STREAMS

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STREAMS

The Flow of Inspiration from Dwight Moody to Frank Buchman

INTRODUCTION

The *Journals of Lewis and Clark* tells how the two great explorers and their "Corps of Discovery" paddled up the Missouri River, then climbed back into the Rocky Mountains until they stood astride a little rivulet, headwaters of the "mighty and heretofore deemed endless Missouri." [a]

I sought a similar experience with the life of a great man of this century, Frank Buchman. I wanted to trace out the wellsprings of his life's work to find the people, if they existed, who may have passed on to him at least part of the floodtide of faith and originality which he possessed. So I began reading.

Soon I came to a place where two streams converged. One led back to a man named D. L. Moody, the other to an American of a still earlier generation, Charles Finney.

This is the story of the flow of those streams.

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Part One

THE MOODY WATERSHED

1. CHICAGO

Dwight L. Moody was a cheerful young boot salesman of the late 1850's. He did not like the name Dwight so his friends called him D. L. or just Moody. He was fascinated with the Christian faith and participated in the Plymouth Congregational Church in Chicago.

Prayer meetings were a regular feature of the church's activities, and the young Moody spoke up frequently, causing the older people to squirm at his pointed comments and uneducated grammar. Some people went to an uncle of Moody's and asked him to tell his nephew to keep quiet.

This did not stop Moody. He offered his services to a mission Sunday-school in an impoverished neighborhood and was told he could help to bring in students. The next Sunday he showed up with eighteen boys gathered from the city's streets and alleys.

At twenty-one years old, Moody took to the road as a traveling salesman and bill collector for a wholesale boot and shoe company. He hustled all over the midwestern states for his employer, staying while in Chicago at a boarding house used by young bachelors bent on making their fortunes. He said later that he could have beaten the lot of them except for Marshall Field.

Two years earlier he had emigrated westward from Boston, writing his brother after his arrival, "I tell you, here is the place to make money... and that is not all... I have enjoyed more Religion here than I have ever in my life... I find the better I live the more enjoyment I have."[1]

Moody became more and more involved in mission-type activity. After an experience with one group of youths where over a period of ten days each one in turn accepted the Christian faith, Moody had to reassess his life's goals. Here was a thrill which eclipsed merchandising: "I was disqualified for business; it had become distasteful to me. I had got a taste of another world, and cared no more for making money. For some days after, the greatest struggle of my life took place. Should I give up business and give myself wholly to Christian work, or should I not? God helped me to decide aright, and I have never regretted my choice. Oh, the luxury of leading someone out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel!"

Never again was Moody to receive a regular salary.[2]

Moody felt intimidated at first about speaking in public, but found he had to fill in with groups of children when a scheduled speaker failed to appear. A visitor recounted, "The first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few

tallow candles around him, holding a Negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many words he could not make out and had to skip. I thought, 'If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for His honor and glory, it will astonish me.' After the meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent. I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him, and I want you to pray for me.' "[3]

In 1861 the Civil War descended on America, and Moody shifted his efforts to the recruits at a nearby Army post. Here he could not count on others to do the speaking. "I do not get five minutes a day to study so I have to talk just as it happens..." Moody went to the front nine times. Major General O. O. Howard wrote in 1864 from Tennessee: "Our soldiers were just about to set out on what we all felt promised to be a hard and bloody campaign... Crowds and crowds turned out to hear Moody."

Back in Chicago Moody was having a Sunday-school built. His mission converts asked him to start a new church as well, as many felt out of place in regular churches. He agreed. Guest speakers took the weekly services, but when one failed to appear, Moody had to step forward. After that, nobody wanted anyone else. The Congregational Church offered to

ordain Moody on the spot. He asked a friend's opinion. "Don't," was the answer. "If you are ordained you will be on the level with the rest of us... You are on the right road; keep to it."

Following the war, Moody became involved in a whirlwind of activity in Chicago, raising money for various causes, putting up buildings where needed. When asked about a particular donation he had received, he replied, "God gave me the money that day because I needed it. But often I have asked Him when I thought I needed it, and He has said, 'No, Moody, you just shin along the best way you can. It'll do you good to be hard up awhile.' "

At this stage, Moody's determination exceeded his inspiration. He became the butt of derision about Chicago as he charged after people inquiring about their relation toward Jesus Christ. Years later Reynolds told how in those days "he used to be alone with Moody and often Moody would cry at the abuse heaped upon him by those who misunderstood and opposed him."

Not that Moody's efforts were without effect. On one occasion, "Seeing a man leaning up against a lamp-post, I went up to him and said, 'Are you a Christian?' He damned me and cursed me and told me to mind my own business." The man told a friend he had never been so insulted. Three months later Moody was

called out after midnight, "and there stood this stranger I had made so mad at the lamp-post," saying that he had had no peace. " 'Oh, tell me what to do to be saved!' "[4]

Early on in his career, Moody decided never to let a day go by without speaking to someone about eternal values. Woodrow Wilson, who later became President of the United States, was to observe this in action: "A man (*Moody*) entered a barber shop and sat in the chair next to me. Every word that he uttered... showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him... I personally lingered in the room after he left, and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name, but they knew that something had elevated their thought."[5]

In 1867 Moody's wife Emma had a persistent cough and her doctor recommended a sea voyage, so the Moodys headed for Europe. In Britain they traveled around extensively, he being asked occasionally to speak. In West London he met a butcher named Henry Varley who had a mission church of his own. And in Dublin he met a converted pickpocket named Henry Moorhouse who said he wanted to come to Chicago and preach for Moody. Moorhouse was so young that Moody was skeptical about his effectiveness and rebuffed the offer.

The Moodys returned to Chicago, where he resumed his activity with the Mission school. A Chicago journalist reported, "When Moody speaks, everybody listens. Even those who do not like him. His remarks are short, pithy and practical, and his exhortations impressive, and sometimes touching even to tears... His remarks always have a martial ring."

Early in 1868 Harry Moorhouse showed up in Chicago as he had promised, to preach for Moody. Moody was chagrined, and before leaving for an engagement out of town gave instructions that Moorhouse be asked to speak at a small meeting. "He seemed to have a different message from anything we had ever heard," said Moody's young brother-in-law, Fleming Revell. Moody returned that weekend and asked how the guest did. "Different from you," his wife said. "He preaches that God *loves* sinners." "He is wrong," said Moody.

Moody went to hear Moorhouse on Sunday. "I never knew up to that time that God loved us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out; I could not keep back the tears." At the close he jumped up. "Mr. Moorhouse will speak every night this week. Everybody come. Tell your friends to come."

Revell wrote of this visit, "D. L. Moody had great power before, but nothing like what he had after... Harry Moorhouse came into our lives

and changed the character of the teaching and preaching in the chapel."[6]

Moorhouse pointed out to Moody that he was lacking in his knowledge of the Bible. Subsequently Moody came to adopt the habit of rising at 5 a.m., saying, "If I am going to get in any Bible study, I have got to get up before the rest of the folks get up."[7, 8]

In 1870, Moody attended a conference for young men held in Indianapolis. Also attending was a Pennsylvanian named Ira Sankey who had heard of Moody's reputation as a speaker and was curious to see and hear him.

It was announced that "Mr. Moody from Chicago" would conduct a meeting at 6 o'clock on a certain morning. Sankey decided that this was his chance. He misjudged the distance he had to walk and got to the meeting when it was half over. He sat down at the back. Someone nudged him and asked him to lead the singing. He led off — and nobody else joined in. So he finished the hymn by himself.

After the meeting, a line formed to meet Moody. As Sankey approached, Moody stepped out and took him by the hand.

"Where are you from?"

"New Castle, Pennsylvania."

"Married or single?"

"Married. I have a wife and one child."

"What do you do for a living when you are

home?"

"I am in the government service."

"Well, you'll have to give it up."

Sankey was speechless. He had a good job with the Internal Revenue Service which provided a comfortable living.

"You'll have to give up your government position and come with me. You are just the man I have been looking for for a long time. I want you to come with me. You can do the singing and I'll do the talking."

Sankey wrestled with the offer all that day. Next morning a card came from Moody, asking Sankey to meet him at a certain corner that evening at six. Sankey collected a few friends and appeared at the time and place specified.

Within a few seconds Moody showed up. Without speaking, he went into a nearby store and borrowed a box. He asked Sankey to stand on it and sing a hymn, which he did. Moody then mounted the box and began preaching. Workmen on their way home from mills and factories gathered around. Sankey said he preached that evening as he never heard him preach afterwards. Still wavering, Sankey agreed to spend a week with Moody in Chicago. Within that week Sankey, 29, had resigned his position with the IRS.[9]

With Sankey aboard, Moody swept into heightened activity. "I was on some ten or

twelve committees. My hands were full. If a man came to me to talk about his soul I would say: 'I haven't time; got a committee to attend.' " He sensed a conflict. "God was calling me into higher service to go out and preach the Gospel all over the land instead of staying in Chicago. I fought against it."

Despite Moody's outward success, two women were unconvinced. After a June meeting in 1871 they approached him and said, "We have been praying for you."

"Why don't you pray for the people?"

"Because you need the power of the Spirit."

"*I* need the power?"

This unexpected confrontation got Moody thinking. He asked the two women to meet weekly with him to pray. They continued through the autumn. On Friday, October 6th, he met with them and "cried to God to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Two days later Chicago burned to the ground.

Moody spent much of the following day alone in a boat in Lake Michigan. All the tangible achievements of his driving energy were wiped out. Nothing was left of his buildings; his committees were in disarray.

He went to New York to raise money to rebuild. While walking on a busy street he felt an overpowering sense of the presence of God. He went to a friend's house and asked for a room

alone. "I can only say that God revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand."

The churning effort ceased. "I was all the time tugging and carrying water. But now I have a river that carries me." [10]

Moody returned to Chicago with $3,000 in hand with which to start rebuilding. But never was he to be confined to one city again. A local reporter, catching a glimpse down the corridors of time, wrote with great foresight, "If he gives himself to the whole country, we doubt not he will work a revolution." [11]

A second time Moody went to New York, leading a series of meetings at which a wealthy man, Morris K. Jessup, was deeply impressed. The man offered to establish Moody in New York and to pay the expenses, but Moody refused.

Again in the summer of 1872 Moody went to Britain, "just to have a few months of rest and to study the English Christians. I was determined not to get into work if I could help it."

In Ireland he ran into his friend Varley the butcher. One night they decided to spend the entire night in prayer, and with about twenty others did just that. Next morning Varley remarked, "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." The thought stuck with Moody, "with and for and through *any* man... Varley

didn't say he had to be educated, or brilliant... I'll be that man."

He went to hear London's leading preacher, Charles Spurgeon. He realized, "It was not Spurgeon doing that work; it was God. And if God could use Spurgeon, why should he not use me?" [12]

A large conference was held each summer in London at Mildmay by a clergyman named William Pennefather. Moody addressed this Mildmay Conference in July of 1872 and was given spontaneous applause as he finished. People began to ask Moody, who was only on a brief visit, to come over specifically to preach in Britain.

The most weighty invitation came in August, after Moody's return to Chicago, from Pennefather himself. Pennefather had the wavelength of his nation and felt a strong conviction that Moody was the one for whom God had prepared a great work. In failing health, Pennefather had gone to the Continent. He traveled through Germany until he came to the town of Ripoldsau, five miles southwest of Freudenstadt in the Black Forest. Unable to speak the German language, Pennefather was left to himself to ponder "the ways and works" of God. From here he wrote his landmark invitation to Moody, thereby ushering in the modern era of Christianity in the English-speaking world. [13]

2. "A NATIONAL EPOCH"

Everyone in Chicago was absorbed in rebuilding the city, but Moody's desire was "to get back to Great Britain and win ten thousand souls." "Are you going to preach to the miserable poor?" asked one of the women who had come in weekly to pray with him. "Yes, and to the miserable rich, too!"

The Moodys and Sankeys sailed from New York in June of 1873, having notified Moorhouse they were coming. A friend in Chicago had sent money which bought the tickets. Moorhouse met them in Liverpool with the news that Pennefather had died, as had another man who had promised funds for the tour. A third potential host was nowhere in sight.

Moody turned to Sankey: "God seems to have closed the door. We will not open any ourselves. If He opens the door we will go in; otherwise we will return to America."

There was one other invitation: A young pharmacist had invited them to York. Moody and Sankey went there and started holding small meetings. Fifty people attended the first Wednesday night. Next day six turned up for a noon meeting. Among them was a colorless 26-year-old clergyman named F. B. Meyer who had recently agreed to let Moody use his chapel the following Sunday.

Dwight Moody

Moody spoke on the Holy Spirit and the power for service. Halfway through he noted that Meyer had his face in his hands, and as soon as the meeting closed bolted out the door "as though he had been shot out of a cannon."

For two full days nobody saw Meyer. Then he returned, saying, "My Lord has had the victory over me, and I have made a full surrender." Night after night as Moody spoke in his church he saw the building packed out, with people flooding in afterwards to the minister's parlor reaching for answers to the hunger of their lives. Meyer wrote of it years later, "For me it was the birthday of new conceptions... I didn't know anything about conversion... I owe everything, everything in my life, I think, to that parlor room where for the first time I found people brokenhearted about sin... I learned how to point men to God." [14]

Moody and Sankey moved on to Sunderland and to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where they vaulted into the public eye through favorable press coverage and their own freewheeling style. In one meeting Moody had to compete against a yelling baby, whose mother was so embarrassed she was reduced to tears. Moody's compassion flashed into inspiration: he announced a forthcoming meeting where no one was to be admit-

ted except mothers *with their babies.* The mothers came, and thereafter so did the masses of the city. A Scottish friend of the Moodys, Jane Mackinnon, was later to write, "He had the most matter-of-fact reasons for doing the most unusual things."

The Mission moved to Stockton-on-Tees, where an observer recounted:

"This work has been very great... Nothing is so remarkable in this revival as the utter demolishing of the old-fashioned prayer meeting: enter solemn minister and solemn people, scattered six-eight-ten over a great area. A long, slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have crammed meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively — new songs, new tunes. A few words from the minister give the keynote. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations... All this comes from our brethren from America."[15]

A participant from Scotland invited Moody and Sankey to come next to Edinburgh. Moody quailed at the thought: he knew he was spontaneous and uneducated, and Edinburgh was a cultured capital city. He countered with a proposal to accept an invitation from a smaller city,

but his friend would not hear of it. "Edinburgh *first*. Then you will reach the nation." Systematic preparations were made for their arrival and the two Americans swept the city. Moody was then 36 years old.[16]

It was by no means a two-man show. Moody enlisted others who had something to contribute, though one man admitted, "None of us here who are ministers feel the least desire to speak if he is present." Sankey was joined in the music by a touring group from a black college in America, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who added their rich Negro spirituals to the programs.

The revival ran for three months in Edinburgh, moved to Dundee, and then to Glasgow. At this point opposition reared its head. As a contemporary account phrased it, "Many abusive pamphlets were put forth against the methods and the men, and reports were circulated representing that Mr. Moody had not the confidence of his brethren at home." Specifically, every clergyman in the city had received a handwritten letter containing lies about Moody which had originated in Chicago.[17]

Vicious letters appeared in the press. "The enemy is thoroughly roused," said Moody's wife Emma. To combat the lies, a cable went off to Chicago for a statement of support. Back came an endorsement of Moody signed by 36 prominent Chicagoans, which was then used throughout

Glasgow.

Opposition was no mystery to Moody, who once stated simply, "The ungodly do not like the godly; the impure do not like the pure."[18] At the final meeting in the city, such a crowd turned out that Moody was not able to gain entrance to the hall, but spoke from the coachman's box of his carriage outside. Sankey had arrived earlier, managed to get in, and conducted the meeting inside with other speakers.

In Moody's work in Scotland he enlisted the help of some students. One who caught his eye as being extraordinarily effective was a young Scot by the name of Henry Drummond. "There's nobody in the world like Drummond for interesting young men," he said. "Set him to talk to a lot of 'em, and he'll just crop 'em in five minutes."[19]

Moody began dispatching Drummond from city to city to follow up the work in the wake of his and Sankey's main thrust.

