:: :: A BIOGRAPHY OF :: ::

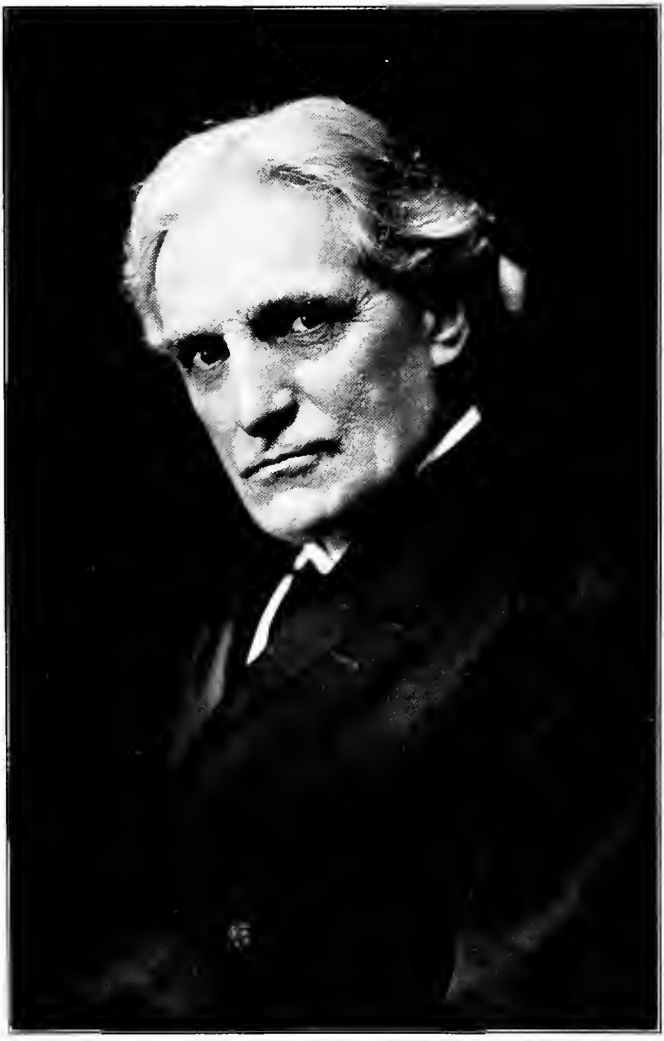
HENRY CLAY MORRISON

THE MAN AND HIS MINISTRY

C. F. WIMBERLY

A Biographical Sketch of Henry Clay Morrison, D.D.

The Man and His Ministry



REV. H. C. MORRISON, D.D.,
PRESIDENT ASBURY COLLEGE, EDITOR OF
"THE PENTECOSTAL HERALD"

A Biographical Sketch of Henry Clay Morrison, D.D.

Editor of "The Pentecostal Herald"

The Man and His Ministry

By

C. F. WIMBERLY, B.A., D.D.

Author of "Is the Devil a Myth?" "Behold the Morning," etc.

NEW YORK CHICAGO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

To
all the spiritual children of John Wesley,
who love and cherish the great legacy of faith
"once delivered to the saints,"
but transmitted to us by
the great founder of our Methodism,
this volume is affectionately dedicated by the
AUTHOR

Contents

INTRODUCTION

By Bishop John C. Kilgo

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, writing on "The Gospel of a Person," a chapter in his most worthy book on "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," says: "Persons are the most real and substantial objects of our knowledge. They touch us at more points, they affect us in more ways and with greater intensity, they fit more closely into the faculties and powers of our own being, than anything else in the universe. A person who has influenced us or our fellow men leaves a more profound, positive, permanent, and real impression than any other fact whatsoever. We live as persons in a world of persons, far more truly than we live in a world of phenomena or laws or ideas." It is the rankest heresy to set aside the reality of persons and study the universe as a mass of things, assembling rocks and trees, and beast and birds, and men all in one volume to be investigated by like processes and tested by single standards. What is called natural law becomes more than natural when the reality of a person is reached. In the nature, the requirements, and the powers of man a new field of thought is reached, and the universe outside him takes on a vaster meaning. Because of this undeniable truth, all types of scepticism have ignored or shied the more than natural which confronts all students in the facts of person.

The first outstanding truth in personality is its singleness, its fixed individuality. There is a universe in each man. No sort of sophistry can remove this fact. What is uniform, and presumed to be unvarying in physical orders, becomes flexible in the presence of a person, and this breaks down all application of so-called scientific studies of human nature in its higher resources and faculties. The creation of man endowed a world of matter with endless readjustments, introduced into the material system a miraculous feature, without which such a creature as person could not have found space for his growth or room for the exercise of his powers. It is in person our universe reaches its finality.

These general remarks are made to justify the writing of the story of one man, to advocate the supreme claims of biography. In its original sources, history, so-called general history, is biography, the story of what each man did summed up in a total account. And, perhaps, there has never been a time when the magnitudes of the single person so much needed a renewed emphasis as in these times. We need again to find the man. We have lost him in the mass, the community and the institution, and so life has dulled down to something like a big machine in which the individual goes around as a wheel, dead to all sense of personal responsibility, charging failures to the system, and taking refuge for his own conscience within a community fault. The suffix "ism" has been attached to nearly every word in the language that will admit of its use, a shameful evidence of the growing abstraction of ideas

in which there can be no such thing as deep convictions of truth and right, and no intense feeling of personal obligations. Community ascendency is an atmosphere in which mighty men can never grow, and for these fundamental reasons I welcome a biography, especially a biography of a distinct man, a genuine individual in whom truth and righteousness have had an open chance of expression.

Dr. C. F. Wimberly has written this biography of Dr. Henry Clay Morrison for serious reasons. Doubtless there has been mingled with his motives the desire to pay a tribute to an esteemed friend, and likely there will appear to the reader evidences of this personal devotion. But this does not constitute the chief purpose. Both the author and the subject are serious men. They have taken the world in its fullest reality. It has not been to them a play-house, a vanity fair, but the scene of eternal plans and forces and issues. And Dr. Wimberly heartily believes, as a multitude of other friends in all parts of the earth, that the story of this good man not only deserves to be told, but that it contains lessons which should be taught.

I have said Dr. Morrison is a serious man, that he has taken the world seriously, which is true. But he has not been a sad man, lacking in humor and hopelessly ignorant of the joyous aspects of life and the currents of pleasure that flow through it. It is not necessary to be flippant in order to be humorous, or to be jaunty in order to be joyous. The virtue of humor he has had without carrying it into the realm of a vice. But this man has come along the route of a working

man. Hard necessity imposed this on him. But he was fortunate to have been born at a time when work was an honorable thing among respectable people, when indolence was regarded a social shame rather than a social glory. The man who is rich enough to rear sons without work, and weak enough to do it, is both too greatly increased in wealth and too feeble in mind and morals to be other than a vicious menace to society. There is no difference in reality between the idle rich and the idle poor, the crowds who loaf in gorgeous hotels and the crowds who tramp the land in rags, save the difference in the cost of their wardrobes and the price of their meals. The story of this man is the story of a worker, a brave, tireless, joyous, conquering worker, and such a story is worthy of being told and of being carefully read.

The life of this man has been spent during a remarkable period and within a remarkable region. He is a native of Kentucky, the land of big romance, through which turbulent currents of history have rushed, the highway out to the west, the battle-field of faiths and doubts, the home of big manhood and genuine womanhood, the scene of victories and defeats, and he began his career under a generation of men who were every inch heroic men, mighty in faith and deeds and achievements. Well for him he was born when he was and where he was. He felt all the weight in his early life of men who were in the truest sense nation-builders, not childish dreamers of world-building. He grew up when men were really doing the thing of reconstructing a land, a land that had been torn to the foundations and

left in far worse material condition than France or Belgium. His young shoulders and youthful heart had a share in these things. He was heir to them. But he does not call for sympathy because of such circumstances. They were a school in which he received tremendous lessons, and I doubt not there is nothing he would spurn quicker than a proffer of sympathy for his early experiences.

He is a man. Every line of his frame, every feature of his face, and every movement of his body proclaims him a solid, vigorous, granitic man. He was built for the storm, fashioned for the battle. No one would dream of coddling him. But he is not a belligerent man, a man who loves the storm for the thrill of the storm, or the battle for the din of the battle. Whoever thinks this does not know the man. But with him in matters of truth and right there is not place for compromise. If they call for conflict, he knows no way to escape it and has no wish to dodge it. Such men have always made trouble for the gentle lover of popular favor. It is hard to be such a man. There is loneliness for him, and plenty of it. Like Elijah, this type of man is a slave of righteousness, a soul in which the scepter of truth must find an unbending throne, and, in times of doubt and laxity of faiths he really annoys the multitude, even the circles of fine folks. Only the judgment of God can rightly appraise the ministry of such men in the kingdom of righteousness as the defenders of truth and the preservers of it among men.

The fine opportunists who know the gentle arts of getting on with perfect adjustment do not understand a

man in whom righteousness has its imperial sway. To them he is of a hard head, a stubborn will, an autocratic soul. They never heard the note of the eternal in truth. They have only seen its surface values, never its awful throne. To them God is an accommodation, not a holy and righteous sovereign eternal. So the man of righteousness must make up his mind to be misunderstood, and to be happy amid it all. He must have fellowships outside the circle of present movements and endure as one who sees the invisible. Well, Dr. Morrison knows all about these things. Deep down in his heart, hidden away from the gaze of men, even the closest friends, are records written in blood and experiences saturated with Pauline griefs, but he would die a thousand times before he would yield the divine commission to hold the truth to the end.

He has spent his life in the ministry of the Gospel. I do not like the expression "old-time" when applied to anything about the Gospel. The infinitudes of God never put Him in the past sense. The genuine preacher of the Gospel is never "old-time" except in the sense that truth is as old as God, and spoken in one age sounds through all ages. This has been the type of this man's ministry. He has not sought to be other than a preacher of the Gospel after the type of evangelical preachers in all times. He became a preacher because God called him to be a preacher. No other motive decided him. It was not an interest in human welfare, a desire to serve, a decision for "life-service," or any of the other little dainty purposes proclaimed and urged in these times upon youthful minds. God called him.

The majesty, the awfulness, the dreadfulness of God speaking to him and appointing him to the work of the holy ministry were real and indisputable experiences to him, and taking his ministry from God he has tried to perform it in the fear of God. As pastor, evangelist, author, editor, educator, this hard-working man has filled a ministry to this date which has carried around the world. As the subject of a biography he is a wide theme, presenting unusual phases of commanding interest.

Dr. Wimberly's work will not be finished because the life of Dr. Morrison is not ended, but enough has been done to teach lessons of lasting worth. The reader will be carried through many scenes of life as he reads this volume. There will be movement, but it will not be the movement of one lost in a wilderness. It will be the steady march of one who moves along the established routes of truth and righteousness, day by day camping further than the night previous. There will be no surrender to the forces of error, no begging of quarters from those who fight righteousness. It is the story of a Kentucky gentleman, a Christian believer, a consecrated preacher, and, to date, a noted victor.

Charlotte, N. C., 1919.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IT IS a difficult task to write a book, and still more difficult to write one that the public will care to read. The book that can get by the cold-blooded scrutiny of an unsympathetic public in these days of much book-making, must possess merit beyond the realm of the mediocre. This merit must be either a superfine production of English, so that the finish and technic of the quill will shine out on the pages blameless; a literary production, such as the critics will be forced to say that a real contribution has been made to the literature of the times: or merit must be found elsewhere. The other content a book may possess, whereby it is possible to break in, and break through—is the *Message*. If a book comes with a message, filled with "human appeal," striking the heartstrings with such fervor and zeal, that an echo will touch the souls of others; if the writer of a book is fortunate enough to make such a discovery in the message—that message will cover up a multitude of literary sins.

Impelled by this latter hope, that in helping others to our own view-point of a life—a life that has wrought in righteousness and truth—we venture before the public once more. The theme of this book is to the writer an untried field; it is not without some misgivings that we undertake the task. In this, however, we find a still stronger motive—giving strength and courage to the

endeavor: *it is a labor of love.* Then, the journey which we shall ask our readers to take with us—beginning with barefooted obscurity, and ending upon a nation-wide and world-wide forum—shall be more of pleasure than of toil.

We believe the only biography that should be imposed upon a long-suffering public is of one whose life has made its impress upon the world sufficiently to make history. A biography that has to be created by literary genuflections is not worth the labor either to write, or afterwards—*to read;* but the life that has projected itself into the thought, aspirations, and ideals of an indifferent world—forcing attention in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles: the biographer in such cases has only to record what has been done. He is a chronicler, rather than an author. We feel that in the subject of this sketch all the specifications of what ought to appear in a biography have been met. We have known Dr. H. C. Morrison almost intimately for twenty-five years, and our friendship, love, and appreciation have grown with the passing decades. We beg of the reader such an interest in the theme as will help them to overlook the weaknesses and limitations in the preparation. May the recital of the dramatic scenes in the life of this faithful servant of God bring, in some measure, such blessings as his living ministry has been to the multitudes who have been thrilled and lifted heavenward by his message of tongue and pen, is the prayer of the author.

C. F. W.

Glasgow, Ky.

I

NATURE'S ENVIRONMENTS

A NOTED English author has said that there are four elements necessary to produce civilization: Climate, Soil, Food, and Religion. As man is the unit of civilization, whatever is true of the one is true of the other. Climate wields a tremendous influence upon human characteristics; it is seen in racial temperament and industrial qualifications. We do not agree so much with the author's soil proposition. The question of soil and food are closely allied; soil conditions very largely govern the food problems of a people.

In arranging a symposium of elements that enter into the make-up of men, and in making men, making civilization at the same time; there is one other element which should not be overlooked, and that is the physical environments in their reflex influence upon character. We refer to mountains, hills, forests, streams, oceans, rivers, and wide stretches of prairies. Nature is a wonderful reflex teacher; she throws her lessons and messages upon the retina of the soul, through the eye-gate, rather than the ear-gate. The mother who placed a large painting of a great ship being tossed by the waves of any angry sea, upon the walls of her home, ought not to have been surprised that her seven sons went to sea and became sailors. From infancy the voice of the

stormy ocean called to them. It was like the "call of the wild," until they were forced to obey the call.

John Knox, the religious hero of Scotland, was the son of a coast fisherman; the first sounds that greeted the infant soul were the wild surgings of the sea. At night when the ocean storms would lash their humble cottage in its mad fury, little John, sleeping in his trundle-bed near by his father, would wake with a scream; but when he could feel the strong arm of his rugged parent, would quietly go to sleep again. He was schooled by the roar of the mighty deep; and the fierce music of the tidal waves put iron in his blood, and courage in his soul. The children of Sparta were taught from infancy the heroic tales of their ancestors, amid the legendary scenes of ancient Greece, until the last stand at the bloody pass of Thermopylae was not an accidental freak of heroism.

What can be more sublime than a great forest, in the midst of which gigantic hills rear their heads? A great shadowy forest, where huge poplars, oaks, hickories, and beech abound, is always a thing of mystery and awe to a child's mind. In wild flights of vision and imagination, such a forest becomes a rendezvous of mystery, hobgoblins, spooks, and every other creature of childish fancy. Fortunate, indeed, is that boy who makes companions of such scenes and objects as are found in the primeval forests; fortunate indeed is the lad who becomes familiar with the thousands of interesting woods creatures. Where among the academic shades of college or university can a student or professor be found knowing the habitat of "varmints," and

birds—really know them; oh, they can study zoology, but to know at first hand from observation. What is it on this planet that can compare with the halcyon days of rod, gun, and traps. Where is the gowned and much doctored professor who could locate the "den tree" of the squirrel family? or the direction of the wind, so that mud-cat and trout will best bite the red worm? The old-time woods of long ago was God's great outdoor university.

The normal boy, who is physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, there is no duplicate for the training in God's first temples; trees, birds, bugs, butterflies, brooks, and the myriads of other cunning little creatures become both teacher and companion. If we were to examine closely into the beacon lights of history we will find as a rule the environments of childhood went very far in shaping their future career. The exceptions are few. We have only to mention the early life of Abraham Lincoln, as a striking example; he knew no childhood associations but the silence of the Kentucky forests. Amid those shady solitudes he drank from Nature's fountains—fresh and sparkling. He knew life, because he knew nature. The wisdom he gained from the rough landscapes of Old Hardin county prepared him to guide the destinies of our republic in her most tragic hour. His love for the old-time ways and fashions never left him—even when the eyes of the whole world were upon him.

It is with intense interest that we shall invite our readers to take just a little glimpse of Barren County, Kentucky. We have undertaken to briefly call atten-

tion to what we have always believed to be next to a fundamental law in shaping character and destiny, and in the prosecution of this biography, we could not refrain from injecting this little bit of our own philosophy into the discussion. The very name of Kentucky carries with it a charm; it was the happy hunting ground of more pioneer heroes than any other spot in the New World. When the great Architect of the Universe was shaping fields, streams, valleys, and mountains, He gave us, here in Kentucky, the best things from His hand. Forests, wild picturesque landscapes, where winding creeks and rivers give fringe and artistic touch to the scenes,—we say, that in Kentucky these things are found second to none in the world.

Barren County might be easily considered as a composite expression of the whole state; her landscapes, with hills, valleys, creeks, rivers, and grand old forests, are all as fine as artist or poet could desire. The pioneers found in Old Barren the best of which they sought; the woodsman's axe broke the silence here among the very first in the state.

Barren County is an unusually large county. It took its name from a prairie-like stretch of land in the northeast corner of the county. Three-fourths of the county originally abounded in splendid forests and beautiful undulating country with a broad river sweeping between tall cliffs and a number of large creeks in which the leaning sycamores mirrored their white trunks in the crystal waters. It was along the banks of these creeks and in the deep and solemn woods that our farmer boy, after the hard toil of the week, spent his

Saturday afternoons with faithful dog, gun, rod, and traps. He was devoted to the forests, delighted to ramble in their deep silence. He knew all of the good "Fish holes" in the neighborhood, was acquainted with the feeding places of the "Bob Whites," knew the haunts of the rabbits and the coon and fox dens in the cliffs. He delighted to match his woodcraft against their cunning, and to bring home in triumph the trophies of his gun and traps.

It is not so to-day; we mean, a great change has come over the face of everything. One hundred years of civilization has wrought the change; but traveling over the beautiful pikes, and seeing the homes of prosperous farmers, we know most of it has been done in the past fifty years. We have gone over much of the country—and with the aid of the imagination, we can see it all—just as the little orphan boy saw it as he trudged to the old schoolhouse in the woods, or fished, trapped, hunted, or went "swimmin'" in Boyd's Creek.

We do not contend that these homely environments, in themselves, produce any phase of greatness or world leadership. Scores of boys saw these same sights, did the same things, caught the same childish visions. But we do contend that where the latent fires of genius are smouldering in the soul of a lad—just what was seen, learned, and enjoyed in Barren County fifty years ago made its imperishable impress, and laid the foundation of wisdom, tact, and leadership that have so signally marked the career of our subject in his after life. By the possession of a thousand truths gleaned from woodcraft, the feathered, furry, and finny tribes, he has been

able to illustrate in a way that has thrilled the multitudes both with tongue and pen.

"To him who in the love of nature, hold communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

II

THE DYNAMICS OF BLOOD

A CHARACTER sketch that is worth while must not be circumscribed by the mere recital of events and doings, however meritorious; there should be rationale of it all—one that would both illuminate and illustrate the character and conduct. Wherever things obtain out of the ordinary this rationale can be easily found. This is not a world of chance and happen-so; behind the heralded deeds of every man—such as have made history and shaped the policies of men—there can be seen in the dim background the shadow of *some one else,* or *something else!* This fact is verified in all human history, with but few exceptions.

In the previous chapter we made some suggestions touching the significance of environment. Its power and influence cannot be doubted; but environment is not enough. Environment in its highest aspects is powerless to change a *type.* Flowing through the veins of the one whose life we are going to condense for these pages is the purest Anglo-Saxon blood. Just here it will not be out of order to take a brief survey of the race from which he sprang. When the curtain of history arose on the Saxons, buried in the dense forests of the Netherlands, we find them barbarians of the fiercest type. On those storm-swept shores and frozen regions only the strongest race could survive and

prosper. We find them hardy, fearless, liberty-loving; their vocation—situated as they were—could not have been otherwise than what it was—piracy and war! They revelled in the howling tempests and the clash of battle. In frail war-vessels they crossed a stormy sea, and laughed at dangers and death. They sailed with one objective, caring for neither land nor foe, as they sought for conquest, disregarding all obstacles.

Early in the fifth century they invaded the island of Britain, and either slew or swept into exile the entire inhabitants. Upon the site of that conquest they established the greatest empire of all history; and for more than a thousand years the children's children of that fierce battle-born people have retained the same masterful supremacy in world affairs, such as characterized their brave ancestors.

Those people brought into their new commonwealth the racial traits which had been such a dominant element for more than a thousand years; such as fidelity to truth and duty, courage, love of liberty, and a passion for leadership and war. Speaking of the Anglo-Saxons, with special emphasis on the Saxons, as a tribe, prior to their amalgamation with tribes of Britain, a writer has this to say: "These barbaric warriors had no joy except in conflict; their very love runs dripped with blood, and their heaven was a vast Valhalla where the spirits of the brave drank measureless mead from the skulls of their enemies. But Christianity came to these savage men, and after a while we see a pilgrim band crossing the stormy Atlantic to find in the wilderness the right to worship God according to the dictates

of their consciences. We see them in the primeval forests lay the foundation of a great democratic empire "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are to be free and equal."

At the close of the Revolutionary War those brave Anglo-Saxons who had followed Washington through the vicissitudes of war until the glorious day at Yorktown, streamed over the mountain fastnesses and trackless forests of Kentucky, where savage beasts, and still more savage men, prowled like skulking hyenas through the vast regions of this dark and bloody ground. Only the truest and bravest dared to come; but a thousand years of racial independence and courage tuned them for just such an adventure, and made them eager for the undertaking.

Among those sturdy pioneers who pushed through the vast wilderness into the heart of Kentucky, more than one hundred years ago, was one John O. Morrison, whose ancestors were of the purest Scotch-Saxon stock. His parents came to America by way of the north of Ireland, arriving here in time to participate in the War for Independence under General Washington. In addition to the potency of his ancestral blood, Morrison grew to young manhood in Old Virginia, the land of the Cavaliers, the home of patriotism, and true noblemen. He was a Virginia gentleman of the old school, wearing knee-pants, low shoes with silver buckles; long hair plaited into a queue and hanging down his back, tied with a ribbon, and powdered white. There is a large portrait of this old gentleman still in possession of the family showing him regaled in true

colonial fashion. When quite young, promoted to the rank of major; this position he retained after coming to Kentucky. The fine Damascus sword which he carried in those days is still kept in the family as an heirloom. John O. Morrison was a man of unusual thrift and enterprise; his homestead comprised of many hundreds of acres of the best land of Barren County. There was not a commonplace element in his character; as evidence he chose not to live in the crude, backwoods log-house fashion, such as the early settlers had in those days, but introduced his ideas of better living—patterned after the conveniences he had enjoyed back in Old Virginia. Near the center of what was his homestead still stands a fine old brick house—the first one built in that section of the state. This house, though modest and unassuming, when compared with modern homes, was a mansion in those days. Near by this "big house" was a large beautiful hill, covered with fine beech and sugar maples. This hillside was enclosed with a high fence, in which Morrison kept a large herd of deer—long after those beautiful animals had disappeared from the surrounding forests. In this eccentric feature he displayed a baronial trait of character, in that he loved to surround himself with parks, wild game, and hunting grounds. Morrison was a leader of men; in thought, action, personality, he took his natural place among his fellows—that of commander-in-chief. When we remember that this man was the great-grandfather of the subject of this biographical sketch, some light is thrown on his extraordinary personality and leadership.

John O. Morrison raised a large family of children—boys and girls, and as each one married off he gave them a farm taken from the original government purchase. One of those farms was deeded to a son, William B. Morrison, who likewise reared a large family—there being five boys and four girls. The eldest son, James Morrison, left Barren County when quite young and served as clerk and bookkeeper for an uncle living at Westport, Kentucky, who was a wealthy merchant-miller and pork-packer. Westport was a small village twenty-five miles north of Louisville, on the Ohio river, and at that time was the county seat of Oldham County. It was while employed at Westport that James Morrison became acquainted with and married a handsome young widow, Mrs. Emily Durham English.

To this union were born five children, three of which died in infancy. Of the two surviving children the eldest was named Emily; now the widow of James Pritchard, who for many years has made her home with her brother. That brother is Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, a name now known beyond all seas and in all the great mission field of the world.

James Morrison and wife moved from Westport in a few years after their marriage, to Bedford, Ky., the county seat of Trimble County. The fine old brick house where they lived, just outside of the corporate limits of Bedford, still stands on the Tilton turnpike. It was at this place on the 10th day of March, 1857, that the subject of our story first saw the light. Mrs. James Morrison's maiden name was Durham, and she

belonged to one of the oldest and most prominent families of the Blue Grass. She was born and reared near Danville, Kentucky. The history of Kentucky Methodism has no more loyal name among her many sons and daughters than that of Durham. Emily Durham grew up in an atmosphere sacred with the traditions of her church. Her father's home was known all over the county as a haven for the circuit-rider. One fact worthy of notice is that Bishop H. B. Bascomb, than whom American Methodism has produced no greater pulpit orator, was often an honored and welcome guest at her father's house. Before Bascomb became famous —even while a young circuit preacher, he boarded with the Durhams. It will never be known how much of future usefulness our great leaders owe to the wise and devout laymen who gave them home and advice when they were young, inexperienced preachers. Bishop Bascomb was fortunate that he was permitted to abide in the home of Thomas Durham, who was the grandfather of Henry Clay Morrison. A very near relative of this family was the first class leader in Kentucky. Thomas Durham was a large slave owner, and the heads of his colored families were every day called to pray in the "big house" at the family altar. The first husband of Emily Durham was a Mr. English, of Indiana, who also belonged to a prominent family of the Hoosier state. A near relative of this man, by the same name, William H. English, was candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States on the ticket with General Hancock. Now, whatever we may find, as we follow this life stream from its obscure source out into the

BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY CLAY MORRISON, BEDFORD, KY.

broad river of men and things which rise above the mediocre and commonplace, we are sure that such obtains according to laws as inexorable as the law of gravitation. When the very best of racial, ancestral, and family blood finds expression, is fused, the resultant *man* is not an accident. In this case there were two powerful streams converging—each of which as it flowed through the winding banks of several generations, gathered strength and momentum with the passing years. The courage, fidelity, and conviction; the glory of conquest burning in the hearts of the Saxon forefathers, tempered and sanctified by the Spirit of God, could produce nothing less than a dynamic force, such as will reckon with the world, and the world with it—*on every battle-field.* As we peruse this life narrative we will find no exception to this sweeping proposition.

III

LITTLE "BUD"

THUS far we have undertaken in a modest way to show the influences of environment and blood in the moulding of character. This phase of the discussion we deem to be necessary in order to fully understand the many-sidedness and unusual traits so strikingly exemplified in the one of whom we write. There should be no surprise at the personal resultants, when we remember that in his veins flowed the blood of the Morrisons, who achieved an indelible place in history at Inverness, and also the Knights of King's Mountain. Among his ancestors were the fearless Vikings of the Baltic Sea; he breeds back to the Scotch heroes such as Bruce and Wallace, John Knox, and an obscure preacher who went to prison for saying that the Queen of England was a harlot, and her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, little better.

He is the natural product of all his ancestral past, and was developed under laws as natural as the law of gravitation. His is the same blood that in the long ago produced Alfred the Great, in the ninth century; Oliver Cromwell in the seventeenth, George Washington in the eighteenth, Abraham Lincoln in the nineteenth, and Woodrow Wilson in the twentieth—all of them of Scotch descent.

