

**WESLEYAN HERITAGE Library**

*Autobiographies*

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By

*Henry Clay Morrison*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

Wesleyan Heritage Publications  
© 1998

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By

**Rev. H. C. Morrison**

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

COPYRIGHT, 1941  
BY  
PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **FOREWORD**

It has frequently occurred to me to put down in book form some of the interesting incidents in my long life, as an orphan boy, with something of my conversion, entering the ministry, and the various fields in which I have labored these sixty-three years, preaching throughout this nation and in many countries around the world.

Numbers of my friends have asked me to write my Life Story, and I have found it fascinating; one of the most interesting features is the very remarkable part of my Life Story that I could not tell without reflection on others who have been strongly opposed to the work in which I have engaged, the Bible truths I have loved and delighted to preach.

I have sought to avoid anything that could possibly give pain to any one who might read what I had written. I have been compelled to leave out much that was interesting to me, as it came up in the refreshing of my memory, and would doubtless, have been interesting to others who are interested in me, but the book is already too large; and here it is.

If in its pages the reader can find anything of interest and helpfulness I shall be grateful.

**H. C. MORRISON**

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CONTENTS**

Chapter 1  
My Ancestors

Chapter 2  
My Ancestors  
(Continued)

Chapter 3  
My First Memories

Chapter 4  
The Civil War

Chapter 5  
Boyhood In The Country

Chapter 6  
A Battle With Satan

Chapter 7  
My Conversion

Chapter 8  
From The Pennyroyal to The Blue Grass

Chapter 9  
I Found a Friend

Chapter 10  
Riding a Circuit

Chapter 11  
A Pain in My Heart

Chapter 12  
My First Station

Chapter 13  
At Vanderbilt University

Chapter 14  
A Train of Memories

Chapter 15  
In The Highlands Of Kentucky

Chapter 16  
A Remarkable Conversion

Chapter 17  
Newspaper Reports of Revivals

Chapter 18  
Entering The Evangelistic Field

Chapter 19  
Conditions in Kentucky Methodism

Chapter 20  
Tempting Offers

Chapter 21  
The Enlarged Evangelistic Field

Chapter 22  
A Great Sorrow Came Into My Life

Chapter 23  
My First Trip to California

Chapter 24  
The Tent Meeting Which Led to  
My Expulsion From The Church Ministry

Chapter 25  
My Trial Before A Quarterly Conference

Chapter 26  
Loyalty And Love

Chapter 27  
Preaching At The Annual Conferences

Chapter 28  
An Enlarged Effort In The Holiness Movement

Chapter 29  
My Evangelistic Tour of The World

Chapter 30  
On Our Way To India

Chapter 31  
Traveling In India

Chapter 32  
World Tour of Evangelism

Chapter 33  
The Call To The Presidency of Asbury College

Chapter 34  
Forward Movement at Asbury

Chapter 35  
My Loyal Assistants

Chapter 36  
My Return to The Presidency of Asbury College

Chapter 37  
Closing Reflections

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 1 MY ANCESTORS**

My great-great-grandfather Morrison was a Scotchman, coming from the North of Ireland in time to participate in the Revolutionary War. Fighting with the patriots for freedom from British rule, he was killed at the battle of Brandywine. I have never sought to become a son of any sort of Revolutionary organization, but have prized and loved my country and the freedom we have enjoyed here a little more because, my great-great-grandfather on my father's side died on the battlefield fighting for freedom.

My great-grandfather on my grandmother's side also fought the British in the War of 1812. His name was Scott. He, too, was a Scotchman. My father's mother's name was Frances Scott. Her father survived the War and lived to a good old age.

My great-great-grandfather on my mother's side was English, coming over to this country in the days of sailing ships. He emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky. He was a devout Methodist and it was in his home that the first Methodist Society in Kentucky was organized. His name was Durham. The Durham family grew and multiplied, owned a number of farms in the Bluegrass. They also had colored slaves. It was their boast that they never sold a slave.

My grandfather, John Durham, owned many slaves. They, with the white members of the family, were devout Methodists and he always had the heads of the families of his servants in his large family room for prayer every evening before retiring. When my mother married her first husband, a Mr. English, my grandfather made her a present of a colored woman. After freedom, the one-time slaves of the Durham families remained on the farms of their former masters, either as hired men or cropping on the shares. The second generation of both the whites and the blacks were on friendly, affectionate terms.

The last one of these slaves, James Ewing, who belonged to Aunt Sarah Ewing, a sister of my mother, was a small boy when set free, remained steadfast to his former owners. He was industrious, economical, and came to own good property. He was a member of a white people's church and regularly attended services there, wearing his tall beaver hat. He spent his last years with me in Louisville. He had a nice, clean abiding place which he rented, and worked in our bookstore, building fires, keeping the place clean, faithful as a human being could be. He lived to be very old. When three of my sons went away to France in the World War he wept and plead to go with, and take care of them. Had he been a younger man, I am sure he would have gone, if necessary on his own account, and watched over them with an affectionate care which was so deeply imbedded in the hearts of these old-time colored people who were treated with Christian consideration, care and love by their owners. A few years ago, James Ewing passed away. His last days were very peaceful and comfortable. We remember him with appreciation for his integrity, affection, and unselfish devotion.