In Sunderland in 1874, Drummond and two friends arrived for three days of meetings and wound up staying two weeks. "We are kept at it from morning till night... The young men's meetings have been a marvelous success and have done an amount of good which the countryside will feel the influence of for generations," said Drummond in a letter home.

Later, as the weeks rolled by: "The whole

countryside is ripe here and I do not really know when this English tour of ours is to end... The Sunday evening meeting has become quite an institution in the town, and is having an extraordinary influence on all classes. There are always three thousand or four thousand present..."

"The gentleman with whom I am living opened up his whole past history to me — and I think our visit will be the means of doing him some good. This is the kind of private work which we have to do in *every house* we stay at, with scarcely an exception."

Moody and Sankey went from Scotland to Ireland. When they left Belfast for Londonderry, Drummond was summoned to pick up the work in Belfast. When the mission moved to Dublin he moved to Derry.

Drummond, at 23 years old, wrote home, "Just a few lines from the seat of war to tell you how things are going on. The enemy is falling by hundreds. I think Derry beats any work I have been in by a great deal. The first meeting almost overwhelmed me. Moody was here for four days and sent me to keep up the meetings... being the only worker, I have full swing of the entire work... why I should have such a tremendous privilege is the only mystery to me. I do not believe there has ever been such an opportunity for work in the history of the church. Moody says if the young men's meeting can be

kept up in every town, he believes there will be ten thousand young men converted before the winter is over. What a tremendous thought!"[20]

A wealthy retired Englishman, in Ireland for the Derby horseraces, missed his return boat by five minutes and had an evening to kill in Dublin. He went out for a walk and saw the names, "D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey" on a theater marquee. Wondering what kind of a vaudeville act this was, he went in and was amazed to find a number of people in ordinary dress on the stage and to hear a man singing.

So caught was the man that he stayed on in the city, returning night after night to the theater. After a key interview with Moody he returned to London where he was later to play a further role in Moody's Mission.[21]

Moody and Sankey crossed the Irish Sea back to England and resumed their campaign in Manchester. A great sense of militancy prevailed with regard to reaching the whole city. An Army map was cut up into pieces and teams fanned out into every sector to recruit people for the meetings. One song which was used in the training of these teams ran,

Dare to be a Daniel
Dare to stand alone
Dare to have a purpose true
Dare to make it known.

From Manchester the Mission moved to Sheffield and to Liverpool, where one observer reported, "For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with the evangelistic work of the town, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present... The more I see of it, and the more I ponder over it, I am impressed with the feeling of *reality* that pervades this work as it is now going on." He told how, following a meeting, he had noticed a young man who was visibly upset and asked him what the trouble was. The young man replied, "I was given drink by a man... whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ... What am I to do to this man?" The account continues, "A deeply interesting meeting of about 7,000 young men was held in the Circus from nine to ten o'clock conducted by Mr. Henry Drummond." [22]

While Moody was campaigning in Liverpool, he had such a premonition of danger that he constantly took precautions about his personal security to the point where he thought his mind might be starting to slip from overwork. Then the police informed him that they had taken into custody an escaped lunatic who had been in the city intent on killing him.[23]

The Mission moved on to Birmingham. Drummond wrote, "A telegram from Moody sent me off here post-haste. I have just tea'd with him and had a long talk over things... Moody is not at all the worse for this great work here, speaking to fifteen thousand people every night." [24]

A prominent preacher and politician of the city, Dr. R. W. Dale, watched Moody in action day after day. He wrote, "For a time I could not understand it — I am not sure that I understand it now. At the first meeting... there seemed nothing in it very remarkable. I listened with interest; everybody listened with interest. At the evening service I began to see that the stranger had a faculty for making the elementary truths of the gospel intensely clear and vivid. But it still seemed most remarkable that he should have done so much, and on Tuesday I told Mr. Moody that the work was most plainly of God, for I could see no real relation between him and what he had done. He laughed cheerily, and said he should be very sorry if it were otherwise." [25]

With all the crowds, Moody did not forget the people who had made a fresh start in the cities further back the trail. From Birmingham he wrote to the young converts in Sheffield, suggesting that each one launch on some constructive action. "I cannot tell you what to do," he

wrote, "but God will, if you ask him."[26]

Moody gave himself without stint or measure and asked the same of those who worked with him. Drummond, gifted as he was, was obviously under the clear discipline of Moody and was moved about by him like a powerful chess piece.

Admission to meetings was generally by ticket. A change in plans once caused Moody to tell an aide to have an entire issue of tickets reprinted. The man protested that it was only an hour before the printers closed for the weekend. "It *must* be done!" said Moody, who then walked away. Left with that imperative, the man claimed a measure of militancy for himself and got the job accomplished.

The tour reached its climax in London. Moody and Sankey were the focus, but hundreds of people contributed to the impact. Moody warned his friends, "We must expect opposition. If you think a great work is to be done here without opposition, you will be greatly mistaken. The opposition will be bitter..."*

*Moody knew of which he spoke, and it was not confined to one side of the Atlantic. On June 22, 1875 the *New York Times* stated in a cynical editorial, "We are credibly informed the Messrs. Moody and Sankey were sent to England by (*circus owner and showman*) Mr. Barnum as a matter of speculation." The *Saturday Review* said, "As for Moody, he is simply a ranter of the most vulgar type." [27]

But Moody was anything but bitter. Laughter often rippled through his audiences. In an early London meeting he took issue with those who scoffed at sudden conversions, citing the example of Zaccheus, the short man who climbed a tree to see Jesus. "When was Zaccheus converted?" asked Moody. "He certainly wasn't when he went up the tree and he certainly was when he came down. I think it must have been between the branch and the ground."[28]

Edward Studd, a retired planter who had made his fortune raising tea in North India, observed, "There must be some good about the man, or he would never be abused so much by the papers." A horse-racing friend named Vincent, the man who had missed his boat in Dublin, cornered Studd into agreeing to attend a Moody meeting. The hall was jammed, so Vincent sent in word to an usher he knew: "I have a wealthy sporting gentleman with me, but I will never get him in here again if we do not get a seat." The usher got them in through the green-room door, led them across the stage, and seated them right under Moody's nose.

Studd kept his eyes riveted on Moody. At the close he said, "I will come and hear this man again. He has just told me everything I have ever done."

A visitor to the Studd home later remarked to the coachman that he had "heard that Mr.

Studd had become religious, or something." "Well sir," said the coachman, "we don't know much about that, but all I can say is that though there's the same skin, there's a new man inside!" [29]

Studd's three eldest boys were students at Eton, to which Moody and Sankey were invited. One Eton parent, a member of Parliament, strenuously objected. The setting of the meeting had to be twice relocated. Drummond wrote to his father, "The actual meeting at Eton was a great success. Never believe a word that the papers say about the work. They are, almost without exception, always wrong." [30]

Moody and Sankey's tour of Britain concluded shortly thereafter and they returned to the United States. The impact of their visit had moved a nation. Seventeen years later, Frederick Engels, Marx's co-writer, was still irritated by the campaign. He wrote in 1892, "Not content with his own native religious machinery, he (*John Bull*) appealed to Brother Johnathan, the greatest organizer in existence of religion as a trade, and imported from America revivalism, Moody and Sankey."[31] In 1894 Henry Drummond looked back and sized up their visit as being "nothing short of a national epoch." [32] But the final evaluation came after a half-century had gone by, when British historian Philip Schaff stated, "These plain men from

America turned the tide of modern atheism."[33]

3. WINNING YOUTH

Back in America, Moody went to his boyhood home in Northfield, Massachusetts, to see his mother. Though he was now a national figure, not all the townspeople were positive. The town blacksmith "hated me, spoke most bitterly against me. The smithy was the rendezvous of all the strong opposition men."

Moody often spoke in the small towns surrounding Northfield, putting the same care and attention to detail into these engagements as in his large, publicized campaigns in the major cities. In 1876 the singer Philip Bliss wrote, "Just returned from a week with Brother Moody in his home at Northfield, driving one hundred miles (*by carriage*) over Vermont, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire hills, and holding eleven meetings." William Moody wrote of his father, "Moody's conception of rest was a source of amusement to friends, who often regarded the spending of a holiday with him as somewhat taxing." [34]

Moody and Sankey resumed their campaigning in the larger cities of the East. A letter went off to Drummond, saying, "The work among young men in this country is growing splendidly. I am glad I went to England to learn how to reach young men. Could you come over and help us?" [35] Drummond was not to come until

later.

Large crowds turned out in the American cities, just as they had in Britain. In the Philadelphia campaign, a meeting was held every Monday morning, "devoted to reports of progress from all sources." Here the assessment of the impact on the city was made, and workers drew fresh motivation from stories of what was happening to individual lives as a result of the program.

One account told of a reporter who had come into a meeting partly drunk, ribald and sneering. Some days later he was seen again in a back seat. "I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody," he said. "I am a Christian, a new creature — not reformed, you can't reform a drunkard; I tried that a hundred times — but regenerated. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody ten days ago... My children know the change (*in me*), my wife knows it."

Moody drew co-workers from a cross-section of the city, without traditional divisions between churches. He even teased his people in this regard: "At these meetings all denominations have given up something. The Quakers have, and so have the Methodists. Dr. Hatfield has not shouted since he has been here. (Laughter)."

A major campaign was conducted at the Hippodrome arena in New York, largely on the initiative of William E. Dodge, Sr., a prominent businessman who forty years earlier had formed the still-existing Phelps Dodge Corporation in partnership with his father-in-law, Anson G. Phelps.

Moody knew he was at the commercial heart of America and took a sharpshooter's aim at his audience: "We see people here in New York accumulating money as if it is all there is to live for, and leave it, many of them, to their children to make the way down to hell easy for those children. One generation accumulates wealth for the next to squander it and to ruin soul and body... I hope to live to see the day when men will be as anxious to make investments for the Lord as for themselves..."

One observer noted of Moody and Sankey, "They are the most cheerful and happy men in New York."

"Fear is not repentance," said Moody. "Repentance is a cool, calm calculation that you will just make up your mind that you will turn from sin and turn to God."

Sankey underlined the transformation possible with the verse of a hymn:

Down in the human heart,
crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried

that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken
will vibrate once more.

One New York reporter wrote of Moody, "He propels his Christianity with heat and power, which carries all before it... he has ranged himself against the powers of evil... 'You have to act as if there was not another man in the world to act,' said he yesterday; 'I made up my mind to that ten years ago.' "

Another journalist recorded, "He is what he is because he is what he is... original, dashing, careless... We enjoy his rude simplicity and his pell-mell earnestness, his downright individuality, and his uncalculating naturalness." [36]

Three times Edward Studd sent Moody a large gift of money. Twice Moody sent it back. [37] The third time he bought a farmstead adjoining his mother's place at Northfield. In succeeding years he built a school there for training girls, then added a school for boys on another farm which lay a few miles to the west across the Connecticut River. In the summers these buildings served to house conferences initiated by Moody.

Moody never completely cut his ties with Chicago, but later launched a Bible Institute in that city which continues to this present day.

DWIGHT MOODY:

You are not to blame for the birds (*of temptation*) that fly over your head, but if you allow them to come down and make a nest in your hair, then you are to blame. [38]

It is better to get ten men to work than to do ten men's work. [39]

Character is what a man is in the dark. [40]

Man lost spiritual life and communion with his Maker by listening to the voice of the tempter, instead of the voice of God. We get life again by listening to the voice of God. [41]

The battle is fought on that one word of the will. Will you obey the voice of God and do as He commands you? No man can obey for you any more than he can eat and drink for you. You must eat and drink for yourself, and you must obey God for yourself. [42]

Crucify the great "I". [43]

God hates sin, but He loves the sinner. [44]

You are called to be the sons and daughters of God. [45]

In 1882 Moody and Sankey began a new mission in Britain and France. By this time Henry Drummond was a college professor, teaching the natural sciences, and in addition conducted services at a nearby church.

He wrote, "I expect Moody in my own

parish... I believe in personal dealing more and more every day, and in the inadequacy of mere preaching." Later, "I was with Moody all summer in Scotland, Wales and England... My admiration of him has increased a hundredfold. I had no idea before of the moral size of the man, and I think very few know what he really is."

This tour included a week of meetings at Cambridge University on the invitation of J. E. K. Studd, eldest of Edward's three sons.

At a preliminary meeting held for people of the town, J. E. K. said, "My heart sank when I heard him, for his way of speech was not our way of speech, his accent was not our accent, and I feared what undergraduates, full of spirits and ready to make fun of anything, would do."

It was one week of furious battle. Moody, with his peculiarities of diction and unpolished grammar, was mercilessly heckled at the first meeting. Some students occupied themselves by building a pyramid of chairs. Moody carried on, displaying awesome self-control.

One of the students who attended on a lark was the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said, "He had not spoken half-a-dozen sentences before I felt as though he and I were alone in the world... Every word he said burnt into my soul... I did not think I could have heard him out... I went out into the night, like one dizzied with a sudden blow." [46]

At the close of the week, in the final meeting, Moody asked that all that had been helped stand up. Two hundred rose. Drinking in the scene, he murmured, "My God, this is enough to live for." [47]

A week at Oxford started the next day. Organized opposition had been planned during the previous week.[48] Following a rowdy meeting several students approached Moody with an apology. He replied, "You have treated us in a manner beneath contempt. Your discourtesy has been public; your apology must be public, too. I will reserve three rows of seats in the front of the auditorium for tomorrow night's meeting, and if you will attend, occupy those seats, and allow me to inform the audience that your presence there is your apology; Mr. Sankey and I will accept it." They came. [49]

During this visit to England, the second son of the Studd family became seriously ill. The third son, known as Charlie or C. T., hastened to his bedside. Six years previously at Eton he had made a start in the Christian faith, but the glamour of his success as England's premiere cricket player had become the dominant power in his life. Watching his brother hover between life and death, the thought welled up in his mind, "What is all the fame and flattery worth?"

The brother recovered. C. T. said, "As soon as I could get away I went to hear Mr. Moody.

There the Lord met me again... and set me to work for Him... I found I had something infinitely better than cricket."*

Moody returned to America, and Studd pondered the direction the rest of his life should take. "My mind seemed constantly to run in the direction of... work abroad." With a friend named Stanley Smith, who had rowed stroke oar in the Cambridge racing shell, Studd decided to go to China as a missionary. Athletes of their fame did not do things privately; the decision of Studd and Smith was national news.

The two young men were invited to address a student gathering at Edinburgh by a former host of Moody's first Scottish tour. Studd was not by nature given to such initiative: "When we went round the students, we were in a mortal funk about meeting them, because we had never done anything like this."

The response was so extraordinary that Studd and Smith took a tour of several large cities. At Leicester they ran into F. B. Meyer. It had been twelve years since Moody and Sankey had descended upon Meyer at York. Meyer described the interim as being spasmodic

*Jane Mackinnon wrote of Moody's campaign in the Hampstead area of London in the spring of 1884, "Mr. C. T. Studd was a good deal in the work here . . . I think one is at one's best beside Mr. Moody, but to be with him in this great work is a testing and self-revealing condition." 49a

and fitful, alternating between enthusiasm and cold cinders. "I saw that these young men had something which I had not."

"How can I be like you?" he asked Charlie Studd. Studd told Meyer that he would have to give over control of his life to Christ in particular areas as well as in a general way.

Meyer tried it. "I gave Him the iron ring of my will, with all the keys of my life on it, except one little key that I kept back... I tried to make terms; I said, 'Lord, I will be so devoted in everything else, but I can't live without the contents of that closet.' I believe that my whole life was just hovering in the balance... He seemed to be receding from me, and I called Him back and said, 'I am not willing, but I am willing to be made willing.' It seemed as though He came near and took that key out of my hand, and went straight for the closet. I knew what He would find there, and He knew it, too. Within a week from that time He had cleared it right out... He just took away the thing that was eating out my life, and instead gave me Himself. Since then I have reckoned on Him to keep; but full consecration is a necessary condition of any deep experience of His keeping power." [50]

On returning to America, Moody was often urged to appear on campuses, but seldom did so. He wanted to make sure that the students wanted to hear him, and not that people inter-

ested in students wanted to see him do a good work. One action he took was to have J. E. K. Studd come over to the U. S. and speak at colleges in response to such requests. J. E. K. was well-known in the sports world, having captained Cambridge at cricket, as did both his brothers.

