

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.”

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CHAPTER VII.

Bible Teaching.

“Preach the Word.”—2 Tim. iv. 2.

LAY-PREACHING, so called, is a marked feature of the evangelism of our time. So indeed it has been in every period of a revived or a reviving Christianity. It is simply the witness-bearing to Christ of men taught by His Spirit, men who speak only because they believe. This kind of preaching has a charm of its own. Its flavour is the flavour of nature, rather than of art. Its fragrance is the fragrance of the wild flower, rather than of the garden plant. It is the utterance not of the professional or trained advocate, but of the witness who can bear testimony to the facts.

Wherein lies the charm of good lay-preaching? It is natural speech, strong and incisive, unaffected, unclerical, without smell of the midnight lamp, without starch of system; not mathematically square or theologically exhaustive; a witness-bearing rather than a sermonizing, a heart utterance more than a head exercise, language with hands and feet, that is to say, words in which the truth, fitly embodied and alive, walks up to the very faces of men, and with outstretched hands takes hold of them in loving violence; speech full of the light of eternity, and the solemnity of coming judgment, yet never harsh but always well moistened with tenderness and love, regard for the opinions and likings of mortals being utterly swallowed up in the one great aim to glorify God in the salvation of sinners. True lay-preaching was born at Pentecost. Its tongue of fire is fed, not with any fine gases of rhetoric, scholasticism, or philosophy, but with oil direct from the Golden Bowl. Out of its native Pentecostal element, it speedily languishes, and becoming corrupt it develops into all manner of unpleasant vapours, into self-inflations and self-advertisements, and the magnifying of its apostleship above all apostleship. When once a lay-preacher goes self-ballooning, you may see him again in the flesh, nay you will likely see him too much in the flesh, but you will not see him in the Spirit any more.

Owing to the lack of a body of doctrine in the preacher himself, or the want of that sobriety of mind that is begotten by a long and hard course of study, or from deficiency in grace or common-sense, lay-preaching is apt to degenerate, and so become weak. And weak it sadly is, when it goes to noise, or rant, or rhapsody, or childishness, or a mere text-string, or a beginning at Genesis with intent to do the entire canon, the high vulgarity of cant or the low vulgarity of slang, or anecdotism, or a kind of light, jaunty, jolly air not unsuitable to the selling of knives and razors, needles and

tape, or the same speech over and over, and over again, till the spirit of the thing has fled, and the preacher carries about the dead body of a once living address, as the showman carries about his Egyptian mummy for exhibition.

Not such was Henry Moorhouse. He had in him the true fire, and he kept it burning. His fire was bright and steady, not glaring and fitful; so did he feed it with the truth. At an early stage of his course he found the Word of God as few believers find it, and he learned to use it as few evangelists can. This was the mainspring of his power, his admirable characteristic as a servant of Jesus Christ.

When the great Augustine was in the midst of his soul's crisis he went into the garden one night with his friend, also an inquirer, to seek retirement and converse. Leaving his companion in a little bower, he sought for a place where he might enjoy solitude and secret prayer, for his heart was bursting with the inarticulate cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" But here he could not pray, being disturbed by the sound of a voice issuing from a neighbouring house. He was constrained to listen. It was a child singing, and there fell strangely upon his ear the curious refrain, "Take and read! take and read!" It was the voice of God answering his prayer ere yet the unutterable groanings of his heart had found expression. Hastily bending his steps back, he said to his friend, "Give me the Book." The Bible was opened, and the portion on which his eye lighted was Rom. xiii. 11-14, "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." He read and bowed his whole man as before the majesty and at the burning feet of the glorified Redeemer. Then and there he entered into covenant with his Lord, whose most free and sovereign grace he henceforth lived to extol, and publish in a testimony that has outlived many centuries and instructed many generations.

At the beginning of his public career Henry Moorhouse seemed to hear a voice from heaven, saying, "Take up and read! Take up and read!" He took up and read, as few Christian teachers read, the Word of God. He was pre-eminently the man of one book. Uninspired writings he did not despise; but, what to him was the rushlight in presence of the sun! It is told of the godly young English king, Edward VI., that once, in a meeting of the Privy Council, when one of his ministers stepped upon a large Bible in or-

der to reach a high shelf, the pious monarch rose from his seat and, reverently lifting the Book of God with both hands, kissed it, and pressed it lovingly to his bosom: an act worthy of a king. Henry Moorhouse, perceiving that the Word of God is slighted even by its friends, raised it from the dust, where too many English Christians have been willing to let it lie, and pressed it with life-long reverence and love to his heart. Henceforth neither prayer-book nor hymnbook, neither confession or catechism, neither commentary nor treatise, nor anything else of literary kind, was permitted to interfere with his incessant, intense, prayerful study of the Scriptures. He had heard the voice of the Eternal, and so full and clear did the voice fall on his ear that he almost became deaf to its human echoes. Thus he became more than an evangelist: he became a teacher of the disciples, a pastor of the flock of Christ.

