

HENRY MOORHOUSE

The English Evangelist.

BY

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*“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.

LONDON: MORGAN AND SCOTT,

OFFICE OF “The Christian,” 12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

*And may be Ordered of any Bookseller.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### The World for a Parish.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” MARK XVI. 15.

ON one occasion, at the close of an expository lecture, or Bible-reading, a certain nobleman, impressed with a sense of the little preacher’s ability, generously offered to find a parish for him in the Church of England, and to confer on him a living. To this course Mr. Moorhouse pointed out some serious obstacles. These, however, the large-hearted nobleman assured him could all be removed. But our evangelist did not see his way to confine his labours to a field of so limited extent. Even this difficulty should not stand in the way, for the earnest patron, happily, would be able to secure for him one of the most populous of parishes. “Ah!” said Moorhouse, my parish is the world, and I cannot give it up for anything less.” Contented with the patronage of Heaven, and the living his Divine Master provided for him, Henry stuck to his parish.

In the mouth of Henry Moorhouse the famous saying of Wesley was not the language of exaggeration. As far as in him lay, he went into all the world, preaching the Gospel to every creature. Throughout England, its large cities, its towns, its villages, across to Ireland again and again, occasionally to Scotland, and six times to America he made his way, Bible in hand, ever ready and eager to tell how “God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son,” or with heart-moving pathos to describe the Prodigal’s return. In churches, chapels, schools, halls, tents, theatres, circuses, alhambras, public-houses, west-end drawing-rooms, miners’ cottages, on the decks, in the saloons and steerage of ships, on the seashore, in markets, fairs, festivals, at racecourses, and in all places where men congregated, among soldiers, sailors, civilians of every order, from high nobility down to tag-rag, among drunkards, prostitutes, thieves, and all sorts of jail birds, he made his way with the Gospel banner in his hand, with no eloquence but truth, no motive but love, and no policy but the single eye to the glory of God. The man capable of doing this is, beyond dispute, the man sent of God to do it, and blessed in the doing of it.

As illustrative of his work and the blessing that often attended his labours, I will select two instances from very different classes of society. First, a young lady receiving the word. One night, he tells, a young lady came to me in the inquiry-room, and said, “Will you tell me what you mean by knowing that you are saved?” She was a member of a church and loved the Saviour, but did not know that she was saved. “Will you come and sit

down here, and open your Bible at the fifth chapter of John, and read the twenty-fourth verse. She turned and read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me." "Now," I said, "spell the next word." "H—a—t—h." "That is not hope," I said; "that is *hath*." She turned to me, a smile lighting up her face through her tears, and said, "That is to have everlasting life." "Are you saved now?" I asked. "Yes." "How do you know?" "Because," she replied, "it says so; and that is how I know." "We tell you to-night in the Master's name," he goes on to say, "you can be saved here if you are guilty—if you have nothing to give to God; for Jesus came to preach the Gospel to the poor. Some of you say, 'Mustn't I repent for a week or two; must I not try to get some of the sin taken from me and then go to the Lord; and when He sees I desire to be better, it will be easier?' My friends, you can't improve yourselves. He wants to take you just as you are."

The next is the story of a wicked Yorkshire collier, whose hard heart was softened by

"NOTHIN' BUT T' LOVE O' CHRIST."

"When I was holding meetings a little time ago at Wharnccliffe, in England, a coal district, a great burly collier came up to me and said in his Yorkshire dialect, 'Dost know wha was at meetin' t'night?' 'No,' I answered. 'Why,' said he, 'So-and-so' (mentioning the name). The name was a familiar one. He was a very bad man, one of the wildest, wickedest men in Yorkshire, according to his own confession, and according to the confession of everybody who knew him. 'Weel,' said the man, 'he cam' into meetin' an' said you didn't preach right; he said thou preached nothin' but love o' Christ, an' that won't do for drunken colliers; ye want t' shake 'em over t' pit; an' he says he'll ne'er come again.' He thought I did not preach enough about hell.

"I did not expect to see him again, but he came the next night without washing his face, right from the pit, with all his working clothes upon him. This drunken collier sat down on one of the seats that were used for little children, and got as near to me as possible. The sermon from first to last was on 'Love.' He listened at first attentively, but by-and-by I saw him with the sleeve of his rough coat wiping his eyes. Soon after, we had an inquiry meeting, when some of those praying colliers got around him, and it was not long before he was crying, 'O Lord, save me! I am lost! Jesus, have mercy upon me!' and that night he left the meeting a new creature.

