are both now resting at Ardwick Cemetery. But their happy spirits are at home with the Lord, waiting with us who are left in the outer court, for the resurrection day of hope and blessedness, when Jesus comes. Thanks be to God we are *saved* and *kept*.

CHAPTER IX.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Crossing the Atlantic—Moorhouse and Moody—Seven Sermons on one Text—Moody's Change—"Other Cities also"—Preaching to Colored Folks—Henry at Princeton.

FOR two years the writer and Henry were frequently together in Gospel labors. These were happy days. The spirit of God was abroad in the land; churches, school-houses, barns and other places of concourse, were filled with eager listeners. The "OLD, OLD STORY" was simply told and readily received. The mutual study of the Bible was stimulating and joyful to our own souls. The Holy Spirit was invoked as our Teacher. The precious doctrines of the vicarious atonement, the sovereignty of God, the great salvation, the complete justification of the believer, the oneness of the mystical body the church, and the precious hope of our Lord's personal and pre-millennial return, laid hold of our hearts and strengthened our hands for the work. After incessant labors, we hoped for rest in a sea-voyage to this country. In 1867 we prepared to leave our native shores. The day was fixed, the vessel chosen, and all things were ready. Family sickness however interfered with our plans, and Henry started alone. Nearly five months later we were permitted to fulfill our design and also visit the great Republic.

Henry arrived in September of the above year, and remained until April, 1868. Philadelphia was the first city which gave him a welcome. In the "City of Brotherly Love," he was received into the family and home of the beloved physician, Dr. William A. Reed. Mrs. Reed was ever after his American "mother." Though "little and unknown," yet he was received into several of the churches, where he preached with encouraging results. The pastors with whom he labored gave him a hearty and brotherly reception, and reluctantly bade him farewell when he turned his steps in other directions. Henry visited the United States five times in ten years, and always found warm hearts to welcome him in Philadelphia.

Chicago was destined to be the scene of Henry's grandest work in America. Was it not the purpose of the Lord that this unassuming and as yet inexperienced youth should come to Chicago to be instrumental in turning the strength of D. L. Moody's brain and heart to the study of God's word? That Mr. Moody only partially preached the gospel during the previous years of his missionary life he allows. Indeed, not only so, but he has, in all the places he visited of late years, repeated the well-known tale that, until the arrival of Henry Moorhouse, he was an untaught and unskilled disciple in the school of Christ. Hear his own words regarding this memorable visit of the young

English Evangelist:

“In 1867, when I was preaching in Dublin, in a large hall, at the close of the service a young man, who did not look over seventeen, though he was older, came up to me and said he would like to go back to America with me, and preach the gospel. I thought he could not preach it, and I said I was undecided when I could go back. He asked me if I would write to him when I went, and he would come with me. When I went I thought I would not write to him, as I did not know whether I wanted him or not. After I arrived at Chicago I got a letter saying he had just arrived in New York, and he would come and preach. I wrote him a cold letter, asking him to call on me if he came West. A few days after I got a letter, stating he would be in Chicago next Thursday. I didn’t know what to do with him. I said to the officers of the church: ‘There is a man coming from England, and he wants to preach. I am going to be absent Thursday and Friday. If you will let him preach on those days I will be back on Saturday, and take him off your hands.’ They did not care about his preaching, being a stranger; but at my request they let him preach. On my return, on Saturday, I was anxious to hear how the people liked him, and I asked my wife how that young Englishman got along. How did they like him? She said they liked him very much. ‘He preaches a little different from what you do. He tells the people God loves them. I think you will like him.’ I said he was wrong. I thought I could not like a man who preached contrary to what I was preaching. I went down Saturday night to hear him, but I had made up my mind not to like him, because he preached different from me.

“He took his text, and I saw everybody had brought their Bibles with them. ‘Now,’ he says, ‘if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text.’ He preached a wonderful sermon from that text—‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ My wife had told me he had preached the two previous sermons from that text, and I noticed there was a smile over the house when he took the same text. Instead of preaching that God was behind them with a double-edged sword, to hew them down, he told them God wanted every sinner to be saved, because He loved them. I could not keep back the tears. I didn’t know God thought so much of me. It was wonderful to hear the way he brought out scripture. He went from Genesis to Revelation, and preached that in all ages God loved the sinner. On Sunday night there was a large crowd came to hear him. He took for his text the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, and he preached his fourth sermon from that wonderful text: ‘For God so loved the world,’ etc., and he went from Genesis to Revelation to show that it was love, love, love, that brought Christ from heaven—that made Him step

from the throne to lift up this poor fallen world. He struck a higher chord that night, and it was glorious. The next night there was an immense crowd, and he said: 'Turn to the third chapter of John and sixteenth verse.' and he preached his fifth sermon from that wonderful text. He did not divide the text up into firstly, secondly, thirdly—but he took the whole text and threw it at them. I thought that sermon was better than ever. I got so full of love that I got up and told my friends how much God loved them. The whole church was on fire before the week was over. Tuesday night came, and there was a greater crowd than ever. The preacher said: 'Turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, and you will find my text;' and he preached his sixth sermon from that wonderful text: 'God so loved the world,' etc. They thought that sermon better than any of the rest. It seemed as if every heart was on fire, and sinners came pressing into the kingdom of God. On Wednesday night people thought that probably he would change his text now, as he could not talk any longer on love. There was great excitement to see what he was going to say. He stood before us again, and he said: 'My friends, I have been trying to get a new text, but I cannot find any so good as the old one, so we will again turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse.' He preached the seventh sermon from that wonderful text.

"I have never forgotten those nights. I have preached a different gospel since, and I have had more power with God and man since then. In closing up that seventh sermon, he said: 'For seven nights I have been trying to tell you how much God loved you, but this poor stammering tongue of mine will not let me. If I could ascend Jacob's ladder and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell me how much love God the Father has for this poor lost world, all that Gabriel could say would be, that "'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" When he got through preaching there, we had to get the largest building in Chicago, and then thousands went away because they could not get in. He went to Europe, and returned again. In the meantime our church had been burned, and we put up a temporary building. When he came there he preached in this house, and he said: 'Although the old building is burned up, the old text is not burnt tip, and we will preach from that.' So he preached from where he left off preaching—about the love of God."

Peoria, Springfield, Pittsburgh, Albany and New York received a share of Henry's labors at this time. The *Pittsburgh Press* reported:

"Mr. Harry Moorhouse, an eloquent and earnest young Evangelist, from Lancashire, England, preached last evening to a dense audience in the Old Theatre, on Fifth street, which was engaged for the purpose by the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Moorhouse has a very entertaining style,

and speaks with remarkable clearness. Some of his appeals are really powerful, and his argument rarely fails to convince and convict the unbeliever. The audience was manifestly very deeply interested, and listened with marked attention throughout. A large number of persons were unable to obtain admission, as there was not even standing room left. The success which attended the meeting last night will, no doubt, encourage the Young Men's Christian Association to establish divine services in the Old Theatre at regular periods. Yesterday morning, Mr. Moorhouse preached in the Union Baptist Church to a large audience. He will probably remain in Pittsburg a few days longer, as there is a demand for him in many of our city churches. Mr. Moorhouse addressed the Sabbath School of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, yesterday afternoon. This is one of the largest and most flourishing schools in Pittsburg."

The following extract from a letter written at the time indicates the success of his brief visit to Albany:

"Beloved Brother in the Lord:—Doubtless you, and the friends whom we have left behind us in England and Ireland, will be glad to hear of what the Lord is doing in this place through his dear young servant Harry Moorhouse. After traveling about 150 miles on Tuesday, he immediately commenced gospel meetings. He preached from Tuesday till Saturday, sometimes twice a day; the house was comfortably filled after the first night. On Friday night it was crowded. On Sunday, Dr. Peck invited him to his church (one of the largest and finest Methodist churches in the city). Moorhouse preached at 10.30 A.M., and 7.30 P.M.; in the morning the house was filled; in the evening, before time came to commence, it was crowded to excess; several hundreds had to return, as they could not get near the door. Many were perfectly astonished at him. The Lord giveth grace to the humble, or he would be puffed up. The results will not be fully known till all things shall be revealed."

