

Article

No. 22, Vol 8

Subject

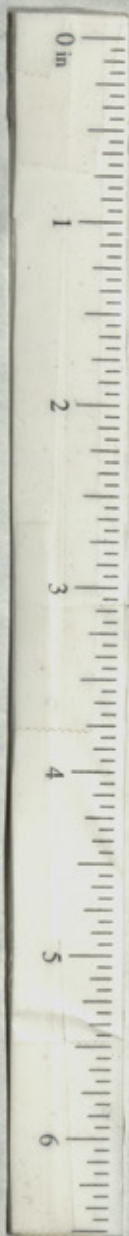
Dwight L. Moody



Letter

Nov. 22, 1888

Wright & Wright  
Proprs





*Wm. L. Moody*  
*W. C. Howard*

Dwight L. Moody:

In both Wars.

By Gen. O.O. Howard.

Gen. U.S. Grant, in October, 1861, had of his own motion sprung upon Paducah, Ky. seizing that stronghold and surprising everybody. A little later pressing southward he made with raw troops an "offensive" battle at Belmont, which was severe and came near being a defeat. He fought his way out as he had fought his way in, and the issue redounded to his honor and has ever since marked the beginning of his great fame as a general. During the operations thus hinted at there were some soldiers slain on both sides and many wounded. Hospitals were established and protect<sup>ing</sup> camps both at Paducah and at Cairo, Illinois. Many of the wounded soldiers were from Illinois and some of them had been in Camp Douglas in Chicago. When at Camp Douglas the last of May, 1861, D.L. Moody and his friend, Jacobs, had been constituted by the Christian Mission a committee on devotional meetings. This committee visited Camp Douglas and the military prison in Chicago and held meetings themselves and finally established among the soldiers eight or ten *other* meetings to be held simultaneously each evening.





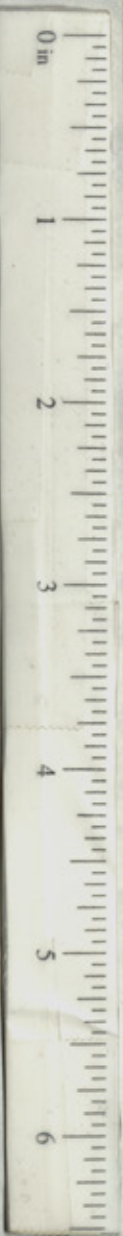


D.L. Moody, who was at this time but 22 years of age, had already introduced his <sup>affection</sup> method into social prayer meetings. Special and appropriate hymn-books were <sup>printed &</sup> used as he always had them used to arouse the attention and awaken feeling and the faithful and systematic inquiry session closed each gathering. In this work, Moody and his friend had met with extraordinary success for hundreds of their auditors became pronounced Christian men and went to the front determined as far as they could to stand up for and be loyal to their Master.

It was at least very natural then that the great U.S. Christian Mission, having a branch in Chicago, should send Moody and Jacobs <sup>among the first</sup> to the front. They went as Delegates and were well received by General Grant and Admiral Foote. Their first work appears to have been at Paducah, after which they passed on to Cairo. They were particularly charged at Cairo to care for the wounded from the battle-field, - that is, those who had come back from Belmont. The young men would separate and go to different hospitals, passing from bed to bed and conversing with the wounded and no tongue