My great-grandfather's name was William Ogden Morrison. He came from Virginia to Kentucky in the early pioneer days. He took up a large tract of land in what is known as Barren County, which got its name from a wide stretch of country free from the growth of trees, something like a prairie. He built the first brick house in his neighborhood. He was an old-time Virginia gentleman, wore knee-pants, shoe buckles, his hair plaited hanging down his back and tied with a ribbon. I never saw the old gentleman, but I have seen a large painted portrait of him. He was an officer in a military organization. His sword was in the family for many years after his death

My father and mother dying when I was very young, I was raised in the home of my Grandfather Morrison who was well acquainted with the facts that I have given above with reference to my Morrison ancestors. My great-grandfather gave farms to his children, as they married off, and at one time there was quite a settlement and a large number of Morrison relatives in that community. They have either moved away or died and there are very few of us left in all that region.

My grandfather's name was William B. Morrison, a very quiet, positive, honest, truthful man, and I believe as absolutely free of superstition or fear of any kind as was possible for a human being. When my mother died I was only two years of age. My Sister Emma, Mrs. James Pritchard, was two years my senior, lacking four days. Father took us two little children to live with his parents. They received us with open arms and warm hearts. Miss Elizabeth Morrison, one of the older daughters of my grandfather and grandmother, never married. She was as a mother to us children. Our debt of gratitude to our grandparents and to this aunt is beyond the possibility of payment.

They lived in a log house built in pioneer days. My grandfather had a silk, what we call stovepipe hat, a broadcloth Prince Albert coat, and when he dressed up to go to the county seat, to me he was as dignified and handsome as any senator. I remember the beautiful relationship between my grandfather and grandmother. When he addressed her he would bow his head and extend his hands in courtesy as if she was a princess, and, strange as it may seem, I never heard her dispute his word or correct a statement he made at the table, the fireside, or at any time during my childhood. There was beautiful reverence and affection between them which brought a spirit of order and quietness into the home, for which I shall always be thankful.

My Morrison grandparents were of the Baptist faith and were very devoted to the outstanding doctrines of that church. I look back with admiration to those old-time Baptists, a bit rugged, perhaps, quite positive in their beliefs. They believed the Bible, they revered the Word of God, they had bitter repentance, joyful regeneration, walked in obedience, and most of them died shouting the praises of God. I remember once we were making sorghum molasses. I was a little boy, feeding the cane into a wooden mill. I got the cane in too high. It got into the cogs and choked the mill. My grandfather, who was at the evaporator boiling the syrup, came with his pocketknife to cut out the cane that was fastened in the cogs of the mill. There was quite a group of men standing round in conversation.

A Mr. Peden, a prominent citizen and a very earnest Methodist, said to my grandfather, "Uncle Billie, your Baptist doctrine of 'once in grace, always in grace' will not stand the Bible test." Grandfather gave no answer. He continued, "Now take David. He was a child of God. Didn't he fall from grace?" Grandfather didn't look up, but quietly answered, "David said, 'My feet were well nigh



slipped." To which, Mr. Peden answered, "Oh well, didn't he rob a man of his wife and have the man killed? He was a murderer. If he had died then, wouldn't he have gone to hell?" Grandfather didn't slacken his work, but quietly said, "He didn't die." Mr. Peden said, "Oh, it's no use to try to talk to you," and went away, leaving grandfather the quiet victor. While I did not see as my grandfather did, I enjoyed the quiet way in which he was always able to answer one in any sort of discussion or debate.

My grandfather was a strong Union man. He had no bitterness or prejudice. He had a son in the Southern Army whom he loved devotedly, and a son who volunteered for the Union Army. In any discussion he would quietly say, "We must preserve the Union and the Constitution." As the armies passed, we fed them at our table, scores and hundreds of soldiers of both armies. Grandfather would quietly say to Southern soldiers, "Boys, you are wrong. The Union must not be broken up." But he had such a quiet, kindly way of saying it, it never seemed to arouse resentment.

One cold day a group of fine looking soldiers, cavalymen, wheeled up at our front yard. Grandfather was at the woodpile and one of them called out, "Old gentleman, can we come in and warm?" "Sure, get down, hitch your horses and go in. I'll get some fire-wood." A soldier said, "We are the Louisiana Bull Pups." Grandfather answered, "I never heard of you before." The soldiers came in with their rattling sabers, set their guns against the wall. The women folk and myself got back out of the way; they surrounded the fire. Grandfather came in with a great armful of wood, pressed in among the soldiers, and was laying it on the fire, when the spokesman of the group said, "You say you never heard of the Louisiana Bull Pups?" Grandfather answered rather gruffly, "No, I didn't know we had any such breed of dogs among us." The soldiers looked at each other and grinned and sat very quiet. When they got warm, they gave their thanks and went on their way.

