

Why God  
Used  
*D.L. Moody*

R.A. Torrey

ENJOYING  
THE  
LEGACY *Journey* EDITION

# Why God Used

*D.L. Moody*

R.A. Torrey

Adapted by Enjoying the Journey

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Enjoying the Journey exists to evangelize the lost with the gospel of Jesus Christ, encourage pastors and local churches, and equip believers to walk with God and serve Him each day. Through audio, video, and print resources, we seek to preach the gospel, teach the Word of God, and reach this generation for Christ.

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Written by R.A. Torrey  
Edited by Micah Hendry  
Adapted by Enjoying the Journey  
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# Dedication

My dear friend and mentor, Bob Crichton, has made a lifelong study of the ministry of D.L. Moody. When God led me into evangelism, it was Bob who pointed me to the example of this humble servant of Christ.

“Give me a man who says this one thing I do, and not those fifty things I dabble in.” Moody was such a man - completely given to God and to the work of the gospel. He was not concerned with what he could accomplish, but with what he could be used by God to set in motion.

One of Moody’s favorite mottoes was: “Consecrate then concentrate.” Bob Crichton has constantly challenged me to stay consecrated to Christ and concentrated on the work He has assigned me to do. His wise counsel and faithful prayers have encouraged me along my journey.

I am grateful for men like Bob Crichton and D.L. Moody who have, in their own ways, shown me that God wants to use us all.

Scott Pauley  
Beckley, WV  
September 2024

# Prologue:

## Pivotal Points by Bob Crichton

It has been a great joy to study the life of D. L. Moody. I have over one hundred biographies and books about his life. When you study his life there are many entry points. By that, I mean he was a man of diversity. His influence around the world cannot be measured.

Even one hundred fifteen years after his death, his name in Christian circles is still a household name. When you study his life in depth you will see God directing him to those who would give him great insight into the Christian life. Mr. Moody through the years would look back and refer to these divine appointments as the “pivotal points” in his life.

What he was able to learn about the Christian life, the Spirit-filled life, should inspire us to do the same. That life is the normal Christian life. When you study Christian history you will find that D. L. Moody was used more to impact his generation around the world than any other Pastor or Evangelist that were his contemporaries. The study of his life is so rich and inspiring.

After forty years of study, I have more interest now, because I can see the “pivotal points” that God used to endue D. L. Moody with power. The real key to Mr. Moody’s power was that once he obtained it, he never lost it. When he died he was at the pinnacle of power.

I would challenge any Christian to diligently study his life and ministry. The open secret of his life is contained in the statement that Henry Varley made to him: “It remains to be seen what God will do with...the man who is fully consecrated to Him.”

Mr. Moody thought to himself, “He said a man; he did not say a great man, nor a learned man, nor a smart man, a wealthy man, but simply a man. I am a man, and it lies with the man himself whether he will or will not fully surrender, by the grace of God I will be that man.” From that moment on D. L. Moody was in hot pursuit of full consecration to his great God.

This statement burned brightly throughout his entire life and ministry. Because there are so many biographies and books about his life, you will also see clearly how you can obtain the power of God. The key is to start your pursuit of full consecration. Let Mr. Moody’s life mirror to you those “pivotal points” that God used to put him directly under the fountain of power, the complete filling of the Holy Spirit.

# Why God Used D. L. Moody

Eighty-six years ago (February 5, 1837) there was born of poor parents in a humble farmhouse in Northfield, Massachusetts, a little baby who was to become the greatest man, as I believe, of his generation or his century - Dwight L. Moody. After our great generals, great statesmen, great scientists, and great men of letters have passed away and been forgotten and their work and its helpful influence have come to an end, the work of D. L. Moody will go on and its saving influence continues and increases, bringing blessing not only to every State in the Union but to every nation on earth. Yes, it will continue throughout the ages of eternity.

My subject is "Why God Used D. L. Moody." I can think of no subject upon which I would rather speak. For I shall not seek to glorify Mr. Moody, but the God Who by His grace - His entirely unmerited favor - used Moody so mightily, and the Christ Who saved him by His atoning death and resurrection life, and the Holy Spirit Who lived in him and wrought through him and Who alone made him the mighty power that he was to this world. Furthermore, I hope to make it clear that the God Who used D. L. Moody in his day is just as ready to use you and me, in this day, if we, on our



part, do what D. L. Moody did, which was what made it possible for God to so abundantly use him.

The whole secret of why D. L. Moody was such a mightily used man you will find in Psalm 62:11: “*God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this; that power BELONGETH UNTO GOD.*” I am glad it does. I am glad that power did not belong to D. L. Moody; I am glad that it did not belong to Charles G. Finney; I am glad that it did not belong to Martin Luther; I am glad that it did not belong to any other Christian man whom God has greatly used in this world’s history. Power belongs to God. If D. L. Moody had any power, and he had great power, he got it from God.

But God does not give His power arbitrarily. It is true that He gives it to whomsoever He will, but He wills to give it on certain conditions, which are clearly revealed in His Word, and D. L. Moody met those conditions and God made him the most wonderful preacher of his generation; yes, I think the most wonderful man of his generation.

But how was it that D. L. Moody had that power of God so wonderfully manifested in his life? Pondering this question it seemed to me that there were seven things in the life of D. L. Moody that accounted for God’s using him so largely as He did.

# 1. A Fully Surrendered Man

The first thing that accounts for God's using D. L. Moody so mightily was that he was a fully surrendered man. Every ounce of that two-hundred-and-eighty-pound body of his belonged to God; everything he was and everything he had, belonged wholly to God. Now, I am not saying that Mr. Moody was perfect; he was not. If I attempted to, I presume I could point out some defects in his character. It does not occur to me at this moment what they were, but I am confident that I could think of some if I tried really hard. I have never yet met a perfect man, not one. I have known perfect men in the sense in which the Bible commands us to be perfect, i.e., men who are wholly God's, out-and-out for God, fully surrendered to God, with no will but God's will; but I have never known a man in whom I could not see some defects, some places where he might have been improved.

