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to the current statistics of English Romanism, which we believe to be far from flourishing, or from being likely to flourish, under its present conditions, and through the various causes which we have tried to explain: causes which we may sum up, shortly, as Roman; but which are also Catholic, in the sense that they prevail, and are at present still increasing, throughout the Roman Catholic Church, and not least among the English Romanists, who since 1850 have been absolutely prostrate under the benumbing hand of Rome.

Revival Memories: D. L. Moody's Visit to London in 1875.

By the Rev. Canon W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A.

D. L. MOODY'S work during the two eventful years that he spent in the British Isles reached its culminating point in his visit to London in 1875. Probably his series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall was attended by a larger number of human beings than had ever before been drawn to any series of religious meetings in the history of the world. It was computed that somewhere about 20,000 attended the earlier gatherings; but as it was found that a very considerable number of those present each night heard most imperfectly, while many did not hear at all, and as this had a tendency to interfere with the stillness and solemnity of the services, it was thought expedient to make certain structural alterations which reduced the number of sittings to about 15,000. As, however, there was no diminution in the interest, this enormous accommodation proved quite insufficient, and hundreds night by night had to be denied admittance.

These huge gatherings were made up of "all sorts and conditions of men," from Cabinet Ministers and noblemen to costermongers and people from the slums. Mr. Gladstone, then in the zenith of his fame, was present, I believe, on several

occasions. He met Moody in the committee-room before one of his services; and when he had been introduced to him, putting one hand upon the preacher's breast and one between his shoulders, he exclaimed: "What a depth of chest!" Reaching up his finger towards Mr. Gladstone's forehead, Moody replied with characteristic readiness: "I only wish that I had that thing on the top of it!" There the great political orator might be seen sitting on the platform, and listening with every appearance of eager interest to the somewhat rugged utterances of perhaps the only man of his time that could draw larger audiences than even himself, and watching, with probably even greater interest and amazement, the long line of "anxious inquirers" who, in response to the preacher's appeal, rose and made their way into the rooms set apart for their service.

Dean Stanley also came to hear him, and subsequently invited him to dine with him at the Deanery. After dinner they had a long friendly discussion, in the course of which the Dean remarked: "I was greatly interested in the meeting that I attended in the Agricultural Hall. The enormous crowds, the hearty singing, and the evident and eagerly responsive attention of that vast multitude, were all very impressive. I was also myself much interested in your address, if you will let me say so, and feel sure that you must needs be doing a great deal of good. At the same time I must, in all honesty, say that I could not go along with all that you said." "Is that so?" replied Moody. "And what was it that you could not go along with?" "Well, I understood you to say," answered the Dean, "that good and amiable actions performed by those who are not what you would call Christians are not acceptable to God. Now, surely that cannot be so? A good and amiable action must be acceptable to God, just because it is good and amiable, quite apart from any consideration of the spiritual condition or experience of the person who performs it." "Suppose," replied Moody, "that a child of yours was sitting at this table, and that you said to her, 'My dear, go and fetch me that glass from the bottom of the table,' and she were

to reply, 'I won't!' and subsequently obstinately refused to obey your repeated commands, and finally, after defying your authority, she were to fling out of the room in a pet. And suppose that after all this, as you were walking in the garden, feeling very much pained and hurt at your child's disobedience and defiance, she were to come up to you and offer you a flower from her little garden, would you accept it before she had humbled herself and shown some sort of repentance for her fault?" "He didn't meet my argument," said Moody, in relating the incident to me; "but, unfortunately, you see, he had no children, so he could not appreciate the force of it as he would have done if he had been a father himself."

One of Moody's most interested hearers was the first Lord Cairns—a man who was regarded by all as one of the greatest statesmen of his time. I remember hearing of a Jew whose conversion was brought about by noticing the interest that Lord Cairns took in the services. I suppose that this man had been led to attend one of the meetings merely out of curiosity, and looked upon the whole of the proceedings rather as a joke; but he came early to secure a good seat, and when he noticed that Lord Cairns had come early for the same reason, and was content to spend the best part of an hour of his valuable time thus waiting patiently for the proceedings to commence, he began to reflect somewhat after this fashion: "What does this mean? Here is Lord Cairns, one of the ablest men of the time and Lord Chancellor of England, sitting in this hall by the hour to hear this illiterate Yankee. There surely must be something in it, or such a man would never waste his time like that. If it does him any good, I don't see why it should not do me some good too." And this thought so took hold of him that, long before the meeting commenced, his feelings of contemptuous indifference had given place to earnest interest and even expectation, and so he was ready for the word when it came, and it proved a message of life to his soul.

