

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.”

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## CHAPTER IX

### Last Days.

“Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.”—PHIL. i. 23.

HIS last year was one of much suffering. His cough grew worse. The enlargement of heart went on increasing, prostration from sheer weakness by day, and nights of anguish. Nevertheless calm, patient, indomitable, he held on his way, “faint, yet pursuing.” He would die in harness; and this also was given him. His faith did not fail him; even at the worst he was cheery and hopeful. “What a friend we have in Jesus!” he would say. But a few weeks before his death he writes, “How wonderfully the Lord keeps providing for us day by day! I have realized more than ever the last two years what a loving God I have trusted. How I would like to see all your dear faces again, but I don’t think I ever will *until He comes*. The doctors say my heart is twice the size it ought to be, and the least excitement may take me away at any moment. ’Tis all right: the Lord is my shepherd: goodness and mercy follow. We don’t look behind at them: we look before us at the Lord. The shepherd’s dogs are not the shepherd. I find it very sweet work to lean on the Rock, instead of talking about it; to look to the Lamb, instead of reading about Him; and to be taken up with the Master, instead of with the Master’s work. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!’”

The following letters afford glimpses of his last days.

“STRETFORD, MONDAY, *Nov. 17th*, 1879.

“BELOVED MR. B——, Your letter dated 14th, only received this morning: no use telegraphing, so write instead. I am able, thank God, to take as many meetings as you like. Just let dear Mrs. B—— and yourself do whatever you think is right. I shall be satisfied any way and at any place. Will come to you (D.V.) by evening train on Saturday next, arriving I think about 7.30. Going (D.V.) to London today to open New Carriage. Glorious time yesterday at Marple. A Model Hall: fifteen anxious souls; praise the Lord! God bless you both. In haste, “H. MOORHOUSE.”

“ROSE BANK COTTAGE, STRETFORD,  
MANCHESTER, *Dec. 8th*, 1879.

BELOVED MR. AND MRS. B——, Arrived safe home, found all well. My voice quite gone before six on Saturday. Can only speak in a whisper: now been in bed ever since. My cold is much better. Enjoyed my visit so much: it cheered me greatly, and I trust I left a blessing behind me. I am praying

for Miss Alice to be made strong. Will write a long letter soon as I am able. God bless you all.

“H. MOORHOUSE.

“Kind regards to Mr. B—— and Mr. J——. Just as I had finished I received the enclosed, which, please, put in an envelope and send back when read. It looks bright for the French work.”

“STRETFORD, *Dec. 10th*, 1879.

“BELOVED MR. B——, Thank you for your kind letter. I am glad to hear from the dear old place in which I have spent so many happy hours. The doctor says I shall have to stay in the house a month, perhaps all winter. My voice is gone, and if I shout the hardest, ’tis only a faint whisper. But all is well and peaceful. My heart can rejoice in Him, the blessed Lord, who never makes mistakes. And I know He is going to teach me something I never knew before. Will you thank dear Miss B—— for her kind letter: I will answer it some day. She likes letters, and she deserves one at least from me, she was so kind. Dear Miss Alice, tell her to trust and not fear. I send her Isaiah xli. 20. With love in the Lord, in which all here join, to beloved Mrs. B——, yourself, and all your household. God bless you all.

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

“*Jan. 3rd*, 1880.

“Our new Bible-carriage will (D.V.) be ready very soon, and I hope to devote it chiefly to village work. That will be one for London, one for towns, one for villages. Then I have taken part of a shop on Ardwick Green, which will be opened on Monday week (D.V.) for a Bible and Tract Depot, to sell Bibles very cheap. You would be glad to learn that we are meeting with great success among the Teachers with the Bible, as we planned at Ford Hall. But we are short of stock. We need about £150 worth for the Depôt and carriage.

“There is a little hitch in the French work. A gentleman has collected over £150 towards buying the publications, and I don’t want to interfere with him.

“Looking forward to the spring for work in Derbyshire, and feeling much better. God bless you, beloved Mr. B——.

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

“ROSEBANK COTTAGE, STRETFORD,

“*Feb. 17*, 1880.

“BELOVED MR. B——, Have been very ill since I left Ford Hall, but today am feeling much better. You will be glad to hear that the plans talked over with you about the Lord’s work have prospered beyond all my expect-

tations. Already we have sold over one thousand Teacher's Bibles, and the demand for them is just marvellous. Our new Tract Depôt, is doing well, and giving a testimony for our absent Lord day and night. The Bible-carriage is now at Oldham, and the Lord is sending crowds to listen to the Gospel. And the sales are wonderful; last week the best we ever had, taking over thirty-four pounds for the Scriptures alone. We hope to open our new Bible-carriage in a few days, and would much like you and your dear wife to be present at the opening. We will arrange it early in the afternoon, so that you won't be kept out in the night air. Mr. Cr—— and Mr. Ca—— have each given me fifty pounds for the carriage. I hope to work it myself, and expect our first trip will be Derbyshire. As we talked over last December, 'tis still on my heart to give three months to your county, and think April, May, and June would be the best time.