He preached also at Wilmington, Del. The appended letter tells the story of his visit, dated Wilmington, Dec. 20, 1867:

"DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—Our blessed Lord is with his servant, Harry Moorhouse. He came to this place on the 11th inst., and preached in the evening in the Central Presbyterian Church. Much interest was manifested, more coming out than were expected. The cold and storm of snow on the 12th prevented many from attending the meeting in the evening.

"On the evening of the 13th, he preached in the Asbury Methodist meeting-house, from the words: 'Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

"But the meetings on the Lord's-day following were more manifest with the power of the Spirit. Our dear brother was suffering from much weakness of body, but God strengthened him for three services. The greetings by one

and another with 'God bless you,' were very gratifying. At this service tracts and little books were given out to every one, and were received eagerly. A service was held in the Zion Methodist (colored) meeting-house. The house was well filled with colored people, who showed their enthusiasm in their way, which strikes us well-ordered people very strangely. But bless God that the simple portrayal of God's love from the words of John iii, 16, met with such hearty reception and enthusiastic expression. Tracts and books were supplied them, which they took gratefully, though many of them were not able to read. The service of the evening was held in the Central Presbyterian Church. The reading of the Scripture (Gal. iv.) was with much power. The large audience-room was well filled with the wealthy people of the place. The Lord granted the power of the Spirit, with the simple holding up of Christ crucified.

"On Monday evening opportunity was obtained for preaching in the Bethel Methodist (colored) Church, where a protracted meeting was in session. The preaching was from Luke xv. 17. There was very little noise, shouting, etc., which is an evident sign of the presence of the Spirit holding the attention of the people to the simple word of the Lord. What He seeks is earnest attention to the simple story of the cross, not loud approbation. We left the meeting in the hands of their leaders, after the preaching, and came away, leaving a quantity of tracts for distribution when the service ended.

"Notice having been given that Harry Moorhouse would lecture at the room of the Central Presbyterian Church, many came, and the lecture room was crowded. The opportunity was improved for bringing before the people the work of the evangelist, and the success which the gospel has presented to the abandoned, illustrated by instances of conversion in such work. A teacher, having heard Brother Moorhouse preach, sent word for him to come and lecture before his school on the subject, 'The School System of England.' Harry sent back reply that he would preach Christ before his school if he wished. On hearing that Harry had never been to college, the teacher kindly offered to fit him for the best college in America, but our brother is going on to preach the gospel.

"On Wednesday evening he preached again at the Zion Church. This time the colored people listened quietly. Christ was set forth as 'the friend of publicans and sinners.' They could not bear to lose a word by ejaculation; and last evening it was the same at the Union Methodist. (colored) house. The word preached from, 'The rest that remaineth,' was with power and much comfort to the poor destitute pilgrims of our Lord. Many a colored man has said: 'Oh that you would stay with us.' I must say these people have got a strong hold on dear Harry's heart. He purposes to go on south through Maryland, to preach to the colored people the good tidings of great joy. Need it

be urged upon you that he needs your prayers and faith in this work, that the Lord may give him a simple and full utterance of the gospel to the poor? There have been 2,000 tracts distributed at the different meetings. He wishes to have you know that he has the co-operation of all the pastors of the different denominations in this place.”

At one time Henry was induced to visit Princeton. Naturally conscious of his lack of culture, he avoided coming in contact with *book-men*. Where there was true devotedness to the Lord, and subjection to His Word, no matter how brilliant the company, he was at home amongst *them*. But he shunned *pedantics*, and he feared *scholars*. Henry had many times proven that the grace of God dwelt also in men of letters, and notwithstanding all the temptations of college life the Lord’s chosen were to be met with even there; yet the title of ‘Professor,’ would excite his caution, and the announcement of ‘graduate’ or ‘student,’ he received with marked silence. Notwithstanding, we find him at Princeton, almost decoyed there by personal friends who were very anxious that some of the students should hear him preach.

After the first meeting his fears subsided. Many of the young men crowded around him and asked for a private interview next day. Every morning at 8.30 he gave Bible lectures to about one hundred and fifty of the “boys,” and several of the Professors entered heartily into the work. At one o’clock each day ‘he met, at an average, forty theological students who sought instruction from him on the subject of Bible study, and pulpit preparation. They generally came in small bands. His advice was in substance what he gave Mr. Moody: “if you will stop preaching your own words, and preach God’s Word, He will make you a power for good.” With the young men he became a great favorite. The reserve was cast aside. He showed them his own method of comparing scripture with scripture; of making one text explain another; as for instance, going to Leviticus for the key to unlock the Epistle to the Hebrews.

That his work at Princeton was not lost, results bear witness. The men in authority may have never heard of him. He went unheralded and came away as quietly. But God had work for him there. We have met young men now in the pastorate, who assured us that Henry Moorhouse’s visit opened their eyes to the simplicity and fulness of the Gospel; and the Bible, but partly interesting to them previously, became afterwards a Fountain of life, and a Well-spring of unbounded pleasure. Nor does this detract from the fame and greatness of America’s proud seat of learning. It only exalts the grace of Him who calls the “weak” things of the world to do great things in His Name, “that no flesh should glory in His presence.”

Would that every disciple of Jesus Christ might learn the lesson well, that *educated flesh* is as powerless to effect spiritual good as the less desirable,

and frequently more conceited, *ignorant flesh* that is in us. Surely we have found it true that it is “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

CHAPTER X.

IN LOVE WITH AMERICA.

Other Visits—Chicago—Westward, ho!—Third Visit—Pen-picture of Henry—”Eccentricities”—Amusing Anecdotes —Recreation—Messrs. Get-All-You-Can, and Keep-All-You-Get—Making Friends Happy.

OUR Evangelist was never tired of praising his American friends. On his return to England he excited the jealousy of not a few by his comparisons between both countries. But his aim was ever to provoke unto love and good works. Henry foresaw that if Yankee energy was wedded to British perseverance, English preachers would be more aggressive. Effervescence was less obnoxious to him than stagnation. The romp, and life, and apparent disorder of the school playground was more attractive than the propriety and silence of the grave-yard. Gough pictures the cautiousness and fear of an Englishman to adopt a new policy, but when adopted, held, in contrast to the excitable American who will not hesitate to adopt anything, which may produce present effect, and drop it as quickly. But all natural and national characteristics may be effectively utilized when the heart is right with God, and the Spirit dwells within. When we eat and drink, labor and rest for the glory of God, our characteristic tendencies will be kept under control. When the word of Christ dwells in us richly we shall endeavor to follow its precepts and be ruled by its laws. And if we can spur one another to diligence and labor for our Immanuel, comparisons and contrasts between workers of different countries may be timely and helpful.

Henry was not idle on his return home. His old friends found him by their side at the fairs, races and wakes. Churches, halls, theatres, and every available building, were again thronged to hear the “lad” from Lancashire.

In September, 1869, accompanied by Mr. Herbert Taylor, another youthful preacher from the higher ranks of life, Henry landed in New York City. Mr. Taylor was the son of a prominent official in the English court, who for many years has been Gentleman Usher to Queen Victoria. When quite a lad the son, Herbert, became a pronounced Christian in answer to the prayers of his pious and godly parents. Early in life he made an habitual study of his Bible, and exhorted in evangelistic meetings in the neighborhood of his home. In many respects the two young men were opposite as the poles. In others they were thoroughly and vitally united. The one short in stature, delicate, homely in figure and speech, rude in knowledge, and thoroughly unsophisticated, inexperienced in the higher walks of life, and untaught in the code of polite society. The other possessing every physical advantage, ruddy in appearance,

cultured, graceful, at ease in every circle, the blood of noble parentage flowing through his veins. Yet were these two as David and Jonathan, both redeemed with the same blood, indwelt by the one Spirit, lovers and preachers of the same gospel, sojourners to the same home. Both were gentlemen in the truest sense, both were free from vulgarity, coarseness, and irreverence. Both were holy men, seeking to glorify Jesus in their life and conduct, divinely commissioned to preach the glad tidings to every creature; the one making use of his private means with liberal hand to further the glorious object in view, namely, the salvation of precious souls; the other, with undisturbed faith resting on the divine promise, accepting food and raiment through whatever channel, with a glad and grateful heart, from his Heavenly Father.