"His wife told me herself what occurred when he came home. His little

children heard him coming along—they knew the step of his heavy clogs—and ran to their mother in terror, clinging to her skirts. He opened the door as gently as could be. He had had a habit of banging the door. If a man becomes converted, it will even make a difference in the slamming of doors. When he came into the house and saw the children clinging to their mother, frightened, he just stooped down and picked up the youngest girl in his arms and looked at her, the tears rolling down his cheeks. ‘Mary, Mary, God has sent thy father home to thee,’ and kissed her. He picked up another, ‘God has sent thy father home;’ and from one to another he went and kissed them all, and then came to his wife and put his arms around her neck, ‘Don’t cry, lass; don’t cry. God has sent thy husband home at last: don’t cry;’ and all she could do was to put her arms round his neck and sob. And then he said, ‘Have you got a Bible in the house, lass?’ They had not got such a thing. ‘Well, lass, if we haven’t, we must pray.’ They got down on their knees, and all he could say was—

‘Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity—

for Jesus Christ’s sake, amen.’

“It was a simple prayer, but God answered it. While I was at Barnet some time after that, a friend came to me and said, ‘I’ve got good news for you. So-and-so (mentioning the collier’s name) is preaching the gospel everywhere he goes—in the pit and out of the pit, and trying to win everybody to the Lord Jesus Christ.’ Oh, brothers and sisters, will you not trust the Saviour? Dear mothers and fathers, will you not believe the gospel? Will you not rest upon that finished work? Will you not give up your doings and strivings, and just like a little child rest upon that Saviour? Believe the glorious gospel, and have everlasting life.”

In August, 1869, he revisited America, accompanied by Mr. Herbert W. Taylor. A farewell meeting was held in Merrion Hall, Dublin, and on the following day they sailed in *The City of Washington* for New York. Here they remained only two days. Passing on to Philadelphia they remained in that city for nearly three months, holding services in various churches and chapels. After spending a few days in Baltimore and Wheeling, in West Virginia, they took their way to Chicago, where they stayed with Mr. D. L. Moody for a couple of months, preaching in his church and the Farwell Hall of the Y. M. C. A. During this time, accompanied by Mr. Moody, they went to Columbia, in Ohio, for a week, holding some seventy-two meetings in that time, amidst remarkable indications of divine blessing. Leaving Mr. Moody, they went to Richmond, Indiana, where they preached the

Gospel in the Friends' Meetinghouse. Joining Mr. Payson Hammond in special services in Cincinnati for a few days, they thence returned to Chicago.

In the end of January, 1870, they started for California, halting for a week at Rock Island on the banks of the Mississippi, which, at this time, was frozen over, the thermometer standing many degrees below zero. In this town and in Devonport, on the other side of the great river, they held meetings, the Bible lectures by Mr. Moorhouse being much appreciated. Thence to Omaha, where they spent a week before setting out on the long journey across the prairies westward to the Pacific. At Ogden, where they spent a night, they found sorry accommodation, the floor of the hotel being occupied by gold miners returning home with their treasure in their belts. On entering the room they heard the click of some fifty pistols—a hint scarcely needed by the messengers of peace. In a very tiny room they found a sleeping-place, where, for fear of being robbed, they lay with their clothes beneath their heads.

At Salt Lake City they preached twice to the Mormons, two of the bishops giving the use of their meeting-rooms. The meetings were crowded, many being unable to find admission. On their way across the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, the cold, rarefied air brought on bleeding of the nose and spitting of blood with Henry Moorhouse. On arriving at Sacramento they proceeded by steamer to San Francisco, where the doctor ordered the suffering evangelist to the warmer climate of San Jose, his companion remaining to preach in the great Californian city. Ten days at a farm-house in the beautiful valley of San Jose completely restored Moorhouse. Two days at San Francisco, and a week at Sacramento, they then started on their homeward journey, travelling from Monday morning till Friday afternoon a distance of fifteen hundred miles. After a brief stay at Omaha they proceeded to Chicago, where they spent another month of earnest service. Leaving the great city of the west they went by Detroit to London, Ontario, Canada, and from thence to Niagara, and down the beautiful Hudson. After paying brief visits to Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore, they sailed from New York in May, and, after a pleasant passage, reached home. This journey was full of work and of blessing, which, doubtless, the Day will declare.

