

#1959—July 12, 2009—“Hall of Presidents”—2

[Gauger:] *Moody Presents* the Hall of Presidents.

May the Spirit of the Lord come upon us tonight, and may every one of us be taught what our work is. And may we be ready to do it.

[Gauger:] This is *Moody Presents*, the Hall of Presidents, a historic series of broadcasts from Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. I'm Jon Gauger, welcoming you to this legacy look at the men who shaped the school that Moody founded. He was a converted shoe salesman from Massachusetts who left spiritual footprints all over the globe: Dwight Lyman Moody. Born in 1837, Mr. Moody ultimately presented the gospel to more people in more places than any other man in previous history. When he died in 1899, it was literally front-page news. Just ahead on today's broadcast, a reenacted sermon from Dwight Moody, a rare recording of Moody's song leader and soloist, but first this unusual excerpt of Dwight Moody's actual voice. The sample we're about to hear was made at the birth of recording technology more than 110 years ago. I'm going to warn you that the sound is kind of scratchy and noisy, but listen carefully and you can hear the thick Boston accent of Mr. Moody as he reads from Psalm 91. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress."

[Moody:]

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome
pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou
trust: [he] shall be thy shield and buckler.

[Gauger:] He "shall be thy shield and buckler." From Psalm 91, that's a recording of Dwight Moody made more than 110 years ago—a recording, incidentally, that's been sitting on the shelf at an archived library since 1956. You know, music has always played a unique roll in evangelistic meetings. It was true with Billy Graham, and it was true with Dwight Moody. In 1870 Moody was speaking in Chicago when he heard thirty-year-old Ira Sankey singing a vocal solo. So impressed was Moody that he immediately approached the man about joining him in his evangelistic efforts. Sankey, after much thought and prayer, accepted Moody's invitation in 1871. It was in the fall of that year that the Chicago fire destroyed most of the nation's Second City. Moody, calling Chicago his ministry home and headquarters, decided to leave for the British Isles along with Ira Sankey. There the names of Moody and Sankey became household names, and they were forever after linked together. We have a rare recording of Ira Sankey singing what became his signature song. A Scottish poet was rather stricken with the words of Christ in Matthew 18, where Jesus spoke about leaving the ninety and nine found sheep in search of the one lost little lamb. Well, Ira Sankey first saw that poem in a newspaper there in Great Britain. He tore out the clipping, stuffed it in his pocket, and referred to it so often that he eventually memorized it. Then one evening Sankey recalls—and I quote—"When I stepped inside the doors of the church, it was completely filled with shepherd lads and lassies, all trembling with expectation and suppressed excitement. I walked to the pulpit and immediately commenced singing the words of that beautiful little poem from memory and inspiration, the air coming to my mind as I went along." So apparently the tune was composed right on the spot! This is Ira Sankey singing "The Ninety and Nine."

[Ira Sankey: "The Ninety and Nine"]

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?”
But the Shepherd made answer:
“This of Mine Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

[Gauger:] A rare recording of Ira Sankey and his song “The Ninety and Nine,” today on *Moody Presents*, the Hall of Presidents. Well, Dwight Lyman Moody certainly had a way with words. He never went to high school, let alone college or seminary, but thousands came to hear him whenever he spoke. We’re about to hear a re-creation of his sermon “To Every Man His Work.” Some five thousand people were on hand to hear Moody that night as he delivered this message. Using his transcribed notes, an interpreter, Bob Mayer, re-creates Moody’s sermon. Let’s listen now to “To Every Man His Work.”

[Dramatic interpretation of D. L. Moody’s sermon:] I want to call your attention to a verse you will find in the thirteenth chapter of Mark, part of the thirty-fourth verse. “To every man his work.” “For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.” That verse doesn’t read “to every man some work,” or “to every man a work,” but “to every man his work.” And I believe, if the truth were known, that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do. For the Bible says, “Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and everyone shall give an account of the deeds done in the body.” And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home tonight: “Am I doing the work that God has for me to do?”

In the parable told by our Lord, the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin, or bury it away, God will take even that talent from us. God doesn’t expect a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is that which God has given each man. If we are all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don’t you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I believe what John Wesley used to say: “All at it, and always at it.” That is what the church needs to say. What are we all down in this world of sickness and sorrow for unless it is to work for the Son of God.

Now, there isn’t a father or a mother here but would take it a great misfortune if their children did not grow for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn’t grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say it is a great calamity. Yet I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse on a treadmill. It is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted. Let us all do the business we can. If we can’t be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle.

If the people of this city should do that now—if each one should come here with our candle—don’t you think there would be a little light? Let all gas be put out in this hall, and one solitary candle would give a good deal of light here. You are all the time receiving these grand truths but never giving them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, the thousand ought to take the sermon and

spread it to till it reaches those who never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

Now, Andrew got the reputation of bringing people to Christ. He went about it in the right way. He began right. I imagine that when Christ wanted mighty deeds done, He went out and hunted up Andrew. Andrew inquired of the people, "Have you seen anything of Peter?" And when he found him, he brought him to Christ. Little did Andrew know of the importance of the day when he brought Peter to Christ. Little did he think that on that day he did the greatest act of his life. The joy must have filled his heart when he saw three thousand brought under the influence of the Spirit by that holy man. Oh, you cannot tell what results will follow if you just improve the talent God has given you by bringing one Simon Peter to Christ.