I have ever been thankful that it was my privilege to grow up in a peaceful, quiet home where there was reverence, love, and order. We were poor people but didn't know it. There were those in our community more comfortably situated than we were; others not nearly so comfortable. We got our living from the soil, raised our bread, had abundance of vegetables and fruits, butchered our meat, had the best of old ham, the tenderest of beef, the fattest of mutton, a young shoat when turnips came on in the fall. The relatives visited and had good dinners, tender affection and genuine happiness. It occurs to me there was something in that old-time life of years ago of supreme value that seems to have leaked out or slipped away from the world.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 2 MY ANCESTORS (Continued)**

My father's name was James S. Morrison. The James was for an uncle, an older brother of my grandfather, and the S. was for Scott, the family name of his mother. My father's uncle, James Morrison, lived in Westport, Ky., a little city on the Ohio River about twenty-five miles above Louisville, at that time, the county seat of Oldham County, which was afterwards removed to LaGrange, more centrally situated in the county. Mr. James Morrison had a large flouring mill and a pork packing house in Westport. He employed my father as a clerk and assistant in his business when he was quite a young man. It was while employed there that my father met with and married a Miss Blake. Of this marriage one son was born, Charles Morrison. This wife died when this boy was three years of age. He was raised by his grandparents, the Blake family.

Afterward my father met with my mother, who had married a Mr. English, of Indiana, a family of large influence at one time in that state. Some of the Durhams had moved to Indiana and my mother visiting there, met with Mr. English. She had four children by this marriage. She lived in or near Westport. Some time after Mr. English died, my father met her and they were very happily married. Of this marriage four children were born. Two of them died when babes. Mrs. James Pritchard, my sister two years older than myself, lacking four days, and I are the only children, with this half-brother, Charles Morrison, of my father. I never saw my brother Charles, until he was a grown man. He married into a very excellent family named Button. In my early ministry, when I lived at Buckner's Station preaching at Glenmary, Westport and Mount Hebron, I often visited my brother Charles, who lived at Buckner Station. He had a remarkably devoted wife. They fed well, and I was often at their table. Charlie and I loved each other dearly. He used to ride with me around my circuit and hear me preach the same sermon at the different churches, until he said he thought he could preach it fairly well himself. He was a very cheerful man. He had a happy family of three children. His oldest son, Walter, married the daughter of Rev. Alec Redd, onetime president of Kentucky Wesleyan College, one of the most scholarly, devout, and eloquent preachers of the Kentucky Conference. This young man died early in life.

My brother Charles had a lovely daughter, Allie, who married Rev. George W. Nutter, a beloved minister in the Christian Church who served with acceptability and fruitfulness a Christian Church in Louisville, Ky., for many years, where he and his wife now live in a happy old age with the love and appreciation of many friends. My brother Charles' younger son, Robert Henry, went to Indiana, where he died some years ago. My grandfather had two sisters, one of whom married a Mr. Hammer. They raised a large family of excellent children. The oldest son became a devout Baptist preacher. They lived and died in the old brick house yet standing in good repair on the Tompkinsville road, four miles out from Glasgow. Another one of his sisters married a Mr. Watson. They raised a large family of very interesting and excellent children, about the best educated in their community. These

two sisters of my grandfather were remarkably stately, handsome women, a bit proud, perhaps, but cheerful, witty, good-humored, excellent mothers, kind neighbors, happy Christians, Mrs. Hammer, a Baptist, Mrs. Watson, a Methodist. In my early boyhood, it was my delight to visit these homes, and the Watson boys, the Hammer boys, and myself hunted, fished, and swam together. Many of our Saturday afternoons were spent most happily, roaming the woods, visiting the "Blue Hole," and seeing who could outswim in the waters of Boyd's Creek, and Falling Timber, a larger stream.

My grandfather had several brothers, of whom I know but little. He had a brother, Isaac Morrison, who was a very prominent lawyer, living in Springfield, Ill. He had an only daughter whose husband was a member of Congress, I think, for several terms. I was only seventeen years of age when I left Southern Kentucky where my Morrison relatives lived and went up to Central Kentucky, the home of my mother's people, and by the time I got old enough to feel much interest in my relatives, the older Morrisons were dead and the younger set had moved away to some other part of the country.

The name Morrison comes from Morris; the "son of Morris" was called Morrison. The word "Morris," a founder of a highland clan in Scotland was developed from the name "Mores," who was the grandson of a Norwegian king who came to Scotland with the Norse invaders.

