

HENRY MOORHOUSE

The English Evangelist.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

“The Christian Hero”;

“Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson”; *“Revival and Revival Work”;*

ETC., ETC.

“GOD GAVE THE BEST IN HEAVEN FOR THE WORST ON EARTH.”—Page 106.

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CHAPTER V.

Work in America.

“Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee.”—JER. i. 7.

ON the wide American field it was given Henry Moorhouse to gather many sheaves for his Master. Here, more even than in his own country, his labours were sealed by the Spirit of God. Within the limits of a brief narrative it is impossible to follow him in all his movements, or to enter into the details of his work in any one place. Nor is this necessary, if it were possible. Dipping here and there into his life-work will suffice to furnish a fair specimen, a suitable illustration, of the whole.

His six visits to the New World were fruitful of blessing; but perhaps his first American tour yielded far richer results than any other period in his evangelistic ministry. He went there, a stranger in a strange land, in much fear and trembling. At the outset he encountered difficulties that might have appalled a stouter heart than his. His faith was sometimes sorely tried; his tender susceptibilities were deeply wounded. But the same hand that emptied the vessel also filled it; and the emptying not less than the filling was the work of grace. A wide and an effectual door was opened for him. He was honoured with invitations from churches and cities; he was welcomed with enthusiasm, and hailed as “the great English preacher:” thousands hung on his lips, and, infinitely better than all, the Holy Spirit accompanied his preaching with great power; whole congregations were moved to tears and inquiry, and many were added to the Lord. It was given him, especially at this period, not only to hold up before many thousands the Great Picture, but also—O rare grace!—himself to stand well out of sight, while with solemn tenderness he said, “Behold the Lamb of God!”

Some extracts from his diary of this first visit to New York supply an interesting record of experience and service:—

“JESUS ONLY.

“*New York, Sept. 7, 1867.*—A stranger here, without a friend! Nay, Henry, ‘there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother;’ and He who cannot lie has promised never to leave nor forsake thee; so do not doubt, only believe, and all will yet be well.

“Just seventeen days since the *Virginia* (Captain Prouse) sailed from Queenstown—six hundred steerage and fifty-seven saloon passengers, myself among the number. It was a happy time; the Lord enabled me to preach Christ to nearly all on board, the Dutch included, and I am sure

there was blessing. The Lord be praised! The tracts were thankfully received, and many asked me for the ‘Words of Comfort.’ I saw many sights I shall never forget. One poor mother, with a grown-up daughter, very, very sick; and how she nursed her! Oh, who on earth is like a mother? I think if I were dying, I should like no hand to smooth my pillow save my darling mother’s, no kiss upon my lips save the kiss of her that nursed me when a child. Lord, make me to value more Thy love, and the love of my sweet mother! At last the child got better; and how sweet the smile upon the mother’s lips! I spoke about the Saviour to them both, and the tears started to their eyes as they heard about the precious atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“I found out that the daughter had been married two days before the vessel sailed, that the father had been in America about six months, and had sent for them; and so mother, daughter, and son-in-law were going out to the father and husband. After paying their passage money they had not a sixpence left.

“I don’t think I can write much about the voyage, save that I formed a friendship with Dr. Samuels of Liverpool, the ship’s surgeon, and another gentleman, likewise from Liverpool, the latter a very dear Christian, and the only one on board I had communion with about heavenly things.

“Well, it seemed a long passage, but *at last* we sighted land. The tears came quickly into my eyes as I jumped ashore. I don’t know why; perhaps ’twas a foretaste of the sorrow I must endure in this strange land. Why call it strange? ’tis like the world everywhere when left to itself. A Republic. Everybody seems to think he is better than everybody else, and it is hard to get a civil word from anybody. Well, give me my country, and my beloved Queen, and never again will I grumble at Monarchy. This is a dear place—ten shillings for a coach to bring my luggage to the hotel, five minutes’ journey; fifty cents, or two shillings, for hair-cutting and shampooing, and everything else about as dear in proportion. Went to Castle Gardens, the emigration offices; found my three English friends in deep sorrow; no money, and don’t know what to do; want to get to Boston and can’t; no train today. Took them to a cheap boarding-house; three dollars a day for me to pay for them out of my scanty purse, which feels very light at present. Well, I do it to the Lord, so never mind; He will look after me.