Moody's Northfield conferences grew in their outreach. The summer of 1887 saw a large gathering of young men. Moody wrote his daughter, "All the street is full, some sleeping in barns, and tents on the riverbank, in the woods, and no less than six tents on the round hill back of our house... We are hearing some fine speakers. Drummond is liked best of all."

Drummond gave the talk *The Greatest Thing in the World* at this time, which in the years since has sold over a million copies. Moody had heard him give the substance of it at a small gathering outside London, "and I determined not to rest until I brought Henry Drummond to Northfield to deliver that address."[51]

Seen through Drummond's letters, "It is a great chance at this conference — five hundred students from over eighty different colleges." Three days later, "Moody is as grand as ever. To see him at home is a sight. He is simply a farmer, running messages, going for the cream and the beefsteak for dinner, and so on."[52]

He also wrote, Moody "gathers round him

the best men he can find... but when one comes away it is always Mr. Moody one remembers." [53] John R. Mott, a leader of student work, said, "What a time we had year after year in getting him to consent to speak." Sometimes he would agree to do so, but would set the hour at 6 a.m! [54]

One of Moody's favorite expressions was, "Let us push out in all directions." Among other things, this meant seizing opportunities which presented themselves. At one Northfield youth conference Moody learned that the nationally-famous athlete from Yale, Amos Alonzo Stagg, was in attendance, so Moody promptly organized an exhibition baseball game for the inclusion of the townspeople. [55]

Another student leader, Robert E. Speer, wrote of Moody, "He seemed all energy and action as you watched him. There never appeared to be any hesitation or doubt. But there was no one who was such a listener as he. He caught every point or asked about it if he didn't catch it.

"There was no sentimentality or softness about him, and his interest in people was not momentary. As he found men he cared for and could work with he held to them. Their names and faces did not slip from his memory and he opened doors before them and went both before and after. In the summer conferences he was

always stepping back and putting them forward."[56]

Both Moody and Drummond sensed that faith in God meant moving in unmapped territory. "What we want to do is let the Holy Ghost work in his own way,"[58] said Moody. Drummond spoke of the need for fresh expression of truths: "Try to translate what you have to say into simple words — *words that will not be in every case the words in which you got it.*"[59] (Italics added.)

One product of these Northfield conferences was a missionary movement called the Student Volunteers, which traced its initial spark to Moody's week at Cambridge. Moody did not try to lead them: "My gift is to get things in motion." Two of the leaders of this group prevailed on Moody to visit India, for which he left Chicago in 1888, only to be deflected en route into a campaign on the west coast of Canada and the U. S.[60]

Meanwhile, back in Scotland, Henry Drummond was carrying on a significant student movement centered at Edinburgh University. Following the meetings held in Edinburgh by C. T. Studd and Stanley Smith in 1885, people urged Drummond to develop further the momentum which their visit had generated in the area. He agreed to give an address the week following their departure; this turned into a

series of four to six weekly lectures given by Drummond each year to the student community of the city.

"It is a distinct work of God," he wrote, "such a work as I, after a considerable experience of evangelistic work, have never seen before." "It haunts me like a nightmare. The responsibility I feel almost more than anything in my life." "I do not think I would exchange that audience for anything else in the world."

Deputations were sent out to speak at other colleges during the holidays. Drummond insisted that the younger men assume positions of leadership and not rely on him to provide the lead, at the same time holding them accountable for the direction they took.

After participating in the Northfield Conference of 1887 he wrote, "I am in correspondence with half the Colleges of America about our work..." Four other Scottish professors were with him and they divided up the speaking requests: "My band of guerillas will all be at work by next Sunday — three in New Brunswick, one at Washington, and myself in New England." Drummond began at Williams, then went on to Dartmouth, Amherst and several other colleges in the Northeast. From Yale he wrote, "My life is roaring along like a cataract... I have not been so busy for years, and have literally not had an hour to call my own." "We have got at the very

heart and brain of this college and I am sure permanent work has been done which will tell on all the colleges round when the men start out to work... the head centres are reached in every department."

Eighteen months after returning to Britain, Drummond received a letter from a Harvard professor, Francis Peabody: "Movements of the deepest interest have sprung from the impulse you gave..."

Constantly Drummond was sought after by individuals for his counsel. One of his hosts said that, "after working all night with men in trouble, he came in to breakfast next morning fresh and happy as any round the table." Another host reported, "Drummond raised a haggard, worn face... 'Oh, I am sick with the sins of these men! How can God bear it?' "[61]

He had an extraordinarily wide-ranging mind and wrote with great skill. Collections of his addresses were later published under the titles *The Greatest Thing in the World* and *The Ideal Life.* The basic themes for many of these essays were developed in the course of campaigning with Moody.

Drummond had an outgoing quality that included everyone. Moody's youngest son Paul was later to write of his boyhood at Northfield: "The house would be full. Too full, I often thought as I surrendered successively one room

after another to guests who were not always too fascinating to my boyish fancy, though some were always welcome, like Drummond..."[62]

HENRY DRUMMOND

Excerpts from addresses: [63]

No man can be making much of his life who has not a very definite conception of what he is living for.

***

The end of life is to do God's will.

***

God has a life-plan for every human life. In the eternal counsels of His will, when He arranged the destiny of every star... the Creator had a thought for you and me. Our life was to be the slow unfolding of this thought, as the corn-stalk from the grain of corn, or the flower from the gradually opening bud. It was a thought of what we were to be, or what we might become, of what He would have us do with our days and years, our influence and our lives. But we all had the terrible power to evade this thought, and shape our lives from another thought, from another will, if we chose. The bud could only become a flower, and the star revolve in the orbit God had fixed. But it was man's prerogative to choose his path, his duty to choose it in God. But the divine right to choose it at all has always seemed more to him than his duty to choose in God, so, for the most part, he has taken his life from God, and cut his career for himself.

It requires a well-kept life to know the will of God, and none but the Christlike in character can know the Christlike in career.

***

The organ of spiritual vision is this strange power, Obedience.

***

There is no grander possession for any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart. And if we could keep the machinery clear, there would be lives in thousands doing God's will on earth even as it is done in Heaven.

In one address Drummond said, "Planting His ideas in the hearts of a few poor men, Christ started them out unheralded to revolutionize the world... Organizations, institutions, churches, have too much rigidity for a thing that is to flood the world. The only fluid in the world is man." If those words have the ring of authenticity about them, it is because Drummond himself operated in that fashion. Beginning with the students of Edinburgh University and expanding to every group he touched, he built up a fellowship which soon girdled the globe. Without name or organization, it was made up of individuals bearing the stamp of vision and discipline impressed on them by Drummond.

From Australia he wrote in 1890 that he had found men who had studied in Scotland "holding like limpets" to their earlier resolves forged

Henry Drummond

by their contact with Drummond. As always, his time was not his own. Writing from Sydney he began, "It is three o'clock in the morning now, and the first quiet hour I have had for days." [64]

One of Drummond's biographers, Cuthbert Lennox, titled one of his chapters "Misunderstood." In it he tells of the storm of abuse which descended on Drummond's head because of some of the things which Drummond said and wrote.

Drummond was a scientist living at a time of great ferment and discovery in all the natural sciences. It appealed to him to try and reconcile scientific theory with religion, and he wrote two books to this end, *Natural Law and the Spiritual World* and *The Ascent of Man*. These two books have not proven to be Drummond's enduring contribution to humanity, but they did succeed in inciting the wrath of doctrinaire Christians of his time who felt he was rocking the boat of their beliefs. One of Drummond's friends, John Watson, wrote, "Was there ever such madness and irony before Heaven as good people lifting up their testimony and writing ariticles against this most gracious disciple of the Master, because they did not agree with him about certain things he said, or some theory he did not teach, while the world lay round them in unbelief and selfishness, and sorrow and pain?" [65]

One religious newspaper in Britain was the headquarters for opposition to Drummond. It seized on reports from a dissident student from Drummond's Edinburgh meetings and used them as further ammunition against him. These meetings were incisive and dealt with moral standards and personal discipline, and it may be that both the disaffected student and the newspaper's editor recoiled from Drummond's penetrating gaze.

While still in his forties, Drummond was stricken with a bone disease and bedridden for a prolonged illness. A month before his death he said to one of his doctors, "Moody was the biggest human I ever met."

In Cincinnati, Ohio, when he heard the news of Drummond's passing, Moody "cried like a child." [66] "All the time we were together he was a Christ-like man and often a rebuke to me," he wrote. [67]

Moody mounted a massive campaign to run all through the summer of 1893 in Chicago, alongside the World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, as it was called. He lined up the best speakers he could find from across America and Europe. "Let's not spend time splitting hairs in theology and wrangling about creeds. Let's go to work and save lost souls," he said. He approached the task with the earthy shrewdness of a Yankee trader: "You need not think

that we are going to get audiences for the asking. I know the district well... If we want an audience, we'll have to go out and get it, and that means work."

One biographer wrote, "The financing of this giant enterprise was a miracle of faith. Moody always felt sure that where God guides, He provides." [68]

Each night during the campaign "tired coworkers gathered together from the scores of meeting-places to confer with Moody in his room at the Bible Institute." Moody would review the day, put fresh heart into his people and plan the following day's strategy. "One could not be downhearted or defeated in his presence. He could always pray if no open door presented itself," wrote Arthur Fitt, his secretary and later son-in-law. [69]

When the fair closed, Moody summed up the results: "Thousands have apparently been genuinely converted to Christ... Fires have been kindled in many parts of this land as a result of the summer campaign."

The Fair had featured the wonders of science and industry, but no wonder was as great as the man who burned throughout it for one objective only: "I live for souls and for eternity; I want to win some soul to Christ."

One way in which Moody won people was by his breathtaking directness. "Mr. Moody," a

titled lady once said to him, "no one ever talked to me like this before."

"Then it is quite time somebody did so," he replied, and they remained good friends.[70]

At the same time, Moody kept margins between himself and possible trouble. His son Will wrote, "In his relations with women he was ever the gentleman but guarded against any careless familiarity." [71]

Moody's interest was in others. He once recounted, "A man said to me some time ago, 'Moody, how do you feel?' It was so long since I had thought about my feelings, I had to stop and consider a while, in order to find out." [72] On another occassion he said, "Humility consists not in thinking meanly of ourselves, but in not thinking of ourselves at all." [73*]

When speaking, Moody wore a dark blue or black suit. In later years he even dispensed with cuff buttons, not wishing to have any distraction to draw his listeners' attention from what he was saying. But in the relaxed setting of Northfield he would be seen driving around the village or school grounds in a dark brown velveteen coat and tweed trousers of a yellow hue. (His family teased him that from a distance, at well over 200 pounds, he looked like a huge bumble bee.)

*F. B. Meyer once observed of Moody, "It seemed as though he had never heard of himself." [74]

The power of the Press was something Moody knew firsthand, and he treated reporters with cordiality, including those from the sensational papers. "They can enter places into which I can never go," he said. [75]

The temperance movement was strong during these decades, and in America Frances E. Willard protested to Moody that there was not sufficient emphasis in his meetings on renouncing drink. "If men are thoroughly regenerated," he replied, "there's no use of the multitudinous measures you're advocating!" [76] In vogue at the time among some church groups was a thing called "The Pledge," a kind of New Year's resolution against drinking. On leaving Britain on one occasion, Moody told his followers to have people sign the Pledge if they liked; it was of no value in itself, but might serve as a useful source of names and addresses. [77]

Moody spoke to a generation that was familiar with the Bible, and one reason that people flocked to hear him was that it came to life in his hands. Once he spoke on Roundtop hill at Northfield simply by reading the handwritten notes in the margins of his Bible. The 32nd Psalm he presented as seven words:

Conviction
Confession
Forgiveness
Prayer

Protection
Guidance
Joy [78]

Conversion to the Christian faith meant a thoroughgoing overhaul and nothing less: "I am getting so tired and sick of your mere sentimentalism, that does not straighten out a man's life." [79] He dealt with bedrock issues: "If you have ever taken money dishonestly, you need not pray God to forgive you and fill you with the Holy Ghost until you make restitution. Confession and restitution are the steps that lead to forgiveness." [80]

Similarly, "It is a good deal better to just give the Scripture for these things, and then if you do not like it you can quarrel with Scripture and not with me... 1st Corinthians 6:9."* [81]

Pain was turned to rich account by Moody. When his mother died, her two grandsons approached the house: "On returning, we were apprised that the end had come by Father, walking down to meet us between piles of snow —

*Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God? Do not be deceived; neither the immoral, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor homosexuals, nor thieves, nor the greedy, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers will inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you. But you were washed, you were consecrated, you were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God. —I Cor. 6:9-11.

with tears streaming down his face but smiling radiantly. At her funeral he rose in the pew where he was sitting and paid tribute to her, bringing out with unconscious but consumate artistry word sketches of that early struggle at home. He was in tears again as he did it, yet as he described the punishments she inflicted in her desire to bring up her children aright he was so graphic that ripples of laughter swept the audience. It was the most unusual and in a sense triumphant sort of funeral that I ever attended."

The Moody household employed a gardener named Paul. He was an elderly French immigrant who spoke broken English and was mentally handicapped. When he began working for the family he was an alcoholic, but he was so captivated by the comradeship that the Moodys offered him that he ceased to go on his former sprees, saving his earnings until he was able to make a trip back to France. After a year he returned, having spent only the funds required for travel and to put a new roof on his ancestral home.

Each year the Moody's garden produced far more than the family could use, and Moody enjoyed hitching up the wagon and delivering the excess produce as gifts to friends in the area. But his first love was his chickens. His younger son Paul wrote, "Occasionally he would sell some hens or some eggs, whereupon he would

gleefully boast to the family as to how much he had made. Then the secret was to look at my mother, who paid all the bills, and her face was a study. She had early abandoned the attempt to argue with him or point out that she was paying out money for labor and grain which must have brought the price of those eggs up to siege value. The most practical of men, he reveled in being as utterly impractical as he wanted to be at play."[82]

Arthur Fitt, Moody's son-in-law, wrote, "He was very proud of the magnificent trees of the village, and nothing irritated him more than any attempt to injure them." The surrounding countryside was his pride and joy, and he was not limited by the road system when it came to showing it off to friends. F. B. Meyer, a frequent visitor, was wide-eyed at Moody's handling of his team of horses. He wrote, "Where have I not been in that buggy? It is the most natural thing in the world for the driver (*Moody*) to leave the road, climb over a ditch and hedge, and make straight for the top of a grassy slope because he wanted to show you a view, or descend a plowed field into a glen to explain his method of raising water from the spring to Mount Hermon School." [83]

Moody loved his summers at Northfield, but typically went on the road each fall campaigning in the major cities of the United States. His

strategy was simple: to reach the nation, go to its cities. As the winter of 1898 approached, he "asked the Lord to give me a hard field" in which to labor, and set off on a swing through the West.[84] In the tough frontier town of Tucson, Arizona, he found so little support that he personally had to hit the streets to distribute tickets for his meetings.

The following spring Moody visited Chicago for a brief time. While there he gave a picture of his wider view of the world: "For forty years I have heard in every city, along toward election time, the cry, 'Reform! Reform!' But things go on in about the same old way. You can't reform government without men who have been themselves reformed."

Moody seemed to sense the World War and the Bolshevik revolution in Russia which lay around the corner in the next century. He said, "There will be riots and revolutions all over the world, in this land, too, if things go on another twenty-five years as they have been going. What can prevent such horrors? What can save the life of the nation?"[85]

Moody's final campaign came the following winter in Kansas City, where his heart began to fail, as the doctors had warned him it would. From his hotel room he wrote to a friend in Scotland, "I cannot tell you how much I miss dear Drummond it does not seem possible I shall

not see him again on earth... what a lot have gone home since 1873 when we first met... I think I have some streams started that will flow on forever..."[86]

Five weeks later, on the final morning of his life, Moody dipped in and out of consciousness on the very brink of human existence. At times he would speak: "Earth recedes; heaven opens before me... This is my triumph, this is my coronation day! I have been looking forward to it for years... It's glorious!... I'm not going to throw my life away. I'll stay as long as God wants me to; but if my time has come, I'm ready." [87]

Moody died at the age of 62 in December of 1899. He did not live to see the twentieth century, but the streams he set in motion were to become major currents in the century to follow.