In my wide travels in this country, I frequently meet with Morrisons, all of Scotch descent, and their given names John, William, James and Henry harmonize with the given names of my own branch of the Morrison family. There appears to be a kinship among us reaching back into Scotland, and to the Morrisons who were planted in the north of Ireland, a number of whom afterward emigrated to this country.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 3 MY FIRST MEMORIES**

My first definite memories are connected with a visit from my father. Mother died when I was only two years of age, and, as I stated in the first chapter, Sister and I were taken to live with our grandfather. My father, who had been a farmer, became what was called in those days a "drover." He bought mules and horses and drove them through on foot to the South where he sold them. In those days, they did not ship stock by train. Trains were much fewer then than at the present time. This was a profitable business; mules brought a good price and southern gentlemen paid large sums for fine saddle or harness horses. A combination of circumstances kept father from visiting us for some time. Our Aunt Lizzie often entertained my sister and myself telling us about our father. I was so very young when we separated that I could not remember how he looked or anything definite about his person. She told us that he was courteous and kind to every one, that he dressed neatly, that he did not drink any sort of intoxicants, that in relating an incident or anecdote he never repeated the oath that some one else swore; that there was not the slightest taint of anything approaching the vulgar in his conversation or habits. She pictured him to us as a most wonderful man.

A letter came that father would come to see us children next month. It seemed like an age. By and by it was next week and we were excited and eager. After a while it was tomorrow. We went to bed early, if possible, to hurry up the tomorrow and bring father. The next morning grandfather hitched up the team and went in the wagon to Glasgow, the county seat, to meet and bring father home. We watched him as he drove out of sight and before he reached the town we were eager for his return. It was a long day.

We children posted ourselves at a point where we could look across the field and up the road to a place where it was shut off by a thick woods on either side. It seemed they would never come. We finally became afraid something had happened to grandfather and he might never get back home. The sun was low. The shadows of the trees stretched across the pasture. It was hard to keep up courage and keep back the tears. Finally, the wagon came into view and we saw grandfather sitting on the driver's seat with a man at his side, wearing what we called in those days, a silk or top hat. Aunt Lizzie ran out and looking up the road said, "That's your father." My sister and myself climbed the yard fence and ran down the road to meet them. She being two years older than I was soon quite a distance ahead of me. I was not so sure it was father. It looked too good to be true. I thought possibly my grandfather had picked up some other man and was bringing him along.

When my father discovered my sister running to meet him, he leaped out of the wagon, ran forward, caught her in his arms, kissed her, set her down and came running up the road to meet me. My fears all vanished, and I ran forward with arms extended. I could show you the spot about a hundred yards down the road from Morrison Park Camp Ground. I remember his open arms and

shining face. I remember the appearance of his beautiful high hat. He caught me in his arms and we went up the road to the house, father carrying me. That's all I can definitely remember of the visit.

My Aunt Lizzie has told me that he remained with us about a week, that every excursion he made on the old farm I trotted at his side, that sometimes he came back to the house with me riding on his back, that I would sit on his knee at mealtime, that I would go to sleep in his arms at the fireside, that I slept with him every night during his visit, that when he left I cried and struggled while she held me, and begged to go with him. I do not remember these details.

Soon after this visit father went to Mississippi with a drove of horses and mules. He sold part of his drove; not realizing the prices that he wished he rented a farm and raised a crop of cotton. This kept him away from us something more than a year. He was the subject of our thought, conversation, and longing. By and by we received a letter with one paragraph that was so burned into my memory that I have never forgotten it. It was this: "The war is coming on. Mississippi has drawn off from the Union. I am winding up my business and will be coming home as soon as possible." My sister and myself felt that if the coming on of the war brought father home there was some good in so great an evil. We waited with impatience.

Young men were volunteering for service in both armies, companies were being formed and drilling in the old fields about us. There was great excitement, confusion, and strife. We small boys caught the spirit and were playing soldiers. Most all of us were cavalry, riding broomsticks, flourishing wooden swords, and charging our grandmother's geese to their great confusion. I was a little chap four years of age out at the woodpile building a fortification out of chips and sticks of wood when my Uncle Hezekiah, who lived several miles away, galloped up the road, threw his bridle rein over a fence stake, started down the path to the house drawing a letter out of his pocket as he went.

Directly, I heard weeping in the house and hurried in to know what was the matter. Grandfather was sitting with a bowed head and tears dropping to the floor. It was the first time I had ever seen him weep. Sister Emma was in Aunt Mildred's lap weeping like her heart would break. Aunt Lizzie had her face covered with her apron, crying. I went to her and asked the cause of all this trouble. She took me on her lap, held me awhile, then went into the kitchen, sat down, held me away from her and looked at me quite awhile and then said, "Buddy (my nickname), your father's dead." I leaped out of her lap and said, "I know that isn't true. My father can't be dead." I was choking with sorrow. I ran out of the house, went to the barn, looked in the garden, wandered all about the orchard looking for somebody that I knew I would never find. What a sorrow came to us children. It only bound us the more strongly to our grandparents and that wonderful Aunt Lizzie.

Somehow we children, my sister and I, hoped it might be a mistake. When the war closed and soldiers were coming home, walking up the road, we often watched and tried to hope that a man would turn in at our front yard and turn out to be our father. But our dreams and hopes were never realized. He had sickened and died suddenly near Vicksburg. He was buried at a place called Red Bone Church. Years afterward, preaching in Mississippi, I met with two women who knew my father well and visited him while on his deathbed. They assured me that he passed away in peace leaving a good testimony.

