

TORREY AND

ALEXANDER

The Story of their Lives

BY

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WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

IT is a hackneyed saying, but none the less a true one, that the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where formerly there was only one, is a benefactor to his race. How much greater benefactors then are the men whose lives are set forth in the following pages!

The task of putting into book form for the first time a brief record of the life and work of Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander has been a pleasant one. I have known them both almost since the first day they reached this little island of ours, and the increasing knowledge of them which has come to me in these two years has brought with it ever-increasing regard and love. They are men whom Carlyle would have been proud to include in his list of Heroes.

J. K. M.

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TORREY AND ALEXANDER

The Story of their Lives

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE AND IMPRESSIONS

THE great men of every age arrive at the exact psychological moment.

When all that was mortal of D. L. Moody was lowered into the grave on the Round Top at Northfield, it was felt that a mighty man of God had been taken from the struggles of earth to the glories of heaven, and weak hearts, forgetful of the history of the past, trembled as they thought that there was no successor to the great evangelist. Who can take Mr. Moody's place? was the question that Christians asked each other all round the globe, and to that query there seemed but the one sad answer, "Nobody."

But among the company that stood on that little green hill in New England, and gazed, with tear-stained eyes, into the open grave, there was one man on whom the famous preacher's mantle had fallen. No man knew it at the time, least of all this man himself, for his hour had not yet come. The command to go forth had not yet been spoken. But there he stood—Reuben Archer Torrey, friend and lieutenant of the dead General. Between the two men, differing in so many respects, there had for years existed a bond of love; shoulder to shoulder they had worked with all their strength for the advancement of the kingdom of God, and now, when the older man had laid down the standard, the other servant was to take it up and carry it on to heights undreamed of before.

Although an American by birth and parentage, Dr. Torrey is of English descent, and traces his family back to the Torreys of Coombe St Nicholas, near Chard in Somerset, who sailed for America in 1632. Their leader was Captain William Torrey, a sturdy and valiant Puritan, master of the Weymouth train bands, who, in the land of his adoption, rose to a high position, and whose son was twice invited to be President of Harvard University. In more ways than one the Torrey family has made an impression on America. Several of them have held offices of distinction, the most eminent perhaps being John Torrey, a celebrated botanist, and Professor Joseph Torrey of Vermont University, a cultured scholar and Church historian. Among other relatives have been senators, governors, journalists, and statesmen of cabinet rank. On his mother's side, Dr. Torrey traces connection with Dean

Swift. Her family left England in 1630.

Dr. Torrey was born at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the 28th of January 1856, and was only three years old when his family removed to Brooklyn. His father was a banker in New York. He was a man of tall and striking appearance, powerfully built, and with a large intellectual head—a man to command attention anywhere, a man marked out by his physical and intellectual qualities as a leader of men. His distinguished son tells that once in a railway accident, when all the passengers were in a panic, he simply rose to his feet and said, “Sit down,” and everyone in the carriage took their seats and sat motionless. In this way a disaster was averted. When the great financial crash of 1857 brought so much ruin to America, Mr. Torrey suffered in the general crisis, his son Reuben at that time being only a year old. But he was not a man to sink easily. His fortune was gone; the man himself was as strong and determined as ever. His was not a spirit that disaster could readily overwhelm. He knew “how to take occasion by the hand.”

Immediately setting to work in a new direction, the ruined banker established a large business as a manufacturer. Success crowned his efforts. He was soon wealthier than ever, and along with wealth came influence. Interesting himself in politics, he became one of the leading members of the Democratic party in Brooklyn, and was collector of Inland Revenue in the city. Municipal honour—he was offered the nomination to the office of Mayor of Brooklyn—was put in his way, but his busy life, then at its prime, was as full of duties and responsibilities as Mr. Torrey could undertake, and he declined to saddle himself with the cares and anxieties that would have been involved in a position of such importance. The family numbered five — three sons and two daughters.

Both of Dr. Torrey’s parents were religious people. His father was a Congregationalist and his mother a Presbyterian. The influence of the latter upon his life has been greater than one can calculate. She was a woman who believed in prayer and who practised what she believed. As we shall soon see, her constant prayers were largely responsible for her son’s conversion. Like so many American women, Mrs. Torrey had a distinct gift for letter-writing; she was fond of reading, and this taste for literature she transmitted to her family. It was her great desire that her son Reuben should give himself to the Christian ministry, and in his world-wide influence to-day we see the remarkable answer to the mother’s hours of prayer and intercession on behalf of her boy. She did not live to see her son become famous, but the eye of faith can see a long way, and who can tell what visions she may have had of the wonderful ways in which God was going to use him?

The childhood of the famous preacher was passed in the city, but much

of his life after the age of ten was spent at a delightful country home 350 miles from Brooklyn. Around this beautiful old house—he has described it himself as “a beautiful home, a large, spacious mansion, with splendid parks, lawns, stables, horses, coachmen, and footmen, and all that sort of thing”—were more than 200 acres of land, and there, in these idyllic surroundings, the children were allowed perfect freedom, and in horse-riding, swimming, and other sports built up strong and sturdy bodies.

Sometimes the Doctor tells how he learned to swim. He bought a book on the subject, in which were numerous diagrams showing the various movements of the arms and legs and careful instructions as to how to proceed. Unknown to anyone, he studied the contents of this book of rules, his intention being to proceed to the river when he had become sufficiently proficient, and astonish his brothers and companions by his marvellous skill in the water. Locking himself into his bedroom, he threw himself on the floor, and, with due regard to the advice contained in his precious possession, went through, to his own complete satisfaction and delight, the various motions depicted on the fascinating pages. The great day arrived on which he determined to give a display of his abilities as a swimmer. He went down to the river, jumped in and swam—right to the bottom. His pride was hurt, but his spirit remained unconquered. He took the advice of his brother, threw away his book, plunged into the water, and “went at it.” The first day he swam only a few strokes; he went farther the second day, still farther the third, and to-day he is almost as much at home in the water as he is on land.

Looking back upon some of his youthful escapades, Dr. Torrey is surprised that he ever grew up to manhood. He was always getting into every kind of trouble and meeting with all sorts of accidents. It is a family tradition that the last thing his mother always asked before leaving home and the first thing she asked on returning was, “Where is Archie? Is he all right?” He was cut and stabbed, kicked and bitten by horses and other animals, bruised and broken in various ways. He had three, at least, narrow escapes from being run over by railway trains, was in numerous runaway accidents with wild horses and other animals, and had various unpleasant experiences with wild cattle. Yet he lived through it all. One of the most wonderful of his escapes happened when he was a lad of sixteen. To escape a fast-approaching thunderstorm he put to their utmost speed a team of nervous and rather ungovernable horses. Just as he was about to cross the railway track on the grade crossing, a train of cars shot in front of the horses, and with a quick, strong pull he reined up the horses, and they stood quietly until the train, and with it the danger, had passed.

These days of youthful freedom and delight are still a pleasant memory

to the Doctor, and about them and the old home where life was so free from care he often speaks. Years later, when his parents were both dead and the family separated, he happened to be passing near the old estate, and as he did so there came to him a longing to step off at the nearest station and take a look at the beloved old place. Entering an electric car, he proceeded on his journey. As he was being driven along, he said to himself as a certain stage was reached, "I wonder where this car is passing; it must be going through the old lawn." But no. At that moment it was passing over the very spot where the old house once stood. He looked around and found that the old forest trees had been cut down; every stone and brick taken away, every barn, and stable, and out-house had gone. As he stood gazing at the transformed scene, and compared it with the days of his boyhood, he said to himself, "The world passeth away." He was a stranger in a strange land, though he stood on the very spot where his childhood's days had been spent.

But before the black shadow of death hung over the family, it was a happy group that made up the Torrey household. Life was fair and attractive, and the children enjoyed it to the full. One night, the five of them were gathered in the sitting-room at home, and, talking as children always will, they became anxious to know just how much they were going to be worth when their father handed over his property to them. So they sat round the table, each one of them with a paper and pencil, and their father, who was naturally much amused, began to tell them some of his properties and what he considered they were worth. When they got through, each one added up the column and divided it by five, for they took it for granted that he would divide evenly. When the coming preacher went to bed that night, he felt very rich. He knew exactly how much he was going to be worth. At any rate, he thought he did.

His expectations, however, to anticipate a little, were not realised. The panic of 1873 came—"Black Friday," as it is called in America's financial history. Six long years of financial depression followed. Mr. Torrey suffered with many others, and when, in 1877, he was called home, only a few thousands remained of all his vast fortune. That was mismanaged, and all that Reuben got as his portion of the estate was a leather match-box and a pair of gold sleeve buttons. The match-box didn't last long; he lost one of the buttons, and he does not know what became of the other.

Looking back upon these catastrophes, the Doctor regards them quite philosophically, for he admits that one of the best things that ever happened to him was to be thrown upon his own resources.

As he grew up, serious thoughts came to young Torrey, just as they come to other boys. Being fond of books, he was frequently in the habit of

rummaging among the old volumes which, having been put out of the library, lay in a room on the top storey of the house. One day, as he sat in that room tasting book after book, he took up one that belonged to his mother. In that book was described what one must do to become a Christian. He said to himself, "I wonder if I could be a Christian." Then he began to read. The first thing he read he said, "I can say 'yes' to that." He felt that he could fulfil other conditions too, and to most of them he replied in the affirmative. But, finally, he came to something like this, that if he became a Christian he must be willing to do whatever God told him to do, to go wherever God told him to go. His mind was instantly made up. He said, "No, just as like as not if I say 'yes' to that God will say, 'Preach the Gospel,'" and he had determined to be a lawyer, as so many of the family had been before him. It was thus that he reasoned with himself—"I will have to give up the race-track, and there won't be any joy left in life. I will have to give up the card-table; I will have to give up the theatre; I will have to give up dancing, and life won't be worth living." There and then he settled it that he would not be a Christian. It was a solemn decision, but it was done deliberately, and from that time he refused to pay more attention to the matter, and went in for a life of pleasure.

There was one experience of these youthful days that Dr. Torrey can never forget. Always fond of their father's company, the children were frequently with him in his absences from home. An incident occurred on one of these occasions that left an indelible impression upon the young lad's mind. Along with its sequel it was one of the most powerful illustrations of the degrading influence of sin he has ever known.

In 1864, when George B. McClellan was nominated on the Democratic ticket as President of the United States, Mr. Torrey was one of the delegates to the Presidential Convention in Chicago. The family then lived in New York. Taking his children up with him nearly to the Convention, Mr. Torrey left them in a quiet country town, went on to the Convention, and at its conclusion returned for them. Then they started east. When they got to Albany, they left the train and joined a Hudson River steamboat. On the steamer were the leading Democratic politicians, and as the vessel proceeded down the river, the beauties of Nature, which are there so rich and varied, were neglected for the all-absorbing topic of the moment—politics. A political meeting that lasted for several hours was held. One after another of America's most gifted orators stood up and spoke to the crowd. But there was one star that outshone all the others. As that man spoke, everybody was spellbound by the power of his eloquence, which was electrifying in its effect, and although only a boy of eight, Reuben Torrey was carried away by the marvellous oratory of this man.

Some years later, young Torrey went out to the front lawn one day, and lying there was something which on examination he found to be a man. He was sleeping heavily, and snoring like an over-fed hog. It was the very man who that night on the Hudson River steamboat had held the crowd spell-bound by his eloquence. He had gone down through drink, and ultimately died in a madhouse.

Dr. Torrey frequently uses this incident as an example of the terrible, deteriorating effect of sin, and it always produces a deep impression.

CHAPTER II

SINFUL DAYS AND HOW THEY ENDED

BROUGHT up in elegant surroundings, and with every opportunity for obtaining a good time, young Torrey went in for gaiety and pleasure. The world to him seemed to be one large pleasure ground in which he could disport at will—a garden in which he could pluck the fairest flowers. Careless of the consequences, he flitted from one pleasure to another, tasting them deeply as he passed, and ever on the alert for some new form of amusement.

At fifteen years of age, he was sent off to the University, and endowed as he was with very outstanding natural capabilities, he was able to keep ahead of his class without much effort. The rest of the time was given to pleasure. Cardplaying, gaming, dancing, and horse-racing were among his favourite pursuits. Such a fascination had the ball-room for him that he would rather dance than eat, and sometimes attended dance parties as often as three and four times a week.

In his own circle of society he was recognised as one of the best waltzers, while at cards also his skill was much above the average, and with his brother for his partner could win with almost any hand, no matter how poor.

He had plenty of money to spend, for his father paid his bills without asking questions, and forwarded to him whatever sums he asked for. It would have been a good thing for the young man if his father had made investigation into his methods of disposing of the money sent to him; but as such inquiry was never made, young Torrey felt that there were no restrictions and acted accordingly. Under such conditions, as he himself admits, a young fellow who has not an oversensitive conscience can have a pretty good time, if anybody can in the world.

Did he find it? Let Dr. Torrey answer for himself. “I found disappointment,” he says; “I found despair; I found utter wretchedness and barrenness, so I plunged more deeply into worldliness and dissipation, until, at last, still a young man, but with life fairly burned out, one awful night, when life did not seem to be worth living any longer, I jumped out of my bed and hurried to the washstand to take out of it the weapon that would end the whole miserable business.

“As I fumbled around for it, for some reason or other I could not find it. I don’t know till this day why I could not find it. I still think it was there. In my awful despair I dropped upon my knees and lifted my heart to God, and I told God that if He would take the burden off my heart, I would preach the Gospel.” He did not know at the time, but he afterwards learned, that at

the very moment when life seemed so black and hopeless, and when he contemplated ending it, his mother, over four hundred miles away, was on her knees before God, beseeching Him to save her son.

At the time of his acceptance of Christ, the future evangelist was a student at Yale University. He spent seven years there, taking the B.A. and B.D. degrees in succession, and distinguishing himself in his studies, especially in mathematics. Simultaneous with his acceptance of Christ, as indicated in the quotation given above, was the resolution to abandon his contemplated career as a lawyer, and become a preacher of the Gospel. His out-and-out declaration for Christ, however, was not made immediately. About a year elapsed before he took his stand openly as a Christian worker.

There are many people who, when they abandon their sinful life and take Christ, experience an exuberance of feeling that no pen can adequately describe. The whole world at that decisive moment seems to change. The sun shines more brightly, and the song of the birds has a sweeter music in it.

Dr. Torrey had no such experience. "The sun did not shine differently," I have heard him say, "for the sun was not shining at all. I was converted in the middle of the night, in pitch darkness, without even a gaslight burning." But there came a day when he had that experience. He was working at the time in one of Mr. Moody's after-meetings in New Haven, Connecticut, where it was, as we shall see presently, that he first met that great man with whom his life in later years was to be so intimately associated. He wanted to do something to help others, and as he looked around the church, he saw a young lady whom he had known in the old worldly days. They had met often in the ball-room and in other worldly gaiety, but he had not seen her since his conversion.

"Have you got enough religion to go and talk with that young lady that you used to dance with?" was the question that Dr. Torrey put to himself as he stood for a moment hesitating. It was a searching question. He was honest with himself, and replied that if he had not enough religion to do that, he had not a religion that was of any account. With a great deal of fear and trembling, he walked over to the young lady and asked her to become a Christian. It took a lot of persuasion. With his open Bible in his hand, the young student sat beside his worldly friend, and talked with her for two hours. But at last he brought her to the place where she was willing to turn her back upon the world and accept Christ. Then they knelt in prayer, and the young lady rose from her knees rejoicing in the salvation that she had just found.

When they got up, she said to him, "Mr. Williams has talked to me, Dr. Dodd has talked to me, Mr. Sankey has talked to me, but you have helped me more than all of them." He was beginning to feel rather proud until she

went on— “I thought if Jesus Christ could save you after what I knew you used to be, He could save anybody.”

As Dr. Torrey left the church that day to walk to his rooms in the University, he felt as if he walked on air. It had been a beautiful day—a day in April—and now as it drew toward evening the westering sun shed a halo of glory on everything within view. It seemed the most extraordinary day he had ever seen. Earth’s beauties had never before been so rich, and, as he walked along, his heart was filled with a new joy—a “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

The meeting at which this incident occurred was one of a series being conducted by Mr. Moody in New Haven. Dr. Torrey was then in his senior year at the University, and, like all other young men who reach that exalted academic stage, he thought he knew everything that was worth knowing. He knew more then than he has ever known since, he sometimes remarks with quiet satire.

His young theological friends were of the same opinion. In their own estimation they were a rather smart set, and they thought that if this illiterate man, who was said to possess such wonderful powers, could only see them at his meetings, he would feel very much complimented.

They decided to patronise him. They would go to hear him, and thereby show that although he had none of their learning and wisdom, they were broad-minded enough to bear him no grudge on that account. To his meeting they accordingly went. It was an eye-opener to them, and rather crushing to their pride, to discover that Mr. Moody did not seem in the least degree complimented or put out by the presence of such distinguished visitors.

It was all the other way. As that group of young men listened to the pleadings of the mighty preacher, they felt ill at ease. They saw that the man before them, ignorant and unlettered as he was, had a power to do something that they had not learned in the theological seminary—a power to win souls, and that was a subject upon which their teachers had been wonderfully silent. It was rather sore on them, but the fact remained, and they were honest enough to recognise it.

Waiting till the after-meeting was over, they went up to Mr. Moody and told him that they were theological students. The knowledge did not overwhelm him. Then they asked him to explain to them how to do Christian work. “Come round tomorrow night,” he said, “before the meeting. Come down to the inquiry room, and I will come in early.”

The students kept the appointment, and were there in good time. Mr. Moody entered soon afterwards. “Good evening, gentlemen,” he said; “what is it you want?”

“We want you to tell us how to win souls,” they answered in chorus.

So far as Dr. Torrey’s recollection goes, he thinks that Mr. Moody gave them a few texts of Scripture, but if he did they were very few. Then he said, “Gentlemen, go at it.” Dr. Torrey took the advice. He went at it, beginning in Mr. Moody’s own meetings, and he has been “at it” ever since.

That was his first meeting with the great evangelist. Little did either of them think, as they stood face to face, the young inquirer and the earnest soldier of the Cross, that in coming years they were to labour side by side and that their names and their work would be linked together for all time. It was a meeting apparently of little importance, but it was fraught with mightier consequences than either of them dreamed of at the time.

As visions of his future life came before young Torrey after his conversion, he came to realise that if he was to be a preacher he must begin to speak in public sometime and that the sooner he began the better. He determined that the start should be made at a prayer meeting. He composed a short address, committed it to memory and stood up one evening to make his maiden effort. It was not too encouraging. Taking a firm grip of the seat, he faced his audience and recited the piece he had learned.

Dr. Torrey himself describes the incident.

There was a Niagara running down one side of my face and another running down the other,” he says. “I shall never forget a good old lady coming to me at the close of the service and saying, ‘It was so touching: your voice trembled so?’ I was scared to death, but she thought it was feeling.”