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

“DR. GOURLAY'S, WESTON-SUPER-MARE,

“*April 12, 1880.*”

“BELOVED MR. B——, You will be sorry to hear that I have again to rest for three months. I could not tell you how disappointed I am. Came here hoping to get all right for a summer's work for the Lord, and now have to give it all up. Have held several meetings, and felt no worse for them; but the kind doctor I am staying with examined me, and then got in a London doctor (both Christians), and on Saturday gave me a thorough examination; the conclusion—nothing but rest and lying down, not even to take a walk for three long months, would do me any good. Heart very bad. But I can write to any of my friends, only I must lie down all the time. Will you ask the Lord to give me the needed patience. . . .

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

“STRETFORD, *April 22, 1880.*”

“DEAR KIND FRIEND,—My heart is very, very sad today. I left beloved Dr. Gourlay's house on Monday, and on Tuesday he was called home to be with his blessed Lord. I can hardly realize it to be true. He was so kind to me. Left four little children, and their mother died only eight months ago. I do indeed thank you for your loving invitation; and, please the Lord, I will come soon. I am trying to get the Lord's business settled up, so that without a care I can take the rest ordered by five doctors. 'Tis hard work to do nothing but lie down.

“Your heart will be rejoiced to hear of the continued wonderful success of the Bible-carriages. Last week the three carriages sold in the markets, etc., over sixty pounds' worth of the Scriptures. In Bradford alone, Brew-

ster and Bartlett sold over one thousand five hundred New Testaments in three days. Manchester carriage doing grandly, going to the little villages and scattering the good seed.

“I hope dear Mrs. B—— likes the ‘Beautiful Home.’ Will gladly send her some for distribution, if she wishes it.

“H. MOORHOUSE.”

He writes to the same friend of the continued success of the Bible-carriages, and looks forward to “a glorious summer’s work among the neglected and poor.” He “longs to be in the field again,” and says he “would rather break stones and work for Christ, than have a thousand pounds a year to be idle.” In July we find him in Dublin, at the Believers’ Meeting; then in London, and thence home. His health somewhat improved, he plunges anew into work, and speaks of “glorious meetings,” with anxious souls pressing into the kingdom. At Chinley, he, along with Lord C——, held special services, which were attended by crowds, and accompanied by much blessing from on high. In one of his last letters he writes:—

“DEAR MISS B——, The Bibles are three shillings and elevenpence each; so I owe you tenpence, which I enclose in stamps. Since writing last I have been very ill, and never left my room for a week, and don’t know when I shall be able to get out again. But the Lord knows what is good for us, and never makes mistakes. I think of you all very often, and wonder if the cold has come to you yet. I am so glad to see the good news in the paper about Lady M——. God bless our Queen for remembering her in her sorrow. I am sure a blessing will come to dear Ford Hall for taking in the widow and the fatherless. I had a letter from Lord C—— yesterday. He says he has never been so well for a long time. I think Derbyshire air has set him up.

“I wonder how the new Coffee Rooms are doing. Will you tell your dear kind mother I am trying to get ‘The Beautiful Home’ brought out in a large-sized book, with a coloured cover, to sell for a penny to the poor, same size as is usually sold for sixpence. Our horse has gone lame, and I think will never be better—I mean the Bible-carriage horse. All at home are very well except me. I do hope you are stronger. With much love in the truth to your beloved father, and mother, and sister, and all the household. God bless you all!

“HENRY MOORHOUSE.”

“*Dec. 6, 1880.*

“DEAR LOVED MR. B——, I really don’t know how to thank you for your loving letter, and kind invitation to come to dear Ford Hall, which is

very, very dear to me, having spent some of the happiest hours of my life there. But I cannot come yet. The doctor orders me south—to Bournemouth or to France. At present I am staying at home, where I have every care that love can give me; but if the Lord will, I hope to go south in January, should the winter be severe; I think to Cannes. My Irish friends have sent me a loving invitation to come and stay the winter with them; if not, to Bournemouth. I am very happy: not a care, not a trouble for either present or future; all I leave to Him who died for me. Could I have a trouble, 'tis for the past. How much harder would I work for the Lord had I to begin again; but the past is blotted out, at least my failures are. How good of you and dear kind Mrs. B—— to shelter the dear lady and her family. You have the thanks of thousands in England and Ireland, I am sure. And I hope that now she will be as happy as her Saviour can make her in her new resting-place. I often pray for her, and shall continue to do so. I am so ill. 'Tis near a month since I was out of doors, and my nights are sometimes fearful. I hope to have the Bible-carriage Reports' this week, and shall send one to you. Enclosed tenpence in stamps, the amount over for bills sent me by Miss Alice. With much Christian love to you all. God bless you, beloved Mr. B——."