When I was a larger, barefoot boy, sitting on an old bench in a log schoolhouse, swinging my bare feet and studying my lesson, I found this verse. I am not positive that I can quote it correctly, but nearly so.

"Of all the beautiful pictures,  
That hang on memory's wall,  
There is one of a dim old forest  
That seemeth the brightest of all."

After reading the verse, I stopped to meditate, and, looking backward, I asked, "What is the most beautiful picture in my memory?" Then I transposed the poem and whispered it to myself, like this,

"Of all the precious pictures  
That hang on memory's wall,  
There is one of the open arms of my father  
That seemeth the brightest of all."

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 4 THE CIVIL WAR**

I was four years of age when the war broke out between the states. It was a time of intense excitement. Kentucky never drew off from the Union. The larger part of our citizens sympathized with the South and furnished quite a large army of volunteers for the southern cause. There was also a large number of volunteers for the northern army. Every old field in the neighborhood became a drill ground. I went with the older members of my family to see the young men drilling to be sent away, some north and some south, to fight each other.

I remember well the first real soldiers I saw. The young men drilling in the old fields were without uniform or arms. There was a camp called Camp Underwood organized for the training of a company of Union soldiers. Among them, were our neighbor boys. They had not yet drawn uniforms or firearms, but they were living in the camp, drilling night and day and getting ready to be sent north for equipment to be marched away toward the Southland for battle. There was a southern army stationed at Bowling Green, Ky., and one night a considerable body of southern troops came up from Bowling Green to Glasgow, passed quietly by us, while we slept, and in the night surprised Camp Underwood, and captured most of the boys.

The next day these young soldiers returned passing our house, and were rejoicing over their first battle and the capture of the enemy and were expressing their enthusiasm by firing their guns. They were not under rigid discipline. They had old muskets with great leaden bullets called minnie-balls. They fired into the big trees as they passed along, and years afterward men and boys chopped these bullets out of the trees and ran them into rifle balls with which to kill squirrels. To a frightened boy of my age this firing meant battle. I hid in a log loom-house. There was a little window toward the road, where one log had been sawed out and faced up, leaving an opening about large enough for me to poke my frightened face out and look at the soldiers passing by.

Grandfather had a large apple orchard. Much of the fruit was ripe, and while I was looking out of the window a number of soldiers turned out of the road, climbed the fence, and came into the apple orchard. I thought they were coming into kill us all and I doubt if a boy of my size ever made more noise than I did. I screamed at the top of my voice and completely gave away my hiding place. I think that experience has made me averse to war. Some of the womenfolk ran in and assured me that the soldiers were not going to hurt us; they simply wanted some apples.

I recall another fright I had during the war. Bragg's army had marched into Kentucky; in those days there were camp followers and stragglers, soldiers who got sick or drunk and dropped out and when they sobered up or felt better they tramped on after the army. An old soldier came in. He was an Irishman. He looked quite dusty and tired. Grandmother was sitting near the door and asked him to take a seat. He sat down in the chair, said his feet were tired, pulled off his shoes, set them down,

then pulled off his hat, slammed it down on his shoes; and, looking at Grandmother, said, "Ould woman, there is my shoes and 'at and I'm for the Southern Confederacy." He complained of having been sick. I think the last medicine he had taken was a drink of whiskey. I felt frightened as he commenced talking loud and thought that I should retire to a place of safety.

There were two large chimneys known as mud-and-stick chimneys standing near each other at the end of the house; one for the living room, the other for the kitchen. The lower part of these chimneys was made of split logs, notched and fitted together. It made quite a convenient hiding place.

So I ran out the back door and ran around to hide between these two chimneys. In evenings, army officers would come out to gather up the stragglers, march them into Glasgow, and send them on to their regiments. When my Irish friend got through his speech he looked up and saw an officer ride up to the front yard. He grabbed his hat and shoes, ran out the front door to seek a hiding place, and, unfortunately for me, he saw the same chimney corner to which I was fleeing. We almost ran into each other. I thought he was going to kill me right away. I raised a whoop. He wheeled and broke for the orchard. Grandfather coming home from a neighbor's house, saw the officer ride up and dismount, heard me scream, and, fearing there was trouble at the house, ran with all his might to see what was the matter. The old soldier ran out through the orchard, the officer after him, Grandfather after me. It took sometime to convince me that I hadn't been on the verge of slaughter. Grandfather comforted me, the officer got his soldier, some complimentary words were passed, they all smiled a little at my excitement and fears. That experience has remained very vivid in my memory.