Just here, before we take up the march into the wider paths, it is necessary to pause for a while; it is a kind of *intermezzo* in the louder surges of the orchestra; an *allegro,* as it were, between the fiercer strains—an *allegro,* soft, low, and pathetic. When the curtain first arose on the life of Henry Clay Morrison there was great promise of happiness and plenty; they lived in a fine old home, located on the borderland of the richest and most prosperous section to be found in America. But at the age of two the curtain falls on the happy family—falls noiselessly: the wife and mother goes out into the shadows, leaving behind a broken-hearted husband and father, and worse than all other tragedies of this life, two little children who must face the world without a mother's love and sympathy. This old sin-burdened planet carries no pathos parallel with a motherless child. When she goes—something else goes—something that can never be duplicated. The child heart lives, and moves, and has its being in the realm of mother love. The sweetest, dearest picture that hangs on memory's walls—the mother caress and the cradle song—our little boy never enjoyed; he was only two years of age when she went away, and can not remember her. Perhaps his sister Emily, being two years older, may have a vague recollection of their home near Bedford.

And now the scene shifts, and the obscure part of our story begins. This new scene opens in Barren County, at the home of William Morrison, the grandfather of Henry Clay, and from the time he was taken there he was known by one name only—"Bud."

Among the older members of the family this homely nickname still clings to him. The Bible and human life teaches that God does move in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. In the life of every one this will be found to be true—if that life will carefully check up, as it were, on the strange and often adverse winds as they drive the frail barges upon unknown and untried shores. We are also taught that God some way watches over His "chosen vessels." When He wants a true prophet, a great spokesman—a leader, He converges the lines of force for many generations; overrules all the unfortunate happenings, never losing sight of His ultimate objective. This is not predestinarianism, but it is a far-seeing, foreknowing, beneficent Providence. We find that He does not always see fit to make known His purposes; He often reaches past the wise and great, down into the lower social stratum, in order to find what He wants—the true nobility. For forty years Moses remained in obscurity, while his people suffered; the passing throng in the village of Bethlehem was ignorant of what was taking place in their midst—in a stable. All along through the labyrinth of history, God has been doing these same wonderful things in carrying out His plans.

Ours is a concrete example; here is a little wee tot, homeless, motherless, moneyless. Together with his sister he is taken to the plain, old-fashioned home of their grandfather. This home was in common with all the other homes in rural communities, more than fifty years ago; perhaps much poorer than some of them in that particular neighborhood. Two children living with

aged grandparents, and a maiden aunt, could not be expected to find much in common with their childish impulses. We can easily see how that many of the things which inspire and thrill the childish fancies were lacking. Yet, where some of these lighter things may have been lacking, there were present other qualifications, other characteristics, more fundamentally important in laying the foundation for the future. William Morrison was a unique character: quaint, quiet, thoughtful, stern, although, in his way, exceedingly kind. The description Whittier gives of his aged father is quite fitting: "A quaint decisive man, no breath my father wasted, etc."

There was in the make-up of William (Uncle Billy) Morrison just the elements that would inspire the hero-worship of a child; that was exactly what obtained in relation to the man and the little fellow. "My grandfather," he says, "was my ideal of all human excellencies and greatness. His word and his authority could no more be set aside or broken than the laws of the Medes and Persians." The rationale of a religious instinct is quite obvious, when the rearing of a child is brought under such influences as obtained in the home of Uncle Billy Morrison; it was an atmosphere of rigid and unswerving honesty; where deceit and pretence were impossible; where reverence for all things sacred were based upon some of the fundamental tenets of Calvinism. There you have the whole story. The world is languishing to-day for that old-time regime of parental authority.

This leads us to the conclusion that God makes no

mistake when He is "suiting out the changes" for one of His very own; He makes no mistakes when He is seeking some one—even in a wilderness to nourish the child's life; Moses could never get away from the influences of his Hebrew "nurse." All the blandishments of that guilded and depraved court of Egypt could not do it. We feel very sure that the fiery impulsive temperament of this child—"Little Bud Morrison" needed just what the homely home among those hills was able to give him: food, but not luxuries; clothes, but not one unnecessary stitch; playthings, if any, very simple—but withal, the fear of God, and an awe of His majesty and power. In this old-fashioned log house was God's kindergarten, from which He brought forth a prophet—even greater than the "schoola Prophetarum" of human ingenuity.

We are now dealing with that period of the child's life in which we are very largely shut up to generalities; however, we want the readers to get some definite conception of the early environments which surrounded our little friend; where he spent his childhood and boyhood days. There is so little that a chronicler can give from a space so bereft of data; only a few actual pictures of these days of obscurity are left on record; the ones that are extant, we feel should be given in the exact language of the one who experienced them.

Speaking of his recollections of early childhood, he says: "I have but a faint, indistinct memory of looking down upon the woolly head, while I rode about the yard on the shoulders of Frank, the faithful colored

boy, who was my nurse, and of leaving some milk for him in my glass when milk was scarce on the farm." He again gives us a beautiful picture of seeing his father for the first time, who had been kept away for two years following the death of his mother, and their removal to Barren county. The two children were told that their father was coming to see them; the week of waiting seemed like a month; but "at last, it was—*to-morrow,* that the anxious watchful waiting was to end.

"We children went to bed early in order to hurry up the coming day, if possible, and we were up with the first birds, helped grandfather feed the stock, and saw him off to town by the time the sun was up, to meet and bring home our father. What a long, long day that was. From the back door of the kitchen we could get a view of the road leading into the county seat, and we made that door headquarters for the day, and watched with anxious eyes for the coming of father. Before our grandfather could possibly have had time to reach the town where he was to meet him, we were impatient for their coming. We kept faithful watch, hardly taking time to devour a few hurried bites at dinner, and back to the steps at the kitchen door. The sun was low, and the shadows long, our hearts had almost surrendered the last faint hope, and our vivid imaginations had pictured out a score of evils that might have befallen our loved ones; but at last, just as the sun was going down, the wagon came into view with two men in it. We called for our Aunt Lizzie, who came running, and as she caught a glimpse of the

wagon she said: 'That is your father.' We tumbled out of the door, and our little feet fairly flew.

"We climbed over the yard fence and ran down the road, my sister gaining on me for two reasons—being older, she could run faster, and I ran with some hesitation. I had not the slightest memory of my father, having been separated from him when I was a mere baby, and having not seen him now for two years, and I was not quite sure that it was he. But when he saw us coming and leaped out of the wagon and ran up the road to meet us, my fears all vanished. Father caught sister up in his arms and kissed her repeatedly; then putting her down he ran for me. I remember how he looked, the kind of hat he had on; there were tears in his eyes, and laughter in his face; his arms were wide open, and I ran into them.

"I have photographed in my mind that meeting, and that is all I can remember of the visit. They tell me father remained with us for a week, and that I held his finger or rode on his shoulders every walk he took about the old farm; sat on his lap at every meal, and slept in his bosom every night. The week soon passed and the parting came, a sad one they say it was. Directly after leaving us, our father went south with a drove of horses. He wrote to my grandfather some time afterwards; I remember one paragraph of the letter; it ran like this: 'The war is coming on; Mississippi has drawn off from the Union. I have sold my horses; will wind up my business and come home as soon as possible.' That paragraph satisfied us children. If the coming on of the war hastened father

home we thought it was not an unmixed evil, and so we told the neighboring children that 'the war was coming on, and father was winding up his business and would come home as soon as possible.'"

This sweet and touching little sketch had a tragic ending; the childish dreams of the father's return were very soon blasted. Those were the days when war clouds were hanging low, and all the country was astir with marching armies and galloping horsemen, and we give also the story of how the blow fell upon them, and how the air castles of parental love were smashed in a moment. "Those were the days that tried the hearts of men, filled women's souls with anguish, and made children's hair stand on end. One day while playing at the woodpile, some distance from the house, I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and looking up saw one of my uncles riding rapidly up the road. He dismounted and hurried past me to the house, taking from his pocket the first envelope I had ever seen with a black border. I saw that he was excited, and supposed that the invading army was coming. While I was standing in wonder and fear he entered the house, and at once I heard a great outburst of weeping from the women of the household. I hurried in and found my grandfather, two aunts and little sister all crying as if some great calamity had befallen us, and so it had. I inquired the cause of the grief, and Lizzie took me up in her arms, and after somewhat suppressing her feelings, said: 'Buddie, your father is dead.' A great pain shot through my heart. I leaped from her lap and ran into the yard and wandered about the orchard,

climbed fences, went into the barn loft, and sought and sought for some one I never found.

"For a time it seemed that all possibility of hope and happiness had fled forever. We ate our food in silence, and if the older members of the family looked on us desolate little ones, the tears rolled down their cheeks. Somehow a child's heart will cling to hope, and for a time we looked for a letter contradicting the sad news, and many times at the setting of the sun we gazed long and wistfully up the road for the one that never came."

We can only speculate as to what the future might have been for Little "Buddie," had the father returned, as he had planned. It is quite sure that other avenues would have been opened up for his children—other associations, and other environments. That those other circumstances would or could have been put in contribution to the life that followed, we might raise some serious doubt. God must often take from us our treasures—our idols, in order that He use us in ways of His own choosing. It is very doubtful that a kind and indulgent father could have moulded the character, and shaped the ideals, so necessary to his career of service, which the old world, we believe, needed so much. Even this sad and lonely orphanage worked out for all concerned a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; not only for those near by, but for those far removed, even in the uttermost parts of the earth.

IV

THE BOY

THERE is absolutely nothing stale or commonplace about a strong, healthy, normal boy; he dreams dreams, sees visions, builds castles in the air; he thinks, plans, and suffers—but for a passing cloud, now and then, he is optimistic. No part of an individual's life is so interesting and mystifying as the days of boyhood; he is an eternal puzzle to those who love him most, and a conundrum to himself. He is painfully conscious that no one understands him, and he marvels at the limitations and short-sightedness of others.

We are undertaking in this character study—as we may see it unfold in a series of kaleidoscopic scenes—to bring before the readers the silent, yet unmistakable evolution of mind and soul, accumulating and gathering momentum for the manifest destiny stretching out before the boy. The widening continues from the beginning, with geometric progression.

We have observed the child battling with his sorrows in mute astonishment; the child trying to unravel some of the deepest mysteries of life—the mysteries of grief and sorrow. Time always comes to the rescue—both old and young—as a great physician, and the clouds soon cleared away from the childhood sky line, and "Bud" became—*just a boy;* loved by his grand-

parents, petted and almost idolized by his Aunt Lizzie.

Among the first important scenes of early boyhood that are serious, usually begin with the opening of school days. Here is a picture of his opening career, as seen by a gentleman who attended the same "seat of learning," the little sister walking together, she carrying the books and urging Buddie to walk more slowly; he always carrying the "dinner" in a little hand-made basket; barefooted, long curly locks, face flushed, and owing to the careless indulgence during the journey of more than a mile from home, not always as clean as it might have been.

The curriculum of study was not very complicated in those good old days; the main book was "McGuffy's Blue-backed Speller." By and by, in the process of mental evolution, there was a call for a geography—think of it—a geography! But the call did not receive a sympathetic hearing by those in authority. When the request was presented to "Uncle Billy," the grandfather, Bud was informed that he needed no geography: "Learn what is in that speller first, and then it will be time enough to get something else."

One day an old mother goose was leading her brood across the yard, the little ones trailing along behind in true gosling style—one behind the other—when a mischievous imp suggested something to the boy that promised to be very funny. The suggestion was too tempting: it was to roll a round smooth rock down the line of goslings, to see how many the rock would hit. There was a regular furor among the surprised and much frightened flock of younglings. Several were

"hit"—one of them fatally. When the goslings reported that night for lodgings the grandmother observed that *one* was missing. The colored woman and sister Emily *knew* the secret of the missing gosling. This dark secret the two held over "Bud" like a sword. Hush money was promised and extorted in the form of extra duties, errands run, and all kinds of humble services rendered. Day after day he was scourged by the ghost of the dead gosling; all kinds of new tasks were quickly and cheerfully performed. The grind of it went on without any lightening of the burden, and a day of remorse and repentance came when the heart of the lad became too full and the taskmasters became too cruel to endure longer. With one explosive confession, he threw himself on the mercies of his grandmother—and was fully and freely forgiven!

From that day until now he believes in an early and a complete confession for all sins; the gosling episode taught him a lesson worth its weight in gold, as it were. The multitudes have laughed and shouted at the recital of this boyhood tragedy, and its application.

The boy was impulsive, high-strung, high-tempered, and sometimes fractious. Horses, cows, cats, dogs, and other domestic creatures often came in contact with his wrath, and always to their sorrow. However, the "cooling off" time brought deep remorse. He was careful not to allow the sun to go down on his wrath; he would make it a point to square the account with his dumb friends by restitution through the medium of a little extra food for their supper. Whether they understood it or not, extra rations never failed to come to them

if he had punished them during the day. He faced them the next morning with a clear conscience.

Part of the routine of his daily tasks were keeping the wood box and water bucket filled. The spring from which the supply of water came was at the bottom of the hill, quite a distance from the house, and it required several rests while ascending the hill before the bucket was finally placed on the bench in the kitchen. Speaking in connection with these duties, in after years, he often remarked: "My grandfather never had to tell me that the wood-box or the water-bucket were empty; he would simply look at them, and then look at me. That look was potent, and carried with it imperative orders. He literally guided me with his eye."

Some quarter of a mile from the house, at the foot of a rugged hill, near where the Morrison camp ground is now situated, is a fine old spring; the water gushes from this spring in never-ending flow—clear, cold, and pure. For years this spring has furnished water for the throngs who attend the annual camp meeting. More than twenty-five years before that part of the old farm was dedicated to its holy purposes there occurred near this gushing fountain an incident which is worthy of being passed on: The bluffs and thickets were alive with foxes, coons, minks, opossums, etc. "Bud" was the proud owner of a "single barrel" shotgun, and with this treasure he made it very interesting for the furry kingdom. Near this spring, Bre'r and Sister Fox were keeping house and rearing a large family; a fact which a wide-awake boy, skilled in the lore of the forests, soon discovered.

One day he determined to fully investigate the "fox-den," and, if possible, get a shot at them. Whereupon he took a silent bivouac in a thicket near by, and watched and waited for developments. The sun filtered through the giant beeches, with here and there bright spots of golden light. At last the "watchful waiting" was rewarded; Mrs. Fox and her half dozen children emerged from their den. After a brief reconnoiter to ascertain whether or not all was safe, they began a regular hilarious romp. They rolled and tumbled and scuffled like kittens, the mother fox taking an active part in the game. The boy's first impulse was to shoot; but when he saw them having such a rollicking good time he became interested in watching them enjoy the sport. Finally the temptation overcame his nobler impulses, and he banged away at the happy family group. They began to scamper for their den, badly frightened. But one unfortunate little fox was left behind, crying piteously as the cruel boy approached. The wounded little creature looked at him, straight in the eye, and his cries and gasps were translated into the following language: "Why did you sneak up here and shoot me? I never did you any harm in my life. Mother and my little brothers and sisters were out here having such a good time, and you came up on us and spoiled everything. Now you've shot me, and I'll have to die, and will never see my mother and little brothers and sisters any more, and can never play with them again. What good has it done you? If I had ever done you any harm it would be different, but I have

never harmed any one. My back is hurting me so badly, and you'll have to suffer for this some day."

"Never in all my life," he often said, "did I get such a severe rebuke as came from the cries of that dying little fox. The rebuke, I shall never believe, was imaginary. I believe it was God talking to me through the eyes of that suffering little creature. For many days I could see the accusing gaze, and hear its cries, and I had no easy task in getting matters straightened out with my conscience."

We can see that in many ways not common among boys God was preaching to the lad and revealing to him some of the deeper lessons of life. And it is most noteworthy that these lessons were not wasted; the rebukes were not unheeded. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that when he could avoid it he would not step on a bug; he would work for hours trying to help some crippled animal. It takes the souls of big men to be little enough to see and feel with the humbler things of life; to see in the commonplace and even the under-strata the handiwork of a gracious Creator. The lesson of cruelty in contrast with kindness was forcibly taught by the little fox. The lesson went home, and ever afterwards he was very careful when an opportunity came not to take the life of something that was innocent and helpless—whose death would mean nothing. But, we must remember, that the boy, like little Samuel, "knew not God." Yet God was teaching him, through obscure and commonplace incidents, both the minor and major lessons of life.

The happiest days of the long ago to Henry Morrison

were the spring and summer Saturday afternoons; this half-holiday was a part of the regular schedule. Dinner being over, no time was lost preparing hooks and lines, and digging for red worms; these necessary preliminaries were well in hand the evening before. The best fish holes were known, and thither with eagerness and enthusiasm he went. The boy who does not relish just such sport in God's great Out-of-Doors is not a real boy. Henry Morrison was a real boy—just as he has become a real man. He traveled the entire gamut from pulling sweet roots in the spring to trapping for the beautiful "patterage" in the winter.

Along those shady creek-banks, and roaming among the great beech and poplar woods, the best of out-door life became his heritage, and his sensitive nature drank deep of its precious lore, even at a time when he did not appreciate its value. We congratulate him that he was allowed to enjoy the wonderful period at the most imaginative time of life, and drink from the perennial fountain fresh from the heart of nature—an experience for which there is no duplicate. We may likewise congratulate ourselves that we are the beneficiaries of a life enriched by the wholesome simplicity of a regime with its old-time ways, and old-time folks—that is rapidly passing into history. With tongue and pen he has most wonderfully enriched the world from the findings in God's great university.

We have undertaken to give the readers a true picture of the life and labors of one of the truly anointed, and we believe this to be incomplete without a few glimpses of the *child*, and the *boy*, as he appeared upon

the stage. God gave us the early history of Samuel that we might better understand and better interpret the man—and the *prophet.*

Somewhere in the writings of Victor Hugo we have found the following, which is so very appropriate that we feel we must give it a place in this chapter. We have found nothing in literature which we believe to be more in harmony with the true philosophy of life than the following quotation from the great French novelist and thinker:

"Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will towards effort, and the whole soul towards inspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings towards the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements, racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming, feasting, and the rest; busying the lower portions of the soul at the expense of its higher and delicate portions. The poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but reverie. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man, he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feel-

ing springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and pity for all.

"In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature offers, gives, and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in proportion as all light enters his mind. And then is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor. And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living, his backbone is gaining firmness, his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done he returns to ineffable ecstasies, to contemplation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in the mire; his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, attentive, serious, content with little, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without; labour which makes him free, and thought which makes him noble."

The subject of this sketch, as we have seen, was left an orphan boy in early childhood. His mother died when he was two years of age. Two years later his father died, and he grew up in the home of his grandfather, who was now an aged man, having reared his

family of children, an industrious and frugal farmer, who was now approaching the decrepitudes of old age. Hence, our little friend was compelled to go to the field of toil from the time he was large enough to drop grains of corn in the cross of the furrows, or kill a cutworm. His entire young life was spent in decent poverty at hard toil, in the midst of which he had genuine enjoyment. It was said by one of the thrifty farmers in the community that Bud could plow more corn in a day than any farmhand he had ever known. His leisure hours were spent with his loved dog, a fishing rod, and bow and arrows, which were his almost constant companions when not engaged in the toil of the field, caring for the stock, or providing fuel for the household. Thus he grew up living close to the heart of nature, working hard through the days, coming tired to his homely couch in the evening and sleeping soundly through the night. Having but few books, he entertained himself with his own thoughts. He was a great air-castle builder from early childhood, and developed the vivid imagination which has meant so much in his later life.

V

CONVERSION—THE NEW LIFE

HUMAN philosophies and materialistic truth seekers have been unable to explain the content of what we usually call conversion. Every individual that has been genuinely saved from sin, by a supernatural power, stands as an eternal riddle and challenge to the wisdom of this world. Every phase of St. Paul's life has been successfully answered from the view-point of rationalism, except that occurrence on the Damascus road. Huge volumes have been written to analyze the rationale of conversion on the basis of psychological change, caused by training, temperament, thought processes reaching a climax, etc.; but all these are mere surface expressions of the one big remaining fact: the soul in darkness and sin meets God, through the merits of a Blood Atonement, and the imparting of the Holy Ghost—and knows it as consciously as any other fact of human knowledge.

There is no truth more patent in all the realm of mind and soul, than the experimental knowledge of salvation through Christ. It becomes a kind of boundary line—a parting of the way—a newness of life. Religious history, church history, great spiritual awakenings and movements—the greatest moral factors that have touched the human race—would never have been

—*could not have been*—but for the making of life over by supernatural transformation—with new visions, new truths, and new powers. The answer of it all is—a regenerated soul! John Wesley's heart becomes strangely warm at fifteen minutes before nine one morning. The result of that event is—Methodism, the greatest body of Protestant Christians in the world.

Fortunate is the man, be he preacher or layman, who is reared in a community or within the compass of a church that stands for the Bible type of salvation. Unfortunate indeed are the millions who to-day are growing up and worshiping in churches where such fundamentals as the New Birth (except in theory) are absolutely unknown. There can be no duplicate for the old time conversion, preceded by the broken and contrite heart—at an altar of prayer—where the sin-sick soul finds peace with God, through faith in the merits of Jesus Christ. We may reform in other particulars, but never at this point, except at the peril of the soul.

Multiplied thousands of people, in most of the Union, should be deeply grateful to the providence of God, which ordained that Henry Clay Morrison, when a lad of thirteen, should be brought under influences that were scripturally fundamental, which resulted in that radical, unmistakable consciousness of sins forgiven at an old time "mourner's bench." Yes; we will not omit the mourner's bench, as we believe it to be a feature—if we may be allowed to designate it as such—for which there can be no duplicate—not for any other *something else* known to modern revivalism.

We doubt not that God, as in Apostolic times, still has chosen vessels; there are a number of striking, if not extraordinary, things in the life of this boy, which multitudes with far better religious advantages—humanly speaking—than he, have never experienced. In this connection we will cite one, as told in Henry Morrison's own language: "From my very small childhood I had been afraid to sin against God, and if at night I remembered some sin committed during the day I would have great fear lest I should die in my sleep and wake up in torment. Especially was this the case if I had in any way violated the Sabbath day.

"Sometimes a party of neighbor boys would come on Sabbath afternoons and allure me away to the woods for a ramble. That would degenerate into the chasing of a rabbit with the dogs, or we would see some nice fish in a brook, and improvise a brush drag and try to catch them. In the excitement I would forget; but when the boys would separate for home I would hurry to the house, my grandfather's home, trembling with fear. Everything seemed to accuse and condemn me. As the sun would set and darkness fall upon the earth I would seem almost to suffocate with fear, and many a night my dear Aunt Lizzie had to sit up with me long after the other members of the family were fast asleep, trying to soothe and comfort me. She would say: 'The child is nervous, and it makes him very restless at night.' The truth was, the Holy Spirit was convicting me of sin. I think I passed through these seasons of fear, all the way from my sixth year up to the time of my conversion, which took place

during the Christmas week, just before my fourteenth birthday, which came on the tenth of March."

Not only are the thousands who have been blessed under the ministry of this man grateful for the Providence of God, who caused this child to be nourished for a season in this obscure community, but they should be equally grateful for the ministry of the humble, devout man, who "traveled" the Glasgow Circuit at that particular time—the Rev. James M. Phillips. He doubtless went to his reward, never dreaming that his unassuming ministry was so far-reaching; that his mantle settled upon a little orphan boy—the mantle of righteousness—as Elijah's fell upon Elisha. Morrison has given us a description of the godly circuit rider. "He was a tall, slender young man," he says, "with high, broad forehead, large kind eyes, and beautiful countenance. He was a little lame in one limb, which seemed to add rather than detract from the gracefulness of his movements in the pulpit. At the time of which I speak he was not a learned man, or a great sermonizer, but he preached with great earnestness and power. He had a fine voice, and could sing so loud and clear that those coming to the church a little late could hear him when several hundred yards away. But Brother Phillips was strongest on his knees. He was a mighty man in prayer. He would plead with God for the lost until the congregation would be melted to tears."

The first revival conducted by this pastor at Boyd's Creek Meeting House resulted in a large number of conversions, among them Emily Morrison, the sister of

Henry Clay, and the greater part of his boyhood associates. In great agony of spirit Henry would stand on a seat in the rear of the church watching his friends struggling at the altar, watching their shining faces, and often overwhelmed by their happy shouts. These sights and sounds sent arrow after arrow of conviction to the lad's heart. Yet, in spite of all these manifestations, he somehow failed to seek the Lord at these meetings. When they closed he felt himself an outcast sinner. However, there were some great lessons learned, and valuable impressions made. It was while watching the agony of repentance, on the part of those who sought the Lord, a conception of the sinfulness of sin was obtained, from which he never recovered. The memories remain unto the present day, when calling sinners to repentance in his great congregations.

With a dreadful consciousness of sin, disappointed that no one seemed to care enough for him to invite him to the altar, and with the meeting over, Bud Morrison was most miserable for weeks. Conviction, however, gradually wore off, and as is always the case, when a soul has been quickened and failed to walk in the light unto salvation, he became more sinful and wicked than ever before.

In addition to the Brother Phillips, whom our subject regards as being the direct agency in bringing about his hunger for God, he names several other men, whose godly lives and earnest faces were continual reminders of his lost condition. One of these was a Methodist layman named William Snoddy, the superintendent of the Boyd's Creek Sunday School, a man

enjoying the blessing of full salvation, years before the blessed truth had been taught in that community. Another was Jerome Landrum, a Methodist local preacher, and four Baptist preachers, living in the same community. All these men were of limited education and ability; but they knew God, and presented the Bible plan of salvation with tremendous earnestness and power. They rarely failed to preach on the Judgment and Eternal Punishment. Their ministry Dr. Morrison thus summarizes: "Men who were living in their sins, and came under the influence of their pulpit ministrations, were made to feel that they must repent or meet an awful judgment, and spend eternity in a waterless, bottomless pit of fire. I shall always feel thankful that in early childhood I heard these men preach. There was nothing in their sermons to make one laugh. With solemn faces, uplifted hands, and in thundering tones they cried out to men that they must repent or perish."

The Conference year closed, and it was not known whether Brother Phillips would be returned to his circuit or not. Some very solemn vows were made, however, that if he were returned, one anxious lad proposed to seek God. It amounted to more than a vow, it was a covenant. When the news came that Brother Phillips *was* returned, the arrow of conviction again entered the lad's heart, together with a reminder of his covenant. This covenant he was determined to keep, and longed for the revival to begin. It was announced for Christmas week, a most unusual time for a protracted meeting, and in these days of much diversion and dis-

sipation an impossible time. But in those days people had time to attend to a revival, let it come at any season of the year.

Notwithstanding its being the closing days of the public school year, with a coveted prize in view for the most "head-marks," our convicted boy determined not to miss a single service. The first service found him there, true to his covenant, and seated near enough to the aisle that if anyone wished to speak to him about his soul he would be in a convenient position. He also resolved to be convenient to the altar. When the invitation was given he did not wait for private solicitation but hastened to the mercy seat. He gives us the details in the following language: "The sermon was preached, the call was made, no one came to me, the struggle was intense; it seemed as if I were riveted to the spot; I felt as if the power of locomotion had left me; it seemed for a time that my will lost power over my feet, and I could not make them move. The spell of the tempter was on me, but leaning forward I broke away. The first step taken, the next was easy, and I almost ran to the altar. My thought was that I had not been nearly so outbreaking in sin as many of the boys in the neighborhood. In addition, I was an orphan boy, and I imagined that fact would especially appeal to God's compassion. But I was surprised to find as the time passed, that instead of peace, a heavy load seemed settling down on my heart."

For several days and nights the seeking continued, and the unusual feature about this fact was that the boy never waited—after the first time—until the close

of the sermon for the regular call to be made, but spent the time during the service on his knees at the mourner's bench. What a calamity it would have been to that hungry soul, and the peoples to whom in the future he was destined to serve, had there been some "altar worker" present who had advised him to just "take it by faith," or "confess Christ," etc., etc.! Ah, but those unsophisticated workers, people and preacher alike, were wise in the deeper philosophy of the soul. Henry was allowed to remain in the bitter gall of repentance, as the dark clouds settled around him.