“I see two things here in my bedroom I never saw before in any hotel: first, mosquitoes, which I really don’t like, they bite so bad; the second, a Bible, presented by the American Bible Society. I suppose they have given one for each room. Well, blessed be God, I love the dear old book, and rejoice to see what they are doing here with it. So now, my dear boy, read a chapter, say your prayers, and go to bed, for I’m sure you must be tired.

God is love, and He giveth His beloved sleep.

“8th.—And so Lord’s-day is over, and not without its lessons either. Surely God is leading me by ways I know not; but ’tis blessed (is it not?) to be sure in one’s soul that He knows and He never makes mistakes. No! He is wise and He is kind.

“Broke bread today—a happy time; went to a Methodist Sunday-school and had a little cry as I heard them singing, ‘Work while ’tis day.’ In the evening went to a church and saw the ‘mark of the beast,’ as in England. Well, God anyway will take care of His Church, whatever England does with hers.

“My word, Henry, but you have walked many miles today, and your poor feet are sore! Don’t it make you think about Samaria, and the well, and the woman, and the blessed, blessed holy Jesus?—Tired!—what, He weary? Ah yes! and yet He never murmured, because ’twas the path of obedience. Well, Henry, learn of Him; obey His commands—do good to all men; ’twill soon be passed; life is but a vapour, and time passeth swiftly; the Lord has blessed you, Henry, and will again; learn to be content—God bless you!

“*Friday Evening, 13th.*—How time flies! have been here now nearly a week; don’t care much for New York; Christians seem all dead. Fulton-street Prayer-meeting to me seems not the right thing. People don’t read their Bibles, I am sure, or they would never have such erroneous doctrines. Told them it’s dreadful to sit and listen to a man telling us that if God don’t punish us here He will hereafter. Well, the dear old Book that cannot lie tells me He (Christ) was punished for mine, and I believe it.

“And so the poor people cost me near twenty-five dollars! Well, ’twas well spent; any way you will never be any poorer for what you have done, my boy, in the name of the Lord.

“Had a nice ride today from New York to Philadelphia; passed along the Delaware river, saw the floating timber, and much pleased with the country. Got a good hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Porter, and begin to feel at home, at last. *Home* I long for. Work! Lord, help me to work while it is called today.

“14th.—Met dear Mr. Porter today, glad to see me, took a walk out, and then he told me he believed in the annihilation or total destruction of the wicked, body and soul. That put me in a fix, for I believe this is a dreadful heresy, and so I refuse to break bread with him.

“Well, what’s to be done now I don’t know: three thousand miles away from home, and only twenty dollars left. Well, never mind; God is my Father; the Lord is my Shepherd; the Holy Ghost my Comforter; the Word my guide. ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee’; only trust.

“Mrs. and Mr. West are very nice and kind, and Mrs. Graham very full of love. Called to see Mr. Campbell—out; his wife just got a telegram to say Dr. Inglis could not come to preach; did not know what to do. Here, says she, the Lord has sent you; and so at last, Doctor, I am to have a meeting in America. The Lord be praised! I do hope God will give me souls for Christ Jesus.

“15th.—Happy time today breaking bread, the Lord present. Spoke from sixteenth of John to Christians. Preached tonight, not so much liberty, but hope there was blessing.

“26th.—Have since I last wrote in my book been able to preach Christ almost every evening. Met many kind, beloved friends, among whom I mention Dr. and Mrs. Reid, with whom I now stay, Mr. McCollins and wife, Mr. Towrie, who has given me his church to preach in for a week. Not much to say except I find it ploughing work, but shall surely reap, if I faint not.”

As he went on itinerating, Henry found some in every place who received him cordially, and entertained him with true American hospitality. The feeling of the “stranger,” the slight home-sickness he felt at New York, gave place to a sense of rest, enlargement in his preaching, and remarkable results in the conversion of sinners. From Philadelphia he went to Melville, and Camden; and to Pittsburgh, where he preached in the theatre to great crowds, and with much power.

In December we find him back to Philadelphia, which he left on the 11th, with much tenderness on parting with his friends. “Left today,” he writes in his journal, “the hospitable roof of beloved Dr. and Mrs. Reid, Philadelphia. The tears were in our eyes as we said Good-bye, and I felt it hard to go away. How very kind they have been to me since I came a perfect stranger to their city! They took me in, lodged, boarded, nursed me when a little sick, and took care of me, and altogether were like beloved parents unto me. Truly the Lord will bless them.”