“Imagine a man of that kind going into the ministry,” he invariably adds. “My wife used to think that I would twist the button off my coat. I was obliged to hold on to something to brace myself up. It was agony to preach. How happy I used to be every Sunday night! I would say, ‘It is over for another week?’ But one day I learned the sweet lesson that God did not look to me to do the preaching; that it was my privilege to stand up and let Him do it. I have had no more dreads of the pulpit since then. I love to go into it. Sometimes I feel more like shouting than preaching, for I know that the Holy Spirit has to do it all. My chief business is to get out of the way that He may do the work.”

No one looking at Dr. Torrey today, as he stands before larger crowds than any man of his generation addresses, would ever think that there was once a day when the sound of his own voice alarmed him or when the thought of entering the pulpit produced so much terror. But we have the explanation of the change. He tells us the source of his power and his strength.

There is no secret about it. The same source is open to everyone.

CHAPTER III

IN THE MINISTRY

READY for the ministry as he was, as far as scholastic attainments were concerned, Dr. Torrey, when he completed his course at Yale University, did not stand on the safe and sure theological ground that he occupies today. He had a surer basis, certainly, than at one stage of his life, but he had yet some distance to travel before reaching solid ground. He was climbing towards the rock, but he had not yet reached it.

There was a time in his career, he tells us, when he did not believe the Bible to be the Word of God. "I sincerely doubted that the Bible was the Word of God," he says. "I doubted that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. I doubted whether there was a personal God. I was not an infidel. I did not deny. I was an agnostic. I did not know, but I determined to find out. If there was a God, I determined to find that out and act accordingly. If there was not a God, I determined to find that out and act accordingly. If Jesus Christ was the Son of God, I determined to find that out and act accordingly. If Jesus Christ was not the Son of God, I determined to find that out and act accordingly. If the Bible was the Word of God, I determined to find that out and act accordingly. If the Bible was not the Word of God, I determined to find out and act accordingly. I found out. I found out that beyond a peradventure there is a God, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that the Bible is the Word of God. Today, it is with me not a matter of mere probability, nor even of mere belief, but of absolute certainty."

Though he had left these days of doubt behind him, the young minister was not altogether orthodox. He was tinged with the newer doctrines. That is to say, he adopted the views of the higher critics with regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures; he believed in the abolition of the material hell, and looked with favour upon the growing but unwarranted theory that God, being too good to eternally punish anyone, would, in some way or other, ultimately save everybody. Not only did he hold these views, but he preached them, and that, too, in spite of the fact that they were in opposition to the accepted doctrines of the church in which he was an ordained pastor. There came a day before very long when his eyes were opened to the errors which he believed, and, humiliating as it was, he publicly retracted what he had publicly taught.

Dr. Torrey had not long to wait for a pastorate. He had not quite finished his course at Yale when he was invited to become the minister of a Congregational Church at Garrettsville, Ohio, a small country village of about a thousand inhabitants lying amid beautiful surroundings. It was just the very

place for a man of his energy. To borrow his own language, it was "one of the most hardened and most hopeless parishes that a church was ever situated in. The whole town was given up to infidelity. There were three churches in town all quarrelling among themselves." That unhappy condition of things was changed before Dr. Torrey left the town.

The church to which he was called had a membership of fifty, most of whom were members in name only. The first event of note to attract attention was the conversion of a woman nearly sixty years of age, who had been a backslider for a very long period. After years of wandering in the world, she began to pray for a revival. She came to Dr. Torrey and said, "I have to go away this week with a sick friend to California, but I have been praying for a revival. God has heard my prayer; the revival is coming."

The woman was right. The revival did come. For three years it went on under Dr. Torrey's pastorate, and continued long after he had left the place. From that day till this Dr. Torrey has lived in a constant revival. A revival, he considers, ought to be the normal condition of the Church of Christ, and not merely a spasmodic outburst, and his own experience justifies his theory. In every one of his four pastorates he has had a constant revival.

For four years he laboured in Garrettsville, helping in that time to materially alter the character of the town. There was scarcely a young man in the whole place, when he went there, who was a professed Christian, but many of them were soul winning followers of Christ before his departure. In the town was a poor fellow who one day was pushed off the bank into the river. He was shoved in for fun and was nearly drowned. But though pulled out in time for his life to be saved, his intellect was shattered, and during the remainder of his short life he was half foolish. He could not read; he could not study; he was not bright; but so far as Dr. Torrey is aware, he was the first man in that town to become an open, confessed Christian. Jesus saved him and gave to him a beautiful character. His influence, small as it was, told on others, and at the time of his death he was one of the most highly esteemed young men in the whole community.

Among the lessons which the young minister learned in that first pastorate was this, that Christian work can be done anywhere. He discovered that it could be done even in a public-house. There were two saloons—as they are called in America—in Garrettsville, and Dr. Torrey had an interesting experience with them. It came about in this way. One day, as he sat in his study working over a sermon, something seemed to say to him, "You go down to such-and-such a public-house in the main street and speak down there." It struck him as being a funny suggestion. He had not been trained to do that sort of thing. He had been trained to make sermons and to preach them. So he went on working at his sermon, trying to forget the inward

command. But he could not get the thought out of his mind, and it made him ill at ease. Again the voice seemed to say, "You go down to Horton and Thomson's saloon and speak there."

Jumping up from his desk, he put on his hat, started out for the main street, and marched right into the public-house. Several men were sitting round a table playing cards. To them he spoke, and his words were words of command. "Gentlemen," he said, "please put down those cards for a few moments. I want to have a time of prayer." The men seemed frightened, and the preacher was in much the same condition. But they all dropped on their knees. Dr. Torrey offered up a prayer, spoke a few words about Christ and the need of salvation, and then walked out.

A few days after that, he went down the same street, and there was the proprietor of the rival saloon standing at his door and looking at the young preacher with a fierce glare in his eye. Stopping Dr. Torrey as he came along, he said to him, "I heard you went in to Horton and Thomson's saloon the other day and had a time of prayer." The Doctor admitted that his information was perfectly correct. "Well," exclaimed the infuriated dispenser of liquor, "isn't my saloon as good as Horton and Thomson's?" The hint was enough. Dr. Torrey stepped right in, and held a service.

While in Garrettsville, Dr. Torrey was married. It has been a particularly happy union. To Dr. and Mrs. Torrey was given a family of four daughters and one son. One of the greatest trials that ever came to their home was when Elizabeth, a sweet, winsome child of nine years of age, died in Chicago. She was suddenly seized with diphtheria, but rallied from the attack, and all danger seemed over. Perfectly satisfied with her progress, her parents went downstairs from her room. A moment later, the nurse called to them, and, rushing up to the child they had just left, they saw with anguish the young life go out.

It was a terrible blow to Mr. and Mrs. Torrey. All the other children had been sent away from home, and the father had the sad duty of telling them of the departure of their loved little sister. They could not even go to see her; all they could do was to stand across the street and look up at the house where the little sister lay asleep. No one was allowed to go to the funeral, this being the order of the health authorities; but Mr. Jacoby, Dr. Torrey's assistant pastor, who loves the family with all the fulness of his large heart, insisted, in spite of everything, on attending. In a pitiless storm, the father and mother and this dear friend stood with breaking hearts at the grave and watched the coffin as it was lowered into the cold ground. Then, turning to her husband, Mrs. Torrey said, "I am glad that Elizabeth is not in that coffin, that Elizabeth is with Jesus."

They could not go back to the house, as it was in the hands of the health

authorities, and had to find accommodation in a hotel. That night there was a terrific thunderstorm, which lasted till morning. On his way to the Institute to lecture to the students, an overpowering feeling of loneliness came over Dr. Torrey, and as there was no one in sight on the street he burst out into the cry, "Oh, Elizabeth! Elizabeth! "In a moment, the Spirit of God flooded his heart with a joy and a rapture he had never known before, and a sweet rest and peace entered his soul.

Letters of sympathy poured in upon Mr. and Mrs. Torrey from all parts of the world. Mr. Moody's telegram was brief but suggestive. At the Northfield Conference, on one occasion, Elizabeth had heard someone preach, and in that address the speaker remarked that a beautiful character made a beautiful face. The thought took hold of the child's mind, and, going home, she prayed this prayer, "O God, send Margaret (her younger sister) as a foreign missionary, and make me very beautiful." The incident had reached the ears of Mr. Moody, and these are the words that he telegraphed when he heard of her death—"Elizabeth's prayer is answered."

The result of this keen trial was to draw the family closer to God. On their knees, Dr. and Mrs. Torrey dedicated themselves afresh and entirely to the Master's work, leaving themselves and all that they had unreservedly in His hands to send them where He pleased and to do with them what He saw best.

While on the subject of the family life, reference may be made to Dr. Torrey's attitude towards his children. He does not believe in drawing up a code of laws, "Thou shalt do this," and "Thou shalt not do that," and insisting upon their strict and unbending observance to his injunctions. If he did that, he says, their life would be perfect bondage, and he does not want his children to live in bondage. He wants them to be as free as birds. He does lay down a few rules—but they are very few—regarding some things which they ought not to do and other things to which they should attend. At least he once did make certain regulations, but that is a long time ago, and, so far as he knows, not one of his children has disobeyed him or their mother for years.

"I can't recollect one thing that one of my children has done for years that I told them not to do, or left one thing undone that I told them to do," I heard him say quite recently. But even that does not thoroughly satisfy him. He wants more. Over and above what he has told his children to do or to leave undone, he expects them to recognise that he is their father, that their mother is their mother, and to make it the study of their lives to find out what pleases their parents and then go and do it without being told.

They do it, too. He never worries about his children, even when they are far away from him, for he knows that they are always thinking of what will

please him and their mother. In this connection the Doctor tells an interesting story about his second daughter, Blanche. When she was at school President McKinley and Admiral (then Commodore) Dewey visited Chicago after the Manilla victory. Everybody in Illinois wanted to see these two distinguished men, and people poured into Chicago in thousands. A Sunday "religious" service, to be held in the vast Auditorium and at which President McKinley and Admiral Dewey would be present, was organised, and as that building, large as it is, could not accommodate anything like the crowds of people who were anxious to attend on that occasion, tickets were carefully distributed, and only those possessing the coveted passport were admitted.

One of those prized cards was offered to Miss Torrey by her teacher. She declined it, greatly to the astonishment of the teacher, who asked for an explanation of the refusal. "I don't expect to go," she answered. "Why not?" "Because I don't want to go." "Why don't you want to go?" continued the teacher. "I don't think my father would like me to go," was the reply. "Has your father told you not to go?" was the next question. "No; I don't know that my father even knows that there is to be such a meeting; but I don't think he would like me to go, and therefore I don't want to go."

When the Doctor was told of what had happened, he was greatly pleased, and, as he says himself, if his daughter had asked him for anything just about that time, she would have been pretty sure to get it.

Each member of the Torrey family, down to the very youngest, is a true and earnest Christian. Mr. Alexander told a gathering of London converts not long ago that he has never gone to a home anywhere where Jesus is so naturally spoken about as in the home of Dr. Torrey. Religion with them is not a garment to put on for church or meeting, but a deep and living reality that touches every spring of life. They talk about their Saviour just as they speak of any human friend, but only with more warmth and enthusiasm.

It can thus be understood how happy the home is. There is love in it, and that makes all the difference.

CHAPTER IV

STUDIES IN GERMANY

IT was during his first pastorate that Dr. Torrey, feeling the need of further study, determined to go to Germany for that purpose. He accordingly resigned his charge. The year spent in Leipsic and Erlangen under such teachers as Delitzsch, Luthardt, Kahnis and Frank did him incalculable good. He was a higher critic when he went there, but instead of having these views strengthened by a deeper study of the question in its very home and stronghold, he was led to see how untenable was his position, and consequently he abandoned it. Today, as is known, he takes his stand upon the inspiration of the Bible. No longer does he limit his acceptance of God's truth to those passages which are wise enough to agree with him; he believes, and defends, the Scriptures in their entirety.

One experience which he underwent while in Germany reveals the character and the calibre of the man. Accompanying a body of students to the top of a high mountain one hot summer day, Dr. Torrey was dismayed, on reaching the summit, to find that no temperance refreshments of any kind were to be procured. There were intoxicating liquors in abundance. The light German beer which everybody drank was the favourite beverage, but not a drop of water, tea, coffee, or milk could be obtained. There, under the broiling sun, Dr. Torrey experienced as never before the awful pangs of thirst. It would probably have done him good to drink a glass of the mild beer, and he knew it; but he also knew that over in America, four thousand miles away, were men whom, by the grace of God, he had lifted out of the gutter, and if it came to the ears of those men that he had drunk a glass of beer, no matter under what circumstances—and if they hadn't heard it, he would have been man enough to confess it—his influence over them would be gone for ever. Therefore he endured the agonies of that awful day rather than let an inch of his influence go; and when he reached his native land he was able to hold up his head and say that he had not tasted one drop of German beer.

Some of the impressions made upon him by his stay in that country are still very vivid. It was his custom to visit the ruins of one of the ancient castles, and as he sat upon the crumbling walls he would imagine the scenes that were enacted there in former days. In his day-dreams, the great palace would be a blaze of light, and brave knights and lovely ladies would be going through the stately halls of the castle. Then he would come out of his dream, and as he looked around him, he would find that the only inhabitants of the ancient pile, as it crumbled round about him, were slimy snails

that were dragging themselves over the walls. To his mind it was an illustration of the fleeting glory of earth—a glory that lasts but for a brief period, even at the longest.

Always susceptible to such influences, Dr. Torrey in these days saw a picture in the Art Gallery at Munich of which he still speaks. This picture represented the approach of a storm. The thunder-clouds were rolling up black and ominous, to quote the Doctor's own description; the trees were bending before the first blast of the oncoming tempest; horses and cattle were hurrying across the field in fright; and a little company of men and women, with terror-stricken faces, with bowed forms, with fright depicted in every look and gesture, were hurrying across the field in search of a hiding-place. You could almost hear the hiss and the shriek and the roar of the oncoming tempest. When he thinks of that picture, Dr. Torrey always regards it as an accurate representation of every human life—every man and woman needing a hiding-place—and he uses it as an illustration in one of his sermons with good effect.

Completing his studies in Germany, Dr. Torrey returned to America. He was there but a short time when he had to decide between two calls. The churches desiring his services were entirely different in character. One was a large and wealthy congregation in Brooklyn; the other a small and struggling church in Minneapolis. It seemed a very easy choice. Brooklyn held out most tempting attractions; from a worldly standpoint Minneapolis was a very undesirable sphere. But it was to Minneapolis that the Doctor went.

He had an uphill fight for a time, but he has always been a man who likes to prove his mettle, and he did not shrink from the duties before him. Lists of names were given to him of people who were either connected with the church or who were desirous of joining it. He set out to make their acquaintance. His reception was not too encouraging. Very soon he made the annoying discovery that the compilers of these lists of names had not taken the trouble to ascertain whether the people whose names they put down belonged to that church or to any church. They had contented themselves by going round the districts, looking at the names on the doors of houses, and putting these names down in their books without further inquiry.

The penalty, of course, had to be paid by the minister. He called at house after house, explaining who he was, only to have the doors shut in his face. Naturally enough, he didn't like it. He was proud, and treatment of this sort wounded him deeply. Besides, he was just back from a German University; he was better educated than the people who treated him so ungenerously, and his family and position were higher. He was not going to be treated in that way, he said to himself in bitterness of spirit. If they did not want him to call, he would not call. So he put the visiting books in his pocket and

started for home.

As he did so a voice in his heart said to him, "Can't you do this for Christ's sake? He belonged to a better family than you do. He was despised and rejected of men in spite of it. Can't you do this for Christ's sake?" That settled it. Looking up, Dr. Torrey breathed a prayer, and then, taking his books from his pocket, he returned to his visiting. Nothing mattered now. The people might treat him as they pleased; he did not care. He had learned his lesson, and was ready for any sort of treatment.

He had not long to wait for a further test. Calling at a fine-looking house, he rang the bell, and the man himself, a grey-haired old gentleman of good appearance, came to the door. "I am Mr. Torrey, the pastor—" said the Doctor, but he got no farther. The door was slammed, and the much-tried minister stood outside. But he did not give the man up. He was determined to win him. It took about three years to do it, but at last he succeeded, and that man who had been so hard and discourteous became one of the most active helpers in his church.

From that church Dr. Torrey subsequently resigned in order to organise a people's church in the same city. He thus describes the various charges which he has held: "My first church was a little country church with fifty members, most of whom were absentees when I took it. The second church was in the large city of Minneapolis, that didn't exist at all when I took it, but which I organised with eleven or thirteen members—I don't remember which. The third church was a people's church down in the heart of the same city, which I organised with thirteen members, holding its meetings in halls, theatres, and suchlike places. The fourth church, of which I am now pastor, is a metropolitan church in the heart of a great city, with a membership, when I took it, of eight hundred. Each one of these four churches was as different as churches could be. I started out to work in each by going to train my people to be intelligent soul-winners, so that if a revival ever should come, I would have people ready to go out and lead people intelligently to an acceptance of Christ. The revival did come at the end of the first year in the first church, and it has been going on ever since. From that day till this I have lived in a revival. Some people say they believe not in spasmodic revivals, but in perpetual revivals. So do I. I not only believe in them, but since the first year of my ministry I have had a perpetual revival, and that has been largely due to the fact that I have had a trained membership."

While in Minneapolis, Dr. Torrey held quite a number of offices in connection with charitable, philanthropic, and other institutions, and the work in connection with these occupied a good deal of his time. One day, as he sat in his study, he began to wonder whether he should continue in these

positions, which numbered seven or eight altogether. Then the thought came to him—"What did God call you into the ministry for?" He had to reply that it was to preach the Gospel. There and then, he decided that, good as was the work which these institutions were doing, it was not the work that God intended him to do, and before he rose from his seat, he had written out his resignation for every one of the offices which he held not directly concerned with his own church. From that time on, he has devoted himself exclusively to the work of the ministry, and he advises all his ministerial brethren to do the same.

It was from Minneapolis that Dr. Torrey was called to Chicago to undertake the great work at the Bible Training Institute, but that must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER V

LARGER FIELDS OF WORK

AMONG the many enduring monuments which Mr. Moody left to this world there is perhaps none so important—there is certainly none which has done more wonderful and lasting work—as the Bible Training Institute in Chicago. I made its acquaintance for the first time last summer, and I don't think that anything in all America left a more lasting impression on me. To quote the words of its founder, this Institute is “a school where the Bible is studied under competent instructors, both of this and other lands, and training is given in methods of practical Christian work, and where students are taught vocal and instrumental music to fit them for Gospel service. Every student is required each day while studying to do personal Christian work in missions, tents, homes, and elsewhere, under competent supervision.” In one word, the Institute aims at turning out experienced soul-winners.

Since this institution was opened on 16th January 1890, Dr. Torrey has been at its head; and though he has been absent from it for over three years carrying God's message of salvation around the world, he continues in the closest touch with all its affairs; and teachers and students alike follow his great missionary campaigns with prayerful interest.