One evening during these days and nights of penitence, the weather was threatening and stormy, and his grandfather said: "Son, the weather is unlikely, and you had better not try to go to church to-night." The lad at once went to the chimney corner, behind the house, and besought the Lord to drive away the clouds from the sky. Then, what he fully believed to be a direct answer to his prayer, the clouds very soon dispersed and the sun shone in full glory. However, he made several separate trips to the place of prayer. He did not arrive at the church that night until after the service had begun, and he at once went to the altar and remained in earnest supplication. We get an insight to his mental attitude from his own further description: "Up to this time I feared I might be lost; now I clearly saw that I *was* lost. It seemed that I was sinking, sinking, sinking down beneath God's righteous frown. I remember that I felt if I should be lost forever, that God was just. I was wailing aloud, when an old gentleman—an exemplary member of the Baptist

church—came to me. He stooped down, and in a most tender voice said: 'Bud, God is not mad at you.' The words shot through me. 'God loves you,' he said, and I ceased to weep. He quoted to me John 3:16, his words penetrated me, and it seemed that my soul, or a voice within me, said: 'That's so.' In an instant I was on my feet praising God; my whole heart was aglow with love." On this eventful night he thus comments in after years: "Many years of conflict have passed away since that glad night, but sitting here in the silent room, by the smouldering fire in the grate, the memory of the incidents of that happy hour are as clear and fresh in my mind as if they had all occurred only last week."

Here was a boy, unlearned in the things of theology, who could not have told the difference between Calvinism and Arminianism had his life depended upon it, or what justification by faith meant, yet he knew that he had *personally touched God,* he "knew whom he had believed."

VI

THE INTERVENING YEARS

THE times of severe testings, and a call for cross-bearing, is sure to come to every converted soul, old or young. Satan does not often dare to assail his former victim, while the holy glow is on, and the heart is burning; but sooner or later—often from a source least expected—the deadly thrust will be made. Age, position, and culture are no immunity; the sin-burdened soul that accepts Christ in simple faith, never doubting, will ere long meet the adversary in its journey toward the Heavenly City. The enemy, however, is too wise to use the same arrow on any two alike: bombs, projectiles, shrapnels, poison-gas, long-range guns, etc., are brought into action for their several purposes. We find the servants of the Lord shrinking from duty, tempted to commit sin, harboring a man-fearing spirit, evil temper, and so forth.

Here is an unusual situation in the Christian experience of Henry Morrison, the boy: His conversion represented months of sore conviction; he was finally saved. He was brought up in a home that reverenced and feared God—devout and sincere, but without family worship. This fact caused the lad great grief; he thought, prayed, and agonized about it. Conversion does not seem to reach the same results with all. Many apparently go their way, loving and serving God, with

little or no burden for things about them; with others, pardoning grace is like a sunburst of light and revelation. They have spiritual discernment of men and things, far beyond the vision of their fellow-Christians, even with all other things being equal. The spiritual situation of the home, the church, and community at once takes possession of them. It was thus with young Morrison; and as the people of his own denomination and thousands of others know, this burden has not been lifted for a single day, until this good hour.

The boy felt a definite call to erect a family altar: read the Scriptures, and pray aloud in the presence of his grandfather, Aunt Lizzie, and Sister Emma. (His grandmother has by this time crossed the River.) At last, it seems, he mustered courage to assume this trying obligation when none but the family was present; but travelers often lodged with them, and neighborhood children spent the night there. But even greater than these hindrances was an uncle living in the South, who visited them annually. This man was regarded by his nephew as the most important personage living on the earth at that time. How could this duty be performed in *his* presence?—that was the question. Day and night the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the boy; his uncle came, and a compromise was reached by simply kneeling down by his grandfather's side and offering a silent prayer. This he did for several nights, but this compromise, like all other compromises, failed to satisfy the Voice within. He became desperate; many hours were spent in the hay-loft wrestling, "not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers—dark

rulers of this world." The crisis came: faith was giving way, peace and joy waning.

One evening a short Psalm was selected—one easily found, should sufficient courage be found to carry out the purpose, and this was what happened: "When supper was over," he says, "I went to a fence corner in the yard and wrestled in prayer for grace and strength to erect the family altar that night. I walked up and down the fence, praying first in this and then in that corner, until it seemed that my soul's salvation depended on my taking up the Cross that very night. So I hurried in, and, setting a lamp on the table, got the Bible and turned to the short Psalm I had marked: 'You must not read any more to-night, you have read so much of late it has made you nervous,' said my grandfather! 'I will only read one Psalm,' was my answer. 'Very well,' said he. So I read it, and, closing the book, said: 'Let us pray.' The family were all frightened, but all dropped on their knees in a hurry. The Lord gave me a wonderful blessing that night. I wept and rejoiced, and came up from my knees with victory over Satan, which has stood me in good stead with the passing of the years."

Still a greater time of testing came: the dear old grandfather died; the home was broken up, and for a second time life to this boy was without the shelter of a home. We wish to inject just here a few lines—not as a bystander, or a chronicler of events—from personal experience, touching this critical period in a boy's life. There are no hardships, heart-hungers, and homesicknesses comparable to that of being a homeless lad, work-

ing as a farm hand for others, and at the same time trying to fight the soul's Armageddon. Worst of all: doing this with no one near enough to one, or caring about him, or from whom counsel and help could be secured. The boy who can stem the tide of that period has in him the stuff from which martyrs are made. Not only must such a boy overcome the unsympathetic world about him—usually an employer who has no interest in him except to get as many hours of labor out of him as possible for the least money—but there burns in the healthy, normal boy in his teens, the fires of his own newly discovered nature, often aroused and fanned by evil associations that cannot be avoided. No wonder the spiritual pulse soon beats feebly, and the once still small Voice becomes indistinct. "I was lying on my back," he tells us, "one day on a box in the barnyard of a farmer for whom I was laboring, looking up toward the heavens, thinking the matter over, and saying to myself: 'I am not living right, and will not be a hypocrite, so I had best surrender all pretensions to religion.' But just then the gracious Spirit brought vividly before my eyes the old leather-back Bible, the little table and the lamp where I used to pray night and morning. The memory of the many blessings I had received there, and the peace and happiness I was then having, came rushing upon me and chased my temptations away; I was greatly refreshed and encouraged to press on."

About this time the scene again shifts, and a new world with new experiences were in store for him. A half-brother named English, from Boyle County, came

and took Henry Clay to his home, where for some years he worked on the farm and attended school in the winter. It seems that he worked for others in the neighborhood besides his brother. In describing the community in which he labored as a farm hand, after leaving Barren County, he said it was in the highest degree "democratic," and in this he had no reference to their politics; but that there was in that fine old Blue Grass neighborhood the spirit of *social democracy,* and by having social democracy, industrial democracy at the same time. The one cannot exist without the other.

The significance of this statement can not be overestimated, especially in its influence upon the soul of a boy burning with high ideals and aspirations—but struggling with poverty. The lack of social democracy has been an age-long barrier to human progress, especially is this true, when all reformers, thinkers, and leaders of men come from the middle and lower stratum of society. Great human uplift movements never begin at the top, and when a community learns the lesson of the Scotch bard that "A man's a man, for a' that, an' a' that," they have made a long stride in the direction of human brotherhood. Causes that have blest the world never come from the *upper set,* that has always stood for social autocracy and absolutism.

For this young man, "his lines fell in pleasant places." His lot fortunately was cast in a locality where a just estimate was placed upon personal worth, rather than upon affiliations growing out of family or financial position. We wish to say again, with an underscore, that fortunate indeed was Henry Clay

Morrison, that he was recognized by the "better element," and not ostracized because he was a farm laborer. It meant more to a sensitive, high-spirited boy than can be expressed in these pages. Genuine social and industrial democracy would heal many of the world sores, if fully exemplified. The world has been all too slow to recognize the nobility of toil, especially that kind which is menial and unremunerative. To fight through and above a social and industrial aristocracy, is like striking naked fists against a rough, stone wall.

That such a community existed in the Southland, so near the close of the Civil War, is both noteworthy and providential, when viewed in its relationship to this narrative. A tender plant will grow and blossom in a congenial atmosphere of heat and moisture. It will wither and die if exposed to a chilling frost or a biting storm. It means everything to a struggling boy, without wealth or backing, with a temperament as delicate as a china vase, to have cultured, religious men and women give him a smile and hand-shake of approval and appreciation, which, translated, means: "We believe in you, and want to help you—call on us."

We repeat that this lesson has been a pretty hard one for this planet to learn, obsessed as it is with selfishness and pride. Yet it is the highest degree of spiritual and intellectual culture to be able to see in the submerged and lowly—the gems of value. The pen of inspiration never wrote a truer thing than in the lines in Gray's "Elegy":

"Full many a gem of purest rays serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Among those splendid, high-class people, our young friend lived, labored, was admitted to their homes, enjoyed their hospitality. They helped him to feel that life was worth while. Not only did such environment furnish the much-needed inspiration to higher ideals, but made much easier the battles with self, and the victories over Satan. The cross he had to bear was not so heavy as it otherwise would have been, and amid the wholesome and pleasant associations of school life, debating societies, and the fellowship of good men and women, the sun began to come up above the horizon. There were many people such as we have mentioned in that community who took a kindly interest in ambitious young men; but there was in particular a Methodist pastor and his wife who threw about young Morrison just the influence he needed at that formative period. Into the hearts and homes of these faithful servants he gained free and welcomed access. We shall say something more about this pastor in a subsequent chapter.

Just how much this Methodist preacher meant, however, in helping the boy to catch and interpret the Call, will perhaps never be known until the Last Day. He was like Eli in the long ago, explaining to little Samuel that he had heard the Voice of God. It was the same Voice that Samuel heard: a Call into the great White Vineyard. It is interesting to consider the many lines of force that unite in the dynamics that make the man.

There are innumerable pieces of glass, unshapely, and without beauty, which alone would mean nothing; but when arranged in their proper place by the Master Artist, we then behold a Cathedral window, portraying some tragic story of the Christ, as the golden sunbeams filter through the variegated colors—the Crucifixion, or the Resurrection! So it is in the general summing up of life and its resultants; we cannot put an estimate upon any particular line of influence until we see the aggregate, and that we may not see this side of the Great Divide.

There are two things of interest in every biography: First, the things that are wrought in the life's program. The casual observer rarely looks beyond the story as it is written out in deeds; but there is a second feature equally interesting and significant: the *why*, the *how*, and the *whence* of it all. To the intelligent reader the former is no more interesting than the latter.

VII

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

THERE is nothing in all church history that carries with it such peculiar religious romance as that of the Methodist Circuit Rider. As a system of religious propaganda this office stands alone—unique, unclassified. Some years ago Charles Silvester Horne wrote a fine book, entitled: "The Romance of Preaching." All the implications suggested by that title are fully exemplified in those "Knights of the Saddle Bags," sometimes called "The Knights of the Long Trail." The young man entering the ministry in these later days misses a larger part of the charm and fascination belonging to that earlier period; even though his appointment be a circuit, and in the rural section of the country. The times of that long ago are no more; a new era has dawned, and with the passing of the old regime there has gone the environment which produced that peculiar type of preacher—the Methodist Circuit Rider. We clip these lines from an exchange of a sister denomination: "Picturesque as he is, the circuit rider with his saddle bags, his tracts and his Bible, traveling on horseback through the wilderness and vast expanse of territory, is passing as a character in American, and especially Methodist, life." There is no doubt that his ministry and travels did

more to blaze the first paths of civilization than any other single agency in this nation. The circuit rider had a unique personality; there was a reverence and an appreciation felt for him, found nowhere else in Protestantism.

When we reflect upon the sphere, usefulness, and influence wielded by these men, and then upon the status of the present day, the exclamation of the old Roman orator seems appropriate: "O tempora! O mores." We cannot believe that it was a step forward in the church of God, when the Times and the Customs swept aside the circuit rider of the past. We have many things for the better; but when we speak of the moral power and the religious force that was ever present in the lives of those men—who had to literally give up all things to enter this field of duty—we are forced to conclude, that the throne still remains, but the crown is gone; that position which exalted him above his fellows, is now, one in name only. The pioneer circuit rider will be seen no more.

It is quite certain that our young friend Morrison had been peculiarly blessed in that the influences coming into his life, bitter and hard to fathom at the time, always left him traveling more securely on his future road of righteousness and service which were to be his. When he next comes before us it is in the role of farm laborer, a position both circumscribed and obscure. At this time, possessed of meager educational equipment, but with an unmistakable *call* to the ministry, his head begins to rise above the waves. There can be no doubt that God has men and things moving in the direction

of each other—unknown to them, but with a fixed objective ahead. First, James M. Phillips, with fires of divine evangelism, was sent to awaken the boy in sin. Second, the Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, pastor of the Perryville charge, comes upon the scene in time to give emphasis and meaning to the boy's *call,* together with the historic environment of Old Perryville. We see those influences, both direct and indirect, served as did the angel in the long ago, to bring the live coal from the altar of the Tabernacle and place it upon dead, gray ashes, and start a flame of holy conflagration.

It happened this way: a debating society was organized in the village of Perryville; all vital subjects of that day received the most drastic treatment, with special emphasis given to the new and unpopular Temperance movement. The society became an adjunct to the Good Templar Lodge, then just organized in the town. "Often," says Dr. Morrison, "I worked hard all day, and prepared my speech between the handles of the plow; and after supper, cleaned up, walked to town, and participated in the debates, getting home at a very late hour. The excitement of public speaking so exhilarated me that my whole body seemed charged with energy, and although we lived four miles out of town I took short cuts and made it a little less, but seemed to feel no fatigue whatever."

On this rude forum we behold the potential pulpit orator. Those school-boy deliverances were to him the "call of the wild," as it were, beckoning him over and beyond. The embryonic master of ceremonies at once attracted attention; his gifts and graces were obvious

to all. In a special manner did they attract the Rev. Taliaferro, the local Methodist pastor, who sought his acquaintance. Likewise the pastor's wife became interested, and those new-found friends received the young man into their hearts and home, from which sprang up a friendship, true and tried, which has lasted until the present time. It was to this pastor, who had taken an interest in him, that he confided the secret of his *call to the ministry.*

After this discovery the pastor's interest in the young man became more fixed and definite. Speaking of him, Morrison says: "He gave me every possible encouragement; furnished me with books, had me often at the parsonage, and licensed me to exhort, and had me speak to his people from time to time." Under the kindly tuition of Mr. Taliaferro, who remained on the Perryville charge two years, young Morrison grew in grace, and in favor with God and man; whereupon, he was granted license to preach, with the understanding that he was not to use the privilege until after Conference. Soon after his receiving license to preach, however, Taliaferro was taken ill, and it devolved upon the young preacher to fill an appointment for him at Johnson's Chapel and Sycamore, two country churches located several miles from Perryville.

The Saturday night prior to the Sunday was spent in the home of one Brother Johnson—for whom the church was named. This Methodist layman was a father to preachers, as well as being a real father of two preachers: one the Rev. W. R. Johnson, a member of the Kentucky Conference; the other Rev. J. C.

(Crit) Johnson, a well-known and successful evangelist. Our young preacher did not approach his new duties with self-confidence and eagerness, but with much fear and trembling. Most of that first Sunday morning was spent wrestling in prayer, in a hazel thicket of a near-by woods. Hence, at Johnson's Chapel, on the banks of Rolling Fork river, Casey County, Kentucky, Henry Clay Morrison preached his maiden sermon.

So greatly was he encouraged by this first effort, it was decided that he should undertake a service in Perryville—the place of his early oratorical ventures. It only required an announcement to secure a packed house, and he tells us how that service came out: "I took my text: 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' There was a sea of anxious, quiet faces before me; I forgot everything. I could not remember a single word of what I had intended to say. I finally said: 'God has called me to preach.' After a long pause, I said: 'The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has called me to preach.' After another embarrassing silence I said: 'Friends, I cannot preach to-night; my sermon has gone from me; but I have the call, and *will* preach.' With this I finally broke into tears, and many of the audience with me. I continued to weep and cry out, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' until there was considerable excitement, and the people were glad when I finally said, 'Amen' and sat down." When we listen to this preacher, to-day, using his marvelous flights of oratory, and matchless imagery, the above experience seems unthinkable; but it was the most natural thing, and has ever been with men who

had a strong nervous temperament and a sensitive soul. England's greatest orator of the eighteenth century was literally hissed from his place when attempting to make his first address.

Six months later our young preacher gave up his work on the farm and joined his faithful pastor, who had been sent to another charge, and lived at the parsonage as a junior preacher. This was the real beginning of his labors in the itinerancy, as he preached regularly at the various churches on the circuit, walking from church to church much of the time. While working in a revival on this charge (the Brownsboro Circuit), he assisting the pastor, Henry Morrison witnessed the first conversion of his ministry. It happened in this way: The pastor was called away to some other part of the work, and the meeting was left in his hands. It was at Wesley Chapel, which at the time was an old stone structure, and located about eighteen miles from the city of Louisville. He had preached two or three evenings in the absence of the pastor. One evening a young lady—a Miss Dick—came forward and kneeled at the altar and found Christ. On many occasions before he had led penitents to the altar, and helped them to "pray through"; but this one was the first as a trophy of his own ministry. This convert he regarded as an unmistakable seal of the Holy Ghost on his work, and a foretoken of future victories. At the close of the meeting a lady slipped a silver dollar into his hand, greatly to the astonishment of the young man. This was the first cash he received for the labors of the ministry, as well as his first recruit for the king-

dom of heaven. This was the first intimation, too, that there was a business side to the gospel, and that the laborer should have his hire. "My only thought," he says, "was to preach, and to win souls for Christ."

The first Annual Conference young Morrison attended was in the autumn following the year's experience in the home of Mr. Taliaferro. It convened at Richmond, Kentucky, in September. He returned from this session with the same program outlined for the coming year as the past one had been: viz., to remain in the home of the pastor as junior preacher on the Brownsboro Circuit. However, the new Presiding Elder, the Rev. J. W. Fitch, had other plans for him; whereupon he was sent at once to be junior preacher with Rev. C. W. Cooper on the Jacksonville Circuit. This change found him without purse, watch, script, or an extra coat; but this is the way he got started, as he himself tells us: "Aunt Kitty Jones let me have a nice little gray pony to break for her, which I without difficulty mounted and rode away to my new field of operation, with a heart full of joy and hope."

En route to this appointment he stopped at the home of Dr. Pointer, a leading educator, and the president of Science Hill School for Girls, at Shelbyville, Ky. His reception from the college man was both kind and fatherly. After plying a number of pointed questions to the young man, concerning his borrowed pony, educational equipment, and outfit in general, Dr. Pointer laconically remarked: "Well, Morrison, there is one consolation in your case; if you make any change, it is

sure to be for the better, for you are certainly starting from the bottom."

There were five points on the circuit, touching three counties: Henry, Shelby, and Franklin. With his borrowed pony he literally "traveled" the circuit, and spent most of his time among the people, going from house to house; on Sundays preaching at various points on the work. This significant fact should not be overlooked: each preaching appointment at any church where he had been before was a marked increase in the attendance, until the crowds were such that the women and children swarmed the altar and pulpit. The Lord set His seal on the young preacher from the beginning, giving him the hearts of his hearers; verifying his painful statement on the night of his first effort, that "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had called him to preach."

The year was spent most pleasantly. He associated a greater part of the time with his senior; but something else came into his life which meant even more than that, it was the pleasant and congenial home of one "Uncle Jimmy Harrod," who lived on a fine old plantation fourteen miles from Frankfort. This was not the preacher's boarding-house, but a home, without money or price, where he was made to feel a welcome like one of the family. During the spring and summer young Morrison pruned the orchard, cleared off a large spot of thicket-land, and actually raised a crop. "Uncle Jimmy" was subjected to severe attacks of rheumatism, and the young junior pastor searched the woods for herbs, such as he had learned from the use

of his old grandmother back in Barren County, and improvised home-made remedies and applied them vigorously for hours at night.

A chronicler that year would fail signally were he to omit giving the readers two rather unusual events. One night some member of the Harrod family left the gate open and the little gray pony left for parts unknown, and the whereabouts of that borrowed circuit adjunct remains unknown unto this day. The salary allowed that year for the junior preacher was sixty dollars, and after "Aunt" Kitty Jones was reimbursed for her pony to the amount of fifty dollars, we see there was not remaining a very big margin for ministerial furnishings. The other event was more dramatic. One morning while at the home of a well-to-do layman, named Kavanaugh, who lived near one of the churches, there came from a near-by creek the report of a double-barrelled shotgun—firing almost simultaneously, followed by loud cries, and much running in that direction. Hurrying to the scene, Henry found that a lad about seventeen years old had dropped his gun in a way that caused it to explode, the contents passing through one hand, tearing away one or two fingers. The preacher helped the boy to the creek and washed the wound, while the father stood by in great distress, saying: "My boy is ruined forever."

"Oh, no," replied the preacher, "this will be the making of him; you will have to educate him now. But for this wound he would chop wood and kill tobacco worms all his life. Now he will go to school and make a great lawyer." Sixteen years later, Dr.

Morrison met this gentleman in a Texas city, and, true to the prophecy, he was one of the prominent lawyers of the place, a wealthy and progressive citizen.

It was one of young Morrison's annual pleasures to visit the scenes of his early triumphs, especially to the home of "Uncle" Jimmy Harrod; this he did until his old friend crossed the River. It has, moreover, been his pleasure and privilege to dedicate several new churches within the bounds of his first circuit.

VIII

PASTORAL SKETCHES

MANY of our readers, perhaps, are more or less familiar with the life and labors of Dr. Morrison since his name and influence have reached wide notoriety. It seems scarcely necessary, therefore, to devote much space to the man as we know him to-day. We can never fully appreciate the final summing-up of any life until the lights and shadows of childhood and youth are known. We cannot comprehend the message of Revelation, until the basic truths of Genesis are incorporated in our theology. Lincoln, President of the United States and great Emancipator, standing alone, is a striking figure; but Lincoln, the barefooted boy, living in poverty and obscurity among the primeval forests of Kentucky, gives tone, color, effect, and setting to Lincoln the President, incomparable among world leaders. We love, admire, and honor the man to-day for his personality and work's sake; but by following him through the labyrinthian paths of poverty and struggle, we love, admire, and honor him tenfold more.

At the close of his second year as junior circuit rider, the young preacher was sent to a three-point charge twenty-five miles above Louisville—stretching along the Ohio river, with headquarters at Buckner's Station. He was without equipment and funds, but God always pro-

vides ways and means—*according to our needs.* The first help came through a kind, cultured, Christian physician, Dr. Cassidy, who furnished a room, rent free, in connection with his office. Another man gave a cot, another a quilt; these sleeping accoutrements were supplemented by an old overcoat and a lap-robe belonging to the office. "I could keep warm," says Dr. Morrison, "except on very cold nights, but a fellow must not expect too much."

One cannot appreciate such bodily self-denial in these days of good salaries and modern conveniences. To undergo such hardships for the Gospel's sake surely carries the seal of divine credentials. Barring the long distances—sometimes covering a whole state—the things we are now recording are very closely allied to the experiences of our Pioneers of Methodism. "My salary that year amounted to $11.08 a month. I bought a meal ticket at a boarding-house, and the proprietor punched out a dot when I took a meal. When dots got scarce I often stayed away from my meals, but you could not tell it now, as I weigh little the rise of one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I had many excellent people, and they would have made quite a stir about it if they had known that I often went to bed without supper, but I was very timid on the subject of finances.

Assisted by neighboring pastors, the year was marked by good revivals at all the points. His old friend and foster father, Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, assisted in the meeting at Mt. Hebron, and among the converts was a frail, delicate little boy, Ulysses Grant Foote, who is well

known to-day as Dr. U. G. Foote, one of the leading preachers and pastors of our church, at present the pastor of Raine Memorial, one of the most commanding pulpits of New Orleans.

One day during this meeting, when dining with some friends living on the banks of the Ohio, the question came up as to the ability of any one present to swim the river; whereupon young Morrison announced that he could swim it. All the company dared him to undertake it; backing down did not belong to his make-up, and he bravely ordered them to follow him in a boat, in case his strength should give out. To the astonishment of all, he swam to the Indiana shore without the assistance of the boat. A year later, when serving Concord charge, the young men who knew something of his reputation as a swimmer said he could not swim the Ohio river—as he had publicly stated that he could. He at once began preparation to make good his challenge. This time the current was swift and he was borne far down the river, but he finally reached the Hoosier side, exhausted, but victorious. "This feat," he declared, "did not hurt the size of my congregation the next Sunday. People like to be preached to by a human being. Let him be clean, earnest, fearlessly intent on winning souls, and he can be ever so human, and they will hear him gladly."

All these experiences were putting iron into Morrison's blood, preparatory to the larger conflicts awaiting him further on. As we stated on an earlier page, he was without equipment, and a part of the year he was not a circuit rider, but a circuit *walker*. But from

the meagre salary he saved enough to buy a pony, which he rode triumphantly to the annual conference. "For the first eighteen months of my itinerating, I received a salary averaging $5.00 a month, and at the end of that time I was threadbare, but genuinely happy. I recall walking, not often, but several times three or four miles, and once six miles, to my appointment, but I did not seem to get tired at all. My whole being would seem to be aglow with unusual energy as I swung over the hills to the preaching places. My washing was done by an old negro who belonged to one of my churches, paying her quarterage in that way. I brushed and patched my old clothing as best I could, but my best pants became so frayed at the bottom that I often stuffed them into my high-top boots and preached that way."

Speaking of his general deportment, which, by the way, is very interesting reading, he says: "I always attended to my horse, when I had one; I was determined that the boys should not feel that I wanted to sit around and be waited upon. I was a great lover of young people, and enjoyed being with them, but I did not go to or from church with a girl during that year; did not visit or write a note to a girl on my circuit, or in any way court or flirt with any of them, any more than if I had been a married man." Some good advice for young preachers.

It was while serving as supply—even before being admitted on trial—that calls began to come to him to do special revival work; and from the first the Lord set His seal upon his labors. We have never been able

to distinguish between a call to preach and a call as a soul winner; it would seem that the one is implied in the other. It is a queer adjustment of conscience that can be satisfied, and even indifferent, when the cry "Man overboard" is made. If we believe our own Gospel, that is exactly what it means; there is no half-way compromise about it—if we believe the Bible to be the Word of Inspiration.

Concord was in the extreme northeast section of the state, and greatly to the surprise of our young brother, Bishop McTyeire appointed him to Stanford, one of the strong stations, and perhaps one of the best ever filled by a young unmarried man of the conference. It marked a new chapter in his history; it was a county seat, with about three thousand people, with many young men of various professions. Besides, a female college was located there, and to this cultured congregation of young people he was called upon to minister, bringing to the front the very best that was in him. Mrs. S. C. Truehart, since then prominent in the Woman's Board of Missions, was the president of the flourishing college for young women. This cultured lady had much to do in the needed encouragement and inspiration for the task. A kernel or germ may have all the elements necessary to growth and fruitage, but it must be placed in a congenial environment before that life and power is manifested. So it is with human character, it must have around it a warm, congenial, inspirational atmosphere before the latent energies can spring to their best. Church machinery and ecclesiastical favoritism have placed many men in spheres of

influence and usefulness, that had they been left to climb up by merit alone would not have attained to a second-rate mediocrity. On the other hand, these same ecclesiastical wheels of fortune have choked, smothered and warped scores of men who might have grown to strength and leadership. By and by the spirit of a man—though called of God to preach, becomes broken, and that intangible something which puts the go and enthusiasm in him necessary to win—grows weaker and weaker, and finally dies.

The old axiom, that water always finds its level, is true in physics, but false in the promotions and demotions of men when these men are in the hands of other men moved by selfishness and ambition. It was a big day for Henry Morrison when he was assigned to that congregation, thought by him at the time to be far above his capabilities in culture and learning. He formed many strong friendships there which remained through the years. He gives us this resume of his two years' pastorate at Stanford: "There was enough of struggle and tears, battle and victory, with sorrow and happiness crowded into these two years to make a large volume if I were to write them all down."

