

1837



1899

The Autobiography of
DWIGHT L. MOODY

SOME day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody, of East Northfield, is dead.

Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now, I shall have gone up higher, that is all; out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal—a body that death cannot touch; that sin cannot taint; a body fashioned like unto His glorious body.

I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever.

Wm. Barber