How Dr. Torrey, at the time not quite thirty-four years old, came to be selected for such an honoured and responsible position is worth telling. When the Institute was established, Mr. Moody knew how much depended upon the selection of a competent Principal, and, discussing the matter one day with a friend, the Rev. E. M. Williams, of Chicago, he said: “I wish I knew a man to take the superintendency of this Institute. It seems to me the largest thing I have ever undertaken, and that it is going to accomplish more than anything that I have yet been permitted to do.” Then he put the query to Mr. Williams, “Do you know a competent man?” Mr. Williams had known Dr. Torrey in Minneapolis, and recommended him for the position in such glowing language that Mr. Moody made the remark: “You make my mouth water for him.”

In Mr. Moody's case action immediately followed conviction. He wrote to Dr. Torrey inviting him to Chicago to see him, saying that he was going to have a convention and would like a talk with him. The two men were at this time not acquainted with each other. They had met once before at New Haven, Connecticut, but it was only for a few minutes when, it will be remembered, Dr. Torrey, along with several of his fellow students at Yale University, had waited upon the evangelist to find out how to do Christian work. After that day their ways lay in different directions, but now they

were coming together to run on parallel lines till the summons to go higher came to the older man.

By some mistake, Dr. Torrey got to the convention a day too early. A friend whom he met in the street told him that Mr. Moody wanted to see him personally. He called upon the famous preacher. Mr. Moody unfolded to him all his plans and ambitions and hopes concerning the Institute, and finished up by inviting Dr. Torrey to become its Principal. The decision was not given at once. Dr. Torrey felt that it was too important a matter to settle right off or to settle by himself. He prayed over it for a few days, and then, when it became clear to him that this was a call from God, he accepted the position.

Four years later, the pastorate of the Chicago Avenue Church (popularly known as the Moody Church) fell vacant. A London minister accepted the charge on its being offered to him, but until he was ready to cross the ocean, a substitute was required. Dr. Torrey occupied the pulpit with so much acceptance that when the other minister was after all unable to come, he was unanimously asked to become pastor of the church.

It was a great deal to ask. Dr. Torrey had upon his shoulders the responsibility of the Institute; he had to lecture there five days a week, and, in addition, was frequently assisting his brother ministers. It seemed impossible that he could undertake more. But the invitation was a hearty and a pressing one. Mr. Moody added his appeal, offering to give Dr. Torrey any help that he might require at the Institute if he would only accept the pastorate of the church. These solicitations ultimately prevailed, and Dr. Torrey added the responsibility of the church to his already heavy duties.

The first sermon he preached as pastor of the church was on "Prayer," and as he drew toward a close, he said something like this: "Beloved brethren, how glad it would make your new pastor if he knew that some of you people sat up late every Saturday night or rose up early every Sunday morning to pray for your minister!" The appeal was not made in vain. Many of the members did the very thing that their minister desired; and what has been the result? When Dr. Torrey took the pastorate of the church, which seats about 2200—three or four hundred more can be packed into it—the galleries were even not in use, but God heard the prayers, and in a few weeks the whole place was crowded. That was not the best of it, as Dr. Torrey says. The power of God fell, and from that day till he left America there was never a single Sabbath without conversions. In fact, he does not believe that there has been any day of the week during the past ten years without a conversion in or around the building. Dr. Torrey does not attribute this to the preaching; it only shows, he says, that God answers prayer.

Dr. Torrey's work in Chicago in connection with the Institute and the

church was known all over America before he came before the gaze of the world as an evangelist of pre-eminent power. As a preacher and teacher his fame was not confined to one city or to one state; all over the land his services were constantly in demand, and wherever he was able to assist he was always willing to do so. At Christian conventions in particular he was much in evidence. Scattered all over the country though these were, they were never considered to be complete unless the head of Chicago's Bible College was present, and at many of the conventions he was chairman.

Christian workers of every grade and of every class attended these conferences, and, coming in contact with them, hearing their views and listening to their methods of work, Dr. Torrey acquired a vast amount of knowledge that has since been of considerable value to him in his world-wide tour. The help which he himself was able to give will never be fully estimated. Again and again ministers of the Gospel have come to him after he had spoken at some convention and said what a help his words had been to them, while years afterwards, in some cases, they have told him how their lives were entirely changed by following the counsel which he gave.

In the Institute, too, where hundreds of students passed through his hands every year, Dr. Torrey has been a great power. He led the way in everything. As Mr. Alexander once said to me: "Dr. Torrey was never a man to say 'Go'; it was always 'Come.'" Bible teaching among the students, visiting any who needed his services, and slum work were all in the day's programme. At one part of the day Dr. Torrey might be in the lowest quarter of the city—so low and dangerous a district that even the police were afraid to show themselves—preaching the Gospel, and a few hours later be addressing a fashionable gathering or taking train for some convention hundreds of miles away. Other teachers might come to the Institute and charm the students by the brilliance of their thoughts or the beauty of their language, but nobody ever gripped and held them like their own Principal. They knew that he was genuine through and through; if he insisted, as he did, on absolute surrender to God, they saw that he lived that life himself, and was only recommending what he had tried and tested and found to be happy and satisfying.

The labours in connection with the Institute alone, even though there had not been so many additional duties, would have been heavy enough for any one man, but Dr. Torrey has never been a man to spare himself. With students from almost every quarter of the globe, representing so many nationalities, and sometimes as many as thirty-five denominations, it will be seen that it required a man of large mind and deep knowledge of the Bible to meet their needs. Only such a one could stand up before a large body of inquiring students, with all their troubles and difficulties and thirstings for

knowledge and certainty, and answer the questions which they put to him. Dr. Torrey's plan was to devote certain days to answering the questions and difficulties of his students, and in this way he acquired a readiness of retort which always gives him the advantage over anyone who interrupts him as he speaks.

During Mr. Moody's great evangelistic campaign at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, Dr. Torrey stood by his side and helped him in his gigantic enterprise. Shoulder to shoulder these two giants of the truth fought in many other fields, and were closely associated in all their work till Mr. Moody's death. When the Spanish American war broke out, Dr. Torrey accompanied the troops to the front, where for days "they ate dust, and drank dust, and breathed dust."

Busy as was Dr. Torrey with all this work the call came to him to undertake even more extensive duties. The great mission movement began in prayer. About six years ago, at the close of a wonderful week of prayer in the Bible Institute, Miss Strong, the superintendent of the women's department, came to Dr. Torrey and said: "Can we close this week of prayer? Ought we not to keep it right on, throughout the year, and meet one night every week, when all the work is done, to pray for a mighty revival throughout the world?" Dr. Torrey consulted the Faculty. Like himself, they were favourable to the suggestion, so they appointed one night a week to pray for a revival throughout the world. The three or four hundred people who gathered together each week were strong in faith, and though the weeks and the months passed and the revival did not come, they knew that God would send it. One night, after they had been praying some time, a little group remained behind for further prayer, after the general prayer meeting was over, and continued in supplication to God till very late at night. With that small body the after prayer meeting became a regular practice.

This had gone on for a year or two when one night, in a moment of silence in that little circle of prayer, the Spirit of God fell upon Dr. Torrey, and there came into his heart a prayer that was not his own—"A prayer," he has said, "that I had not dreamed of offering when we entered that hallowed place that night. The prayer was this, that God would send me round the world preaching the Gospel; and when I had ceased praying I knew I was going round the world to preach the Gospel. How, I did not know. With a large church, with an increasing membership to be pastored, I did not see how I could leave them. With the Bible Institute to be guided and instructed, I did not see how I could leave it; but I knew the call had come from God, and that God would open the way."

That this faith was justified was proved by subsequent events. Very soon afterwards, an invitation to visit Australia and conduct evangelistic meet-

ings there was given to Dr. Torrey. This invitation came from two gentlemen who, leaving Australia on holiday, were deputed by the churches there to hear the leading preachers in England and America and to ask the one who, in their judgment, was best fitted for the task, to go to the Commonwealth and lead in a great religious forward movement. These gentlemen fulfilled their mission. After spending some time in this country, visiting Keswick among other places, without finding the man for whom they were in search, they crossed to America. One day they dropped into the Bible Institute and heard Dr. Torrey lecture. They were instantly impressed with the strength and boldness of his teaching. Then they heard him preach in his own pulpit, and their impressions being deepened, they felt sure that this was the man for whom Australia was waiting.

They approached Dr. Torrey and told him the object of their visit. He saw it was a great opportunity that was offered to him, but there seemed no possibility of his accepting the invitation. But, in a wondrous way, his path was cleared; he was given a year's leave of absence from the church and the Institute, and, after receiving presentations, and with the prayers of thousands following them, Dr. and Mrs. Torrey left America in December 1901. That year of absence has long since expired, but the Doctor is still away from his people. Whether they will ever have him back among them as their pastor and teacher remains to be seen.

As I write these lines, the spirit of revival is in the air. Wales has become the talk of the world. The flame is spreading everywhere. But when Dr. Torrey left Chicago, there was no sign whatever of the coming awakening. Nothing was visible, but still he knew the revival was coming. Soon after he started on his travels he sent this letter to the people he loves so well:—

“To the Members of the Moody Church.

“DEAR FRIENDS—At the opening of the New Year I wish to send you a word of greeting. The year is before us. God's unlimited power is at our disposal. We can each of us make the year one of great growth and usefulness, or we can make it a year of failure. Which shall it be?

“If it is to be a year of growth and usefulness, there are six things we must do:

- (1) “We must feed each day upon the Word of God.
- (2) “We must live out in our daily life what we believe is taught in the Word.
- (3) “We must spend much time alone with God in prayer.
- (4) “We must give ourselves over entirely to God to be whatever He would have us to be, do whatever He would have us do, go wherever He

would have us go.

(5) “We must be on the outlook for opportunities to tell others about the wonderful Saviour whom we have found.

(6) “We must feel our responsibility toward the work of the church into whose membership God has brought us.

“The success of our church does not depend so much upon the men whom God may send to us to preach the Word, as it does upon the fidelity of each individual member of the church.

“As I am to be away for the entire year, I want to lay upon each of you, as never before, your individual responsibility for the prosperity of the church during this coming year. Let each of us forget ourselves entirely, and put the glory of Christ and the church before a general revival of religion throughout the world. There are indications that it is coming. Now is the time to force the battle to the gates, both by prayer and effort.— Yours in the service of the Lord and Master Jesus Christ, R. A. TORREY.”

Beyond the prevailing indifference the eye of faith saw the glimmer of light in the distance. Dr. Torrey understood its significance and was happy. The curtain was lifted a little and he saw thousands forsaking their sins and coming to the Cross. He was soon to see it in reality.

CHAPTER VI

DR.. TORREY AS I KNOW HIM

A STRONG man. That is the impression that one gets of Dr. Torrey as he stands up before an audience to deliver his message. Five feet ten inches of erect manhood, with a bold intellectual head, prematurely white, and a closely trimmed beard of the same colour, he looks out with piercing blue eyes, as if he would search out the very secrets of the soul. The whole figure is striking. You can tell at once that here is a man who knows where he stands and who is prepared to defend his position to the last drop of blood. There is no wavering, no compromise, no middle course.

He opens his mouth and speaks, and the ring of certainty is in every note. This is no dreamy philosopher who is feeling his way as he goes along, no speculator who deals in unpractical theories, no quack who vends some new nostrum, but a man who believes every word he says, a man who speaks what he knows, and testifies of what he has seen and experienced, a man who stands upon a rock and who knows its strength and his own. These things appeal to you as you look at this man about whom the world is talking; and whether you admit it to yourself or not, you feel a certain relief in his presence, for you realise, unconsciously perhaps, that he knows the truth and speaks it, and all honest men who, like Pilate, ask that perplexing question, "What is truth?" will listen to it gladly and eagerly when they hear it.

But it is the eyes that haunt. From them there is no escape. They are upon you from the first word to the last. They nail you down, fasten you, grip you, till you forget that there are ten thousand other people in the hall besides yourself, till the vast picture of the building and its throng of souls disappears from your view, and there are only two people left—the preacher and yourself. It is you and you only to whom he is speaking. You are face to face with this giant of the truth, and when the spell at last breaks and your breath comes back to you, and you see the crowds around you once more, you leave his presence a better man or a worse. You will never again be the same after hearing the truth as the preacher puts it.

It is a common thing to say that Dr. Torrey is not eloquent. He himself says he is not. He admits quite frankly that if people come expecting to hear a great preacher they will be disappointed. If by eloquence is meant a stream of poetic imagery that flows out in graceful periods and that has in it music like the running brook or the grace of some pleasing symphony, then I am quite willing to admit that Dr. Torrey's oratory falls very far short of the required standard. But there is a rugged eloquence, as well as a super-refined. There is other music besides the gentle tinkling of the harp. Majes-

tic organ tones are heard and remembered when the notes of some softer instrument have long since left the memory. The grand finale movement in a sonata is not despised because of the quieter passages that have preceded it; and if the eloquence of Dr. Torrey cannot come under the category of the rhythmic and the peaceful, it is eloquence none the less. I have heard most of the leading political and other orators of the age, and not one of them that I recall can arouse and maintain the deepest interest of a huge crowd as Dr. Torrey can and does. Over and over again I have seen the largest audiences spellbound by his fiery eloquence. As many as fifteen thousand people have on occasion been assembled, and during the delivery of the address the silence has been so intense that one might almost hear the heart-throbs of his neighbour.

What is the secret of all this power and victory? everybody is asking. There is really no secret. Dr. Torrey is a man of prayer. He asks great things, and—he gets them. Living near to God, he is in close and constant communion with Him. He knows God, as he frequently says, better and more intimately than he knows anyone on earth. He studies the Bible closely every day of his life, studies it as he has studied no other book, and in this way he becomes acquainted with the will of God. He goes not in his own strength, but in the power of the Holy Spirit. He preaches the old Book. There we have the explanation of much that the ordinary man cannot understand. The Bible has lost its power, people are telling us. Has it? If it had, these great revivals would never have been witnessed. Dr. Torrey preaches the old Book from the heart. In humble dependence upon God, he boldly declares the truth as it is contained in the Bible. On the inspired Scriptures he takes his stand. If all the world said one thing and the Bible said another, he would believe the Bible against the world. He knows that, after all, this old world of ours needs the Gospel more than anything else, and the Gospel, plain and straight, unadulterated with the conflicting speculations and theories of man's wisdom, he presents as the one and only panacea for all the ills and the sorrows and the troubles of suffering humanity. There is no misunderstanding of his teaching. He does not conceal it under the attractive covering of high-sounding or ear-tickling phrases. Plainness comes before ornate style, and matter before diction. He preaches not to gain the plaudits of critics or to obtain a reputation for oratory or scholarship; his whole aim in preaching is to save souls.

There is much of the sternness of the old prophets about Dr. Torrey as he stands up to declare God's Truth. Standing on an elevated rostrum at his great meetings, he dominates the entire audience, and unflinchingly delivers the message that he has brought. Never requiring the assistance of manuscript, and quoting largely all the time from the Bible, without even need-

ing to open it, he unfolds God's plan of salvation, emphasising his points by well-timed illustrations. The general absence of the lighter element of humour, and the undeviating condemnation of all forms of evil, give the impression that the preacher is harsh and unsympathetic. The harshness, however, is only apparent. Dr. Torrey, it is true, is not an emotional man. He cannot weep with men, as other great preachers have done, as he pleads with them to come to Christ, for he is not built on that plan, and his appeal is more to the intelligence, the common-sense, and the conscience than to the heart. But yet there is a wonderful softness in his nature. Listen to him as he faces a crowd of drunken men and women and tells them of the love of Jesus. No word of reproach falls from his lips. In simple language he speaks of the Saviour's love in such a manner that the hardest conscience is awakened and the coldest heart touched. Tenderly does he plead with them to quit sin—so tenderly and lovingly that tears steal down the grimy faces, and miracles of grace are numbered by the hundred. Equally gentle is his attitude to the drunken man who wanders aimlessly into a meeting and disturbs it by his interruptions. By some curious intuition, such men invariably make for the front seat. One night in Dublin a drunken man made loud comments during the sermon. Several times did the preacher stop and ask him to refrain from talking. But it was of no use. At last Dr. Torrey quietly told the man that unless he remained quiet, he would be removed. Drunk as he was, the man knew what was being said to him, and in broken speech blurted out, "Yes, pitch me out." "No," replied the Doctor as softly and tenderly as before, "we won't pitch you out, we'll walk you out, and pray for you."

With interruptions of another class, Dr. Torrey is not so patient. To the meetings there sometimes come people who are opposed to the doctrines taught, and when they interrupt they are quickly reduced to silence. "Can I speak, sir?" asked a man one night, standing up in the centre of the area. "No, sir," came the instant reply from the preacher, as he continued his sermon. This quickness of reply has been of service to the Doctor on more than one occasion. "There's no devil," a man once shouted during a meeting. "Yes, there is," came the crushing reply, "and he's in you at this moment."

Even smarter was Dr. Torrey's answer to a question handed up to him in writing one day. "Can you walk on water?" the inquirer for information asked. It seemed a poser. But Dr. Torrey was equal to the occasion. Immediately he answered: "I can." Then he paused, and the audience waited, half in astonishment, half in expectancy of something else to follow. After a moment the sentence was completed—"Better than on whisky"—and the audience cheered.

Impatient as he is with people who rise up and leave the hall during the delivery of a sermon or the singing of a solo, Dr. Torrey is wonderfully at ease amid the interruptions caused by children. These are usually confined to the afternoon meetings. Mothers bring their little ones with them, for unless they did so, they would probably have to remain at home. When the children begin to cry, the mothers are in fear, and with one eye on the squalling baby, and the other on the preacher, who, they think, is resenting the disturbance, they feel the reverse of comfortable. But soon a word from the speaker reassures them. With the remark that he is not in the least annoyed at the crying, and that he feels quite at home with it, in fact, and that he would like to see more mothers bring their children, he continues with his discourse as if there had never been such a sound as an infant's scream.

About fifteen books have come from the busy pen of Dr. Torrey. All his writings enjoy an immense circulation both in this country and in America, and quite a number of them have been translated into other languages.

Dr. Torrey has a passion for preaching. He would like to preach a hundred times a day, and give the rest of the time to Bible study and prayer. He would rather be a Spirit-filled preacher of the Gospel than occupy any throne on earth. That is not the language of hyperbole; it is simply the honest conviction of a man who always puts his Master's business first, and who intends to remain in that sacred service as long as life is given to him, or until his Lord comes.

And when one considers what he is doing every day of his life, there need be no surprise that he prefers his own holy office to that of any king or emperor.

CHAPTER VII

“WHAT I BELIEVE”

ALL London was awakened to an interest in spiritual things not long ago by the wonderful correspondence in the columns of a daily newspaper. All sorts and conditions of men and women contributed to this discussion, telling in language that betokened sincerity just what they believed or did not believe, what their faith was or was not. Whatever else these letters may have done, they revealed at least one thing—that there is a distinct and growing need for absolute certainty in the sphere of religion.

There is no peace, no joy, in drifting aimlessly about without knowing where doubt ends and belief begins. The human heart must have certainty. Every man who knows just where he stands has a creed. A man without a creed is like a jelly-fish. There is no backbone in him.