Mr. Moody was not a faultless man. If he had any flaws in his character, and he had, I presume I was in a position to know them better than almost any other man, because of my very close association with him in the later years of his life; and, furthermore, I suppose that in his latter days he opened his heart to me more fully than to anyone else in the world. I

think he told me some things that he told no one else. I presume I knew whatever defects there were in his character as well as anybody. But while I recognized such flaws, nevertheless, I know that he was a man who belonged wholly to God.

The first month I was in Chicago, we were having a talk about something upon which we very widely differed, and Mr. Moody turned to me very frankly and very kindly and said in defense of his own position: "Torrey, if I believed that God wanted me to jump out of that window, I would jump." I believe he would. If he thought God wanted him to do anything he would do it. He belonged wholly, unreservedly, unqualifiedly, entirely, to God.

Henry Varley, a very intimate friend of Mr. Moody in the earlier days of his work, loved to tell how he once said to him; "It remains to be seen what God will do with a man who gives himself up wholly to Him." I am told that when Mr. Henry Varley said that Mr. Moody said to himself: "Well, I will be that man." And I, for my part, do not think "it remains to be seen " what God will do with a man who gives himself up wholly to Him. I think it has been seen already in D. L. Moody. If you and I are to be used in our sphere as D. L. Moody was used in his, we must put all that we have and all that we are in the hands of God, for Him to use as He will,

to send us where He will, for God to do with us what He will, and we, on our part, to do everything God bids us do.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of men and women in Christian work, brilliant men and women, rarely gifted men and women, men and women who are making great sacrifices, men and women who have put all conscious sin out of their lives, yet who, nevertheless, have stopped short of absolute surrender to God, and therefore have stopped short of the fullness of power. But Mr. Moody did not stop short of absolute surrender to God; he was a wholly surrendered man, and if you and I are to be used, you and I must be wholly surrendered men and women.

“

I am convinced what this world wants is true men and women, not great men, but true and honest and upright persons that God can use.”

*D.L. Moody*



## 2. A Man of Prayer

The second secret of the great power exhibited in Mr. Moody's life was that Mr. Moody was in the deepest and most meaningful sense a man of prayer. People oftentimes say to me: "Well, I went many miles to see and to hear D. L. Moody and he certainly was a wonderful preacher." Yes, D. L. Moody certainly was a wonderful preacher; taking it all in all, the most wonderful preacher I have ever heard, and it was a great privilege to hear him preach as he alone could preach; but out of a very intimate acquaintance with him I wish to testify that he was a far greater prayer than he was preacher.

Time and time again, he was confronted by obstacles that seemed insurmountable, but he always knew the way to surmount and to overcome all difficulties. He knew the way to bring to pass anything that needed to be brought to pass. He knew and believed in the deepest depths of his soul that "nothing was too hard for the Lord" and that prayer could do anything that God could do.

Oftentimes Mr. Moody would write me when he was about to undertake some new work, saying: "I am beginning work

in such and such a place on such and such a day; I wish you would get the students together for a day of fasting and prayer;” and often I have taken those letters and read them to the students in the lecture room and said: “Mr. Moody wants us to have a day of fasting and prayer, first for God’s blessing on our own souls and work, and then for God’s blessing on him and his work.” Often we were gathered in the lecture room far into the night—sometimes till one, two, three, four, or even five o’clock in the morning, crying to God, just because Mr. Moody urged us to wait upon God until we received His blessing. How many men and women I have known whose lives and characters have been transformed by those nights of prayer and who have wrought mighty things in many lands because of those nights of prayer!

One day Mr. Moody drove up to my house at Northfield and said: “Torrey, I want you to take a ride with me.” I got into the carriage and we drove out towards Lover’s Lane, talking about some great and unexpected difficulties that had arisen in regard to the work in Northfield and Chicago, and in connection with other work that was very dear to him. As we drove along, some black storm clouds lay ahead of us, and then suddenly, as we were talking, it began to rain. He drove the horse into a shed near the entrance to Lover’s Lane to shelter the horse, and then laid the reins upon the dashboard and said: “Torrey, pray!” and then, as best I could, I prayed, while he in his heart joined me in prayer.

And when my voice was silent he began to pray. Oh, I wish you could have heard that prayer! I shall never forget it, so simple, so trustful, so definite and so direct and so mighty. When the storm was over and we drove back to town, the obstacles had been surmounted, and the work of the schools, and other work that was threatened, went on as it had never gone on before, and it has gone on until this day. As we drove back, Mr. Moody said to me: “Torrey, we will let the other men do the talking and the criticizing, and we will stick to the work that God has given us to do, and let Him take care of the difficulties and answer the criticisms.”

On one occasion Mr. Moody said to me in Chicago: “I have just found, to my surprise, that we are twenty thousand dollars behind in our finances for the work here and in Northfield, and we must have that twenty thousand dollars, and I am going to get it by prayer.” He did not tell a soul who had the ability to give a penny of the twenty thousand dollars deficit, but looked right to God and said: “I need twenty thousand dollars for my work; send me that money in such a way that I will know it comes straight from Thee.” And God heard that prayer. The money came in such a way that it was clear that it came from God, in direct answer to prayer.

Yes, D. L. Moody was a man who believed in the God Who answers prayer, and not only believed in Him in a theoretical way but believed in Him in a practical way. He was a man

who met every difficulty that stood in his way—by prayer. Everything he undertook was backed up by prayer, and in everything, his ultimate dependence was upon God.

“

I'd rather be able to pray than to be a great preacher; Jesus Christ never taught His disciples how to preach, but only how to pray.”