Then we read that when the Greeks came and wanted to see Jesus, Andrew met them and brought them all to Christ. Andrew had a reputation of bringing sinners to God. That is a good reputation! I would rather have that reputation than any other. Oh, the joy there is in bringing people to Christ! That is what we all can do, if we will. If God has not given us but half a talent, let us make good use of that.

When Jesus told the people to take their seats by fifties, He told Philip to get food for them. "What?" said Philip. "Feed them with this little loaf? Why, there is not more than enough for the first man." "Yes, go and feed them with that," our Lord said. Philip thought that was a very small amount for such a multitude of hungry men. He broke off a piece for the first man and didn't miss it, a piece for the second man and didn't miss it. He was making good use of the loaf, and God kept increasing it. That is what the Lord wants to do with us. He will give us just as many talents as we can take care of.

There are many of us who are willing to do great things for the Lord but few of us willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus.

[Gauger:] If you've just joined us, we're listening to *Moody Presents*, the Hall of Presidents, a legacy look at the men who shaped the school that Moody founded. We're listening to a reenactment of a sermon from Dwight Moody, "To Every Man His Work." Just this quick reminder that this entire Hall of Presidents series is available on CD at our Web site, moodypresents.mbn.org. Just look for the link called "Hall of Presidents." Now back to today's message, using Moody's own transcribed notes: "To Every Man His Work."

[Dramatic interpretation of D. L. Moody's sermon:] We must get down to personal effort, this bringing one by one to the Son of God. We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ Himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that He preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but He had time and the heart to preach for her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, cannot every one of us go and do the same?

If people instead of merely coming to these meetings, holding up their arms and enjoying themselves without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done! We need ten thousand men and women who are willing to say, "Lord, here am I! Use me!" Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same

time. The trouble is, we are afraid to speak to men about their souls. Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit.

There is a wife, but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father who dare not speak to his son about his soul. What we want to do is speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you: It is a great deal. If we would do this, we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God!

I remember once while preaching at a meeting noticing in the congregation a lady who had a class in a mission school. I knew that it was the time for them to meet, and I wondered, "How did you happen to be at the meeting this afternoon? Haven't you a class that meets today?" "Yes," she said, "but I only have five little boys, and I didn't think it would matter if I didn't teach them today." "Have you five little boys?" "Yes." "How do you know but among those little boys there may be a Knox, there may be a Wesley or a Whitefield or a Bunyan? There may be a man there who will go out and revolutionize the world. If you have five little children come to you, thank God for that, and start with your work."

I heard some time ago of a young lady who went out to a boarding school. Her parents were very wealthy and sent her to the best school they could find. They were very anxious that their daughter should shine in the highest circle of society, that she should become refined and educated. Among her associates at school was a lady who loved and worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught her the luxury of working for Christ. She labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning quite a number of young ladies in that school to Christ.

One day, as she was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker, chasing him with a wooden last in his hand. He had not run far until the wooden shoe form was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She asked him if he went to school. He said no. "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories and read nice books." She coaxed and pleaded with him and at last said that if he would consent to go, she would meet him on the corner of the street which they should agree upon.

He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any ones who looked like that in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner with the boy and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon her efforts with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master.

The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. "I've been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Protestant Sabbath school, but his father and mother told him he must not go there anymore, or he would get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time, with the same result. At last he said to his father, "I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said, "If you go to that Sabbath school again, I will kill you."

It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to passersby, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady's house and said to her, "Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me, then I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to teach one boy the way into the kingdom of God. Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's Spirit broke upon his heart.

One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face and said, "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?" They bore home the boy's corpse and with it the last message that he died a Christian.

Oh, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer. How precious the remembrance to her. When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ! She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is, that we may do it for His glory.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced, and when the Spirit of God revives it, shan't we go and do it? Are there not five thousand Christians in this hall, and is there not someone among them that can lead a soul to Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in. If we are only faithful ...

I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped my wonderfully. I made it a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to someone about their soul's salvation, and if they didn't hear the gospel from the lips of others, there will be 365 in a year that shall hear the gospel from my lips. There are five thousand Christians here tonight. Can't they say, "We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to someone about the cause of Christ"? Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us tonight, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is! And may we be ready to do it.

[Gauger:] You've been listening to a dramatic interpretation from a message by Dwight L. Moody, "To Every Man His Work." Bob Mayer, our reader, using Moody's own transcribed notes. Earlier we heard a musical excerpt from Moody's longtime ministry partner, Ira Sankey. We'd like to share just one more with you. This is a recording of Ira Sankey singing the familiar hymn "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

[Ira Sankey: "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"]

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again,
God be with you till we meet again

[Gauger:] Remarkably preserved and lovingly restored, a rare recording of Ira Sankey. Before we go, a brief reminder that you can enjoy our complete Hall of Presidents series on CD, available at our Web site, moodypresents.mbn.org. Again, that's moodypresents.mbn.org. Just look for the Hall of Presidents link. I'm Jon Gauger, saying thanks for listening, and inviting you back next week, where we'll hear an original message from Reuben Archer Torrey, here on *Moody Presents*, the Hall of Presidents.