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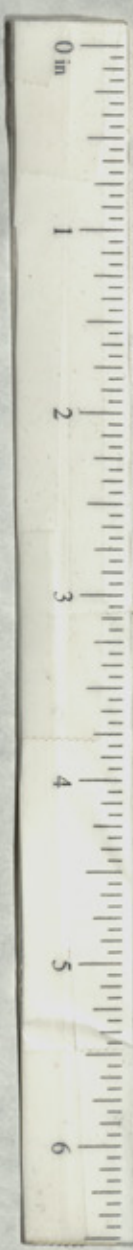
can ever tell <sup>all</sup> of the good which they did. Many a soul <sup>filled with</sup> ~~got~~  
 the sunshine, <sup>and</sup> reflected it before <sup>Moody's</sup> ~~the~~ departure through  
 their instrumentality. After laboring for a time at Cairo,  
 they prepared to go to <sup>Fort Jefferson</sup> ~~Fort Jefferson~~ about Feb. 16th, 1862.  
 Gen. Grant wrote with his own hand the pass and order for  
 Moody and Jacobs to make this journey to enable them to  
 minister to the wounded. An idea may be gathered of the work  
 itself from a single instance. "A week after the surrender,  
 our own men had all been cared for. That Sabbath evening  
 we (Moody and Jacobs) were to start down the river with the  
 last of the wounded." They first went to visit the  
 Confederate sick, who were crowded into 23 log-house hospitals  
 at Dover. In one of them they found every inch of room  
 occupied. In a kitchen corner on some straw was an old  
 gray-haired man. Jacobs went up to him and knelt by his  
 side and asked if he could do anything for him.  
 "No" said he, "you can't."  
 "Don't you want anything? Is there nothing that might  
 comfort you?"  
 "Yes, I want to go home. I have a wife and six children  
 in Tennessee. Oh how I want to go home and see them!"



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one ever told of the good which they did. Many a soul  
has been saved by the light of the Gospel.  
After laboring for a time at home,  
they prepared to go to the West in 1852.  
They went with his own and other  
money and goods to make this journey as easily as  
possible. An idea was suggested of the work  
which they were to do. A week after the departure,  
one of the men had his horse killed.  
The (horns and tacks) were to start down the river with the  
last of the goods. They did not go to the  
destination, who were ordered to go to the  
river. One of the men took every thing of value  
to the river. A broken barrel on horse back was an old  
fashioned man. Tacks were up to him and made by him  
else. He said if he could not make it for him.  
"Now said he, 'I can't.'"  
"Don't you want anything in there?" he said.  
"Yes, I want to go home. I have a wife and six children  
in Tennessee. Oh how I want to go home and see them!"





"Well," said he "maybe you will be exchanged."

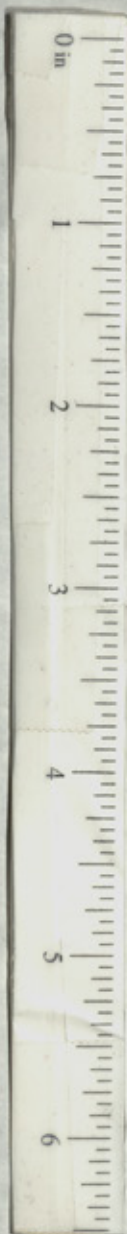
"Why" he answered "I will never go home. I am dying; don't you know it?"

"No, I didn't know it; but my friend, if you are dying, are you not going home? Don't you know how Christ said he had gone to prepare a home for those who loved him?" He gazed at me with an expression of perfect despair "my wife has talked to me about this for 35 years; I rejected every invitation. I am dying here without Christ."

He kept saying "I can't die." "I can't die." While the young men did <sup>not</sup> get from him any strong evidence of a change, yet they commended him to the care of an all-sufficient Saviour as he was passing to the other shore.

In another hut they came across a Union soldier unable to speak, badly injured in his lower jaw. He had been 48 hours on the field when picked up; his back was frozen fast to the ground where he lay and both feet badly frozen. His name was Burgess of Chicago. They took him with them to Cairo and gave him special care. Six months later he <sup>restored to health,</sup> told them he owed his life to the care they had