In his study and exposition of Scripture Moorhouse had fallen on a method very much his own. His way was to search the entire Book of God for all the passages bearing on some given truth or theme. These texts he would arrange sometimes in the order of revelation in time, beginning with the first gleam of light and following it on to the high noon of full New Testament day. For instance, in his famous and powerful lecture on Atonement by the Blood, in which he has been successfully followed by several of our best evangelists both in this country and in America, he starts with the first shadowy, but undoubted reference, to this fundamental doctrine of the gospel in Genesis, and pursues the "scarlet thread" throughout the Scriptures until the triumphant songs on the blood of the Lamb, as sung by the Church in glory, are reached in the Apocalypse. Sometimes, however, he pursued his theme in the order of systematic doctrine, dipping here and there into the Word and bringing forward the text passages in the logical or experimental order of the various parts or aspects of the truth under consideration.

It may interest the reader to know how Moorhouse fell upon this method of searching and handling the Scriptures. On one occasion, when about to address a public meeting of professing Christians, he found himself without a discourse and without time to prepare one. He had exhausted his addresses in the sermon style, he felt he had reached the end not only of his anecdotes and other illustrations but also of matter suitable for a regular discourse. His only resource was prayer for direction and help. In his distress his eye happened to light on an almanac, and he noticed the subject for a particular month, Justification by Faith, was followed throughout the thirty-one days in a series of Scripture proofs. He saw at a glance his opportunity, and tearing out the leaf, took it with him to the meeting, though not without considerable doubt and fear. At the outset of the service

he announced he would not preach a sermon, but instead would direct the attention of the audience to several portions of Scripture bearing on the vital theme of "Justification." Passage after passage was examined, the meaning of each given in a few pregnant words, with some homely but fresh illustration. The attention of the people in the subject was aroused; the utterances of the Spirit were followed with absorbing interest and avidity. To the surprise of Moorhouse the experiment proved a perfect success. Charmed, informed, refreshed, the audience at the close of the meeting expressed an earnest desire for a repetition of the exercise. This he fell in with, and from that time, partly dropping the ordinary style of sermonizing, he pursued and perfected this method, not without much advantage to himself and blessing to many.

Of his method of studying and elucidating a Scripture topic one or two specimens from a heap of rude outlines may be given here.

I.—GOD'S LOVE.

Prov. xv. 17 Dinner of herbs.
 Cant. ii. 4 Banner, Love.
 Cant. viii. 6, 7 Strong as Death.
 Jer. xxxi. 3 Everlasting love.
 Hos. iii. 1 Drawn by love.
 John xv. 13 Greater love.
 Rom. viii. 35 Who shall separate?
 2 Cor. v. 14 Constraining love.
 Eph. iii. 19 Passeth knowledge.
 1 John iii. 1 Behold the love!
 1 John iv. 8 God is love.
 1 John iv. 9 Manifested.
 Deut. vii. 7 Why He loves.
 Zeph. iii. 17 He will rest.
 Rom. v. 8 God commendeth.
 Isa. xxxviii. 17 Delivered me from pit.
 Eph. v. 2 Gave Himself.
 Rev. iii. 19 Loves and chastens.
 John xiii. 1 To the end.
 Gal. ii. 20 Personal.
 Rev. i. 5 Loved and washed.
 Isa. lxiii. 9 He redeemed.
 Rom. viii. 37 More than conquerors.

II.—OUR LOVE.