From that city he passed on to Wilmington, State of Delaware, where he was kindly received by Mr. William Hills, one of the Society of Friends. In his diary he proceeds to tell that—“After supper, Mr. Shaw, Presbyterian minister, called to take me to the meeting. It was a bitterly cold night, and the hall being too small to hold the people, they had to adjourn to the church, which was nearly filled. The minister gave out ‘Rock of Ages,’ and read part of the twenty-third of Luke, and then offered up a very fervent prayer for blessing upon the meeting. He then introduced me, and I gave out the hymn ‘All hail the power of Jesu’s name’; after which I preached from these words: ‘Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.’ I had not much liberty, but felt great power. All paid great atten-

tion to the preached word.

Dec. 12th.—Went today to the meeting of the Society of Friends. After sitting for a time in silence, I felt led to preach, which I did from John iii. 16, and had a very sweet, refreshing time and great liberty, and much of the felt presence of the Lord. In the evening went to a meeting for coloured people, and had a very happy time, preaching from the words, ‘Walk worthy of God.’ I like the coloured people very much; they are so honest and truthful. Ask them if they are Christians, and at once you get the answer yes or no; I like to see the intense desire they have to learn to read and write. At the meeting tonight I noticed a middle-aged woman, who paid great attention and said ‘Amen’ now and then. After preaching, I went to shake hands with her, and I found she had with her a copybook, and slate and arithmetic. I examined her writing-book, and found she was only in pot-hooks and hangers. ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘I do lub Jesus better than all the world beside. He lub me and die for me, and I am His, for eber and eber.’ As she spoke her eyes filled with tears, which rolled like pearls down her black happy face, and grasping my hand, she said, ‘God bless you, sir!’ I felt I was repaid for preaching as she said those words. Now may the blessed Saviour make Himself known to many hearts is my prayer tonight!

13th.—Went this afternoon to the coloured day-schools—very interesting time. Spoke first to the boys, who seemed very bright and intelligent; sang very loudly. To the royal proclamation; spoke to them, gave them little books. Then went to the girls’ school—spoke to them; they also sing very sweetly; gave them books also. Mr. Shaw spoke to them. Mr. Hills accompanied me to the meeting in the evening in the Methodists’ house; power with the word.

21st.—The goodness of the Lord to you, Harry, is beyond description. What doors He has opened! What friends He has raised you up! What blessed opportunities to preach the word! What power, and what blessed results! Beloved Mr. Hills—how happy he seems now!—so miserable before, going about like a man condemned; but now, by the truth, delivered from bondage and the curse. Well, go on; sow in the morning, Harry, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that. Now, what have you been doing all the week? Well, bless the Lord, last Sunday morning went and preached at Grace Church (Mr. Shepherson, pastor)—a most fashionable, rich congregation. Text, I Tim. i. 15, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ God made me very simple, and the word was with power; indeed, many weeping, including the minister. After preaching, the people thronged around me to bid me Godspeed, and I was asked to take a week’s meetings down at the Mission Chapel among the poor, which I gladly accepted. In the afternoon at three,

felt very tired and weak; preached in the coloured church from John iii. 16—'the love of God.' What a scene!—shouting, screaming, laughing, crying, and clapping of hands. But when the sufferings of Christ upon the cross were being described their eyes seemed fastened upon it. A long-drawn sigh they gave as one man, and others buried their faces in their hands. They sobbed aloud. It was a precious time—God with us in mighty power! When I had finished they thronged around me, and, with tearful eyes, shook my hands, or clasped me in their arms, and prayed, 'God bless and take care of you,' and said, 'Do stay; we lub so much to hear what you say about Jesus. Bless de Lord! bless de Lord! It was very amusing to see them take the little books, which many could not read, but they clasped them to their heart, because they spoke of Christ. One said, 'Mine's very 'freshing'; another said, 'Mine's very 'taining'; another, 'Mine's like yours'; another said, 'They're all alike.' It's wonderful to see the eagerness with which this once down-trodden race learn to read and write; old men and old women, as well as young, go to school and learn A B C, and so on, until at last they learn to read their Bible. I find much real Christianity among them, a very simple, child-like faith in Christ, a holy life and great devotion to the Saviour. Many of them are Methodists, but I find some Baptists and some Presbyterians among them. They are very intelligent. Thank God for the abolishment of that which cursed both slaves and their owners! Blessed be God for the proclamation of liberty to poor sinners! A glorious liberty He gives to all who trust His name.