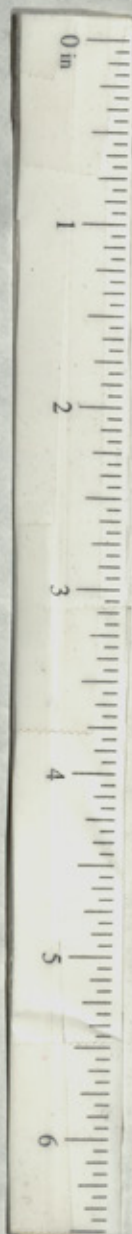




given him on the boat where they had endeavored to lift his heart to God. He now was full of ardor and promised to serve ~~him~~ evermore. That very night on the boat they spoke to a young man shot through the lungs and asked him if he wanted anything. He said "yes, I want a drink." Water from the river was brought him and he exclaimed as he took it "Oh, for one cupful of water from my father's well!" upon this one of them showed him the living waters. To this message his heart responded warmly and his face expressed joy and satisfaction.

To another soldier a text of Scripture was handed. Later meeting him he cried out to the Delegate, "That little verse has lead me to the saviour and I have enjoyed ~~him~~, oh, how much!" After the battle of Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh) April 6th, 1862, Mr. Moody was on hand to do everything he could to alleviate suffering, taking last messages and aid dying men to look to Christ. moody says ~~of one~~ "The Doctor lifting the mangled body as best he could, laid the poor fellow on his back, when he exclaimed 'This is glory; this is glory.'

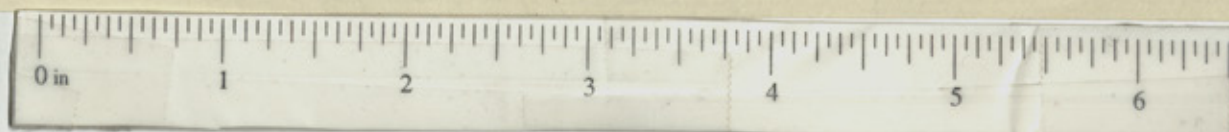






"What is glory, my dear fellow?"

"Oh; Doctor, it is glory to die with my face upward." pointing toward Heaven. This was his last earthly sign. Another instance, Mr. Moody called to one poor fellow who nobody knew asking his name getting at first no response. At last at the word "William" the man opened his eyes. When asked if he was a Christian he shook his head and said: "I am so great a sinner that I can't be a Christian." moody then quoted the Scripture "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, etc. (John, 3d Chapter, 13th verse) "Stop" said the dying man, "read that over again, will you?" It was read again. "Is that there?" "Yes." said moody. "And did Christ say that?" "Yes." The man after that kept repeating it to himself. Before the morning he was gone. The nurse hearing him murmuring thought he might have some last message for home put down his ear close to him and heard the words "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him, - " his voice died away and his lips moved no longer.





...in the light of the fact that...

...it is clear that the...

...pointing towards heaven. This was not a...

...another instance, all...

...nobody knew seeing his...

...at least at the word...

...when asked if he was a...

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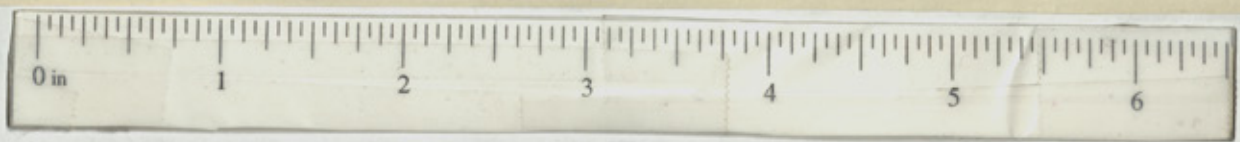
...last message for home...

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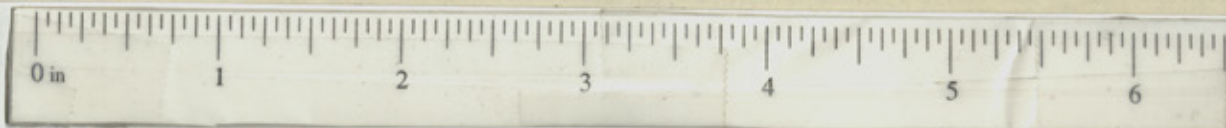
...life moved no longer.