*D.L. Moody*



### **3. A Deep and Practical Student of The Bible**

The third secret of Mr. Moody's power, or the third reason why God used D. L. Moody, was because he was a deep and practical student of the Word of God, Nowadays it is often said of D. L. Moody that he was not a student. I wish to say that he was a student; most emphatically he was a student. He was not a student of psychology, he was not a student of anthropology—I am very sure he would not have known what that word meant—he was not a student of biology, he was not a student of philosophy, he was not even a student of theology, in the technical sense of the term, but he was a student, a profound and practical student of the one Book that is more worth studying than all other books in the world put together; he was a student of the Bible.

Every day of his life, I have reason for believing, he arose very early in the morning to study the Word of God, way down to the close of his life. Mr. Moody used to rise about four o'clock in the morning to study the Bible. He would say to me: "If I am going to get in any study, I have got to get up before the other folks get up," and he would shut himself up

in a remote room in his house, alone with his God and his Bible.

I shall never forget the first night I spent in his home. He had invited me to take the superintendency of the Bible Institute and I had already begun my work. I was on my way to some city in the East to preside at the International Christian Workers' Convention. He wrote me saying: "Just as soon as the Convention is over, come up to Northfield." He learned when I was likely to arrive and drove over to South Vernon to meet me. That night he had all the teachers from the Mount Hermon School and from the Northfield Seminary come together at the house to meet me and to talk over the problems of the two Schools. We talked together far on into the night, and then, after the principals and teachers of the Schools had gone home, Mr. Moody and I talked together about the problems a while longer.

It was very late when I got to bed that night, but very early the next morning, about five o'clock, I heard a gentle tap on my door. Then I heard Mr. Moody's voice whispering: "Torrey, are you up?" I happened to be; I do not always get up at that early hour, but I happened to be up that particular morning. He said: "I want you to go somewhere with me" and I went down with him. Then I found out that he had already been up an hour or two in his room studying the Word of God.

Oh, you may talk about power; but, if you neglect the one Book that God has given you as the one instrument through which He imparts and exercises His power, you will not have it. You may read many books and go to many conventions and you may have your all-night prayer meetings to pray for the power of the Holy Ghost, but unless you keep in constant and close association with the one book, the Bible, you will not have power. And if you ever had power, you will not maintain it except by the daily, earnest, intense study of that Book. Ninety-nine Christians in every hundred are merely playing at Bible study; and therefore ninety-nine Christians in every hundred are mere weaklings when they might be giants, both in their Christian life and in their service. It was largely because of his thorough knowledge of the Bible, and his practical knowledge of the Bible, that Mr. Moody drew such immense crowds.

On “Chicago Day,” in October 1893, none of the theatres of Chicago dared to open because it was expected that everybody in Chicago would go on that day to the World’s Fair, and something like four hundred thousand people did pass through the gates of the Fair that day. Everybody in Chicago was expected to be at that end of the city on that day. But Mr. Moody said to me: “Torrey, engage the Central Music Hall and announce meetings from nine o’clock in the morning till six o’clock at night.” “Why,” I replied, “Mr.

Moody, nobody will be at this end of Chicago on that day; not even the theatres dare to open; everybody is going down to Jackson Park to the Fair; we cannot get anybody out on this day.” Mr. Moody replied: “You do as you are told,” and I did as I was told, and engaged the Central Music Hall for continuous meetings from nine o’clock in the morning till six o’clock at night. But I did it with a heavy heart; I thought there would be poor audiences.

I was on the program at noon that day. Being very busy in my office about the details of the campaign, I did not reach the Central Music Hall till almost noon. I thought I would have no trouble getting in. But when I got almost to the Hall I found to my amazement that not only was it packed but the vestibule was packed and the steps were packed, and there was no getting anywhere near the door; if I had not gone round and climbed in a back window they would have lost their speaker for that hour. But that would not have been of much importance, for the crowds had not gathered to hear me; it was the magic of Mr. Moody’s name that had drawn them.

And why did they long to hear Mr. Moody? Because they knew that while he was not versed in many of the philosophies and fads and fancies of the day, that he did know the one Book that this old world most longs to know—the Bible.

I shall never forget Moody's last visit to Chicago. The ministers of Chicago had sent me to Cincinnati to invite him to come to Chicago and hold a meeting. In response to the invitation, Mr. Moody said to me: "If you will hire the Auditorium for weekday mornings and afternoons and have meetings at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, I will go." I replied: "Mr. Moody, you know what a busy city Chicago is, and how impossible it is for businessmen to get out at ten o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon on working days. Will you not hold evening meetings and meetings on Sunday?" "No," he replied, "I am afraid if I did, I would interfere with the regular work of the churches."

I went back to Chicago and engaged the Auditorium, which at that time was the building having the largest seating capacity of any building in the city, seating, in those days, about seven thousand people, and announced week-day meetings, with Mr. Moody as the speaker, at ten o'clock in the mornings and three o'clock in the afternoons. At once protests began to pour in upon me. One of them came from Marshall Field, at that time the business king of Chicago. "Mr. Torrey," Mr. Field wrote, "we businessmen of Chicago wish to hear Mr. Moody and you know perfectly well how impossible it is for us to get out at ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon; have evening meetings." I received many letters of a similar purport and wrote to Mr.

Moody urging him to give us evening meetings. But Mr. Moody simply replied: "You do as you are told," and I did as I was told; that is the way I kept my job.

On the first morning of the meetings I went down to the Auditorium about half an hour before the appointed time, but I went with much fear and apprehension; I thought the Auditorium would be nowhere nearly full. When I reached there, to my amazement I found a queue of people four abreast extending from the Congress Street entrance to Wabash Avenue, then a block north on Wabash Avenue, then a break to let traffic through, and then another block, and so on. I went in through the back door, and there were many clamoring for entrance there. When the doors were opened at the appointed time, we had a cordon of twenty policemen to keep back the crowd, but the crowd was so great that it swept the cordon of policemen off their feet and packed eight thousand people into the building before we could get the doors shut. And I think there were as many left on the outside as there were in the building.