"In the evening preached with much liberty and great power from the words—'the precious blood of Christ.' Here the arm of the Lord seemed made bare, and the word sank into many hearts. Had some of the richest people in the place there to listen to the Gospel. Glory be to God for ever, who often takes the poor, and the base, and the foolish to preach His faith and to win souls to the dear Saviour. After this day's work I came home tired, but happy, and with much of the assurance that I was in my right place and at the right work.

"*Monday.*—A beloved fellow-labourer, whom God has sent to me (James Field), in his visits heard that protracted meetings were going on at one of the coloured churches, and soon arrangements were made for me to preach. Went there in the evening; had a very crowded meeting; all coloured people, except James and I, and one or two more who came in. Blessed meeting, and great power. After the service the minister asked that the mourners would come forward, and about fifty men and women all fell upon their knees, the rest all standing, or sitting. About a dozen women, who I suppose were Christians, set about their work, helping these anxious ones to get liberty. First taking off their own bonnets and shawls, they very

deliberately set about taking from the necks and heads of the penitents all their upper garments. Bonnets, head-dresses, shawls, neck-ties, ribbons, and brooches were stripped off and put inside the communion-rails, all the time singing a very lively hymn. Then the minister asked a brother to pray, which he tried to do, but I, who was next to him, could not hear him. Such shouting, and bawling, and stamping, and clapping, among the bystanders; and weeping, and crying, and screaming, among the penitents! Then another hymn and then prayer again. I came away and left them shouting ‘Glory, Hallelujah!’

“*Tuesday Evening*.—Advertised to give a lecture on the ‘Work of an Evangelist,’ or my own experience in the Lord’s work. Place crowded—Presbyterian; almost every denomination represented. Great power; much weeping, and an attention in Christians rarely seen. Have seen fruit from that blessed meeting.

“*Wednesday*.—Again in the Zion coloured church. A good attendance; very quiet, solemn time; much liberty. Preached Jesus as the Friend of publicans and sinners.

“*Thursday Evening*.—In another coloured church, and again God manifested His love to sinners and His power through the preaching of His precious name. At the close they again gathered round me, and wished me soon to come and preach again to them, and I said ‘good-bye’ with a heavy heart, as, poor things, they need very much the preaching in its simplicity of the love of Jesus.

“*Sunday Evening*.—Preached again in Central Church with great help from the Lord. A very precious time. Spoke to anxious ones. God is doing a very blessed work in this city, I am persuaded, and in heaven I shall meet many brought to Christ during this visit.

“*December 31st*.— Since I wrote last in my diary, I have left Wilmington, and am now at Claymont, staying with dear Mr. Kimber, a very nice, benevolent man, one of the Society of Friends. A very handsome place in a delightful spot; his heart is large and open. Well, I had altogether a very blessed time in Wilmington; all the pastors so kind, especially Mr. Shaw, Presbyterian. I preached the sixteen days I was there about twenty-four times; large meetings—so large towards the last the people could not get in to hear the Gospel; and I saw much of the power of God. Everybody seemed to like me, and the word through me. I suppose ten thousand books were given out one by one by James Field. My English friends followed me everywhere.

The scene in the almshouse was very touching. . . .

“The power of God on Christmas Day was wonderful. A woman fell down upon her knees and cried out for mercy. Mr. Shaw brought me twen-

ty-eight dollars as a token of love, and said 'I shall send you more.' Promised to go back for another week. Preaching the last night there from the words 'Turn ye.' Very solemn and much power. Stayed to watch-meeting; happy, peaceful time."

Mr. Kimber, here referred to, an eminent minister among the Friends, gives the following interesting reminiscences of Moorhouse:—

"More than thirteen years have passed since he came, one cold winter evening, with a letter from a dear friend and brother, who was 'called home' before him; and I shall never forget how, on entering the hall door, he stood with his satchel in hand, at the threshold, and saluted me, as I went forth to welcome him, with the searching inquiry whether I were a Christian. It would be difficult to explain how distasteful and embarrassing this question was to me at that time; how repugnant to all our habits of thought and education on such matters; how all efforts to avoid, or even to postpone, his close inquiry were unavailing. He did 'not want to sit down to the supper-table,' which I explained to him was all ready; 'the Lord told me first to inquire if the master of this house were a Christian, before entering or partaking of his hospitality.'