One of the history-making features of the Stanford congregation was in the person of a Miss Mary McAfee, who, as he described her, "was a patient, pale, little maiden lady enjoying full salvation." Her sweet, quiet testimony and great faith in some way reached the outside world through the Associated Press. This news item, viz., that a little woman, keeping toll-gate on the Crab Orchard pike, a mile from Stanford, Kentucky,

was read by a hungry preacher five hundred miles away—the Rev. W. W. Hopper of the Mississippi Conference. Whereupon he journeyed to this humble little cottage by the toll-gate, and was taught the way of the Lord more perfectly. Then, through the ministry of this man, the Rev. B. Carradine, D. D., also learned the way of the Lord more perfectly. Hence, going out from this quiet little soul was a divine impulse, like the mysterious wireless, which has refreshed and blessed many thousands with the joys of full salvation. This holy energy was like the waters springing out of the desert and the parched land became a pool of life. Brother Morrison regards it as one of the greatest blessings of his early ministry that he was permitted to come in contact with this elect lady. But unto this day he does not understand how it was he failed to catch the zephyrs blowing in his face from across Jordan; that he failed to see the vision of the Cleansing Blood from all sin. But in and through it all God moves in His mysterious way.

IX

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY AND ELSE

UPON the advice of friends, among them Rev. H. B. Cockrill of sainted memory, the brilliant and popular young pastor of Stanford church, located in the fall of 1884 and went to Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. For more than thirty years this institution was the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, founded and presided over by Bishop H. N. McTyeire, a great master-builder among men. This move on the part of young Morrison was a new departure in more ways than one; it opened a new chapter in his life. Nashville was the Athens of the South, as well as the educational and social mecca of Southern Methodism. The College of Bishops and the various boards of the Church held their annual sessions there. The students of the University who were at all interested in Methodist organizations had the coveted privilege of seeing all the church leaders at close range. Besides the celebrities of the church, whoever toured the South, such as lecturers and great preachers of other denominations, men of prominence of all kinds, must needs pass through Nashville as the strategic gateway. The unusual benefits of university life were not limited, therefore, to what the men and things of Methodism could furnish. The best afforded by the nation was at its disposal.

Morrison's teachers at the University were such stalwart figures as Dr. Baskerville, one of the best literary critics in the South; Drs. Shipp, Dodd, and Tillett, all of the theological department, and eminent in their fields of work. Dr. Gross Alexander, of Louisville, Ky., afterwards teacher of New Testament Greek in Vanderbilt, and holding a national reputation in his day, was pastor of West End church, also chaplain of the University. Dr. John J. Tigert, also of Louisville, Ky., a son-in-law of Bishop McTyeire, was then just coming into prominence as a teacher and scholar. We doubt if a galaxy of stronger men were ever assembled previously in active labors at one centre. They might all have been rated as "ten-talent" men, and young Morrison lived daily in personal touch with them all. Dr. Alexander was then at the zenith of his power as a mighty Gospel preacher; his keen, analytical mind, so wonderfully furnished, overwhelmed both the University and the cultured congregation of West End with his searching, spiritual messages.

We have taken time to mention these features merely as a background to our discussion. Fine college buildings, great text-books, or men capable of merely teaching them, do not build and inspire character; these are only the fixtures—the stage-setting for the actors. Character and inspiration come from contact with great personalities—men of large soul and vision. At no time in the history of Vanderbilt University were such opportunities offered as in the days when the intellectual and spiritual giants we have just named walked about its beautiful campus.

In those days, before the effect of Chicago, Berlin, and Leipsic products had filtered down into the thought life of the University, one could attend any department without coming in touch with the chill of death, silently descending from high seats of learning. There was not the semblance of destructive criticism at Vanderbilt, and she continued in the simple faith of the Bible for many years. The death of Bishop McTyeire was an irreparable loss to the spiritual ideals of the University. Had he lived, this great institution would now be in the hands of her rightful owner—the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and would be serving the purpose of her founders.

Notwithstanding the many privileges it offered, this one year at Vanderbilt was in many respects a great disappointment to our young friend. To be sure, he caught a vision of men and things he otherwise never could have had. During the year Dr. Alexander often asked young Morrison to occupy the pulpit at West End. Being popular among the students and fraternities, great numbers of his fellow-students came out to hear him. This unusual honor indicated, even then, that he was regarded as being far above the average young preacher. Yet things did not work out as he had anticipated; his soul passion was to preach, and he longed for light and help in preaching—how to take a text and develop a sermon. Speaking of this partial disappointment, he remarks: "I had gotten an incorrect idea of what a theological school was. I thought the instructors would somehow help me to build sermons, and tell me how to deliver them; I was impatient

to be preaching. There was a cry in my heart, and I longed for words properly arranged and adjusted to each other to let the message out. I wanted them to give me texts, and show me how to expound, divide, illustrate, and drive the truth home contained in them, so that the sinners who heard me would fall backwards in their seats, or else come rushing in tears to the altar. I longed to win souls, and was fully conscious of the paucity of my resources, and expected them to put the sharpened sword in my hand and teach me how to use it to the best advantage, and with the most powerful effect. But my instructors put me to work on great volumes of history, and deep, difficult theology. Their idea was to fill me with knowledge from these various sources, and let me do my own thinking and sermonizing. The better method, perhaps."

Had he been the scrupulous worshiper of books and the things that other men said—knowing nothing, seeing nothing except the cold pages of human dissertations, he would have failed to see the wide-open doors of that one great year among the classic shades of our once beloved *alma mater*. His ministry would have been bookish and dry, without human touch and sympathy: in other words, dead and powerless. But being a student of men rather than a critical student of books, he caught the wider vision and reaped benefits far greater than scores of others who spent years in Vanderbilt, who were favorites in class room, etc., but of whom the big world outside their own little realm has never as much as heard. We have observed another curious fact about learned professors of colleges and

universities: they know books, but few of them understand the human material that faces them daily. We have observed, too, that boys who ranked A1 in books, who were the "pets" of teachers, have, as a rule, scored no great victories after coming up against the real issues of life.

Writing of his life at Wesley Hall and Vanderbilt years afterward, Dr. Morrison gives us this resume: "At the University I found my position a most embarrassing one, I had attended school but little, and most of the schools I did attend were of a very inferior character. Here I found myself in classes with young men who had been in school from childhood; first in common school, then in high school, then in college. I had been in no school for a number of years. The hard work and the painful embarrassment I passed through no one dreamed of at the time, and I shall not undertake to tell it now. I worked late at night, was up and at it early mornings; I held a fairly good position in my classes; I passed all my examinations with good markings, except one; I failed to pass one of my studies in the literary department. The time I spent at Vanderbilt was of great value to me; I grew in knowledge and grace. There was a good religious spirit at Wesley Hall."

Upon leaving the University in June, 1885, his long, anxious waiting was rewarded in being once more permitted to get into the big white harvest-field of souls. A quite unusual thing occurred: from Nashville he went at once to Stanford, Ky., the church he had left to go to Nashville, to assist the pastor in a revival

meeting, which resulted in a large number of conversions. During that summer he held the first revival meeting ever held at Wilmore, Ky., the present scene of Dr. Morrison's great labors as college president—the site of Asbury College. A small band of Methodists had organized and built a church. Dr. Rivers, of Louisville, was called to dedicate it. At the dedicatory service twenty-five people were converted and joined the church; whereupon Dr. Rivers continued the meeting until Henry Morrison could reach there. The revival swept on with great victory and power. Some years later Rev. J. W. Hughes selected this place for the pioneer holiness college of America—the record of which has meant more to the religious history of Kentucky than perhaps any other agency.

Brother Morrison continued his evangelistic labors among his brethren until the meeting of the Conference in the fall. He was readmitted to the Conference and stationed at Eleventh Street Church, Covington, Ky. From this appointment there was a steady promotion, until he entered the regular evangelistic field. During this year he was allowed to leave his pulpit, and held six revivals for various brethren of the Conference. Among the meetings he held was the noted one at Hill Street, Lexington, Ky. It was here that he met Miss Laura Bain, the beautiful daughter of Colonel George W. Bain, known all over America as one of the most brilliant and entertaining of lecturers. He was also well known as a pioneer in the Prohibition Movement.

Being so near Cincinnati, the year at Covington afforded many rare opportunities. Dr. Joyce, after-

wards a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was then a leading pastor of Cincinnati. An acquaintance began between the men which ripened into a friendship that lasted until the good bishop crossed the last stream at a camp meeting in the North, resting in the arms of Dr. Morrison, his co-worker at the camp. It was during this pastorate that the young pastor became convicted concerning the use of tobacco, realizing that working girls contributed their hard earned money toward his salary, part of which was being spent in cigars. The Lord interviewed him on this matter one night, and after much prayer and agony he was entirely delivered from both habit and appetite.

The pastorate at Eleventh Street lasted but one year. Morrison was then appointed to the Highlands, above Covington. This was a decided promotion—larger salary, a most delightful environment, with many cultured, wealthy people to serve. It was a year of much reading and careful sermonizing. So many urgent calls for revival work also came that, notwithstanding the more responsible pastorate, he held a number of successful revivals. Two of the most noted were at Winchester and Paris. There were more than one hundred and fifty saved at the Winchester meeting; Dr. J. H. Young, now deceased, was the pastor. Following this meeting, Dr. Morrison assisted in launching a campaign for locating Kentucky Wesleyan College at that place, holding mass meetings and securing funds.

With every passing month events and opportunities shaped themselves to widen the sphere of usefulness and power of this growing young preacher. His pro-

nounced ability as a preacher and leader—far above the average—became more and more obvious, and doors were opened in numbers greater than he could enter.

X

HIS PENTECOST

THE birth of a baby boy in poverty and obscurity has sometimes changed the world's map and history. The humble Babe in the manger marked the beginning of a New Era. When William Booth caught a vision of the "submerged masses" the Salvation Army came into existence. When Dr. A. J. Gordon dreamed that Christ attended one of his services one day, the popular, satisfied, cultured pastor became a flame of holy evangelism and missionary zeal. Valentine Burk, the jailbird and bank robber, with his picture in every rogue's gallery in America, read a sermon from Mr. Moody in a daily paper which was tossed to him through the bars of the prison, and a new life was born, one that made its impression upon the entire city of St. Louis.

"When the day of Pentecost was fully come," and the Holy Fire fell upon the one hundred and twenty in the Upper Room, the church of the New Dispensation was born. The Epiphany of the Holy Ghost transformed a little band of trembling, cowardly, unsophisticated peasants and fishermen into a company of heroes —loving their lives not unto death—and turned the world upside down.

At this period of his life we see Henry Clay Mor-

rison, a popular young pulpit orator—his reputation reaching out into an ever widening circle, proud, dressy, ambitious, and with it all, religious—and a lover of men. Each year from the time of his readmission to Conference, committees from larger churches "pulled" for him to be their pastor. Here we have the program: Eleventh Street, Covington, Highlands, Danville, Frankfort, etc., each one a promotion. We find him "making good," with crowded houses waiting upon his ministry, calls coming from the largest churches of the Conference, and unusual revivals being held under his leadership in these same large churches. An ideal situation surely—lacking nothing from a human viewpoint. But through it all there were times of sore heart-hunger, an impetuous temper, a lack of peace and abiding power. At times there was in Henry Morrison a soul-reach—a cry—of which he barely, if at all, knew the meaning.

One man alone in the Kentucky Conference professed entire sanctification—Rev. W. B. Godby, D. D. Some agitation was in progress over the subject of the "higher life." A noted evangelist named Barnes was preaching within the bounds of the Kentucky Conference, and put much stress upon it. But he was such a mixture of predestination, free grace, final perseverance, universal salvation, that a great part of his ministry was lost upon the minds of the stronger men—especially those with training in Arminian theology. Because of these adulterations they could not indorse Barnes. Yet he was truly a sanctified man, but finally landed in the camp of Alexander Dowie. Henry Mor-

rison rejected both him and his message utterly. John S. Keen, of the Louisville Conference, and a most remarkable man, became an exponent of sanctification, and several members of the Kentucky Conference professed the experience. One of them, Rev. H. B. Cockrill, was closely associated with Morrison—became deeply interested, and finally came into the Pentecostal blessing and published his experience in the church papers. These facts, together with a hungry heart, gradually accumulated about this great "Depositum," until it took possession of Henry Morrison.

It reached a climax during his pastorate in the Highlands, that beautiful residence section above Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river. Rev. J. H. Young was assisting him in a revival meeting. They were dining out one day when a letter came from his friend, Cockrill, telling him that he had received his Pentecost. The vision of the whole truth came to him then and there. He saw the doctrine, and that it was for him. The thought almost overwhelmed him. Excusing himself at the close of the meal, he started for his room, expecting, when alone, to be sanctified wholly. He stopped and prayed with several families, however, before reaching his room. Dr. Young passed by him while he was in some home and reached the room ahead of him, much to his disappointment—as he wanted to be alone.

Dr. Young was anxious to close the meeting, saying there was going to be no revival. "No, Young," exclaimed Morrison, "the meeting must go on; the power of God is all over this hill—the power of God is in this

room right now." The Holy Ghost fell on him, and he became as one dead, falling back upon a divan. Dr. Young, greatly alarmed, caught him in his arms and tried to arouse him. "I could hear all he said, but had no power to answer," Dr. Morrison tells us. "Some seconds must have passed. Just as I seemed to come to myself and recover the use of my limbs a great ball of liquid fire, the size of a large ball seemed to descend and strike me in the face, then dissolve and enter into me. I leaped and shouted aloud, 'Glory to God.' Dr. Young shouted: 'Morrison, what do you mean? —I thought you were dying.' 'I have done nothing,' I replied, 'the Lord did it.' I arose and walked the floor shouting and feeling as light as a feather. My first impulse was to tell all my friends just what had happened. But a strong impression also came to me not to tell them for fear of seeming boastfulness and giving offense. Something also suggested that '*you should not profess—but live holiness.*' This trick of Satan scored a victory, although for some time there was an unusual peace and unction attended my preaching; notwithstanding, it was not long before the blessing was gone." However, this event was an epoch-making event in the life of this great preacher, but as yet he had not paid down the full price. He came to Kadesh Barnea, and had entered in, but lacked instruction, and gradually drifted back into the wilderness. Like the children of Israel in the long ago, he must again wander in confusion and suffering before he reached the banks of Jordan.

At the following Conference he was stationed at Dan-

ville, Ky., one of the most cultured and delightful little cities in the state. Calls began to come in faster, and from a wider range, until it seemed that the Lord was drawing him out into the field of evangelism. Sufficient influence was, however, brought to bear upon him to keep him three years longer in the pastorate. Those were wonderfully fruitful years. Danville, where he stayed one of them, then Frankfort, were both strategic points for Kentucky Methodism. During the year at Danville he tells us that the Spirit often spoke to him about the lost blessing, and put an impelling power upon him to seek anew the lost territory. "One night in October," he says, "I awoke with a great sense of fear—it was two o'clock, the town clock was just striking—and felt that I must get up at once and pray. I leaped out of bed and began to beg Christ to help me; He seemed to deal with me very positively; He impressed me with His great patience and forbearance, bore in upon my consciousness that I must cut loose from some things to which I seemed to be clinging almost unconsciously and enter into a closer and a more faithful relationship with Him, or there must be a final separation."

The struggle lasted fifteen days; it was a time of mental suffering, fasting, and prayer. Yet this terrible experience had intermittent seasons of hope and comfort; the Lord blessed his preaching during the period with an unusual degree of unction; but the battle would be renewed as soon as he stepped down out of the pulpit. "I was," he says, "in an awful school; it would hardly be lawful for me to go into details and tell what

the Lord revealed to me of the nature of sin, and the hatefulness of it. He so withdrew all comfort from me and all witness of acceptance, that I had a foretaste of what it would be to be separated from Him forever. In addition Satan buffeted, ridiculed, taunted, and tempted me almost beyond endurance."

The situation became almost unbearable, whereupon advice and counsel were sought from a Presbyterian preacher, Dr. McKee, a professor of theology, then living in Danville. This pious, scholarly gentleman gave him much comfort in these words: "My young brother, the Lord has not forsaken you, but is leading you into what Mr. Wesley called 'Christian Perfection,' the Baptists call it 'rest of faith,' the Presbyterians call it the 'higher life,' or the 'fulness of the Spirit.'" He also stated that he had received the same experience when a young pastor in Louisville. No seeker of full salvation has a harder death to die than the young preacher with gifts, graces, and a reasonable ambition. This class of seekers must literally die out to the future—of place and promotions; he must go forth unto Him bearing His reproach.

On the last day of this soul-struggle Henry Morrison had to be assisted in walking from the public square to his room from loss of sleep, fasting, etc., physical strength had been exhausted. When he reached the front porch the preacher fainted; his sleek, plug hat tumbled off and bounced about on the floor. Twice more during the day he became unconscious. At last the flood-gates broke in upon his soul and the Blessing returned. But owing to a lack of instruction,

and dreading the consequences of telling his cultured, fastidious congregation that God had sanctified him, the blessed assurance departed from him the second time. This meant many more days and nights of bitter struggle before he became rooted and grounded in the faith. Oh, how Satan bluffs, tempts, and hinders a soul seeking to be free!

Henry Morrison, however, became fully rooted and grounded in this Great Depositum of Methodism, as many parts of the world has found out. It was this soul revolution which cast out, and cast off, all social and ecclesiastical autocracy; it marked the Independence Day of this chosen vessel; it was the crossing-over day of Jordan into the Canaan of peace, joy, persecution—and Power. The door was effectually opened, but there were many adversaries. Once Morrison became established, faces of clay, social and religious preferment, the tongue of criticism and ridicule were unable to move him. The needle was never truer to the pole than he has been to this great truth, and as a result, for every door that was closed through prejudice and misunderstanding, God has opened for him hundreds of others; so that his lines have gone out in all the earth declaring to rich and poor, high and low, in cathedrals and brush-arbors, conferences and camp meetings, that God can save and sanctify the soul of every believer, through the merits of Jesus' Blood—all men, everywhere.

The story of Henry Morrison's Pentecost is, in a general way, known to all. His light has been set upon

a hill, and by it many thousands have been guided into the best things of life and salvation. Multitudes will praise God in that Morning Land, that he sought and obtained his Pentecost.

XI

A NEW CALL AND NEW VISION

THE success of Brother Morrison's Danville pastorate may be understood by the fact that several petitions were sent to both the presiding elder and the bishop, asking for his return the second year. Bishop McTyeire, however, who first appointed him to Stanford, with much less experience, sent him to Frankfort. This charge was in many respects the most important and commanding pulpit in the Conference. Being the capital, it was headquarters for supreme judges, prominent lawyers and statesmen. Frankfort was much larger than Danville, and the church gave better opportunities in many ways.

Again the strange wheel of fortune seemed to turn to our hero's lucky number in this new field. The associations of Frankfort were entirely different from anything he had experienced before. He formed acquaintance with many state leaders, with some of them intimately, one of which was a supreme judge. This judge was a remarkable man, a member of General John Morgan's staff, the most striking figure of the Southern Confederacy. Judge Hines was in prison with Morgan in Ohio, helped to plan and execute their almost miraculous escape. From such men, and such associations, a vast amount of valuable material and data were gathered, which in after years have enriched the thousands

who have been touched by his tongue and pen—as they enriched his own mind, fired his imagination, and broadened his horizon.

During the Frankfort pastorate he was one of the chaplains both to the House of Representatives and the Senate; by this first-hand contact he became familiar with all the schemes and crookedness of politicians and lobbyists. Just a few blocks from the Methodist church is located the Old Kentucky State Prison, a place in which have been incarcerated more noted criminals of all kinds than any such institution perhaps in the world. In this prison he preached frequently, and under those messages some famous criminals were saved. One of these when released became a minister of the gospel. The great hunger in Brother Morrison's heart for the lost, and the down-and-outs, often drove him into the streets where he preached to the passing throngs, and to the Red Light district, where he would throw out the life-line to the submerged.

It was during the year at Danville that he married Laura Bain, one of Kentucky's most charming and accomplished young women, the daughter of Col. George W. Bain, of Lexington, Ky., the prince of America's platform lecturers. This marriage was all that such a union could be in love and mutual regard—it was ideal. Their home was not established, however, until they moved into the parsonage at Frankfort. Three bright, talented children resulted from this happy marriage: Bain, Henry Clay, Jr., and Anna Laura. Both the boys have become lawyers, having studied law in the State University, and both were officers in the

World War, and saw service in France. The daughter was for some years a teacher of music in Asbury College, but is now married to a fine gentleman, and lives in the beautiful Blue Grass section of the state.

The caption of this chapter suggests a New Call. In the midst of a busy life, what could it be? For a number of years, especially the last ones spent in the pastorate, the calls for evangelistic service came in almost every mail. Step by step, the Lord seemed to be pushing Morrison out into a larger field, weighing him down with the impact of enlarged duties. Many of the strongest men in the Church urged him to remain in the pastorate, but this New Call came clear and distinct from the skies. Having included all such things in his *consecration*—the hardships, privations, ostracisms, waning of superficial friends—none of these things moved him from the God-inwrought purpose.

Touching its attitude to evangelists, our Church has become wiser with the passing years. In the days of which we are now writing men called to this high office of continual soul saving were forced to locate—to sever connection from their Conferences. This of itself was a kind of religious ostracism, or excommunication. They were said to be "not in the regular work." A kind of religious ban was placed upon all such. Because of this unwise statesmanship and blind "church authority," which purposed either to eliminate or crush out entirely this divine office, the loss to the Church in sanctified energies and in actual members was almost beyond calculation. We believe if the Church had stood behind this great evangelistic impulse—given it

friendship and indorsement—much of the wrangle, schism, and come-outism could have been avoided, and the church far richer in her Christian experience.

At the close of Morrison's second year at Frankfort the Conference was held at Lexington—and under the chairmanship of Bishop Hargrove, Rev. H. C. Morrison entered into the work of an evangelist. He pushed out at once into a long campaign, his first meetings were held in the Kentucky mountains, holding his first revivals at Middlesboro, Rev. Sam Peeples, pastor. The next at Pineville. In this meeting the famous Andy Johnson, one of the crack pistol and rifle shots of the mountains, who had killed several men and one woman, was powerfully converted. For six months the battle was pressed forward without intermission. Not knowing the art of husbanding his strength, the wear and tear began to make fearful inroads upon his vitality. This first campaign closed with a great revival at Hopkinsville, Ky., the late Rev. G. W. Lyon, pastor. About one hundred were added to the Methodist Church.

At this time a vacancy occurred at the Broadway church, Louisville, Ky., occasioned by the sickness of Dr. G. C. Kelley. Whereupon Bishop Hargrove appointed Brother Morrison to fill out this unexpired term, which he did to the great delight of that congregation. At the coming fall Conferences some of the strongest pulpits of the Church were offered him, as his unusual ability as a preacher was now no longer questioned. But he girded himself and pushed on into the thick of the fight, without salary, or church backing;

but the New Call was as distinct as the one when he stammered out before the Perryville congregation, years before, that the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had called him to preach."

But what about the New Vision? It was during the pastorate at Frankfort that Brother Morrison was called to assist in a revival at Maysville, Ky. No less than fifty calls had come to him, which he had, of course, to decline. The great white harvest-field swept before him, and with it a cry for some medium whereby these hungry multitudes could be ministered to with the gospel of full salvation. Methodism was beginning to suffer untold injury, in that the old-time methods and faith which called lost men to an altar of prayer, in penitence, until a conscious salvation was their happy heritage—were being ridiculed and set aside, publicly and privately. Men in pulpits openly denied the Fall and depravity; preached boldly that children were born without Adamic sin—needing only the proper training. Let us observe here that this "dangerous heresy" is still among us—boastful, arrogant, and deceitful. Methodist preachers were beginning to call folk forward to join the church—"profess faith in Christ," utterly losing sight of a personal experience of sins forgiven. Worldliness grew more bold and defiant each year, and it was condoned, or ignored altogether by many of the strongest pulpits of the Church, a few men in the Kentucky Conference, and of course other Conferences, who had waged war against all these diversions and heresies. Worse than all—at this time—the columns of the only Methodist paper in the state were

wide open for airing those "advanced views," and a willing mouthpiece for them.

Brother Morrison caught a new vision. He had written a few articles for publication—he was depleted in health from the strain of over-work, and without money, but he saw across the breach of religious quagmires, out into the blue of an unclouded sky. It was the day in Israel for a new prophet—God needed a seer, and the mantle fell upon the heart and brain of Henry Clay Morrison.

The vision took definite form during the revival at Maysville. The plan and purpose was by no means a propaganda—a hobby-rider for the defense alone of sanctification; but the hazard of religious journalism was launched *to defend and fight for all the doctrines, traditions, and customs of Methodism.* From this policy the paper has never swerved for a single moment, even in the fiercest battle of misunderstanding and persecution on the part of his brethren.

Before leaving Maysville the matter was presented to the congregation, and twenty-one new yearly subscriptions were taken—at fifty cents a year. On returning to Frankfort, arrangements were made with one Colonel E. Polk Johnson, a public printer, to assist in getting this frail literary barge pushed off from the shore, bearing upon its topmast the title: "The Old Methodist," and carrying an editorial setting forth the reasons for the undertaking. Hence, in the year 1890 this humble sheet of four small pages, five hundred strong, made its debut with a bow to the homes and hearts of truth-loving Kentuckians. This first issue

cost fifteen dollars, and the cash receipts from subscriptions and advertisements amounted to fourteen dollars and fifty cents—*fifty cents to the bad.*

No one took the "Old Methodist" proposition other than a huge joke. However, there was a vision behind it, and this unpretentious "religious paper" continued, some way—only the Lord and Brother Morrison knew—to make its monthly visits to a gradually increased number of homes. After locating for evangelistic work, the paper was moved to Lexington, Ky., and the name was changed to "The Kentucky Methodist," somewhat enlarged—and issued *once a week.* Presto! The joke was losing some of its hugeness. A half interest was sold to Rev. C. F. Oney, a member of the Kentucky Conference, and the two men joined heart and hand to make it go. They wrote letters, sent out circulars, sample copies, free subscriptions, spent money, and literally *pushed* it into circulation. A small outfit was secured, and the press work was done by the Transylvania Publishing Company, by carting the forms in a wheelbarrow from the office to the press-room.

Dr. Morrison gives us this bit of grim humor in connection with difficulties they encountered—as they followed the Star of Hope: "Brother Oney and myself got down to business, wrote to friends, sent out propositions, and sat at our little window, looked across the street at the post-office with as much solicitude as a small boy watches in the spring of the year for the first goose-egg. How eagerly we watched for the mails to come in, and both went over full of hope, to come back

soberly reflecting over the fact that the common run of people were slow in their appreciation of a good thing. The post-office was a great comfort to us; often we cast our eyes with pleading, affectionate glances at its cold stone towers, and when all else failed we went to the post-office and glanced furtively at our private box. Even when there was nothing in it, we learned to comfort ourselves with the optimistic conclusion that mails had missed connection, that the paper was making a good impression, and the next mail would bring us in a good batch of subscriptions." A closing sentence in this unique soliloquy gives us the content of it all: "Yet deep down in my heart I rested in Him who had led me into it, and I had no fear. I expected a long battle, but a final victory."

What that victory has proved to be, much of the religious world has come to know. After a few months Brother Oney sold his interest in the paper back to Brother Morrison. The "Kentucky Methodist" was moved from Lexington to Louisville, changed to "The Pentecostal Herald," and we venture the assertion that this paper to-day (and we speak from close personal knowledge) carries the largest mailing list, aside from the "Sunday School Visitor," of any church paper within the bounds of Southern Methodism. And not only so; it reaches more states and foreign countries than any strictly religious paper in America. It is now issued from a big publishing house, with large presses and linotypes of the latest models. We venture a still stronger statement: "The Pentecostal Herald" is being more carefully read to-day than the contents

of any other similar periodical in this country. Thank God, our brother was not disobedient to this heavenly vision.