John xxi. 15-17 Lovest thou Me?
Ezek. xxxiii. 31 Mouth love.
Matt. xxiv. 12 Wax cold.
John xvii. 26 His love in us.
2 Cor. viii. 8 Show proof.
Phil. i. 9 Love abound.
1Thess. 1. 3 Labours of love.
1 Thess. iv. 9 Brotherly love.
Heb. x. 24 Provoke to love.
John iv. 42 We believe.
1 John iii. 17 How dwelleth?
1 John v. 3 We keep His commandments.
Deut. xiii. 3 To know whether we love.
Deut. xxx. 16 Commanded to love.
Deut. xxx. 20 Life, love, obedience.
Psalm v. 11 Love and be joyful.
Psalm xxxi. 23 He preserveth.
Psalm xcvi. 10 Love—and hate evil.
Luke vii. 42 Forgiveness and love.
John xiv. 21 Love, and keep His commandments.
Rom. viii. 28 All things work together.
1 Cor. ii. 9 Things prepared for them.
1 Cor. viii. 3 He knows them that love.
Eph. vi. 24 Grace be with them.
1 Thess. iv. 9 Taught of God.
1 Pet. i. 8 Not seen, but love.
1 John iv. 19 Love Him because He.
Psalm cxvi. 1 Because He hath heard.
1 Cor. xvi. 22 Be accursed.

Such outlines seem to be sufficiently bare; but as handled by Moorhouse there was no tediousness, no dryness, no lack of interest, warmth, or power. In this way he taught his hearers to reverence the pure, unmixed utterances of the Holy Spirit. The Bible to too many is much like any other book. This feeling of irreverent familiarity with it is the bane or the loss of many a reader. It was a lesson to notice his regard for every little word, every jot and tittle of the sacred volume. For instance, if one in quoting John iii. 16 gave the passage, as “God so loved the world,” he would invariably point out the omission of the introductory word “for.” See how that little word links this glorious text with what goes before, and read, “For God so loved

the world.” His extreme, but not superstitious, reverence for the Book was singular. He would not suffer anything, not even a sheet of paper, to be laid upon his Bible. There alone, apart, it must lie, unique, matchless, wonderful, the very mind and presence of the infinite and eternal God.

Effectively as Moorhouse could preach in the ordinary evangelistic style, his chief excellency and power as a teacher lay in his Bible expositions. He could make the Word itself speak. This is, perhaps, the highest function of the Christian teacher, the perfection of his art. In his expositions of an entire book of Scripture, his interpretations were sometimes fanciful, and his lessons far-fetched; but even in his conceits and fancies he did not go further afield than good old Matthew Henry, while his deductions were often as skilfully drawn, and as quaintly expressed as any of that famous commentator’s. His lectures and readings were often suggestive, and sometimes original; and able pastors were not ashamed to acknowledge that under his humble leading they had got upon a fresh line of thought.

At his Bible-readings could be seen ministers, physicians, lawyers, and other professional men, persons of education and refinement, accustomed from one Lord’s-day to another to listen to the most elaborate discussions of revealed truth; Christian workers of every class; with a crowd of the common church-going people; all deeply interested in the lessons of spiritual wisdom drawn from the Word of God, by this ingenious but unsophisticated commentator. There must have been power somewhere; in what did the secret of it lie? First of all, no doubt, it was the Holy Spirit in the teacher, and in His own truth thus honoured. Subsidiary to this, his power lay partly in his quick and fine perception of analogies betwixt the natural and historical on the one hand, and the spiritual and experimental on the other; partly, too, in his large and firm grasp of vital truths and principles, and his power of setting them forth in all the glowing colours of lively fancy and fervid emotion; but chiefly in his holy sympathy with the mind of the Spirit, which he had attained by the labour of many years in the loving and prayerful study of the Scripture.

One of his favourite books for public reading and comment was the profoundly interesting and exquisitely beautiful story of Ruth. The parallel between the history of Ruth, and the no less picturesque story of a soul’s return to God, or the espousals of the Church, the bride of the Lamb, is easily enough drawn; and it is too easily overdrawn. But only a shallow reader or an unreasonably matter-of-fact literalist will deny that in such a narrative it is hardly possible to avoid touching great principles, striking universal chords, and gathering practical lessons.

Naomi and her husband repairing to the land of Moab under the pres-

sure of famine, supplies our preacher with a suitable text for illustrating the folly of God's people in going down to the world for comfort and help.