Dr. Torrey has a creed. It is growing larger every day. Some years ago he published it in a book, and it filled five hundred pages. He confesses that if he should put his creed into words today, it would require double that space. But an intelligible statement of what he believes can be put into a comparatively small compass. Asked by a London newspaper before the opening of the London Mission, to make a statement of his creed, Dr. Torrey supplied it with the following, prefacing it with the remark that what he believes has brought great joy into his own life, and expressing the hope that it might bring joy into the hearts and power into the lives of others.

“I believe,” he began, “that there is a God who answers prayers on the conditions stated in the Bible. I believe this because I have put it to the test of practical experiment. I know that there is a God, and that He answers prayer, as well as I know that water quenches thirst and food satisfies hunger.

“There was a time in my life when I literally lived by prayer. Every penny that came into my pocket, every mouthful of food that went into the mouths of wife and children, every stitch of clothing that went on to our backs, every penny that came for rent for home and halls and for the prosecution of our work, came in answer to prayer, sometimes in ways most direct and remarkable. I am as certain that there is a God who answers prayer as I am that I exist

“I believe in Jesus Christ—the Christ of the four Gospels. There is no other. I believe that Jesus was crucified for our sins, that He was buried, and actually rose again. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is really the corner-stone of my faith. I believe in His actual resurrection, because I have sifted the evidence and found it overwhelmingly conclusive. I did not al-

ways believe in His resurrection, but I went to work to study the evidence to find out whether it was satisfactory and conclusive or not. I found that it was; that Jesus really did rise from the dead, as recorded in the four Gospels.

“That conclusion carried everything else with it that was essential. It carried with it the fact that there was a God, the God of the Old Testament as well as the New. Jesus proclaimed the God of the Old Testament, ‘The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.’ He proclaimed that men would put Him to death, but the God of the Old Testament would raise Him from the dead. A tremendous claim to make in the face of all previous history, with its record of death without resurrection, as far as man knew. Men did put Him to death, and the God of the Old Testament demonstrated His existence, His power, His goodness, by raising Him from the dead.

“The resurrection proved also that Jesus was a Teacher sent from God, who taught the very words of God. This was Jesus’ claim—God set His seal to it by raising Him from the dead. The resurrection proved the Deity of Christ. Men put Him to death for making the claim. God set His seal to it by raising Him from the dead.

“Therefore I believe in the Deity of Jesus Christ, that He was God manifest in the flesh. But I believe just as fully in His real humanity, that the Word became flesh, that Deity assumed human nature, and that Jesus, morally, spiritually, intellectually, and physically, was a real Man, subject as a man to all the essential limitations of human nature.

“I believe that Jesus Christ bore every one of my sins and every one of the sins of others in His own body on the Cross, and thus redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, and that on the ground of that atoning death there is pardon for the vilest sinner, the most rampant blasphemer, the most outrageous infidel. This pardon is already provided. All that anyone has to do to enjoy it is to appropriate it by simple faith in Him who died as our substitute.

“I believe that Jesus Christ now in His resurrection glory has all power in heaven and on earth, and that He has power to free the most enslaved, and to keep the weakest day by day.

“I believe that all out of Christ are lost, and that they will remain lost until they accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and Lord and King. I believe that their sufferings will not be confined to this life, but will be far greater in the life that is to come. I do not find one ray of hope held out by Christ or by the Apostles to those who die without accepting Christ in the life that now is, and, therefore, I do not dare to hold out a ray of hope to them.

“I believe in the Bible, the whole Bible, as the Word of God: an alto-

gether reliable revelation from God Himself of His own character, His will, His purposes; and of man, his nature, his possibilities, his duty, his destiny. I have a pretty explicit theory of inspiration of my own that I thoroughly believe, but I don't care for theories of inspiration. A man's theory about it may differ widely from mine, but if he accepts the absolute authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments in their teachings about God and His character and will, and about man, his duty and his destiny, and the way of salvation, I have no quarrel with him about theories of inspiration. But if he rejects the authority of the Bible I have a controversy with him, and shall attempt to show him in all kindness and reason that he is in the wrong and I am in the right. I do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or of any priest or theologian, or church, or school of criticism, but I do believe in the absolute infallibility of Jesus Christ.

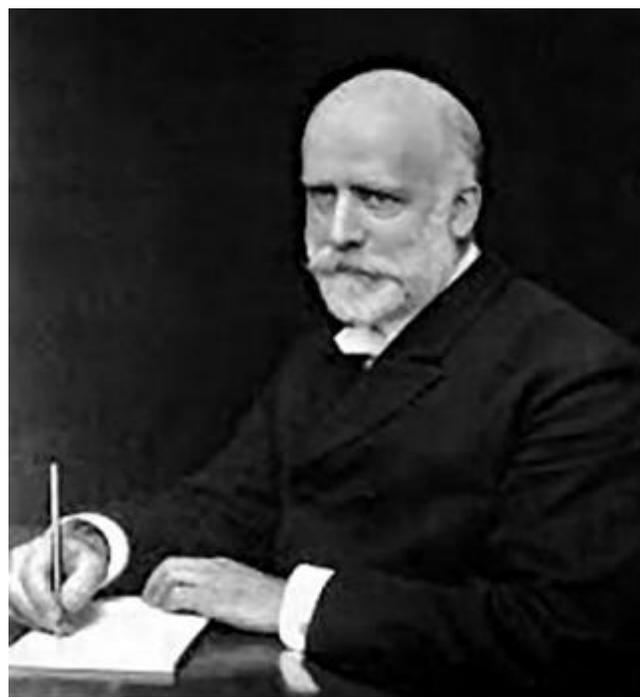
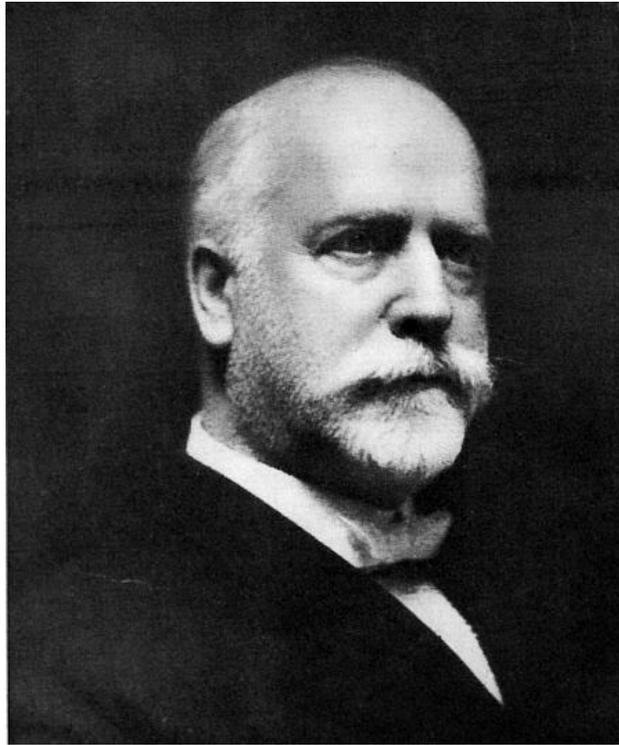
"I believe in the Holy Ghost as a living, Divine Person, working in the world today, our present Counsellor, Guide, Strengthened. I believe in the Holy Ghost because I know Him experimentally. I know His convicting power, for He convicted me of sin, aroused me when I was plunged in carelessness and worldliness and sin, led me to accept Christ when I had had no intention of doing anything of the kind, and what I have known Him to do for me I have known Him to do for thousands of others.

"I believe in His regenerating power, that He can take a man who is thoroughly selfish and sordid and sinful, and transform him in a moment to a holy man, a man full of love to God, and love to Christ, and love to his fellowman; that He can take a man who, in his eager greed for gold, is grinding the faces of the poor, and fill him with such a love to other men that he is willing to spend his last penny for the poor and the oppressed; that He can take the drunkard and make him one of the most sober and upright of men; that He can take an abandoned woman and transform her into one of the holiest of women.

"I believe these things because I have seen them with my own eyes. I believe also that the Holy Spirit teaches how to pray, stirs cold hearts into a fervour of prayer, and that the prayer God has thus kindled God will answer.

"I believe in a separated life—*i.e.*, that those who call themselves Christians should refuse to have their conduct dictated to them by the world, but should look to Jesus as their Lord and Master, and do as He says in individual life, in domestic life, in social life, in political life, in commercial life, even though doing so makes them peculiar. I believe in obeying Jesus in every relation of life, no matter what it costs, and no matter what the world says.

"I think that this is a fair statement of what I believe, and what I preach."



R. A. Torrey

CHAPTER VIII

SOME OF DR. TORREY'S EXPERIENCES—TOLD BY HIMSELF

ONE night, years ago, I was sitting at my desk in my study late at night, and the work of the day was done. There was a great deal of confusion about my study table, for I had just moved that day and had not had time to rearrange my papers. I fell into a reverie, and as I came out of my reverie, I found myself gently waving back and forth in my right hand a little four-paged leaflet. I do not know how it got into my hands. I suppose I took it off the table; but I don't even know how it got on to the table, for I had never seen it before. I looked at that leaflet, and I noticed these words across the top of the leaflet in large print: "Wanted a baptism with fire." It immediately fastened my attention. I said: "That is precisely what I do want; if there is anybody on this earth that needs fire it is I," for I was born, and had grown up cold as an iceberg. So I read the leaflet. There was not much in the leaflet that impressed me except one text: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" and that not only impressed me but kept ringing in my mind and heart by day and by night. I could not get away from it: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The following Saturday evening, when I went to a little gathering for prayer held at my church, I said to the janitor of my church when the evening was over: "The promise says, 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'" A sweet smile passed over the janitor's face, and there was something about his look which made me think: "Well, the janitor seems to know all about it. I wonder if he has got something his pastor has not got." During the days of the next week, when I sat down in my study, when I walked the streets, that kept ringing in my ears: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Thursday night came, and at the close of my day's work I knelt down before God, and asked Him for a text, or for a subject for Sunday evening's sermon. A brother from London was going to preach for me in the morning. The only text I could see in the whole Bible was: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," and I said: "Father, I am not to preach on Sunday morning; that is a Sunday morning text, and I don't preach in the morning. Mr. Inglis is going to preach then."—I generally preach in the morning to Christians, and to the unsaved in the evening.—"I want an evening text."

But I could not see anything but just that one text: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." "Well," I said, "Father, if that is the text you want me to preach on, evening or morning, I will preach on it; but I want to know." Just then, there came looming up out of the Bible two

other texts and both of these texts had “Fire” in them; and while I was on my knees God just opened the three texts and I had my sermon.

The next Sunday night I went to my church and preached that sermon. When I had finished it I said: “Now, all the friends who want to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire tonight, and all who want to be saved, come downstairs.” The rooms downstairs were jammed, and, when all who replied to the invitation had found room, I asked all who wanted to be baptized with the Holy Ghost to go into the kindergarten room, and those who wished to be saved to go into another room, the inquiry room, and the rest to stay where they were. They began to go into both rooms. I went into the kindergarten room, where the people were sitting in the little bits of kindergarten chairs, and so closely packed that I literally had to step over their heads to get to the platform. Oh, what a time we had in that room that night! When I came out I asked my assistant, who was in charge of the inquiry room, what sort of a time he had had, and he said: “The Spirit of God was there; and many people came out into the light.” I asked Professor Towner, the choirmaster, who was left in charge of the third meeting, composed of those who had not entered either of the two rooms, and he said: “We had no meeting at all; I could not say a word; the people got right down on their knees before God and talked to Him.”

Some years ago I was in a position of great financial want. I had been led to throw up my income entirely; I had been led to give up my salary, and to put myself in a position where I lived from hand to mouth, that is from God’s hand to my mouth. Every mouthful came directly from my Heavenly Father in answer to prayer; not a meal at our table that was not in answer to prayer; not a coat ever went on my back, nor a dress on my wife’s back, nor clothing on the backs of the four children we had at the time, that was not in answer to prayer. We got everything from God. I never was more serene in all my life. Oftentimes it came at the last hour. When we sat down to breakfast we did not know how dinner was coming. I remember one day my wife came upstairs between breakfast and dinner-time and said, “The butcher is downstairs. I want some money.” I said, “I have not got any.” She said, “There is nothing for dinner; what shall I do?” I said, “Tell him to go away. We don’t want anything. We will have money all right before dinner.” So she went down and told him that she would not take anything that morning. In a few moments she came up again with a letter. She had not opened it. She did not know who it was from. She said, “Here is your money.” I opened the letter, and there was the money—plenty of it. If you are right with God, and you are trusting God, and you are God’s child, looking to Him, you will never lack anything that you

ought to have.

Hundreds of the most hopeless men and women that I have ever met upon earth—and I have met many of the very worst—are today rejoicing in transformed lives by the power of the Bible, and the power of the Christ of the Bible. There have been three that I have met: one woman and two men, who seemed to me the most helpless cases I ever met in my life. The woman was a professional murderess. Her hands were stained with human blood. She was so hardened in sin that one time when she was aroused by my preaching she went home and prayed to the devil to take away her conviction, and she came to me and said, “You can preach all you like now; you can’t disturb me again. Do you want to know what I did the other night? I was disturbed by your preaching, and I went home and got down and prayed to the devil to harden my heart, so that I would not be touched again; and now my heart is as hard as that floor.” The second was a drunken shoemaker, who in a drunken debauch tried to murder his own wife. He kept going down after that awful night deeper and deeper into drunkenness, a perfect wreck, a tramp on the street, borrowing five or ten cents from every person he could, simply to squander it on whisky. The other was a man highly educated, a University graduate, the brightest man, by the judgment of the Faculty, in the University, but in utter hopeless despair. He had attempted suicide at least five times; three times he seemed to have passed over the river, and they had to pump morphine out of him. They seemed to be the three most hopeless cases that I had ever met, and one day I told my Heavenly Father that if He would give me these three persons, I would never despair of another man or woman as long as I lived. God gave me every one of them. Today they are all saved, and rejoicing in Christ, though years have passed.

When I was converted, a burden was put upon my heart almost immediately for a friend of mine, a man seven years older than I. I commenced to pray for his conversion. After praying some time for his conversion, the thought came to me, “Why not sit up and spend the whole night in prayer for him?” So I said, “I will,” and I spent the whole night on my knees before God. Then the next day, I thought to myself, “You spent the night, or tried to, in prayer. Now, write him a letter.” I wrote him a letter. By return of mail I received from him a letter insulting me for my pains. The devil said, “That is what came of your prayer. You spent the whole night in prayer, didn’t you? You wrote him a letter, didn’t you? That is what has come of your praying.” But I kept on praying. At least once every day for fifteen years I prayed for that man. I went to see him, but he was more outrageous

than ever when I was around; he just hurt my feelings. I gave up talking to him, but I kept on praying. He moved to the city of Chicago, and so did I. I went to see him there, but made no impression on him. One morning, while I was praying, it was just as if God said to me, "You don't need to pray for him any more. I have heard your prayer." I never asked God for his conversion again, but every morning I would simply look up and say, "Heavenly Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my prayer. Now, I am waiting to see it." About two weeks passed from that morning. This man had been very ill and confined to his home. I called upon him in his illness. As soon as he was able to be out he came to my house to dinner. After dinner I said, "Don't you think you had better stay all night?" He said, "I don't know; I think it is too damp to go home." He was just up from inflammatory rheumatism. "Yes, I think I will stay all night." When he awoke next morning he had inflammatory rheumatism in a measure again, and could not get his boots on. He could not leave my house.

For two weeks I had him. Every morning we held family prayers in the room where he was sitting. My friends coming in and seeing him in the sitting-room, took it for granted that he was a Christian, seeing he was in that home, and they seemed to talk more about Christ than usual. My little children running in and out of the room seemed to talk more about Christ than usual, and they usually talk a good deal about Him. When the two weeks were up, we started down the avenue together after breakfast, and had gone about half a block, when he turned to me and said, "Archie, I am thinking of going into Temperance work."—If any man ever needed to go into Temperance work he did.—"I am thinking of going into Temperance work. How do you begin?" I said, "I don't know any way of beginning Temperance work that is intelligent, except by first accepting Jesus Christ, and becoming a Christian oneself." "Why," he said, "I always thought I was a Christian." I said, "You have the strangest way of showing it of any man I ever knew in my life." He said, "How do you become a Christian?" I said, "Come to my office and I will tell you." Mr. Moody was away at the time, and I took him to Mr. Moody's office. Remember, he was seven years older than I. I sat down and showed him the way of life, just as I would show it to a little child. When I had done I said to him, "Will you take Christ now?" And like a child—he was a man prominent in political life, too—he took Jesus Christ. Then we knelt in prayer. In a short time he was preaching the Gospel, and he preached it to the very end.

I was going south one time from Chicago. He was forty miles up in the country, and I went to see him before going south. I had just been east, and met some old friends. I commenced telling him about these old friends in the east. "Never mind that," he said. "Let us have a time of prayer." We

spent the whole day together in prayer, and in religious conversation. I went into the town at night so as to leave by an early train next morning, and stayed the night at our Institute. Very early in the morning I heard a rap at the door. I went to the door and opened it. One of the students was standing at the door. He handed me a telegram, and when I tore it open these were the words that I read, "Your brother passed away this morning at two o'clock." I hurried to the station, jumped on a train, and went out to the country. I went into the room where he was lying alone, and when I went to that casket and turned back the white sheet from that pale face, so restful, so joyous in death, the face of my eldest brother, I thanked God that I believed for fifteen years in a God that answers prayer.

In my first pastorate, after I had been there a little while, a member of my congregation, not a member of my church, was taken very ill with typhoid fever, and went down to the gates of death; he was entirely unconscious. When I went down to call at the home I found the physician there sitting by his bed. The physician, who was a friend of mine, said, "He cannot live; recovery is absolutely impossible. He will die in a short time." I knelt down to pray, and as I began to pray I was led to pray that God would raise up this man—he was absolutely unconscious; had been unconscious for a long time—and perfectly restore him to health. As I prayed there came into my heart a confidence that that man would get well. I knew it. When I rose from my knees I turned to the physician and said, Dr. L., Eddy Clarke"—that was the man's name—"will get well." "No," he said, "Mr. Torrey, he can't get well." I said, "Doctor, he will get well." He said, "Mr. Torrey, he can't get well. It is an impossibility." I said, "That may be; but he will get well." The physician was himself a backslider. He said, "Oh, well, that is all right from your standpoint, but he can't get well." I said, "I know he will get well." Then I went home. After a time they came up to my house and said, "Eddy is dying." "No," I said, "he is not dying." "Oh," they said, "he is," and they told me just what he was doing—going through the stages of death. I said, "He is not dying. What is more, he won't die and can't die." But they said, "He will die." I said, "He can't." He didn't. He is living yet, or at least he was the last I knew.