Again we find our evangelist in America. In the winter of 1872 he conducted services in Chicago, crowds attending and much power accompanying the Word. At a meeting in the North Side Tabernacle he met Mr. Sankey for the first time. "His grand simplicity, power of illustration, and strong faith in God and in the power of His Word, caused me to look upon him," writes his last-named friend, "as one of the most powerful preachers

of the Gospel I ever listened to.” From this time they became warm friends, and held many meetings together. “It was he who first suggested the thought of going across the sea to sing the Gospel,” says Mr. Sankey, “and I remember how confidently he expressed his opinion that God would bless my singing there.”

After his return to England Mr. Moorhouse was among the first to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Liverpool, on the occasion of their visit to this country in June, 1873. At Newcastle-on-Tyne and at Darlington he assisted the American evangelists, taking a leading part in their first all-day meeting. Thereafter leaving them he proceeded to various places where he had appointments to preach.

The year following, 1874, finds him again on the other side of the Atlantic. On this occasion an extraordinary door was providentially opened for him at one of the University seats.

Invited to Princeton, Mr. Moorhouse preached in the second Presbyterian church (Dr. M’Corkle’s); and, although it was at the time of an election, on account of which it was feared the meeting would be a failure, the house was crowded. Many of the professors and students from the college and seminary were present. The evangelist preached his sermon on “the blood,” and such was the effect of the preacher’s pathos and tenderness in showing that, “without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins,” that few eyes were dry. The Holy Spirit was manifestly present. Next night the crowd was even greater, and the power still more marked. A work of grace was begun among the students. Into this work Dr. M’Cosh, Dr. Hodge, and other professors, entered heartily, giving their countenance and aid to the pastors, and fostering the movement to the utmost. His lectures were specially appreciated and blessed. Mr. Frost, the gentleman whose guest he was and who had paved his way to Princeton, threw his house open to inquirers. The students in groups coming in a spirit of earnest inquiry, “sat at his feet, tearfully and joyfully” listening to his expositions of Old and New Testaments. “I never before so understood God’s Word,” one would say. “How clearly I now see Christ in the Old Testament!” another would exclaim. Said one, “Will you tell me, so I will understand it, how to read the Bible as you read it.”

On Sabbath morning he preached his well-known sermon on “The Far Country.” “Most vividly did he picture the wandering of the sinner from the Father’s house and table,” his kind host relates, “and then how tenderly and impressively did he, in the Father’s name, call them back to forgiveness, to the old home and the feast! The scene that morning is past description. When, after sermon, he asked those who would set their face toward a loving and forgiving Father’s house to rise, there was a moment of suspense,

then slowly the congregation rose, and it seemed as though there was not a soul that did not breathe in earnest, "Father, I come to Thee."

In the evening he preached in the first Presbyterian church to a large congregation, the galleries crowded with students. In this discourse he proclaimed the doctrines of grace, giving a striking and memorable illustration of "election." How to study the Bible as the very Word of God, and how to teach it with power for the salvation of men, are burning questions; and the Princeton students felt that this stranger was in the secret. His Bible Lectures in the mornings were attended by as many as one hundred and fifty of the younger men, while his discussions of Bible Study and Pulpit Preparation in the afternoons attracted on an average some fifty students in theology. To teach one student is to teach a thousand souls. Many of them, now pastors, acknowledge the benefit thus derived; the success of their ministry they gratefully trace to the light that shone from the humble lamp of the English lay-preacher.