I do not think that anyone else in the world could have drawn such a crowd at such a time. Why? Because though Mr. Moody knew little about science, philosophy, or literature, in general, he did know the one Book that this old world is perishing to know and longing to know, and this old world will flock to hear men who know the Bible and preach

the Bible as they will flock to hear nothing else on earth. During all the months of the World's Fair in Chicago, no one could draw such crowds as Mr. Moody.

Judging by the papers, one would have thought that the great religious event in Chicago at that time was the World's Congress of Religions. One very gifted man of letters in the East was invited to speak at this Congress. He saw in this invitation the opportunity of his life and prepared his paper. The exact title I do not recall, but it was something along the lines of "New Light on the Old Doctrines." He prepared the paper with great care and then sent it around to his most trusted and gifted friends for criticism. These men sent it back to him with such emendations as they had to suggest. Then he rewrote the paper, incorporating as many of the suggestions and criticisms as seemed wise. Then he sent it around for further criticism. Then he wrote the paper a third time, and had it, as he trusted, perfect. He went on to Chicago to meet this coveted opportunity of speaking at the World's Congress of Religions. It was at eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning that he was to speak. He stood outside the door of the platform waiting for the great moment to arrive, and as the clock struck eleven walked onto the platform to face a magnificent audience of eleven women and two men! But there was not a building anywhere in Chicago that would accommodate the very same day the crowds that would flock to hear Mr. Moody at any hour of the day or

night. Oh men and women, if you wish to get an audience and wish to do that audience some good after you get them, study, study, study the one Book, and preach, preach, preach the one Book, and teach, teach, teach the one Book, the Bible, the only Book that contains God's Word, and the only Book that has power to gather, and hold, and bless the crowds for any great length of time.

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If a man is traveling and does not know where he is going to, or how he is going to get there, you know he has a good deal of trouble and does not enjoy the trip as much as if he has a guidebook at hand. It is not safe traveling, and he does not know how to make proper connections. The Bible is a guidebook in the journey of life, and the only one that points the way to heaven. *'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'* Let us take heed then not to refuse the light and help it gives.”

*D.L. Moody*



## 4. A Humble Man

The fourth reason why God continuously, through so many years, used D. L. Moody was because he was a humble man. I think D. L. Moody was the humblest man I ever knew in all my life. He loved to quote the words of another: “Faith gets the most, love works the most, but humility keeps the most.”

He himself had the humility that keeps everything it gets. As I have already said, he was the most humble man I ever knew, i.e., the most humble man when we bear in mind the great things he did, and the praise that was lavished upon him. Oh, how he loved to put himself in the background and put other men in the foreground. How often he would stand on a platform with some of us little fellows seated behind him and as he spake he would say: “There are better men coming after me.” As he said it, he would point back over his shoulder with his thumb to the “little fellows.” I do not know how he could believe it, but he really did believe that the others who were coming after him were really better than he was. He made no pretense of a humility he did not possess. In his heart of hearts, he constantly underestimated himself and overestimated others. He really believed that God would use other men in a larger measure than he had been used.

Mr. Moody loved to keep himself in the background. At his conventions at Northfield, or anywhere else, he would push the other men to the front and, if he could, have them do all the preaching—McGregor, Campbell Morgan, Andrew Murray, and the rest of them. The only way we could get him to take any part in the program was to get up in the convention and move that we hear D. L. Moody at the next meeting. He continually put himself out of sight.

Oh, how many a man has been full of promise and God has used him, and then the man thought that he was the whole thing and God was compelled to set him aside! I believe more promising workers have gone on the rocks through self-sufficiency and self-esteem than through any other cause. I can look back for forty years, or more, and think of many men who are now wrecks or derelicts who at one time the world thought were going to be something great. But they have disappeared entirely from the public view. Why? Because of overestimation of self. Oh, the men and women who have been put aside because they began to think that they were somebody, that they were “it,” and therefore God was compelled to set them aside.

I remember a man with whom I was closely associated in a great movement in this country. We were having a most successful convention in Buffalo, and he was greatly elated. As we walked down the street together to one of the meetings

one day, he said to me: “Torrey, you and I are the most important men in Christian work in this country.” I replied: “John, I am sorry to hear you say that; for as I read my Bible I find man after man who had accomplished great things whom God had to set aside because of his sense of his own importance.” And God set that man aside also from that time. I think he is still living, but no one ever hears of him, and has not heard of him for years.

God used D. L. Moody, I think, beyond any man of his day, but it made no difference how much God used him, he never was puffed up. One day, speaking to me of a great New York preacher, now dead, Mr. Moody said: “He once did a very foolish thing, the most foolish thing that I ever knew a man, ordinarily so wise as he was, to do. He came up to me at the close of a little talk I had given and said: ‘Young man, you have made a great address tonight.’” Then Mr. Moody continued: “How foolish of him to have said that; it almost turned my head.” But, thank God, it did not turn his head, and even when pretty much all the ministers in England, Scotland, Ireland, and many of the English bishops were ready to follow D. L. Moody wherever he led, even then it never turned his head one bit. He would get down on his face before God, knowing he was human, and ask God to empty him of all self-sufficiency. And God did.

Oh men and women! especially young men and young women, perhaps God is beginning to use you; very likely people are saying: "What a wonderful gift he has as a Bible teacher, what power he has as a preacher, for such a young man!" Listen: get down upon your face before God. I believe here lies one of the most dangerous snares of the devil. When the devil cannot discourage a man, he approaches him on another tack, which he knows is far worse in its results; he puffs him up by whispering in his ear: "You are the leading evangelist of the day. You are the man who will sweep everything before you. You are the coming man. You are the D. L. Moody of the day," and if you listen to him, he will ruin you. The entire shore of the history of Christian workers is strewn with the wrecks of gallant vessels that were full of promise a few years ago, but these men became puffed up and were driven on the rocks by the wild winds of their own raging self-esteem.