The afflictions of the Israelitish matron in the heathen land of her sojourn afford him an opportunity for warning Christians of the sorrows that wait upon any compromise with the flesh or unwarranted fellowship with the world. The return of Naomi to the land of her fathers is the canvas on which our preacher depicts with graphic strokes the wandering soul returning to the Lord. In the two young widows he sees the two great typical classes of inquirers. With close, heart searching application and tender pathos he describes the parting of the ways, where Ruth finally strikes for the land of Israel and the God of salvation, while her half-enlightened sister-in-law decides for the old heathenism and takes her melancholy way back to idolatry and death. Then the picture brightens. Ruth is gleaning on the field of Boaz, finds favour with the rich and pious farmer of Bethlehem, and at the close of the day bears home her precious burden of the staff of life. Here the preacher's fancy takes wing, and little touches of humour serve to carry the lessons home. Ruth gleaning on the field of Boaz is the hearer of the Word. One typical hearer carries away from the field in a mass both grain and straw; a needless labour, since a little discrimination might have effected on the spot a separation of the useful grain from the unprofitable straw. Another hearer, type also of a class, leaving the good grain of truth and wisdom behind, carries away in his foolish memory only the straws of oddities, absurdities, or trivial remarks, to be found in too great abundance on many a field. Happy the hearer of the gospel who, Ruth-like, has learned not only to glean but to thresh, and to bear from the field of divine ordinances the full measure of pure grain.

In his Bible-readings he was wont to enlarge on the necessity and importance of the Christian's separation from the world. Grace, in his view, was no more grace, if it blossomed not into holiness. The innate and well-nigh irradicable Antinomianism of the human heart renders this teaching always seasonable. To some who claim to be disciples of Christ, said our preacher, the ancient triple enemy, the devil, the world, and the flesh would seem to have abandoned the field, and to such, therefore, there is neither foe nor fight. To others, who believe the flesh to be a source of some danger, the great adversary is only an abstraction; and nobody is fool enough to fight with an abstraction, the mere shadow of an ancient superstition. As for the world, it seemed to our evangelist, as if the greater number of Christians no longer regarded it as hurtful to the soul or hostile to God and His Christ. Who that looks around on the churches and on Christians in social life with a spiritual eye will deny that his jealousy was

a wise and a holy jealousy, and that his teaching on this head was in good season? In his warnings against its carnal maxims, its seductive friendships, its unholy pleasures, and, most of all, its lying religion, he was wont to wax indignant and to pour out his most scathing rebukes. He drew a picture of ancient Israel, from the shores of the wilderness, where they stood a newly-ransomed people, sending a duly chartered vessel across the Red Sea to fetch flesh and onions and garlic from the land of Egypt. Then another great ship is sent, and still another, until, at length, the great merchant fleet of the famous Flesh and Garlic line is established, with the colours of Israel and Egypt to be hung out on either shore; and what with the new freedom and the abundance of Egyptian good things combined, the Land of Promise is lost to view or has faded into infinite distance. "What!" he might well exclaim with mingled surprise and sorrow, "shall the newly-returned prodigal son, happy in his father's love, rise from the festive board, and, rushing into the dark night, make anew for the swine troughs, dragging the best robe in the mire?"

"Should a Christian go to dancing-parties?" was one day asked by a young convert. "What do you think?" said our evangelist. "Suppose a young lady is affianced to a truly noble and good man, whom she tenderly loves, and there comes in a dastardly ruffian, who murders the bridegroom in the very presence of the bride. Now, if the murderer were to invite the bride to dance with him on the floor crimsoned with the blood of her beloved, tell me, should she consent?"

"Once I was commissioned by my brother," he went on to say, "to fetch from town a little article in gold which he wished to purchase. This I put into my pocket, where, from lapse of memory, it lay for several days in too close proximity to some leads I happened to carry with me. On recollection I drew the gold from my pocket, and, to my amazement and chagrin, found it had taken on the dull hue of its meaner companions. The lead had borrowed nothing from the gold; its complexion was as grey and coarse as ever; but the gold had lost its beauty, it had grown like its company, it was become dim. So, the world gains nothing from the worldly Christian, whilst, in his unwarrantable fellowship with the world, the Christian loses all his brightness and not a little of his worth. This illustration made a deep impression on the minds of many who heard it; and in one instance the impression took shape in the following lines:—

"I had once a precious trinket
For my watch—a golden chain;
How it glittered in the sunshine,
Thus reflecting light again!

“But my golden chain was carried
Where a leaden plaything lay,
And a few short hours of friction
Wore its brightness all away.

“While the plaything was not brightened
As it lay against the chain,
Whence it stole all-glorious beauty—
(Will it ever shine again?)

“Now the light no more reflected,
Every link seems dark and cold,
As a trinket now rejected,
I can scarce believe it gold!”

To speak and act like the world is only too easy for the Christian to learn. To make the lesson pointed and memorable he was wont to tell of a canary which, placed in the same cage with a sparrow, lost its own sweet song and learned to chirp like its vulgar and unmusical companion. This illustration also found its way into verses, evidently composed by the same hand:—

“O my birdie!—like a fairy
With your soft and lightsome wing,
O my golden sweet canary,
How I loved to hear you sing.