A regiment of Bragg's army was left several days behind the main body of troops which had come to Kentucky out of Tennessee by way of Tompkinsville, the county seat of Monroe County. They marched to Glasgow over three different roads, the upper Tompkinsville road, the lower Tompkinsville road, and the Morrison road, a road surveyed and cut out by my great-grandfather that carried his name for many years. It is now the splendid highway leading from Glasgow to Tompkinsville. Between the main army and this regiment coming on a few days later, recruiting with the young men who wished to join the southern forces, gathering up the sick who were able to march and those who had dropped out along the way, there were almost not only every day but every hour of the day some soldiers along the road.

Men who had gotten leave to visit friends, had been sick a few days, or who had gotten drunk and overslept in the woods, and so we had these soldiers between the main army and this rear regiment. One day two big, robust, red-faced soldiers came into our house and talked pretty rough to us. We found they had been spending a day or two with the distiller that lived up the road a piece from us and had bought some apples from Grandfather, giving him a considerable sum of money. The womenfolk soon got the idea from the attitude of these soldiers that this distiller had told them of the money which he had paid Grandfather and that they were going to kill Grandfather and take the money. We were very uneasy. Two soldiers came along who seemed to be sober gentlemen and my aunt ran out and told them that there were two drunken men in our house and asked them to come and get them out. They said they had no authority to arrest them or force them out, but they came in and persuaded and insisted until the men decided to go and did leave the house. We felt greatly relieved and with Grandfather, my aunt and sister, we were out in the garden at work when up



walked the bigger and rougher of the two men and said, "Who comes to see you oftener than I do?" He ordered us into the house, ordered Grandfather to sit down by him.

Looking at Grandmother, he said, "Ould woman, I do not know that a hair of your head or that of one of your children will be hurt. At the same time, you have got to be as mute as bees." I was greatly frightened, and commenced crying. He caught me by the arm and gave me a shake and said, "If you cry another whimper, I'll jerk the last bit of hide off of you in a minute." I didn't cry another whimper. I was frightened voiceless. My aunt caught me up in her arms, went out the door, and went up to what we called "the new house," built much later than the original house, in which we mostly lived.

One of our neighbor boys, Quint Foster, had taken a sick soldier, who was not able to walk, toward Glasgow, the county seat, on his horse, when they met men under whip and spur saying the Yankee army was marching into Glasgow, Aunt Lizzie asked him to come in and take out the drunken soldier. He said, "I have no power to take him out, but there is a regiment coming on and they will get him for you." This drunken soldier had ordered Grandmother to cook him a chicken. She was obeying orders and the children was boiling in the pot. Aunt Lizzie said, "Mr. Soldier, you had better get out of here. A soldier just went by and says the Yankees are coming into Glasgow as thick as pigeons." He said, "Aw, don't you worry, I can capture the city of Glasgow roughshod by myself." The chicken was placed on the table. He made Grandfather sit at his side. He would take frequent drinks from his whiskey bottle and insist that Grandfather drink with him. He would turn up the bottle but wouldn't drink. We were looking anxiously out the door and the mounted officers of the regiment appeared riding down the road. Grandfather leaped up, ran out and called to the colonel and said, "There is a drunken soldier in my house. I want you to take him out." The other one had hidden somewhere outside. The colonel ordered a group of men to bring out the drunken soldier. They came in, unshouldered their guns, marched into the room, We of the family huddled ourselves up into one end of the room. One of the men put his hand on this fellow who was eating his chicken and said, "You are under arrest." The Irishman did not look up. He simply continued to devour chicken and said, "How can you arrest me when I am the highest officer in my brigade?" He was in reality a private, but the liquor in him had given him an idea of superiority. He continued to eat and the officer said, "Here, men, take him out of here." They caught hold of him and ordered him to stand up. He ate on. One fellow took the chair from under him and they dragged him out, his heels on the floor, both hands full of chicken, eating as he went without any appearance of excitement or humiliation.

The regiment halted, the officers held a council of war in our barn, and decided to go into camp on the hill where Morrison Park Camp Ground now stands. The Union soldiers were supposed to be in Glasgow only four miles away. They arrested all the citizens in the immediate neighborhood, in order to prevent communication. They tore down the rail fence about our corn field and built breastworks across the road to prevent a charge of cavalry. They posted pickets at Hammer's Hill half a mile beyond our house. They put men in our barn and in the orchard and expected a battle to come off about sundown. They directed us at the firing of the first shot on Hammer's Hill, to flee into a heavy forest near us known as Anderson's Woods. The firing did not begin but it was an uneasy night. I had my first pair of red-top boots, refused to take them off. We slept in our clothing, that part of the family that slept at all. During the night the army took fright and retreated some miles back

toward Tompkinsville. The Yankee cavalry which had galloped into Glasgow took fright and retreated in the opposite direction and so we had no battle. When the southern troops retreated, they took Grandfather and uncle and a number of neighbors with them to prevent any communication with the enemy. Next morning at daylight there were no soldiers in sight. Aunt Lizzie and I went up the road to the camp to investigate. There were campfires burning and in some places their cooking utensils lying about their fires which they had left in their haste. On investigation, they found there was no danger and about mid-day the next day they passed us marching on toward the body of Bragg's Army and releasing their prisoners as they passed through the community.