The Lancashire lad at the high seat of learning, standing up, Bible in hand, to instruct the future teachers of the Church, was a curious enough spectacle. It looked not unlike a modern rehearsal of the Bethlehem shepherd boy advancing to battle against the giant with sling and stone. Christ still comes in the carpenter's jacket; happy is the man, happy the church, and happy the college, that is not offended. All honour to the learned men of Princeton, and to the manly young scholars who could bid welcome to a simple lay-preacher, whose only letter of commendation was the Holy Spirit's seal on his labours! The clear conscience-rousing voice of the evangelist, the solemn cheerful stir of the genuine revival meeting, the quickened pulse of spiritual life, the vivid sense of eternal verities divested of all scholastic forms, supply the best antidote to the intellectual pride by which halls of theology are too often cursed and the life of churches destroyed. There is no place where cobwebs, and all clever, cunning spider works, are so apt to gather and grow as the hall of sacred learning. Spiritual deadness, the rationalising spirit, and the pride of learning, is the three-fold evil that afflicts many a school of the prophets in our day; and for this the only remedy is the fresh breezes of the Holy Spirit. When colleges and divinity halls are brought to the exact level, whether by levelling up or levelling down, of the upper room at Pentecost, the Church's brightest day will be at hand.

In the later years of his public life, Mr. Moorhouse occasionally extended his labours to Scotland. Twice in 1875 he visited Dundee under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. His first visit was in the month of February. To pay him honour as an evangelist of some eminence, the directors and some other gentlemen connected with the Young Men's

Christian Association, met for the purpose of according him a complimentary and cordial reception. In the course of his journey, when looking out at the window of the railway carriage, our traveller had come by the mishap of losing his hat; and when he made his *debut* his boyish and unimposing presence was not diminished by the circumstance that he wore a little round undignified cap. So “weak” was the evangelist in personal appearance that the gentlemen holding the levee were beyond measure surprised. They had pictured to themselves a large, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, loud-voiced burly Englishman, or at least a man of solemn, dignified, weighty personality; and so, when the little man, not the bearded evangelist of the modern type with somewhat of a John-the-Baptist mien and wilderness air, but a simple-looking, beardless lad, made his advent, some of the company found it necessary to retire in order to indulge in a chuckle of irrepressible surprise.

His first address set matters on another footing. It was evident to all who heard him on that occasion that Henry Moorhouse was not a child in understanding, but a man of great spiritual power. Every public utterance, every private conversation, while he was in Dundee, appeared to be attended by a remarkable influence, and produced invaluable results. In point of fact, no evangelist has ever appeared in this town whose words left a more purely spiritual and permanently gracious effect upon that portion of the Christian community who are most warm in sympathy with the word and work of the Lord Jesus.

He was at that time in a state of extreme bodily prostration; his sufferings, arising from chronic bronchitis, combined with a painful and alarming affection in the region of the heart, being incessant and all but intolerable. His medical adviser had given him to understand that a fatal issue of his two-fold malady was a question only of months or of a year or two at most, and that from the nature of the case the exertion of public speaking must certainly hasten the end. At every Bible-reading, and in every evangelistic service, therefore, the sword, furbished and ready, seemed to hang over his head; yet he went on in the work with unabated ardour and jubilation of soul. To the kind remonstrances of friends, he invariably made reply, saying, “Please God, I’ll go on.”

While here he found a quiet resting-place and a cheerful home in the house of David Robertson, Esq., the devoted president of the Young Men’s Christian Association, whose like-minded wife tenderly nursed their afflicted guest. Despite extreme weakness and nights of intense suffering he proposed a series of Bible-readings, to be held in the house. Accordingly three such services, attended by various ministers of the gospel, and others, were held at Union Grove, the subjects being “The Good Shepherd,”

“Peace,” and “Separation.” These readings were attended by an unusual sense of the Divine Presence, and, like his other and more public addresses, left an ineffaceable impression on the minds of not a few. A sense of the glory of the Lord, a vivid perception of the beauty of holiness, an elevating and joyful fellowship, appears to have been the common experience. None then present can ever forget the reading on “Separation.” It was one of his favourite themes; and the man himself, in the high tone of his soul and gracious purity of his character, clearly embodied his own lofty ideal of separation in a manner too rarely witnessed among the saints. His very first utterance on this topic made a profound impression, the memory of which intervening years have not even now effaced. Quoting Genesis i. 4, “And God divided the light from the darkness,” he struck a key-note of power, as he pointed out that the dividing of light from darkness is the grand work of God in the conversion and sanctification of a ransomed people. His thoroughness in grappling with the question of a holy separation from the world, and the faithfulness with which he presented this truth in all his public addresses, was all the more seasonable and telling, in that the recent movement had resulted partly in conversion to mere hymn-singing, and a kind of religion not dead to the world. From this reading the company dispersed under the influence of deep emotion, one, a godly pastor, taking his way to the house of an elder of his Church, to whom he communicated with tears the soul-moving impressions of truth he had received.

