

# MOODY STILL LIVES

WORD PICTURES OF D. L. MOODY

by

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## CHAPTER TEN

### WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS

#### THE FAMILY CIRCLE

IN HIS home life Mr. Moody was particularly happy. He had one daughter and two sons. He adorned the relationships of son, husband, father, and neighbor.

Mrs. Moody was a choice lady. She had a serious, beautiful face, indicative of a lovely character. Born in London in 1843, she came to Chicago with her parents at the age of six. She told her daughter that she first met her future husband when she was 15, became engaged at 17, married at 19, and became a mother at 21.

Her hair became streaked with white owing to the horrors of the Chicago Fire in 1871, when she got separated from her two children for twenty-four hours.

No wife could mean more to her husband than she did. She was wholeheartedly with him in his Christian convictions and in his various soul-winning and welfare activities. But she was also complementary to him in many elements of character with which she helped him in the earlier years: reserved, well poised, thoughtful, much better educated, independent in judgment. She had social grace and charm.

Her home at Northfield was a model of hospitality, friendliness, and good breeding. Retiring in disposition, she was never seen taking public part in meetings, but she was a good neighbor, ever ready in time of sickness and need with sympathy and substantial help. She taught a Bible class in the local church, where her knowledge and wide experience made themselves felt in a quiet way. She travelled with Mr. Moody unless good reasons prevented, and helped with his heavy correspondence. He always relied on her judgment, and valued her for her full worth.

It seemed as if her interest in life went out with him. She survived him by less than four heart-broken years.

After Mr. Moody's passing, when Mrs. Moody was once talking with her daughter, she spoke of the contrast in her husband's preaching in the early years and later.

When first she knew him she said she used sometimes to cringe under his severity, but as he grew older a passionate note of tender appeal took its place. She thought the coming of his children helped that change in his character. She remembered hearing him say that no one had a right to preach hell except with a broken heart.

In 1894 our Irish Roman Catholic neighbors had a good-natured laugh at Mr. Moody's expense—in which of course he joined—on two counts: first, his friend the Wall Street broker who had been with his party in the Holy Land in 1892 had turned Catholic, and secondly, his daughter had married an Irishman. This daughter is the only person now living who was with her parents in the great experiences of the '70s and '80s in this country and overseas. She has priceless reminiscences that have never been put in print.

Among letters she has preserved is one her father wrote from Selma, Alabama, dated February 15, 1896. A new era opened in her father's life when his daughter and older son were married, both in 1894. A daughter Irene was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moody in August 1895, and a daughter Emma IV to Mr. and Mrs. Fitt in December 1895. The children were never out of their grandfather's heart and mind, whether he was at home or off on a campaign. His letter from Selma reads in part as follows:

"I am a wonder to myself. I never thought those children could get the hold on me they have. I do not know but I love them as much as I did my own. I wish I could see them to-day. I am thinking when I get home I will have them at my table, one on each side of me . . . Kiss the baby for me and give her a good hug for me! Your loving Father."

When we were absent in Great Britain in the spring of 1899 Mr. and Mrs. Moody took care of Emma in their home. One of his letters to his daughter says:

"I have not heard her cry but once since I came home, and then she wanted the girl to shut the door so I should not hear her, and she only cried for a few minutes. She helps me feed the chickens, and goes to see the two calves. One is named Irene and the other Emma, and she is fond of them. I do not think you will find a girl in all the valley so happy."

Again he wrote:

"She is picking all the field flowers she can get, and says she wants me to keep them for you when you come home. It is a joy to have her in the house. I wish I had a hundred grandchildren and a thousand great-grandchildren."

In the summer months he would usually be seen with one or both of the grandchildren as he drove about town.

"He has learned to perfection the art of being a grandfather," wrote Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. "I saw him one morning driving with his little four-year-old granddaughter into the yard of his house. The child had gone to sleep in the buggy, leaning against him. Rather than disturb her he had the horse quietly unharnessed and taken away while they sat on. Presently he too was overcome by sleep."

But his great happiness was not unbroken. His only grandson and namesake, born to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moody in 1897, died when a year old, and Irene in 1899 after a protracted attack of pneumonia which soon developed into tuberculosis. A second daughter Mary was born to them a month before Mr. Moody himself passed away. The parents brought the infant to his sickroom to receive his blessing.

Mr. Moody had both of his sons go through Mount Hermon School, Will graduating with the first class in 1887. He also sent them both to Yale College.

His younger son, Paul, relates an incident of his boyhood that is typical of his father. "When I was a small boy I was on one occasion quite unintentionally disobedient in respect to going to bed. Father spoke with unwonted abruptness and severity, and I sought my bed crying. I was hardly there before he was kneeling by my side, sobbing like a child and imploring my pardon for his impatience and harshness. The strength which enabled him to humble himself to his little boy combined with such tenderness, feminine in its beauty, seemed then and now both wonderful and Christlike."