XII

TEARS AND TRIUMPHS

WE feel that this record would be far from complete without a chapter thrown in, as it were, bridging the chasm from the genesis of things, over into the full blaze of triumph and honor. We say the genesis—yes, that is exactly what we mean, because when Morrison, the popular rising pulpit orator, met the Angel at the Brook Jabbock, and wrestled with him until his Pentecost came in all its glorious reality, it was indeed a beginning over. Old things, old ideals, old passions and ambitions—had in a large measure passed away. The girding was for a new march over a new country—a no-man's land, fraught with danger and uncertainties; bursting shells of bitter criticism, flying shrapnels of satanic hate, shell holes of adversity and opposition.

We shall not undertake a detailed review of those tragic eventful years of conflict. Volumes could not record the struggles, and often extreme testings. There is no hatred, envy, or revenge this side of the pit more murderous and intolerant than priestly hate and ecclesiastical inquisition. This spirit, with full power and authority, would resurrect again in the twentieth century the Spanish Inquisition in the name of religion. But to the limit of all authority and power, men have had to suffer for daring to be true to the upper lights

and visions that men moved by jealousy and inordinate ambition never knew. Somehow the machinery of ecclesiasticism has been blind in its ability to read men; there have been church councils—sitting in excathedra sessions that are very closely allied in their purposes to the Sanhedrin over which Annas and Caiphas presided; and considering the light and advantages of the two would hardly equal in Christian mercy that old council in Jerusalem. The Church never produced a purer character and a greater prophetic preacher than Savonarola, yet she trumped up seventy-two charges against him, every one false, and the holiest man of a thousand years was hung in the public square of Florence. Joan of Arc heard voices, caught visions of holy rapture, felt the fire of the Holy Ghost burning in her heart, of which the sordid, lecherous priests and bishops knew nothing, and they burned this sweet, pure maiden at the stake in Rouen.

There were three distinct lines of endeavor that differentiated Henry Morrison's activities from most of his fellows; a new journalism, a new evangelism, and a new objective. We wish first to mention the struggles of "The Old Methodist"—alias "The Kentucky Methodist," alias "The Pentecostal Herald." The chronicler of hazards at new fortunes must not pass by the launching of a religious periodical. Such an enterprise has two chances to one for failure over that of a secular paper; facing, as it does, a circumscribed constituency, a circumscribed policy, and a circumscribed message. Such is true of any clean, religious journal; but with our friend's paper it meant being circum-

scribed, in all these particulars, *in extremes.* When the paper was moved to Louisville it had to take a position and be rated in the business circles of that city. Rent, bills, pay-rolls, the cost of new machinery, etc., faced the infant enterprise, not only monthly and weekly, but daily. Dr. Morrison's home was mortgaged to save the enterprise. Inch by inch, step by step, these battles were fought, the circulation gradually growing, and with it the market for books along the same line for which the paper stood. It will be remembered that when the first issue of the paper came out, and all bills were paid, there was fifty cents in *red ink.* After many years of business operation in hired quarters an old church building was purchased and paid for at 1821 West Walnut Street, Louisville. To this old building were added rooms in the rear where big presses, linotypes and cutting machines, and other equipment, were installed. The smaller rooms once used for church purposes were fitted up for offices. All these years were years of struggle, but the hand of God was, beyond a doubt, behind the enterprise. The main auditorium of the old church was used many years for regular preaching services, special evangelistic meetings—and once a week all the working force gathered there for prayer. We shall make a long story short—*multum in parvo*—by saying that the present home of "The Pentecostal Herald" is in a fine three-story pressed-brick building, fifty foot front, the building reaching back to the alley, once the property of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. A more substantial building cannot be found on South First Street than No. 523. We

must not overlook one important feature in this connection: Years ago Brother Morrison brought into his office a nephew, Mr. J. H. Pritchard, who has grown up with the business, and who has all the details in mind and heart. Next to Dr. Morrison, more credit belongs to this gentleman, whose clean consecrative methods have guided the business destiny, than to any one else. The country is strewn with dead religious papers—"The Pentecostal Herald" has weathered the storm.

Brother Morrison's evangelistic career has not been without severe testing; but an unbroken victory has attended him all the way. With a courage born of racial blood, he has traveled up and down the country in an ever-widening circle, declaring the whole counsel of God. Wherever he went, notwithstanding ostracism in high places, the Lord has given him the hearts of the people, and on richly covered altar rails, from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, under brush-arbors, in country churches, straw-filled altars at camp meetings—the multitudes have kneeled, repented, consecrated, wept, and been forgiven; multitudes have been baptized with the Holy Ghost under the impact of this new evangelism—*new* for those days—but as old as Wesley in Methodism and the New Testament.

The spirit of opposition, however, reached a climax in Texas, whither Brother Morrison went to fill a camp meeting engagement. He was forbidden by the church authorities—presiding elder and pastor. This command to "stay away" had no more effect upon the evangelist than the sighing of an evening zephyr.

Scores were saved at that camp meeting; but the aftermath was—indictment, church trial, and expulsion from the membership and ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the shame and dishonor of everyone who pushed the prosecution. This gigantic blunder was soon obvious, the ecclesiastical machinery got busy, cranked up, reversed, and Henry Clay Morrison fully restored to his former place in the church.

But like the early persecutions at Jerusalem, which scattered the Apostles in every direction, so that the fire of their ministry spread all over Palestine, so this unfortunate episode brought its victim into the limelight with all the "whys" and "wherefores" to be explained. The calls for service multiplied tenfold; the subscription list of "The Pentecostal Herald" went forward with leaps and bounds; the office force, the equipment, and everything connected therewith, had to be enlarged to meet the increased demands for the message of the man who had suffered such persecutions for "conscience sake." We do not know who was responsible for getting that particular law enacted in our Church, and no doubt the brethren who did it were sincere in their motives; but that one discharge kicked the cannon off of its mounting, and if it has ever been discharged since we have no knowledge of the occurrence.

Not long ago Dr. Morrison dropped into a gathering of Texas preachers, and among them were some of the very brethren who had caused his character to be arrested on a bill of violating a Church law, which gave each pastor and presiding elder absolute control within

his bailiwick. Commenting on this occasion, Dr. Morrison writes: "When I saw those brethren, I felt in my heart concerning their actions against me in other years, and under the most critical searching I could find no ill-will nor hatred, but a deep, sweet sense of compassion filling my soul. I thanked God that I was more than conqueror through the blessed Christ."

And what about the gospel, the gospel as Dr. Morrison has often expressed it, "Salvation for all men from all sin everywhere"? That has been the key-thought to all his extraordinary ministry. Salvation from all sin—it is well known throughout the country—he interprets as two distinct works of grace: the forgiveness of sin or regeneration, and the cleansing of the heart by the baptism of the Holy Ghost through the merits of a Blood Atonement. To say that this is a popular gospel would be wide of the truth; to say that many doors, as well as many hearts, are closed tightly against such doctrine is to state a solemn truth. That many doors have been closed to Dr. Morrison's message is certain. But to everyone closed ten new ones have been opened, and without fear, favor, compliment or compromise he has sounded the trumpet-blast of full salvation in the highways and byways until some things definite have been accomplished.

Whether the Church has been brought as a whole any nearer by these gospel ideals may be seriously doubted, but the Church has come to believe in the unimpeachable character and also the absolute sincerity of the man. Religious circles that shunned him years ago now welcome him to their fellowship. It has been a

long, bitter fight, stretching through many years, but after the tears have come triumphs greater than the testings; triumphs for the truth of which God has verified on a thousand battle-fields. By nature, instinct, and heredity Dr. Morrison is a fighter; hence his invectives, scathing denunciations, and withering sarcasm for sham and fraud may not always have sounded consistent with the mountain-top experience for which he stood. But those of us who know him at close range, know that underneath a cyclonic temperament there beats a warm, tender heart and a consuming passion for lost men.

XIII

THE PREACHER

THE world must be evangelized by the "foolishness of preaching," a propaganda that is according to the wisdom of this world. There are preachers and preachers; everything known under the sun, from the highest attainments to the lowest ideals of ignorance and fanaticism have been proclaimed by every known sort of character, from the saintly Apostle Paul to the man whose picture adorns the rogues' gallery—all under the elastic nomenclature of preaching. What, then, is genuine preaching according to the New Testament idea; if much that bears the label is not genuine? We want to begin this discussion in true John Wesleyan style by mentioning a few things that preaching is *not*.

First: oratory *per se* is not preaching, even if a scriptural text be used as a basis, and a learned interpretation follow. In a subsequent chapter we shall undertake in some measure to explain what we believe the superior of the orator to be—the gift from the skies; yet we repeat that the orator may occupy a commanding pulpit, move the wills and emotions of men by lofty appeals of sacred deliverances, and not be a preacher of the gospel according to the New Testament.

Again, the delivery of a logical, strong scriptural discourse—orthodox even to the letter of the law—is

not necessarily preaching. He who may be able to expound the deepest truths of the Bible, doing it reverently and devoutly, may not be a preacher. Oh, yes; he preaches, certainly, and preaches the Gospel, and does it in a way that inspires and edifies. But we repeat that this may not be real preaching, though it command the highest market price. The preacher is in no sense a functionary; he has not the remotest connection with the priesthood, he is primarily the successor of the prophet. There must be in preaching the prophetic element, else it lacks the stamp of genuineness. When the prophetic element obtains, it presupposes many other fundamental elements.

The first of these is the Divine Call. Just as the prophet in the long ago was called from his cabin in the wilderness, or his threshing-floor, to step out on an exalted rostrum prepared for him to deliver a message not his own, but a message from God direct, so is the preacher. The preacher can no more choose his calling than Isaiah could have improvised a "coal of fire from off the altar" for self-purification and zeal. There must be a "woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel." Though men have the tongues of men and of angels, and have not this divine call, they are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. There is no wider field opened to the talented and ambitious than that of the gospel ministry; personal calculations often determine on which side of the equation the die is cast: the council of friends, social distinctions, leadership and publicity may cause them to seek the ministry as an avenue of expression. The man may decide his calling, but God

is not in it. An eminent divine has this to say about the call: "Before a man selects the ministry as a vocation he must be assured that the selection has been imperatively constrained by the eternal God. The call of the eternal must reign through the rooms of his soul as clearly as morning bells ring through the valleys of Switzerland, calling the peasants to early prayer and praise. The candidate must move like a man in secret hands." There is a mysticism about the preacher, his call, and message; neither are the product of time or the environment. Just as our Book is not the product of any age or the interpretation of any age, so must he be who proclaims the secret manna contained in that Book.

The preacher who receives *the* call will be as conscious of the divine seal on his message as he is conscious of any pleasurable or painful emotion. The man who delivers in the pulpit only the things ground from his own grist, and is never overwhelmed by the expulsive power of thoughts and visions coming as the wind blowing as it listeth, does not carry the highest credentials of his calling. The preacher is God's man, and he steps into his pulpit as an imperial ruler steps upon his throne. To him the faces of clay all look alike, and are seen from the same perspective. "The kings of the earth and the great men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men" look the same as the bondmen. Elijah—the man of mystery and power—stalks into the presence of Ahab without a tremor, and declares, with fire flashing from his eyes: "As the Lord God liveth, before whom I stand, there shall no rain fall upon this

land for three years and a half." The preacher is human; oh, yes, both flesh and blood, subject to the same temptations as other men; yet there is the secret springs that are known only to him who has received them. The preacher does not cease to be an earthen vessel—but the holy oil is necessary, inevitable.

The preacher is not a time-server, not an hireling. Whenever he so degenerates, the halo of the Almighty will be lifted from his brow. He must retain a sensitiveness to the voice of the Spirit, and he dares not—if he hopes to retain the ultimate communion whereby the Spirit will speak through him—he dare not refuse to walk in the light. The preacher is in no sense a sample or copy of a general plan, any more than the thunderous Elijah was like the seraphic Isaiah. He does nothing according to a certain prescribed program. The Holy Ghost cannot be programmed, and the preacher must be the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost. There is a spontaneous variety, a reckless independence, which ever characterizes the divinely-anointed, the heavenly-commissioned preacher of the Gospel.

We have discussed at some length the peculiar principles and endowments of the preacher in order to direct attention to the fact that Henry Morrison is not only a man who has come through the various orders of the orthodox ministry, received appointments in the regular routine of things, but preeminently above them all he is a *preacher*—called, commissioned, and sent forth with apostolic credentials. A critical study of the man from his earliest childhood shows him to have been from the beginning a "chosen vessel." When a

stammering lad, blushing with embarrassment and humiliation, this fact stood out beyond a shadow of a doubt in his first painful failure before his cultured Perryville neighbors—that he was as certain of his commission as he has ever been since, even when swaying multitudes with his eloquence and logic. At no time, under no circumstances, has this man ever entered the pulpit but that his hearers knew him to be a preacher. His wide, vivid grasp of the truth and his power to expound it awes to silence any critic or even those who are dull of spiritual discernment.

We are not here discussing Henry Clay Morrison the orator. We have reserved that for a subsequent chapter. It is as a preacher we desire to apply the acid test, aside from the superior qualities of pulpit eloquence, so pronounced in most of his public utterances. It is the preacher, now, we wish to examine; one who carries the conviction with every message of the divine seal in proclaiming it the great theme of life and death to a sin-cursed world.

God's preachers must know doctrine—doctrine of the Gospel, not ethical frothy humanitarianism; good God, good devil conceptions. There are great cardinal, fundamental truths touching the fall and the redemption of the race through a Blood Atonement which cannot be shunned if the New Testament Gospel be preached. Dr. Morrison has a clear, Scriptural grasp upon these truths. "All men are conceived and born in sin, and there is no other Name given under heaven whereby we must be saved," except that of Jesus Christ. He preaches a gospel that is a "savior of life unto life,

or of death unto death." Whoever comes under the sound of this preacher's voice will feel the dreadful impact of those tremendous Arminian tenets of theology. He believes that society has no greater enemy than the ethical, bloodless pulpiteers so prevalent these days; that Satan has no greater pet on this planet than the ethical preacher who proclaims the devil's righteousness along with the righteousness of Christ. From every possible test we believe Henry Clay Morrison to be a preacher. Experimentally, scripturally and intellectually he is a preacher of the New Testament type —Pauline, Petrine, Wesleyan.

The question has often arisen why, if Dr. Morrison is all that has been said of him in public places and by almost universal acclamation, he has not been called to some great metropolitan pulpit where he could preach to the thronging thousands? We shall answer this query later in our study. This is a world of cause and effect; things do not just happen. Major Symphonies are not played in minor keys accidentally. There were some wonderful words uttered by our Master long ago concerning His preachers, which are as true to-day as when He spoke them. We have in all this study endeavored to avoid extravagances; we do not believe we have, or shall indulge in ridiculous superlatives; but a biography that is worthy enough to be written and interesting enough to be read should be outside the realm of the commonplace. For this reason we have undertaken the task of writing this biography.

XIV

THE ORATOR

MEN of mind and purpose can learn the art of public speaking, formulate well-balanced sentences, and drive the truth didactically into the minds of an audience, but the orator comes before us under an entirely different classification. The orator is *born*—he delivers messages gathered from the four winds of the earth, like the prophets of long ago; he catches visions from the foaming seas, from the wild fastnesses of the mountains, the babbling brooks, and the violet-sprinkled sod. He gathers rhapsodies from crashing tornadoes and blinding blizzards. He must combine all the deepest philosophies of life and the loftiest sentiments; he is prophet and seer—the mouthpiece of the Invisible. The orator comes not by the will of men nor the will of the flesh, but by the power of God. The orator can no more create himself than the stereotyped, dried-up professor of music could write a "Messiah," or a "Moonlight Sonata."

The orator knows and feels the impact of his message as surely as did the prophets who burst from obscurity, with tongues of fire, confounding the lethargy of their day. When the orator speaks, the hearer knows that he has consorted with the invisible muses, as well as he is conscious of it. The orator does not always appear on

his exalted rostrum with a single bound. Oh, no, many things may conspire to humiliate and defeat his lofty aspirations, but if the spirit of the true orator burn in the soul—even if he be hissed from the stage by a mocking crowd, the passion flames and sparkles all the brighter. "It's in me—it's in me," declared Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "and it shall come out—it shall come out," though choked, blinded and stunned by the hissing audience before whom he had tried to speak and failed. It *did* come out, and when he reached his zenith he ranked easily with Pitt or Burke, than whom England produced no greater.

Demosthenes was not always the great orator, swaying alike the rabble and elite of Athens. Oh, no. At one of his early efforts he blundered, faltered, and almost failed; all of his hearers left him; one by one their seats were vacant, every man left this great orator—but one. Demosthenes, undaunted by this bold insult, spoke on with an audience of one man. On being asked why he continued to speak with but one hearer, he replied: "That one man was Pericles, and I prefer him to hear my message than all Athens." The orator is inspired by a *vis urturga,* the force from within, whether it is received or not.

It is a red-letter day in the history of any people when an orator is born. It will mean that a new voice will soon be crying in the wilderness preparing the highways of righteousness and truth. We have observed this by some careful observation of history, that an inevitable concomitant of the orator is a big, living, masterful Theme. No man can have the tongue

of the true orator if moved by selfishness and low ideals. There must be the majesty of a powerful impulse. When the orator sinks below this level he will most certainly lose the tongue of inspiration. Oratory is the high-water mark of public address, and it must have back of it, as well as the divine gift, the mountain peaks of vision and inspiration. It required the flaming passion of liberty to produce that remarkable sentence: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Leaving out the personalities and the message of the man, his unusual talents of voice and other natural endowments—Henry Clay Morrison is an orator. The same messages absolutely divorced from his great Gospel theme of salvation, would meet all the specifications of the orator. Liberty, patriotism, temperance, labor leadership or whatever it might be, his voice is the voice of the true orator.

We are trying to study the man as he could be, championing any other noble cause, and when we do, he must be placed among the great orators of our country; and in our humble judgment second to none—his classification belongs, without apology or modification, with Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry W. Grady and S. S. Prentice. The public speaker and the lecturer will often thrill the mind, and, if unusual, his delivery may to a degree stir the emotions. The orator not only arouses the minds and emotions, but literally dynamites the deep, sordid fountains of the soul. Under his appeals of master imagery life is kindled into a living flame. All the warm, passionate instincts and inspirations of the orator have been exemplified

before audiences from Maine to California, and around the world wherever Dr. Morrison has spoken. Whether speaking to the simple-hearted country folk under a brush-arbor, or to the crowded pews of wealth and culture, the same result is obtained. Rich and poor alike are swept by the magic and force of his marvelous oratory. Matthews, the orator, who is one of the best critics of literature and public address in the country, says that "the acid test of true oratory is the power to touch and revive the sleeping passions in others." The speaker may have a "silver tongue," measured by the genius of word painting and rhetoric, but unless the message moves the hearers to action and deep resolve *it is not oratory.*

The history of the Church and the state furnishes us with some notable examples of supposed great oratory, judged by the literary quality of their published sermons and speeches; but, as a matter of fact, their hearers were not moved to action. Mark Antony had the genius of true oratory; he began his oration over the body of Caesar, in the presence of a mad, prejudiced populace, but before he finished the mob began to clamor for the blood of Brutus. Sam Jones, the Southern evangelist, had the hidden fire of the orator; men were tremendously moved to action under his appeals. Once when closing an address on the evils of the saloon, in a crowded music hall in St. Louis, the chief of police, who was standing near the outer door, remarked: "There is the most dangerous man that has ever been in this city. At one word from him five thousand men would sweep through this city and demolish every

saloon and kill every saloon-keeper that opposed them." That is the power of true oratory.

We wish to call attention here to a significant distinction. There is little that thrills from the printed page of Sam Jones' sermons; there is likewise little to be felt in the published sermons of Dr. Morrison. Why does the orator not stand out on the cold, printed page? It is because the orator is not there. That intangible something that cannot be analyzed cannot be put on paper, belongs alone to the living presence of the messenger. We have so often confessed to a personal disappointment when reading one of Dr. Morrison's great sermons that we had heard when the audience bent under them like a forest swept by a tornado, but the something that we yearned for and sought from the published sermon was *not there;* the words, the imagery, the rhetoric, were all there, but the orator was *not* there.

On the other hand we have read deliverances of men whose diction and rhetoric were faultless, whose eloquence was sublime, whose thoughts were overpowering and majestic. Yet when those same masters of English delivered their messages, by word of mouth, there was a painful absence of enthusiasm. The language of the orator was there—the higher altitudes of thought characteristic of the orator were there, but the orator was *not* there. It is not style—it is more than style; it is not a lofty conception of truth—it is more. Take all the laws and rules of public address; all the gestures, facial expression, articulation, accentuation, etc., and the orator includes them all; where all these ele-

ments and powers obtain—*plus* must be added before you find the orator. Hidden away in the *plus*—and yet ever present—lie the master and witchery of the orator.

We have endeavored to place before our readers our conception of an orator, and the analysis given by the best authority on the subject—saying about the character we are seeking to exemplify in these pages. When we repeat, however, that Henry Morrison is an orator, we have placed the highest laurel upon his brow, viewed from the standpoint of human classification. We were in conversation with a leading Methodist divine recently—a man not at all in sympathy with the big life theme of Dr. Morrison, namely, the doctrine of entire sanctification—when the subject of comparisons was discussed. This gentleman remarked: "I regard Dr. Morrison as the greatest pulpit orator of the South."

Not long ago the Hon. William Jennings Bryan was introduced to a great audience by Dr. Morrison. He did it in such a masterful way that Mr. Bryan was so impressed that he said to him afterwards: "Morrison, I find where I have made a big mistake. I should have remained at home during my campaigns for President, and employed you to go up and down the land to represent me. I should certainly have been elected." When we remember, as in Dr. Morrison's case, that to the natural endowments of the orator there is added the mountain-top theme of the Gospel to a lost world, some adequate conception can be formed as to the power of his pulpit oratory. When all these natural

endowments are swayed by a message of life and death, as Dr. Morrison believes his to be, we are not surprised that his voice has reverberated around the world.

XV

THE EVANGELIST

THAT the office of evangelist is as divine in its origin and authority as that of the pastor cannot be denied. "And He gave some evangelists," who had a definite place in the program of building up and edifying the body of Christ. That this office has been vigorously opposed in many church circles cannot be denied either. That the Church has been suffering great loss, and standing in her own light, through this program of opposition, is apparent to everyone who has studied her movements and history. The Church, or the individuals who array themselves against any of God's ordained plans, must surely pay dearly for their blindness; and blindness will not excuse their opposition to any of His purposes.

The long history of God's dealings with men have been marked by apostasies and restorations, backslidings and reclamations. It is necessary and important that the flock be fed and nourished, and this is primarily the work of the pastor. But not only does the unbelieving social order need to be awakened and won for Christ, but the Church herself must have seasons of awakening—calls to higher service and deeper consecration. This work must be done by those who not only have the gifts and graces in that particular field, but a correct vision of what it means to be dead in sin

and lost. The Sabbath sermons will not accomplish this much-needed end. The man who knows God can feed his people on wholesome, spiritual food, at the regular services. But it will require more than this to bring God's redemptive scheme to men obsessed with the lure of this world.

Bishop Du Bose, in his "History of American Methodism," gives three names, in whom the office of the evangelist has been fully exemplified: Sam P. Jones, George R. Stuart, and Henry Clay Morrison. As we have noted in a previous chapter, he, in whose honor these pages are being written, was a growing and popular pastor. The largest churches of the denomination were discussing his name—looking towards giving him a prospective "call." But at the strategic hour, when these alluring fields were opening, there came to him *another* call—as distinct as was his call to preach—to do the work of an evangelist. Therefore, without purse or scrip, he went forth.

Everything possible, it seemed, was done to divert him from entering this untried field of labor—by friends and loved ones. The beautiful young wife, and her little ones, called loudly for the husband and father; but the wife, true to her higher ideal of wifehood, willingly agreed to this new choice of vocation. Now, with home duties and responsibilities; with heavy burdens contingent with the publishing of a religious paper; without money, and without Church or Conference backing, he threw himself into the old world's sin-breach, with heart burning for the lost, and thrilled with love for his work, and message.

From the beginning the work of Dr. Morrison as an evangelist grew and widened with geometrical progression. From a local and state reputation the circle widened, and calls increased, until every state in the Union knew and loved him for his work's sake. Like the blast of a trumpet, his voice has sounded throughout the land, calling men to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus; and calling the Church to an altar of consecration for the finished work of the Atonement: the cleansing of the heart from inbred sin, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without compromise or apology, he has adhered to this old message of the New Testament. When a boy he found Christ at an altar of prayer, and believing absolutely in this time-honored method, he has used it in the fastidious city church, as well as the brush-arbor and camp meeting.

We shall not attempt to estimate the great numbers who have sought and found the Pearl of Great Price under the ministry of Dr. Morrison. But we are sure it would require no less than five figures, if the exact number were known. Such data can never be fully known until the day of final accounts; when Church honors and ecclesiastical dignities will fade away in the limelight of the Judgment; and only those who have garnered souls and fed the flock of God on the pure milk of the Word will be recognized and applauded. We are sure, and we do not have to wait until the *Parousia* of our Lord to know it, that of the two: place and honors conferred by human organizations, and the burning out of heart and life for lost men, that he chose, by far, the better part. The thousands of simple

folk who were brought into the light, rising up and calling him blessed, will be a reward far superior to the empty honors of place and office—that a comparison of the two would be odious.

Early in Dr. Morrison's career as an evangelist, a great, stunning sorrow came to him; the devoted wife of his bosom dropped and faded before his eyes, and then slipped away into the shadows, leaving him the added legacy of grief, with his already heart-breaking burdens. That was not all: three little ones were left motherless at an age when the tender ministries of motherhood were most needed. Fortunately, however, they were taken to the home of their grandfather—that princely Kentucky gentleman, Col. George W. Bain, of Lexington, where love and culture were given them without stint or measure by a most loving grandmother. The happy home was broken up; but through the kindly providence of God, the way remained open for his ever-enlarging field of usefulness.

Some years later, during a campaign on the Pacific coast, he met Miss Geneva Pedlar, of San Francisco, a cultured and devout young woman, whose life aspirations from every standpoint coincided with those of his own. This acquaintance resulted in a happy marriage. This wonderfully talented young wife, with her tender messages of salvation, would often thrill great audiences. To this union were born five children: Howard, Geneva, Frank, Emily, and Helen. Howard, the eldest child of this marriage, is a fine, handsome young fellow, who volunteered at the beginning of the late war, and saw service overseas. Every one of these children,

while in facial contour resemble their mother, possess in a remarkable degree the mental endowments of both parents. They are leaders in whatever circle they move; the trait of leadership is pronounced as a transmitted legacy, of which we do not have to seek very far to find.

No biography is true that does not throw into the picture both light and shade; it is a false story of any life if the recorder tells us that the character is not human; fixing him upon a pedestal above his fellows in the basic principles of the truly human. The biography that deifies is false; the one that humanizes is true. While Dr. Morrison sacrificed many of the happy associations of the home for the louder call of the Master's vineyard, yet he loved his home and his children with an ardor that was beautiful. He also believed implicitly in the old ideals of home; that such was a home in name only if little prattling voices were not a fundamental part of the superstructure.

For more than thirty years this man has traveled from coast to coast, with scarcely a single day's vacation, except the brief intervals between dates. Wherever he went multitudes hung on his messages. During all those years as an evangelist he would have had to have multiplied himself many times in order to fill the calls that came to him, and that without advertising for meetings. No pastor of any church ever received any printed documents from some press-notice headquarters filled with the extravagant things various preachers and editors had to say about his wonderful achievements. There *is* a professional evangelism in this land—one

that is studied out in detail with all the "ins and outs" of the business, organization, and committee work, down to a fine point, but Dr. Morrison has never adopted any of them. He organizes no evangelistic companies, has no business manager, publicity man, personal worker's corps, or anything of the sort. All through the years he has relied solely upon the preached Gospel, as "the power of God unto salvation." He has depended on nothing but his messages, delivered under the unction of the Holy Ghost, by which to draw crowds and finance the enterprise.