From New York the Evangelists went to Philadelphia and Wilmington, thence to Chicago. All classes in this great city welcomed them gladly, and the churches and mission-chapels of the different Protestant denominations were freely opened to them. Mr. Moody was especially kind in arranging for their comfort, and in laboring for the enlargement and success of their work.

Henry Moorhouse was well remembered from his visit two years previously, and cordial invitations were extended to him to settle in Chicago, accompanied by liberal offers of pecuniary emolument. He was, however, constrained to decline, deciding that "he must be the Lord's freeman." Herbert Taylor, by invitation of an evangelical Episcopal clergyman, preached several times in their chapels with evident success. From this place they made detours to neighboring cities.

Mr. Moody accompanied them to Columbus, Ohio, where they labored for a short season. They visited Indianapolis, and became the welcomed guests of the Friends at Richmond and Cincinnati. In this latter city they were the means of bringing discordant elements into harmony by their unsectarian spirit, and precious presentation of gospel truth.

The young Englishmen were determined to speak of Jesus on the Pacific line of railway to the Golden Gate. Hence, we find them during February, 1870, in Davenport, Iowa. Mr. Moody made arrangements for them in Omaha, from whence they proceeded to Salt Lake, where they bearded the Mormon lion in his own den. They were invited by the Mormon Bishops to occupy their house of service both morning and evening on the Lord's day, which they accepted, without compromise or fear.

Passing on to San Francisco, California, Henry was attacked with a bleeding at the lungs, which threatened to be serious, lasting at intervals several days. The physician ordered him to San Jose, an inland town, favorably situated for pulmonary complaints. Here, greatly to the relief of his friends, he recruited rapidly, and had a large service in the gospel among the inhabitants.

A lady, residing in San Jose, said that his coming among them was providential, and that wonderful results everywhere followed his ministry, over fifty having been awakened in a week's services, many of whom found peace in believing.

Thus the Lord overrules all for good, and makes even the weakness and infirmities of his faithful servants to praise Him.

On their return journey they tarried awhile at Chicago, from which city Henry wrote:

"We are back here, and have much to praise the Lord for. I am not well; but am enabled to preach constantly, with much blessing from the Lord. In one house in San Jose, California, where they received me, seven were converted. In Davenport, Iowa, I found on my return many had received blessing, and amongst them was one of the most prominent men in the State, a General. In one church over fifty professed to have been converted to God. I write this to show we made no mistake in coming out to this country."

The Winter of 1872 and '73 finds Henry once more in the United States. If he was made a blessing to Moody, so was Moody to him. The rugged Evangelist of the West had been growing in the knowledge of God 's Word, and becoming a mighty man of valor. Moorhouse greatly loved him, and Moody's strong common sense and ever-widening influence were used in directing Henry to the most advantageous fields. D. F. Jacobs had also a heart and a home for Henry, and the pilgrim preacher naturally hastened to the city by the lake. From Chicago we had a line from him, dated February, 1873:

"I have spent a very happy time in Chicago, and return (D.V.) next Friday, to remain there until the end of February, when I go right on to Brooklyn for two or three weeks. Instead of reaching a dozen cities out here, I have confined my labors to two; but I hope to return next fall to remain for three years, if the Lord tarry. I have scores of invitations—as many already as I could accept were I to remain for twenty years. In fact, never did I see such hungering and thirsting after the simple truth of the Scriptures as in this Western country."

He did not, however, return until 1875, as Moody and Sankey were driving their plough through British soil in the interim, and in many of the cities Moorhouse labored by their side. When he arrived in America on his fourth trip, he preached in Rochester, N. Y. Here the whole city was moved to hear him.. The *New York Evangelist*, a journal known as being sound and conservative, furnishes the following pen-picture of the man and his work:

"We have recently had the pleasure of hearing, in Rochester, the English evangelist and Bible reader, Henry Moorhouse. He spent two weeks in that city, holding daily and nightly service, and in spite of the intense cold of that month—the thermometer often standing from ten to fifteen degrees below

zero—the people thronged to hear him. Those services had so won all hearts to him, the warmest of welcomes awaited his second visit. And we count it the richest spiritual blessing of our lives to have heard him.

“Youthful almost to boyishness in figure and appearance, you wonder at first where lies the spell that draws people so irresistibly. But one look into those clear gray eyes reveals such earnestness, sincerity, and perfect transparency of soul, you trust him without an instant’s questioning. His whole face wears the calm, untroubled look of a soul at perfect rest in God. His voice is clear and winning, his delivery rapid, especially in his readings, as if the time were all too short for what he has to say. And all too short it is, for those who hang with breathless interest on his words.

“Everything in manner and matter is the farthest possible remove from anything like sensational preaching. Utterly without self-seeking, the one aim and desire of his life is to lead sinners to Christ, and Christians to a life of truer consecration to Him. A full and free salvation he preaches, and preaches with all the earnestness of his soul; but not a salvation that involves no Christian living. In this he is emphatic. “His readings are marvellous. His unbounded love and reverence for the Bible, and its constant study, have given him an insight into its very heart. And the freshness, beauty and originality of thought in these readings are a constant surprise, sometimes making every verse of a psalm, that from childhood has been familiar as the alphabet, a new illuminated text.

“The flashes of genius all through his readings and sermons; the wonderful aptness of his illustrations, driving the truth home irresistibly, and linking both truth and illustration so perfectly that one can never be recalled without the other; his astonishing memory, that carries a score of texts, perhaps at a single reading, scattered from Genesis to Revelation, naming book, chapter and verse, that the congregation may follow him in their own Bibles, with not a bit of paper to aid his memory, and never an instant’s hesitation in recalling a text or expressing a thought of his own—these all give him great power over an audience.

“His intense love for souls, and his boundless love for the Master, are the key-notes of his life. And the tender, beseeching earnestness with which he strives to win even the most fallen and depraved to him, and the startling power with which he speaks to the conscience of those who have already named the name of Christ, will never be forgotten by those who heard him.

“The last service on Sunday evening drew by far the largest congregation ever gathered within the walls of the brick church. Before seven o’clock the entire audience room was filled, the galleries crowded to their utmost capacity, the aisles below filled, and every inch of standing room taken. The stairways and lecture room were also filled with people, glad to *stand* within

sound of his voice, though they could not get a glimpse of his face, while hundreds went away who could not gain entrance anywhere.

“Mr. Moorhouse has carried with him to his English home the loving gratitude of thousands of Christian hearts who have been made better for a lifetime by his visit; and when he crosses that wider sea he will find hundreds, we doubt not, on the other side, brought there by God’s blessing on his earnest labors, waiting to welcome him into the joy of their Lord.”

Henry’s simplicity of character and childlike disposition was often the source of innocent amusement to his friends. Before unconverted persons, or weak brethren, he was very careful, but amongst those who knew him and loved him he was unrestrained—his natural characteristics having full play. His mistakes not only afforded enjoyment to others, but to himself on their discovery. Dining with friends who welcomed him to their home on his first visit to this country, ice-cream formed part of the dessert. Henry’s ignorance of the dish led him to help himself largely to the first spoonful of an American custard, as he supposed. But imagine his amazement when for a moment he could not tell whether he was scalded or frozen. Nor need we wonder that his host and family were convulsed with laughter as the tears forced themselves from Henry’s eyes, and with a face expressive of agony he requested the lady of the house *to have his pudding warmed*.