"I found there was no other way than frankly to confess that, in the sense of an assurance of salvation, I was not one; but added that, by the grace of God, I would never say that again. It was enough; my strange guest entered, having done what the Lord undoubtedly sent him to me to do—broken the fetters which had held my tongue. A wonderful watch-night service, in the little meeting-house hard by, filled to overflowing and lasting for four hours, attested the remarkable powers of this new-comer amongst us to hold his audience with unflagging interest, as he told the simple story of the cross. I had always loved the Lord, even when wandering from Him; but for several years had been earnestly seeking to serve Him. The Holy Scriptures were regularly read in my family, with a season of silent waiting at the close; but never had my lips been opened before others in prayer or praise, or confession of our needs, or of God's salvation. So it needed just such a faithful and uncompromising messenger, who would brook no delay or evasion, on his Master's errand, to bring me out into a measure of the liberty of the Gospel, although he could have known nothing of my condition.

His power was marvellous over those with whom he came in contact. High or low, rich or poor, cultured or uneducated, all attended his public ministrations with the deepest interest; and all seemed to feel sure of a word in season from him, of sympathy or counsel, or of prayer, suited to their conditions, in more private intercourse; so that all loved him, and many wept when he left us to go to Chicago, on his first visit to that emi-

gent servant of the Lord, D. L. Moody, to whom he was ordained to be such a great blessing.

“I remember, on one occasion, a bright young schoolgirl, about sixteen years of age, came into the room where Henry Moorhouse was sitting, and seeing him with his Bible before him, was about to withdraw with an apology for the interruption, when, looking up with a loving smile, he said to her gently, calling her by name, ‘Are you saved?’

“For a few moments she stood silently, with downcast eye and grave face, blushing with confusion at the unexpected question, and then her sense of the real Christian interest which must have prompted it, overcame her natural dislike to speak of her personal experience, and she slowly answered, ‘No, I am afraid I am not.’ ‘Would you like to be?’ was the quick and gentle response of Henry Moorhouse. Then came the great struggle of her life—as she still stood, silent and thoughtful, weighing the whole subject, once and for ever, whether she really would or not. The world with its pleasures all around her; her young life with its bright opening prospects all before her; some of her friends; some of her pursuits; the enmity of her natural heart to the Lord,—all these were on *one* side. His Holy Spirit gently pleading with her, and drawing her to her Saviour, whom at heart she loved; his servant’s mild, earnest look of the deepest interest, fixed upon her, in this supreme moment of decision, caught as she raised her eyes timidly towards him; her pious mother’s prayers; the eternal interests of her immortal soul—these were all ranged on the *other* side.

“Happily for her, these at last won the victory; and softly, yet firmly, she answered, ‘Yes.’

“‘Then kneel down at this sofa,’ said Henry Moorhouse, for the Lord says, “Today is the day of salvation,” and read aloud with me this beautiful story of what Jesus has done for you (Isa. liii.), and take every word to yourself, as you read it, verse by verse.’

“She did so, and the blessed truths of the Gospel, and of her Saviour’s sufferings, never seemed so real, and so dear to her, as then, and her tears dropped freely on the page she was reading. The blessed Holy Spirit was doing his work. The Lord’s promise of old, ‘Draw nigh unto Me, and I will draw nigh unto you,’ is yea and amen in Christ Jesus’ for ever. Our Saviour’s own declaration, Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise (no never!) cast out,’ is known to be a living reality by all those who believe and accept it in simplicity and faith.

“When she had finished the chapter, Henry Moorhouse said to her, ‘Now begin over again, and read it once more aloud, putting “I” instead of “we,” and “my” instead of *our*,” and just forget that it was written for any one but yourself. Read it as though you were the only person to whom it

applied.’

“It is a blessed thing to be persuadable in a right cause —to be ‘easy to be entreated,’ is one of the evidences of heavenly wisdom. Many miss the joy and peace that they might know, and paralyze the efforts of the Lord’s servants to help them, simply because they refuse to give a trial to the means proposed, forgetting that the Holy Spirit uses instrumentalities, as well as works directly, in opening the eyes of the people.