There is another feature of Dr. Morrison's work as an evangelist we desire to direct attention to just here. And when we do it, we sit in judgment on no brother's plans, or *modus operandi.* Much of modern evangelism is open to serious criticism. We believe, as does Henry Morrison, that the office has been injured and cheapened by clownish, sensational, easy, "hit-the-trail" methods. There is the big tabernacle, the temporary union of all the churches in a given area, the easy plan of salvation, the big collection—a line of truth, or half-truths, such as every pastor could indorse, regardless of creed or doctrine. Such an evangelism is popular, and never fails to elicit the applause of *everybody,* and best of all—so to speak—enriches the exchequer of the evangelist. Some of us have followed these freshet "big meetin'" affairs, and, without an exception, found the chill of death on the church, or churches.

Dr. Morrison has never, to our knowledge, condemned these brethren. He often commends their

work; but he could never get the consent of his mind to prosecute such methods himself without toning down his conviction, or offending pastors of other theological beliefs. Had he gone into this professional type of work, he could easily have been worth dollars where he is worth cents. Billy Sunday, or any of the rest of them, would have had "nothing on" Henry Morrison so far as being able to "pull off the big deal" goes. Anyone who is able in any small degree to judge men, and has sat under his magnetic personality, knows that he is mentally qualified to have organized and so conducted his revivals as to have swept the largest cities with his marvelous powers. Others, not in the same class with him as a preacher, have done it time and again on a big scale.

Dr. Morrison has remained true to his conception of a revival, preaching only where he was free to declare a Bible standard of justification and sanctification, calling men and women who hungered and thirsted after righteousness to an altar of prayer for instruction by those who knew the way of salvation. This chapter would be incomplete if it omitted another significant feature of his work: He is one evangelist—there may be many of them for aught we know—who has kept his hands off the money end of the business. Many, many times, his remuneration has been inadequate to meet his actual needs; but he took the "offering" and went away without being sore on the town. He makes no stipulated arrangements, no papers are "signed up" before his coming, and he makes no "money speeches" after his arrival. In the parlance of the street, "he

plays a clean game." There has never been any doubt in his mind concerning his call to the big, white harvest-field; and possessed of this faith, he has relied upon Him who called, to see to it that the outer man would not suffer. We believe there are pastors and committees all over the land who can testify, without mental reservation, that Dr. Henry Morrison is one evangelist "in whom there is no guile."

He has preached a full and free salvation from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Virginia beach to the California coast. There is hardly a large city in the nation where he has not delivered the message of the Lord.

XVI

THE EDITOR

THERE is no more potent factor in world-affairs to-day than printers' ink; it is the molder of public sentiment, the dependable ally of every big endeavor. Its power is unlimited, and almost omnipotent. The printed page of the journal, whether daily with several editions, bi-weekly, weekly or monthly, yields an influence, and takes a place in human thought that is duplicated nowhere else. Movements and propaganda, whether political, social, industrial or religious, would be limited in their influence and handicapped in their movements without being able to get to the people through the press. Printers' ink has sent many rogues to places of honor and wealth, and, in like manner, has ousted many noble and worthy citizens from places of trust. It has cheated the gallows and hung innocent men; it has made millionaires out of paupers, and paupers out of millionaires. It has power sufficient to wreck any bank in the world, or to tide over into safe waters business institutions that were already in practical bankruptcy.

The editor has come into his own and he occupies a throne far above any other single agency. The editor can be the powerful ally of dirty politicians, possessed of unlimited opportunities for bribery and graft, in a measure larger than that within the reach of any other man. On the other hand he can be the untarnished

champion of righteousness and human liberty, reaching from the lowest strata of human society to the highest. His power is so far-reaching that if it be suborned, may command the topnotch in the proceeds of any slush fund. The preacher, the orator, the stump-orator, are all, in their way, indispensable to the causes they represent, but the messages of the editor reach thousands who never get within earshot of the pulpit or rostrum. The editors of America could "put over" any measure or reform known among us. But they are human, they do not agree among themselves; some of them are selfish, unpatriotic and conceited. Many of them are owned by organizations and corporations, and are the slavish mouthpiece of iniquity, while others represent the loftiest principles to be found among men.

Dr. Morrison had a great truth burning in his soul, and he longed to have it translated and transplanted in the lives of the hungry world. Knowing that he had struck the rich ore down in the substratum of life's deepest problems, he could not rest, sleep, or be contented until he could give his message wings so that it might fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Through prayer and waiting before the Lord, the conception took place. It was just an infinitesimal germ, as it were, insignificant, unpretentious, and in the eyes of the worldly-wise of the Church, ridiculous. Henry Morrison launched a paper in defense of his hobby; it was a huge joke; but after conception came the birth and forth came a little winged, inelegant sheet, of only four pages. But it announced a policy, took a position, raised a standard, laid a claim, set in order certain

principles, and testified to certain things in language easily understood. The style and English could not have passed the censor of a fossilized teacher of literature, perhaps, but everyone who read a copy of that five-hundred edition of the "Old Methodist" was satisfied that there was a gun-cotton attachment to it somewhere. It represented not only the birth of a new religious journal, but the birth of an editor.

With a beginner, writing is slavish drudgery; it comes hard. Sometimes there are words available, but no ideas, at others, ideas but no words. It is no small task to so train and polish and temper the mind and soul that ideas and words can be co-ordinated and mobilized at a moment's notice. The individual who undertakes the task, with other duties and responsibilities upon him, is a brave soldier, a hero. It requires the stuff from which martyrs are made. Dr. Morrison undertook the job, and it was a man's job. From the opening paragraph on the front page of that first issue until this good hour—more than thirty years ago—the paper has not swerved the smallest fraction of a sentence from the program first announced. Like Gibraltar defending the inland sea from pirate ships, every column of every issue has defended the tenets of Methodism. Not the vagaries of fanaticism or "come-outism," but the cardinal doctrines of our Church.

Dr. Morrison has become an editorial writer of unusual strength. For more than fifteen years we have read every issue of "The Pentecostal Herald," and we have yet to see a single dull paragraph from his pen. Regardless of other nerve-racking duties, from one to

two pages of editorial contribution from his pen have appeared each week. It is a noteworthy fact, and one entirely out of the ordinary, that amid so much writing done through so many years there should never have appeared anything dull or uninteresting—thrown in to fill up space in Dr. Morrison's work. He has developed a flashing, poignant style of his own. His discussions have point, pith and pertinency, and, to be expressive, they have "punch" in them. Whatever he writes is not only toothsome, but it has teeth in it. One feels energy, reserve power and conviction behind every editorial. We have great editors in our Church, but among the best of them may often be found a heavy, uninteresting page that requires an act of will to wade through, but we challenge anyone to declare his having found such an editorial from Dr. Morrison's pen.

A recent critic of English literature says that any big article or story that is written in a style that makes one feel that the author "labored" to produce it, will require a corresponding amount of labor to read. Everyone who has read the front and the eighth page of "The Pentecostal Herald" feels borne along on a tide that makes going easy; a kind of down-hill swing, so to speak. In a sense an editorial produces the same effect as that of a sermon. The only sermon that is *long* is the one that is not getting anywhere. In like manner, we never tire of an editorial if the sparks fly at each stroke like the hammer's concussion on the white-heated iron. Dr. Morrison wastes no space in meaningless furbelows; he goes straight to the heart of whatever he undertakes.

When he saw the doctrines of his beloved Church being ridiculed, and any of them denied, his heart got under a great burden and he unsheathed his Damascus blade in defense of them. It took some years of hard grinding to get his blade sharpened to its present keenness. To-day there are no invasions on the holy grounds of our Zion that escape his watchful eye; he guards the sanctity and honor of his Church as jealously and fearlessly as a mother defends her young, or a father the purity of his home. The fight has been offensive as well as defensive; he has no such words in his vocabulary as defeat, compromise or "keep silent" when truth is being endangered from enemies within or without the Church.

"The Pentecostal Herald" has stood for certain great cardinal doctrines such as were believed and taught by the founders of Methodism; viz.: the Adamic Fall of the Race, the Plenary Inspiration of the Bible, the Incarnation, Miracles, Resurrection, Repentance, Regeneration, Witness of the Spirit, Entire Sanctification, Apostasy, Eternal Punishment, the Second Coming of Jesus, and the Heaven of our fondest dreams. We have no doubt but that at least one hundred thousand people each week get help and added strength in the "faith once delivered to the saints."

We know of no religious editor that covers a wider scope of themes than Dr. Morrison, besides giving almost constant attention to such vital themes as faith, prayer, regeneration, consecration, sanctification, revivals, missions, etc. He writes "Open Letters to Young Preachers," scathing diatribes to silly, talkative preach-

ers, the preacher's wife, pastoral courtesies, funeral services, going into debt, loose, questionable conduct of pastors and evangelists, singing evangelists, and "Dont's for Evangelists," "If I were a Bishop," "If I were a Presiding Elder." He writes open letters to church members, great, and near-great, and a hundred and one other things that everyone ought to think about but do not. He is a judge of men, little and big. He has a most remarkable insight into things that are either false or real; he is a most astute student of the times in which we live; he indorses every advance movement of the Church, giving it the full force of his tongue and pen. Yet no man of our acquaintance detects sham, veneer and camouflage quicker than he. If there are any weak links in the chain, he locates them and has the courage to call the attention of the public to the dangers that may follow.

As an editor we believe that the Church and Christianity in general has no truer champion. He is a God-sent watchman on the walls of Zion, and week by week he sends the blast of his trumpet out into the night, eager to arouse the sleeping Church to approaching danger. Ecclesiastical dignitaries, North and South, who undertake to impose upon the blood-bought heritage of the Church will most certainly hear a loud protest or denunciation through the columns of "The Pentecostal Herald."

In these days of shallow thinking and shallow preaching and shallow writing it is refreshing to catch the echoes of a barrage now and then that shoots to hit; that sees the target and rains fire-baptized projectile-

direct into the enemies' batteries, machine-gun nests and hidden trench fortifications. The forces of the enemy all look alike to our beloved editor. Whether they be commanded by a decorated Field Marshal or a "non-com" they receive the same drastic treatment such as the case demands, and in a way that stimulates the nerve ends of old sluggish thinking. Dr. Morrison is a real editor.

In launching "The Pentecostal Herald," Dr. Morrison met with most positive and stubborn opposition. In annual conferences, district conferences, quarterly conferences, and stewards' meetings, he and the paper he had launched were bitterly opposed. He was branded as a heretic endeavoring to introduce new and strange doctrines into the Church. He was accused of being a crank, a fanatic on the subject of holiness, and a disturber of the peace of Zion. In fireside conversation, addresses and sermons, he was held up as being disloyal to the Church. He was represented as a "come-outer," and represented as trying to split the Church, and having himself made leader, or bishop, of a unique ecclesiastical organization. In the midst of this stubborn and protracted opposition he worked day and night, ate sandwiches and cheap lunches, sat up in day coaches through many a long and weary night, in order to save the fare of the more expensive Pullman. He devoted the money received in his evangelistic services to pay the expenses of the paper. He mortgaged his home, he economized, prayed, and shed many bitter tears of sorrow and anguish where none but God could see. Out of every struggle and conflict

he came girded with unfaltering faith and purpose to press forward.

Enemies misrepresented and ridiculed him. Friends assured him he had undertaken the impossible; that it meant ecclesiastical ostracism and financial ruin. Debts piled up; a big paper firm once put their accounts into the hands of a lawyer because they thought his enterprise was destined to go under. He settled with the lawyer on the installment plan, and when some of his employees advised him to have no further dealing with the paper company who had placed their account in the hands of a lawyer for collection he said: "No, indeed! I will continue to trade with those men until they are not afraid to trust me." And so he did, until they sought his patronage and honored his orders for thousands of dollars' worth of material.

There were enmities and jealousies, also, where he might have expected sympathy and help. On one or two occasions plans were laid to get the paper out of his hands. But he held on firmly, believing that God was with him, and willing, if need be, to go down in the fight, but never willing to surrender. Many years passed before the income of the paper was equal to the outgo. But at last the victory was won, and the paper was able to stand erect upon its own feet.

"The Pentecostal Herald" is interdenominational and independent. It belongs to no section of the nation, and its circulation is not bound by the ocean. It goes out under nearly twenty flags, and follows the English tongue to the ends of the earth. During the World War soldier boys wrote to the editor from the

front-line trenches and told him of the comfort and help they derived from reading the columns of "The Pentecostal Herald." Dr. Morrison gives God the honor for any success the paper has achieved, and the benefit received by those who read its columns. God called him into the task and has granted grace and strength for the toil and conflict, as the years have come and gone.

XVII

THE AUTHOR

THIS is an age of book-writing; but, like so many other lines of necessary activity and service, it has been over-commercialized. There are hundreds of writers in America under the whip of contract who must grind grist on schedule time for revenue only. They write with a purpose, but the purpose is to produce a "thriller," the proceeds of which are to keep the wolf from the door. There are those who belong to the craft who may have produced "best sellers," and their contributions have lifted them from the low plane of bread-winning to that of authorship; but their messages to the public are commercialized by the publishers. Possessing no special interest in what they write, they have created a market for their wares, and that brings the proposition back to a mere monetary basis—the deadly virus in so many things American. We wish to notice also still another class of writers whose names are never used as head liners, but they have a message; their is the "beaten oil" of the sanctuary. No big publishing houses confer with them with a view to corner their productions, often the launching of such books means a financial venture, if not a dangerous risk. They represent no party as such, sacred or secular; in the interest of truth alone they send out their message. It is a mere accident that they are even recognized in a list of authors. Their royalty

checks have no reckoning in their budget of resources, they have no boosters except the impact of necessity, the outflow of their own heart.

Some of the world's best literature was written by men and women not knowing where their next meal was coming from. Hawthorne was a poorly paid wage-earner while he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," Bunyan caught his inspirational rays of sunlight through prison-bars while he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." This department of authorship is impelled neither by big royalties, pastime nor living necessities, but the woo-ings of the inspirational Muses, the motive of unselfish service, that gets no applause from the galleries, and that cares naught for the prejudices of the groundlings. Unpopular, unappreciated, and unrewarded, generally, yet those who belong to this class constitute authorship that is the purest and best.

There would be a broken liaison in this biography should we omit to give a large place to Henry Mor-rison's work in authorship—an authorship that burns until the very pen-point almost melts, and does it un-selfishly and forgets that there is such a thing as royal-ties. There are a few such who write these days, and one of them is Dr. Morrison. When the Holy Spirit wrought a work in his heart He turned a bashful, ob-scure boy into a Boanerges, and his pen into that of a ready writer. Popular fictionists who live in gorgeous apartments in New York City usually grind out a book a season, along with their golf and social functions. But in this man we have an author who, along with continuous editorial writing, which never

fails to appear, continuous evangelistic labor, domestic and college responsibilities, has given to his wide-reading constituency about one book a year for more than a decade. We regard this achievement alone as being next to superhuman. To be explicit, it is exactly the explanation of Henry Morrison, for no man could do these things except God be with him, girding and empowering him with superhuman energy.

One of his first publications was in booklet form entitled "Dr. Starr and the White Temple Church." The scene is laid in and about a fashionable church full of sinful people and their popular pastor, Dr. Starr. This erudite "D. D." was flattered and banqueted and honored in every possible way by his godless congregation. The story came to a startling and dramatic ending while the congregation is in high-tide of some social function in the church. Eternity bursts upon them and they are brought at once into the presence of God. Pastor and people together are dumfounded and paralyzed with fear. The smooth, smiling, hypocritical pastor is cursed by his once coddled and flattered people. This book has gone through many editions, thousands of copies have been scattered broadcast over the land, its reading must always produce a profound impression.

It was followed by "The Two Lawyers." This unique, catchy story is an argumentative discussion on the Scriptural rationale of sanctification. A Methodist lawyer gets saved and seems to have got great light on the teachings of the Bible and the standards of his church. This book has gone through some twenty or

twenty-five editions, and continues a steady sale. The arguments are piled mountains high in defense of the old doctrine which John Wesley called the "Depositum" of Methodism.

Following "The Two Lawyers" came "Life Sketches and Sermons." It is a sort of brief autobiography, not fashioned in detail, but a compilation of childhood reminiscences. It contains many pathetic and amusing incidents. The latter part of the book contains a few of Dr. Morrison's best sermons. The book has had continuous sale ever since it was first issued, and has been a source of blessing to thousands of readers. It is not only an autobiography, but a book in which the author comments on church, preachers, and society in general, giving clear statements of the plan of salvation as understood and misunderstood by an unsophisticated country lad. Aside from the story of Dr. Morrison's early life, its teachings are wholesome and scriptural.

We shall not undertake to give the titles of Dr. Morrison's many books in the order of which they were issued, but make mention of them as they occur to us. "Thoughts for the Thoughtful" is a most remarkable little book. Every page, paragraph and sentence is pertinent and pointed, lifting the mask from the frivolities, shams, veneers and hypocrisies of modern times. This book was written, as the author says, to be read while on the street-car, while waiting for trains, and other spare moments. Such odds and ends of time surely could not be better employed. The book is just what the title suggests. "Prophecies Fulfilled and

Fulfilling" was Dr. Morrison's first venture into the realm of prophetic study. He has in this book searched out a great many remarkable prophecies—those generally overlooked—and translated them into the actual doings of the present day. One who has given no attention to the prophetical side of God's word will be surprised if not overwhelmed by the wonderful accuracy in which those old Seers looked through the vista of centuries to the present hour.

The second venture made by Dr. Morrison along the by-paths of prophecy was a most excellent volume on the Second Coming of Christ. In this book the author does not undertake a technical study of this great theme; but he does set forth most pungently and scripturally the kernel of Bible teaching on the subject, showing that he has a clear vision of its meaning and content. Any one not even interested will read this book with pleasure and profit.

Following this work was a most startling volume entitled "Romanism and Ruin." It contains over two hundred pages, and is one of the most fearful indictments of that so-called church; but from historical data —such as can not be denied, the author shows Romanism to be exactly what Father Chinique said it was —in his wonder book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome"—not a church at all, but a gigantic apostasy.

As we shall devote another chapter to his "World Tour of Evangelism," we shall do no more than mention it in this brief survey. The book bearing that title is a record of his great journey around the world. The "Pearl of Great Price" is his sermon on Perfect Love,

beautifully bound and artistically embossed. "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost" is a booklet of some thirty pages in defense of the great doctrine of entire sanctification.

Dr. Morrison's last book, in the terms of modern parlance, made a "hit." Among religious productions of the past five years it would be listed with the "best sellers." Its title is "The World War and Prophecy." It was written after our country entered the great conflict. The title of the book and the time of which it was issued were alike psychological, as there were serious questioning all over the enlightened world as to the "why" of it all. Millions of people who had never given prophecy any consideration at all now became interested. Did the Word of God have anything to say about this World War? Dr. Morrison's book undertook an answer to this almost universal inquiry. Within six months after it came from the press, eight or ten editions had been sold, and the publishers were often weeks behind in filling orders. Along with the many-sidedness of Dr. Morrison we must list him also as an *author,* filling all the specifications belonging to that honored title. There are thousands of books written that never get beyond the first edition, and the reason is—nobody reads them. But the author who can write a book or books which the public will read, which demands new editions to supply the trade, which deal with themes neither sentimental nor sensational, but deep and serious—such a writer, we affirm, must be given the title of author, and Dr. Morrison is an author.

XVIII

THE WORLD TOUR OF EVANGELISM

PERHAPS the greatest travel-writer and lecturer of the English-speaking world, if not the *whole* world, is Stoddard. His illuminating volumes, both in style and illustrations, enable the reader to see, feel and absorb the life and scenery of the countries of the entire earth. His scenic description and native character-studies from civilized to barbarous races are as fascinating as romance. We only wish that he could again visit all the countries since the gigantic upheaval of the past decade, so that we might see the torture and suffering world through the eyes of genius, as he has helped us to see the rare beauties of land and sea.

The ordinary traveler does not see things—he has a limited vision and is color-blind. Many travelers never spend any time in the great art galleries, they do not see anything. Once when Turner, who, according to Ruskin, was the world's greatest artist, showed one of his latest productions to a friend who said: "Turner, I do not see anything so wonderful about that." Whereupon the artist replied, in much disgust: "I am sorry for you, that you do not." So it is with the traveler. Only those who have sensitive poetic temperament—a soul, like a diamond catching every ray of light and throwing it back—can see men and things about them.

Many have visited every nook and corner of the earth, and brought away with them no more than the curios they could carry in their trunks.

It will strike the reader as a little short of extraordinary, when we discuss the works of such a man as Stoddard, than whom as a travel-lecturer there are none greater, in comparison with the things we shall say about Dr. Morrison's travels. What do we seem to be hinting or suggesting in this paragraph? The reader may have guessed; but this is it: we have no desire to outrage common sense in an attempt to make comparisons, but this is one time that a comparison is not odious. Dr. Morrison's "World Tour of Evangelism" is a close second to the work of the greatest of all travel writers. We see London, Paris, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Jerusalem, India, Korea, Japan, and the rest as we had never seen them before, from the minutia of detail and focalized perspective, we actually travel with the author. The peoples, the homes, the pathetic and humorous incidents of a multitude of little things which are necessary to complete the picture, we enjoyed in all their realistic power.

Still another feature we must not forget to mention is that Dr. Morrison's comments and conclusions of all he saw were made from a view-point seldom found among travelers. At no time does he allow the reader to lose sight of the spiritual interpretation, the prophetic ideals, as he walked through the old Roman Forum, or gazed upon the scenes made sacred by the footsteps of the Man of Galilee. We caught afresh the world cry for a Redeemer—a remedy for sin, poverty and suf-

fering—whether in priest-ridden Italy or benighted India.

We shall not attempt to give a review of Dr. Morrison's book. We simply wish to take notice of a few outstanding features which show the author to be equal to the extraordinary undertaking of preparing such a book. We know of no better treatise of missions and travel than the one of which we write. We forget that such a journey should be a wonderful pleasure trip and sight-seeing; all that is lost; and we at once find ourselves getting under the world-burden so crushed by the weight of sin. No doubt Dr. Morrison and his traveling companion, Rev. J. L. Piercy, were often thrilled and overwhelmed by the "sights," but we repeat: all that is lost to the reader. Above every description calculated to charm the aesthetic nature there is the overshadowing conviction of one who sees the world tragedy through the eyes of the Master, whether in that wonderful description of Taj Mahal—the world's most gorgeous tomb, built to the memory of a beautiful queen—or listening to the Jews at their wailing place, near the walls of their desecrated city, hearing their heart-cries for a coming Messiah. In all these we hear the same mournful note of pathos and sympathy. Dr. Morrison has a spiritual and temperamental qualification, growing out of a deep and continuous search for the highest things of revelation and experience, possessed by few other men. His book of travel we regard, therefore, as his greatest literary production. As a book calculated to inspire missionary zeal we believe it to have few superiors. As a book of

information about many countries, it is most excellent.

This fact is easily understood when we remember that for many years, as Dr. Morrison as an evangelist had traveled extensively over America, all the while giving the readers of "The Pentecostal Herald" the benefit of what he saw, and the impressions of various places and people. But a tour of the world was a big, new undertaking, and to be able to see and write of things about cities and countries which had been often written of by others, rendered the task difficult. Yet, after having read about everything Dr. Morrison has written for the past twenty years, we do not hesitate to say that in no field has he shown a wider, truer vision than in his description of the panorama as it unfolded itself before his eyes through thousands of miles of travel around the earth.

It is needless to speak of the result of that tour, which was a continuous protracted meeting. His coming to each place was fully advertised and eager expectancy awaited him. Missionaries mobilized for a refreshing and a refilling. Many who had spent years of heart-hunger in the dark lands came up to the spiritual feast. Notwithstanding the fact of their seeing the heralds of the Cross, multitudes hungered for the messages he carried to them in India, and in the Philippine Islands. He spoke daily to annual conferences made up of American and native preachers, and his altars were crowded with seekers and finders of the great pearl of full salvation.

If the Church were wise just now, in these days of big money contributions among all the denominations,

she would spend a part of her vast resources, not so much to send new recruits to the front, but to send out an army of fire-baptized men to the various fields, that the present force might become endued with power from on high. The Master suffered not even His very own to represent Him until they had waited in the upper room for the Holy Ghost. Now, if the Church at home would give right-of-way to the Holy Spirit and recognize Spirit-filled men, whose ministry is always attended by demonstration of the Spirit and power, instead of discounting them in cabinets and prejudicing strong, influential churches against such men, who stand for Holy Ghost evangelism, the ranks would soon fill up with young men and women hearing the Macedonian cry in this hour of need and crisis. We need four or five thousand new recruits annually to supply the demand. We are not getting a fourth of this number, and the cause is obvious. The Church may cry out long and loud, like the prophets of Baal, for the fire to fall upon their sacrifice, but fire will *not* fall because the altars are surfeited with money-lust, pleasure and pride.

Dr. Morrison's "World Tour of Evangelism" was a demonstration of what could be done if such men as he could be sent to the uttermost parts of the earth. Revival fires could be kindled on a thousand mission fields, and the lost millions might hear the message of Christ, even in this generation. The Lord tarries while anxious hearts await His Appearing, He waits for the Bride to adorn and make herself ready. The Holy Ghost is the great commissioned One of this dis-

pensation to woo and win the Holy Bride for the Holy Bridegroom. Oh, how He would gladly empower and fill His church that she might publish this message to the hungry multitudes, a message that would call out a people for His Name's sake! We commend the reading of Dr. Morrison's book, "The World Tour of Evangelism," as a message and incentive of love and power.

XIX

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

DR. MORRISON had just returned from his evangelistic tour of the world. For many years he had been fighting a hard battle in establishing and building up "The Pentecostal Herald," one of the greatest holiness papers on the continent. The thought of the Board turned toward him, and a messenger was dispatched to a camp ground in Indiana where he was engaged in meetings, and he was earnestly solicited to take the presidency, which he did not agree to do until he was informed that if he did not do so Asbury College would be sold for its debts; would pass into the hands of people who had no sympathy with holiness, and the entire enterprise for the spread of the doctrine and experience of full salvation would be a thing of the past. Under these circumstances he consented to become president of the school.

The exact situation of Asbury College at the time Dr. Morrison became president may not be generally known. Matters had come to a standstill; all the plans for buildings and for carrying forward the work, it seemed, were doomed to failure; the Board of Trustees were in session. There was one unanimous conclusion and decision: that unless Dr. Morrison would consent to take charge of the college, the end was inevitable. They then sent to him their messenger. The task of

reestablishing the College, when all things were considered, loomed above the horizon like a black cloud. He was doing his greatest work as editor and evangelist. What must he do? What could he do? It was not only a crisis for the College, but it was a crisis for the man who was being urged to accept the presidency. After much prayer and waiting on the Lord, he accepted this tremendous task, and at once assumed responsibilities such as seldom fall to the lot of one man.

Four great tasks met him on the threshold of his new duties, any one of which would have staggered a heart less courageous than his. First, was to provide facilities for housing the flood of students who came from North, South, East, and West. Dr. Morrison was so well known and admired that his personality and executive leadership drew patrons from the wide range of his acquaintances.

The second task was to secure a suitable faculty, so that Asbury should not only be a College in name, but one in deed and in truth. The new president, from the first day of his incumbency, has been as conscientious and careful as to the character of his faculty as he ever was about the kind of folks who worked about his altars in revivals and camp meetings. To get a faculty, such as he demanded, was no little task.

A third feature of his gigantic undertaking was to plan and secure funds for new and necessary buildings. At that time they were pulling along with makeshifts. The Administration Building of Asbury College is a thing of beauty. As an architectural triumph there is no college building in Kentucky that can outclass it.

Every angle and elevation of the outside, viewed from any direction, is a picture of harmony and symmetry. It gladdens the eye and pleases the aesthetic taste of the most cultured critic.

Still, another phase of the big job, and one which causes more schools and colleges to go out of business than any other, is that of finances. Schools with an endowment often have to struggle, but this school was pulled through the crisis without the semblance of an endowment. Teachers must be paid, and as Dr. Morrison at once sought to raise the faculty facilities, which he did, of course necessitated larger salaries. A real teacher is not often out of a job, and when he is secured there must be remuneration commensurate with his ability.