Soon afterwards, Buell's army passed along the same highways following Bragg. He halted and they faced for battle at Perryville, Ky. There was quite a bloody conflict. Later, when I was a boy seventeen years of age and went up to school in Perryville, the boys showed me the hole in the Methodist Church made by a cannon ball, and other spots of general interest kept in memory because of tragic incidents during the conflict.

As the war went on, my fears left me. We had a great clump of lilac bushes in the back of our garden, and I used to gather armsful of the lilac blooms, sit on the yard fence and offer them to the soldiers as they went by. We had the coming and going of many soldiers during those awful days of war, but the one incident that I have mentioned was the only time that we were threatened or frightened by a soldier. Both the Union and Southern men were courteous and kind. They frequently ate up nearly everything we had, but always paid for it, and we soon learned that civilians who conducted themselves properly had no cause to fear the soldiers in our community.

Luxuries practically disappeared. It got impossible to secure coffee and the people tried many substitutes. I remember our family peeled sweet potatoes, cut them up into small pieces, dried them in the sun, parched them, ground them up, and made a substitute for coffee which was a bit dark and had a sort of bitter taste. All clothing material became very high. We small boys were dressed in one garment, a kind of white robe buttoned about the neck with plenty of sleeve room, slit on the sides, and coming down below our knees. This slit on the sides gave us ample leg room in case we took fright and wished to remove to some other and safer place about the premises. There was one advantage in this raiment which was very common among boys six and seven years of age. All we had to do to prepare for bed was to wash our feet and all we had to do to prepare for breakfast and the coming day's activities was to wash our faces. Of course, in the winter time there was need of an increase of our apparel.

It was a fearful period in the history of our nation. News was coming of awful battles, the killing of our neighbors, frequently brothers of the same family fighting against each other, and so the cruel war went on. Supposed to last about four years, but when the fighting was over and Lee surrendered the war had not closed in the minds of many people. There was hatred and strife, excitement, and there were frequent killings. It did not look then that our country could ever come back to normal conditions of peace and good will between the great sections of our country. But, thank God, we have become a united people. The wounds are healed. Few scars remain. And when recent wars have come our fellow citizens have risen up, north and south, east and west, like patriotic brothers, to stand together and fight for the things they believe to be best for humanity.

The Civil War ought never to have been fought. With patience and Christian fortitude men ought to have sat down, reasoned with each other, and arranged for the freedom of the slaves without firing a shot, the waste of thousands of splendid young men, killed in battle, the destruction of millions in property, and all the evils that are connected with and follow after the ravages of cruel war, could have been avoided.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 5 BOYHOOD IN THE COUNTRY**

When the Union army got possession of the State of Kentucky, there was a detachment of troops that built fortifications and set up a camp in Glasgow, our county seat. Some of the remains of the old fort can be seen today out near the cemetery. They sent word through the country that the citizens must bring in and deposit with the army officers all fire-arms. They said it was to prevent bush-whacking. Grandfather took in his long, old, trusty rifle. The colonel looked him over and said, "Old gentleman, I don't think that there is any danger in you. You can take this gun home with you." Which pleased our family very much.

There was very little hunting for game during the war. People didn't like to hear the sound of a gun. Game increased wonderfully. There was much forest down in that neighborhood at that time, which has since been cleared away. The squirrels were plentiful. They ate the corn from the time of early roasting ears until it was dry in the late fall. They would destroy several rows of corn near a forest. Coons would break down the cornstalks and eat roasting ears until it would look as if shoats had been in the field. There were covies of quail all about everywhere. It seemed there were several opossums for every persimmon tree in the neighborhood.

The forests about us abounded in chestnuts, hickory nuts, sweet black chinquapins, beechnuts, black haws, pawpaw thickets, what we called sarvis berries that were very delicious. Even the small streams abounded with fish, and we boys had a good time with dogs and traps. By the time I was seven or eight years of age I kept the family pretty well supplied with quail and rabbits which I would catch in traps. We also caught quail in nets. There was no law for the protection of game, and it became quite destructive. A little later Grandfather gave me a small muzzle-loading shotgun, which was an unusually good fowling piece. I killed many squirrels. When the snow came, I would put my pants in my boots and kill rabbits. I would set traps of my own make and steel traps and catch larger game. I once caught in a steel trap the largest and handsomest coon I ever saw. I skinned him and got twenty-five cents for his hide. When times were flush during the World War that same pelt would have brought at least twelve dollars.

Those were great days for boys in the country. I look back to them with a thrill of delight. We lived together in peace and good fellowship. We generally had a task to be finished by dinner, Saturday, in order to get the Saturday afternoon off service. If some one of us failed to get our task done other boys would come over the fence and jump in and help us hoe out, or thin the corn, or plant the cornfield beans, or whatever had to be done in order to set us free for the delightful Saturday afternoon. And then we were away into the great woods or down by the clear creek. There was sport and freedom and generally we went home with something in the way of fish or game, nuts or wild grapes for the family.