“So she began the chapter, as he was led to suggest, reading it slowly and vocally, while endeavouring to appropriate its blessed truths to herself. And now indeed they seemed to shine forth as she had never comprehended them before, and coming to the words, ‘But He was wounded for *my* transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with *his stripes I am healed,*’ the Lord’s light and salvation broke upon her soul, and smiling through her tears, she looked up wonderingly and said, ‘*Am I healed? Can it be that I am saved?*’ ‘Yes, dear child,’ Henry Moorhouse replied gently, as he beheld the seal of the Lamb on her forehead, that is just what Jesus has done for you’; and then he praised the Lord for another soul delivered, and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

“Let none who read this say that it was but a momentary emotion. The twelve years that have passed over, since she rose from her knees, with a new life and immortal hope in her heart, on that memorable day, have only deepened and confirmed her faith and reliance on that Saviour whom she found, then and there, to be precious to her soul; and as a happy Christian wife for more than half of that interval she has cast her influence steadily both in her home and in her church on the Lord’s side.”

“*Thursday Evening.*—A very precious, powerful meeting. Upwards of fifteen prayed in succession. Much, very much, of God’s presence, and I believe one rested upon Christ.

“*Friday.*—A good turn out, but much hindrance in the prayer-meeting. Some of the professors have taken a great dislike to the simple Gospel; suppose the light shows them too much rubbish in their works, etc.; but the Lord helps me to be faithful with them.

“*Sunday Morning.*—Heard an excellent sermon from a dear Methodist minister, Mr. Cunningham, on the words, ‘Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord,’ etc. Some of the people did not like it. Preached in the afternoon at a church. Good attention; much power; very simple, and after meeting many prayed for me. So different in the evening! Text—‘God so loved the world.’ Much liberty and power; but afterwards in the prayer-meeting much restraint. Found out the reason very quick. I saw at the close one of the class-leaders with a most diabolical look upon his face. I went

to shake hands with him. He turned his back to me; but I put out my hand and he took it.

A young man came to me and asked if I was converted, and how I felt. I told him yes, and asked in return if he was. He said he had been once. He went on to say he saw sparks, blue flames, and felt something coming down, and it fell on him, and it ran all over him, and out of his fingers. I hear he is a backslider, so I suppose all his religion ran away from him. Well, I suppose the dear Lord will bless His own precious truth, and will take care of His seed scattered here. 'Tis a hard place—the hardest place I was ever in. Lord, help me! Amen.

“January 15th.—The work here—at least my work for the Master—is, I am sure, finished in Claymont. The meetings have been well attended, and the Word of God has been preached; many Christians have been refreshed, and some sinners made to think about their souls. Miss S—— has been brought to Christ. The dear Saviour help her! She is a very lovely, kind-hearted girl; I must always pray for her. Had a very nice pastors' meeting here on Saturday evening last: much of the Master's presence. Preached Sunday morning in the Baptist Church. Good meeting. Dr. Dickinson, pastor, seemed much pleased.

“Began on Monday evening a week's meeting in the Town Hall, Wilmington, chiefly for firemen and young men who never go anywhere else. Good, happy time, so far. The Lord will bless, I am sure.

“February 4th.—Been to Baltimore; many professed conversion; mother and son, very affecting scene. On to Washington. Very dead; preached twice; gave tracts to Congress; sent them to the President and another party, and to the prison Suratt.

“March 22nd.—Since last writing, have been in Claymont, Albany, Philadelphia, Chicago, and now in Wheeling, Virginia. Had a good time here. Preached today in an Episcopal Church. Crowded house. Used neither gown nor Prayer-book. Text—‘Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ Liberty and power. Tonight in the first Presbyterian Church. Crowded—hundreds unable to get in.”

An unutterable longing to win souls filled his heart wherever he went, and it appeared as if he seldom opened his mouth without some being drawn to the Saviour. As showing at once the blessed enthusiasm that filled his soul, and the child-like simplicity and susceptibility with which he was characterized, the following little incident may be given. In the house of an American family where he was residing, the members of the household assembled on Christmas morning to examine the gifts which, according to custom, had been presented to each in token of friendship and

peace. The boxes or packets were well filled, the gifts were varied, and there was universal joy. One, and one only of all present had received no such token of love; the English evangelist could claim no Christmas-box as his. But, although this little circumstance had no earthly significance, except that he was a stranger in a strange land, the intensely affectionate and sensitive nature of Henry was moved to its depths. He thought of his own dear England far away, and of his loved ones there; and to conceal his feelings he retired to his own room. In the course of the afternoon, a man who had attended the meeting on the previous night, and had been convinced of sin, called on the evangelist, and ere the interview closed, was enabled to declare his faith in Christ, and to enter into joy and peace. "Ah!" said Henry, "the Lord saw that my heart was sad, and He gave me a Christmas-box Himself!"