I once preached the Gospel in a blizzard, in a blinding storm in the north-west, in America, such a blinding storm that the tram-cars could not run, and people could hardly walk along the streets. Only eleven people, counting the preacher, were able to get out to the meeting. I preached the best sermon I knew how, for I think if anybody needs a good sermon, it is the people who come out through a storm, and I believe in giving them

your best. There were eleven people present when that sermon began, and eleven when it ended. There were nine Christians in the meeting, and two unconverted people. When the meeting closed there were eleven saved people in the meeting. Everyone was saved.

I went three miles through a storm once to a meeting. Only one other person got there, and that was the caretaker of the building. The devil said, "Don't have a meeting; no one is here but you, the preacher, and the caretaker, who had to come." But I said I was going to have a meeting. I had the meeting. The caretaker was a backslider, a very bad backslider. He was brought back to God that afternoon, and now he is a preacher. It paid, didn't it? I don't know how many thousands I reached through that meeting with only one present.

CHAPTER IX

HOW MR. ALEXANDER CAPTURED LONDON

IT'S the opening night of the great London Mission. Used as it is to things on a gigantic scale, there is something in this Revival movement that even the metropolis has never witnessed. Nothing like it has ever been planned before. There have been missions and missions, but this one is unique. It stands alone.

The evening which has been awaited with such eagerness has come. The huge Royal Albert Hall could be filled three or four times over, so numerous have been the applications for admission. Outside of the building a mighty throng has assembled. It is a good-natured crowd. They wait patiently till the doors are opened, being kept in line by an army of policemen, and then, when the entrances swing back, they flow like a rushing flood into the vast, empty auditorium. Soon every seat is occupied. From the broad, sloping floor to the topmost gallery, tier above tier, and box above box, there is one thick, black mass of people. Three thousand ladies and gentlemen, who form the choir, fill the orchestra and overflow into the balconies on either side. There are twelve thousand people within the massive walls. They sit—waiting.

In the centre of the platform stands a high, crimson dais. Slowly Mr. Alexander mounts it, and looks out on that broad and high sea of faces. Straight before him he looks—straight into twenty thousand wondering eyes, every one of them cold and critical. He has just risen from a sick-bed; but the people who are gazing so expectantly at him do not know that. Right underneath him I sit, where I can see his every movement and almost anticipate his every thought. It is a great moment. I feel it, and pray for the man who stands there on trial. Can he handle that magnificent throng, as he has handled and controlled so many others, and mould it to his will by the power of his magnetic personality?

For one brief moment he stands impassive, like one of London's immovable statues. He is taking the measure of his audience, and they are taking his. It is a mutual examination. At the crowded Press tables sit a hundred or more journalists, their hawk-like eyes fixed intently on that tall, spare, well-dressed figure so high above them. The silence is broken, not by the voice of the man so conspicuous on his pedestal, but by the piano, as there floats from it the air of that grand, majestic hymn—"Abide with Me." Mr. Alexander's first word is for more light, and, when it comes, a volume of praise sweeps over the hall and softens every heart. When it ceased, Mr. Alexander offered a brief prayer, asking God's blessing upon the services

which began that night, and pleading “that these songs may be sung all over London, so that thousands may be sung into the kingdom of God.”

Then the trial proper commenced. “These people must be made to sing,” was the dominant thought with Mr. Alexander. Until he brought a shout from every throat he knew that his mastery over the crowd hung in the balance. “I just felt,” he said to me afterwards, “that I must make the people sing, and I forgot everything else. I felt that they must sing.” The hymn, “Oh, it is wonderful,” quickly captivated the vast throng. Swaying his agile body till it seemed as if he would topple from his lofty pinnacle, Mr. Alexander spared no effort to bring music from reluctant throats. With his face turned to the choir one moment and towards the audience the next, he coaxed and cajoled, and condemned and criticised till the reserve was broken through. “When singing for the Lord, never sing anything but your best,” was his advice to the choir, while the audience was bluntly informed that everybody was expected to sing; there must be no visitors.

After several trials, the difficulties of the hymn were overcome, and the majestic swing of the chorus rolled and swelled in one great bursting wave of song. “Do you like that chorus?” asked Mr. Alexander, facing his audience. There was no answer. “Do you?” he shouted emphatically, and like thunder came back the answering roar— “Yes!” “Then you can sing it,” he remarked. Sing it they did, till the building seemed to vibrate. It was a glad shout—a shout from hearts as well as voices—

“Oh, it is wonderful that He should care for me
enough to die for me.—
Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!”

The reverberating chorus was something more than a shout of praise. To those whose faculties were alert, it was a proof that the man on the crimson rostrum had conquered. He realised it himself, and for the first time a great, broad smile passed over his face. The twelve thousand critics had become twelve thousand friends, and were ready to respond to every movement of the wonderful man who led them. The singing proceeded, rising higher and higher, for everything was comparatively easy now, and all were doing their best to please. Every motion of the conductor was obeyed with soldier-like precision. Up goes his arm, and the voices ascend till the stately dome almost shakes; the hand is still, and the singing multitude hangs on the note; with a quick jerk the arms come back, and instantly the words are cut off; slowly the magic hand descends, and the chorus of twelve thousand voices sinks to a whisper.

Sitting, as I have said, underneath the dais, I see every motion of the leader, and see, too, the flush of victory mounting his cheek as he moulds this great assembly to his will. From him my eyes wander now and then to

some of the conspicuous figures on the platform. Lords and ladies of the realm are there, so are members of Parliament, while side by side are those three honoured and trusted Christian leaders—Rev. Prebendary W. H. Webb-Peploe, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and Dr. Campbell Morgan. It is that trio that I watch particularly. Not for a moment do their eyes leave the lithe figure that is handling the vast crowd, as a schoolmaster controls a small class of boys or girls. The expression on all three faces is the same. First it is doubt. That gives place to hope. Certainty follows a little later, and as their eyes glitter and their countenances expand I know what they are thinking.

Later in the evening, after the welcome speeches and Dr. Torrey's reply, Mr. Alexander sang as a solo, "Tell mother I'll be there." Coming to the end of the first verse, he paused, and then, from out of the distance, in the front of the highest gallery, came an answering voice singing the chorus. The effect was strikingly dramatic. Every word was carried over the heads of the audience with wonderful clearness. It was like a lark singing high up in the clouds, and its effect on the great company was thrilling.

On the Monday morning the London papers came out with long articles on the Mission, and without exception, I think, Mr. Alexander's wonderful conducting was enthusiastically praised. The *Times* spoke of his "penetrating voice, which is certainly impressive. He led not merely with his arms but with his whole swinging body; yet his method was by no means grotesque or without considerable grace of motion." Another writer said that "London likes new sensations, and I predict that London will go crazy over Alexander the Great. Alexander is more than a choir conductor. He is a crowd conductor. He will make London hum, for he will make London sing."

It was certainly a night of triumph for Mr. Alexander, greater, I believe, than any he had ever had.

CHAPTER X

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT CAREER

“THE thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,” and its dreams are long, long dreams. They come to us, all of us, and light up the future with a golden sunshine. To most of us the glory of which we have dreamt never comes. To few is it given to have their dreams more than fulfilled. One of that small company is Mr. Charles M. Alexander. As a little fellow roaming among the hills of Tennessee and raising their echoes as he sang, Mr. Alexander had the ambition to be a great musical leader, but fair as were the air castles which he built for himself, the realities have outshone the dreams. Until three years ago, he was unknown beyond certain states in his native land; today his name and fame are upon every lip.

It was a humble beginning that Mr. Alexander made in life. His father was a farmer in the country round about Knoxville, Tennessee, and was a man of deep piety. Possessed of a remarkably sweet voice and of much ability as a conductor of sacred song, he led the music in the church services and taught the people how to sing gospel hymns. Charles was the oldest of a family of four —three sons and a daughter. All of them are alive. One of his brothers is a pastor in New London, Iowa; the other is in the service of the Government in Tennessee, while the sister is a pastor’s assistant in Knoxville.

The house in which the future evangelist first saw the light thirty-eight years ago was built substantially of logs, covered over with weatherboard, and sealed inside with plain boards. Situated on the top of a hill overlooking a beautiful valley, the scene which met the eye was indeed a picturesque one. Right in front of the house stood a willow tree, while on every hand stretched the fair sight of gardens, trees, and cornfields. For the first year or two of his life, under skies as blue as any that Italy ever boasted of, and in a climate as sunny and as warm, young Alexander remained in the Knoxville home, and then was taken by his parents to Maryville, where a portion of his boyhood days was spent.

Early influences and impressions often last, and it has been so in the case of Mr. Alexander. There were many negroes in the district round about, and to hear them sing their quaint songs and melodies was one of the greatest joys of his young life. Even yet he loves to hear the black men sing. I recall one hot, burning day last summer. A party of us was sailing up the beautiful Hudson river from New York to Albany, the capital city of the state, and as Mr. Alexander looked at the coloured men who served the tables a longing to hear the songs of his childhood came over him. Calling four of them, he

arranged that they should sing to him, and as they did so he seemed to be a boy once more, back among the hills of his beautiful Tennessee.

To a mind so susceptible as his, even the common things of life appeared clothed in a beauty which to other eyes was hid. He loved the birds and the trees and the cows and all manner of living things; to him a horse was something more than a useful servant: it was a friend whom he could love and fondle. The tint of the luscious peach had to his eyes the beauty of a famous masterpiece, for it spoke to him of God. The orchards and the meadows and the woods were all his schoolmasters, teaching him lessons that were to be of real service to him in the days to come.

Returning to the farm home near Knoxville, the lad attended a school taught by the widow of a Presbyterian minister. There the rudiments of knowledge were carefully imparted to the aspiring scholars. The teacher was true to her Presbyterian upbringing and profession for one thing. She believed in the New Testament and the Shorter Catechism, and these, with the spelling book, without which it would have been impossible to make progress with the others, formed the text-books of the little school. To this day, Mr. Alexander speaks with gratitude of the benefits which have followed from the thorough grounding in the Shorter Catechism, which he regards as a wonderful work and as providing an excellent knowledge of the foundation principles of Christianity.

Lessons no less useful were being learned in the home. One of his earliest recollections is of the hymn-singing there, and of his father teaching him how to read music and to beat time. These were happy evenings. Moody and Sankey were just beginning to stir the world, and it was a great day for all the family when the father came home with the first book of the Gospel songs that came out. All the household was intensely interested in the religious movement that was attracting so much attention, and while the father would sing and teach the new hymns, the mother would read from the sermons of Mr. Moody, which she always regarded as the best to be got anywhere. So deep was the impression which these made on her son's mind that he still reads Moody's sermons. Young Alexander quickly put his musical talents to good use, for, when he was only ten years old, he led the singing in the Sunday school without the aid of an instrument.

Among his school-fellows in the classes which he subsequently attended, young Alexander gave evidence of that generalship for which today he is noted. He would draw his companions up in line in the play hours and drill them like soldiers, giving his commands with as much precision as a military commander, and seeing that they were obeyed with just as much promptitude. Thus we see that even in play there was unconsciously going on a preparation for the life work that lay ahead.

While yet a little fellow, death entered the home, and he realised the meaning of separation. One morning, before leaving for school, his grandfather, a kindly old man aged eighty-four, to whom he was devotedly attached, called him into his room, and with his luncheon basket in hand he obeyed the summons. His grandfather had been ill for some time, and owing to failure of sight had not been able to recognise people; but this morning his vision was clear, and he could discern places and objects with little difficulty. In the room were a number of relatives, and, wondering at the unusual appearance of things, the lad took his place among them.

The door of the room was open, and, looking out, one could see the side of a neighbouring hill, on which the morning sunlight was playing. The boy could not understand that his aged relative was dangerously ill, for he seemed particularly bright. In a quiet voice, the old man on the bed began to talk to his grandson about his illness and about his near departure from this earth. "I am going today," he said quite calmly. "I won't see you any more, my boy. I have not been able to see without my spectacles, but this morning God has given me my sight, and I could see a rabbit on that hill, if there was one there now, as my sight is so clear. Now, my boy, I am going to say good-bye. Be a good boy, Charlie, and meet me in heaven."

With breaking heart and a choking sensation in his throat, the boy went to school, and when he returned home in the afternoon his grandfather was dead. The death of the old man caused a gap in the young life, for the two had been very close companions. Together they had often explored the country round about, and when the fruit was ripening in the orchard, it was the old man who always knew where to find the finest peaches and water-melons.

Young Alexander was sixteen years old when he first saw and heard Moody and Sankey. Long before that he had known them both by reputation, and was very anxious to see and hear them. Now at last the great opportunity had come. The meeting was at Knoxville, in the big opera house. His heart began to thump as Sankey came on to the platform and seated himself at his little organ. Up in his high position, young Alexander followed every movement of the noted singer with keen, watchful eyes, and when he heard him sing, "When the mists have rolled away," he just felt as if he were in heaven.

If I may interpolate at this point, I can recall the first occasion on which I heard Mr. Alexander himself sing this hymn. It was in an Edinburgh church in the early days of his visit to Scotland's capital. The afternoon was dull and grey, and it was but a dim light that pervaded the sacred building. The rich tones of the singer made one forget the prevailing gloom; but just as he reached the chorus a golden stream of sunlight stole in by a front window

and fell full upon his face. It just seemed as if, in answer to the song, the mists had rolled away, and for me at any rate the hymn had a deeper meaning. As I learned afterwards, the same thought flitted across Mr. Alexander's mind as the sunshine streamed in and lit up his countenance.

The other hymns which Mr. Sankey sung on this occasion are also remembered by Mr. Alexander. Mr. Moody that night preached on Abraham, and as the lad looked down on the people below him, as the speaker drew towards a close, he thought that never before had he seen so many handkerchiefs in use. The preacher had touched all hearts, and when he invited all who were willing to accept Christ to rise to their feet, there was a general movement throughout the building. It was a new sight for the young lad in the gallery, and as he went home he pondered over the things he had seen and heard.

For further education Charles Alexander proceeded to Maryville University. It was about this time that he definitely resolved to enter upon a musical career. Reading in a magazine article of how a poor Irish boy, who had crossed to America, had step by step become a famous band conductor, the thought came to him that he, too, might some day be able to lead great crowds as they sang or played. In imagination he saw himself leading multitudes, and, as if in some mysterious way the curtain which hides the future was lifted, he seemed to know his destiny and to prepare for it. He had in some measure already anticipated his career and studied for it, but up to this stage the future was indefinite. It was that no longer.

At the University he was grounded in vocal and instrumental music, and such rapid progress did he make in both branches that his fellow students were handed over to him for instruction in singing. Learning how to play most of the brass instruments in an orchestra, Mr. Alexander admits that such training has since proved of great value and assistance to him, and has enabled him to get any effect which he desires from a band in the rendering of sacred music. He hardly knew when he was studying in those days the various details of orchestration how useful they would be to him in after life.

Going through the library at this University one day, Mr. Alexander came across a book called the *Autobiography of Charles G. Finney*. He took it out, read it, and it opened a new world to him. So strongly did it grip him that one reading of it was not sufficient. He read it through a second time and then a third. Determined to know more of this wonderful man, he bought his other books as far as he could find them, and carefully read and studied them. About the same time he read the life of P. P. Bliss, the great Gospel song writer, and the author of such well-known hymns as, "I am so glad that my Father in heaven," "Hold the fort," and "Wonderful words of

life.” This book, written by Major Whittle, also made a lasting impression upon the mind of the young musician, and he recommends it to every Christian worker whenever he gets the chance. The life of Bliss he regards as one of the most beautiful he has ever read. It showed him that the aim of a Gospel singer should be from first to last the winning of souls to Christ, an aim, it is almost unnecessary to add, that he keeps constantly before himself.

Mr. Alexander soon discovered for himself the severe discipline necessary to be undergone before one can become a successful conductor. He spent some months over the hills in North Carolina trying his hand at conducting, and that experience taught him the patience, knowledge, and tact required to make other people sing with any degree of success. In the southern districts of America, the village people are passionately fond of singing, and they often hold regular meetings for united services of song. At many of these gatherings, where for hours at a stretch the simple country folks would sing to their hearts’ content the Gospel songs which are familiar all over the world, Mr. Alexander was present, and he enjoyed them just as much as anybody.

For a while Mr. Alexander acted as professor of music at Maryville University, engaging in this work with much pleasure. He loved music for its own sake, but an hour was at hand when, in the agony of a great sorrow, he was to realise its highest mission.

It was then that the call came to use his gifts for God. When it came he answered.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE'S REAL PURPOSE

DEATH in the home alters the plan of many a life. It did so in the case of Mr. Alexander. While teaching music in North Carolina a message reached him from his mother telling him that his father was lying dangerously ill at Atlanta, Georgia, and was not expected to recover. Without delay he started off to be with his parents. On the journey, several hundred miles long, the gravity of his father's condition was constantly before his mind. Shut up for hours with his own solemn thoughts, he began to reflect. It was a time of self-examination. He saw himself, for the first time, as he was. He was a church member, and had tried to keep out of mischief as far as his consecration carried him, but now he looked at things in dead earnest, and the more he looked at himself the less was he satisfied.

His father lived for a week after he reached him. That week he will never forget. It changed the whole current and object of his life. Many were the talks which father, mother and son had together about eternal things in the quietness of that chamber where the loved husband and father lay in the clutch of death. In these few days the young man's outlook on this world and the next entirely changed. Standing by his father's bed, he watched his soul go out alone to meet God. He understood then, as he never understood before, the worth of a human soul, and how important it is that the soul should be at peace with God when it is called to meet Him.

As he moistened his father's lips during these moments of agonising trial, the dying eyes opened. There was in them a glad light. In answer to a question, the feeble lips whispered, "Yes, I love Jesus." These were his last words. With that farewell confession the soul took its flight.

"I will have no one to lean on now," said Mrs. Alexander, as, with eyes filled with tears, she gazed upon the form of the one she had loved best on earth. "Yes, you have, mother," replied the son; "you may lean on me."

There was no one to send for the undertaker, and late at night, after all the trams had ceased running, the bereaved son had to set out by himself across the city. On the way his thoughts were troubled. He had not read his Bible carefully enough to know for certain what one must really do to be saved, and though there was little doubt in his mind that his father was in heaven, for he had been a leader in the church and a good man, he wanted to be absolutely certain that he had entered upon everlasting life.

As he went along the street with this perplexing question filling his mind, it seemed as if his heart would break, and, crying to God, he asked Him, if He ever spoke to people by impression or by voice in those days, to

let him know whether his father was in heaven or not. He felt that he must have an answer, and he promised God that if the answer came, he would dedicate his life to His service. The reply came instantly, not by voice but by sure impression—"Your father is safe up here with Me." Then, looking up to the glittering stars, he thanked God for the answer, and as he did so there stole into his soul a sweeter and more satisfying peace than he had ever known before.

Mr. Alexander had promised God to serve Him if the answer came. God had fulfilled His part; it was now the young man's turn to fulfil his. How nobly he has done it the world knows well. That moment when God answered his prayer and gave him peace was the moment when he stepped out into service for God. It was the turning-point in his life—the moment when the passion to win souls began.