Moody was in Nashville, Tennessee, after the battle of Stone River. In May of that year he established a daily prayer-meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church which continued without interruption for a year; then was removed to what is called the McKendree Chapel where it continued for another year. It became the general resort of Christian soldiers, <sup>and</sup> of those who could be induced to attend passing through Nashville. Moody and his companions had six hospitals to visit as well as a convalescent camp. In one regiment, they introduced first open-air meetings, then procured a chapel-tent and were permitted to have two services every day. The commanding officer said to Moody: "You have let a streak of sunshine into my camp."

At the beginning of General Sherman's spring campaign of 1864, I was gathering my fourth army corp in Cleveland, East Tennessee, about the middle of April when the Rev. J.F. Loyd, in charge of <sup>The</sup> <sup>Com</sup> Christian Mission Delegates, made me a visit. He had with him Moody, Reynolds, Bliss, and Nichols.





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of Christian Science, of those who could be induced to

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had his headquarters at what is well known as a convalescent camp.

In one apartment, they held their first evening meetings,

then passed a short time and were permitted to have two

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"You have got a number of valuable people here."

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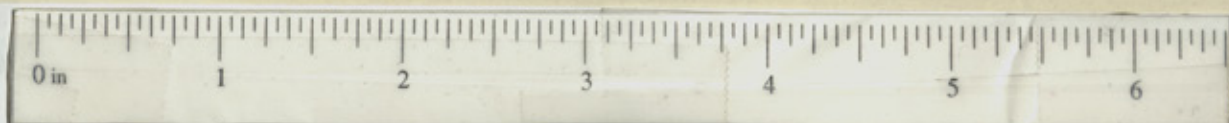
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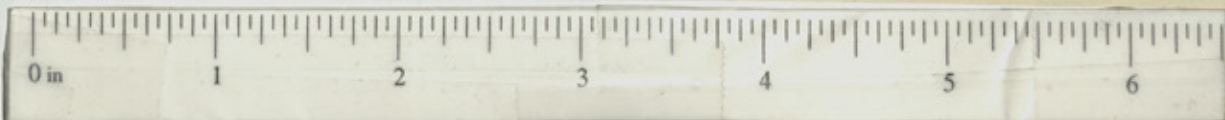
made me a visit. He had with him Moody, Reynolds, Baker,

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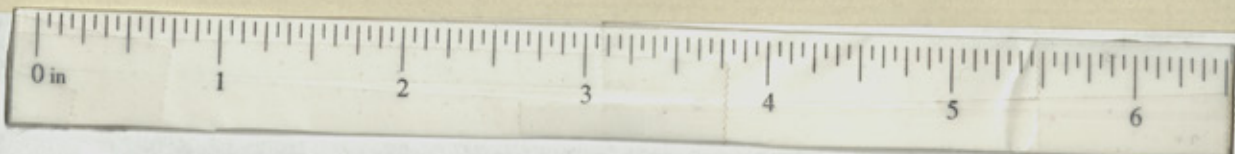




It was the first time I had met him though I had previously heard of his work at Chicago and in the army. He was not at that time so fleshy as he afterwards became, but had a well-knit frame, rather short neck and thick shoulders. His head was well-shaped and everything about the young man indicated health and vigor. His devotion to the Master's service was evident but <sup>at</sup> the same time he had about him the manner of a thorough business man. He spoke quickly, his sentences were always short and to the point. He said what he wanted to say with readiness and emphasis and without multiplying words or repeating himself. <sup>All the</sup> churches were cleaned out and every night filled with hearers. Moody's own meetings were always <sup>crowded</sup> ~~filled~~ to the overflowing. It seemed a propitious time for the Delegates. Awakenings and conversions spread through the whole command. It is said that at one of his last meetings 83 soldiers came forward and expressed a desire for prayers and most of them took a decided stand for the Master. <sup>§</sup> I remember that I visited Chicago once after the close of a war with the Indians. Hearing that Moody would speak in the evening,