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Part Two

THE FINNEY WATERSHED

In 1818 a student named Charles Finney was studying law in the town of Adams in western New York state. He found that his law books contained so many references to the Bible that he bought himself a copy and began to study it.

For three years a struggle mounted inside the young Finney. He wanted to run his life as he pleased, but he felt an ominous sense that a life of self-centeredness would bring him doom at its end. Early one morning, after a night of inner struggle, he was on the way to the office where he worked when he came to a clear understanding of what it meant for Jesus Christ to have given His life for him. So forceful was this realization that he stopped right in the middle of the road, apparently remaining there for several minutes. Later in the day he had further experiences convincing him of the love God had for him.

Finney had been fond of the law, but now lost all taste for it. He became a revival speaker, and was invited from one town to another through central New York. The city of Rochester was so deeply affected by Finney in every facet of community life that he became a national figure. He would speak from notes made during times of inspiration, saying, "Whole platoons of thoughts, words and illustrations came to me as fast as I could deliver them... I found when the Spirit of God had given me a

very clear view of a subject, I could not retain it, to be used on any other occasion, unless I jotted down an outline of the thoughts." [1]

CHARLES FINNEY

After I returned to Whitestown (1830), I was invited to visit the city of New York. Anson G. Phelps, since well-known as a great contributor, by will, to the leading benevolent institutions of our country, hearing that I had not been invited to the pulpits of that city, hired a vacant church in Vandewater Street, and sent me an urgent request to come there and preach. I did so, and there we had a powerful revival. I found Mr. Phelps very much engaged in the work, and not hesitating at any expense that was necessary to promote it...

I was very much struck, during my labors there, with the piety of Mr. Phelps. While we continued at Vandewater Street, myself and wife, with our only child, were guests in his family. I had observed that, while Mr. Phelps was a man literally loaded with business, somehow he preserved a highly spiritual frame of mind; and that he would come directly from his business to our prayer meetings, and enter into them with such spirit, as to show clearly that his mind was not absorbed in business, to the exclusion of spiritual things.

As I watched him from day to day, I became more and more interested in his interior life, as it was manifested in his outward life. One night I had occasion to go downstairs, I should think about twelve or one o'clock at night, to get something for our little child. I supposed the family were all asleep, but to my surprise I found Mr. Phelps sitting by his fire, in his night-dress, and saw that I had broken in upon his secret

devotions. I apologized by saying that I supposed he was in bed. He replied, "Brother Finney, I have a great deal of business pressing me during the day, and have but little time for secret devotion; and my custom is, after having a nap at night, to arise and have a season of communion with God."

After his death, which occurred not many years ago, it was found that he had kept a journal during these hours in the night, comprising several manuscript volumes. This journal revealed the secret workings of his mind, and the real progress of his interior life. [2]

By 1835 Finney had located in New York City, where he was approached by two men who invited him to become a professor at a new college in Ohio called Oberlin. John Shipherd, one of the college's founders, had set out on a recruiting trip several weeks earlier to find a president and a professor of theology for the school.

The logical place for Shipherd to look was in the populated East, but while praying about the matter he had "an almost irresistible impression" that he ought to go to Cincinnati first. In obedience to this thought he headed south instead of east. By the time he reached Columbus he was so exhausted from the winter travel that he decided to abandon the idea and head directly for New York on the newly paved National Road. At his hotel he ran into the son of an Oberlin trustee who strongly recommended that he continue on to Cincinnati and

recruit a man named Asa Mahan to be Oberlin's president.[3]

Mahan was a clergyman who some considered to have the best mind west of the Allegheny mountains. He was currently embroiled in controversy because he had come out in favor of the immediate emancipation of all slaves. Although Ohio was a "free" state, the commerce of Cincinnati was tied to that of the slave-holding states. Opposition to Mahan bordered on violence, and the lives of his children were threatened. The offer of a college presidency was well-timed and he accepted, provided that the trustees would give their assurance that students would be admitted irrespective of color.

Shipherd and Mahan then headed east, keeping their plan to themselves, to find an endowment and a professor of theology. The first man they contacted was so absorbed in the abolition movement that he declined, but referred them to Charles Finney, the man who had converted him some years earlier.

Mahan had observed Finney in action during the Rochester revival and had already tried to persuade him to come west by writing to him, "Your mode of doing things is the very thing we need. It is exactly adapted to reap and control the popular current—God has raised you up for the great (*Ohio River*) valley and it must have

your labors." [4]

Mahan's letters had not succeeded in bringing Finney west, but together Shipherd and Mahan persuaded Finney to come to Oberlin. A mathematics professor named Morgan was lined up as well, along with financial backing, all on the condition that admission to the college be open to all races. When the trustees of Oberlin announced they were unprepared to receive black students, Shipherd wrote in return:

"I cannot labor for the enlargement of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute if our brethren in Jesus Christ must be rejected because they differ from us in color... If the injured brother of color, and consequently brothers Finney, Mahan and Morgan, with eight professorships and ten thousand dollars, must be rejected, I must join them..."

The trustees finally agreed to open enrollment by one vote, with Shipherd's wife and her friends praying fervently for the outcome in the next room.

Telling of what it had meant for him personally, Mahan wrote, "What hath God wrought? Had it been the fixed purpose of Providence to take me out of the narrow sphere in which I was before acting, and to place me in one in which I should exert the greatest influence possible?" Stimulated by the fellowship he found at Oberlin, Mahan experienced a profound deepening

of his own belief in God.

With Finney he introduced further innovations at the college. He later wrote, "That institution was the first in the history of the race to adopt the principle of co-education of the sexes in all departments of a common and liberal education." [5]

Finney spent his summers at Oberlin and the winters preaching in many cities of the U. S. and Great Britain. Some attribute the great revival of 1857-59* largely to the influence of his meetings. [7]

Written accounts of the experiences of Finney and Mahan deeply influenced Mary E. Boardman, the wife of an Illinois grocer. She motivated her husband, who in turn wrote a far-reaching book in 1858 called *The Higher Christian Life* which sold widely in Britain and America. [8] After the Civil War the Boardmans went to England where William encountered and worked alongside Robert Pearsall Smith and his wife Hannah Whitall Smith, later author of *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.*

Pearsall Smith was a glass manufacturer from the U. S. who had found, also through his wife, such an infectious faith in God that he and she were in great demand as speakers. The speaking

*From Chicago in early 1857 the nineteen-year-old Moody wrote: "There is a great revival of religion in this city. I go to meeting every night. How I do enjoy it seems as if God was here himself." [6]

load proved to be more than Pearsall could manage on top of running a business, so his doctor recommended a break by means of a trip to England.

The fame of the Smiths preceeded them to England, however, and Pearsall was soon filling an extended series of breakfast speaking engagements in conjunction with Boardman in the spring of 1873. Not everything Smith said seemed to make sense, but people were captivated by his joy. As an English friend wrote, "I never gave Smith credit for much intelligence; it was his heart, not his head, which attracted me."

One clergyman who heard Smith speak was Evan Hopkins. Hopkins had been trained as a mining engineer, but once heard a coast guardsman state, "I have served the devil for forty years, but I mean now to serve the Lord Jesus Christ." This remark caused Hopkins to enter the ministry. His career was undistinguished up until Smith fired his imagination with the prospect that there was a Power which could transform *all* of life. Hopkins and his wife found a contagious quality to their faith as a result.[9]

The writing and speaking of Boardman and Pearsall and Hannah Smith helped stir such interest in England that conferences were held at Broadlands, a large estate in Hampshire, and at Oxford. The following summer of 1875 a

convention of several thousand gathered at Brighton. Pearsall Smith was chairman on these occasions, with his wife, Hopkins, Boardman and Asa Mahan sometimes among the speakers.[10]

One man who came to Brighton was the vicar of Keswick, who was inspired to host the next gathering in his parish in the beautiful lake district in the north of the country. This Keswick Convention became a yearly event continuing to the present time under varying leadership, with Evan Hopkins a constant mainstay in the early years.

In 1883 a young couple named Penn-Lewis moved into the Hopkins parish in Richmond, Surrey. Jessie Penn-Lewis had been a precocious child, a self-taught reader who could freely read the Bible at age four in her native Welsh tongue. "Without the aid of any human instrument" she had set herself on a Christian course the year prior to moving to Richmond. The first time she heard Hopkins speak was "an opening of heaven" to her intense spirit.[11]

Six years later she was deeply immersed in the work of a rescue home for girls. Questing further reaches of her faith, she read with appreciation a book by a South African, Andrew Murray, called *The Spirit of Christ*. Murray, though far away in miles from the Awakening of

1857-58 generated in America largely by Finney, and spreading to England a year later, followed it closely and felt a part of it. Similarly, in the 1870's, he followed written accounts of events in Britain published by Hopkins, saying "it *all* helped me."[12]

The "help" later took on a very practical nature, when in 1879 Murray lost the use of his voice for nearly two years, regaining it in London at a clinic for faith healing founded by Boardman.

In the spring of 1890, with her health failing due to lung problems, Mrs. Penn-Lewis pled with her doctor to allow her to "die doing something for God." She pursued her girls' club work with enthusiasm, organizing singing classes and shorthand lessons, and teaching a weekly Bible class to the girls herself. In the latter she became increasingly dissatisfied. Despite her laborious preparations, nothing was happening. "Self-consciousness almost paralyzed me. Others might have the gift of speech, but it was clearly not given to me. Everyone I heard of who knew anything about the Holy Spirit, I asked to come and speak to my girls. I settled it in my mind that I was not the channel... But they did not change much in their lives!"

Mrs. Penn-Lewis read book after book on the subject of the Holy Spirit. Finally she decided, "I will go straight to God... I want the

deliverance that Peter got at Pentecost... If the 'baptism of the Spirit' is not the right term, give me the right words to use. I do not care about the words, but *I want the thing.*"

"Two or three searching questions were put to me by the Spirit of God. 'Are you willing to be unpopular?' " Or an apparent failure, or to have no great experience at all? She reacted, "I thought people who had enduement of power always had an experience! Did not Finney and Asa Mahan?" Nevertheless she resolved these questions with a "Yes" and dropped the matter.

Later she realized that her past service had been prompted by her own self, energy, and plans. "The unveiling was truly a horror to me, and brought me in deep abasement to the blood of Christ for cleansing. Then came the still small voice once more... one little word—'Crucified'."

One morning at the breakfast table, when not specially thinking about the matter, she had such an experience of blinding power that she fled to her room. "I knew in my spirit that He had come... Christ suddenly became to me a real Person... He became real to me. When I went to my Bible class, I found myself able to speak with liberty of utterance, with the conviction of the Spirit at the back of it, until souls were convicted of sin on every side."

Jessie Penn-Lewis

We had all kinds of social activities, but when God came in, no one wanted them, and the girls who had said they would never come to the Institute, came!... It is natural to want *life*, and all these things point to unsatisfied souls crying out for "life". I do not think we can condemn them—they must get "life" somewhere—but can we not give them life? There is a vacant place, an inward necessity, in every one that nothing but the Cross of Christ will meet, and if you recognize that, you will be able to give your witness without condemning others. We need to recognize that deep down in every human being there is a capacity for God...

I am intensely sympathetic with young folk when they see the old folk jog-trotting to prayer meetings! Have you no sympathy? Would *you* have gone? That is what drew me into work among young girls. I had such sympathy with them. They want life, and if we do not give them the right kind of life, they will get the wrong kind. We need *life* in our churches, *life* in the prayer meetings, *life* everywhere! "How shall we get the young people in to the churches?" Give them life—life from God...

But you will never help young people if you do not love them. I do so long that God's people will be more *human*, have more heart—cleansed heart, with Christ in it—you can do anything with people you love, and who love you. This is not *natural* love, because it loves the ugly and the unpleasant. It is the "love of God shed abroad in our hearts" that is needed. We are too occupied with our own spiritual growth and progress. Oh, God, let us die to ourselves! Lord come Thou and live in us, so that Thy life can flow out to others through us! [13]

Mrs. Penn-Lewis' Richmond Institute sprang to life. People came from all over to learn the secret of its vibrancy and to ask her to come and speak to them. She traveled within Britain, then to Sweden, Russia, Finland and Denmark.

A stay in Edinburgh was significant. Writing of her host there, she said, "To Mr. Moffat I owe, under God, the first understanding of the trust committed to me... I once said to him, 'How can I *always* preach the Cross?' But he kept me up that night till the early hours of the morning, explaining, urging, pleading, that I would not be diverted from the message God had illuminated to me.

"I went away from that Edinburgh visit... asking God to show me the way never to give an address on any theme without 'preaching the Cross'..."

Never in strong health, she sought to escape the constant demands as a speaker at home and went for a second time to Russia in February of 1899. After a cold afternoon drive in Petersburg (now Leningrad), she came down with a sharp attack of pleurisy. She wrote in a letter, "I have no fear about the issue of my illness, *my work is not yet done*!... One night I felt myself becoming unconscious, it seemed as if my spirit was slipping away, when with such a 'pulling together', I said *'I will not die*!' and then I came back into consciousness."[14]

It was in that summer of 1899 that Mrs. Penn-Lewis first spoke at a Keswick Conference. A talk she was to make there nine years later was to be decisive in the life of a young man who was to cut a wide swath in the next century.

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Part Three

TRANSITION

1.

J. E. K. Studd, touring the American colleges on Moody's invitation, spent a week at Cornell in January of 1886. After hesitating about attending one of Studd's meetings, a student named *John R. Mott* arrived after it had begun. "No sooner had I taken a seat in the rear... than I heard the speaker give three short sentences which proved to be the turning-point in my life. These were the three sentences: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.' These words went straight to the spring of my motive life. I have forgotten all else the speaker said... I went back to my room not to study but to fight."

Some weeks later it was announced that there would be a "College student's summer school for Bible study — to be conducted by D. L. Moody at Northfield, Mass. July 1-31, 1886." as the bulletin read. A recruiter contacted Mott, who wanted to go so badly that he considered selling his new *Encyclopedia Brittanica* if necessary to pay the expenses involved in getting "the secret of Mr. Moody's power."

Mott made it to the conference, the climax of which for him was a "Meeting of Ten Nations," where ten youthful speakers spoke for

three minutes each on the need of a particular mission field. After a chance to think it over, one hundred students volunteered for foreign service, Mott among them. As his area of choice he marked "the world."[1]

2.

"I had gone to Northfield with a friend for the first time to the August Conference in 1887," wrote *Robert E. Speer*, then a Princeton sophomore. "My friend wanted to do it as economically as possible and obtained permission for the two of us to live in Hillside Cottage, as it was then called, to sleep there and cook our own meals. Mr. Moody heard of us. He came up to see us and left some vegetables and tumbled all his great personality right into our hearts. There was no obliqueness. The whole man came right out and came right in."[2]

Speer developed a rugged sense of right and wrong. Once at Princeton he walked into the room of a friend who was on the college baseball team and found the walls plastered with pornographic pictures. Speer challenged his friend to a game of "burn" (throwing and catching a baseball with bare hands), the agreement being that the pictures would come down if the friend lost the contest. They came down.

Speer had a keen mind and graduated at the top of his class, having been a four-year letterman in football as well. Along with Mott, he became a leader in the summer Northfield conferences and in related student work during the rest of the year. Many young men came under his influence which they were to acknow-

ledge in later years, among them New Jersey's Senator H. Alexander Smith, Bishop Logan Roots of China, the author Hermann Hagedorn, and a medical missionary to China, Dr. Fredrick J. Tooker. [3]

Moody noted the young Speer's character. When pressed to start a new organization to stimulate overseas mission work, Moody would have none of it: he neither wanted to found a sect nor to duplicate existing organizations. "Where will you find abler men than Robert E. Speer?" he responded, Speer being in missionary work already. [4]

Looking back at age seventy, Speer spoke of Moody as possessing "the most massive energy and power that I ever saw in any man." [5]

3.

In 1889 a student from Yale named *Sherwood Eddy* came to Northfield. "I had all my plans made to go out and make money — because I believed that money was power — when I was bowled over by Moody at my first student conference."