As he passed along the streets on his sad mission and saw men staggering out of the public-houses, he wanted to put his arms around them and tell them of the love of Jesus for sinful man. The great blocks of buildings which he passed, and which he had often wished belonged to him, now seemed as mere rubbish. His eyes were fixed on the Golden City, and things of earth appeared flimsy and unreal. There have been cold periods in Mr. Alexander's life since that night, but he has never lost the longing to bring men and women to Christ that sprung up within his soul as, under the starry heavens, on the night of his father's death, he stood face to face with God.

That the body might be laid to rest near their home in the Tennessee hills, mother and son started off together on the long journey of about two hundred and fifty miles. The coffin was placed in the luggage van, and, as at varying stopping-places it required to be removed to other trains, it was a trying time for Mr. Alexander, who had to superintend the arrangements. But yet, through it all, as I have heard him say since, the Lord stood by him and filled his soul with a sweet peace. Every time he sees a coffin in a train he thinks of his own experience that sad and trying day, and his heart goes out towards the bereaved.

On the day of the funeral, Maryville University was closed as a mark of respect, and professors and students drove in carriages twelve miles through the hills in order to be present at the sad ceremony.

They were lonely days that followed in the farm home. But they were not without their compensations. At night the mother would gather the family around her at the fire and read to them from God's Word. From the Bible they all derived a comfort that nothing else could impart. In their sorrow and bereavement they went to that Book which, in all the ages, has cheered so many sad and bleeding hearts, and God lit up its wonderful pag-

es for them, and revealed the unlimited riches therein contained. The pages seemed to glow with a supernatural light, and everyone realised what it means to have a Friend in the day of trial and trouble.

Having resolved to devote himself to Christian work, Mr. Alexander decided to attend the Moody Bible Training Institute in Chicago, of which he had heard. But he did not go alone. He persuaded no fewer than eight of his friends in the University at Maryville to accompany him.

The recollection of his arrival there is yet green in his memory. Tired and dusty after his journey of six hundred miles, Mr. Alexander pushed open the main door and stood in the hall. If he wondered what his reception would be like, he had not long to remain in doubt. He had no sooner stepped inside than a young student standing near came up to him with a bright smile on his face, took him kindly by the hand and said, "How do you do? I see you are a new student. I hope you will have a good time." Another man took his bag from him and asked to be allowed to carry it upstairs. Then the manager came and showed him to his room. "There may not be so very much sunshine in the room," he said, "but I hope you will have sunshine in your soul. We want you to feel at home."

The warmth of this reception was something more than Mr. Alexander had ever anticipated. He had been accustomed to mixing among men whose policy was "Every man for himself," but there in the Institute it was every man helping his neighbour. Men were living the New Testament teaching, and it cheered his heart to see it.

It was at the Institute that Mr. Alexander first met Dr. Torrey. It could never have entered the mind of either of them, as they spoke to each other for the first time, that in coming years they were to be associated in a round-the-world campaign. Mr. Alexander soon felt the powerful influence of Dr. Torrey, and benefited by his clear, emphatic Bible teaching. There also he came into personal contact with Mr. Moody. He learned to love both men, and today no two names are oftener upon his lips.

In Mr. Alexander's estimation there is no place on earth to compare with the Moody Bible Institute. I have heard him speak of it in private and in public, and it has always been with a full heart. On his recommendation, students have gone to it from every part of the world which he has visited. He never forgets the debt which he himself owes to it, and he is always anxious that those who contemplate entering Christian work should also share its unrivalled privileges.

I have met student after student who has gone there on Mr. Alexander's recommendation, and every one of them has been more than thankful at having taken his advice.

CHAPTER XII

STUDENT AND CONDUCTOR

FOR almost three years Mr. Alexander remained a student at the Bible Institute. To be a student there does not mean that all the time is given up to study. Mr. Moody was a man who believed that the best way to learn to do a thing was to go straight forward and do it, and he acted on that principle by making the students work as well as study. The students are sent among all classes, and thus acquire a knowledge of things that could be obtained in no other way.

It was not long before Mr. Alexander had certain specific duties assigned to him. He had been there but a few weeks when, without being consulted at all in the matter, he was appointed to lead the music in a big tent pitched in one of the very worst places in all Chicago. It was with a feeling approaching alarm that Mr. Alexander received the information of his appointment.

Feeling unfit for the task, he approached the manager and tried to have the assignment cancelled, pointing out that he had come to the Institute to learn how to conduct and that he must know how to do it before he ventured to appear in public as a leader of sacred song. He got little satisfaction. "No," said the manager, "that is not Mr. Moody's way of teaching people. He says his way of teaching people is to put them at it, and let them learn while they are at it." Mr. Alexander was not long in discovering the value of the advice, and he has never forgotten it.

The memory of his first night in the slums will always abide with him. There he was—a leader of music in the presence of a mixed and somewhat unfriendly audience. He had often read in tracts about slum work in cities, and how kind one should be to the children. He noticed this night that they shouted the hymns as loudly as they sold the newspapers in the streets. There were other things that he noticed also. The crowd in front of him was as low as could be imagined. Like their elders, the boys and girls were ragged and dirty, but they were bright and alert, and nothing escaped their keen eyes.

When the first verse of the opening hymn had been screamed rather than sung, Mr. Alexander timidly ventured a remonstrance. In his softest tones he said, "Now, little boys and girls, you are not to sing so loudly. If you do, you will hurt your throats." They saw something funny in this remark, and at once began to clear their throats and to call back all kinds of things at the conductor. It was almost more than he could stand. He felt very crestfallen, and was disposed to give up in despair. I wonder what would have been his

subsequent career if he had given in that night? But he was made of sterner stuff.

There are lessons in every experience if one only knows how to look for them. Mr. Alexander learned a lesson from these little waifs of the street. It was this, that boys and girls want to be treated as men and women and not as infants. He has gone on that principle ever since. The work in the slums was hard and trying, but it was not labour in vain. Many beautiful conversions were witnessed. There was one interesting incident that Mr. Alexander recalls. A lady, in addressing a meeting, took the story of Zacchaeus. As it happened, there was a little fellow present bearing that very name. He was a wild boy; but the story got hold of him, for he thought that the speaker was meaning him all the time, and as he listened he gave his heart to God. His life was completely transformed, and he was the means of leading a large number of people to Christ.

Among the other duties which fell to the lot of Mr. Alexander was that of choirmaster in the big Sunday School connected with the Moody Church, which had a membership of about 1800. That was a great training for him, for he found out there how to handle large audiences. His audience was one that took a great deal of study to hold. Many of the scholars were boys and girls who spent most of their time in the streets, and it was their invariable custom to speak back at the conductor. To raise a laugh at the expense of someone was their object.

Naturally enough, Mr. Alexander did not like it, so he set his brains to work to discover a method of dealing with the interrupters. He had not long to wait before trying the experiment. Announcing a hymn, a boy in the gallery screamed out something funny. Instantly there was general laughter. Mr. Alexander waited till it had subsided, and then he quietly said, "Don't laugh at that poor little boy. He may be just from the country, and he doesn't know any better. You shouldn't laugh at him." That boy did not interrupt again, and neither did anybody else. The teacher had got the upper hand, and he maintained it all through.

That method which proved so effectual in the Moody Sunday School has been equally successful elsewhere. It is not only children who have since then interjected with ridiculous remarks. Older people have tried it too on occasion; but Mr. Alexander has always been ready for them, and one such rebuke is quite sufficient for even the boldest "funny" man.

In other musical directions Mr. Alexander was also busy. In the Institute he organised a male quartette that went by the name of the "Torrey Quartette," while he had, in addition, a choir of girls that sang a hymn at each morning service in the church. Even these, however, did not exhaust his duties. He was the leader of a young women's choir that sang in the gallery

of the church at the evening services, and he was also at the same time training a choir of boys.

While doing all this work, Mr. Alexander had his studies to attend to, and so it is quite easy to see that life in the Institute did not become dull for lack of occupation. He was attending the daily Bible lectures and taking classes for instruction in conducting. In that class the students were required to stand up and conduct the other members, and submit to criticism by the professor and students. Attention was also given to solo singing. Criticism followed that, too. Perfect liberty was allowed in the criticism. No fault was too trifling to be overlooked, for even the appearance and method of standing were commented upon, and thus one was trained to be exceedingly careful in everything that was done.

Dr. Torrey's assistant pastor in Chicago, the Rev. W. S. Jacoby, whose wonderful career I have told in another book¹ published recently, was a fellow student of Mr. Alexander at the Institute. This man, after leading a most sinful life, had been converted in a remarkable way. All his old traits of character had left him, and he was such a fine Christian that everyone loved him. Today, as Dr. Torrey says, he is the best-loved man in all Chicago.

There was one striking experience which Mr. Alexander underwent in these student days that is worth telling about. I got it from his own lips one day as we sat talking over these days of preparation and hard work. "The beauty of the Institute," he said, "is its atmosphere. The teaching that you receive touches every point of your life. It is not merely a school, but it is a training place to meet temptation and straighten out your life. I have known a fellow get into trouble and call several of his fellow students into his room for a long prayer meeting that his life might be made straight. I remember the first time I learned definitely that the Lord hears and answers prayer. I had come up to the Institute from the South prepared to stay for only a few months, and my clothes began to get rather worn.

"I had long questioned the students when they would speak about having prayers answered for temporal things, and now I had come to the place where I must have help. I had no money. Dr. Torrey had told me that if I would like to stay he could arrange my work so that I could pay for my room and board. I went into my room, opened my Bible at Philippians iv. 19—"But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus"—and I looked up to my Father in heaven and spoke just as I would to my own father, asking Him for a suit of clothes and telling Him that I needed that in order to do my work in His service. I said that I

¹ *Under Two Masters: The Story of Jacoby*. Marshall Bros. 1s.

was giving my life to His work, and that I would trust Him to send me a new suit of clothes. I rose from my knees feeling as confident that I would get that suit of clothes as that I was in that room.

“The next day I was sitting in my room with the door open when a friend of mine who was passing came in and said, ‘Alexander, wouldn’t you like to have a suit of clothes?’ I said, ‘Certainly.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I have just received from a wealthy friend of mine a cheque for £8. I don’t need all the money, and if you will accept a suit of clothes from me, I will take you down to my tailor tomorrow and get it.’ My friend was going to spend half of his cheque on me, and, as you know, £4 won’t buy much of a tailor-made suit in our country. I immediately thanked God for the answer to prayer. The next day, on my way down to the tailor’s shop there was joy in my heart, not so much because I was going to get a suit of clothes, but because I was at last certain that I was in communion with God and had learned to trust Him fully.

“I asked God before I went out to help me to select the very suit of clothes I should have, one that would wear well. Looking over cloth in the shop, I, of course, chose the best piece there, and asked its price. The tailor said it would cost about £8. I said, ‘There is no use looking at that.’ We passed on to other cloths, but nothing seemed to be suitable. At last the tailor said, ‘You liked the first piece you chose best, didn’t you?’ I said I did. ‘Well,’ said the tailor, ‘a man came in the other day and had a suit made from that piece of cloth. It didn’t fit him, and he wouldn’t have it. It has never been worn. If you want it and it will fit you, you may have it for £3 12s.’ I tried it on and it fitted me exactly, except the trousers, which had to be changed a little at the bottom. It was a fine suit, and it did me good service. I had thus a good suit of clothes, and eight shillings left for collars and ties.”

When the great World’s Fair was held at Chicago in 1893, Mr. Moody organised a Gospel campaign, the headquarters of which were at the Bible Institute. The help of the students was enlisted, each one being put to the task for which he was most qualified. As a leader of music, Mr. Alexander was sent to theatres, music-halls, and other places, and thus assisted the great movement that had such far-reaching results. It was while engaged in that work that he first met many men prominent in the religious world, among them being Professor Towner, now the head of the Music Department in the Bible Institute—the writer of the music to many of the beautiful pieces which Mr. Alexander uses in his collection. He also came in contact with Mr. George C. Stebbins, another writer of beautiful hymn tunes which are to be found in almost every collection printed, and with Mr. Sankey. These men he had with him in his room as often as he could get them, for

he was always willing to learn from people who knew how to do things.

He remembers how Mr. Sankey used to come into his room and sit down at the little organ which he kept there, and sing to him songs that have gone all round the world. Mr. Sankey would tell him about his visits to Great Britain and of what he had seen during the missions there. It was from him that Mr. Alexander says he learned to sing the words of a song into the hearts of people so that they will not forget them. That is what he tries to do himself today. He wants people to carry away the words with them, and many are the testimonies which reach him day by day telling him how well he is doing it.

At these great meetings in connection with the World's Fair, Mr. Alexander would watch Mr. Moody like a hawk, looking for points to remember and imitate. The famous evangelist's methods of handling men were something like a revelation to him. "With the skill of a general," Mr. Alexander has told me, "he would skilfully place his men all over the building, and know where to get anyone of them if required. Sometimes he would gather his workers together, to the number of about five hundred, and outline their duties for a whole week, covering every detail, even down to the distribution of invitations in the street. He would also talk to them about how to advertise. Mr. Moody was a man who could always see a point and hold others to it. On Sundays there would sometimes be as many as a hundred and twenty different meetings going on, Mr. Moody knowing all about them and supervising all the operations. His son-in-law, Mr. A. P. Fitt, was a man who kept his hand on the details and helped to carry out his orders, and he did it in a masterly way. Mr. Moody used to say that Mr. Fitt could do as much as nine men. Among his helpers Mr. Moody went by the name of the 'General'."

In his treatment of the students, Mr. Moody was also very careful, and Mr. Alexander recalls how kindly he would thank them for anything that they did for him. One day, when he was very busy, he asked Mr. Alexander to tie up a bundle of books, and as soon as he had finished, he thanked him with a beautiful look on his face for the act, as if he had handed him a cheque for 500 dollars. That made an impression on Mr. Alexander, and showed him how careful one should be in their treatment of others. Mr. Moody, he says, was always careful to see that his workers, even down to the least important of them, had some recognition from him. He remembers on two different occasions Mr. Moody giving him books and taking time to write several lines in them. When one considers that Mr. Moody was such a busy man, and that he probably gave books to hundreds of others, and wrote something in every one of them, one sees the bigness of his heart and the greatness of his unselfishness.

As the time drew near for Mr. Alexander to leave the Institute, he tried to select for himself the man with whom he would like to work. But in this he never seemed to succeed. Finally, he got down on his knees, and asked God to take the whole thing into His own hands and choose for him the man that he should accompany in Gospel work. A few days after that a telegram came to the Institute from Evangelist M. B. Williams asking for a singer. Dr. Torrey sent Mr. Alexander. The engagement was to last for only a fortnight, but it lengthened into eight years, and only ended when a call to much wider service came to the sweet singer.

CHAPTER XIII

WORK WITH DR. TORREY

WHEN Dr. Torrey was invited to go to Australia for revival meetings there, he was asked to take a singer with him. His choice fell upon Mr. Alexander. Ever since he had left the Institute in Chicago Dr. Torrey had followed with interest the career of his former student. He knew Mr. Alexander's qualities as a singer and a conductor better perhaps than anyone else, and whenever the way was opened up for him to leave America, he entered into negotiations with Mr. Alexander.

In the circumstances which brought them together in their great work, one sees the direct leading and guidance of Providence. To all appearances, Mr. Alexander was just as firmly fixed in his own native land as Dr. Torrey seemed to be. For eight years he had worked side by side with Mr. Williams. They were associates in evangelistic campaigns that were winning the lost in large numbers; and, as far as human eye could see, there was little possibility of their separating from one another. Had Dr. Torrey asked Mr. Alexander to accompany him to Australia a few months earlier than he did, he would probably have declined, for at that time no interruption in his partnership with Mr. Williams was within sight.

But Mr. Williams felt that he must have a vacation. He decided to go to the Holy Land for three months; and just as Mr. Alexander was wondering what he would do till his friend and comrade returned, he received Dr. Torrey's invitation to accompany him to Australia. Mr. Alexander was in Kansas; Dr. Torrey was in Chicago, and after the negotiations had been opened by letter they were concluded by telephone over the intervening six hundred miles of country.

The two men did not travel to Australia together. Dr. Torrey visited several countries *en route*; Mr. Alexander proceeded direct. He arrived in Melbourne without knowing a single person there. It was known that Dr. Torrey was bringing a singer, but who the singer was nobody knew. Apparently it was a matter of no very serious consequence. It had practically been settled that another gentleman was to have charge of the musical arrangements. Mr. Alexander had a meeting with the committee. They talked over matters together. There was a suspicion that this singer from America might wish to introduce methods that would not commend themselves to Australian audiences, and the chairman expressed the hope that Mr. Alexander would do nothing that would be out of keeping with the traditions of religious meetings. For reply, Mr. Alexander leaned across the table and grasped the chairman by the hand. They were friends from that minute. The

very gentleman who had been spoken of as superintendent of music proposed Mr. Alexander for the office, and it was unanimously agreed to.

Almost from that day, Mr. Alexander took Australia by storm. He brought out a collection of hymns that had taken him years to arrange and select. They caught on immediately. From the first choir rehearsal to the last public meeting, the “Glory” song was first favourite. It was sung in the meetings and out of the meetings. It was sung everywhere. The newspapers printed it, and everybody sang it. All Australia lay under its spell. Australia’s choice has since been unanimously adopted by other countries. I have heard it sung by small crowds and big crowds, on sea and on land, and in various countries, and wherever it has been sung it has captivated all who heard it.

In the missions in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, it has been without a rival. London took it to its big heart as soon as the great meetings in Albert Hall started, and while hawkers sold it in the streets, everybody sang or whistled it in the same place. I was at the Northfield Conference in America when Mr. Alexander taught the people there to sing it. There is a fascination about the song that cannot be resisted. It has been translated into numerous languages, and is being sung all over the world today.

The author of the words as well as the writer of the music is Mr. Charles H. Gabriel of Chicago, a Gospel writer and singer whose name is known all over America. I remember asking him how he came to write the famous hymn, but he could not recall the circumstance. It was certainly in a moment of inspiration.

Letters reach Mr. Alexander daily telling of blessing received from the “Glory” song. People have passed into glory with its words upon their lips; and thousands, I believe, owe their conversion to it. If by any chance it is left out of a service, requests are immediately sent up to the platform for it to be sung. “What hymn will we sing?” Mr. Alexander frequently asks the audience. There is but the one answer, “The ‘Glory’ song.”

In the composition of his hymn-book, Mr. Alexander made a point of selecting the songs that would reach most people and bring them to Christ. He finds that the songs which are best liked are those that carry a picture in every line. Preaching in a song is the hardest thing to get people to accept. After the “Glory” song, the hymn which has been most blessed is perhaps “Tell mother I’ll be there.” This was the first hymn that Mr. Alexander sang as a solo at the opening Albert Hall meeting. It brings men back to their mothers, melting their hearts and reviving memories of innocent childhood. In the after meetings, “I surrender all” has been of very great service.