“But you listened to a sparrow
With his shrill, discordant tone,
And, my beautiful canary!
All your melody is gone.

“Like a sparrow you sit chirping,
While he’s never learned your song;
He has still his feeble twitter,
Chirping, chirping all day long.

“You have taught me a sad lesson,
Fraught with deep and solemn pain,
That if I with sinners mingle
I shall lose, and they—not gain.”

Thus in his own homely way he taught great lessons in little parables. He loved much to enlarge on the grace of God, so rich and free in Christ our Lord. “Grace “he was wont to say, “is—

The Bread of Life seeking the hungry.
The Living Water seeking the thirsty.
The Garments of Salvation seeking the naked.
The Truth seeking the liar.
The Rest seeking the weary.
The Light seeking the darkness.
The Pardon seeking the guilty.
Mercy seeking the wretched.
Life seeking death.

“Grace is all this in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ seeking and saving that which was lost.”

Simple are such teachings; and yet they are remembered by the common people, aye and by the educated, when profounder discourses are forgotten.

His power of apt illustration always served him well. Addressing the Christian people of Dundee he read, from Acts xxviii. 1-6, the story of the viper fastening on the hand of Paul. “What hinders the gospel in Dundee? What causes the world to stumble at the truth?” he boldly asked; and as boldly answering his own question he said, “It is *the viper of inconsistency* that has fastened on your hearts, and is thus leading unbelievers to a conclusion as melancholy as the belief of the barbarians who supposed Paul was a murderer. Shake off the viper; be out and out what you profess, and the people of the world around you, like the savage islanders when they saw the venomous beast drop into the fire, *will change their mind.*” Some, in the audience that evening, frankly confess they were then smitten with a sense of their inconsistency as Christians; and they gratefully acknowledge their elevation to a happier and worthier spiritual state through the instrumentality of Henry Moorhouse.

At our Noon Prayer-meeting he was one day reading in Luke, fifth chapter. Pausing at the words, “but the fishermen were gone out of them (the ships) and were washing their nets,” he glanced from the page to the audience, and observed quaintly, “The Lord will not use a dirty net.” This simple remark proved to be as a nail fastened in a sure place.

“I don’t have assurance,” frankly said a Christian young man at a Bible-reading in Dundee, when that somewhat vexed subject happened to come up. “What is your name, sir?” inquired our evangelist. “J—— C——,” was the reply. “How do you know?” demanded Henry. “I have always

borne that name,” said the other. “But are you quite sure that is your name? May there not be a mistake about it?” “I am perfectly sure,” was the answer; “my father gave me that name, and as he happened to be Session Clerk (Parish Registrar), I have his own handwriting for it, and there can be no mistake.” The quick-witted evangelist, seizing the last answer, immediately drew the attention of the young man to the Word, in which the Father has with His own hand engrossed a certification of name and sonship, such as may well satisfy every rightly-instructed, veritable child of God. This important point Moorhouse was able to set in a clear light, without confounding, as too many lay-evangelists do, assurance of personal salvation with faith. Wisely and tenderly did he deal with the timid or dejected believer, who doubts not his Lord but himself. *To believe in Christ* is one thing; *to know* that *I believe* is another and a different thing. This distinction is too often overlooked.

Owing to the operation of a variety of causes, there are always some true believers who lack certitude as to their own interest in Christ. It may be deficiency in knowledge, or weakness of faith, or the prevalence of some subtle form of sin, or the sloth that gives not needful diligence to make the calling and election sure, or strong temptation from Satan, or the habit of introspection, or feebleness of mind, or melancholy, that “devil’s bath,” in the waters of which, as the old divines were wont to say, the great adversary of the soul disports and refreshes himself, or finally, for aught we can tell, the cause may lie in some inscrutable purpose of God, a region far too remote for human wisdom to investigate. Here lay evangelists often fail. Because unconverted people are only too ready to take refuge in the lie, “Nobody can tell whether or not he is saved,” or in the half-truth, “Every one hasn’t assurance,” evangelists in their eagerness to collar the sinner are apt to cuff the Christian, whose fear is greater than his joy, and his hard thoughts of himself a better evidence of grace than much that passes for assurance. In fact, we are not able, often, to argue a doubting soul into consciousness of personal salvation. Somehow, there are ever some who must grow into it. Much wisdom and tenderness is needed in dealing with such a case.