"I dropped into a back seat at the first meeting, hoping that it would soon be over so that I could get out for tennis. Then Moody, huge and homely, rose to speak. He was one of the most dynamic humans I had ever met, terribly in earnest. A spark fell into my dry heart. I remember his first text: 'If any man thirst, let him come and drink. From within him shall flow rivers.' There was I, a college student, cold, selfish, cynical, sneering at the poor boys from the factories and slums... sinful, and I felt it as never in my life before, as soon as Moody began to speak... I felt shriveled in selfishness."

"There was this man who had never entered a college or high school, using bad grammar, but shaking half a continent in America and upsetting the colleges and cities of Great Britain. Before he had finished a great thirst had sprung up in my heart... That night marked the turning point in my life."[6,7]

4.

In the summer of 1894 a nineteen-year-old girl from South Carolina enrolled in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. *Mary McLeod* thus became the only black American in the thousand-member student body. She participated in the mission activities of the Institute within the city and across the upper Midwest.

Whenever D. L. Moody visited his school he would call Mary to his office and inquire about conditions in the South among her people.

After speaking at a New Year's Eve service at the Institute one year, Moody invited all those interested in the power of God's Holy Spirit to come to an after-meeting gathering. Miss McLeod sensed and wanted the power that Moody had with other men and women and was the first to respond.

Following her training in Chicago, she returned to the South and a teaching job in a school in the slums of Atlanta. Along with her teaching, she went out onto the streets and gathered the footloose young children of the area into a Sunday School, much as Moody had done forty years earlier in Chicago. So effective was her concern that the attendance reached one thousand.

After her marriage to Albertus Bethune, she

went on to found a college in Florida for black youth and became a leading voice for her people, serving in many advisory capacities under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman.[8]

5.

Moody gave a talk at an 1898 Northfield conference and announced an after-meeting. *Henry B. Wright*, a recent graduate of Yale, went in reluctantly. He was apprehensive that someone would ask him to become a foreign missionary.

"There, seated in a large armchair at one end of the room was the greatest human I have ever known, Dwight L. Moody. He spoke to us simply and briefly about the issues of life, using as his theme: 'If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself.'

"There in the quiet, without anyone knowing what was going on, I gave myself to God, my whole mind, heart, and body; and I meant it."[9]

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Part Four

CONVERGING STREAMS

In June of 1901 a young man named Frank Buchman, a student at the Philadelphia Lutheran Seminary, headed to Northfield, Massachusetts for the summer's conference.[1] Moody had died one-and-a-half years earlier, but the training sessions at his schools there continued under the leadership of men like John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer.

At Northfield Buchman heard a youth tell of winning another student to a faith in God after six months of selfless effort. The young Buchman decided that his life's objective from that time on must be to win men, come what may. In characteristic fashion, he immediately "drove in a stake" by vowing to win a man before he got home.

Stopping over in New York on his return journey, he forgot about his resolve until he was in the act of buying his railroad ticket out of the city. Suddenly he broke into a sweat: how could he go home? Looking around he spotted a porter. "Here's my man," he thought, and started in, feeling very scared.

"George, are you a Christian?"

"No," said the startled porter. "What's more, I'm scared."

"Why *are* you scared?" said Buchman, still summoning all his courage.

"My brother's coming down the river from Sing Sing prison. He's got religion up there, and

I don't know how to handle him."

Buchman, not knowing how to handle George either, said, "Now George, you've got to be a Christian."

"Yes, I will," said George.

"Thus ended," said Buchman many years later, "my first crude attempt to bring the unsearchable riches of Christ to another man... That day the ice was broken on a new life-work, releasing me for one of the most glorious adventures that is open to man."[2]

A year later Buchman launched a hospice for underprivileged boys in Overbrook, outside of Philadelphia. He found an older woman living destitute in a tenement, and she became the cook for the boys. "He made you walk the chalk line," she said with a twinkle in her eyes years later.

Following a visit to Northfield in 1905, Buchman opened an expanded hospice right in Philadephia, bringing with him an elderly New Englander, Miss Sarah Ward, whom he had met at Northfield. "Aunt Sadie," as she became known, had been a lifelong friend of the Moody family, and was the official housemother of the hospice.[3]

After initial successes, the board of directors cut back funds for the boys' food. Buchman resigned, his health and spirit broken by overwork and bitterness.

He took a cruise abroad. The year was 1908. Despite his own state of affairs, he graciously cared for an elderly couple aboard. When the husband suffered a heart attack, Buchman went ashore at Athens and made certain that adequate medical attention was obtained and that the American Ambassador was informed. These actions did not go unnoticed. Another passenger introduced Buchman at a reception to the lady-in-waiting to Crown Princess Sophie of Greece, and told her of his kind-hearted concern which had caused his ship to sail on without him. Next day this lady told the Princess, "I have just met an American saint." "Impossible!" she sniffed. But she was intrigued and invited Buchman to be a guest. Thus began a lifelong friendship between Buchman and the royal families of the Balkan nations.

Buchman continued on through Europe to England. He had heard that Moody's old friend F. B. Meyer would be speaking that summer at the annual Keswick conference, so he headed north to hear him. Buchman undoubtedly had heard Meyer speak at Northfield in 1902, when Meyer was the principal guest speaker from abroad. [4]

The information given Buchman was in error and Meyer was not there at all. Nevertheless, Buchman sat in on the conference sessions, re-

maining largely unimpressed.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, he chanced to attend a small gathering of seventeen people where Jessie Penn-Lewis spoke. As she had once resolved always to do, Mrs. Penn-Lewis spoke about the Cross and what it meant as a personal experience.

"Now, that afternoon something happened," Buchman recounted many years later. "I didn't go expectant... Those seventeen people listened to a woman who had had, and was still experiencing, the dynamic power of what it meant for Jesus Christ to give His life. I'll never forget the scene: It was a vivid personal experience of the Crucified Christ."[5]

Buchman walked out of that place a different man. That evening he strode around a nearby lake with a young man who by the time the walk was over had caught the same freeing experience that had come to Buchman.

Buchman went back to his lodgings and wrote letters of apology to each of the hospice directors against whom he had nursed bitterness. He became a free man. His real work had begun.

Before leaving England, he found the chance to hear F. B. Meyer speak in London, and asked him the secret of effective preaching. Meyer replied, "Tell your people on Sunday the things they are telling you all week."[6]

On his return to the U. S., Buchman wrote

to John R. Mott, whom he had met at Northfield, asking him for the hardest position available in the student Christian work Mott was heading up. Mott knew that student-faculty relations at Pennsylvania State College were at a low ebb and suggested Buchman's name for the job. He was subsequently invited there and he accepted the position.

In the course of this work, if not previously at Northfield, Buchman made the acquaintance of Henry B. Wright, who held a comparable position on the Yale campus. Wright's father was the dean of Yale college and most of his life was spent in an academic setting.

Wright was an incredibly disciplined, perceptive and outgoing individual. One summer while on vacation from college, he laid out for himself a systematic plan of attack for winning an alcoholic who had been a boyhood friend. This had been inspired by a talk he had heard at Northfield on "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." If Christ meant *all* men, that included his friend whom most considered beyond help.

Wright planned four lines of approach:

1. The self-revelation of a friend: communicating his own hard struggles.
2. The wounds of a friend: the sharp, incisive, arresting confronting of a man with his misdeeds.

3. The gifts of a friend: revealing a disinterested love.
4. The sacrifices of a friend: showing, when all else fails, the redemptive compassion of the Cross.

It took some years, but Wright won his man.

Wright brought a Yale group to Northfield each summer, where it became apparent that he had a singular hold on truths which others wanted. This led to several invitations to other colleges. His voice did not carry effectively, so he was at his best in small groups.

In July, 1909, he wrote to his wife from Northfield, "Pennsylvania State College... have a great crowd here of the most earnest men I have ever seen... They just flocked about me here and come to me with their problems."

That fall Wright, age 32, published an outline for a course on life, drawn from his own teaching notes.* His outline was entitled *The Will of God and Man's Lifework.* In it he drew heavily on the writings of Henry Drummond and on those of Robert E. Speer. Speer, Moody's young missionary friend, had published a study of the life of Christ from which he had distilled four absolute moral standards: purity, honesty,

*One of the men Wright consulted in choosing the content of his lectures was Anson Phelps Stokes, great-grandson of the previously-mentioned copper merchant, Anson G. Phelps.[7a]

unselfishness and love. Wright seized hold of these standards and used them to bring into focus the lives and wills of the young men he was teaching.

Immediately on publication of *The Will of God*, Wright dispatched a copy to Buchman at Penn State, who replied, "Your book has just come and I am delighted with it... am teaching it myself to about a hundred... *We are after the key men and we are getting them.*" (*Italics added.*)

HENRY B. WRIGHT

Excerpts from *The Will of God and a Man's Lifework:*[7b]

Willingness to do God's will is the necessary condition for knowledge of it... absolute surrender is the strongest exercise of which the human will is capable.

***

Purity: "the self-respect which comes from self-restraint."
— quoting Kingsley:
The Roman and the Teuton

Subtle forms of dishonesty:
... pretending to be less than you are.
... all gambling or betting.

The selfish man lets others do his rightful work for him.

"Never underrate yourself in action, and never overrate yourself in your official report."

— quoting Gen. Horace Porter

Subtle forms of selfishness:

Personal uncleanliness and slovenliness
Impatience with physical pain or delay
Disappointment and sorrow brooded over
Gloominess, "grouch"
Anxiety and nervousness

Results: Unproductivity... Loss of the life of God in the soul of man.

Subtle forms of repression of one's best self (*lack of love*):

Laziness
Cowardice

Results: A man misses the tenfold strength which is his birthright.

Indecision, apathy... is the subtlest and most dangerous form of disobedience... "When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit... it works so as to positively hinder future resolutions."

— quoting William James: *Psychology*

Why should not obedience free the mind for larger things?

***

"But why fear at all? If we keep spending ourselves for the general good, fear has no place. God will take care not to lose his partner."

— quoting Patton:
New Basis of Civilization

The one essential for all successful work is the conviction that a man is in the right place. Just as surely as one doubts or distrusts his mission his work fails.

The ordinary man who wills to have a mind freed from the shackles of impure imagery, an eye that looks at things squarely and brooks deception neither of self nor of others, a hand that will not spare itself in work, and a heart that will express without reserve its honest convictions and genuine affections, will often outstrip the brilliant genius, who is shackled and ultimately overthrown by impurity, dishonesty, selfishness or atrophy of heart.

***

No man, who through the deliberate act of surrender of the human will to absolute standards of purity, honesty, unselfishness and love, has once felt the coursing of these immortal powers in his spirit can ever after find any experience of this new life tame or commonplace.

Wright was rugged. "No man or woman oozes unconsciously into the Kingdom of God," he wrote. "In the final analysis, all enlist, and every soldier knows when he enlisted." His biographer states, "He often told the men of his defeats and triumphs with a total absence of self-

consciousness. That was a constant source of power. He believed that restitution should be made for past wrongs as far as that was humanly possible."

Wright rose early with regularity to study the Bible and to pray. He kept his mind open at this time for what he called "luminous thoughts," "an impelling sense of responsibility which he interpreted as the direct leading of God." He made every effort to obey these thoughts.

"Religion is imparted by contagion, not taught by words," he said. Always available to those in need, he had a special bell in his home which anyone might ring, day or night. He wrote a manuscript, aptly titled *Expert Friendship*, expressing what he felt was the underlying attitude in winning others to a faith in God. Constantly his energy was going out to individuals. Once he emerged from his study with a handful of personal letters he had written. "I have seventeen of them here," he said.

Wright visited Buchman each year at Penn State to aid in his work with students, and Buchman would reciprocate by going on the road on Wright's behalf. [8]

In 1912 F. B. Meyer, the man set in motion by Moody and accelerated by C. T. Studd, arrived on the Penn State campus in the course

of an American lecture tour.* Buchman showed Meyer around and gave him a picture of all that was happening. The program must have appeared an obvious success in terms of the number of students participating — Buchman had to have two telephones on his desk to keep abreast of the activity.

Yet Meyer was not impressed. Everything depended on two things, he said. He told Buchman first that he needed to take the time to listen to the voice of God more than to the two telephones.** And, second, that he needed to make personal, man-to-man interviews central rather than the organizing of meetings.

*Moody had organized the first of such tours for Meyer in 1897. Moody had asked for the use of a prominent New York church in which Meyer might speak, and was offered a side room. Struck by this minuscule vision, Moody leased Carnegie Hall for a week, ran ads on the entertainment pages of the daily papers, and Meyer spoke mornings and afternoons, often to turnaway crowds. [9]

**In one of his books, Meyer wrote: "*obey exactly and immediately* the commands of the inner still small voice. It can be recognized by the fact that it never alters, never asks questions, but is always direct and explicit. Often it asks for an obedience which is against, or above, what we might naturally feel disposed to give. Listen to that still small voice — the voice of the Spirit of God..." [10]

"Since that time," said Buchman, "I no longer thought in terms of numbers, but in terms of people. It was then I decided to devote an hour, from 5 a.m. to 6 a.m... in a daily time of quiet."[11]

One further insight which contributed to Buchman's effectiveness occurred in 1912. While traveling on a train in Canada there came home to him with special force the recognition that Christianity had a moral backbone. And to make Christianity a vitally effective force in the lives of other people meant giving them an unmistakable moral challenge.[12]

Buchman's work centered at Penn State for seven years, at which point he felt a call to wider fields. John R. Mott was at the time coordinating a worldwide missionary effort. Mott came to the campus to lead a series of meetings in the spring of 1915, and soon after wrote to Buchman inviting him to go to India to support the work of the evangelist Sherwood Eddy.[13]

Eddy was the young man who had taken the back seat at Northfield hoping to get away for tennis when he was so struck by Moody's speaking. Earlier in 1915, Eddy and Buchman had worked together in a campaign at Yale, undoubtedly architected by Henry Wright. An illuminating incident occurred at that time. Opportunity was provided for students to have personal talks with Eddy and Buchman at

fifteen-minute intervals. Eddy recounts how he was confronted by a young man with a chip on his shoulder and got nowhere with him. "As he was leaving I handed him over to Buchman. In the next room he began again jauntily, 'I'm an atheist', etc. Buchman said quietly, 'My friend, you're an adulterer. Let's get down first to where you are living, and then later we'll talk about your "atheism" '... 'How do you know I'm an adulterer?' asked the man. 'Because it's written all over you,' replied Buchman. The man admitted the fact, got down to reality in dealing with his moral need, and then found that his 'atheism'... had somehow evaporated."[14]

Eddy had had several years of working with students in India and China. In 1914 he told a friend one of the insights he had acquired in his dealings with keen-witted Asian youths: "I soon found that even if I got the best of the argument, I lost my man," a truth Buchman was to point out many times in the years to come, as typifying the futility of argument.[15] Eddy visualized Christianity as having a shaping influence on the emerging nations of Asia. Consequently he was in normal contact with the President of fledgling Republic of China and other leaders of both India and China. He and Mott had initially set up their work on such a level in China that Mott was twice invited to be the United States' Ambassador to China, declining on both oc-

casions.*

Buchman's assignment in India was to organize mass meetings at which Eddy would speak. At one occasion in Travencore, 40,000 people turned out in an open air assembly. The campaign was judged a great success, but Buchman began to feel otherwise. Alert for individuals who might be deeply and lastingly affected, he felt it was "like hunting rabbits with a brass band." Writing to John R. Mott he said, "There's an utter lack of consciousness everywhere of the need of dealing individually with men."