For years the tireless president held revivals and camp meetings, and with the exception of a bare living for his family, distributed the money received from these meetings among the members of his faculty. When he took charge of the school it was without heating plant, largely without furniture, and only a few old pianos, some of the old buildings needed re-flooring; in fact, the institution had to be reconstructed and built up from its foundation, and our brother found the people very slow to respond to his entreaties for financial assistance. He shouldered the responsibility of buying not less than three thousand dollars' worth of furniture, fixtures, and pianos, which he has paid through the years from moneys received from his services as an evangelist, and for which he has received no remuneration. Let it be remembered that during these

strenuous years our brother was not receiving one dollar in salary for his services.

Many of the students who sought their education at Asbury were unable to pay their way, except by promissory notes which could not be met until they had completed their education in their various fields of service, and earned money above living expenses with which to pay their college debts. A large number of poor students received tuition free, or reduction amounting in a few years, to thousands of dollars. From the very beginning it has been the great desire of Dr. Morrison to build up a school that could reach out a helping hand to this class of young people from whom, through the history of the Church, God has found many of His mightiest workmen in the world's harvest-field for souls. In no other particular has Asbury been so signally blessed as in the great number of young men and women who have gone out into the various fields of Christian service. At no time within the past eight years has there been less than one hundred of such students in the College, and often double that number were there preparing for the ministry, or missionary work, both home and foreign.

On becoming president of Asbury College the first purpose and desire was to bring the curriculum of the school up to the recognized standard of an A grade college. He said to the Board: "While we must continue to lay special stress upon the religious life of the school, hold our annual revivals, and prove loyal and true to the Wesleyan standards of entire sanctification, at the same time we must build up a college here which will

be fully equal as an educational institution to other colleges of the State."

Dr. Morrison was soon able to bring into his faculty graduates from such universities as Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Vanderbilt, Randolph-Macon, Ohio Wesleyan, Chicago University, and Drew Seminary. A few years after our brother became president a committee from the State University visited the College, examined carefully its work, and of their own accord, placed it among the accredited colleges of the State. The reputation of this College has become such that her students are admitted, without examination, into nearly all the great universities of the United States.

Any one who should have visited Wilmore the morning after the old building went up in smoke, then see it to-day, with over five hundred fine young men and women—as fine a student body as can be found in the country—that person would be made to exclaim: "Behold what God hath wrought!" The task has been Herculean, from the hour the plans and hopes were inaugurated for new buildings, new college, new everything. Nothing but the overshadowing hand of God could have caused to be accomplished the achievements of the past eight years.

In looking over Asbury and her work, we cannot put our finger on any particular spot, and say, "here is the *rationale* of it all." The level has come up so gradually, so unostentatiously, that it seems without a beginning. We do not see the tree grow, or the rose put out its petals, but we can see them in their beauty; so it is with the college, where such obtains. Herein is

the secret: behind every great movement, or enterprise, there is always the shadow of some personality—a man! The college that lives and serves its generation must do so, because its destinies revolve around some personality. We have no difficulty in locating the who, the how, the where or when of Asbury College. It is to be found in the person of its worthy president.

In speaking of the progress and development of Asbury College, Dr. Morrison always remembers and appreciates the heroic service of Dr. John Wesley Hughes, who founded that institution and devoted many years to its upbuilding. He gives full credit to Dr. B. F. Haynes, who was for some years president of the school and made a large contribution to the development of the institution. To Rev. S. A. Arnold, who was associated with him for several years as business manager and dean; and Rev. John Paul, D. D., who was for some years vice-president, and contributed largely to bringing the College to its present high standard as an educational institution. From the very first he has had associated with him a loyal body of teachers, without whose devotion and work the success of Asbury College would have been impossible.

We not only contend that Dr. Morrison has succeeded as a college president, but we do not hesitate to assert another thing which may seem bold and a challenge to the college history of this country, namely, that when we consider Asbury twelve years ago, no adequate buildings, no faculty, no money, no standing—just a name—and then what has been accomplished in so short a time: fine building, fully equipped, up-to-date

dormitories, an A grade college, first-class faculty, ably handling several departments, such as Bible, music, domestic science, and academic, and a student body of over five hundred pupils, representing almost every state in the Union, and many foreign countries—the presidency of Dr. Morrison puts the record of Asbury College in a class *sui generis*.

It was during these eight years of almost superhuman labor and sacrifice that another great sorrow came to Dr. Morrison in the death of his faithful wife Geneva Pedlar Morrison, leaving a family of five children without the mother who had been so much to them. But, fortunately, his widowed sister, Mrs. Emily Pritchard, who has never at any time been far away from her brother since the days of their childhood, at once assumed the responsibilities of being housekeeper and mother to the little ones. Some years later Dr. Morrison again married, this time to Mrs. Bettie Whitehead, who had served efficiently for many years as office editor of "The Pentecostal Herald." She is still associate editor, with her husband, of the journal.

XX

WHAT HE COULD HAVE BEEN

THIS chapter will be devoted to the realm of conjecture, yet in no sense strained or imaginative. We beg the indulgence of the reader while offering a few suggestions as to capabilities, which, had they been turned into other channels, would have occupied a place among the annals of the world's ten talented men. We wish to examine some of the natural endowments of this man, in no way differing from what has been said, but from a new viewpoint as a comparative study.

Some writers on social and industrial problems believe that in our big, complex machine called civilization, all men, commonplace, mediocre, and expert, fit into the program, as vessels to honor and dishonor; each one has a specific call, and a specific sphere in which to move and operate. The man with the hoe and spade is as fundamental to the program and design as the traffic manager or the architect who plans a cathedral. This theory, followed to a logical conclusion, will place the call of one man equally divine with that of any other.

We cannot agree with this line of reasoning; we do not believe that a fatality fixes our sphere or destiny. Environment, training, and association, has much to do with the role we play on the stage of life. We cannot believe that God ordained any man to be a Napo-

leon, or a Kaiser, with a dream of empire flowing through rivers of blood. Napoleon was a genius, but a product of the times in which he lived. Society and government were in a state of chaos, and he saw his opportunity and grasped it. His skill for organization and leadership could have been turned into other channels without burying his talents. We believe in specific talents and endowments, and the tendency will often appear in childhood; yet we hold that there is but *one* specific, conscious Call, and that is the call to the Master's vineyard. The same fires that burned in the soul of a Mendelssohn or a Handel others have felt, yet no concertos or oratorios were written as a result. Had Paganini or Beethoven been born in the mountains of Kentucky, one hundred miles from civilization, the world would never have been thrilled by their genius.

But there are souls so richly endowed that they are like the prism, when the rays of light enter it. The spectrum reveals all the colors of the rainbow—each one complete, with variegated blendings, all beautiful, but differing each from the other. We have traced the man of this sketch through many lines of activity, every one of which required a degree of ability far beyond the mediocre; especially when to each new undertaking an unusual degree of success has been attained. But we believe that in the spectrum analysis of character, there yet remains more to be said touching what he might have achieved in other fields of endeavor.

During our college days we were pursuing a course of study which brought us in close contact with the stage, and stage people—all grades of them. We stud-

ied men like Frederick Warde, Louis James, McLean, O'Neal, and others, behind the footlights—at close range. Every facial expression, gesture, voice and posture we watched, not for entertainment, but for purposes of critical analysis. These men were at the top of the profession. It was said that the mantle of Edwin Booth fell on Frederick Warde. We saw him in his greatest tragedies—Pythias, and Hamlet; no greater tragedies were ever staged. We might mention details of other men, but this one was second to none in his profession.

We wish to say in this connection that many times we have heard Dr. Morrison give scenes of dramatic realism, which in matters of voice, reserve power, gesture, and force could easily have given him a place of highest rank among the best Shakespearian interpreters of the past century. In voice he is the equal of Louis James; in dramatic fire, he is superior to O'Neal in his masterpiece—"The Count of Monte Cristo"—and equal to McLean in "The Merchant of Venice." In facial contour, hair, prominence of forehead, he is superior to any of them. He has every appearance of a great actor, and would be so classified when seen by strangers. Before I ever met Dr. Morrison—while still a university student—this comment was made concerning him by a fellow-student: "The stage lost another Edwin Booth when Morrison entered the ministry." Through years of personal association, this criticism, we are sure, was not exaggerated. Dr. Morrison could easily have been an actor of world renown.

One of the most popular and lucrative professions, and one that calls for clean, high-class talent, is the lecture platform. This line of public activity is practically closed to ordinary mortals; although some have "broke in" who were very commonplace, but this is the exception. To be able to make good on the lecture platform requires strength, both of thought and delivery. Lectures must bristle with up-to-date truth dealing with social, political, and industrial problems—inspirational and timely. Some of the best men in lyceum and Chautauqua circles have but one great lecture; it represents the crystallized thought, reading, and experience of many years. A leading Chautauqua man told us recently that his standard lecture was ten years in the process of formation, and he had delivered it five thousand times in twenty-five years. We know of no one who has more than six or eight worth-while lectures.

In the early days of Dr. Morrison's ministry this attractive field was opened wide to him. Men who had won a place on the platform urged him to enter it. All who have studied the messages of the most popular men in this line, will not doubt for a moment that Dr. Morrison could have won a permanent place years ago on the American rostrum. The man who succeeds must have qualities that will mean a financial asset to the big concerns, who sell such talent to the public; it is, on that side, a cold-blooded business proposition. The lecturer must create a market for himself, and this can be done in a large way only when he is able to command the attention and applause of all classes of people. The

erudite, scholarly philosopher may have reasoned out the solution for some great vexing problem; he might be able to hold a chair in a university teaching economics; but he could not be sold to a program committee the second time.

A lecture, like a sermon, is graded in the main by the personality behind it. Startling, epigrammatic truths, synthetized and systematized in a compacted forceful message is necessary above all things else. A logical, well-arranged line of truth is not enough; the delivery is the biggest element in the popular, commercially successful lecture. When we study carefully the strong points of the men who have been sold as top-notchers, and are available for return dates, we find the following: message on an up-to-date theme; pleasing personality, strength of character called magnetism, dramatic interpretation of the message, a keen sense of wit and humor, and above all a good story teller. Some men excel in one or more of these characteristics; we seldom find them all combined in one individual. We do not wish to appear extravagant or superlative in the outline we have attempted to draw, but without modification or mental reservation, we declare that Dr. Morrison is a happy combination of them all; we will go further by saying he possesses any one, or all of them, in a marked degree. That we may get some idea of the financial side of this profession, we know that an established lecturer can command one hundred dollars a day, especially during the Chautauqua season. A noted divine told us recently that a bureau offered him $500 a week for twelve weeks; in

so short a time earning as much as high-salaried men do in a whole year. The man of whom we are writing—Dr. Morrison—could easily excel this man before any audience in America.

We wish to mention still another profession, and one supposed to be more lucrative than any other, when a reputation is established—the law! Success in this field may be achieved in two ways: First, the close, critical student of statutes, reports, decisions; able to unravel the technique of law. The other is to be able to plead before courts and juries; one with unusual gifts in this regard. He may not always be a master of the minutia of the profession; but if he can make a strong, masterful appeal, he need never look for clients. When a lawyer is gifted in public speaking, it is a stepping stone to the wider field of politics. The man who gains a reputation for honesty, who is a champion of the people, will find easy access to the law-making bodies—state and national. Who ever heard of William Jennings Bryan's brilliant career as an attorney-at-law? But as an orator, who began in the law profession, all the world has heard. Being a great orator, his convictions for right and justice placed him in the limelight of the nation in a most conspicuous way. His maiden speech in Congress put him at once in the forefront of statesmanship. The average man in either House of Congress does not attract any attention whatever. What he says is published and goes out over the nation as good campaign "thunder"; but his fellow-statesmen often pay no attention to him. Usually half of the members do not even remain in the chamber

while the speech is being made. Some sit with their backs to him, and smoke and chat with others. Not so when a great orator arises to address them; not only do all the members hear, but when it is known ahead of time the galleries will be crowded.

If Dr. Morrison had chosen law as a profession he might not have become a technical, astute master of the science of law, owing to early educational disadvantages, but he could have acquired enough that when coupled with his unusual gifts in other lines would have opened for him every door to financial and political aggrandizement and promotion. Once that mighty voice, resounding like a trumpet, and clear as a bell, turned its powers into stump-speaking oratory, no building could have accommodated his crowds. This writer believes, and he bases his judgment on what he has observed others do whose ability as speakers could not even admit of comparison—that had this preacher of the Gospel chosen law and politics as a life work (thank God he did not!) his name would have gone down in the history of Kentucky as the peer of Clay, Marshall, Breckenridge, and the rest of our State's celebrities.

XXI

LIFE'S BALANCE SHEET—NOT CLOSED

KANT, the philosopher, once remarked that a dove had only the resistance of the air to overcome, and if the air were removed, could fly more easily. But for the resistance of the air the dove could not fly at all; without air—a vacuum. Friction of air is all that retards the speed of a locomotive; yet the engine could not move at all but for the friction. The resistance of the water against the prow of a boat is her only obstacle; yet but for this resistance against her propellers the boat could not move at all. This proposition is just as true in mental and spiritual things as in physics. Powers of mind or muscle grow only by exercise—overcoming resistance. The children of fortune that have every want supplied and every fault condoned, live in a great social and economic vacuum; in the hour of reverses they stand hopeless and helpless; whereas, the children of poverty—schooled in adversity's kindergarten—would sweep them away with a smile. The harp may hold a thousand harmonies, but it must have the stroke, or remain silent and useless; the mind and spirit are infinite in their powers, but must have the violent stroke of persistence and toil, or lie dormant forever.

There are few adverse winds or surging waves but that the one of whom we write has buffeted to the limit:

the bitter sorrows of childhood, the loneliness of orphanage, the privations of poverty, the barrenness of obscurity, are some of the thorns scattered along the pathway he has traveled. But as the dove rises against the air, as the boat propelled onward, as the locomotive rushes to its destination, because of friction and opposition, so this man arose in favor with God and man; the summit was reached by a tiresome climb. The tongue of harsh criticism has ceased in the main, and religious ostracism is only a matter of records in some Conference journal. We feel sure that a smoother sea awaits him as he nears the ports of eternal peace.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "Fame comes to most men when they are too busy to know much about the processes; too busy thinking of something—or some one else." Napoleon sought world honor, and ended at St. Helena. As the world grows older and wiser it ceases to build monuments to kings and rulers, but only for those who have rendered worth-while service to the race. If Lincoln could have heard, during those years of suffering and misunderstanding, just a little of what the world has to say about him fifty years after his death, no doubt it would have cheered him many a lonely hour. Few men ever get to see a biography of themselves, and what they have accomplished. If it is due one to place a chaplet upon his brow, why wait until he has gone to his long home? In these pages we have given a brief resume of a life lived in the superlative degree, and absolutely devoid of any aim other than to follow the Light that shone upon his pathway. Like one in the long ago, he could say: "At

midday, O king, I saw in the way a light above the brightness of the sun." Again he exclaims: "Whereupon, O king, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Now, as we gather up the resources and liabilities, the debits and credits—reduce all the investments to facts and figures—produce a balance sheet, as it were, why should we wait until the burial ceremonies are over to say these things? He has been too busy to attend to the seeking for honor and applause. Why not give a little ante-mortem eulogy, rather than a fulsome epitaph?

We announced this closing chapter to be a balance sheet; a difficult thing to do, inasmuch as the account is not yet closed. It is to be hoped that the double red lines showing the balance sheet closed may be deferred for many, many years. Just for suggestion, let us examine both sides of the equation. In this field of investigation there is a wide psychological study. Their names are legion who have entered the race of life loaded with all the necessary equipment for a successful journey: family influence, money, culture, education, social prestige, normal body and mind—but to-day they are to be found in the world's garbage-can —in the social junk-heap; the other side of the equation, a blank, a vacuum. Many of them were the pets of college professors, and even theological instructors (just here we could give names and places to verify this proposition) with every possible distinction thrown into their already well-filled kit of equipments; but, alas, the end is a blank—a char.

But over against these human disasters we wish to

draw a contrast in the case we have been ramblingly discussing. What have we in this human equation—in a summing up of accounts? A child—motherless at two years old, an orphan at four; poverty, a childhood denied of all that is supposed to be necessary to childhood development—especially, according to modern standards—educational advantages meager and faulty, but under a discipline rigid and unswerving to the letter from the highest principles of honesty and industry; a body and mind untainted by the shams and hyprocrisy of modern life. And with these furnishings—God, and a soul regenerated, hearing a call to come up to the higher levels—to altitudes of faith and vision.

Many pulpits are being filled to-day by men who passed all the grades of the public schools, spent four years in a preparatory academy, four years in college, and three years in seminary; yet, outside their own little church or Conference sphere they are not known to be on the earth. Henry Clay Morrison's schooling was very limited, but he had mental hunger, and has been a careful reader of men and books all of his life.

> "He was not learned in any art,
> But Nature led him by the hand;
> And spoke her language to his heart,
> So he could hear and understand."

Many years later he spent one year in a university. Such were his mental opportunities on the college side of the equation. Fortunately, when he entered the Conference, there were men on the examining committee who had religious sense, along with other lines of

knowledge. Many of our intellectually conceited committees to-day would have "rejected" him when he knocked for admission, regardless of any other gifts or graces.

But what do we find on the other side? To begin with, a preacher capable of filling any pulpit in America; an orator who, when tested according to the highest specifications, might rank easily with our nation's greatest public speakers; an evangelist whose services have been in constant demand from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf; an evangelist who has witnessed multiplied thousands of people—rich and poor, learned and unlearned—weeping at his altars for the "Bread of Life." At this point there are no rules of figures or statistics wherein a just estimate can be formed, as to the range of results.

Then, we find the editor, beginning a career with a little sheet and an issue of five hundred, without any training whatever in literature or rhetoric—now writing one and two pages weekly to the largest similar constituency in the United States. He is writing editorials in which he handles every possible thought and action, touching the lives and morals of people and Church; and doing it with a snap and point that can scarcely be excelled anywhere.

Then, again, there is the college president, who, in eight years raised an institution from almost nothing to one of the strongest religious colleges in the state. He found it ready to *quit*—building burned, faculty scattered, without standing in educational circles, without endowment or resources worth mentioning. To-day

its campus is covered with beautiful, modern structures, and resources available to build more, and they are needed; a student-body of over five hundred, coming from almost every state in the union, and many foreign countries; and—last, and we feel, most important of all—Asbury College has a curriculum that is now standardized by the University of Kentucky.

Coming down the line we find him the author of a dozen readable books, all of which have gone through several editions, unless it be some of the small booklets. With this there is a ministry in general that is being felt all over the world. In recognition of his leadership, religiously and educationally, one of the largest institutions of learning of an adjoining state conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. While twice his Conference has elected him to sit as their representative in the highest law-making body of the Church.

In conclusion, we shall make just one more deductive comment. Had Henry Clay Morrison remained in what was considered the "regular" work of the Church; had he failed to wrestle with the Angel at the Brook Jabbock, in the Upper Room, receiving his Pentecost, of which he has not allowed this country to lose sight of for more than twenty-five years; had he not assumed the championship of an unpopular doctrine, notwithstanding John Wesley's calling it the "Depositum" of Methodism; had he just eased up on these things—played on the soft pedal of facts and furbelows in society and the Church—*there was and is no power known in human calculations that could have*

prevented him from now holding the highest office in the gift of the Church—the Episcopacy. Like Paul, we do not claim here to be speaking from inspiration, but, as he said, we feel sure that we have the mind of the Lord in what we have just written.

But the balance sheet is not closed; there may be other and greater chapters yet to be added before the final summing up of accounts. God grant it to be so. But we submit our case to the judgment of the reader. Is such a life worth while? Does it deserve a place among the records of human documents? Does it not carry a message more precious than gold? To the writer the life of Henry Clay Morrison means first of all: the inexhaustible resources of God's grace and power; second, the imperial majesty of the human will, when surcharged with a presiding purpose; lastly, the certain triumph of truth and justice.

"On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
Through all the thunderous din—
The waves may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win.

The reef is strong and cruel;
Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
The sea comes flooding in—
Wave upon wave is routed,
But the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea! thy message,
In clanging spray is cast,
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin—
The waves may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win."

The Aftermath

Before closing this simple narrative of a life so unusual, we wish to add what might be termed an Epilogue. It is not unusual in all great dramas to give some closing lines which may be no special part of the play; but as a kind of afterthought before the curtain drops. The world is filled with dramatized fiction; this is true when life dramas are being acted in vivid realism all about us fraught with all the pathos and tragedy as thrilling as any seen behind the footlights.

The subject of these chapters has known life in both storm and sunshine. It was struggle in the beginning, bitter, and to a heart less courageous—hopeless. Struggles with poverty, with self, with social standards and with ecclesiastical authority. It is hard indeed for one who is born a leader to meekly submit to those "higher up," when conscience is not in accord. But now we are in the glow of the retrospect. How much we learn when life becomes sobered and our differences can be viewed from every angle! No small part of life's differences and difficulties grow out of misunderstanding. With scarcely an exception, men of courage and conviction are misunderstood. The Church has not

been free from mistakes; but she has ever shown a willingness to right wrongs or rectify errors of judgment. At one time no man in Methodism was more widely misunderstood than Henry Clay Morrison. Conscientious men believed him to be a disturber of the peace of Zion, but through it all he remained true to the Church he loved. By and by it became well known that Dr. Morrison was defending the honor and sanctity of the Church. To-day there are few men in the Church whose standing and ability are more widely recognized than his. Step by step, without compromising any of the things for which he had stood through the years, he has won a place in the affection of the Church enjoyed by but few men.

Notwithstanding his varied lines of activity, he holds an honored place in his Conference, and his popularity among them as a preacher has not waned. Three times his brethren have honored him with a seat in the General Conference, a position he has filled with distinction. And in that distinguished body he is easily a peer. His poise and conscious ability are not less noticeable in a General Conference than when preaching or mingling with his humbler brethren.

As a further evidence of the position Dr. Morrison holds among the leaders of Southern Methodism nearly every bishop has invited him to deliver special messages on evangelism to their Conferences. One year he received invitations to hold such services at fourteen annual conferences, and in the past two years he has had twenty such invitations. To the limit of his strength, and as dates could be arranged, he has gone

almost throughout the Church, preaching to the preachers twice a day, even during the crowded duties of the session. Our bishops see in his virile ministry an element of power needed sorely by the preachers. These calls have taken him to some of our most conservative conferences, and everywhere he has not only been shown every honor and courtesy, but capacity houses daily wait upon his ministry. Dr. Morrison now enjoys in a peculiar way the sincere fellowship of his entire Church. Not all agree with all the things he believes and preaches, but all respect and appreciate the sincerity and utter fearlessness of the man.

This record would be incomplete without mention being made of still another honor that was recently bestowed upon Dr. Morrison by his Church. By the unanimous vote of the entire College of Bishops he was selected as one of the delegates representing Southern Methodism at the Ecumenical Conference, which met in London, England. This is the greatest ecclesiastical body that meets in the world, as it is the gathering of universal Methodism, the largest Protestant body in the world.

For all these things his thousands of friends and admirers outside of his own Church are profoundly thankful. The old adage, "All things come to those who wait," has been truly verified in the subject of this biography. "The truth will out," for it is as eternal as God, and he who is firmly rooted and grounded in the truth need have no fears. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," said the Psalmist, and every good man will testify to this before the setting

of the sun. The day may be stormy, but "at evening time there shall be light." "And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." We close with Tennyson's Valedictory:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out the bourne and time and place,
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

XXII

HENRY CLAY MORRISON

(An Appreciation)

By Ulysses Grant Foote, D. D.

THERE was an intimate circumstance, once upon a time, when a prophet passed and swung his mantle about the shoulders of a youth. A little later the youth saw a flame of fire and cried out: "My father! My father!" Then when the whirr of the wheels of a chariot died away the young man discovered that he was a prophet. This is a parable, and I am to interpret it.

And it is why I am sitting here in the soft breezes of the most romantic city in America and having my say about Henry Clay Morrison. There is a more thrilling romance in human life than is found in the vicissitudes of buccaneer founders of cities. It is the thrilling romance of human life as related to its deeper meanings. The romance of souls is more than the romance of soldiers of fortune. Then, too, I wish to have my say before the mourners go about the streets; for praise or blame matters little when the fresh earth is arched and the roses wither under hot tears.

Kentucky is not called a holy land, though it has produced some prophets. Yet those hills not grown enough to be mountains, that are windrowed across the

hump of the sleeping camel's back, in that neck of territory between the Ohio and Kentucky rivers, and which is embraced in Oldham and Trimble Counties, have, to some of us, a sort of holy atmosphere. In that atmosphere there flame, here and there, bushes from which God speaks. My naked feet have climbed the hills and waded the streams not far from where Henry Morrison was born. While I was not born in Trimble, yet there is a sort of neighborhood sympathy between us, though he was up and gone before I knew him. Old Trimble has produced many good men, but only one great man. That is my opinion; and I am about to weave a garland of personal appreciation about the brow of that man. It must be remembered that greatness, like the oak, must have years for maturity. When it has taken hold of earth and sky it can stand the storm. When the storm subsides the oak is still there.

It was back in the nineteenth century—that seems a long way off, away over the ridge of time—when someone put his hand on little Henry's head and said, softly: "She is gone; your mother is dead." There is something strange beyond explanation in the death of a mother where young children are concerned. We hope that some time God will explain it to us, because we cannot understand it now. The death of his mother meant the breaking up of former associations. It was necessary that the home should be transferred to Barren County, near Glasgow, and soon the waving green pastures of old Trimble faded in the background. But Henry was to be with his father's people, the Morrisons. Later on he came to Central Kentucky, to

reside among his mother's people, the Durhams. That is a name for Kentucky's historians! The Durhams came into the state early, and the light of their campfires still shines. So it was the Perryville circuit that licensed Henry Clay Morrison to preach. It was the best thing it ever did! Yet no one at the time thought it of great importance except the young man himself. Neighborhood matters have a neighborhood horizon. But if you will follow the horizon you will find that it covers the plains and the seas. The average Quarterly Conference of those days lacked enthusiasm for its young men. But Henry was more than a young man: He was a prophet of the Lord and would be heard from. None of those good men surmised that he would light a fire that would inflame Methodism as few fires have. Henry Morrison would make the Church sit up and take notice. The world nor the Church has remained stale where he has gone. Little did they think that he would start a fire in all parts of the world; that he would become one of the greatest platform orators of his time; that he would see more people profess spiritual comfort under his ministry than any of his contemporaries; that the General Conference with great dignity, to say nothing of its passion, would deliberate how it might stop his preaching by legal enactments and enforcements; and that after a Quarterly Conference, because of his holding a great revival of religion over the protest of small ecclesiastics, take from him his credentials, and be compelled by a higher religious tribunal to exonerate him from all blame and restore his credentials.

But it was across the line in Oldham County that I came under the ministry of Dr. Morrison. Old Mount Hebron Church was the place. I think it was his first year in the Kentucky Conference. Westport and Hebron had been left off the circuit for some years. As the memberships were small and the pay less it might have been for those reasons. But I know of one up in those hills that needed his ministry. Men forget that prophets come out of the hills and from among the poor. But the missionary zeal of young Morrison took in those places and gave us the gospel.

Hebron Church stood on the corner of my step-father's little farm. It was beautiful for situation where three ways met. One trailed the lonesome ridge; one plunged through the deep vine-tangled wood, and one dropped down by the Bell Spring where all the countryside of men and beasts came for living water when the drought withered the land. The Varbles had moved up from Louisville to our community, and were active church people. Their two daughters were talented in music, and they organized and maintained a Sunday School at Hebron. About this old church more memories, sentiment and poetry come creeping up through the years to the altar of my soul than from any other spot. The old church has long ago disappeared, but bushes thereabout yet flame with God. And diviner still, across the way under the whispering cedars my mother sleeps. God has two acres on that ridge: that old church lot and the family burying-ground. Brother Taliaferro assisted Brother Morrison in a series of meetings at Hebron. He did most of the

preaching, while Morrison prayed heaven down so close that I got into its kingdom—a boy of eleven. Taliaferro baptized me and Morrison took me into the Church while the cathedral domes of the poplar trees shimmered their music to heaven. I am very happy that these things happened as they did.