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Humility consists not in thinking meanly of ourselves, but in not thinking of ourselves at all...If humility speaks of itself, it is gone.”

*D.L. Moody*

## 5. A Man Free From the Love of Money

The fifth secret of D. L. Moody's continual power and usefulness was his entire freedom from the love of money. Mr. Moody might have been a wealthy man, but money had no charms for him. He loved to gather money for God's work; he refused to accumulate money for himself. He told me during the World's Fair that if he had taken, for himself, the royalties on the hymn books which he had published, they would have amounted, at that time, to a million dollars. But Mr. Moody refused to touch the money. He had a perfect right to take it, for he was responsible for the publication of the books, and it was his money that went into the publication of the first of them. Mr. Sankey had some hymns that he had taken with him to England and he wished to have them published. He went to a publisher (I think Morgan & Scott) and they declined to publish them, because, as they said, Philip Phillips had recently been over and published a hymn book and it had not done well. However, Mr. Moody had a little money and he said that he would put it into the publication of these hymns in cheap form and he did. The hymns had a most remarkable and unexpected sale; they were then published in book form and

large profits accrued. The financial results were offered to Mr. Moody, but he refused to touch them. “ But,” it was urged on him, “ the money belongs to you,” but he would not touch it.

Mr. Fleming H. Revell was at the time treasurer of the Chicago Avenue Church, commonly known as the Moody Tabernacle. Only the basement of this new church building had been completed, funds having been exhausted. Hearing of the hymn book situation Mr. Revell suggested, in a letter to friends in London, that the money be given for the completion of this building, and it was. Afterwards, so much money came in that it was given, by the committee into whose hands Mr. Moody put the matter, to various Christian enterprises. In a certain city to which Mr. Moody went in the latter years of his life, and where I went with him, it was publicly announced that Mr. Moody would accept no money whatever for his services.

Mr. Moody was dependent, in a measure, upon what was given him at various services, but when this announcement was made, Mr. Moody said nothing, and left that city without a penny’s compensation for the hard work he did there and, I think, paid his own hotel bill. And yet a minister in that very city came out with an article in a paper, which I read, in which he told a fairy tale of the financial demands

that Mr. Moody made upon them, which story I knew personally to be absolutely untrue.

Millions of dollars passed into Mr. Moody's hands, but they passed through; they did not stick to his fingers. This is the point at which many an evangelist makes shipwreck, and his great work comes to an untimely end. The love of money on the part of some evangelists has done more to discredit evangelistic work in our day, and to lay many an evangelist on the shelf, than almost any other cause.

While I was away on my recent tour I was told by one of the most reliable ministers in one of our eastern cities of a campaign conducted by one who has been greatly used in the past. (Do not imagine, for a moment, that I am speaking of Billy Sunday, for I am not; this same minister spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Sunday and of a campaign which he conducted in a city where this minister was a pastor.) This evangelist of whom I now speak came to a city for a united evangelistic campaign and was supported by fifty-three churches. The minister who told me about the matter was himself chairman of the Finance Committee. The evangelist showed such a longing for money and so deliberately violated the agreement he had made before coming to the city and so insisted upon money being gathered for him in other ways than he had himself prescribed in the original contract, that this minister threatened to resign from the

Finance Committee. He was however persuaded to remain to avoid a scandal.

“As the total result of the three weeks’ campaign there were only twenty-four clear decisions,” said my friend, “and after it was over the ministers got together and by a vote with but one dissenting voice, they agreed to send a letter to this evangelist telling him frankly that they were done with him and with his methods of evangelism forever, and that they felt it their duty to warn other cities against him and his methods and the results of his work.” Let us lay the lesson to our hearts and take warning in time.

“

Young men, your moral character is more than money. It is worth more than the honor of the world, which is fleeting and will soon be gone. It is worth more than earthly position, which is transient and will soon be gone. But to have God with you and to be with God – what a grand position! It is an eternal inheritance.”

*D.L. Moody*



## **6. A Man with A Consuming Passion for the Salvation of the Lost**

The sixth reason why God used D. L. Moody was because of his consuming passion for the salvation of the lost, Mr. Moody made the resolution, shortly after he, himself, was saved, that he would never let twenty-four hours pass over his head without speaking to at least one person about his soul. His was a very busy life, and sometimes he would forget his resolution until the last hour, and sometimes he would get out of bed, dress, go out and talk to someone about his soul in order that he might not let one day pass without having definitely told at least one of his fellow-mortals about his need and the Saviour Who could meet it.

One night Mr. Moody was going home from his place of business. It was very late, and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not spoken to one single person that day about accepting Christ. He said to himself: "Here's a day lost. I have not spoken to anyone today and I shall not see anybody at this late hour." But as he walked up the street he saw a man standing under a lamppost. The man was a perfect stranger

to him, though it turned out afterward the man knew who Mr. Moody was. He stepped up to this stranger and said: "Are you a Christian?" The man replied: "That is none of your business, whether I am a Christian or not. If you were not a sort of a preacher I would knock you into the gutter for your impertinence." Mr. Moody said a few earnest words and passed on.

The next day that man called upon one of Mr. Moody's prominent business friends and said to him: "That man Moody of yours over on the north side is doing more harm than he is good. He has got zeal without knowledge. He stepped up to me last night, a perfect stranger, and insulted me. He asked me if I were a Christian, and I told him it was none of his business and if he were not a sort of a preacher I would knock him into the gutter for his impertinence. He is doing more harm than he is good. He has got zeal without knowledge."

Mr. Moody's friend sent for him and said: "Moody, you are doing more harm than you are good; you've got zeal without knowledge: you insulted a friend of mine on the street last night. You went up to him, a perfect stranger, and asked him if he were a Christian, and he tells me if you had not been a sort of a preacher he would have knocked you into the gutter for your impertinence. You are doing more harm than you are good; you have got zeal without knowledge." Mr. Moody

went out of that man's office somewhat crestfallen. He wondered if he were not doing more harm than he was good, if he really had zeal without knowledge.