Buchman himself believed that sin was anything that got between a person and God, and he dealt directly with it. In another letter he wrote of four co-workers: three Indian, one American. "The problem of one of these men was dishonesty. The Indians knew it. The community knew it. The man himself knew it, of course. But no one seemed to know how to make the dishonesty the stepping stone to a life of infec-

*Mott was a close friend and advisor of President Woodrow Wilson, and was appointed by him to be a member of the Commission headed by Elihu Root which visited Russia for liaison purposes in 1917 following the ending of the Tsarist rule. In a flattering but thought-provoking assessment of Wilson's grasp of purpose, the Soviets later regarded Mott as the Commission's leading ideologist. [16]

tious power. A simple twenty-minute talk changed the whole tenor of his life."[17]

One man who was impressed by this life-giving directness of Buchman was Howard Walter,* an American doing evangelistic work in western India (now Pakistan). He considered Buchman to be a "miracle man," and felt his coming to Lahore as "a fresh breeze." Drawing on his experiences in working alongside Buchman, Walter wrote a series of articles for an Indian periodical which were later combined into a small book called *Soul Surgery*, the first book which Buchman's life was to generate. Walter tied Buchman's work to that of his forerunners in the previous century, particularly Henry Drummond, for whom Walter had great admiration.[18]

Asia presented a unique situation in the early 1900's. Missionaries, numbering in the thousands, made up a large part of the Western presence in Japan, Korea and China. Undoubtedly, some had been fired by the highest ideals. Yet a Japanese spokesman had said candidly to Henry Drummond on his 1890 trip to the Orient, "Tell them to send us one six-thousand dollar missionary rather than ten two-thousand dollar missionaries."[19]

*Several years earlier Walter had written the words to a hymn still in use today, *I Would Be True*.

All this must have impressed itself upon Buchman as he returned to the U. S. from India by way of China. He later said, "I was puzzled and perplexed and the absence of true active life appalled me... For two months I didn't want to see anybody. I wanted to think this thing through for myself and just take the letters that had come to me, and study the needs of the human heart as in a laboratory."[20]

At Howard Walter's suggestion, Buchman was appointed to the staff of the Hartford Seminary, where he was given a great deal of lattitude to travel for extended periods between teaching terms. The proximity of Hartford to New Haven allowed him to travel down to New Haven to attend Henry Wright's lectures at Yale Divinity School. The round trip took him eight hours, but those visits were to have a profound effect upon Buchman.

Buchman returned to Asia in 1917 and again in 1918, conducting small conferences in the Philippines, Japan, Korea and China. Transcripts survive from meetings at Lily Valley, China in August of 1918. What is immediately apparent is that he had assumed responsibility for the propagating power of every person in Asia whose stated aim was to transmit the Christian faith to others. The source of his militancy may be found in the statements with which he opened one meeting:

"We want to keep our eyes fastened each day on this central thought, the thought that Henry Wright gave us thirty-six (*classroom*) hours in the year. 'The world has yet to see what Jesus Christ can do in, by, for and through a man who is wholly given up to the will of God.' That is Moody's thought. He was 'not a rich man, not a wise man, not a brilliant man, but a man wholly given up to the will of God.' Let us think of this thought coupled with this other verse, 'And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me.' That's the thing we faced for thirty-six hours in the year. It took me six weeks until I came to absolute conviction and yielded myself to that principle."

Buchman set the conference up to last for ten days. "I went to a conference at Northfield once and was not at all impressed," he said. "A conference ought to go for at least ten days. That conference had been in session almost a week before I began to see myself as in a mirror. The trouble was with myself."* In reference to

*The ten-day length seems to have been originated by Moody during Northfield's earlier days. Drummond wrote in 1894, "At one of his (*Moody's*) own conventions at Northfield he has been known to keep silent — but for the exercise of the duties of chairman — during almost the whole ten-days' sederunt, while mediocre men — I speak comparatively, not disrespectfully — were pushed to the front." [21]

sharing his wealth of experience with individuals while at Penn State, he added, "How are you going to crowd seven years into ten days?"

Buchman told the hundred people in attendance that insight into the lives of other people was given to those who were disciplined about issues of right and wrong in their own lives. One man who was present picked up on this note, saying, "I want to get on the inside of individuals." His name was Logan Roots, and he was the Anglican Bishop of Hankow. Roots, who had gone to China as a result of the early influence of Robert E. Speer on his life, was to work increasingly with Buchman over the years. Two decades later the accessibility and purpose of Roots so intrigued a revolutionary named Chou En-Lai that the future Premier was a frequent caller at the Bishop's residence in Hankow.[22]

Like Moody before him, Buchman had militancy. People felt in him a cleavage with selfishness of any kind. He spoke about working with difficult people: "It doesn't mean if you are pizen nice (*apparently a colloquial expression meaning saccharine sweet*) to people that you have the victory. Jesus Christ certainly had complete victory but He had no hesitancy in cleaning out people when they desecrated the temple. Think of the things He said to the scribes and Pharisees! They felt that fine fire which was in the life of Jesus Christ, the fine

equivalent of war. It's the kind of courage that makes a man go to another and say to him, 'I'm disappointed in you.' (*It's in*) the man who says, 'I'm at war with the things you are doing. I don't condemn you.'

"Are you winning people for Jesus Christ? That is your test. It does not mean talking to people about Christ. It means conversion as the result of your work. Miracle workers. There is not a person before me today who cannot be a miracle worker. Read Moody. Read about George Williams winning twelve men to Christ in one room one night."

Buchman spoke of the question which Jesus asked his disciples, "Are you willing to drink the cup that I drink of?" Buchman said, "Many times we are willing to drink the cup of peace, joy and happiness, but we decide for ourselves just how far we are willing to go. When suffering comes, we are reluctant to drink of that cup." He cited the costly confession and apology which is sometimes needed to right matters with another person, "the thing that is going to cost you something like unto those nails and the spear thrust." He spoke of facing scorn, ridicule and persecution when they come, "then sometimes when a loved one is taken away we are so crushed that we criticize God... The chapter I turn to most readily in the biographies of other men is the chapter with the heading,

'Misunderstood.'* When I feel I cannot drink of the neglected cup I turn to this chapter. In such chapters you see the inner heart of the man and the dignity of the man."

During this time in China, Buchman cited two books which had helped him: F. B. Meyer's *Secret of Guidance* and Andrew Murray's *Secret of Inspiration.* [23] (See excerpts.)

F. B. MEYER

Excerpts from *The Secret of Guidance*: [24]

So long as there is some thought of personal advantage, some idea of acquiring the praise and commendation of men, some aim at self-aggrandizement, it will be simply impossible to find out God's purpose concerning us.

***

"If any man wills to do His will, he shall know."

***

If you are quiet, you may become aware of the presence in your soul of permitted evil. Dare to consider it... Compel yourself quietly to consider whatever evil the Spirit of God discovers in your soul...

Does your will refuse to relinquish a practice or habit which is alien to the will of God? Do you permit

*See page 41.

some secret sin to have its unhindered way in the house of your life? Do your affections roam unrestrained after forbidden objects? Do you cherish any resentment or hatred toward another, to whom you refuse to be reconciled?

***

Be still each day for a short time... and ask the Holy Spirit to reveal to you the truth.

***

Your faith will be in exact proportion to your obedience... Make time to be alone with God. The closet and the shut door are indispensable.

***

We are either magnetic or repellent, and which very much depends on how we treat our burdens.

***

Every victory over impurity and selfishness clears the spiritual vision... deny self, give no quarter to sin, resist the devil, and thou shalt see God.

***

We cannot expect to have the Holy Spirit if we are quite content to live without it.

ANDREW MURRAY

Excerpts from *The Secret of Inspiration*: [25]

The immediate, continual inspiration of God, as actually our only power of goodness, is our birthright, and must be our experience, if we are to live out God's will.

***

"We ought to believe, expect, wait for, and depend upon His continual immediate operation in everything that we do."

***

"What a mistake it is to confine inspiration to particular times and occasions, to prophets and apostles, when the common Christian looks and trusts to be continually led and inspired by the Spirit of God... Now the holiness of the common Christian is not an occasional thing that is only for a time, but is the holiness of that which is always alive and stirring in us, namely, of our thoughts, wills, desires and affections. If we are called to this inward holiness and goodness, then a perpetual, always-existing operation of the Spirit of God within us is absolutely necessary."

***

"We see thus that our will and our heart is all important; that nothing else either finds or loses God."

(Material within quotation marks was written by William Law, born in 1686, and included by Andrew Murray as the basis of his own book.)

Back in America, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., noting Buchman's effectiveness, asked him to become head of an organization to coordinate international mission work. Funds, staff and headquarters in New York would be provided. In a striking parallel to Moody's response to a similar offer 46 years earlier, Buchman refused.*

*About 1917 Buchman had been invited to the Rockefeller home where a few people were discussing the proposed visit of the fiery evangelist Billy Sunday to New York. Some of those present were opposed to the idea, particularly a Mr. Henry Jessup, who objected to Sunday's sermons, theology and methods of finance.

Each objection was effectively countered by the evangelist's young son, George Sunday, who was present. In recounting the meeting, Buchman said, "I am not ready to read a brief for Billy Sunday... (*George*) Sunday is only twenty-five years old. He's the greatest product of Mr. Sunday's work. George is a prince, a Christian prince...

"Mr. Jessup didn't like Billy Sunday's methods because they had caused him to make certain changes in his office and in his business methods and these things had nettled him a bit. People reveal themselves by their antipathies. Henry Jessup had the high courage to acknowledge his mistake and to throw himself heart and soul into the campaign because he realized that Billy Sunday had a message for his life." [26]

A bishop in China had asked Buchman to visit his son at Cambridge University in England. This Buchman did, making a noticeable impact on some of the students who then helped spread his ideas further at Oxford. There, speaking to a group of friends, he said, "We are few. But if we stick together and do only those things which, so far as God shows us, we believe He wants us to do, we shall be used together to remake the thinking and living of the world."

Buchman resigned his position at Hartford in 1922 and caught the first ship back to England. Friends paid for his passage. What was later to be called "The Oxford Group" was born and began multiplying on both sides of the Atlantic as he plied its waters back and forth.

Garrett R. Stearly wrote, "I first met Frank Buchman at Princeton, New Jersey, one weekend in the spring of 1924. A dozen young university men from various colleges in the East were conferring with him. The men struck me as modern, capable, out-going, happy and friendly. I felt I was with people who really enjoyed life and had a refreshing and never-ending sense of humor. But it was clean laughter and never at other people's expense. Quite different from what I had been used to at Yale. Yet all of them gave the impression, in an indefinable way, that they knew where they were going and genuinely relished it.

"Buchman was obviously the center of their interest. They enjoyed his company and were quite clearly looking to him for stimulus and creative direction. They were at ease with him; not at all dominated, as is so often the case with a 'religious leader.' We were all 'at home' with each other. To be a part of such a group was a unique experience for me, and I found it thoroughly satisfying...

"What chiefly came through to me about Buchman was the immense vitality, humor and humanity of the man. I sensed they were a product of a profound Christian belief that burned deeply within him, but which he never expressed in the traditional phrases of orthodoxy. I felt I had spent the weekend with a man in whom the great evangelical truths of Christianity had come alive as experience, and I was fascinated."[27]

Buchman was a master at developing the potential of the people he worked with. Norman Richardson, a professor visiting at Penn State, had once observed, "I have been interested in watching this man Buchman all day. He is always in the background pushing others into places of leadership and responsibility."[28]

Not content to be the role model for others, Buchman steered his friends toward literature which must have stimulated him, such as Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World.* One early associate, C. Scoville Wishard, wrote,

"Frank used to recommend it to everyone to study and absorb."[29] *

Buchman was constantly moving as one development led to another. "As I look at his life, all of it seems to me to have been an unfolding process, whereby each phase, while fulfilling its own immediate aims, was also formative of a next phase wider in range and significance than anything which had gone before."[31]

The middle of 1925 saw Buchman in Australia. A group of Melbourne University students gathered at a weekend "houseparty" to hear what this visiting American had to offer.

An Australian newsman, S. Randal Heymanson, recalled, "Frank sat in a big arm-chair and the rest of us, preferring the floor, gathered in a semicircle around him. We were a difficult group, and I blush, in these later years, for our youthful arrogance... Today I marvel at his patience and generosity. All our criticisms and objections he must have heard and answered a thousand times, but he listened attentively to

*During this period Buchman circulated a "world letter" among his friends which served to knit the fledgling fellowship together. One letter mentions a woman named Tjader as having gone to Sweden. "Mother Tjader" later gave Buchman a copy of F. B. Meyer's last book, *The Call and Challenge of the Unseen*, and inscribed it, "in memory of our last time" with F. B. Meyer.[30]

each of us as we paraded our store of learning and made our clever little points...

"But for those who heard and for those who would not hear, Frank Buchman had the same infinite kindness and understanding... From dawn till past midnight he was at the service of even the least promising, always cheerful, seemingly never discouraged."[32]

Oxford University continued to be a center for Buchman's work, despite his almost constant travels. He picked off many of the best men and women there who chose to work with him. Others recoiled and felt their way of life threatened, consequently rumors and lies about Buchman were freely spread. In response, eleven prominent figures of the Oxford community signed a letter to *The Times* of London, stating that such rumors were unfounded and misrepresented the spirit of the work going on.[33]

During the 'twenties' Buchman was also in Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Germany. In 1928 while in Florence, Italy, Queen Sophie heard that he planned to visit South Africa. She gave him letters to the Governor-General, great-uncle to the present Queen of England. A later Deputy Prime Minister was to say, "Dr. Buchman's visit to South Africa in 1929... started a major and continuing influence for racial reconciliation throughout the whole country, white

and black, Dutch and British."

Buchman visited Latin America in 1931. While he was in Lima, Peru, revolution broke out with gunfire in the streets. In his normal, outgoing way, Buchman took an interest in his chauffeur, visiting his home and family. Eventually, the man told him he was on intimate terms with the men leading the revolution and that Buchman and his party could freely and safely be driven about the city in his car, which they were. While watching the flames of the burning city making the night sky red, Buchman had the thought, "We need emboldened leadership to meet the present world crisis."

Wherever he went in the world, Buchman poured himself out to provide and to train that leadership. His vision was simply stated: "New men, new nations, a new world." At a gathering in New England in the '30's, he said, "I do not know what all of you have come here looking for, but I am looking for one or two firebrands who will have the courage to catch this idea and take it all the way."[34]

His aim was to tilt the world Godwards, and yet he had the humility and common sense to go about it one person at a time. That meant that he dealt with all sorts of people with constantly unexpected results. A traveling salesman, James D. Newton, who was attracted to the happiness and vision he saw in Buchman's friends later got

Frank Buchman

a job as a sales executive with the Firestone tire company. Newton noticed that a son of the founder of the company was an alcoholic, and succeeded in passing on to that son some of the general discipline that he himself had caught from Buchman.

The resulting transformation in young Firestone so impressed his father, Harvey Firestone, that the senior man invited Frank Buchman to bring his Oxford Group to Akron, Ohio, for a series of meetings in 1932. Buchman brought sixty people and stayed for ten days, then moved on to his next target. But the effect of that visit was that certain men and women of Akron caught a glimpse of an outgoing concern for others that could free people from enslavement to any habit. They went on with Bill Wilson of New York to inspire the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous, now known everywhere.[35, 36]

Buchman's work took on heightened timeliness just prior to World War II, when while walking in the Black Forest near Freudenstadt in 1938 he had the thought, "The next great movement of the world will be a movement for the moral and spiritual re-armament of the nations." His work thus became known as Moral Re-Armament.

Buchman normally made speeches only once or twice a year. But in six months of 1938

he made twelve major speeches as the war clouds mounted higher in Europe. In England to address a gathering of 25,000 in Birmingham, he still found time to give attention to the wellsprings of his own faith. Just thirty years after his landmark experience at the service in Keswick, he revisited the same Titheburn Chapel one Sunday morning in July, 1938.

Again he found a woman preaching, this time Catherine Booth-Clibborn, a daughter of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. (Mrs. Booth-Clibborn had impressive credentials herself as a Christian revolutionary, having served twelve days in prison in Switzerland for her impassioned speaking.) [37]

A few days after hearing her speak, Buchman wrote to her:

"The church has hallowed memories for me because it was there I had my vision of the Cross. I came to Keswick this year to know more of God's Holy Spirit and I was glad to hear you speak about the Holy Spirit and fire. If you have anything further on this subject, please send it to me."