On one occasion, when riding on an Irish jaunting-car, it began to rain. Henry had a nice new hat. He was not, however, aware that there was a box behind the driver, called the *well* of the car. But on pulling out his cap, and trying to cover the *chapeau* with his cloak, the driver suggested that he put the hat in the well. “In the *well*,” quoth Henry, “why, my dear friend, I am trying to save it from the rain, and you ask me to put it in a well.” And our amused evangelist chuckled over the supposed blunder of the Irish driver, whilst that functionary was making painful efforts to suppress his risibilities. Henry loved to roam the streets on a Saturday, when, as a rule, he had no meetings. This was his day of rest and recreation. The splendid stores, with their rich display of goods, had great attraction for him. Yet, with some remark or criticism, he passed them by hurriedly. But he lingered for hours at the “toy shops,” or where “Yankee notions” could be seen to advantage. His early inclinations would show themselves on such occasions, and he would expatiate on the opportunity of making money with such goods “at ‘ome.” With a chuckle and a nod, he would explain how the designs of Americans surpassed those of Englishmen, and with what eagerness the people would buy such and such fancies if he took the auction-block again. Not that Henry coveted gold, or allowed the thought of earthly gain to divert his mind from more serious purposes. He knew the Lord delivered him from vanity, and called him into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ, that he may carry

heavenly riches to poor and needy sinners. More than once we have seen his indignation aroused when hearing of some minister fighting for earthly position, driving a sharp bargain, or turning the pulpit into a political rostrum. No, the humble evangelist could not be tempted from his precious work. When they sought to silence Luther with a bribe, an ecclesiastic cried out: "What cares that Dutch beast for gold?" Luther's heart was set on God's work, and God cared for him. Moorhouse labored for Christ, and "daily bread" was supplied him. He lived *by faith*. He was in this considered "eccentric." Mr. Worldly-Wiseman frowned upon the lad as presumptuous, whilst those adroit gentlemen, Messrs. Get-all-you-can and Keep-all-you-get, laughed at his folly, and hugged themselves for *their* prudence and foresight! But our simple-hearted preacher thought he heard a voice out of the Word, saying:

"And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and *into* many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. * * . Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

Several offers were made to Henry of positions where he would have opportunity to accumulate wealth, but as he did not choose the ministry for "loaves and fishes," neither would he abandon his work for their multiplication.

As a faithful narrator we must, however, admit that to our own mind Henry did not seem careful enough of his means. Frequently the stewards of his Lord bestowed money on this indefatigable servant, and as frequently he soon parted with it. We would not dare assert our judgment infallible, and we are rather suspicious that he acted more in accordance with divine instruction and the spirit of his Master.

When we remonstrated with him once for buying a dozen stove-lifters, and a dozen glass-cutters, can-openers, etc., from a street vendor, as throwing away his money on such frauds, he rebuked us severely by the quiet rejoinder: "My dear brother, I have many poor friends in England who never had

such grand things as these, and I want to make them happy; besides that poor lad looked hungry, and may be he has a mother in need of his earnings.” Previous to his embarkation for home, on the eve of every visit to this country his old and valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owens, of New York, who became acquainted with him on his first visit to Ireland, and who loved him with all the warmth of their big Irish hearts, did all his packing for him. From every part of the country packages were expressed to them. Now a box of dolls, then a lot of rubber balls, again a case of books, bric-a-brac, clocks, ink bottles, jack-knives, and countless articles adapted to the young, the middle-aged, and the very oldest. These were to make his friends “happy.” He was always giving; bringing to his American friends Bagster’s Bibles, and taking to the dear ones at home every conceivable article of American ingenuity that would make them a wee bit happier thereby.

On one occasion, when dining with a poor Methodist minister, he noticed the broken forks, and meagreness of the cutlery. “When I come to America again,” said Henry, “I will bring you a dozen Sheffield knives and forks.” He thought this king’s son in disguise worthy of such implements. The host did not know whether his singular guest was making a joke or not. Two years after, when he returned, he found the needy brother had moved, but he hunted him out and gave him the valuable present, which he had not forgotten to bring with him.

When he met a shivering newsboy, he generally bought all his stock in trade at one purchase, doubling, perhaps, the price demanded, and would charge the wondering “small boy” to hurry home to mother and get her a good supper.

The following incident, related by Henry in a little meeting where he gave a series of addresses on the Book of Ruth, illustrates the warmth of his affection and the thoughtfulness of his heart:

“I remember one time I was very much downcast. It was a cloudy and dark day, and I was very miserable. I think Christians ought not to be miserable, no matter what kind of days there are. But I was feeling down-hearted and sad. It was Christmas-eve, and there was a thick fog all over Manchester, where I live, and the cold, sleety rain was coming down. I looked at my watch, and it was about eight o’clock. Four miles away there was a little cottage, with a bright fire, and a nice cup of tea ready for me. I thought to myself, I will go right home and make myself comfortable. But there was a little child two miles away who came into my mind. Should I not go and comfort her. There were no ’buses or trains, and I would have to trudge all the way; and it was Christmas-eve. I began to think: Well, now, little girls will want to have a doll to-morrow; I wonder if anybody has taken anything to this little child. It will be eleven o’clock before I get home if I go, and

what will my wife say to my going home so late? And I will have to walk through the rain, and the slush, and the mud, and the fog. Something whispered, 'I would not do it, if I were you.' But then another thought came: Suppose that child were your little Minnie, and there was no one to give her anything? I went into a toy shop, bought a doll for a few pence, and started off through the cold and the wet. By-and-by I came to a cellar where this child lived with her mother and little brother. I knocked at the door, and a voice said, 'Come in.' I put my thumb on the latch and went inside. There was a smouldering little bit of fire burning, and no candle. By the light of the fire I saw the little boy sitting on one side, and lying on the bed there was the little girl, about nine years old. She was suffering from a terrible disease; she was going to have her little leg taken off in a few weeks. She said to me, 'I am so glad you have come; nobody has been to see us, and mother has gone out to see if she could get anything to do, and get some money to buy the Christmas dinner with.' I said, 'I have come to give you a doll,' and I gave it to her. The little thing looked at it; then she put her hand into the bed, and took out some old rags. She said, 'I have been trying to make a doll myself, but I have got a real one now.' She took the doll I gave her and kissed it. In a moment the darkness had gone from my spirit; the cold, chilly feeling had disappeared, and I was as happy as ever I could be. I would not have missed taking that doll, that only cost threepence or fourpence, for a five-pound note. How glad it had made me! And the next day the happiness I had in seeing my own little girl was ten times more, because I knew another little girl was made happy too. Everywhere you go you will find gleaners—poor Ruths, who need something—and God tells you to give them strength, and peace, and joy."

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

“Provoking unto Love and Good Works”—Henry to Usher—From the Faithful Tutor to the Pupil—Hambleton to Moorhouse—Henry to John.

WE have before remarked that Henry was not much given to letter-writing, yet few men loved more to receive letters from his friends. Occasionally, however, his warm heart, throbbing towards others like him “bearing the burden and heat of the day,” prompted him to pen some messages of good will. It will be seen at a glance that his letters were to edification. Neither romance nor nonsense entered into their composition. He spake and wrote as a “dying man to dying men.” Nor can we refrain from placing before our readers Hambleton’s letters to Henry, which certainly portray the present time even more exactly than the days when they were written—thirteen years ago. All of these letters were written during Henry’s first visit to America in 1867-68. In re-perusing them, after having read them when first written, our soul has been refreshed and blessed, and we would gladly share our blessings with every reader.

Henry to Usher:

“MY DEAR EDWARD:”—

“With a calm, joyous and peaceful heart, I write to you. Many are the hours we spent together, talking about our failures and lack of love to Christ and the dear saints around us. How we mourned and how we wept over our continued shortcomings, and yet we felt so helpless and so weak, but not helpless or weak enough just to cast ourselves right upon the dear Saviour, and say: Lord Jesus, live Thy life in me, and let my life be Thine from this time, henceforth and forever.

“Now you and I, as gospel preachers, are constantly telling sinners to trust the Saviour and be saved, but are we ourselves doing what we bid them do? Is it a truth that, being justified by faith, we are just? Is it true that the just shall live by faith? Faith in self? No. Faith in endeavors? No. Faith in my works? No. But faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and sanctify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.

* * * *

“We have been going about for years with a trembling heart because we felt ourselves a target for Satan to hurl his darts at. Now, has not God given us armor? but have we girded our armor on? I see now that helmet to be Christ, that breast-plate to be Christ, that shield to be Christ, the whole armor Christ. Now, if I live in Christ always, I am encased with armor, which is world-proof, sin-proof, flesh-proof, hell-proof, and devil-proof, and the darts all fall powerless before Christ, my shield. Do that, my beloved brother, and then in power will you realize in your own soul ‘I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ Let Him live in you, walk in you, speak in you, teach you, and then shall you live blameless and harmless, a son of God

without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

“I am very sure your heart will be gladdened to hear of the goodness of the Lord to me since I left you in Manchester. Here, in a foreign land, I have experienced the blessed truth of His own word, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ From every denomination I have met nothing but kindness and Christian love. The brethren welcomed me with open arms to Philadelphia. As soon as they knew I had arrived, homes were offered and doors opened at once for preaching, and I am, thank God, able to preach the gospel every day. Now won’t you pray very much for the Lord’s work through me while I am here, and I am sure God will make His truth a blessing in this country. And may the dear, loving Lord bless and keep you in very much peace, for Christ’s sake.”