Mr. Moody's mother was a woman of wisdom and decision of character. She lived in the one house from the time she married to the end of her life. A hundred years ago the house stood half a mile from the built-up part of Main Street, but after the Seminary was started, and new roads built, and new houses began to appear, her corner became a busy place.

He had a many-windowed sunny extension added to the house, where his mother might sit and see everything that went on. Her birthday and his coincided, February 5, and every year he sent her filial messages. He never let a day go by without calling on her when he was at home, usually bringing her some little delicacy or some vegetables from his garden. When she lay dying at the advanced age of 91 (1896) he had his granddaughter Emma, then six weeks old, brought so that she might lay her hand on the infant's head and give a matriarchal blessing. That child is the only member of the third generation who has any personal recollection of her grandfather.

Mr. Moody kept in close touch with the other members of his family, his brothers and sisters and their children, several of whom resided in Northfield. He put several of his nephews through Mount Hermon School, and of his nieces through Northfield Seminary.

A touching relationship was revived during Mr. Moody's last sickness. For many evenings his brother George (Uncle George to us) would come to the sickroom between 6 and 7 o'clock, before he settled down for the night, and they would talk of childhood days. George was a few years older than Dwight, and fathered him when their father died. I felt as I listened and watched them that they were living over again the days of 50 years or so before, and Dwight was looking up to his older brother as then.

Uncle George's son, Ambert George, was a lad of 15 when Mr. Moody started Northfield Seminary. His uncle found him helpful in business and farm matters.

As the Northfield interests expanded, Ambert had ever increasing responsibilities, and has spent his whole life in the work. He had experiences with his uncle such as no other person ever had.

Such is the lasting favorable impression that Mr. Moody made on people, that being a relative of his, or being connected with his work, is a passport to the good will of Christian people anywhere to-day.

### MR. AND MRS. MOODY'S DESCENDANTS

Dwight Lyman Moody, born Feb. 5, 1837; died Dec. 22, 1899; married 1862  
Eguna Charlotte Revell, b. 1843; d. 1903

Emma Reynolds Moody, b. Oct. 24, 1864; m. 1894

Arthur Percy Fitt

Emma Moody Fitt, b. Dec. 16, 1895; m. 1917

Edward Merriam Powell

Virginia Moody Powell, b. Feb. 8, 1919

Edward Merriam Powell II, b. Dec. 27, 1923

John Douglas Powell, b. March 31, 1930

David Stephen Powell, b. March 31, 1930

William Revell Moody, b. March 25, 1869; d. Oct. 12, 1933; m. 1894

Mary Whittle

Irene Moody, b. Aug. 20, 1895; d. Aug. 22, 1899

Dwight Lyman Moody, II, b. Nov. 7, 1897; d. Nov. 30, 1898

Mary Whittle Moody, b. Nov. 13, 1899; m. 1927

Arthur Worthington Packard

David Bruce Packard, b. March 5, 1930

William Moody Packard, b. Sep. 2, 1933

Constance Annie Moody, b. April 25, 1901; m. 1936

Charles Estell Dickerson, III

Emma Charlotte Moody, b. Sep. 16, 1904; m. 1928

Frank Raymond Smith

Beatrice Hanson Moody, b. March 13, 1906; m. 1935

Charles Thomas Malbon

Virginia Holden Moody, b. Nov. 8, 1909; d. Nov. 28, 1914

Paul Dwight Moody, b. April 11, 1879; m. 1904

Charlotte May Hull

Charlotte Moody, b. May 11, 1905

Margaret Emma Moody, b. Aug. 27, 1908; m. 1931

Charles Marion Rice

David Rice, b. Aug. 5, 1933

In the above list it is seen that Mr. Moody has no living male descendant in the third generation, so that his name will disappear from his descendants' surnames.

## HIS FRIENDSHIPS

Mr. Moody had a multitude of friends as a result of his spiritual help and edification, for he had large capacity for enduring friendship in Christ. And he had many friends on a more personal basis. One incident shows how genuine his friendship could be.

When we were in Glasgow, in 1899, I heard of a dear friend of his who had had labor troubles in his industrial works. A bitter feeling was aroused against him, he was even accused of being unconcerned about dangerous working conditions. When I mentioned this to Mr. Moody on my return he was much agitated; said he did not believe a word of the insinuations; and immediately cabled his friend his love and confidence.

When Major D. W. Whittle was lying in pain in his house at Northfield, racked with rheumatic fever due to his evangelistic labors among the troops at Chickamauga Park during the Spanish War, aggravating similar trouble contracted as a soldier during the Civil War, Mr. Moody went over to Mount Hermon School one morning at 6 a.m., asking for volunteers to go and put the major's garden in shape for planting. Three boys jumped into his wagon, and he left them at the major's, telling them what to do. At noon he called for them and took them to the village inn for dinner. Late in the afternoon he came again to see if the job was finished, paid them generously for the day's labour, and drove them back to Hermon.