Another incident will illustrate the success attending his labours on the American continent. Tidings of his power as a preacher having reached a certain town, an invitation was sent him by some of the leading people of the place. He consented to pay them a visit. On the day fixed for his arrival, a deputation of importance went to the railway station to receive and welcome him with all the dignity and formality that became the occasion. But "the great English preacher" was not to be found; or at least, no man answering to their conception of the powerful evangelist was anywhere visible. Hurrying out to the omnibus, they inquired if Mr. Moorhouse was there, when to their amazement a little, simple-looking, round-faced lad, standing on the steps of the carriage, with a bag in his hand, made reply, "I am Mr. Moorhouse." On this, the gentlemen of the deputation conducted him with due courtesy to the hotel, where they proceeded to read a solemn address of welcome. Pausing in the midst of the ceremony, the reader, glancing at the diminutive figure before him, and still doubting whether such a tiny morsel of humanity could possibly be the great preacher, whose fame had almost overspread a continent, inquired once more, "Am I correct in assuming you are Mr. Moorhouse?" Again assured by the little stranger that he was the very man, the reader of the address proceeded, and this rare scene was brought to a close. In relating this amusing incident, Henry used to say he only wished his mother had been there to witness it. If any doubt as to the stranger's identity lingered in the minds of those good citizens, it was quickly dispelled, when in the public meetings the lad brought forward his little store of loaves and fishes, and his great Master so blessed the provision that a multitude was feasted and sent away rejoicing, and more seemed to be left for the next meal than was found at the beginning, for every basket was full.

In the course of this tour our evangelist visited Chicago. In the absence

of Mr. Moody, he prosecuted his labours, preaching every night six or seven times in succession on his favourite text, John iii. 16. Pouring out his heart in a stream of gracious truth, apt illustration, and touching appeal, he proclaimed the love of God in Christ to a perishing world. The audience was deeply moved; the people felt a heaven-born preacher had appeared among them. On his return, Mr. Moody went to hear and see for himself, and was much impressed, especially by the tender pathos of the preacher. In his enthusiasm he went and hired the Farwell Hall, and covered every space in the great city with huge posters, announcing in flaming capitals the celebrated, the wonderful English Boy Preacher. The vast building was crowded, and Moorhouse preached. The preaching was a complete failure, his tongue was tied. The audience waited in vain for something wonderful; there was nothing to be wondered at, unless it were the wonderful collapse. Moody was confounded. Not so Moorhouse, who, noticing on the way home one of the grand bills, exclaimed, "Ah, here is the explanation of our failure! Exalting man so! God could not bless that!" It says not a little for the moral courage of Moorhouse that instead of hastening away from the scene of so humiliating a failure, he went on calmly and hopefully with his work. The soldier who is too proud to fight after he is beaten is unworthy of victory. "Steadfast and unmoveable," our evangelist knew that his "labour should not be in vain *in the Lord*." And so it proved to be.

On beginning his Bible-readings in this city, he requested the people to bring their Bibles with them. This they did; but for lack of more portable copies, some were seen entering the meetings with huge family tomes under their arms. As usual in his readings, the word fell like dew; the people were delighted and refreshed. To many it was summer in the soul. Thinking the charm partly lay in the copy of God's Book, handled with so much ability and freshness by the preacher, not a few expressed a desire to possess the same edition. This brought many copies of Bagster's Polyglot to Chicago. In this way Moorhouse put the Word of God into the hands of believers in Christ a second time; and the new light coming in with the new method was like a fresh revelation from heaven. And yet the new method was nothing more nor less than the intelligent and laborious searching of the Scriptures. It was in this way and at this time that the Chicago evangelist and other eminent American workers got on the track of Bible reading. Moorhouse taught Moody to draw his sword full length, to fling the scabbard away, and enter the battle with the naked blade.