At the end of the year Brother Morrison left us, and no one came in his place. We were grieved. But he was the coming man and others wanted him. So we gave him up and he has fulfilled all the expectations we had of him except that of becoming a bishop, which we had prophesied. But he has had as large a field as the bishopric.

Doctor Morrison possesses the qualities necessary to a great preacher. To begin with, he has an attractive personality, and that is the first impression a man makes. His appearance catches the eye. Then he has a round well-modulated voice. Then he has dramatic action that is surpassed but by few; he would have been a Booth on the stage. Then he has versatility; he has read and traveled and experienced. He has convictions of the truth; he declares what he has seen and felt in his soul, and these give him eloquence—eloquence which is deep and moves the emotions of his audience. Then he has had sorrow, so that out of the deep comes the cry of Gethsemane. I might add to these—vision, world vision. He has seen the world in its pain and superstition and sin, and he knows. He would have been a power as a Missionary Secretary if the Church were wise enough to have given him a platform commensurate with his zeal, knowledge and gifts. Then he has

executive ability as he has demonstrated in the development of his publishing plant and in the conduct of his school since he has been president of Asbury College. One can but admire the tremendous work he has done in the single purpose of his life to spread scriptural holiness over these lands as he interprets it.

Yet Brother Morrison has stood out alone like a great mountain peak in grand and sublime isolation. It is only the great mountain that is undisturbed by the storm that sweeps it. Some of us are not big enough to stir the Church with our views. But now at last, thank God! the storm has passed and only here and there blinks its lightning on the distant scene. His genuineness and worth are being recognized by a church which has been tardy in its opportunities. The proportions of his faith and patience are becoming more and more distinct as the sun of life begins to decline toward the sea which runs with many a hurrying boat to that harbor of the Ultimate Isle of the Blessed.

It so happened that the church of whose Quarterly Conference he was a member, once upon a time, asked that I be transferred to its pastorate. It is a coincidence that the Bishop who made the transfer bears the same name with the party of the first part hereof. What strange providences happen! for there I became the pastor of Dr. Morrison's first wife's family and his children. What fine children they were, and are!—Bain, Henry, and Annie Laura! The sons gave themselves to their country's service in the World War, and both held rank as officers. Annie Laura keeps home for "the man with the most beautiful spirit in America,"

Colonel George W. Bain. What a beautiful home she makes! And what a hospitality they dispense! It is worth a decade in Paradise to have been pastor of that family.

But the worm that ate into the flower of that home was the farce of a trial that expelled Dr. Morrison from the membership and ministry of the Church of which this family were members. Colonel Bain, now Dean of American Chautauqua lecturers, scarcely ever mentioned the matter to me, and never discussed it. His silence was sublime! Only now and then was there mention of it by members of the Quarterly Conference. The whole affair was disreputable. The members of that church that were fanned to a flame by the little storm that blew out of Texas were ashamed of the part they took. The session of the Kentucky Conference following the fiasco passed resolutions asking the Quarterly Conference to expunge all records of the affair from their books. It must have been done; or else the records hid themselves in shame, as I never saw them. The purity of his character was never mentioned, it was simply a technicality of law.

I esteem it an honor to have Dr. Morrison in my home and pulpit whenever he comes my way. I am happy that there is a clear and peaceful sky over his head. I feel that I should apologize for putting into this story some of the things I have. But to fulfill my privilege of writing this appreciation, it seems necessary to the background, lest my picture be colorless and fade away without leaving a flavor for memory. The Church which once failed to understand has come to

honor. Let us be grateful that the Church, the least tolerant of all institutions, has become just, and that the hunted has a chance to rest.

At the last General Conference, Dr. Morrison received a number of votes for the highest honor the Church can confer. So it seems to me, that by his pure life, by constantly following a beautiful ideal, and by his personal merit, he may be said to have conquered his Church. Had he been less loyal he might have encouraged schism and led thousands into a new organization. But he loves God, loves the Church, loves the truth; and Love always conquers.

New Orleans, La.

XXIII

OTHER APPRECIATIONS

IN his Appreciation of Dr. Morrison, Dr. Foote makes brief reference to a Texas experience. Many years ago Dr. Morrison engaged with some friends in a camp meeting at Dublin, Texas. The presiding elder of the Dublin District, and the Methodist pastor at Dublin, objected to his preaching at the camp. Dr. Morrison insisted that they had no jurisdiction over the city park where the meetings were held and continued to preach. He also believes that their objection was not so much to his preaching but to his preaching the Wesleyan doctrine of full salvation. This led to a church trial in which there was no charge whatever brought against Dr. Morrison's moral character, but it was objected that he was not subject to the Church authorities. The whole matter turned out to be a farce and Dr. Morrison was finally fully acquitted and restored to the confidence and favor of the Church and his brethren everywhere.

As a matter of history we are publishing here some resolutions of appreciation that were passed by various conferences during Dr. Morrison's Evangelistic Tour of the world.

RESOLUTION OF THE NORTHWEST INDIA CONFERENCE

We have welcomed to our fellowship with great delight, the Rev. Henry C. Morrison, D. D., of the Kentucky Conference, M. E. Church, South, and the Rev. Mr. Piercy, his companion in travel. It has been to us a spiritual tonic to listen to Dr. Morrison's strong preaching of fundamental Christian doctrine, and especially the doctrine of sanctification by faith.

We desire to express our appreciation of his ministry among us, and through him to convey to the Southern Holiness Association of America, whose generous financial aid has made possible this missionary itinerary our fellowship with them, " in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

H. R. CALKINS,
J. C. BUTCHER,
P. M. BUCK,
Committee.

(Signed) THOS. S. DONOHUGH,
Conf. Secretary.

Jan. 17, 1910.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SOUTH JAPAN WOMAN'S CONFERENCE

Whereas, in the Providence of God, we have been graciously favored with the presence of Dr. H. C. Morrison, whose pentecostal services have so greatly supplemented the spiritual atmosphere of our conference,

Whereas, all our Conference year will be more fruitful to God's glory because of these services,

Resolved, that we extend to Dr. Morrison personally our gratitude for his untiring efforts in our midst, for his deep spiritual sermons, and for the new impetus to holy living which his ministry has brought to us.

Resolved, that we extend to the "Southern Holiness Association" our personal appreciation for making possible this world-wide tour of Pentecostal evangelism, and that we assure them of our mutual love and fellowship in seeking to extend the kingdom of "righteousness and true holiness" unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

M. M. Thomas,
M. Young,
Mary E. Melton,
Committee.

Nagasaki, Japan,
April 9, 1910.

The North India Conference has enjoyed this year one of the most spiritual sessions in its history, and we desire to place on record our hearty appreciation of the part that the Rev. Dr. H. C. Morrison has had in this work. Dr. Morrison's work, both in the morning and evening devotional meetings, and in the preaching services, has been greatly used by God. Not only the Missionary members of the Conference but also the Indian brethren were greatly uplifted, and it is not too

much to say that Dr. Morrison's message concerning the life of holiness came with great power to all of us. His preaching has had an effect upon our Indian brethren which has been very encouraging to notice, and shows us once again that India is as ready as any part of the world for the teaching that in Christ there is for every person a life of sanctification and of perfect love.

We feel that the work which Dr. Morrison has, by the Grace of God, been able to do in our midst will bear fruit in all the years ahead of us, and desire to express our thanks to the organization under whose auspices he comes and our gratitude to God for bringing His distinguished servant into our midst, and wish to thank Dr. Morrison, and also Mr. Piercy, who accompanies him, for the inspiring, encouraging, uplifting words.

We pray that his health, which has been seriously affected while he has been on his mission of love in India, may be fully restored, and that God may grant him and Mr. Piercy a safe journey to the home-land. We trust that after his return to America Dr. Morrison may be greatly used in that land in advocating the cause of Foreign Missions.

On behalf of the North India Conference:

FRANK W. WARNE,
B. T. BADLEY,
J. R. CHITAMBAR,
H. A. CUTTING.

BISHOP FRANK W. WARNE, President.
P. S. HYDE, Secretary.

MANILA, P. I., March 10, 1910.

Rev. Dr. H. C. Morrison,
Methodist Publishing House,
Shanghai, China.

My dear Brother Morrison:

I was so entirely occupied with critical matters during your whole stay in Manila that I deeply regret I was not able to give you any time or pay you any of the attention that is so largely your due. Brother Harper, too, was packing up to get away and was full of all those engagements that a man necessarily has who is about to leave the country. Our Mission Houses were filled with the missionaries from the provinces and altogether, I feel we have been exceedingly scant in our courtesy towards you. But believe me, these men have received a spiritual uplift and a revival impulse which promises to make an amazing difference in the future. When I cabled you, I did not know how marked a step forward your coming would bring. I called the mission together yesterday, to discuss especially the matter of revival, and I found the men's hearts were all aglow but they all feel that we must organize Revival bands in which Americans and Filipinos shall go together all over our territory to call the people to repentance and the Christians to a deeper life of true holiness. Your coming has practically fixed the Holiness idea as the birthright of every man in the Methodist Church, and I desire these revival bands to move through the country not only for the sake of the sinners but that we might have sincere saints. The conduct of the campaign, however, will cost us some money, and I am

calling for a "Revival Fund." If we can secure $1,000 to be spent in the revival awakening of 2,000,000 of people who are in our care, this with what we can do for ourselves, will enable us to send such a blaze of fire throughout the country as will result in thousands of conversions, and above all, the clear teaching throughout the country that Jesus came to destroy the works of the Devil and not merely to partially restrain them.

May I ask you to help us when you get home in raising this fund? We will appoint a special treasurer and a special correspondent who will communicate with you, giving you a precise statement of what is done with the money and what the results are, so far as mere human eyes can see it.

I think you may confidently look for 5,000 professions of faith as the result of this revival campaign.

Again in the name of the Conference and of all these Filipino people, we thank God for your coming and thank you for your splendid work.

Yours sincerely,

W. F. Oldham.

Greetings From Bishop W. F. Oldham

Editor of The New Era,
Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.
Dear Editor:—

The Asbury readers of The New Era will pardon me if in the exigencies of a very crowded life I write them not a formal article but a brief word of very hearty greeting.

There are two things I want to congratulate you upon. First, your President, Dr. Henry Clay Morrison. In him you have not only a discerning man of large intellectual fitting, a man of courage and purpose and deep religious devotion, a man, too, of sweeping imagination and extraordinary power of graphic speech, but more than all this you have in him one of the great hearts of our generation. I have watched him both abroad and at home. I have felt the pulsing of his soul and the fervor of his spirit.

Young people, it is no small part of a liberal education for you merely to come into contact with such a personality.

And the second matter,—partly at least the outcome of the first,—is the splendid missionary spirit that animates the school.

Any cradle of learning that not only trains the intellect but that also fires the soul with high ideals of sacrificial labor for the uplift of humanity does, by that fact, put itself in the front rank of institutions that really serve their generation. This hallmark is upon the Asbury men that they seek not place nor pelf but opportunity for service. This it is makes them so cordially welcome wherever earnest leaders at home and abroad are looking for devoted and Spirit-filled men to bear the burden and heat of the day.

I have known many of your men and some of your women abroad and at home. This distinguishing feature marks them. Here again, I would say, to come into touch with this aggressive spirit of goodness and sacrificial helpfulness must be for all of you a great

intellectual and spiritual tonic. To continue and perpetuate this great tradition will be for all of you a life incitement. I congratulate you. Other schools better endowed, more amply provided with the material appliances for education there are, and sometimes you may be tempted to sigh for the advantages they present. But I have lived long enough and my experience has been sufficiently wide and varied to enable me to say that in the personality of your President and the group of men, like minded, whom he has gathered around him, and in the gallant spirit of chivalrous desire to serve your generation in all useful and holy and uplifting ways that pervades the very atmosphere of your school, you have two great assets that will tell immeasurably upon the future of your lives and through you upon your generation.

For the third time I congratulate you.

Sincerely,

W. F. Oldham.

XXIV

THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPEL

(Commencement Sermon preached by Dr. Morrison at Asbury College.)

"Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."—1 TIM. 3:16.

THE inspired writers nowhere undertake to explain the mysteries which abound in the revelations God has made to man. It must be understood that the revelation of the divine Being—the incarnation of Jesus Christ—and the new and holy life of peace and joy which come to those who trust in Him cannot be figured out and explained by mathematical processes or in terms of human philosophy.

We would call your attention to the fact, that it is not necessary to enter the realm of divine revelation and our Christian religion in order to find mysteries; we are surrounded with mysteries. There are many things with which we come in constant contact which we cannot understand. Who can explain to us electricity? We know it exists; it is about us everywhere; it illuminates our pathway with its light; its penetrating rays may destroy germs and heal us of disease. We may

cook our food with its heat. It leaps across the ocean carrying our message with the speed of lightning, but Edison himself cannot tell us what electricity is.

Professor Huxley once wrote: "The mysteries of the Church are child's play compared with the mysteries of nature. The doctrine of the trinity is no more puzzling than the necessary antinomies of physical speculation; virgin procreation and resuscitation from apparent death are ordinary phenomena for the naturalist." If men propose to reject what they cannot understand, they will have to reject not only the mysteries of the spiritual world, but the mysteries of the natural world as well, for all nature about us is full of problems that have not been solved.

"Great is the mystery of godliness." Angels at the present time are doubtless far more intelligent than men, and yet the angels cannot fully comprehend the profound and deep secrets which are shut up in the council of the Infinite Trinity. David was an inspired man, but David said: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain to it."

To the devout Christian who believes the Bible, loves Jesus Christ and worships God in spirit and in truth, the mysteries connected with our holy religion are not an objection, but a fascination, always claiming reverential study and constantly increasing our spiritual comprehension of divine goodness and the glorious plan of human redemption.

The Apostle Paul beautifully reconciles us to present conditions when he writes in 1st Cor. 13: 12, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:

now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Much of the destructive criticism of the times, which is producing widespread unbelief and contributing in a thousand ways to the increase of wickedness in the world arises out of the fact that modern scholarship has produced among men an intellectual pride that scorns the simple faith of the devout child of God and proposes, by mere human philosophies, to solve all mysteries connected with the immaculate conception, the divine incarnation, the resurrection and the power of the sacrificial blood of the Holy Christ to lift sinful men out of a state of degradation and depravity into a state of sanctification and oneness with the eternal Father.

There is nothing more marvellous in all the realm of revelation than the incarnation of Jesus Christ. The inspired writer says truly: "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh."

The rebellion and fall of man into a state of sinfulness brought so wide a separation between him and the infinitely holy God, the condition was so hopeless, the distance separating the two beings was so wide, the chasm so vast and deep, that in order to bridge it there must be brought into existence a mediator between God and man. Divine wisdom conceived the plan, and divine wisdom never rose to higher heights, or stooped to deeper depths of compassionate love than in the solving of the sin problem—rescuing man from his fallen condition and restoring him to a state of holiness and communion with his Maker. In accomplishing this

great work, God found it necessary to combine two natures in one being. Man's condition was such that it was necessary to offer him a Redeemer so human that He could sympathize with him, and so divine that He could save him.

God had created men, but He had never been a man. God had seen men toil, but He had never blistered His hand with carpenter's tools. He had seen men weep, but He had never wept. He had seen men struggling in the midst of temptation, but He had never felt the onslaughts of the tempter against Himself. He had seen men bleed, but He had never bled. He had seen the millions struggling on the crumbling verge of the grave, and finally sinking into its hopeless depths, but He had never felt the cold grip of death, or spread His omnipotent shoulders upon the bottom of a sepulchre. He determined, because it was a necessity, in the discovery and opening up the way for a lost and sinful race to return to purity, peace, and fellowship with Himself, to come into the world, to take the weight of humanity upon Himself, to walk its rugged paths, to carry its heavy burdens, to know its deep sorrows and heart-breaking griefs, to meet and conquer its tempter and destroyer, to suffer and die among its outcasts and criminals, to lie down in the house of death, and then to arise in majesty and rend the gate of the tomb asunder, opening the way for a redeemed race from the grave to the glorious resurrection and eternal life.

The wisdom of the incarnation is seen when we remember how difficult it is for the finite to grasp the infinite, for the earthly to comprehend the heavenly,

for the sinful to approach the holy. It is hard for us to fix our thoughts upon that great Being without body or parts, who is eternal in existence, omnipresent and omnipotent. The poor human intellect staggers with the thought. We do not know where to begin, how to proceed, or where to leave off. The wings of our imagination grow weary, the brain grows dizzy, while the heart hungers on, and we are made to cry out in the language of Job: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea."

It is easy to think of the Babe of Bethlehem, and with the wise men to worship Him. Even in His infancy lying in a manger, He was a true object of worship. There is no intimation that the gathering of the eastern sages and the humble shepherds on bended knees about that wondrous child was sacrilege. It is delightful to stand amidst priests and doctors of the law, listening to His wisdom, while He is yet a youth; to go down to John's baptism and see Him standing meek and lowly in the presence of the rugged preacher, and saying: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." It thrills us to follow Him up to mountain side, to look with awe upon the temptation. The Second Adam has met with the foe before whom the first Adam fell, and we behold with joy the defeat of Satan, and the triumph of the

world's Redeemer. We can trail Him along His pathway by the crutches and the canes which have been cast aside by the halt and lame He has healed, and the shouts and praises of those from whom devils have been cast out.

As we follow Him there is no doubt that He is God manifest in the flesh. He walks like a man, but He works like a God. We behold His humanity when He lay sleeping in the boat, and His deity when He rises and rebukes the wind and storm, and the tempest sinks into silence at His command. He weeps like a man at Lazarus' tomb, but with godlike voice He breaks the power of death and brings him forth alive. As a man, He sits hungry at the well's mouth; like a God, He breaks the few loaves and little fishes and feeds the multitude. Like a man, He goes into the mountains for prayer; like a God He walks the waves of the sea of Galilee and overtakes His disciples who have gone forth in the ship. Like a man, He climbs the mountain; transfigured like a God He stands upon its crest in garments whiter than the light.

What a marvellous combination of the two natures—human and divine! Spirit begotten and virgin born. The eternal Spirit did not beget a thing, but a person. He did not beget an animal, but a man. There is no teaching further from the tenor of the Holy Scriptures than that the visible Christ was some sort of strange creature, without human nature, mind or soul. Jesus had a human mind, which "grew in knowledge." He had a human soul, of which He said in Gethsemane, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

In coming to the World's Redeemer, seeking to know something of Him and what He means to the world, and what He is to us, the Holy Scriptures weigh infinitely more with us than all the reasonings and philosophies of men. They have absolute right-of-way. Turning to the Scriptures we find the inspired writer saying, "For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." That is, the nature of man. And again, "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."

J. G. Holland, in his sweetest poem, strikes the keynote of the gospel when he says: "Tempted in every point like as ourselves was He tempted, yet without sin. It was through temptation thought I, that the Lord, the mediator between God and man, reached down the sympathetic hand of love to meet the grasp of lost humanity." It is through the knowledge of this human kinship that men are enabled to approach, trust in, and claim the mercy of Christ. It is through His humanity that we approach the Son, and it is through the Son that we come to the Father. Jesus says, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." "No man knoweth the Father, save the Son, and He to whom the Son will reveal Him."

It is by means of this divine Christ, who was made like unto His brethren in body, mind, and soul, that the

wide chasm stretching between an infinitely holy God and an utterly depraved and fallen man is bridged; our Redeemer becomes to us a faithful "high priest who can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," and yet possessing in Himself that eternal power and godhead which make Him one and equal with the Father, able to save to the uttermost.

It is an inspiration to contemplate that great painting of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. In the picture he makes the Master to stand before the beholder "As the head of all humanity, as the goal of all progress, as the consummation of all glory." This picture has been called the most eloquent of all sermons, on Christ communing with the whole world. Standing in the presence of that picture, one's heart is thrilled as he contemplates the mysterious union of the two natures into one being, and seems to be looking upon the majesty and beauty of combined humanity and deity.

The conflict of the centuries has raged around Jesus Christ. He was unknown until He was manifest in the flesh, and the Father was unknown—that is, He was never understood—until He was revealed in the Son. The world had heard of the eternal God. He had revealed Himself to a few men; the prophets had proclaimed His laws for our government, angels had now and again brought some message from the headquarters of the universe, but God was unknown until Jesus came, walked in our midst and communed with us. He sat down, ate with sinners, touched elbows with profane and wicked men, healed our sick, made our lame to

leap for joy, our deaf to hear the tender melodies of His compassionate voice. He forgave those detected in the vilest sins, and everywhere and always lived on the highest plane of holiness and breathed the sweetest spirit of compassion and mercy. When the disciples insisted that He should show them the Father, He said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," What amazing words are these! We never could have had any such conception of the eternal God of the ages. We knew He could build a universe, fling the stars from His fingertips into their orbits, but we never dreamed that He would become a carpenter and fix the windows in the hut of a poor man. We understood that He sat upon the throne of the universe and angels and archangels bowed in adoration at His feet, but it never occurred to us that He would sit down and partake of a frugal meal among sunburned fishermen. We understood that He commanded all the mighty hosts of heaven, that angels flew on lightning wing, that at His look and word devils fled in consternation at His command, but we did not know that He would gather little children unto His bosom and bless them with His caress and love.

Had Jesus not come to our earth, and lived with us here, had God not been manifest in the flesh, we never could have known the heart of the infinite Father. We are profoundly impressed, as never before, that there is closer kinship than we yet dreamed, between God and His creature man, made in His image, redeemed by the incarnation and sufferings of His Son, adopted as His

children, with the promise that we shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness.

It seems to us that contemplation of these great facts in our holy religion ought to lead to a universal rebellion against sin—a great heartery for redemption from all of its effects, for restoration to purity of heart and holiness of life. The greatest need of our time is that we get away from mere theological theories and human philosophies about Christ and that we get back to Christ Himself. Not that Christ of men's notions, manufactured by this, that, and the other school of theology, but the Christ God gave to men; the Christ of the gospels, the Christ of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Galilee, Bethany, Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Calvary, and Mt. Olivet; the Christ who lived and labored, hungered and suffered, loved and forgave, who died in tears and blood and agony on the cross for a sinful race, arose in triumph over death and ascended to the Father.

The great Frederick W. Robertson, in his sermon on the sinlessness of Christ, makes this impressive statement: "There may be such an exclusive dwelling upon the divinity of Jesus as absolutely to destroy His real humanity; there may be such a morbid sensitiveness when we speak of Him, as taking our nature, as will destroy the fact of His sufferings—yes, and destroy the reality of His atonement also. There is a way of speaking of the sinlessness of Jesus that would absolutely make that scene on Calvary a mere pageant, in which He was acting a part in a drama, during which he was not really suffering, and did not really crush the propensities of His human nature."

Further on in the same sermon, he says: "Trust in divine humanity elevates the soul. It is done by hope. You must have observed the hopefulness of the character of Jesus—His hopefulness for human nature. If ever there were one who might have despaired, it was He. Full of love Himself, He was met with every sort of unkindness, every kind of derision. There was treachery in one of His disciples, dissension amongst them all. He was engaged in the hardest work that man ever tried. He was met by the hatred of the whole world, by torture and the cross; and yet never did the hope of Human Nature forsake the Redeemer's soul. He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. There was a spark mingling even in the lowest Humanity, which He would fain have fanned into a blaze. The lowest publican Jesus could call to Him, and touch his heart; the lowest profligate that was ever trodden under foot by the world, was one for whom He could hope still. If he met with penitents, He would welcome them; if they were not penitents, but yet felt the pangs of detected guilt, still with hopefulness He pointed to forgiven Humanity; this was His word, even to the woman brought to Him by her accusers,—"Go, and sin no more." In His last moments on the cross, to one who was dying by His side, He promised a place in Paradise: and the last words that broke from the Redeemer's lips, what were they but hope for our Humanity, while the curses were ringing in His ears?—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We can no more permit the theologian and philoso-

phers to rob us of the humanity of Jesus, than we can permit the destructive critic and skeptic to rob us of the deity of Jesus. We must keep in our thought, worship in our heart, and proclaim in our message to the people the Christ of the gospels, that human-divine being, who lived, walked and talked with the disciples; that human Christ who can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; that divine Christ who is able to save to the uttermost, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Henry Van Dyke a few years ago delivered a lecture before the Divinity students of Yale University on the human life of God. This, with other lectures, he has bound up into a book entitled "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt." In the preface of this book, he says: "To seek Christ as the true Son of God, and the brother of all men, is to be sure that the soul is free, and that God is good, and that the end of life is noble service." In this lecture, to which we have referred, on the human life of God, Van Dyke says: "This complete incarnation, this thorough trial under human conditions, this perfect discipline of obedience through suffering was a humiliation. But it was in no sense a degradation. On the contrary, it was a crowning of Christ with glory and honor in order that He might taste death for every man. 'For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.' If the Epistle to the Hebrews teaches anything, it certainly teaches this: The humanity of Jesus was not the veiling but the unveiling

of the divine glory. The limitations, temptations, and sufferings of manhood were the conditions under which alone Christ could accomplish the greatest work of the Deity—the redemption of a sinful race. The seat of the divine revelation and the center of the divine atonement was and is the human life of God."

The further we pursue our line of thought, the closer we come to Jesus Christ, the more profoundly we are impressed with the text—"Great is the mystery of godliness." This beautiful Babe of Bethlehem, this wondrous youth of twelve years, this patient carpenter of Nazareth, this meek and lowly man followed by ignorant fishermen, "Receiving sinners and eating with them," this matchless preacher of the truth, this majestic Master of devils, disease and death; this man in bloody sweat in Gethsemane, this victim of human hate and mob violence falling beneath His burden on Calvary's hillside, this white-faced, sinless Jesus hanging on the cross—Do you know who He is! He is God manifest in the flesh.

Do you ask what all of this means! It means that the good Shepherd of heaven has come to earth seeking His lost sheep. It means the redemption of sinners; it means that fallen men are to be born again and become in Christ new creatures. It means that the depraved and sinful are to become sanctified, that strangers to the commonwealth of Israel are to become the sons of God. It means that the demon-possessed are to sit clothed and in their right minds at the Master's feet. It means that this man of Galilee, this Jesus of Nazareth, is God manifest in the flesh to save a lost

race; that sinful men are to partake of the divine nature, that the demon-possessed on their way to hell are to become pure and holy beings, are to walk in righteousness through the earth and to ascend in triumph to heaven. Wondrous Christ, mighty to save!

Jesus Christ belonged to no special race of men. He was the Son of man, the own full brother of every man of every race. His kinship with men helps us to love and hope for all men. He belonged to no special age. He belonged to all ages, to all time, to all eternity. He was with the Father before the world was. Abraham saw His day and was glad. Moses promises His coming. Micah tells us that He was to be born in Bethlehem. David sings of Him in a hundred Psalms, Isaiah describes His humble person, His patient suffering, His cruel death, and his final triumph.

The eternal God, in the person of His Son, got off the throne of the universe, came down into a wicked world, was born in a stable, lay in a manger, grew up in poverty, lived amid hardships, labored with His hands and suffered for the necessaries of His life. After the day of toil He had not where to lay His head. He conquered Satan. He overcame the prejudices of men. The wife of Pilate sent Him a message saying, "Have nothing to do with this just man." Pilate said, "I find in Him no fault at all." Judas Iscariot confessed, "I have betrayed innocent blood." The captain of the band who crucified Him on the cross said, "Certainly this was a righteous man."

The civilized world to-day acknowledges Him the Son of God. The heathen world begs to hear His gospel.

The multitudes of earth ask to be baptized in His name and millions of redeemed souls are waiting with hope and prayer for His coming. We believe in Him, we worship Him, we pledge and consecrate our all to Him. We cry to the lost race—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Printed in United States of America