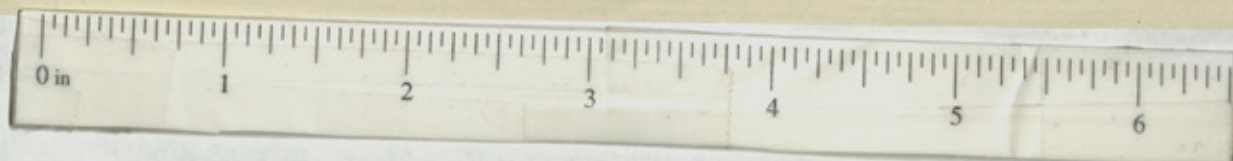
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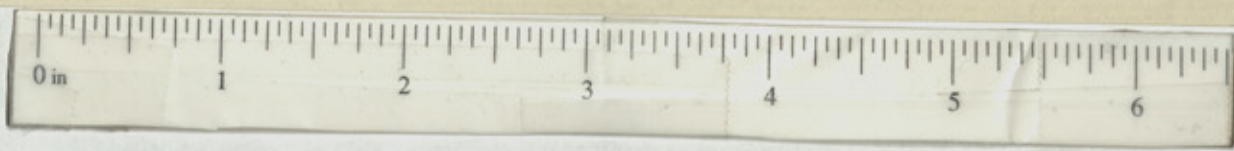


I went to that rough structure, a sort of wigwam, which would hold at least 8000 people. Mr. Moody was already speaking on the subject of Heaven. Being in a sort of cold and unsympathetic condition, I took a seat as far back as possible. Mr. Moody's strong voice soon aroused my attention and before I left the hall, my heart was tender again and my purpose renewed to do all I could for the cause he loved. I appreciated then something of the man's power. He touched the consciences of men and by God's help brought them to repentance, confession and <sup>Something much to be commended,</sup> ~~which at least commanded~~ to an all-<sup>possible</sup> restoration. Like Grant, Moody always demanded an unconditional surrender and afterwards an implicit obedience. In after life I was with him on many occasions and had an opportunity to observe something of the ability of the Evangelist to <sup>and organize</sup> plan campaigns and carry them out. <sup>e</sup> Like that at Chicago, where he filled the theatres, the halls, the churches, and other public buildings <sup>every day</sup> with multitudes of people from every part of the world.

I was among his workers. He gathered us every night after the evening meetings where he had some refreshments for us and where quite informally he drew from every set of speakers

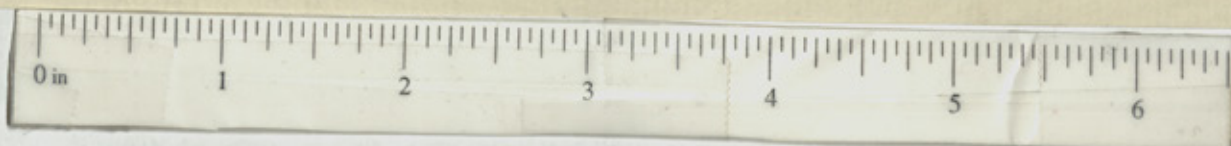


I went to that rough bedroom, a sort of wigwag, which  
would hold at least 2000 persons. Mr. Moody was already  
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cold and unresponsive condition I took a seat as far back  
as possible. Mr. Moody's strong voice soon attracted  
attention and before I felt the heat of his words was  
again and my purpose renewed to stay. I could not see anyone  
he loved. I approached then to the side of the man's power.  
he looked the countenance of an angel. I felt his presence  
then as if I were in the presence of a great power.  
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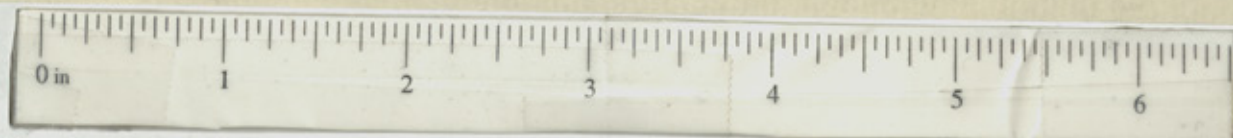