“HENRY MOORHOUSE.”

From the faithful tutor to the pupil:

“DEAR BROTHER IN OUR PRECIOUS JESUS:

“Your letter was indeed good news from a far country. The Lord’s work prospering in your hands, with many open doors and open hearts prepared to receive the message of salvation, calls for much praise and thanksgiving to the God of all grace, who causeth us to triumph in every place.

“As my former letter was well-timed and profitable, you will doubtless again suffer the word of exhortation, while we would both desire to sit still at the feet of Him whose doctrine distills as the dew, and, with Mary of old, learn from his own lips those words of heavenly grace which melt our hard, selfish hearts into true humility, the only ground where we can in weakness and lowliness find rest to the weary soul, and receive the divine and eternal impress of Him, whose purposes in Jesus are to mould and fashion us, body, soul and spirit, into the image of his well-beloved Son.

“A few remarks, then, on things touched upon in your letter from Philadelphia:

“1. Your acknowledgment of God’s wonderful blessing as to your gift of simplicity in utterance, which finds its way to so many hearts and with such power.

“The word simplicity, dear Henry, both in life before God, and word and conversation before men, contains in itself the whole practical teaching of God’s Word to man while sojourning here; but the natural heart, under all circumstances, is, was, and will be to the final consummation, intensely opposed to such practice, whether in the church or the world, because the carnal root of nature has been poisoned through believing Satan’s promise and hearkening to his lies—‘Ye shall be as gods.’ Every branch of the corrupt tree, as a natural consequence, seeks self-exaltation in ten thousand forms, both in daily walk and utterance; and simplicity of faith is the only antidote either to kill the poison in our souls, or receive, from the root of the true Vine, the living, life-giving sap—His precious blood. Those who walk by sight, and receive their wisdom from the schools of men, are merely tall trees without fruit—thick-leaved branches growing up between the crucified Saviour and the souls of poor sinners, barricading every way of approach, so that the real, plain, lowly simplicity of Christ’s gospel is too humbling for wise and learned teachers, whose praise is not of God, but men. ‘But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.’

“2. You say that the American field is very large, the harvest very ripe, the laborers

very few, and you are praying for God to send out more laborers. Amen! Dear brother, my very soul joins you in the prayer, that *God*, and not *man*, may be the sender, and that *laborers*, not *idlers*, may be the sent ones; for whomsoever He sends He first qualifies to trust in Him alone—not to run before they are sent, nor lag behind when He moves them on. Laborers indeed for their Master’s honour and not their own, for the profit of their fellow-creatures, that they may be saved, and not their own self-seeking; laborers like those in nature’s fields, who seek not the fashionable attire of this gaudy world, nor court the couches of down and feathers, but toiling on through storm and calm, look for fruits in cultivation of the soil, waiting themselves and watching for the early and the latter rain, ploughing in hope that they may reap with joy. O Lord of the harvest, do send out real laborers into thy great harvest-fields, whose glorious reward shall be the words ‘Well done!’ from thine own precious lips. Good Lord, deliver us from that base reward, the praises of men and the purses of the people.

‘Laborers,

All taught of God, as former prophets told,

Unlearned fools, in Christ made wise and bold.’

“3. It is cheering to hear of the Lord’s mercies in giving you daily strength for so many meetings. Your weak body need be a living sacrifice; may He strengthen your soul likewise in simple faith. It gladdens my heart, dear brother, to hear of your increasing relish for the precious Word. Our own appetites need spiritually sharpening, that our souls may grow ‘strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,’ while constantly giving out to others. The fact of having left all your former life behind you, and never speaking of yourself now, is a proof of that living Word taking effect within your soul, as witness the apostle Paul leaving things of old self behind, be they learning or ignorance, goodness or badness, past experience, or any other thing connected with himself or his own righteousness, and pressing forward to the things of Jesus Christ which are eternal, and which all lay before him in the promises of God. This is the grand and effectual teaching of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth first laying all of old self in the dust as vanity, then lifting up Jesus, who takes of His things, and reveals them unto us as we are able to bear the light. He begins with peace, through His precious blood, to our troubled, guilty consciences; then the resurrection life in Jesus, then Jesus Himself as the only object for the love of our hearts, then the blessed hope of coming glory, and all the way through He comforts us in sorrow, helps us in time of need, warns us of approaching danger, keeps us by His mighty power in all our weaknesses, guides us through dark seasons, uses us for the good of others, and night and day works in us to will and do of His good pleasure, fitting, fashioning, moulding us by His Spirit to be partakers of His divine nature, in order that, as sons and daughters of the living God, we may, throughout the eternal ages, be to the praise of His glory, who hath redeemed us by His own precious blood, to dwell with Him in righteousness and true holiness in the new heavens and new earth which God Himself hath purposed for Himself.”

“Yours in Jesus only,”

“JOHN HAMBLETON.”

“DEAR BROTHER:—Your complaint of the many different gospels and forms of error Satan is sending out in America is sad indeed. Truly, dear brother, had not the Spirit said “endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” it was enough to make

you ground arms at once in a strange land, amongst a strange people; but your testimony was owned of God, and doors flew open in other directions. He is ever faithful, and His promise holds good, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"Those who study the Book of Revelation as a mirror exposing the face of things passing around us in these last days, unfolding the hidden workings of the powers of darkness, both in the churches and in the world, while revealing the fulfillment of God's counsels, purposes, warnings, providences and judgments as time proceeds, are seldom surprised at extraordinary events transpiring, connected either with individuals, families, churches or nations. There is a blessing pronounced upon all who read, hear and keep the sayings of the prophecy of this book, and that blessing is a daily light upon the path as we journey on, showing the things which have been and are yet fulfilling, things which must come to pass until the last enemy is put under the feet of Christ, and the new heavens and earth created. Our call as Christians in this world, has a twofold character: (1.) to witness for Jesus, that God hath given us eternal life in Him; (2) to testify that the deeds of this world are evil, by our separation from it in spirit, following Him who said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' We are called out from amongst men who are without faith, and consequently the powers of darkness and unbelief are our deadly foes. Wicked spirits, antagonistic to Jesus Christ and His truth, sent by the Prince of Darkness, are busy in this world opposing the Light of Life and incessantly promulgating false doctrines, error and delusions, blinding the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

"All opposition to God is lawlessness, but God's long suffering has been so presumed upon that in these last days it comes to the full; and men, led by fallen angels and wicked spirits, have spurned the blood of Jesus, broken the everlasting covenant, and done despite to the Spirit of grace, so the axe which was laid at the root of the trees at Calvary is now at the root of the unfruitful nations which are to be cut down and cast into the fire. The sharp sickle is about to reap the vine of the earth and to cast it into the great wine-press of God's wrath.

"You need not wonder, dear brother, at the many gospels, which are not gospels but errors, amongst the American people. If you look back into past history, for twelve centuries Satan has had an established religion called Roman Catholicism, as described by John in his apocalyptic vision (Rev. xvii), as a woman riding on the back of a beast. She is drunken with the blood of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus. Rulers and magistrates, with kings and all secular authority, are legitimate temporal ministers of God, to whom we are authorized to pay tribute, for they are ordained of God for the putting down of evil-doers. They bear not the sword in vain, and we, as Christians, are commanded to pray for such; but this apostate church, under Satan and the powers of darkness, took possession of this authority, and setting up a church on earth in mockery to the church of Christ—which has a heavenly and not an earthly call—they, the kings of the earth, yielded to this drunken woman, and committed spiritual fornication with her, giving themselves into her wicked embraces, so that invisible principalities and powers and rulers of the darkness of this world have been seated on the thrones of state. Kings, princes, popes, cardinals, priests, bishops, archbishops, and all these higher powers, having received this great harlot church with all her daughters, have begotten all sorts of abominations in the earth, for she is the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth; all the misrule in the nations is from her; all the oppositions

of the simple truth of Christ are caused by her; all the troubles, murders, and wars or discords, are caused by her; and all the errors, false religions, and delusions of these last days, are her offspring, because she has trampled the truth of Jesus to the ground, which would otherwise have enlightened the nations, and taught them the love of God in Jesus crucified and risen for them.