(Let me say, in passing, it is far better to have zeal without knowledge than it is to have knowledge without zeal. Some men and women are as full of knowledge as an egg is of meat; they are so deeply versed in Bible truth that they can sit in criticism on the preachers and give the preachers pointers, but they have so little zeal that they do not lead one soul to Christ in a whole year.)

Weeks passed by. One night Mr. Moody was in bed when he heard a tremendous pounding at his front door. He jumped out of bed and rushed to the door. He thought the house was on fire. He thought the man would break down the door. He opened the door and there stood this man. He said: "Mr. Moody, I have not had a good night's sleep since that night you spoke to me under the lamp-post, and I have come around at this unearthly hour of the night for you to tell me what I have to do to be saved." Mr. Moody took him in and told him what to do to be saved. Then he accepted Christ, and when the Civil War broke out, he went to the front and laid down his life fighting for his country.

Another night, Mr. Moody got home and had gone to bed before it occurred to him that he had not spoken to a soul

that day about accepting Christ. “Well,” he said to himself, “it is no good getting up now; there will be nobody on the street at this hour of the night.” But he got up, dressed, and went to the front door. It was pouring rain. “Oh,” he said, “there will be no one out in this pouring rain.” Just then he heard the patter of a man’s feet as he came down the street, holding an umbrella over his head. Then Mr. Moody darted out and rushed up to the man and said: “May I share the shelter of your umbrella?” “Certainly,” the man replied. Then Mr. Moody said: “Have you any shelter in the time of storm?” and preached Jesus to him.

Oh, men and women, if we were as full of zeal for the salvation of souls as that, how long would it be before the whole country would be shaken by the power of a mighty, God-sent revival? One day in Chicago the day after the elder Carter Harrison was shot, when his body was lying in state in the City Hall— Mr. Moody and I were riding up Randolph Street together in a streetcar right alongside of the City Hall. The car could scarcely get through because of the enormous crowds waiting to get in and view the body of Mayor Harrison. As the car tried to push its way through the crowd, Mr. Moody turned to me and said: “Torrey, what does this mean?” “Why,” I said, “Carter Harrison’s body lies there in the City Hall and these crowds are waiting to see it.” Then he said: “This will never do, to let these crowds get away from us without preaching to them; we must talk to

them. You go and hire Hooley's Opera House (which was just opposite the City Hall) for the whole day." I did so. The meetings began at nine o'clock in the morning, and we had one continuous service from that hour until six in the evening, to reach those crowds.

Mr. Moody was a man on fire for God. Not only was he always "on the job" himself but he was always getting others to work as well. He once invited me down to Northfield to spend a month there with the schools, speaking first to one school and then crossing the river to the other. I was obliged to use the ferry a great deal; it was before the present bridge was built at that point. One day he said to me: "Torrey, did you know that that ferryman that ferries you across every day was unconverted?" He did not tell me to speak to him, but I knew what he meant. When some days later it was told him that the ferryman was saved, he was exceedingly happy.

Once, when walking down a certain street in Chicago, Mr. Moody stepped up to a man, a perfect stranger to him, and said: "Sir, are you a Christian?" "You mind your own business," was the reply. Mr. Moody replied: "This is my business." The man said: "Well, then, you must be Moody." Out in Chicago, they used to call him in those early days "Crazy Moody," because day and night he was speaking to everybody he got a chance to speak to about being saved.

One time he was going to Milwaukee, and in the seat that he had chosen sat a traveling man. Mr. Moody sat down beside him and immediately began to talk with him. "Where are you going?" Mr. Moody asked. When told the name of the town he said; "We will soon be there; we'll have to get down to business at once. Are you saved?" The man said that he was not, and Mr. Moody took out his Bible and there on the train showed him the way of salvation. Then he said: "Now, you must take Christ." The man did; he was converted right there on the train.

Most of you have heard, I presume, the story President Wilson used to tell about D. L. Moody. Ex-President Wilson said that he once went into a barber shop and took a chair next to the one in which D. L. Moody was sitting, though he did not know that Mr. Moody was there. He had not been in the chair very long before, as ex-President Wilson phrased it, he "knew there was a personality in the other chair," and he began to listen to the conversation going on, and he heard Mr. Moody tell the barber about the Way of Life, and President Wilson said, "I have never forgotten that scene to this day." When Mr. Moody was gone, he asked the barber who he was, and he was told that it was D. L. Moody, and President Wilson said: "It made an impression upon me I have not yet forgotten."

On one occasion in Chicago Mr. Moody saw a little girl standing on the street with a pail in her hand. He went up to her and invited her to his Sunday School, telling her what a pleasant place it was. She promised to go the following Sunday, but she did not do so. Mr. Moody watched for her for weeks, and then one day he saw her on the street again, at some distance from him. He started towards her, but she saw him too and started to run away. Mr. Moody followed her. Down she went one street, Mr. Moody after her, up she went another street, Mr. Moody after her, through an alley, Mr. Moody still following, out on another street, Mr. Moody after her, then she dashed into a saloon and Mr. Moody dashed after her. She ran out the back door and up a flight of stairs, Mr. Moody still following; she dashed into a room, Mr. Moody following, and threw herself under the bed and Mr. Moody reached under the bed and pulled her out by the foot, and led her to Christ.

He found that her mother was a widow who had once seen better circumstances but had gone down until now she was living over this saloon. She had several children. Mr. Moody led the mother and all the family to Christ. Several of the children were prominent members of the Moody Church until they moved away, and afterwards became prominent in churches elsewhere. This particular child, whom he pulled from underneath the bed, was, when I was the pastor of the Moody Church, the wife of one of the most prominent

officers in the church. Only two or three years ago, as I came out of a ticket office in Memphis, Tennessee, a fine-looking young man followed me. He said: "Are you not Dr. Torrey?" I said, "Yes." He said; "I am so and so." He was the son of this woman. He was then a traveling man and an officer in the church where he lived. When Mr. Moody pulled that little child out from under the bed by the foot he was pulling a whole family into the Kingdom of God, and eternity alone will reveal how many succeeding generations he was pulling into the Kingdom of God.