I have already said that letters telling of the blessings received through the “Glory” song reach Mr. Alexander daily. There also come to him by the

score letters telling of how the heart has been melted and the life made over after some other hymn has been sung. I have before me as I write examples of these communications, all returning thanks for some particular hymn that has brought joy into the life and hope into the heart. For these I have not space. There is one letter, however, that I feel I cannot omit. The writer is a little girl in Liverpool, and this is what she says:—

“DEAR MR. ALEXANDER—I have been waiting such a long time till you came back, so that I could send this letter to you. I want to know if you will pray for my mamma, who is always getting drunk. I am eleven years old, and came to your children’s meeting and got converted. When I got home, mamma asked me where I had been, and I said to the Torrey-Alexander Mission. She got up and hit me awful because I had been, and said that if ever I came again she would nearly kill me. So I can’t come, not because of the whipping that I would get—for I should not mind that—but because I should be disobeying orders. But I can do something, even if I can’t go to the meetings. I can pray and sing. I have not got a father. He died the week before Christmas. But mamma does not seem to mind a bit. She got drunk on the funeral day, and could not go to the funeral. I was singing one of your hymns on Christmas Day. Mother had come home drunk, and there was nothing in the house; so I thought I could do nothing else but pray for the mission to my Heavenly Father, who has done such a lot for me: ‘A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.’ Will you please sing Hymn 36, ‘Over the river faces I see’? Now I must close, keeping on trusting in the only One who can help me. That is God. God answers prayer when we have faith in Him.”

There are critics, I know, who cannot find severe enough things to say about a certain class of hymns, because, in their estimation, they are lacking in poetical and musical qualities. But these standards, after all, are not the highest. Do they help men and women? Do they turn any from sin to righteousness? If they do, they fulfil their mission; and, in the final count, I would rather have one such hymn to my credit than be the author of a library of criticism that was only destructive in its object and purpose.

CHAPTER XIV

CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. ALEXANDER

THERE are so many sides to the character of Mr. Alexander that it is scarcely possible to do justice to them all in a short chapter. He is not merely a singer who captivates people by the beauty of his voice, but a strong and powerful personality that commands obedience from others.

To understand fully the power and influence of Mr. Alexander, one must see and hear him at a great meeting. He cannot be compared with anybody, for the reason that there is no one with whom to compare him. Unlike everybody else, he occupies a position absolutely unique. There is no one today who can sway and mould an audience by the power of sacred music as he can. Great as a soloist as he is, he is even greater as a conductor. "I regard him as one of the most potent influences in the religious world at the present time," said a prominent American to me quite recently, when speaking about Mr. Alexander, and this opinion is not by any means an isolated one. It is difficult to analyse the influence of the man. No matter how much one may say about it, there is always something that refuses to be explained. As you sit and watch him dominating a huge audience you feel under a spell, and when it is all over you try in vain to describe it. It baffles you. The thing seems so absolutely simple—as Mr. Alexander does it. It is simple, with the true simplicity of greatness.

I don't know why it should be so, but the fact remains that in many quarters the singing evangelist is regarded with a certain amount of suspicion. Mr. Alexander has had to combat such prejudices, and he always does so successfully. People go to the meetings opposed to the music, but the hostility soon melts away in the presence of Mr. Alexander's genial warmth. Take the opening meeting of a mission for example. The hall is packed. A tall figure mounts the rostrum on the platform. The face is pale. Great searching eyes look out upon the audience. Every face is turned towards him. There is a chilliness in the atmosphere, and he feels it. He has to introduce to his great crowd not only himself but new hymns and new methods, and he knows that there are many who are opposed to all three. But, apparently indifferent to all these opposing elements, he faces his congregation, and does a little thing. He smiles. It is no ordinary smile. The whole face alters; a new expression takes hold of the countenance, and as it expands and lights up, a heat wave passes over the building, and already the ice begins to melt. So far not a word has been spoken, but sunshine has been brought in by this man on the dais, and it is doing its work.

It is with that wonderful heart-captivating smile that Mr. Alexander in-

troduces himself. He looks at his audience and smiles, and they smile back. It is irresistible. Half an hour later one would never think it was the same gathering. Mr. Alexander sets them a-singing. The songs are new, but he teaches how they are to be sung, and the lessons are always effective. At first there are some people who refuse to be coaxed or drilled into singing. They maintain their opposition for a little while, then it disappears, and they sing with the rest. Mr. Alexander's enthusiasm and example are contagious. He will be content with nothing but the very best, and very soon he gets that. If the mission meetings were characterised by the dull, formal singing so common in most of our churches, much of their influence would be lost. Mr. Alexander is well aware of that, and therefore he demands bright, joyful singing, and keeps at it till he gets it. The fame of the music at the Torrey-Alexander services quickly spreads, and crowds come to hear that alone. They get more than singing when they do attend.

A deep student of human nature generally, Mr. Alexander always studies the audience in front of him, and by so doing is able to maintain their interest. The hymn that pleases one gathering may disappoint another. Mr. Alexander is quick to get into touch with the feeling of his audiences, and to know what will suit them. For half an hour—and sometimes longer—every night he and the congregation take singing lessons together. These “exercises” have always a purpose. In crowds so great as those which attend the Torrey-Alexander meetings there are always many people with heavy burdens weighing them down. There are sad hearts and bruised souls; many there are whose hope has died out, whose past is sin-stained, and whose future is as black and as dark as night. These people cannot tell why they have come. As they enter the hall and take their seats, there is within them a confusion of voices and feelings. They are restless and ill-at-ease.

In that condition they could never listen to a sermon, no matter how powerfully preached. But they listen to the singing. It soothes them. A sense of relief steals over them. Early associations are recalled; memories that seemed dead are awakened; impulses and desires long since repressed are aroused; the heart is softened and prepared for the words of the preacher. That is the mission of the song service. It is to accomplish these results that Mr. Alexander spends his energy and works so hard. The hymn-singing is not an agreeable way of passing the time and nothing more; it is part—and a great and important part—of the regular service in the hands of a man whose whole ambition is to win souls, and whose genius has been laid upon the altar for that object. Only a man of consecration, of high and noble aim, and of remarkable powers could accomplish such results as these.

In preparing the audiences for the reception of the Gospel message, Mr.

Alexander reveals the skill of a highly-trained general. One example will explain what I mean. I recall a recent meeting of lads. There were six thousand of them gathered together, and they made a noise like that of a rushing river. Twelve thousand feet were in motion, and half that number of tongues were wound up to go at full speed. It was a restless, moving, rowdy crowd when Mr. Alexander took it in hand. He began by asking the lads to join him in singing "Hold the fort," and they started it and kept it up as if there was no other hymn worth singing in all the world. Its spirit just suited their own, and they sang it till it almost seemed as if the roof would be lifted off the big building. Then, at a word from the leader, they waved their handkerchiefs as they shouted the chorus, till one would have thought that an army of sea-gulls were on the wing. When that song was finished the lads expected another of the same lively character; but Mr. Alexander, having aroused their interest, knew how to handle them. Scarcely had the echoes of the stirring chorus died away, when he commenced to sing, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," and that great company of lads, who a moment before were shouting a romping chorus, now sang with reverent tones that soul-piercing description of Christ's suffering. The quick change was a masterpiece. Hearts were touched. When Dr. Torrey rose to speak he was listened to with the deepest attention, and when he gave out the usual invitation, no fewer than 630 of his youthful audience boldly marched to the front and confessed Christ.

It is this magnificent generalship that helps to make Mr. Alexander such a unique personality. Like Dr. Torrey, he has all the qualities that go to constitute a leader of men. Even in emergency he preserves his calmness and acts immediately. I remember a Sabbath evening in Bolton a few months ago. The Drill Hall, with its broad galleries specially erected for the mission services, was one mass of people. During the preliminary proceedings, something dropped from one of the large electric lamps up in a corner of the gallery. There was a flash; someone in the excitement of the moment cried "Fire!" and at once a rush was made for the nearest exit.

All over the building there was a sudden restlessness, which in another moment would possibly have resulted in a rush for the doors, and in a terrible panic, had not Mr. Alexander grasped the situation. Striking up a hymn, he commanded the people to keep still, and, forcing his own confidence into their troubled minds, he so dominated and controlled them that, in less time than it takes to tell, all fears were gone and a great volume of song was filling the hall. It was a striking example of the man's readiness and of the strength of his will.

Mr. Alexander, again, is a speaker as well as a singer. Very often, when he should be taking a rest between missions, he is helping in some meeting.

During the Christmas holidays he took services one Sunday at the Friends' Institute, Highgate, Birmingham. There was a crowded meeting in the afternoon, and another in the evening. Mr. Alexander had full charge of these, and he had the joy of seeing close upon a hundred conversions. At Cambridge University a month later he created something like a revival among the students by the meetings which he conducted there.

In many other ways Mr. Alexander practises the Gospel that he proclaims in speech and song. I have known him meet poor people in the street and go home with them and have their wants supplied, and sometimes he has seen a drunkard to his home, driving him there in his own cab. Such acts as these never get to the ears of the public, for Mr. Alexander likes to do them by stealth. He is always willing to help wherever that is at all possible, and many a one has reason to bless him for his goodness.

The confidence that exists between Dr. Torrey and his colleague is a beautiful sight to witness. The harmony is perfect. It has often been said that the one man is the complement of the other; and that is true. But it does not express all the truth. One has to watch them carefully to see how deep and full is the relationship between them. They understand each other down to the smallest detail. Each man has his own part in the service, and, unless in the happiest way, the one never interferes with the other.

Sometimes, to the great amusement of the audience, Dr. Torrey will score off Mr. Alexander, or *vice versa*. "This is Mr. Alexander's story," the Doctor will say, "but I am going to get it in before him this time." Mr. Alexander gets a turn too. "If you forget Dr. Torrey's sermon," he will remark after a little talk, "don't forget mine." Between other men this might create friction, but in the case of these two it is done in the best spirit and with nothing but good results.

One night during the London Mission, Dr. Torrey was addressing a gathering of converts. As he drew towards a close, Mr. Alexander rose to his feet and said that as the Doctor had been speaking so long he must be feeling a little tired. With a smile Dr. Torrey sat down, and Mr. Alexander told this story. "One day," he said, "I went into a bank in Liverpool with a friend to change some American money. While the man was making some calculations, I picked up a piece of blotting-paper, and began to print on it these words—'PRAY THROUGH.' Then I printed it again, and kept on printing till I filled the blotting-paper all the way down with 'Pray through.' I did not think anything more about it until the secretary of the mission came to me and said, 'I have a story you ought to hear,' and then he said to me, 'You remember writing "Pray through" on the blotting-paper in the bank the other day.' Then I recalled it. He said, 'A man came into the bank a few minutes after you had left; he picked up the blotting-paper and said,

“Who wrote this here?” The man in the bank said that an American gentleman had just been in with Mr. Fenn, who had something to do with the Torrey-Alexander Mission, and it was probably he who had done it. “Well,” said the man, “that is just what I need.” He came and hunted me up, and said, “I was depressed with some of my business affairs. I was trying to carry it myself, and when I saw ‘Pray through’ up and down that blotting-paper, I saw that that was the very thing I needed. God sent that to me.” Then he added, “Here’s a sovereign for the mission expenses.”

Mr. Alexander has a famous text that has gone all over the world. I am sorry that I have not space to tell the story and what it has done. It is 2 Timothy ii. 15. Years ago, in America, Mr. Alexander and a young friend took that verse of Scripture as their year text, and they have spread it wherever they have gone. Mr. Alexander often tells its history, and urges people to adopt it. To a large gathering of telegraph messengers in Exeter Hall on one occasion he told how he himself had adopted the text, and then asked his youthful audience to say the words, “Second Timothy, Two, Fifteen.” “Repeat them twice,” he added, and then he showed how he wished the words to be spoken. To the lads it was a grand catch sentence. It was too good to stop, and instead of saying the words twice only, they continued to shout them out till the bugle sounded the command to cease, Mr. Alexander meanwhile fully enjoying the enthusiasm of the lads for his favourite text.

There are many other things that I might write about Mr. Alexander; but it would take a volume to say all that I would like to tell. It is perhaps enough to add that his gifts and his time are devoted unreservedly to the saving of men. He has no other ambition.

CHAPTER XV

PREACHERS OF THE EVANGEL

SINCE they commenced their mission in Melbourne three years ago, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have been together in that religious crusade which has attracted the attention of the world, and brought revival to more than one country. A little over two years ago, they landed on British soil, the fame of their work in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and India, having preceded them, and to them the Christian public looked for a renewal of those times of refreshing that had attended the visits of their predecessors, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Invitations to conduct missions in various parts of the country immediately flowed in upon them, and to these they responded as far as it was possible to do so.

Starting first of all for a few weeks in Mildmay in North London, they proceeded north to Edinburgh; Glasgow was next visited, then Aberdeen, and, crossing to Ireland, Belfast had its turn, a month being spent in each place. After that came a vacation of three months, during which time Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander returned to America, taking part there in the Northfield, Winona, and other conferences.

Coming back to England in September of the same year, they held meetings in Liverpool, Dundee, Manchester, and a number of the smaller Scottish towns. Then, in the middle of January 1904, there commenced the great Birmingham Mission, in connection with which, in four weeks, 7700 people professed to accept Christ. Dublin, Bristol, Bradford, Brighton, and Blackpool were also visited, and after the summer vacation there were missions in Bolton, Cardiff, and Liverpool. That was the second visit of the evangelists to the city on the Mersey. The mission lasted for almost three months, and at its conclusion the London campaign opened in the Albert Hall. Long before it commenced, the daily newspapers gave it great prominence in their pages, devoting more space to it than any other religious movement ever received from the press, and subsequently supporting it in a wonderful way.

It is calculated that close upon 80,000 have professed conversion at the Torrey-Alexander meetings, in this and other countries, up to the present time.

In all the places visited the meetings have been attended by enormous crowds. Special buildings have on several occasions been erected, and these have always been filled to overflowing. So great are the attendances on the Sundays that the evening meetings on that day generally have to be reserved for men. This same thing occurred at the Albert Hall. In Liverpool,

the building, by utilising the corridors, could accommodate almost 15,000 people. The last night of the mission there was one of the most wonderful sights that Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, in all their varied experience, ever witnessed. The proceedings were to begin at eight o'clock. At 6.30 the hall was crowded out, and thousands were outside clamouring for admission. It was at once decided to have a second service. When the first meeting was over, the Hall was again filled, and thus on one night Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander had an audience of close upon 30,000 people.

The general custom in each mission is to have three classes of meetings—one for business men, another for Christians in the afternoon, and an evangelistic service in the evening. It is difficult to say which of these three is the most helpful. To the business men Dr. Torrey speaks on such subjects as “Why I believe the Bible to be the Word of God,” “The Resurrection,” and “Infidelity,” and his plain, business-like way of presenting truth never fails to appeal to the hard-headed men who come to hear him. When these meetings commenced in the Cannon Street Hotel, London, they were packed every day, and among the audiences were members of Parliament and leading men in the city. One day the Lord Mayor of London sat on the platform. At the afternoon gatherings Dr. Torrey usually speaks to Christians. He insists upon a whole-hearted surrender to the will of God, and always endeavours to stir up Christians so that they may go out to win others. At night he preaches to the unsaved. At the conclusion of every sermon he asks those to stand up who are willing to accept Christ, and after they come to the front and are spoken to individually, he tells them how to start the Christian life.

His manner of dealing with converts is often opposed, because he makes it so hard for them. When people accept Christ, Dr. Torrey invites them to stand up and confess Him publicly. It is a hard test. Dr. Torrey knows that as well as anyone. If he passed cards around among the audience asking those who wished to lead a better life to fill them up, thousands would respond. But he feels that these might not be genuine conversions. What he wants is thoroughness, and he would rather have one person genuinely accept Christ and publicly confess Him than a thousand who would fill up cards and think no more about the matter. Everywhere he has gone easier methods are suggested to him. Easy methods, however, are not what he is after. He is seeking for souls.

The musical services lead many people to conversion. In this department Mr. Alexander has the assistance of Mr. Robert Harkness, a young Australian, as his accompanist.

From the pen of Dr. John Watson of Liverpool, a few months ago, there appeared one of the most beautiful commendations of the work of Dr. Tor-

rey and Mr. Alexander I have seen. The letter which appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury* was signed "A Minister of the Suburbs," but I have reason to know that "Ian Maclaren" was the author of it. He confessed as much at a luncheon given to Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

The most winning feature in Dr. Torrey's address, said Dr. Watson, was its graciousness. "It was evangelical in a proper and final sense; it gave me an attractive and comforting idea of God. The preacher taught the wholesome and heartening truth that God's children should not be in terror of the Father, but that they should be at home with Him, and 'as gay as a bird in the sunlight.' This was said with reverent emotion, and seemed to me a touch of the mystics . . . During the meeting Matthew Arnold's favourite hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' was sung, and it seemed to me that Mr. Alexander conducted the music with much technical skill, and also with spiritual insight. There was nothing sensational or fanatical in the service; from first to last it was spiritual, sincere, and edifying. May I add that I have not the honour of knowing Dr. Torrey, and that his theological standpoint may not be exactly mine; but I left that meeting convinced that the preacher was a single-hearted lover of the Lord Jesus and a faithful servant of the Evangel. If these lines should come to Dr. Torrey's ears, it may encourage him to know that a fellow-servant of the Master went back to his work with a warmer heart and a stronger faith."

The evangelists, of course, have met with criticism and opposition. In the ranks of the Church itself have been found men opposed to the mission. To the opposition, when it comes, Dr. Torrey pays but little heed. He seldom takes any notice of it. Recently, however, in reply to a great many statements made about his work in a religious weekly, he said that harsher things had been spoken about Mr. Moody and his work than had ever been said about him, and also about the work of such men as Charles G. Finney, Wesley, and Whitfield. "Criticism and opposition," he added, "are oftentimes upon the whole rather a suggestion that a work is of God than that it is not."

Apart from the conversions which take place in every mission conducted by these two servants of God, there are results obtained which can never be tabulated. Figures are good enough in their way, and they present one side of the work ; but figures can never reveal the good that comes from the united efforts of the churches. Nonconformists and churchmen work hand in hand to make the missions successful. In this way they come to recognise and appreciate each other's devoutness and sincerity, and they forget that political and other differences have formed a gulf between them. Christians who have been content to know that they were saved themselves, but

made no effort to bring the Gospel to those who were indifferent regarding it, get enthused with a passion for souls and begin to work for Christ. Backsliders are brought back to the Cross; waverers have their faith strengthened and their doubts removed; infidels and agnostics feel their foundations slipping from them; and the world learns with amazement, mingled with thankfulness, that the old Gospel is not yet played out, that it still can redeem men and women from sin, and that it is still the power of God unto salvation to all that believe.

“Show us the fruits,” say the critics. The following chapter provides the answer.

CHAPTER XVI

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED

I COULD make this chapter as long as the book itself. So many remarkable instances of changed lives come under one's notice day by day, that the difficulty is to keep even a limited selection of them within reasonable compass. Most of the cases which follow have come under my own personal observation, and I write therefore of things that I know. The names are sometimes omitted for obvious reasons.