“Now God has been consuming her with the spirit of His mouth, and she begins to see her death approaching. Her nakedness is seen by the poor, ignorant, deluded nations; but she has an elder son who is yet to succeed her upon the throne of confusion. This eldest son is Infidelity. No sooner is Satan cast from his seat in the heavens, or religious hierarchy, than God’s own true children rejoice; but the cry is, ‘Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea.’ These lower walks for proud Lucifer is a sign to him that he knows his time is short; for, seated amongst popes and potentates of earth, he may reign at ease and keep the ignorant masses in awe by his priests; but when he is thrown down from priestly power and kingly rule amongst the uneducated masses, he is enraged. It was so when the Scribes and Pharisees lost power. As the people received Jesus of Nazareth, he followed the apostles with rage and malice; but now, in these last days, as Popery, with all her branches, whether Anglican or Greek, Mohammedan or Confucian, and the powers of darkness, come down amongst the common people, all sorts of gospels, all sorts of delusions all sorts of discords are fomented, because it is universal blood and slaughter he now intends. The printing-press has shown the people the sham religions, but does not show them Jesus. The Holy Ghost is gathering out a people amidst it all. The blinded nations believe Satan’s lie, and cry, ‘Give us earth.’ The believers in Jesus and His truth cry, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, and give us heaven.’ The education of the people by penny readings and secular lectures is making them infidels and not Christians, and *professed teachers* are spreading morality and self-righteousness instead of that gospel which is alone God’s power unto salvation to every one that believeth.

“Dear brother, we are indeed in perilous times, but Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. Keep on laboring in His name, bearing testimony by your life that your name is written in heaven and not on earth; and He who never slumbers nor sleeps will keep you awake in the midst of a sleepy church and wicked world.”

“Yours in Jesus only,

“JOHN HAMBLETON.”

Harry to John:

“MY BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST:

“Your letter to me, has given me much joy; it is so sweet to know that, while one is away in another land and clime, those we love at home are remembering us before the Lord. Absent we may be from each other in body, but one in heart we are, blessed be God. It is with much pleasure I read *The Revival*, (now *The Christian*, an English weekly) out here; one seems to be brought so near to you all as I read its pages, telling of your work in the old country. Supposing you would like to hear of the Lord’s dealings out here with His servant, I sit down to write to you, and tell you how He is blessing His own word.

“First, let me say that in almost every place God takes me to, the pastors of the various churches, in much love and kindness, offer me every assistance in their power. Their pulpits are given me, their churches are opened, their prayers are for God to bless,

and their words are to encourage their congregations to come out and listen to the story of the Cross. In the city of Wilmington, nine churches were kindly given me, and in every one of them the pastors rejoiced at the word. Very sorry they were when I left them for a little time, and unanimously wished I could stay.

“Going one day with dear Dr. Shaw, a Presbyterian minister in Rochester, to the almshouse to speak to the inmates, I met an old darkie, who taught me a blessed lesson. I noticed, during the preaching, his happy face, and every time aught was said very pointedly, he turned round to another and said, ‘*Dat’s it; dat’s it.*’ After preaching, tracts were given them, which they seemed to prize very much. Shaking hands with the old negro, the matron standing by said, ‘Oh, he is a preacher.’ ‘Are you?’ said I. ‘Yees, sar, I tells of Christ, my Saviour,’ and the tears came to his eyes; ‘I likes to follow de Lamb whider eber He goeth.’ ‘Did you follow Him in here?’ said I, looking at him in surprise. ‘Yees, sar, I followed Him here, and I’se very happy; I tells of Jesus, my Saviour.’ ‘God bless you, sar; come again, won’t you, sar?’ and the old pauper preacher went his way to his ward. Truly he was rich; he had learnt to be content, and maybe God led him there, that He Himself might be glorified.

I could not tell you how much I love to preach to the colored people; their childlike manners and simple faith are really surprising. Tell them of Jesus, they never tire, but will sit for hours; speak of his power in cleansing the leper or in stilling the ocean, or in raising the dead, and they laugh, and caper, and almost dance for joy. Tell them how He was despised and rejected, cast out, spit upon, crowned with thorns and crucified, they sit and moan, and sob with genuine tears of love to Christ. Then speak of how He burst the chains of death, and rose triumphant from the dead, and theirs tears are turned to smiles, and their sobs to hallelujahs. You would like so much, dear brother, to preach to them. It is happy, joyous work.

“Their spirituality none can doubt. Unable to read or write, very many of them just out of bondage, one cannot help seeing the power of the Spirit of God in teaching them the blessed truth about Jesus. I had been preaching one day in a colored Baptist church; much power was given with the word, and many seemed very anxious. An aged black woman, over eighty years old, stepped up to me and said, ‘Honey, the Lord bless you;’ wringing my hand and with the tears trickling down her wrinkled face, she said, ‘Honey, watch and pray; Satan, de roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour, and he always fights de champions.’ Oh, what a lesson! He fights us when we are *strong in self*; he touches us not when we are weak, for then we cling close to that blessed Jesus, who fought and conquered the roaring lion on Calvary. Many more precious truths have the colored people taught me, and I love to imitate their child-like confidence in the living God.

“It is very cheering, as one goes from place to place, to find so much fruit remaining from the preaching of our dear brother, H. Grattan Guinness. I suppose from all I hear, that since the days of Whitfield no evangelist in this land has won so many souls to Christ, and the people cluster around me to ask me if I know him, and how he is, and what he is doing; and many a ‘God bless him’ I hear from rich and poor. I have seen some out here who heard and were blessed through the preaching of dear Richard Weaver. Let us go on, beloved brother, until it pleases our heavenly Father to give us other work to do, preaching the word, the simple word, in season and out of season; and let us learn a lesson not to be discouraged by seeing so many reject the word of truth as preached by us.

“Out here is a great place for advertising; you can hardly go anywhere without seeing, written and painted, upon fences, walls, rocks, trees and houses, something like the following: ‘Use so and so, rheumatic remedy; never fails to cure.’ ‘Try so and so, dyspepsia mixture; a sure remedy,’ etc. Well, people read them and laugh every day they see it, and don’t mind it at all; but perhaps some day they feel the rheumatic pain, then they remember what they have read, and no doubt go and get the remedy. Even so with our preaching: we preach and they laugh; we preach again, and they reject; but maybe some day they will feel the plague of sin, and remember the remedy, trust in Christ Jesus, and be made whole.

“I have much to say to you but reserve it for some other time. I am well; very happy in my work; God is blessing me very much; souls are saved; and, if He, our Lord carries, am looking forward to leaving this land for home some time in April or beginning of May.

“God bless you,

‘HARRY MOORHOUSE.’”

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSING LABORS AND DEATH.

Alarming Symptoms—Bible Carriage Work—The Carriage at Oldham—Geo. Muller's Report—Henry's Legacy Last Letter—Henry's Farewell—"In Memoriam."