Mr. Moorhouse cultivated the fine art of illustration. Quick to discern analogies, he sought and found simile, metaphor, and parable everywhere. In one of his Bibles I count as many as five hundred headings of distinct illustrations. They are gathered from nature, from Scripture, from history sacred and profane, from biography, from science, from domestic life, and from every-day scenes in the world. Little children, flowers, animals wild and tame, ships, stars, kings, culprits, beggars, rich men, and a hundred other objects, are called in to do service in this connection. In short, his

lively fancy seized on everything that his skill could make into a wrapper of spiritual truth. Many of his illustrations were apt, not a few were striking, and some were not without poetic beauty. Here are two or three.

A little girl in the slums of London wins the prize for a flower growing out of an old, broken tea-pot; her success in training the plant being due to the pains she took in always placing her flower in the only corner of the window favoured with a sunbeam. A lesson for the Christian to walk in the light.

A rough, enraged at his dog for losing in a fight, cruelly throws it into the lion's cage in a menagerie: but the noble brute, instead of destroying the helpless incomer, which innocently walked up to his king and sat beside him, seemed to take pleasure in his new companion. Seeing this, the owner of the dog began to insist on the keeper fetching him out; but the latter refused, saying that he who wanted him must fetch him out for himself. So the soul that seeks safety with the Lion of the tribe of Judah needs not fear Satan: let the adversary fetch him out if he can.

Standing at the window one wintry day, he sees a poor, ill-clad child taking shelter from a hailstorm, in the corner of the gate. A workingman, passing that way, catches a glimpse of the little one, hastily retraces his steps, lifts him in his arms, and turning his back to the blast, lovingly presses the stranger bairn to his bosom. When the fierce shower is over, he sets the child down and passes on. That night our evangelist related the incident, and then amidst the tears of his audience, pictured the Son of God giving His own back to the pitiless storm of Divine wrath, whilst He hides the helpless sinner in His bosom.

I was in Kerry a little while ago (he says in one of his lectures), and I went out into a field along with a gentleman who had a great many sheep. By-and-by we came to a mother sheep, with three of the sweetest little lambs. "Is not that a pretty sight?" "I said. "Yes, but I am not going to let her keep them all: I am going to take one of them away." "What will the lamb do?" "I will give it to a goat to bring up." "Did you ever do that before?" "Yes; two years ago that same sheep had three lambs; I gave one of them to a goat to bring up. By-and-by the lamb grew, and was able to eat grass; then I took it away from the goat and put it among the sheep; but that lamb never heard the bleating of a goat, but it tried to get after it." What was the reason? It had been brought up on goat's milk, and had thus partaken of the nature of the goat. So it is with the sheep and lambs of Christ. We have been nursed on goat's milk, and when we hear the bleating of the goat, we want to go after it. But, thank God, we have a good Shepherd who knows how to take care of His sheep and lambs.

Even in his hasty, off-hand addresses, there was usually not a little good

sense and point. Addressing the Flower Mission Band, Home of Industry, London, on 2 Kings iv. 8-37, "A great woman," he says:—

"1. This was a woman great for her *common-sense*, as seen in the simplicity of the nice little room she prepared for the prophet.

"2. She was also great in *contentment*. 'Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king?' She had no desire for introductions into society, or for luxurious living.

"3. She was great in the *care of her son*. Those who are simple in their households and of a contented spirit, are always careful of their children, and their husbands trust in them.

"4. She *went herself* to the prophet: this made her great. Why did she lay the boy on the prophet's bed, and not in the parlour or other room? The bed was the resting place of the prophet; so if he came while she was away, he would see her need. The prophet was in that what the Lord Jesus is to us. Oh, should we not bring our friends to Jesus?

"5. As soon as she gets to the prophet, Gehazi came up to her. So it is with us. Ere we kneel long in prayer, some Gehazi comes to take our thoughts away from the Lord. But she seemed to say, I will neither trust Gehazi nor the prophet's staff. 'I will not leave thee,' she said, and in this she was great. So we can all be great. During this coming flower season, let us not put our trust in the flowers or the texts, nor trust in means or measures, but in the living God. All the means in the world will not give life to one soul."

To the poor widows he addressed a word of comfort from Isaiah xli. 10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"You have been in trouble, and have gone to an earthly friend, and he said, Fear not, but did not give you a reason why you were not to fear. God gives us a reason and saith, 'I will strengthen thee.' The least thing He gives man to do, man needs God's strength. 'I am a coward,' you say. You tell the Lord that, and He says, 'I will help thee.'"