what had been accomplished at their gathering. He took account also of every contribution and had his treasurer put it into a safe deposit with proper record. He appeared to me then as a consummate general, able to plan and to execute any kind of business operations in a systematic and thorough style. <sup>P.</sup> No one will ever forget the accounts of the disabling of the German steamer "Spree" in mid-ocean in 1892. Mr. Moody and I were on board. We had 750 passengers. The vessel had its shaft broken. The stern of the ship was down to the water's edge, while the bow was high in the air. Three compartments were filled with water and the ship ~~drifted~~ drifted far away from the track of other vessels. For 48 hours we had but a faint hope of ever being rescued. We all came together in the dining-hall and Moody lead the meeting and made a faithful proclamation of the ability of our Lord to rescue us from the water <sup>and</sup> ~~or~~ to save our souls. It was a wonderful meeting where people spoke and sang in different languages. On this trying occasion, though troubled with seasickness, D.L. Moody maintained the same leadership and showed the same ability as he had done on all other trying occasions.



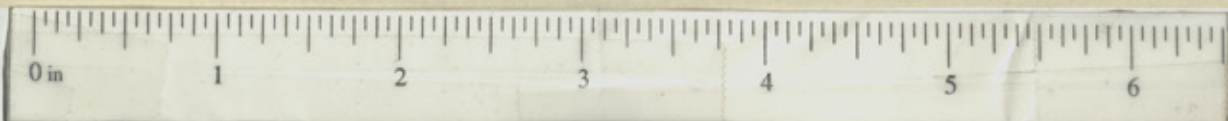
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 The vessel had its shaft broken. The motor of the ship was  
 down to the water level while the bow was high in the air.  
 Three compartments were filled with water and the ship  
 drifted far away from the coast of New Zealand. For  
 48 hours we had but a faint hope of ever being rescued.  
 We all came together in the dining hall and Moody led the  
 meeting and made a faithful proclamation of the ability of  
 our Lord to rescue us from the water. <sup>and</sup> We gave our souls.  
 It was a wonderful meeting where people spoke and sang in  
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he believed and so proclaimed that our Heavenly Father saved that ship and all on board, except a single man who committed suicide; <sup>he declared that it was</sup> in answer to prayer.

When the war with Spain came on, our young men's Christian Associations being well-equipped for it, formed, as they had done in 1861, an Army <sup>Com</sup> Mission, which became a little later <sup>The</sup> Army and Navy Christian <sup>Com</sup> Mission. Mr. Moody was Chairman of the Evangelical Committee. <sup>in the outset</sup> He was a little apprehensive that our workers would confine themselves too much to mere material relief and not do enough to turn the minds and hearts of the soldiers in the different camps and hospitals to the Lord. Feeling this way, he began to urge upon the <sup>Com</sup> Mission to send out Delegates who would be acceptable to the soldiers, men who could speak to them off-hand, and excite their interest. With his extensive knowledge of public speakers all over the land, he managed to send forth, as a rule, the very best, such as Dickson of Brooklyn, Torrey of Chicago, Sankey, the singer, who could both sing and speak, and Major Whittle, the Christian soldier, whose words always found their way to the hearts of his comrades.