Moody showed his good generalship in attacking London, one may almost say in the centre, to begin with. People from

the East and West, as well as from the North, crowded into that vast structure, and thus the interest spread both East and West; and this paved the way for his further efforts. While he was labouring there a huge wooden structure was being erected for his use at Bow, from which he hoped to reach the East-Enders, while Her Majesty's Opera House at the Haymarket was secured for the aristocrats and plutocrats of the West End. It was with the greatest reluctance that Moody withdrew from this vantage-ground, and he arranged for the continuance of the services there by other evangelists for some weeks after he had begun work elsewhere. His next effort was at Bow Hall, where his work was largely amongst the working classes and the very poor. But he was just as successful here as amongst the lower middle-class folk, who constituted the bulk of his congregation at the Agricultural Hall. Moody was himself so impressed with the work there that he hesitated to leave it in order to begin his labours at the Opera House, which was a much smaller building, and would not hold more than 5,000 people, I suppose, when crammed to its utmost capacity.

He got the late Sir Arthur Blackwood to commence the services there, while he remained a little longer amongst the poor people in the East; but when pressed by his committee to commence operations at the West End, he ultimately solved the problem by doubling his own labours, and preaching in both places night after night. He would begin his meeting at Bow Hall at 7 p.m., and as soon as he had finished his address would leave someone else to manage the after-meeting, and, leaping into a hansom provided with a swift horse, would drive as fast as the horse's legs would take him to the West End. The social habits of the West-Enders made it desirable that the meeting should begin at a late hour, and it would often be nearer nine than eight when he appeared on the platform.

The strain of this double effort must have been tremendous; but the last thing that he ever thought of was himself. His own fatigue counted for nothing, if only he could gather in the harvest that seemed so strangely abundant.

I remember spending the best part of a day with him in a suburban residence somewhere in the North of London, just before he began his work in the West End. We had been enjoying a quiet game of croquet together; this, I think, was at that time his favourite recreation, and he showed his perfect naturalness in thoroughly appreciating it. The contest had ended, I remember, very much to his advantage, and we sat down in the summer-house together to talk over the work that lay before him in the near future. I remember making some remark to the effect that I wondered how his innumerable anecdotes would go down with the fastidious and even supercilious West-Enders. He was silent for a moment, as if he were weighing the force of my suggestion, and then answered: "I don't know about anecdotes; but mind you, 'lustrations will hold their own with any kind of audience, whether educated or illiterate."

I have often since thought of the profound truth of that remark, and of the knowledge that it showed of human nature, and I would recommend my younger brethren in the ministry to make a note of it. The sequel showed how amply his conclusion was justified. Never was the West End of London so reached and stirred as during Moody's visit to the Haymarket in 1875. The streets were simply blocked with the carriages of the aristocracy. More than once Moody had to appeal to the Christian people present to get up and retire from the hall, so as to make room for those who needed the Gospel more than they; and it was a wonderful testimony both to his personal influence and to the infection of his zeal for souls that his appeal usually was successful. At Camberwell, on one occasion, he demanded that a thousand Christian people should rise from their seats and make room for some of the multitude that were surging outside in the street. Up rose no less than *two thousand* persons, convicted in their own hearts of spiritual selfishness, and as they streamed out by one door the masses from outside poured in by the others.

A friend of mine who was acting as steward on that occasion saw an elderly person making signals to him, and on his

approaching her, she asked: "Do you think, sir, that I ought to go out?" "That is a matter between yourself and God, my dear madam; I could not presume to decide for you." "Oh, that's all right; I have been on the Lord's side for a great number of years." "Well, but perhaps you have come up from the country just on purpose to attend this meeting, and I wouldn't like to be hard on you." "Oh no; I live in London." "Well, but perhaps you have never heard Mr. Moody before, and in that case I should be sorry to cause you disappointment." "Oh no; this is not the first time that I have heard him." "Indeed, and about how often have you heard him before?" "Let me see, I think this is the sixty-third time!" Needless to say, the good lady was unceremoniously dismissed; but the fact that so inveterate a "sermon-taster" volunteered such a confession witnessed to the extraordinary influence that Moody exercised over the consciences as well as the wills of those who crowded to hear him. There are few things harder to deal with than religious selfishness.