Speaking of working for Christ he says, "We all want power. Salvation is offered unconditionally, but for work afterwards there are conditions."

"It makes all the difference, if we are following religions, and not following Christ. The centre is the person of Christ."

"Elisha said he would not leave Elijah, while fifty sons of the prophets stood afar off. So it is today in London: where one man is following close upon the Master's footsteps, fifty are afar off."

"Elisha healed the spring, whereas these fifty sons of the prophets who had lived in Jericho for many years had not made a blade of grass to grow.

Here is the man of God, the man of power, who by a single life-touch does more than all the fifty sons of the prophets had been able to do for years.”

Speaking of God’s love to men in the gift of His Son, he said, “*God gave the best thing in Heaven for the worst thing on earth.*”

While the chief note in the preaching of Henry Moorhouse was God’s love to a perishing world, he knew well when and how to announce divine judgment and coming wrath. Like all other holy men from the beloved disciple downwards in every age, who drank most deeply of the love that passeth knowledge, he had the most awful sense of the holiness of God, and the future punishment of the sinner. His idea of God’s love was not that of the mere sentimentalist or the purblind universalist. In fact, he published a tract in proof from Scripture of the eternity of future punishment. But while he taught the whole counsel of God, keeping nothing back, he exercised a wise discrimination as to the time and manner of setting forth a particular truth. Once, as he was going to preach to a set of notoriously wicked miners, one said to him, “Well, you ought to hold those men over the mouth of hell, and show them its horrors.” “No,” he replied, “I’ll preach to them that God loves them, and sent His Son to die for them. But I’d hold over the mouth of hell some of those church members who care nothing for the love of Christ.”

With some of his opinions many would not be able to agree. In the matter of Church Reformation his ideas were radical. He would not, perhaps, like some earnest men of our day, have pulled down the entire fabric, without furnishing any clear guarantee that the new building would be marked by fewer flaws. But his ideal of church government and worship suffered from the infirmity of mere theory. Besides, to model the government of the church after the most perfect pattern, and to set up the purest form of worship possible, does not necessarily secure the Christian community against corruption, defection, and error. This no government howsoever Scriptural, no creed howsoever true, no discipline howsoever pure, can render permanent. The Divine Head of the Church, and He only, by His Spirit and sovereign working, can create and maintain life and purity in the Church. In his later years Moorhouse came to see this more and more, till at last nothing of the exclusive spirit of the separatist seemed to remain in him. He did not hate a man because he was the pastor of an imperfect church. He would not excommunicate a minister because he was ordained as an elder to teach and rule. He embraced all who love the Lord Jesus. Only at the point of fatal error he drew up. He would not worship or work in a Unitarian place of meeting. “They deny my Lord,” said he; “let them come to us, I cannot go to them.” Nor would he give countenance to men, however splendid their eloquence or lofty their genius, if their teach-

ing made void the atoning sacrifice. Such preachers, he affirmed, at once rob Christ of His glory and man of the only ground of hope for eternity.

If he was extreme in some things, it is surely better to sigh and cry because of abominations in the Church as well as in the world, than to settle down in a time-serving accommodation to things as they are. His sense of the holiness of God, and his vivid anticipation of the coming judgment, when the wood, the hay, the stubble now piled on the "one foundation" will be burnt up, filled the mind of Moorhouse with a strong repugnance to everything false and unreal. He longed for the time when there will be a kingdom of God without one rebel in it, a Church of Christ without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

His singular love for the Bible, more perhaps than the matter of his teaching, frequently made a deep impression on men of lofty character, communicating to their minds a new spiritual idea, or a fresh God-ward impulse. This was specially the case in America. "He brought us a new Bible, and almost a new Saviour," says the venerable Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, United States. "The Bible in his hands appeared to be a new revelation," writes Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria. "It was under God, through Henry Moorhouse," is the testimony of Rev. Joseph Kelly, Washington, "that this knowledge was brought to me, and so brought home as to change entirely the character of my work. The light poured in by him upon the pages of the Bible made it a new book. It was then seen to be a unit" "Christians of every name, and ministers with long years of successful work, and young converts entering the field, alike sat at his feet to study the Word," is the emphatic statement of his friend, Mr. D. L. Moody. "If Moorhouse had done no other work in America," says Mr. Needham in his "Recollections," "than that of bringing Mr. Moody and Mr. Kimber more directly into the heart of the Gospel, and in furnishing them with a key to its better understanding and its more vigorous proclamation, he would not have visited in vain, nor laboured in vain."