There is no evidence of any reply. [38]

The following month Buchman was in Sweden, where, as in the rest of Scandinavia, his work was drawing nationwide response. The press responded both favorably and bitingly. One woman journalist cynically called it

"American-style publicity." Buchman alluded to her clever criticism in a speech. Stung in conscience, she sent him a note of apology. He wrote in reply, "Private restitution is commendable. But public restitution cannot be ignored when a great cause has been publicly harmed."[39]

Another Swedish journalist wrote that year, of Buchman, "Look closely at his pictures and you will see something in his very expression, something almost distrait, a sort of listening... There is one basis only to his fabulously active life — guidance, for which he is openly on the watch at every moment."[40]

In 1939 Buchman invited "Bunny" Austin, a British Davis Cup tennis player, to come to the United States and help in the launching of the Moral Re-Armament program in North America. Austin had worked with Buchman in Britain, and was told the American tour would start with a week's vacation in Florida. Seven days following his arrival in Miami, a spent Austin reached New York after having been the principal speaker in a series of public meetings held up the length of the East Coast. "If this is a week's holiday with Buchman," he wrote, "what happens when the real work begins?"

In 1944 Buchman was recovering from a stroke in Sarasota, Florida. Three of his aides planned a morning of tennis with Austin, who

was by then serving in the U. S. Army and was visiting Buchman on leave. Buchman heard of the proposed outing and sent for one of the foursome, saying, "We must plan it."

The man replied, "It's all planned."

Buchman gave him a pained look and began dictating letters to his secretary to the different townspeople he had met, inviting them to an exhibition match featuring Austin. The town turned out, and Buchman's stimulating friendship spread throughout the area. [41]

Anyone studying the lives of Moody and Buchman is constantly struck by the fact that they did the same things and said the same things to a baffling degree. The explanation has to be that they were both at war with evil and were daily using their imaginative energies to produce self-giving people out of the otherwise ordinary individuals they ran into. Christianity meant shaping up and giving out your best. Moody said, "Is there a professing Christian who cannot lead some soul into the kingdom of God? If you cannot I want to tell you that there is something wrong in your life; you had better have it straightened out at once." [42] Buchman's way of putting it was, "If you're not winning, you're sinning." [43]

Such an approach brought opposition from those who preferred a less incisive role for religion. Moody was quick to spot it and

responded in his typically earthy way: "The man who howls about Moody is the man who has been hit. Did you ever notice when you throw a brick into a pack of dogs, the one who is hit yelps the loudest, while the others go off about their business?" [44]

Buchman's genius was that he enlarged the scope of his outreach beyond the confines of evangelistic campaigns into the mainstream of national and global life. The far-seeing Henry Drummond had called for just such a man, "whose outlook goes forth to the nation as a whole... the apostle of a new social order... He places the accent not on the progress of a church, but the kingdom of God." [45]

Prior to America's entering World War II, Buchman's people created a musical revue entitled *You Can Defend America*, aimed at mobilizing the country to put down Hitler and using the crisis to recall the nation's heritage. The revue's three cardinal points were:

Sound Homes
Teamwork in Industry
A United Nation

Following the war, this use of drama continued, building on Shakespeare's insight, "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king." [46]

In the fall of 1945 a British journalist named Peter Howard came to America to join Buch-

man. Howard's initial reaction to New York City had a Moody-like ring to it: "Wealth unimaginable but a metallic quality even about the architecture and about the faces of the citizens — drive, thrust, clash, cash. Above all cash. For those who want to worship mammon New York is their Mecca... It could be the powerhouse to make the dreams of humanity come true."*

Buchman quickly sensed the potential that lay in Howard, and said to him on one occasion, "Peter, you will be the Drummond of this generation for the nations." Howard replied, "Frank, you must help me." Buchman answered, "Yes, I mean to. I will."[47]

Except for summer conferences held in Michigan or in Switzerland, Buchman's life was one of almost constant travel. Normally he spoke simply, but he could also be profound, as on one occasion in Germany in 1949, when he said:

"Each age holds a capital of ideas in trust for its successors... Saving a crumbling civilization is past. It has crumbled. Today this feverish world flattened by war requires we transmit this capital to all and sundry, each of us in our own fashion, so far as we have profited from it...

*See page 27.

"The Kingdom of God is symbolic of a definiteness of experience directly observable by someone else. Not easily describable to someone else. They have to use the evidence of their senses. What is directly observable as prominent in someone's experience is a peace, a confidence, a recovery of freedom and spontaneity of thought, of will and nerve. This is observable but not joinable. You have to experience it for yourself.

"At Keswick I experienced the recuperative and restorative processes of God... Moral Re-Armament is the continuity of such moments in the lives of all sorts of people, the outcome sometimes affecting their governments. With a world itself still in the making, what exactly does MRA aim at remaking? Remaking what is wrong? It is more than this. It is adding to what is already right. It is being originative of relevant alternatives to evil, in economics, government policies, etc. Christ's basic experience for the human race." [48]

Following World War II Buchman's keenest concern was for the rebuilding of Europe. He brought a group of two hundred people to Germany, including the casts of two stage plays. While in Freudenstadt he visited the hotel where he had often stayed in the '30's.

The owner recounted of this visit, "Especially I remember our old cook who had been

forty years with us at the hotel. Frank Buchman invited her to ride with him in the big American car belonging to a friend who was driving him in Germany. They drove to Rippoldsau. Afterwards our good old Rosa just said, 'Well, I have made coffee for thousands of people in this hotel, for Kings, Princes and the most famous people in the world. Not one of them has ever thanked me. But today I have been able to sit in the best seat and drive in this car with this gentleman. This is the finest day of my life!" [49]

Buchman cared about the Chancellor as well as the cook. Ten years later Konrad Adenauer wrote to Buchman, "You have given most valuable stimulus to the great work of uniting Europe."

The Chancellor had solid evidence for making such a statement. At the start of his action in Germany, Buchman had visited the head of the German Coal Board. The latter asked, "Tell me, Dr. Buchman, what can I do for Germany?" "I do not know, but God can tell you," was the reply.

The next day the industrialist telephoned with an invitation for Buchman to bring his international task force to a mining town of the Ruhr which was a principal center for Communist activity. [50] Buchman responded and the result helped shape modern history. Paul Kur-

owski, a Ruhr miner, wrote, "As an official of the Communist Party of Germany, I often had the chance to meet leading revolutionaries. In their private lives most of these were no different from the rest of mankind... In 1948, through a stage play, I learned of another revolutionary force. The thing that gripped me was their quality of life, which was something I didn't have, and which didn't exist among my Party comrades. I got more and more interested."

Kurowski got to know Buchman. "The atmosphere that surrounded this man was for me something completely new. There was a peace, a love, a caring and a great humility. I had not met a man like this before. We talked about great forces that are moving the world, and he listened very patiently to my ideas. Frank Buchman never tried to convert me. He never tried to answer my anti-religous points of view. He just had faith in the best in me, just as he always believed in the best in everybody. I felt in him a deep sense of religion. I was constantly amazed how much he cared for the smallest needs of people... This man is the greatest revolutionary whom I have ever met." [51]

Just as Henry Drummond's letters give an unparallelled insight into Dwight Moody's life, so the letters of Peter Howard do for the life of Buchman. Traveling with Buchman in Rome in

1950, Howard wrote to his wife Doë, "Buchman is very direct and down-to-earth and he is not daunted by those who don't like it."

Howard also wrote of his own part in this Italian tour, "My main work is with youth. They are as charming as heaven and as selfish as hell. The young people are hungry for fun and also for the deepest spiritual truth you can give. You cannot afford one word or moment off parade. If you do, you lose them."

Later, "In the last days at Rome I have had the best times I ever have had with Buchman. I have talked out in the fullest and simplest terms with him the whole future of the work."

The following year Howard wrote from Michigan, where Buchman was holding a conference: *The New York Times* man arrived at crack of dawn yesterday and Buchman was great with him. His opening line was, 'I am paid to be cynical.' Whereupon Buchman on introducing him to everybody and anybody remarked, 'Now don't give him anything positive. Give him the negatives. That's what he wants.' The fellow was much captivated by all this." [52]

Buchman had the wavelength of people of all ages. Three teen-aged brothers, in the entertainment industry of Southern California, wrote of meeting him in 1951: "We went to sing at a special luncheon. Just before lunch someone introduced us to Frank Buchman. He was

seventy-three then and rather disabled. He was wearing a dark blue suit. He took one look at our loud California sports jackets and said with a twinkle in his eye, 'My, look at those beautiful coats, I must go and change right away.' He disappeared through a doorway and reappeared a few moments later sporting a bright grey-and-black checked jacket rivalled in gaiety and color only by those we wore. An old man with such a young heart knew how to win rascals like us."[53]

An English woman, Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, also tells of meeting Buchman in Los Angeles: "There was a great dinner one night, to which a number of the Hollywood people came. It was the best fun. There were numbers of young people around Frank Buchman, and, as usual, lots of songs, music and laughter. This creative vitality, spontaneity and freedom around Frank Buchman are a real joy. A complex varied group of great talent, who are absolutely open and loyal to each other, do produce an irresistable sense of freedom, joy and harmony when they are together... The times I loved best were spent with the small parties of those trained in this fellowship. Everyone worked hard and accomplished miracles in everyday living, but the clatter and fuss usually attendant on this world of work and the pressure of time was never allowed to exist, although

Frank Buchman is a most punctual man." [54]

Buchman was in San Francisco in September of 1952 where the Japanese Peace Treaty was to be signed. Just as he had helped to put a new spirit into Germany after the war, so he had similar concern about the Japanese. Five of the seven Japanese signatories to the Treaty dined with Buchman the night before the conference opened.

Howard's letters give a sense of the depth of Buchman's purpose: "Each day I breakfast... and then we have a brief conference with Buchman and go to the Assembly meetings with the Peace delegates. We have really been the only ones to care for the Japanese... (*Canadian Foreign Minister Lester*) Pearson's speech at the Assembly was the only one which showed any understanding of what the Japanese are really feeling. He said, 'We must not forget that the Japanese themselves have suffered very greatly.' He said it with warmth. And that afternoon (*Japanese Prime Minister Shigeru*) Yoshida called upon him. It is amazing what the simplest piece of constructive action does.

"It is a significant but hardly believable fact that at the first banquet last night, neither (*U. S. Secretary of State Dean*) Acheson nor (*Australian Ambassador to the U. S. Sir Percy*) Spender nor (*California Governor Earl*) Warren, who all spoke, even mentioned Japan, though Yoshida

was the final after-dinner speaker and all the Japanese were keenly feeling their first reception into the family of nations. Acheson made a speech about dirty underwear. Spender, the Australian, is a better man, but the whole performance was shoddy." [55]

Buchman's thoughtful concern, contrasting so with that of the professional statesmen, would have been understood by Henry Drummond, who, following his trip to China and Japan in 1890, wrote, "The serious taking of every new country is not to be done by casual sharpshooters bringing down their man here and there, but by a carefully thought-out attack upon central points, or by patient seige planned with all a military tactician's knowledge." [56]

Later in 1952 Buchman traveled to Ceylon and India, accompanied by a group of 200. Every facet of national life was affected, but Buchman's use of Christmas was uniquely illuminating. Howard wrote from Delhi on December 26th: "We were up at crack of dawn on Christmas Day to prepare a full-scale presentation at the theatre — Christmas carols and finally *The Cowboy's Christmas* (a Nativity play set in the American West). The place was packed out with Hindus, Moslems, diplomats and M. P.'s. One Hindu said afterwards, 'It gave me an absolutely fresh idea of what Christians are meant to be like.' At the end, although the

curtain was down, they came backstage in hundreds and filed past the Crib for twenty minutes."

From Madras in March Howard again wrote: "To tea with an editor yesterday came an Indian who had acted as Buchman's personal secretary when he was out here in 1916. He is now an Anglo-Catholic priest, a rope around his middle and a lot of fun. He said when the editor talked of parasites who do not earn their daily bread, 'Parasites, parasites. You don't get into your office till ten, you write until eleven. Then you go out and do not come back. You spend the rest of the day drinking and you draw large sums of money for doing it. Parasites.' At which the editor roared with genuine laughter and said, 'He's got me in a corner.' " Thirty-seven years after having worked with Buchman, the priest obviously had nurtured Buchman's quality of calling a spade a spade!

Buchman seemed to have severed the taproot of ego which propels most people. While in India he had a visit from Lady Cripps, widow of Sir Stafford Cripps. She said afterwards to Peter Howard, "I wanted to see for myself. There is not an ounce of vanity in that man. It is a very rare thing."[57]

A younger man whom Buchman was training, J. Blanton Belk, once described life around

him as "a mixture of Christmas morning and Judgement Day!"* Buchman had the power of severity and used it where it was needed. To a princess he wrote, "You demand everything from others and give nothing yourself. Such an attitude will deprive your country of the very thing you want for it... It is about time someone told you the truth."[59]

Howard wrote, "One thing that makes some people shear off from Buchman is his wholehearted uncompromising attack on evil. He never lets one thing pass, whether in a kitchen or a conference."

Like Moody before him, Buchman zeroed in on a passage written by the apostle Paul: "First Corinthians 6:9-11 can be a reality and then people can forgive and forget. You may have to know how to redirect and how to forget if you are to be a remaker of men."[60]**

In 1954 Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune encountered Buchman's work. She was the black

*Using the loftier phrases of another era, Robert E. Speer once said a similar thing of Moody: "If ever there was a man who believed in the inexorable righteousness of God and at the same time in His forgiving goodness and the tenderness of His fatherly love, it was Mr. Moody."[58]

**See page 46.

student at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago in whom Moody had taken a particular interest. In the intervening years she had built up an impressive record of service to her country, and when she saw what Buchman was doing she became an immediate participant in the program, calling it "the crowning experience of my life."

MARY MCLEOD BETHUNE

My goals came to me in the moments of meditation which I spent with myself and with learning to live with God... "Take time to be holy..." I have learned to give myself — freely — unreservedly to the guidance of the inner voice in me.

I can remember when I longed to know the inner voice and searched my mind for an answer to its meaning. It came about in the late hours of those nights when I listened to my mother. She held her lonely vigils when she thought everyone in the house was asleep. There she was in the dark, on her knees. I knew the form, sometimes silhouetted by the moonlight which poured in upon her kneeling there — sometimes beside her bed, sometimes beside a chair. She would ask God for faith, for strength, for love, for forgiveness, for knowledge, for food and clothing — not for herself but for her children, and for all the poor people. I gained faith in her way, when I saw these things she prayed for coming to pass...

As I grew I knew what it meant to absorb my will into the will of God... Part of learning His will was in the

Mary McLeod
as a student at the
Moody Bible Institute

secret of knowing how to hold the faith with the desire, and how to work continually to bring things to pass... I put all negative thoughts away from me, as I do now, and then and there, I affirmed my needs, my hopes, and my aspirations...

I give my best at all times and accept without complaint the results. I expect the best... Because of this growing, giving, learning experience, I believe that I shall have greater capacity for receiving when I shall see Him Who is the foundation for my life. We hear much about "readiness" today in the field of education. I am ready to read the signs of the times, to act with faith and love and wisdom toward a world where all men are brothers. [61]

Buchman spoke of "the marvel of the life of Mary McLeod Bethune" [62] and had his friends make a stage play and a motion picture of her story, entitled *The Crowning Experience*.*

Buchman had humor, fire, and a respect for the best traditions of the past. And no one ever knew what was coming next. Once while visiting Australia in 1957, his party included a German prince. A happy-go-lucky young Aussie

*Buchman's emphasis on motion pictures caused a film studio to be built in Michigan in 1959. A gift of Phelps Dodge copper wire was used in its construction, striking evidence of the enduring influence of Anson Phelps.

had the group to his home for a meal. Waving his hand, the host pointed out a seat at the table for each of the guests in turn, winding up with, "and Prince Richard, you can just pull up the piano bench at the end." At that point Buchman exploded with indignation at the shabby treatment of this guest, and a speedy regrouping followed.

Two years later, meeting in America with a group of Australians including that impulsive host, Buchman said, "Now, I know your country; I've been there. I usually sat on a piano stool..."*

Men and women would come away from gatherings at which Buchman had spoken knowing with certainty that he had referred to some action or event specifically for their benefit. It was surprising how much he knew, and it gave that person a sense that they mattered midst the sweep of concerns which obviously Buchman

*A house in Melbourne was subsequently given to Buchman as a base for his activities in that country. "Bunny" Austin and his wife, acting as host and hostess in the home, wrote, "It was a beautiful home whose great feature was its variety of trees. Frank was in America. But frequent letters arrived from him, making sure we were caring for those trees and that no harm was coming to them. One might have imagined that Frank had nothing else to do in life but to think and care for that home, for its former owner and for those trees twelve thousand miles away." [63]

had in front of him.