It is not easy to say how far the amazing hold that Moody gained on the West-Enders was productive of real and permanent spiritual results. That he caught their ears, so that, for the time, it became quite the correct thing to spend the evening at the Opera House, but not to hear an opera, cannot be questioned; but the habit of reserve in which such people are trained rendered it difficult to help them in the after-meeting, and probably many who were impressed slipped through his hands just because they would not humble themselves to receive that help. Perhaps more was done than showed upon the surface, and probably many a country parish may have benefited by a changed life at the hall without its being known that the change was due to Moody's work at the West End.

For business men his style possessed a peculiar fascination; for he was himself before anything else a business man, doing business for eternity. Probably his addresses delivered to men of this class were amongst the most effective of his mission utterances. The directness and homeliness of his "straight

talks," his strong common sense and fearless candour, appealed very forcibly to the sympathies of his audience, and left behind results that are, after thirty years, still appreciable. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the capacity of reproducing the persons and events of yesterday in the clothes of to-day, which, although it might expose him to criticism on the score of taste, gave to his presentations of antique incidents a freshness and vividness which made them real to his nineteenth-century audience.

Here, for example, is his version of Zacchæus' reparation, given just as it remains, and must remain as long as my mind works, embedded in my memory: "I picture to myself Zacchæus coming down to his office the day after his conversion. He calls two of his clerks into his private room and explains to them the decision that he has arrived at. 'Now,' says he to one, 'you and I must overhaul the books, while the other is ready to make out a statement of overcharge, and to draw up the cheques.' They haven't been at work very long before the clerk exclaims: 'I think there's something wrong here, sir.' 'Well, how much do you make it?' 'I find that we've overcharged this man to the extent of £60.' 'All right,' says Zacchæus to the other clerk, 'you make out a statement and draw up a cheque.' 'Shall I draw it for £60, sir?' asks the clerk. 'Why, no! Didn't I tell you it was to be fourfold? Draw a cheque for £240.'

"I can see the clerk setting forth on his round of visits that afternoon, with the cheques in his pocket. He meets the first man that he is looking for in his garden, just outside his front door, and is asked what he wants. 'I have come from Zacchæus' office,' he replies, 'and I want to see you on a little matter of business.' 'From Zacchæus! Ah! the old usurer! Hasn't he got enough out of me yet? What more does he want now?' 'I am happy to say, sir, he doesn't want to get any more out of you, but to give you back something.' 'He wants to give me back something! Come inside.'

"They enter the house together, and the clerk is asked to take

a seat. 'Now tell me what you really mean. Zacchæus wants to give me back something! That's a bit too much for me. What are you driving at?' 'Well, sir, Zacchæus has been overhauling his accounts, and he finds that he has overcharged you considerably in the matter of your taxes.' 'I know he did, the old rascal! but you don't mean to tell me that I'm ever going to see any of that money back!' 'Yes, sir; he's decided to pay back fourfold, and here is the cash. He overcharged you a matter of £60, so he has directed me to hand you this.' 'Two—hundred—and forty—pounds! What's the matter with the man? Is he going to die?' 'No, sir; I believe he's in the best of health.' Then, tapping his forehead with his finger: 'Is he going off his head?' 'No, sir; I believe he is in full possession of his senses: but I understand he was what you may call converted yesterday.' 'Converted, was he? Well, now I believe in conversion!' 'Yes, sir; they tell me that he was converted suddenly yesterday afternoon.' 'From this time forth, I believe in sudden conversions!' 'They say that he was converted up a tree.' 'Up a tree, was he? There are no conversions like conversions up a tree!'"

Ah, to think that thirty-three years have passed away since that wondrous flood-tide of spiritual influences swept over London, and yet to-day we are only where we are! Yet surely the mighty impulse of those stirring times is with us still. Moody has passed away, and, while I write these lines, the news comes that his gentle, kindly companion in arms, Ira D. Sankey, has also passed away; but all over our land to-day hundreds of clergymen and other ministers of the Gospel, as well as a multitude of laymen, are working with a directness of purpose and a skill in winning souls that would have been found only amongst the very few before that epoch-making campaign of the American evangelists.

In the next issue I hope to give some account of some of the early parochial Missions of our Church.