D. L. Moody's consuming passion for souls was not for the souls of those who would be helpful to him in building up his work here or elsewhere; his love for souls knew no class limitations. He was no respecter of persons; it might be an earl or a duke or it might be an ignorant boy on the street; it was all the same to him; there was a soul to save and he did what lay in his power to save that soul. A friend once told me that the first time he ever heard of Mr. Moody was when Mr. Revnolds of Peoria told him that he once found Mr. Moody sitting in one of the squatters' shanties that used to be in that part of the city towards the lake, which was then called, "The Sands," with boy on his knee, a tallow candle in one hand and a Bible in the other, and Mr. Moody was spelling out the words (for at that time he could not read very well) of certain verses of Scripture, in an attempt to lead that ignorant boy to Christ.



Oh, young men and women and all Christian workers, if you and I were on fire for souls like that, how long would it be before we had a revival? Suppose that the fire of God falls and fills our hearts [with] a burning fire that will send us out all over the country, and across the water to China, Japan, India, and Africa, to tell lost souls the way of salvation!

“

If our spiritually dead ones are to be raised, we must first get power with God. The reason we so often fail in moving our fellowmen is that we try to win them without first getting power with God. Jesus was in communion with His Father, and so He could be assured that His prayers were heard.”

*D.L. Moody*

## 7. A Man Definitely Endued With Power From on High

The seventh thing that was the secret of why God used D.L. Moody was that he had a very definite endowment with power from on high, a very clear and definite baptism with the Holy Ghost. Mr. Moody knew he had “the baptism with the Holy Ghost,” and he had no doubt about it.

In his early days, he was a great hustler, he had a tremendous desire to do something, but he had no real power. He worked very largely in the energy of the flesh. But there were two humble Free Methodist women who used to come over to his meetings in the Y. M. C. A. One was “Auntie Cook ” and the other was Mrs. Snow. These two women would come to Mr. Moody at the close of his meetings and say: “We are praying for you.” Finally, Mr. Moody became somewhat nettled and said to them one night: “Why are you praying for me? Why don’t you pray for the unsaved?” They replied: “We are praying that you may get the power.” Mr. Moody did not know what that meant. As he thought about it, he went to these women and said: “I wish you would tell me what you mean,” and they told him about the definite baptism with the

Holy Ghost. Then he asked that he might pray with them and not they merely pray for him.

Auntie Cook once told me of the intense fervor with which Mr. Moody prayed on that occasion. She told me in words that I scarcely dare repeat, though I have never forgotten them. And he not only prayed with them, but he also prayed alone. Not long after, one day on his way to England, he was walking up Wall Street in New York (Mr. Moody very seldom told this and I almost hesitate to tell it), and in the midst of the bustle and hurry of that city his prayer was answered; the power of God fell upon him as he walked up the street and he had to hurry off to the house of a friend and ask that he might have a room by himself, and in that room he stayed alone for hours; and the Holy Ghost came upon him filling his soul with such joy that at last he had to ask God to withhold His hand, lest he die on the spot from very joy. He went out from that place with the power of the Holy Ghost upon him, and when he got to London partly through the prayers of a bedridden saint in Mr. Lessey's church) the power of God wrought through him mightily in North London and hundreds were added to the churches, and that was what led to his being invited over to the wonderful campaign that followed in later years.

Time and again Mr. Moody would come to me and say: "Torrey, I want you to preach on baptism with the Holy

Ghost.” I do not know how many times he asked me to speak on that subject. Once, when I had been invited to preach in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York (invited at Mr. Moody’s suggestion; had it not been for his suggestion the invitation would never have been extended to me), just before I started for New York, Mr. Moody drove up to my house and said: “Torrey, they want you to preach at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. It is a great, big church, cost a million dollars to build it.” Then he continued: “Torrey, I just want to ask one thing of you. I want to tell you what to preach about. You will preach that sermon of yours on ‘Ten Reasons Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God’ and your sermon on ‘The Baptism with the Holy Ghost.’”

Time and again, when a call came to me to go off to some church, he would come up to me and say; “Now, Torrey, be sure and preach on the baptism with the Holy Ghost.” I do not know how many times he said that to me. Once I asked him: “Mr. Moody, don’t you think I have any sermons but those two: ‘Ten Reasons Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God’ and ‘The Baptism with the Holy Ghost?’” “Never mind that,” he replied, “you give them those two sermons.” Once he had some teachers at Northfield—fine men, all of them, but they did not believe in a definite baptism with the Holy Ghost for the individual. They believed that every child of God was baptized with the Holy

Ghost, and they did not believe in any special baptism with the Holy Ghost for the individual. Mr. Moody came to me and said: "Torrey, will you come up to my house after the meeting tonight and I will get those men to come, and I want you to talk this thing out with them," Of course, I very readily consented, and Mr. Moody and I talked for a long time, but they did not altogether see eye to eye with us. And when they went, Mr. Moody signaled me to remain for a few moments. Mr. Moody sat there with his chin on his breast, as he so often sat when he was in deep thought; then he looked up and said: " Oh, why will they split hairs? Why don't they see that this is just the one thing that they themselves need? They are good teachers, they are wonderful teachers, and I am so glad to have them here, but why will they not see that the baptism with the Holy Ghost is just the one touch that they themselves need? "

I shall never forget the 8th of July, 1894, to my dying day. It was the closing day of the Northfield Students' Conference—the gathering of students from the eastern colleges. Mr. Moody had asked me to preach on Saturday night and Sunday morning on The Baptism with the Holy Ghost. On Saturday night I had spoken about "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost, What it is, What it Does, the Need of it and the Possibility of it." On Sunday morning I spoke on "The Baptism with the Holy Spirit, How to Get It." It was just exactly twelve o'clock when I finished my morning sermon,

and I took out my watch and said; “Mr. Moody has invited us all to go up on the mountain at three o’clock this afternoon to pray for the power of the Holy Spirit. It is three hours to three o’clock. Some of you cannot wait three hours. You do not need to wait. Go to your rooms, go out into the woods, go to your tent, go anywhere where you can get alone with God and have this matter out with Him.”