At the age of eighty Buchman was given a large home in the foothills north of Tucson, Arizona. When he moved in he retained Arnold, the young Mexican-American gardener whom the former owner had employed. Arnold had a refreshing, spontaneous spirit which Buchman valued, yet would be absent from the job from time to time for a day or more, which Buchman accurately attributed to a drinking problem.

Buchman laid it on the line to Arnold: no more drinking, and Buchman could be more than firm. For several weeks after that confrontation, Arnold failed to show up. One phone call could have hired a new gardener, but members of Buchman's household did the work instead. There was more at stake than citrus trees and roses.

Then one day Arnold showed up again, a new light in his eye and a new spring in his step. He knew he had met someone he could not fool, and if discipline was part of a friendship he valued, then that was all right with him.

Buchman's thought was constantly out questing the potential of other people. "If I thought about myself, it would be awful," he once said in his senior years. Austin wrote, "He really did not think about himself. When his doctor came to see him one morning, the doctor asked him how he was. 'I don't know,' an-

swered Frank, 'you haven't told me yet.' "[64]

And his friendship was for life. On one occasion in Washington, D. C., news of Buchman's worldwide work was being given to leaders from many countries gathered at a garden party. A medical doctor who had been listening said, "May I tell you something? Forty years ago I was at Penn State College. Frank Buchman and the men who worked with him were a transforming force in the whole life of the place. I used to see a light on in Frank's room until two or three o'clock in the morning, night after night. The students used to wait in line to see him."

Turning to Buchman he said, "I was at that time the only black man at State College. You, Frank, were my friend."

"And I still am! I still am!" replied Buchman. [65]

FRANK BUCHMAN

Now make no mistake. I do not say that this message will be wholly popular. It stirs the conscience. That is uncomfortable. It will always be open to misinterpretation by those who wish to escape it. But it comes as illumination to those who are ready.

Let me tell you how it came to me. Just forty years ago I was divided. Just as nations today are divided. Materialism was winning its battle in my heart. I went to Europe to try to escape. But my battle came with me.

One day, in England, God showed me the cost of my pride and my materialism. I admitted it. That is the first step. Get honest.

I said, "Sorry" -- first to God, then to those I had wronged. That is the second step.

I learned to listen to God. I accepted His commission to bring an answer to men and nations. That is the third step.

God is calling men everywhere to be the instruments of union. It comes not by conferences, not by laws, not by resolutions and pious hopes, but by change.

Change is the heart of the superior ideology.

As individuals change, a new climate comes to the nation's life. As leaders change, policies become inspired and the nation's life-blood flows again. As statesmen change, the fear of war and chaos will lift. The most difficult will respond to the firm, united but humble voice of reborn democracy.

Why should there be catastrophe again when, with God, renaissance is inevitable?

That is the new pattern of freedom for all nations. Shall it be a new Dark Age for Europe and the world? Or shall it be a worldwide Renaissance of the moral and spiritual forces everywhere, bursting into life and bringing at the last moment a miracle to mankind?

Which shall it be? The decision lies in your hands. [66]

Buchman, drawing on the streams from the past, launched a global effort to make God the reference point in human affairs. He riveted his message on the four absolute moral standards first defined by Robert Speer and given traction by Henry Wright, and on the direct, disciplined

listening for God's guidance as pioneered by F. B. Meyer and again employed by Henry Wright.

But the key to Buchman's remarkable success in solving labor-management disputes at National Airlines, and at the Miami bus lines, the healing between nations such as France and Germany after World War II, and also between Japan and the Philippines, and Japan and the United States, was the personal Moody/Drummond/Wright approach of changing the lives of all types of people, high and low, whose composite effect swung their nations as a door swings on hinges.

Buchman, more than any of his predecessors, saw in the life and message of Christ a universal solution to the world's ills; a message that could be applied in all cultures, among people of all religions. That was his revolution. A dimension unrestricted by dogma or doctrine. In later years he called it an ideology for all peoples. He let the heart of Christ's message escape from its man-made prison bars, presenting it so that Buddhist monks, African leaders steeped in Islam, Japanese Prime Ministers of Shinto heritage, that statesmen like Mahatma Ghandi could say, "This is the best thing that has come out of the West." [67]

Frank Buchman died in August of 1961. Peter Howard summed up his life in the follow-

ing words: "Buchman for half-a-century strode fearlessly forward, proclaiming old truths in new ways, facing decadent generations with a decision to let God clean up themselves and their nations from top to bottom. He challenged the statesman and the ordinary man with standards which if accepted, meant revolution in all they think and do. In the landslide of morality and the shifting sands of an age of license, he gave the solid rock of eternal values and truth."[68]

Howard was to survive Buchman by four years. Just as there were striking parallels in the careers of Moody and Buchman, so were there similarities in the lives of Drummond and Howard, much as Buchman had predicted. As Drummond had done in 1877, Howard went on a speaking tour of American and Canadian universities in 1964. The similarity may have occurred to Howard, who the year before had written, "Drummond used to meet and change the students of his day. His life changed the course of a generation."[69]

The tours of both men included Williams, Dartmouth and Amherst colleges. Howard went coast-to-coast, and, seen through the eyes of history, fittingly included a speech at Fisk University in Nashville, home of the still-functioning Fisk Jubilee Singers. That was the musical group that had performed with Moody in Scotland in 1873 at the time Moody first

enlisted Drummond to work with him.

Drummond's speaking tour had produced "movements of the deepest interest." Howard's tour was the seedbed from which the present-day *Up With People* program sprang.

Peter Howard died unexpectedly in February of 1965. Words of Drummond spoken seventy-five years earlier fit his death:

"For Providence cares less for winning causes than that men, whether losing or winning, should be great and true; cares nothing that reforms should drag their course from year to year bewilderingly, but that men and nations, in carrying them out, should find their education, discipline, unselfishness and growth in grace. These lessons learned, the workers may be retired — not because the cause is won, but because it is not won; because He has other servants, some at lesser tasks, some half-employed or unemployed, whom He must needs call into the field. For one man to do too much for the world is in one sense the whole world's loss. So it may be that God withdraws his workers even when their hands are fullest and their souls most ripe: to fill the vacancies with still growing men, and enrich many with the loss of one." [70]

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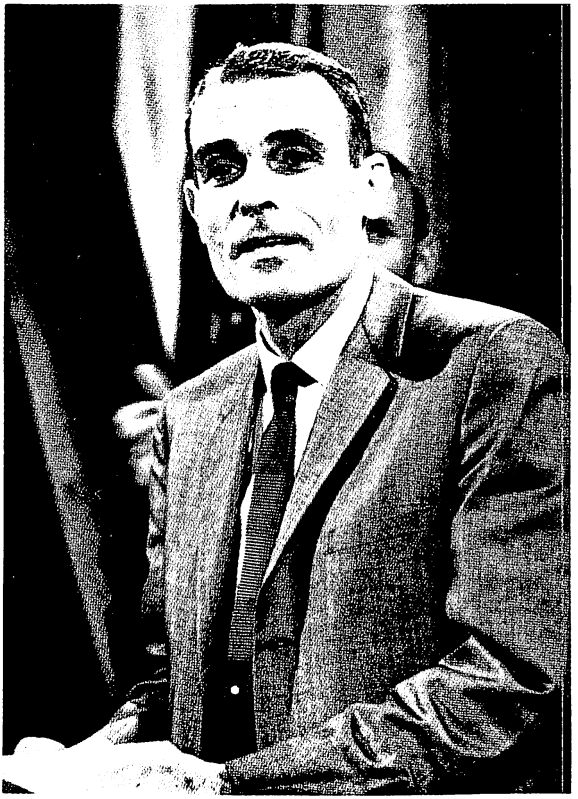

Peter Howard

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APPENDIX I

The following letter, reproduced in Moody's own spelling and punctuation, shows his faithfulness over the decades to an early friend. It was contributed by Frances (Mrs. Brewster) Bingham of Hamden, Connecticut, a granddaughter of Langdon Ward, "Mr. Wards" of the text.

Moody, as a high-spirited seventeen-year-old fresh in from the country, had been required by his employer uncle to attend the Mount Vernon Congregational Church in Boston, where Moody observed Ward and recalled it forty years later:

City of Mexico
Apr 10, 1895

My dear Mr Strong

When I went to Boston in 1855 I had never been to a prayer meeting in my life and the first prayer meeting I ever attended was at Mt. Vernon Church and the man whose prayers touched me the most was dear Mr. Wards I was always glad when he got up to pray and I thought he was the best man I have ever seen When he came in to the meeting I would look on him and wonder if I ever could become like him and When he spoke to me the night I was before the Council his words touched my heart greatly and I have always thought of him as one of the best men

If he is still living give him much love and tell him to be shure and come to Northfield this summer and if not living then I will wait a little longer and see him in another country

Yours as ever

D. L. Moody

P S I will go next week to Fort Worth Texas and will be glad to hear all about the dear man of God

APPENDIX II

DWIGHT MOODY

There are two lives that Christians lead; one before the world, wherein we manifest God; and there is a life that we must live alone with God, and sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ. The longer I live, and the older I grow, the more convinced I am that there are times when we must sit quietly at the feet of Jesus, and only let God speak to our souls.

Oh, young friend, learn that lesson. It will save you many a painful hour. Just keep quietly alone, and learn of Jesus. You know it is when a man is alone with his wife that he tells her the precious secrets of his soul. It is not when the family are around, or when there is company there. So, when we want to get the secrets of heaven, we want to be alone with Jesus, and listen that He may come and whisper to our souls.

The richest hours I have ever had with God have not been in great assemblies like this, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus. But, in these days of steam and telegraph, we cannot get time to listen to Christ's whisper in our ears. We are so busy we do not choose the one thing needful. If we did, we would not talk so much as we would listen, and when we did speak, it would be only when we had something to say. We would hear words that came from the Master, and they would burn down deep into our souls and bring forth fruit. [1]

APPENDIX III

Excerpts from Henry B. Wright's handwritten notes, from which he gave an address entitled *The Absolute Standards of Jesus* on twelve different occasions in New England communities, 1905-07. [2]

THE ABSOLUTE STANDARDS OF JESUS

Bibliography: Speer — Principles of Jesus, Chapter VI

Is there an absolute standard of right and wrong? There is. Four things Jesus insisted upon. His demands are absolute. No swerving — In each instance his warning of the issue (*consequence*) of a life lived in defiance to the principle is terrible.

Jesus insisted upon absolute standards of:

(1) Purity

"Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that every one that looketh... to lust... hath committed adultery... already in his heart."

Issue:

"And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not the whole body be cast into hell."

Sensuality is the grave of the soul.

(2) Honesty

"Without are the dogs, and the sorcerers, and the fornicators, and the murders, and the idolaters, and

every one that loveth and maketh a lie. I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things."

Issue: "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much: and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much."

A lie is damning.

(3) Unselfishness

"So therefore whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

Issue: "Whosoever would save his life, shall lose it."

The selfish man is lost.

(4) Love

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

Issue: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life."

Eternal punishment.

Jesus forgave one of each.

Woman in adultery — go and sin no more.

Thief on cross — today with me in paradise.

Peter — feed my lambs.

James — brother — he appeared first of all to James.
(handwriting obscure)

"So if you lose the blessing, the only spot on earth where you need look for it, if you wish to take it up to thee again, is the very spot where you lost it."

APPENDIX IV

FRANK BUCHMAN

Excerpts from lecture notes taken by students at Hartford Seminary, 1921-22: [3]

God-consciousness comes in activity, not passivity. When you are definitely expressing yourself in the lives of men.

Sin: A look
A thought
A fascination
A fall

Deal with sin: Hate
Forsake
Confess
Restore

Nothing is clearer than the everyday, matter-of-fact, inevitable way the Apostolic Church referred to the Spirit. ...the joy and strength of every man.

Sin is the disease
Christ is the cure
The result is a miracle.

"The Lord Jehovah hath given me the tongue of disciples that are taught, that I may know how to sustain with words him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as disciples that are taught."

We have to know the sins that rob people of God... Medicine rests on knowing what is wrong with the patient.

Do people hunt you out and tell you things they never told anyone else before?

Either fire in me or I in the fire.

"No real duties in life ever conflict."

Read people like a book. They like it.

"And Jesus arose a great while before day *as his custom was.*" ... Must spend enough time to get fed.

Put principle before friendship.

Phillipians 4:4-7. Moody's paraphrase:
Careful about nothing
Prayerful about everything
Thankful for anything

Remorse — sorrow for sin when you will do it again.
Repentance — sorry enough to quit.

APPENDIX V

PARALLELS

An immense effort and outlay on the part of men who have personally nothing to gain by the movement, neither position, nor money, nor reputation...

1876 account of Moody and Sankey in New York [5]

Riches, reputation or rest have been for none of us the motives of association.

Preamble to the articles of incorporation, Buchman's work in America. [6]

I am willing to work at the front or behind or outside or inside and will go where they say only for the sake of the Master let us get the work pushed this season.

Moody, in a letter to a Chicago committee. [7]

You have to create situations, sometimes lead from behind, sometimes in front, know when to go in and when not to go in.

Buchman, speaking to friends in Australia. [8]

We must get in sympathy — make their case ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power.

Moody [9]

Every man will only finally succeed in gaining the victory in himself so that it includes others.

Drummond [10]

True victory is not a growth, it's a gift. It's a gift from Christ. It is as you give yourself that God comes.

Buchman [11]

Living out into other people's lives, their hopes, fears, dreams and difficulties, is an art to be learned from God and lived each day.

Howard [12]

... the expulsive power of a new emotion.

Drummond [13]

... the expulsive power of a new affection.

Buchman [14]

Out of self and into Christ.

Moody [15]

Out of self, into Christ, and out to others.

Buchman [16]

Many try to stir up spiritual life by going to meetings. These may be well enough; but it will be of no use, unless they get into contact with the living Christ.

Moody [17]

There are meetings this afternoon: the lawyers, the educationalists. These are important, but there is another more important. Cancel all others if you must for this one — the meeting between God and yourself.

Buchman [18]

Don't talk an inch beyond your experience.

Moody [19]

Speak up to your own experience, but not beyond it.

Buchman [20]

APPENDIX V

COMMUNICATING

If God has given you a message, go and give it to the people as God has given it to you... Make your message, and not yourself, the most prominent thing... Set your heart on what God has given you to do, and don't be so foolish as to let your own difficulties or your own abilities stand in the way.

Moody [21]

A man's only right to publish an address is that he thinks the thing said there *is not being said* otherwise.

Drummond [22]

The great temptation, as in the case of writing a book, is to keep putting it off until you are a little more perfect.

Wright [23]

Read the Old Testament... "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." Does it say "publish" there? There is publicity.

Buchman [24]

Perhaps the best advice given to a writer was by Arnold Bennett who, when asked how to do it replied, "Apply a

pen to paper, a seat to a chair and remain there until results are obtained."

Howard [25]

If you cannot express yourself on any subject, struggle 'till you can. You must struggle to get expression experimentally, then there will come a time when that expression will become the very wine of strengthening to someone else. Try to re-state to yourself what you implicitly feel to be God's truth, and you give God a chance to pass it on to someone else through you.

Chambers* [26]

*Oswald Chambers was a Scotsman who was influenced in his early years by Charles Spurgeon, F. B. Meyer, and Jessie Penn-Lewis. One of his books, *My Utmost for His Highest*, was widely read by Buchman's early associates. The above quote is from *Run Today's Race*.

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Appendicies

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INDEX

In the 1800's a man worked to give a faith in God to underprivileged boys in a large American city.

As his effectiveness increased, he gave up his salaried position to devote himself full-time to affecting other people's lives. Rejecting an offer of financial backing if he would set up his activities in New York City, he set sail for England. Visits to Cambridge and Oxford Universities resulted in a movement, spearheaded by youth, which circled the globe.

Forty years later another American did all those things over again.

This narrative traces the common stream which ran through the careers of both men, picking up the subtle and fascinating ways in which the former influenced the latter.