"Henry Moorhouse came to this city twice while he was preaching the Gospel in America," writes Rev. Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, "and during both visits he was my most welcome guest. Thus it was my privilege to be brought into very intimate personal relations to him for a period of more than four weeks, and much of each day and night, when he was not engaged in public service, was passed in delightful conversation and prayer and fellowship in the truth. It was given me to see into his heart, and he drew forth my love with no ordinary fervour and tenderness.

"That which most impressed me in those pleasant days, the remembrance of which is still very sweet, was his singleness of purpose. He was a servant of one Master, a student of one Book, a man of one aim, a

preacher of one theme. Nothing seemed to interest him apart from the Person, the Word, and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, while playful as a child with the children of the household, he exhibited unmistakable signs of weariness, if visitors insisted on introducing topics of temporal and worldly character. It was amusing to watch his look of blank indifference when asked whether he had read some popular book, and listen to his quick reply, 'I have never heard of the book, and hope never to hear of it again.'"

But if a question were presented that touched the glory of the Lord, the honour of His word, or the welfare of the soul, he was on the alert in a moment. His eyes would open wide, and he was instantly ready with an answer taken from the Bible, which he usually had in his hand or near his side. He was evidently in full sympathy with the views of the late Duncan Matheson, who said in one of his last addresses, delivered at the Perth Conference, "I stand today with my eyes fixed on the *lost*. I plead with evangelists to keep at the one thing. With the vision cleared by heaven's lamp, they will see the crowd rushing on to destruction, sporting with death, indifferent to Calvary, laughing on the way to hell. . . . God, heaven, hell, salvation, are solemn realities. The shadows of eternity are falling on the path of some of us. They are not dark, but lightened by the glory that shines from the better land. I know not how it may be with me. Our Father can heal if He pleases. I leave it in His hands. It is sweet to know that we toil only a little while; that, 'sowing in tears we shall reap in joy.'"

Indeed, he filled well the office of evangelist, and was a striking illustration of the truth that such an office exists, or at least ought to exist, as any intelligent person can see by reading Eph. iv. 11; Acts xxi. 8; 2 Tim. iv. 5. Dr. Eadie, one of the ablest and soundest commentators of the century, has well said upon the first of the passages here cited, "This official title implies something special in their function, inasmuch as they are distinguished also from teachers. These gossellers may have been auxiliaries of the apostles, not endowed as they were, but furnished with clear perceptions of saving truth, and possessed of wondrous power in recommending it to others. Inasmuch as they itinerated, they might thus differ from stationary preachers. Passing from place to place with the wondrous story of salvation and the cross, they pressed Christ on men's acceptance, their hands being freed all the while from matters of detail in reference to organization, ritual, and discipline."

If this language gives a true picture of the New Testament evangelist, it also presents an admirable portrait of Henry Moorhouse. He was furnished with clear perceptions of saving truth, and possessed of wondrous power in recommending it to others. It would be a great mistake to suppose that he

was of dull intellect, for Jesus Christ, as the God of creation and providence, had conferred upon him a quick mind; and his 'several ability' consisted of a substratum of good, hard common-sense, on which grace built beautifully. But, after all, it was Jesus Christ, as "the Author of eternal salvation," who made him what he was, constraining him by His love, consecrating him, soul and body, to His service, filling him with intense and increasing desires to know more and more of His Word, exalting that Word in the esteem of the uncultivated youth far above all the opinions and systems of all the schools and theologians, and thus putting into his hands weapons of warfare, by which, according to the fine rendering of Conybeare and Howson, he could "overthrow the reasonings of the disputer, and pull down the lofty bulwarks which raise themselves against the knowledge of God, and bring every rebellious thought into captivity and subjection of Christ." (2 Cor. x. 5.)

This independence and earnestness in the study of the Bible gave him great simplicity and boldness in preaching the Word. He was diligent and patient in his search for truth; but when it was revealed to him by the Holy Spirit in its radiant loveliness, he conferred not with flesh and blood, and never consulted consequences in his determination to exhibit it to others. The utter depravity of man's nature, even amid the appliances of human culture; the absolute necessity of the new birth by the Holy Spirit through faith in Christ as revealed in the Word; the atonement made by the blood shed upon the cross; the present and certain salvation of the believer; God's sovereign choice of His people; the wide-spread ruin that will be the end of the present age; and the personal return of the Lord Jesus as the hope set before the Church—were constantly proclaimed with remarkable clearness and force.