At three o’clock we all gathered in front of Mr. Moody’s mother’s house (she was then still living), and then began to pass down the lane, through the gate, up on the mountainside. There were four hundred and fifty-six of us in all; I know the number because Paul Moody counted us as we passed through the gate. After a while Mr. Moody said; “I don’t think we need to go any further; let us sit down here.” We sat down on stumps and logs and on the ground. Mr. Moody said: “Have any of you students anything to say?” I think about seventy-five of them arose, one after the other, and said: “Mr. Moody, I could not wait till three o’clock; I have been alone with God since the morning service, and I believe I have a right to say that I have been baptized with the Holy Spirit.” When these testimonies were over, Mr. Moody said: “Young men, I can’t see any reason why we shouldn’t kneel down here right now and ask God that the Holy Ghost may fall upon us just as definitely as He fell upon the apostles on the Day of Pentecost. Let us pray.”

And we did pray, there on the mountainside. As we had gone up the mountainside heavy clouds had been gathering, and just as we began to pray those clouds broke and the raindrops began to fall through the overhanging pines. But there was another cloud that had been gathering over Northfield for ten days, a cloud big with the mercy and grace and power of God, and as we began to pray our prayers seemed to pierce that cloud and the Holy Ghost fell upon us. Men and women, that is what we all need—the Baptism with the Holy Ghost.

# Author: Reuben Archer Torrey

*“The Just Man Walketh In His Integrity: His Children Are Blessed After Him”* (Proverbs 20:7).

Born: Jan. 28, 1856 – Hoboken, New Jersey

Died: Oct. 26, 1928 – Biltmore, North Carolina

Dr. R.A. Torrey lived a truly remarkable life. His work extended the ministry of other great preachers. He was a close friend and helper to D.L. Moody.

Torrey was born into a wealthy Christian family. His mother prayed for him and invested deeply in young Torrey’s life. Although, somewhat liberal in their doctrine, the Torrey family strictly observed Sunday as the Lord’s Day and used it to study the Word of God. R.A. was an incredibly bright young student and entered college at age fifteen. It was in college that his inward battle came to a head. Still lost, Torrey felt that God wanted him in the ministry, and determined that he would not become a Christian to avoid this calling. Yet, God was working all the time. One night, after several disappointments, the tormented Torrey sprang out of bed to end his own life. But the Lord met him in that moment and Torrey cried out to the Lord for salvation!



Torrey later attributed his conversion to the faithful prayers of his dear mothers. Torrey stated, “And though I had gotten over sermons and arguments and churches, and everything else, I could not get over my mother’s prayers.” What a stirring reminder to stay faithful in prayer for those we love. Torrey’s dear mother would only live two years beyond his conversion, but she had prayed with a heart of faith. You may not see the results of your prayers in this life, but you can be certain that God is at work! The Bible teaches us that “...*the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much*” (James 5:16b). Through Christ, we can be made righteous. Through Christ, we can see great things done by prayer.

R.A. Torrey spent several years battling and wrestling with issues of the faith. He struggled to accept the inerrancy of God’s Word. At last, by faith, Torrey did accept that the Bible is God’s perfect Book. He began to understand its transforming power. For the rest of his life, Torrey saw God’s mighty work done by His Word. Many thousands came to Christ by the preaching and personal evangelism of R.A. Torrey. Many more thousands came to Christ through Dr. Torrey’s labor in helping to establish the Moody Bible Institute and his unrelenting aid to Mr. Moody. He was a true Christian. His public work and his private faith were the same. Torrey’s daughter wrote: “If I were not a believer, the very consistency of my father’s life would force me to become a believer.”

May we, by God’s help, seek to be found faithful. For while Torrey was a faithful man, he was just a servant, and we are servants of the same great Master that Torrey served.

Torrey's close relationship with D.L. Moody made him the ideal author of such a book as this. His observations are keen and challenging. May we seek to yield our lives to the same God who so greatly used Moody.

- Micah Hendry

# Biographies

*Bush Aglow*

By Richard Day

*A Passion For Souls*

By Lyle Dorsett (1997)

*Moody Still Lives*

By Arthur Percy Fitt, Mr. Moody's Son-in-law

*Moody Without Sankey and Moody*

By J. C. Pollock (1963)

*D. L. Moody: His Message For Today*

By Charles Erdman

*The Life Of D. L. Moody*

By J. Wilbur Chapman (1900)

*The Life Of Dwight L. Moody*

By His Son W. R. Moody

*My Father: An Intimate Portrait Of Dwight Moody*

By Paul D. Moody



*D.L. Moody*

D.L. Moody was a man mightily used by God. The Lord enabled Moody to preach the gospel to millions of people across the globe. It is evident that God placed His hand of blessing upon Moody, but why? R.A. Torrey served alongside Moody for many years and was the most qualified to write on this topic.

In this classic work, Torrey lays out seven reasons God used D.L. Moody. It is our desire that God will use this book to raise up an army of young men and women who will experience the power of God upon their lives. God's power rested on Moody only as he yielded to the Source of all power and blessing - the LORD.

Read carefully and prayerfully through this volume. Ask God to reveal areas in your life that may be withholding His hand from your life. Seek the Blesser, not the blessing. Seek Almighty God, not merely His power. And in seeking God, we pray you will find more of Him than you ever imagined.

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