The illness of Moorhouse went on increasing, until, at length, his kind friends of Union Grove called in an eminent physician. Examination was followed by prescriptions, one of which took the form of an advice to cease from public speaking. To this, however, he only replied, “Please God, I’ll go on.” Advertised to preach in the Kinnaird Hall, he rose from his bed at three o’clock in the afternoon, and despite the remonstrances of friends, the suffering occasioned by his malady, and the intolerable inconvenience of a chest all sore from the external application of croton oil, he was resolute in fulfilling his appointment; he would go and preach the Gospel once more. Still he said, “Please God, I’ll go on.” So he went, and preached with freshness and power on his favourite topic, God’s love in Christ to a perishing world. As John Newton said of Scott, the commentator, in similar circumstances: If to preach with a blistered chest, after a night’s anguish from partial suffocation, were an essential qualification of a bishop, aspirants to that high office would not be so numerous as they usually are. Henry Moorhouse was a bishop by divine appointment. Called by the Head of the Church, ordained by God, and anointed by the Holy Spirit, he was sealed in his office by grace, sufferings, and success. The loftiest of all qualifications

was his, a consuming love to Christ. Because he loved his Lord and Saviour more than all else, and could say, "Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee," he had received the commission, "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep." Passing along one of our streets one day and noticing an advertising bill with his name in large letters and the subject in smaller characters, he expressed a feeling of deepest pain, because, as he said, it was the way of the world to give to man the honour due to the Lord. A man of this stamp is the chosen instrument of God; his power is simply the power of the risen and exalted Redeemer in him.

In public he gave his readings on "the Lamb of God," and "the 'Comes' of Scripture." His meetings in Euclid Street Chapel, where he gave his readings on "Ruth," were crowded by audiences as intelligent as any that ever assembled in this town to hear the Gospel preached; and the impression appears to be as fresh today as it was then.

The directors of the Young Men's Christian Association were desirous of securing the services of some "great man" for the opening of their new hall: but utterly failing in their purpose they invited Henry Moorhouse; and to our evangelist fell this honour. The hall was opened with a Bible-reading. This was in May, 1875, the time of his second visit, when he conducted a series of readings and evangelistic services with marked indications of Divine blessing. In this way not a few among us received a new conception of the Scriptures. A new source of power was thus opened to Christian workers, who now joyfully acknowledge their obligation, under God, to the English evangelist for increased skill in handling the Sword of the Spirit, whether for personal sanctification, or for the work of winning souls. "Henry Moorhouse," says one of the most eminent among them, "taught me how to use my Bible." To teach the teachers, to lead the leaders, is given only to a master in Israel.

In 1877, Mr. Moorhouse again visited America, taking part in services held by his friends, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. With the latter he held meetings in St. Johnsbury, Vt., which were attended by many of the leading people of the State, including the Governor and his family. At Manchester, N. H., and at Providence, R. I., he preached with great acceptance and power.

In Rochester, Mass., a remarkable blessing attended the Word. His afternoon Bible-reading were crowded out of the large lecture-room into the body of the church (Dr. Shaw's). In the evenings, this large building, the brick church, capable of accommodating some two thousand five hundred, was crowded, and many hundreds were turned away for want of room. To a greater extent than upon his first visit to this city, he reached the consciences of the impenitent, and many were led to take a decided stand for

Christ. All classes were interested in the truth, and more or less shared in the blessing. From two to three hundred individuals attended the inquiry meetings. "The young love him for what he has done for them," one writes, "and the old love him: all love him, and he will ever find a warm welcome in this city."

This was his last visit to America, for although he entertained thoughts of returning, and settling there, it was otherwise ordered by the Master. His work "across the water" was now brought to a solemn and fitting close.

The following farewell address was delivered in Dr. Hepworth's church, New York, when Mr. Moorhouse took as his subject, "The precious blood of Christ" (1 Pet. i. 19).

From the book of Genesis right through to the book of Revelation, he said, we find God exalting the blood of His dear Son. Analyse the book of Genesis, and you will find there is far more said about the sufferings and the death of the Lord Jesus than about anything else. Peter loves to dwell upon what the Lord Jesus Christ suffered. There was a time when he thought the Lord Jesus Christ should not suffer, and die; he looked for His coming to reign as King; but after he had learned the precious truth of His death and resurrection, he loved to speak and write of it. In none of the other epistles, in the same space, do we find so much spoken of the blood. In the second verse of the first chapter we read, "Elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Then in the twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter, we have the words, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." In this one epistle we read of Christ's blood or death eight or nine times.