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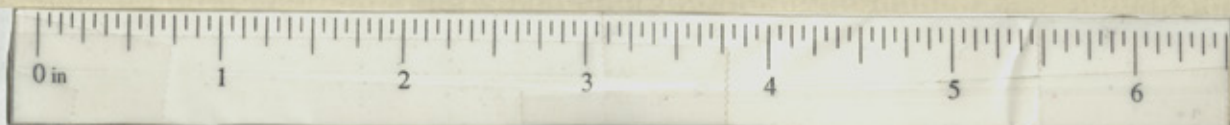
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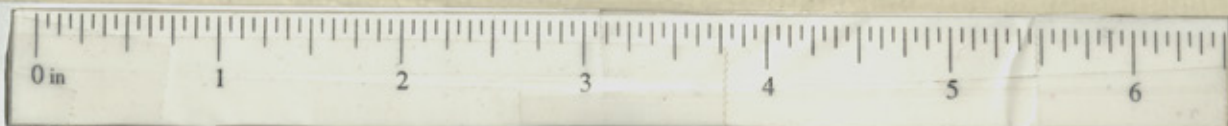
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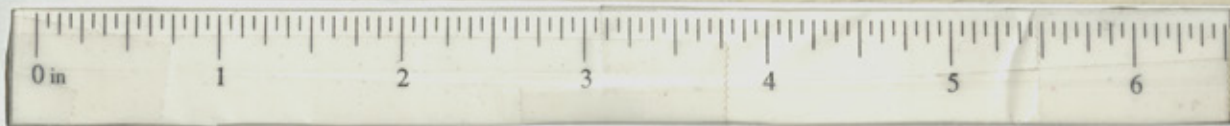
to the hearts of his comrades.





It was my privilege, by his request, to join this body of active workers and to go to the front as a Delegate of the mission. The principal camps, such as Alger, Thomas at Chickamauga, <sup>that of</sup> Mobile, <sup>of</sup> Jacksonville, and <sup>of</sup> Tampa were faithfully visited. The soldiers responded heartily and the pavilions (large tents) provided for nearly every brigade, were thronged with attentive and responsive hearers. Mr. Moody, himself had been at Tampa before my visit and had left there what was called the Moody Tabernacle and besides a smaller out-door chapel. These structures <sup>were</sup> ~~const~~ <sup>ruited</sup> mainly <sup>with</sup> large platforms and rows of benches and shaded from the sun by canvass and the trees. They were only a nucleus for the larger meetings of two or three thousand soldiers at a time. The Delegates had the opportunity of visiting the different regiments and holding <sup>services</sup> ~~meetings~~ with them; ~~and~~ sometimes a whole brigade came together for the purpose of a public religious meeting, where some superb singer would improvise a magnificent chorus of manly voices. <sup>In June</sup> Mr. Moody called several of us back for <sup>away from this work;</sup> a month to arouse the people.







Under his direction and that of the organization to which we belonged, we carried forward a successful campaign in raising the necessary funds for the entire work at the front, which is well-known. But Moody's special part was, as usual, condensed in his expression <sup>to his Delegates:</sup> "Go, and give them the simple Gospel of Christ that their souls may be saved." We went back <sup>in July</sup> going from camp to camp, regiment to regiment, vessel to vessel in the Navy and as far as possible, penetrated Cuba making an honest and hearty endeavor to comply with the strong wish of our leader, Dwight L. Moody. He purposed to go to the front himself as he told me, but he did not think that his physical strength after his years of indefatigable effort was quite equal to the undertaking. So he wisely satisfied himself with the organizing, the directing and the sustaining by funds and by prayer ~~and~~ <sup>that</sup> energetic Christian undertaking.

It is a satisfaction to us co-workers with him <sup>in the evening close of his life</sup> that he has had such a remarkable departure. With a glowing face full of joy and peace, he says substantially: "Earth recedes; Heaven approaches; God is calling me!"

Burlington, Vt. (2100 words)  
Dec. 26 1899

Olin Otis Howard