It is a Saturday night meeting in Cardiff, and in the audience are hundreds of Welsh colliers—hard-fisted, democratic men. In the front row sits a man reeking with the fumes of drink, the coal-dust of the mine still on his face. As the meeting proceeds he chuckles and mutters and sings in turn. "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," is the preacher's theme.

"That is not for me," mutters the man in the front seat, looking up stupidly at the speaker. "I am the worst man in Cardiff."

"The Lord Jesus came into the world to save sinners" is Dr. Torrey's answer, to which the drunken man responds with a sneering laugh. But yet he listens. The man with the grimy face and dirt-stained clothes sits on, eagerly drinking in every word, realising perhaps, even in his drunken stupor, that his eternal destiny hangs in the balance. Presently something is spoken that merits his approval. "You're right, old man," he audibly mutters.

"I would not be surprised if Jesus made you right tonight," says the preacher.

Back from the front row the words are hissed, "I'm an atheist."

"Will you come to Jesus?" pleads the preacher.

"Never you mind about that," is the ready retort.

"Ah, but He can give you rest," persists Dr. Torrey, eager to see the poor lost sheep brought home.

"I cannot get it," came the answer, with something like a sob in it.

"Are you willing to quit sin?"

"Will He take me?"

"He will take you if you'll come."

Ten minutes later, among the company of men and women who had come to the front and accepted Christ, was this man whose dialogue with the preacher I have just given. The man came in drunk; he went out saved. The following day he gave up the position that he held, because it involved Sunday labour. From the man's own lips, sometime later, I heard how he came to be in the meeting that night. "Billy the Boozer," the pseudonym by which he was known, was drinking in a public-house with several of his

companions, when the Torrey-Alexander Mission, which was then stirring the town in a remarkable way, came under discussion. Of course, in such company, it was sneered at. "I'll bet you a gallon of beer, Billy," said one of the men, "that you won't go to the Torrey Hall tonight." It was a challenge that Billy, as a sporting man, felt he must accept. "Won't I?" he said. "Of course I'll go, and I'll go to the front seat too." He kept his word, with the result already described. William Bowen, once the "worst man in Cardiff," the "Billy the Boozer" of former days, is now living and working for Christ.

When the mission was in Manchester a prominent business gentleman in the city called on Dr. Torrey and asked him to pray for his son, who was abroad, and for whom he was very much concerned. At the Keswick Convention the following summer, this same gentleman came again to Dr. Torrey, telling him he had heard that his son was in Vancouver, and asking the Doctor if he knew anyone there to whom he could cable to look after him. Dr. Torrey gave him the name of a former student of his own, who is now a minister in Vancouver, and to him a cable was dispatched, beseeching his good offices on behalf of the wandering son. The message, however, was too late. The young man had taken his departure. During the early days of the great mission in Liverpool, in the month of November 1904, this very man walked into the Tournament Hall and was converted. He at once became an earnest worker, and on several occasions he gave his testimony before thousands of people. One afternoon his father came over from Manchester to attend the mission meetings. Dr. Torrey, seeing him in the audience, and recognising him, called him up to the platform to speak. I don't think I ever looked upon a happier face. It was just overflowing with joy and gratitude. The last I heard of the young man, who is a graduate of Cambridge University and a lawyer by profession, was that he was preparing for the ministry.

During the recent memorable mission in Liverpool, there were two gentlemen who worked day and night for the salvation of others. Both of them were converted during the Torrey-Alexander Mission in that city in 1903. One of them, the younger of the two, was about the worst and most hopeless drunkard in Liverpool, his appearance publicly advertising the fact. Having nothing else to do, one night he entered the Philharmonic Hall, where the meetings were being held, and there and then gave his heart to God. The desire for drink was instantly removed. His enthusiasm for Christian work is remarkable. On the closing night of the recent mission I saw him busy among some lads, and, speaking to him as I passed, he told me that he had led about a hundred persons to Christ during the mission. The other worker is a Mr. Evan Roberts—the same name as the Welsh Revival-

ist. This gentleman, who is outside manager for one of the largest firms of meat importers in Liverpool, was formerly of vicious habits, a drunkard, and a blasphemer. He was much in demand as a referee at prize fights, and had gone in for that amusement since he was a boy. His wife and his relatives had been praying for his conversion for fifteen years. When the Torrey-Alexander Mission first visited Liverpool, he promised to take his wife to one of the meetings. She reminded him one night of his promise, and asked him to fulfil it. He was due at a prize fight, but having pledged his word to his wife, he resolved to keep it. Accordingly he accompanied her to the Hall. When they got to the building there was a crowd waiting outside, and thinking that escorting his wife thus far he had done his duty, he attempted to get away. His wife, however, perhaps expecting some such movement, was on the alert, and prevented his withdrawal. Together they sat through the service. Nothing that was said in the sermon touched him. He returned to a subsequent meeting, and completely broke down as the audience of men only sang—

“See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did ere such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?”

He gave himself to God. God has wonderfully used him since. In the mission held recently in Liverpool, he was of great service. That his old friends might have no excuse for staying away from the meetings, he bought a waggonette, and drove them to the Hall. In this way many of them were converted. I was standing near the platform one night when Mr. Roberts approached. His face was beaming. The reason was this: that one of his former companions, a man of drunken habits, for whom he had been praying for some time, had just come out on the side of Christ.

One Sunday night, after a large number of converts had in a body publicly confessed Christ, a young lady stood up and boldly spoke the words, “I have taken Jesus as my Saviour, my Lord, and my King.” “That’s my daughter,” said Mr. Roberts, rising to his feet. “And I’m his son,” cried a young man who also was among the converts. One can imagine something of the happiness of the home that night.

I recall another Sabbath evening, when nearly twelve thousand people sat in the large Tournament Hall. Dr. Torrey was in the middle of his sermon, when he remarked that someone had written asking for the names of several of the converts, as he would like to see them. “Stand up, Mr. Roberts,” said the Doctor. Mr. Roberts obeyed. “Now,” continued the preacher, “come up here, and tell how you were saved.” Mounting the high pedestal,

Mr. Roberts told the story of his conversion, bursting into tears as he did so. It was a dramatic proof of the reality of the work being done, and it was not without its effects.

One more Liverpool incident, though I could easily go on multiplying them. A Japanese gentleman of high rank and position attended the Hall one Saturday night, and remained behind to see Dr. Torrey. The Doctor had gone, but Mr. Alexander talked to him and told him how to find out that the Bible is indeed God's Word. He sat up all night reading the Gospel of John. He saw that it was the Word of God, and, attending the early morning meeting on the Sabbath, he confessed Christ from the platform. Like so many other converts, he at once set to work to win others. Liverpool has a large Chinese population, and though this man's prejudices were altogether unfavourable to these people, he went among them, and was the means of many conversions. In the after meeting, on the very last night of the mission, I found this Japanese gentleman busy among the men who remained behind. He told me that six Chinese whom he had brought to the meeting, and for whom he had been praying, had just accepted Christ. He had time for only a passing word, and was off again in another instant. Looking round a minute later, I saw him eagerly talking to a group of young men. "If that is the spirit of Japan," I said to myself, "I am not surprised that she is making such progress." I understand that when the mission that brought this Japanese gentleman to England is concluded, he intends to become a missionary of the Gospel to his own people.

On the opening night of the London Mission in Albert Hall, the first man to stand up when the invitation was given out for all who would accept Christ to rise was Colonel Horace George Procter Beauchamp, C.B. He was sitting in the front row of platform seats, and as he stood up before ten thousand people, he looked like a soldier at attention. I afterwards heard him tell how he came to make the great decision. He had always tried, he said, to be a good man, but without much success, as the Spirit was not in him. When he came to London his sisters tried to interest him in the Torrey-Alexander Mission, and he attempted to make excuses for not taking part in it as they wished him to do. But he was drawn into the movement, and as it came nearer he felt more inclined to help it all he could. He was present at the welcome meeting on the Saturday night, and felt no emotion, neither did he have any feeling on the following night as he listened to the preacher's powerful sermon. Then Dr. Torrey asked those to stand up who wished to confess Christ, and the Colonel said to himself, "Now is the opportunity. There are ten thousand people here; I can stand up and I can't go back." He thanked God that he had taken that step, for he had been a different man since. Everything was easy now. He could speak to people about

their souls as he never could before.

Among the workers in the same mission was a titled lady who, a few months before, had been a theosophist. Night after night she was dealing with inquirers, and the happy look on her own face was a reflection of the joy that filled her heart.

Other cases must necessarily be summarised. At Manchester Mr. Musgrave Reed, one of the leading infidel lecturers in the city, was converted, and at the present moment he is preaching the Gospel in India. Four or five infidels belonging to one family in Bristol flung their infidelity to the winds and came out for Christ. There were six sons and one daughter in that family, everyone an infidel. The father had been a church of England clergyman, but had drifted into infidelity, and brought his family up to scoff at Christianity—which he bitterly regretted before he died. During the Torrey-Alexander Mission in Bristol an infidel lecturer from London visited this home with a view of getting one of the young men to accompany him to an evening meeting in Colston Hall in order to find there material for jest and sport. Everyone was out when he called except the daughter. She went with him to the meeting. She had never before attended a religious service and what she heard made a very deep impression on her. She returned to a subsequent meeting by herself and was converted. She was brave enough to tell her brothers what had happened, and, that they might find out things for themselves, several of them also went to the mission. Three of them—I think there were four, but I am not quite sure—followed her example and took Christ.

At Birmingham the man who was the most obstreperous in the drunkards' meeting was converted before the proceedings were over. In the same city a prominent jeweller received a package of valuable gems. The man who sent it said that one of the employees of this jeweller had been robbing him, and that he had been the receiver of the stolen goods. He had known when he purchased them that they were stolen, but had been at Bingley Hall, and had been converted, and now returned the gems.

A young woman was urged to go and hear Dr. Torrey in Glasgow. She went reluctantly—in fact, it was almost a case of compulsion—but accepted Christ as her Saviour, and went home rejoicing. Very shortly afterwards she handed her sister a bank-book containing over £130, the savings of twelve years. Her elder sister boarded, lodged and clothed her for her assistance in the business, but did not allow her wages. The younger sister thought she had a right to something weekly, however small, and so helped herself. The eldest sister, seeing her mistake, thereupon decided to allow her a weekly sum. Springing from that conversion five girls, relations and companions, also took Christ.

A young Scotsman was converted in Dublin. Though trained in a Christian home near Glasgow, he had gone back on his religious upbringing. He was a commercial traveller and had received a University education. Each time before he left home, his mother placed a Bible in his travelling bag, and just as often as she did so, he indignantly threw it out. At last his mother said she would not give him the Bible till he sent for it. He thought he would never do that. A few weeks later, he rejoiced his mother's heart by writing home for the once despised Bible, and telling her that he had taken Jesus as his Saviour. He showed me the letter which he received in reply, and a more beautiful letter I have never seen. The mother and the father were full of joy; their hearts were simply running over.

The "worst man in Glasgow," a man who wrote to Dr. Torrey to say that he was such a wicked man that when he got to hell the devil would resign his post for him, was converted. In Brighton a young woman on her way to commit suicide was led into the Dome and found Christ there. She afterwards handed to a lady-worker the poison with which she had intended to end her life that night.

Gospel triumphs like these are surely worth recording.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WIVES OF THE EVANGELISTS

IN the great work which they are carrying on, both Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have the assistance of their wives; but these ladies help in such a quiet, unostentatious way that they scarcely ever come prominently before the public, and consequently very little has ever been said or written about them. And yet both ladies are as whole-hearted as their distinguished husbands in their efforts to induce men and women to forsake sin and follow Christ. When Dr. Torrey first left his home and church in Chicago to preach the Gospel around the world, Mrs. Torrey accompanied him, and she has been with him ever since—in China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, Ceylon, England, Ireland, and Scotland. In their holiday times they have been in Switzerland and Germany. Throughout these long travels she has been by his side, helping and encouraging him as only a wife can, attending to his comforts, seeing that he does not overtax his strength, and in a thousand and one loving ways making his path easy and his burdens light.

To see them together and to witness the tender solicitude for each other, which is always displaying itself in some little word or act, reminds me of the dearness and the closeness of the ties that bound the late Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It is a matter of history how the wife of the famous statesman accompanied her husband to all his meetings and was ever at hand to do the things that her hands alone could accomplish. So is it with Mrs. Torrey. Her attentions are not so marked as were those of Mrs. Gladstone, but they are bestowed all the same, and they have their effect.

There was not a great deal of romance, perhaps, in the first meeting of Mr. and Mrs. Torrey, but it makes an interesting story, and it has never yet been told. The future evangelist at the time was only twenty years of age; the young lady was three years younger. Dr. Torrey was a preacher, but he did not believe in total abstinence. Going out to preach one summer, he went into a town and found a temperance revival going on. He felt sorry that he had come to it, and even more sorry for himself when he was invited to speak at one of the meetings. He had never been to such a gathering, and was in a quandary as to how he should act. He thought long and earnestly over the matter; he prayed over it. Almost the entire day was spent in prayer. Gradually it became as clear as day, that, if for nothing more than his influence, he ought to take his stand and sign the pledge.

When the evening came, he went down to the meeting. A speaker got up and delivered a short address, and when he had finished, he invited every-

body in the room who had never before signed the pledge, and who was willing to do it there and then, to stand up. It was a trying test for the young preacher, but he faced it manfully and rose to his feet. Only other two persons in the audience stood up—a young lady and an old drunkard. “As far as the lady was concerned,” I have heard the Doctor say, “she was good-looking, and I didn’t feel in bad company; but when I looked at the old soaker, I felt in dreadfully bad company.” That was their introduction to each other. The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into a warm attachment, and three years later Dr. Torrey and Miss Clara Smith—as her name was—were married.

As Mrs. Torrey is an ideal wife, so is she an ideal mother. Her family of three daughters and one son adore her as few mothers are adored. There is never a cloud between them. To the mother are brought all the cares and troubles, and in the sunshine of her love they disappear. When she first left home with her husband on the missionary tour, the family was left behind, and the reunion did not take place till eighteen months later. The Doctor and Mrs. Torrey were returning to America for a brief rest and to bring their family over to England. Whenever the liner entered New York harbour, Mrs. Torrey became restless and excited. At last, as the vessel neared the landing stage, she caught sight of her son and daughters, and when a short time later they met in an affectionate embrace, it was a touching picture.

Though it is only occasionally that Mrs. Torrey appears on a public platform as a speaker, she interests herself in the poor wherever she goes, and at all the mission meetings which she attends, she is to be found seeking out the unsaved. Her kindly manner and her loving regard for souls often win girls whom others have tried in vain to influence. In Chicago she had a class of girls in the Sunday School connected with her husband’s church. Her interest in them extended beyond the class meetings. In numerous ways she showed how deeply concerned she was in their welfare, writing to them and visiting them in their homes.

When in Sydney, Australia, the rumour got abroad that Mrs. Torrey was the happy possessor of diamonds of fabulous value, and she was asked to describe them one day by a lady journalist who called upon her in the interests of a society newspaper. It is needless to add that the interviewer’s curiosity was not gratified. Interviewers, smart as they are, have not yet discovered the art of describing things which do not exist.

An interesting little incident illustrating the happy family life may be told. On their way to Switzerland last summer, it seemed as if they could not all get into the one compartment for the night, as the train was so crowded. After some trouble they succeeded in getting together. “I knew

we would," said Margaret, the youngest daughter, when they had all got comfortably settled down, "because I asked the Lord to let us be."

How Mrs. Alexander became the wife of the famous conductor of music and of crowds is a matter of recent history. In January and February of last year, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander conducted a mission in the city of Birmingham, and among those who took an active interest in that work were Mrs. Richard Cadbury and her daughters. Miss Cadbury threw her energies and her talents into the meetings, and became one of the most earnest and zealous of a large band of indefatigable workers. Even before he knew who she was, Mr. Alexander was forcibly impressed by her devotion to duty and by her bright and attractive disposition. During the rest of the days of the mission, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, with several members of their party, were entertained at Miss Cadbury's own home, and at the home of her uncle, Mr. George Cadbury. Thus, while in the meetings very few words were exchanged between Mr. Alexander and Miss Cadbury, outside opportunities were offered for the formation of a friendship, which rapidly deepened on both sides to something more. A few days after the mission closed, the world knew through the press that love had been at work, and that Mr. Alexander and Miss Cadbury were engaged to be married. The happy event was consummated at Birmingham on the 14th of July 1904.

An interesting celebration of this happy event took place in Liverpool during the mission there in the early part of this year. The members of the large choir, wishing to do something to show their appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, and knowing that they would prize a kindness done to others in preference to a gift given to themselves, invited over 2000 poor people to a supper in the great hall. It was a most successful entertainment, so successful in fact, that money was speedily subscribed for another treat of a similar character, which took place a week later.

Mrs. Alexander is an ardent worker in the after meetings. Her early life and training admirably fitted her for Christian work, and as her whole soul is in it, one can readily understand what a great help she is to her husband. Ever since her conversion, at the age of twelve, she has been identified with religious effort. Her father, the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, known all over the world for his princely benefactions to deserving objects, trained his family to think, to feel, and to work for others, and Mrs. Alexander is possessed of all the qualities that go to constitute a sympathetic and a successful Christian worker.

I recall one occasion on which her love was put severely to the test. Nobly did she emerge from the trial. During the Bolton Mission in September last, a meeting for drunkards was held one Saturday at midnight. Between

three and four thousand men and women, most of them visibly under the influence of drink, were assembled together, and when all who were willing to leave their past life behind them and accept Christ were invited to the front, a great company rose up and made their way towards the platform end of the building. In the miserable crowd was one woman whom I had particularly noticed. I have seen many sad and awful spectacles in the course of a varied press career, but I cannot recall such a picture of utter wretchedness as that was. Her hair hung loosely over her face, which was cut and blotched as if she had just come from a fierce street fight— perhaps she had—while the tattered clothes that did their best to shield her from the cold were stained with mud. Among the crowd that came to the front was this woman.

Taking her kindly by the arm, Mrs. Alexander guided her to a seat underneath the gallery, and did her best to make her understand something of the wonderful love of God. But the poor brain of the unfortunate woman was too muddled to grasp what was being said. “He doesn’t love me,” she protested. “But He does,” Mrs. Alexander persisted. “He loves you, but he doesn’t love me,” said the woman in broken speech. Again the lady by her side made plain the love of God. A light of understanding seemed at length to pierce through the cloudy brain, and looking straight into the compassionate eyes of Mrs. Alexander, she pleaded —“Give me a kiss.” It was a test from which the cultured lady shrank for one brief moment. Then she bent her head. The lips of the lady reared in luxury met in a loving kiss the lips of the woman of the gutter. It was an illustration of the love of which Mrs. Alexander had been speaking, and was understood by her forlorn sister when nothing else could make it plain. The woman attended subsequent meetings neat and clean and tidy. She looked a new creature, for the old things had been put away, and life, commenced afresh, had an outlook radiant with hope.

Both Mrs. Torrey and Mrs. Alexander are the truest of helpmeets. They are God’s own precious gifts to His valiant servants.

THE END