The doctrine of the blood is no new thing. During the six thousand years now gone, it was preached by prophet and priest. (Here the preacher reviewed the earliest notices of the doctrine in Paradise and at Abel's offering).

In Genesis viii. 20, we have the beginning of a second dispensation. And it is remarkable to notice here that the first thing Noah did in coming out of the ark, was to shed blood.

Again in Exod. xii. we see the same truth concerning the precious blood. We find here that God just looked upon the one Lamb. Although throughout the vast congregation of Israel, there must have been at least 250,000 lambs slain, yet God says kill *it*, and when I see *the blood* I will pass over you. This month was unto them the beginning of months. And so when you, my dear friends, become sheltered under the blood, this month shall be unto you the beginning of months; your past history is, as it were,

blotted out, and you become new creatures in Christ Jesus. You were dead in trespasses and in sins; but the moment you touch the blood, the “precious blood,” that moment you are saved, every sin becomes blotted out, and this gives you a new existence; yours is a new life, even the beginning of months. The household may be too little for the lamb, but the lamb never too little for the household.

It was not their understanding the *theology* of the blood that saved them; it was their doing what God told them to do. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Men now-a-days teach and preach about Christ in His manhood character as the great exemplar, and extol Him as a moral teacher. But beware! it is the blood alone that can make atonement for the soul, and “without the shedding of blood is no remission.” Will you trust the precious blood? If you trust it not, you trample it under foot, and reject it, counting it an unholy thing. Mark you, dear friends, God never intended the blood of the slain lamb to be trampled upon. The blood was not to be sprinkled upon the door-step, but upon the lintel and the two side-posts. Further, the lamb was to be roasted with fire, and eaten that night. The sprinkled blood saved Israel from the destroying angel, but it did not give them strength and sustenance. It is one thing to have Christ as our Saviour, but quite another to take Him as our life and strength. Oh, if Christians would read their Bibles as much and as diligently as they do the daily papers, there would be no need for ambulance wagons to help on a weak and hungry church! There is no food for the quickened soul apart from the book which tells of the Lord of life and glory. Christians, read your Bibles, and feed upon the Lamb—the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.

The speaker continued to dwell upon the way in which Jesus is inviting sinners to Himself, beseeching them to be reconciled to God, and in deep earnestness of spirit pleaded with the anxious ones to trust the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. In conclusion he said:—Why doubt God? He says that the moment you believe in the precious blood of Christ you are forgiven, and have everlasting life. The poor sinner is not only pardoned, but justified from the debt of sin; because the debt has been paid by another—even the Lord Jesus Christ. Eighteen hundred years ago He paid it all; He loved me and gave Himself for me. You have not to make your peace with God; Jesus made it for you; He hath made peace by the blood of His Cross.

Thus through the blood of Jesus I have redemption, pardon, forgiveness, peace, sanctification, cleansing, victory, home—sweet home! all through the precious, precious blood!

Who tonight will reject the blood? Who will despise the blood? Who

will leave this church tonight without trusting the blood of Jesus Christ? Mighty God! bless this simple word of Thine to these dear friends. It may be the last time I shall ever speak to you, dear American people. Since I came among you I have received nothing but love and kindness, and I want you just now to trust the precious love of Jesus, and know your sins forgiven. God bless you, my dear, dear friends, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Dr. Hepworth, on the part of the congregation, affectionately bade Mr. Moorhouse farewell, and after the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Dowling, many lingered behind to shake his hand and say good-bye.

A writer in the *New York Evangelist* describes his work in Rochester, Mass.:—

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 services, and in spite of the intense cold of that month—the thermometer often standing from ten to fifteen degrees below zero—people flocked to hear him. Those services had so won all hearts to him, that 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 grey 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 a deep 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 re-

called without the other; his astonishing memory, that carries a score of texts at, perhaps, 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 gave 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 consciences 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 stair-ways 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, brought there by God's blessing on his earnest labours, waiting to welcome him into the joy of their Lord.”