To Mr. and Mrs. C—— he writes:—

"Your kind letter came to me in the midst of great weakness. I had a very bad night; several times seemed as if I was suffocating from my heart; but the Lord brought me through it all. How sorry we are to hear about your suffering; but 'whom He loveth,' etc. I know He is taking great pains with me; but I need it all. *I am nearly home now*, and every care I have is cast on Him: my wife, my chicks; His work entrusted to me—all are left with Him. No one else is able to carry the burden for me; and He is both able and willing. I suffer from heart disease and bronchitis, and have never been outside for nearly six weeks. 'Rest'—'rest' is the cry of the doctors; and however much I wished to work now, I have not strength to do it. I am glad you have that dear saint near you (Mrs. H——). Will you please give her the enclosed 'Reports': I only got them today. I think you will be pleased with the work. I know the Lord has blessed it very much. Twenty breaking bread at Darlington through the work. I could write you both such a lot, for I love you both dearly; but Mary says I must stop, my breathing is getting so bad. So—with very much love from us both to you all, not forgetting Ann and Walter—God bless you all.

" H. MOORHOUSE."

*To Major Whittle.*

“55, TIVERTON STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

“DEAR LOVED BROTHER,—Just out of bed, first time for many a day. If I am not with the Lord, shall be real glad to see you next Tuesday. But I am very ill. Ask prayer for me to suffer for Christ better than ever I preached for Him. I only want to glorify Him. Let me know when to expect you. A cab from the station will bring you for two shillings, and we will have dinner or tea ready for you. With much love to dear Mr. and Mrs. M’Granahan. I am glad to hear of all the blessing: praise be to the Lord!

“ H. MOORHOUSE.”

After some eight weeks of severe illness, the end came. He was ready. He had committed wife, children, and work to Him whom he had steadily trusted and loved for twenty years. He had no care left. His Saviour, he had said once and again during his illness, was taking much pains with him. The furnace was hot, but he knew the Refiner was watching the crucible, and that he should come forth as gold. His sufferings were sometimes excruciating; but, said the strong believer, “the Lord makes no mistakes.” He had worked hard for the Master, he had witnessed a good confession, he had fought a good fight; but now in the deep waters his supreme wish was to suffer better for Christ than ever he had preached for Him. “Do not fret,” he would say, “it’s all right! it’s all right! “

On Sabbath, 26th December, he bade his wife and children good-bye. To his little girl he gave the text, “God is love,” and to his wife he said, “He is love; I have proved it.”

A friend entering the room inquired, “Are you trusting Him *yet*?” “Turning round he replied in measured tones, “Why do you say *yet*? I have trusted Him for nearly twenty years, why should I doubt Him *now*? I do trust Him.” To his father, who was weeping, he said, “It’s all right,” and sought to comfort him.

A friend, coming in said, “Is it all right, my brother?” To this he made reply, “Sure, sure, sure; it’s all sure and well.” To another he said, “If it were the Lord’s will to raise me up again, I should like to preach more on the text, ‘God so loved the world.’” Willing to remain and work, ready to depart and rest, such was the prevailing frame of his spirit. His mind stayed on God, his was the “perfect peace.”

Having bidden all around farewell, he seemed to pass away, but means employed by the physician had the effect of bringing back consciousness. It appeared as if he had returned from the region of perfected bliss. On opening his eyes he said to his wife, “Why have you brought me back to such dreadful suffering? I was in heaven. Can you understand how I have

been brought back from there?" "No, I cannot," was her reply. "Neither can I," said he. Probably, he had been in one of those rapt states of communion with God in sleep, to which he was singularly habituated from his earliest Christian days. It is a fact that some believers, accustomed to seasons of no common fellowship with God, have in certain states been unable to determine whether they were asleep or awake, whether in the body or out of it.

He lingered on for twelve hours more; and then, a little after twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning, 28th December, 1880, he passed into the presence of Him whom he loved, leaving behind a widow and two children to the care of Him who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me."

On the last day of the year, relatives and friends, a great crowd, gathered together, and, without hearse or coach, carried him to the last resting-place. Tearfully and lovingly his beloved brethren laid him in a Christian's grave, the cabinet where the Lord safely treasures the body of the saint, precious in His sight because redeemed by His blood, not less than the soul. After suitable addresses by esteemed brethren, the company, sorrowing yet rejoicing, for the light of the glorious hope of resurrection made their tears sparkle, joined in singing the hymns—

"I love to think of the heavenly land,"

and

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

That last day of 1880 was a chill winter day with much snow on the ground. It would naturally suggest to that Christian gathering the thought of an approaching New Year, when the chills and tears of this present troubled state shall disappear for ever in the presence of the glorified Redeemer come to claim the very dust that is His own. Then if a loving, lowly, Christ-like life is any evidence of saving grace, Henry Moorhouse will be found amongst those who shall "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." It was meet, therefore, that the band of devout mourners should conclude their touching services at the grave by singing—

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah!"