Dr. D. B. Towner arrived at Northfield one summer to conduct the singing at the College Student Conference with face swollen with ivy-poisoning. His eyes were in danger, so Mr. Moody sent him down to the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in New York City. He wrote Dr. Towner constantly, encouraging him, telling him that the conference was praying for him. Dr. Towner had the nurse write him that he would lose the sight of one eye, if not of both eyes. When Mr. Moody got that word he wrote to comfort him, telling him of great men he knew, useful men, who had only one eye. Finally he wrote:

"I am going to write you with one eye closed."

When the nurse read that she stopped.

"Go on!" said Dr. Towner.

"I can't make it out," she replied.

That was the part he had written with one eye closed.

Toward evening that day Mr. Sankey called to see Dr. Towner. He was familiar with Mr. Moody's writing, so Dr. Towner asked the nurse to hand him the letter to read. Presently he stopped, and cleared his throat.

"What is it, Sankey?" asked Dr. Towner.

"I can't quite make this out."

“That’s what Mr. Moody wrote with one eye closed.”

“Well, I should think he was writing with both eyes closed!” remarked Mr. Sankey.

During those days Mr. Moody had the responsibility of the conference with hundreds of college boys in attendance, but he was thinking of his friend in the hospital, and took time to write him words of comfort and encouragement.

One of the happiest lasting results of the Scottish campaign in 1874 was the inseparable linking together of the lives of Henry Drummond and Mr. Moody in a unique friendship. I never heard of any other man whom Mr. Moody loved and admired as he did Henry Drummond.

Outwardly such a relation would seem most unlikely. Drummond was of the cream of Scottish gentility: cultured, scholarly, elegant. At the time of Mr. Moody’s visit to Edinburgh he was a divinity student, about 22 years old, while Mr. Moody was 37. He was won by Mr. Moody’s evident sincerity and wisdom, and was especially intrigued by his personal work with individuals. He began to assist in the enquiry room, and soon he was making addresses in men’s meetings. In this work he was associated with other brilliant young men, of whom James Stalker, John Watson (Ian Maclaren), and George Adam Smith became widely known in later years. Drummond joined forces with Mr. Moody for two winters, specializing on meetings for students and other young men, not only in Scotland but also in Ireland and England.

During Mr. Moody’s next visit to Scotland in 1882, Henry Drummond, who was now professor of Natural Science in New College, Glasgow, and making a name for himself, joined Mr. Moody again during the summer in meetings in Edinburgh. During these months he usually gave Saturdays to the two older Moody children, now in their teens, taking them off on unforgettable excursions and otherwise endearing himself to the whole family.

At the close of his London mission, in 1884, Mr. Moody and his family and a score of young friends who had assisted valiantly in the mission were invited to spend a week, resting at a friend’s estate in the country before returning to America: a house-party we would call it to-day.

On the Sunday they asked Mr. Moody to lead in devotions. He said No, he was tired and they had been hearing him for eight months, but let Henry Drummond, who was in the party, give them a Bible reading. Without more ado, as they sat around the fire, Professor Drummond drew a small Testament from his pocket and gave an exposition of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Mr. Moody was thrilled to hear it and said Drummond must come to Northfield to repeat it. He came for the College Student Conference in 1887, and gave the address, which has since had world-wide circulation under the title, *The Greatest Thing in the World*.

Professor Drummond had recently published his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which was anathema to many good people in England and America because of its evolutionary trend. Some dear friends and supporters cut off Mr. Moody for having him at Northfield. Mr. Henry W. Rankin remembers walking down Highland Avenue in Northfield one day with Mr. Moody and a friend from London who made some severe remarks about Drummond.

Mr. Rankin spoke up in his defense, and Mr. Moody showed his feelings by ejaculating: "Pitch into him, Rankin!"

When Professor Drummond came to America in 1893 to deliver the Lowell Lectures in Boston he greatly hesitated to come to Northfield lest he embarrass Mr. Moody still more. However, Mr. Moody sent Mr. Rankin to Boston, as his personal representative, to urge his coming and to assure him of an undiminished welcome. He came again for the College Student Conference. Mr. Moody was in Chicago for the World's Fair Campaign, but Mrs. Moody entertained Professor Drummond in their home with the old mutual love and friendship. He gave four or five addresses at the conference.

When he came to Chicago to repeat the Lowell Lectures he called on Mr. Moody one day at the Bible Institute. They were mutually refreshed by this visit.

One who was with Mr. Moody in 1897, when he got word of Professor Drummond's death, said he burst into tears and declared he was the most Christlike man he had ever known. Later he wrote a tribute for the *Record of Christian Work*, in which he said:

"My own feelings are akin to those of David on the death of Jonathan . . . When at last we meet again before our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, whom we both loved and served together in years gone, things which we could not see alike here below we shall fully know in the light of His countenance Who brought our lives together and blessed them with a mutual love."

From Kansas City he wrote to a mutual friend in Scotland:

"I cannot tell you how I miss dear Drummond."

Mr. Sankey also loved and admired Professor Drummond. He spoke to me about him on his dying bed in 1905. He had a beautiful portrait of Drummond painted, which is now in our home.

**~ end of chapter 10 ~**

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