IN 1876 Henry came from Manchester to Liverpool to visit the writer and his family, on the eve of sailing for America. His special errand was to urge our taking a brief tour with him in Scotland. Accordingly we prepared for the journey. The first night in Stirling alarmed us, as we listened to Henry's hacking cough. But he only laughed at our apprehensions, and said he was accustomed to it. In the fall of the same year he visited us in Philadelphia, and we journeyed together to Chicago, having both received a telegram from D. L. Moody to join him in that city. Again and again we reverted to his constant coughing, but found it only worried him to do so. He said the doctors could not help him, but he hoped for improvement. Throughout the whole time of this, his final visit, he seemed to his friends to be unlike his former self. And strangers who had long wished to form his acquaintance, were disappointed in the man. He had become reserved and apparently anxious. We were not, however, surprised. The fear which the nature of his disease engendered that he might die away from home; the ever-present sorrow that his little girl, whom he dearly loved, was a hopeless cripple; the delicate condition of his wife at the time, and other serious matters, engrossed his mind, and led him to be much alone. He retired from his meals to his room, and was scarcely seen again until he stood before his congregations. But the sick brother labored heroically, and though often suffering from nervous prostration, preached with unwonted power in some of the cities where he visited. Directly on his return to England, he sought the advice of competent physicians, but their conclusions gave him little hope. Kind friends promptly offered their services, and ministered to his wants, which he greatly appreciated. The loving looks and simple thanks told how his heart felt towards them. He now restricted his preaching to parlor Bible readings, and similar gatherings free from the excitement attendant upon more public audiences. That our apprehensions of his serious illness were well founded, we learned from various sources. A few of his friends who had been benefited by his ministrations, hearing of his sickness, entrusted me with a little money for him. We append his letter of response, dated Manchester, England, May 20th, 1880:

"MY BELOVED BROTHER:

"Your kind letter and draft for ten pounds safe to hand. Will you accept my warmest thanks, and also thank the dear friends who have not forgotten me in my weakness. They will be sorry to hear that I am suffering from severe heart disease, and that there is no

earthly chance of my ever getting better. But all is well, and I am very happy. * * * I am still doing something for my Lord and Master, circulating His blessed word by means of Bible carriages, having three now at work, and the sales are wonderful. Things are very quiet in England * * * The midnight sleep is on the Church and the Lord will soon be here to take us home. Love to dear Mrs. N. and all friends. God bless you both.”

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

Since the date of the above letter, Henry’s condition became more serious. His family foresaw what the end must be, and lovingly they ministered to the patient sufferer. But he continued the superintendence of his Bible carriages, anxious to labor for his loving Lord, to the last. Of the importance of his work Hambleton wrote:

“Having both tried and proved for several years the value of Bible work, blended with Evangelistic effort, amongst the masses of England, I am fully persuaded that where men gifted for this especial work are found laboring with a single eye to the glory of God, there is no service more needed, and no corner of the Lord’s vineyard where the smile and continued presence of the Master are so powerfully realized. But as tares grow together with wheat, and Satan always mimics the truth with his counterfeits, either to bring persecution upon the true servants of the Lord, or exalt his own falsehoods to deceive the people, the advice of Moses’ father-in-law as to the characteristics of those men who engage in such work is worthy of notice—first, able men; second, such as fear God; third, men of truth; fourth, hating covetousness: (Exod. xviii. 21.

“The Bible-carriage under the direction of our brother Henry Moorhouse has, since it was first launched into the sea of people at crowded markets and fairs, witnessed many a storm. We have seen it surrounded by rough and hostile mobs. The large printed texts have been painted all over, more than once in the hand of a rabble. Only the other week at one town it was taken into custody by the police, and, when liberated, placed outside the bounds of the market or fair-ground. Nevertheless, thousands of Testaments with little Gospel books and Bibles of various sizes and type, are carried to the homes of the people. The Gospel is preached from the platform, and a testimony for the Lord to the crowds, and we trust that many who buy the Book, search, like the Bereans of old, to see whether these things be so.”

“JOHN HAMBLETON.”

A writer in *The Christian* of March 23, 1880, narrates the following:

“During the last nine weeks Mr. Moorhouse’s Bible Carriage has been at Oldham; the two friends who accompany it, Mr. F. Brewster and Mr. Fergisun, have been paying visits during the daytime to the various cotton-mills in the town and district, and by this means have succeeded in disposing of a large number of copies of God’s Word to the work-people.

“The Carriage was stationed in what is known as ‘Tommy Field’s’ a kind of half fair, half market-place, which on the Saturday night is crowded by many hundreds of persons. Here, in the midst of all the noise of brass bands and big drums at the various shows, the sale of God’s Word goes on, while during the evening hymns are sung and

short Gospel addresses are given. I had the pleasure of joining in the sale of the Scriptures on Saturday night last, and I fully realized the very trying nature of the work for those dear brethren who are engaged in it. We had a quack doctor stationed close beside the Carriage, who strove with might and main to attract the crowds who gathered to listen while we spoke to them, and after making several attempts, he had to give up, and we were left in possession of the field. Duncan Matheson's 'Gospel Bell' did good service in attracting the people.

"There have been sold 7,000 Testaments at four cents, 1,600 Bibles (of which 600 were Oxford Teachers' Bibles), and 2,000 'From the Pit to the Throne;' while 84,000 Gospel books and 7,000 periodicals have been given away. It will be seen that a most important work has been done, and we doubt not God's blessing will follow his own Word."

The object of the Director was to sell Bibles and Testaments at a nominal price, as the purchasers would appreciate them more than if they were given away. The work was truly "a work of faith," as well as a "labor of love."

It will never be known till the great day of rewards, the incalculable good which this beloved brother accomplished, when too weak for the arduous work of preaching. Like the Master, he labored whilst it was day, nor does he now regret that he planned to scatter millions of heavenly messages among the perishing children of men. In the "Narrative of Facts," relative to the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution," under the care of Mr. George Müller, the founder of the Bristol Orphan Houses, we find reference made to Mr. Moorhouse.

In Sept. 1879, Henry writes: "Our Bible Carriage opened at Wigan on Saturday. I was much concerned about this dark town, most of the people being colliers, and a great many out of work, and others out on strike. But God, who hears prayer, opened the way. We sold on Saturday 1017 New Testaments in the marketplace, besides Bibles and 'Words of Comfort.' We gave away 12,000 little books. To our living Lord be all praise. * * * * I am hoping, God willing, next month to open a second Bible Carriage for London, this modern Babylon."

In October, 1879, he writes: "We have had a blessed time at Leicester, and many souls, I trust, have decided for the Lord Jesus. During the fair, in one week, 1,711 New Testaments have been sold, besides Bibles and Portions. At Wigan a grand work has been done, and up to last Monday over 2,000 New Testaments were sold. Praise be to the Lord for inclining the hearts of the masses to purchase the Scriptures. The Lord has been giving great blessings in conversion, through my ministry, the last eight weeks. Over 150 have professed conversion."

On Jan. 12th, 1880, this dear brother writes regarding his work: "We are hearing of conversions to God every week. The other day a poor woman bought a twopenny Testament; she opened it; her eyes fell on John v. 24.

She was convicted and converted, and is now in happy fellowship with the Lord's people." This letter contained an order for 5,000 New Testaments and 600 Bibles, a similar number having been ordered on previous occasions.

On Feb. 16th he writes: "The blessed work of circulating the Scriptures seems rather to increase than diminish. Never had we such a week before as last week at Oldham, taking over £30 for Bibles and Testaments. Praise to the Lord! In many mills, I am told, the girls are now reading the Scriptures during the dinner hour, and the masters say these girls do more work than those who are careless about better things." The letter is again accompanied by an order for 5,000 Testaments and 200 Bibles.

On May 6th he writes again: "We are still having very blessed times. Our carriage was at Stockport fair last week, and in three days we sold more than 1,000 New Testaments and many Bibles. At Bradford, Yorkshire, we took more than £25 last week for Scriptures, and thousands heard the Word of Life." The letter is again accompanied by an order for 5,000 New Testaments and 600 Bibles.

Mr. Müller adds: "To this devoted servant of Christ we sold, during the past year at reduced price, four thousand two hundred and thirty-six Bibles, fifty-four thousand and twelve New Testaments, and many tens of thousands of books, which he spread in connection with his open-air preaching and three Bible Coaches. I particularly commend him to the prayers of the Christian reader, that God would graciously be pleased to bless his labors abundantly and to strengthen him physically for them."

Henry has left no legacy to his family. The Lord cared for him and them whilst he was living; the Lord will not forsake them now. Hosts of friends will be raised up of God to provide for the fatherless, and remember the widow. His legacy to the church of God, is an example of faith, diligence, zeal, love for the truth and facilities to distribute it. He has left three Bible-carriages to the church, from which 50,000 Bibles and Testaments were sold in 1879, and 70,000 in 1880. In addition about 2,000,000 of Gospel papers, tracts and books have been given away. The expenditure for all this work did not exceed fifteen hundred dollars. What a rebuke does the work of the closing days of an unassuming and sick brother give to "societies," "committees," "organizations" and "churches?" What a rebuke to us all who *play* at saving souls, and have never yet, it may be, come to the close "grups."

When the faithful laborer's work is done, then comes rest. Henry's earthly work is done, his race is run; his course finished; the time of his departure arrived at last. He fell with the harness on, heeding the injunction, "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist,

make full proof of thy ministry.” 2 Tim. iv. 5.

Probably the last letter which he penned was to our well-beloved Major Whittle, who proposed to call on him on Tuesday, Dec. 28. Henry’s reply was brief, but expressive:

“DEAR LOVED BROTHER:”

“Just out of bed; first time for many a day. If I am not with the Lord, shall be real glad to see you next Tuesday; but I am very ill. Ask prayer for me to suffer for Christ better than ever I preached for Him. I only want to glorify Him. * * * I am glad to hear of all the blessing. Praise be to the Lord.

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

The Christian, of London, the Editor of which for twenty years befriended the subject of our book, and to whom English evangelists owe an increasing debt of gratitude for his personal friendship and unwearied kindness, thus refers to the last moments of the dying saint:

“HENRY MOORHOUSE’S FAREWELL.”

“With very great sorrow we record the death, in the prime of his life and of matured capacity for usefulness, of our beloved and valued brother, Henry Moorhouse. For the past three years he has suffered from disease of the heart, was called to his rest at midnight of Monday, 27th ult., aged forty, and was buried on the last day of the old year, in the presence of many of his brother evangelists and other friends, some from long distances. Among those who took part in the service at the grave were his early and constant friends, John Hambleton, Richard Weaver and John Street.

“But, being dead, he yet speaketh. All our readers, and all who know Mr. Moody, know how much, at the outset of his career, he owed to Henry Moorhouse. Truly, the seed sown by the brother who has gone has borne abundant fruit, and we trust will bear yet more abundantly for years to come, in the work for God of D. L. Moody, Major Whittle, and others in America, as well as not a few in England, who profited by his simple, clear, and forcible expositions of the Good Tidings.”

John Hambleton writes:

“DEAR BROTHER:—Our dear little brother has gone home; his great heart was too big for his little frail body. I stayed at his house three or four nights a week while laboring in Manchester, during December. His sufferings were great, coughing for hours together, but his happy smile throughout completely answered to that precious peace of soul reigning within. ‘Oh, all right,’ he would say, ‘it’s only a cough; it would be worse if there were no cough.’ Calling to see him on Monday last, before he left us, I grasped his arms, as his face betokened that the enemy death was doing his last work, and said: ‘Harry, we shall soon meet up yonder.’ He replied, while gasping for breath: ‘Sure, sure, sure!’

“There was a native simplicity in this dear lad ever since he was brought to the Lord. We traveled together when he was about nineteen, and his little anecdotes would, in two or three minutes, fill a whole congregation with tears of joy.

* * * * * His growth in the knowledge of his Bible in the years that followed, has been proved by his works, which will follow him. How

plainly visible is the work of God, in putting into such a little, frail vessel as our brother, such a treasure, showing us all that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of us.

“Yours in Him,

“JOHN HAMBLETON.”

The *Word and Work*, another English periodical which appreciated Henry’s work, and chronicled his labors from time to time, speaks of his death:

“IN MEMORIAM.”

“MR. HENRY MOORHOUSE.”

“We deeply regret to record that at midnight on Monday, 27th ult., this honored evangelist passed to be with that Lord in whose service the last twenty years of his life have been spent. While to him it is ‘far better,’ the announcement of his departure will cause deep sorrow in many hearts, both in our own land and in the United States, where he was blessed of God to win many souls. All who had the privilege of his acquaintance know that he was a simple-minded and loving disciple, whose distinguishing characteristic was an intense reverence for the Word of God, and his addresses, whether to Christians or the unsaved, were at all times in the form of Scriptural expositions. The same trait is illustrated by his latest effort for the Master—the Bible carriage, of which we have given from time to time particulars in these columns. We well remember the delight with which he recently told us of selling in one hour no less than 500 copies of the Word of God, chiefly to those who already possessed no Bible. The care of the Manchester Bible carriage has been undertaken by Christians in that town, while the London Bible carriage is to be placed in charge of William Grove, who for over a year has been working therewith. At present about £80 are still due on this carriage. We should be glad to hear that our friends were coming forward liberally in the matter.

“At such a time we cannot help recalling the words of Mr. D. L. Moody, as he told us in 1875, with tears in his eyes, that his whole ministry in the Gospel had received a fresh impetus, and its character had been changed, as the direct results of Henry Moorhouse’s first visit to Chicago; and it has been so in many other cases we could mention. Indeed, to Mr. Moorhouse’s Bible readings are ascribed, under God, the awakening of thousands of American christians to a more direct and thorough searching of Scripture, and more particularly as concerns the coming of the Lord.

Our brother, who, after a painful illness, fell asleep at his residence, 55 Tiverton Street, Ardwick, Manchester, has left a sorrowing widow and two little ones—a baby boy and “Cripple Minnie,” for whom the sympathy and prayers of many Christians have been awakened in the past on account of her affliction. The care of these surely devolves upon the Church. A well-known Christian gentleman writes: ‘Could we not do for these what we did for the widow and bairns of Mr. Henry Hull, some twenty years ago, viz., raise a sum of about £2,000, in order that a modest competence might be secured them?’ We believe that Miss Macpherson would gladly take charge of any money subscribed for this purpose, while our American and Canadian readers might

forward their subscriptions to Mr. Geo. C. Needham, Chicago Ave., Church, Chicago.”

A brother Evangelist widely known in England and not unknown in this land, where he paid a visit with Henry in 1876, reports:

“Jan. 1, 1881.

“Another standard-bearer has fallen. The ranks have been once more thinned, and dear Harry Moorhouse, much loved, and much honored by God in blessing to souls on both sides of the Atlantic, is at home with his Lord forever. He fell asleep in Jesus on Monday, December 27th, at midnight, and, though suffering intense pain, was enabled to cheer the sorrowing ones around him with such words as ‘All, all is well,’ and to his own little Minnie he could leave that precious text he ever loved to speak of, ‘God is love.’

“When we saw him a week or two since he said he believed his work for Christ was nearly over, and yesterday, as we looked at his remains, we could hardly realize even then that those lips would never again tell us of Jesus and His love to sinners, and that his well-worn Bible, which lay in its accustomed place, would never again be used by him in helping young converts, and in edifying the Church of God.

“Twenty years ago he was brought to Christ in one of the meetings in Manchester, and from the very first began to speak for his Lord, and till just before his departure was incessant in his labors for the Master. Some of us who knew him intimately, and have labored with him in this and other lands, have met not only with many who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality, but very many Christians to whom his precious Bible readings have been made a lasting blessing.

“On Friday, 31st, a number of us carried his remains to the Ardwick Cemetery, there to await the morning of the resurrection, ‘when the sleeping saints will be changed, and the living ones caught up to meet their Lord in the air.’

“Amongst the servants of Christ who were present were Richard Weaver (who was the means of the departed one’s conversion), John Hambleton (with whom he first labored for Christ), and Edward Usher (with whom Mr. Moorhouse sold his first Bible, twenty years ago). As we stood around that open grave, we were able to sing, though our eyes were dimmed with tears,—

‘There’ll be no parting,
There’ll be no parting there.’

And as that song went up from the many who were there we thought of the day about to dawn, when we should meet to go no more out forever.

“Need I ask that friends here, and in America, will remember his dear widow in their prayers, that the God of all grace may sustain her in this heavy trial. May we, who still linger upon the scene, seek to live as he did for *souls*, for *eternity*, and for *immortal glory*.

“CHARLES INGLIS.”

It is well for us who are left to mourn the loss we sustain in his removal, and especially his own dear family circle to remember, that “all things work together for good to them that love God.”

“Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well.
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal’d us,
Perfect is the grace that seal’d us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
All must be well.”

“We expect a bright tomorrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father’s love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well!”