We had in our neighborhood only two religious denominations, Baptists and Methodists. Most of the heads of families belonged to one of these churches and there was a remarkable spirit of good fellowship and true Christian love among our people. It was distinctly understood that every church in the community would have its revival meeting sometime during the year and usually the pastors of these churches would unite and hold union meetings. The big log Baptist Church was called Siloam. It stood on the hill, a full half mile from Boyd's Creek. The Methodist Church stood near the creek bank and was called Boyd's Creek Meetinghouse.

When the revivals would come to a close, the Baptist and Methodist preacher would stand side by side and say, "Now, while we sing come up and give to the preacher your hand indicating the church you wish to join." We had quite a number of local preachers in that section who owned farms and when the busy season was over they would go out and hold revival meetings. There was a Baptist preacher named George Gillock. He was a farmer, I think a thrifty man, and a Methodist preacher named Jerome Landrum. They often held union meetings together. They did not expect any remuneration. They had no desire for office. Their one object was to win the people to true repentance and saving faith in Christ. And they preached with great power and gracious results. Neither of these men had very much education. When boys they had attended the three months county school and learned to read and write. But they had read their Bible and in these revival meetings they preached about sin and the wickedness of rebellion against God, of violating his law, of rejecting His mercy. They preached about death-beds and awakened sinners who, when it was too late, realized they were dying and going out into darkness. They preached about the Judgment Day and the separations that would take place, of the saved going into everlasting life and the lost into eternal torment.

The people of the community would become serious under their preaching. They would quote the Scriptures and drive the truth home with great energy and earnestness. Sinners would go home quietly and creep into their beds easily, almost afraid that the bedcords would give way, the floor break and the earth open and receive them into the pit of darkness. Some readers will say that this was very crude and no way to present the Gospel. The fact is that large numbers of people under this preaching forsook their sins and became mourners; frequently they would spend several days and nights in silence, praying in the woods, out at the barn, over in the broomsedge field, confessing their sins and pleading with God for mercy. When a member of a family would fall under conviction, the other members of the family would take their work, attend to the chores, and leave them to quietness and prayer. Under the preaching of these old men, the human soul came to look wonderfully valuable, sin was a hateful thing, hell was an awful place, heaven was most desirable, the laws of God were reasonable and right and ought not to be violated. Jesus Christ, His atoning death and glorious resurrection and intercession, became desirable above all things, and men and women sought Him, pleading for mercy, day and night.

After these convictions, conversions were really new births. There was great joy. The Lord was praised and the saved gave glad testimonies. Frequently, not only at the church, but they would go about among their neighbors praising the Lord, giving their witness, telling what awful sinners they had been, how they had felt so deeply lost, almost lost hope, but cried to Christ and found Him a wonderful Saviour. That was the old-time religion and people knew when and where they found it and let the neighbors and community know that they had passed from death unto life.

It was a Sabbath-keeping community. I don't believe there was a sinner in the neighborhood who would have been willing for his neighbors to hear his axe chopping wood on the Sabbath. We boys would quit the woods in our hunt for squirrels or the fish hole along the creek, and hurry home on Saturday evening to get up our Sunday wood. That was understood throughout our community. The Sabbath was a holy day; there must be no work except that which was necessary in feeding and attending to the stock, milking cows, and such matters as were absolutely necessary to be quietly looked after.

No one thought of joining the church without being born of the Spirit. There was no indication or suggestion for any such thing. There must be repentance. There must be conscious salvation, and there must be a forsaking of the popular sins of the community. For a church member to go to a dance and participate was almost like inviting the pastor and officials of the church to erase the dancer's name. We would grieve over hearing of a church member having done such things, like sorrowing for a backslidden or lost soul.

The Christianity of those days long ago wonderfully stood the test of death. The death of those old-time saints was almost like a revival. The kinsfolk and neighbors would come in; those on their deathbeds would testify, exhort, warn the people, praise God, and their last words would be words of joy as they entered into eternal life. Christians would weep, embrace each other, and praise God for the victory won by their departing loved one. I remember two of my old Baptist aunts. I saw one of them die. I was told of the death of the other one. They both claimed to hear wonderful music, and called the people about their deathbeds, saying, "Why, can't you hear that music? It's marvelous to listen to." And, praising God, they took their flight to Paradise. These triumphant deaths were not only occasions of encouragement to Christians to press on their way faithfully, but sinners fell under conviction, hung their heads in sorrow and walked about in quiet seriousness. And frequently they repented and found Christ as a Redeemer, after listening to the triumphant praise of these departing saints.

During the long years of my service in the ministry I have looked back with gratitude to God that I grew up in a community where preachers and people believed the Bible, where when the sinner died the community was saddened and talked quietly together in grief over a soul gone out without hope; where Jesus Christ was the only hope of the lost and the preachers and people believed that He was the Son of God, the only and all-sufficient Saviour of men; where the old saints used to shout the praise of God at the quarterly meetings and in the revivals, both Baptist and Methodist, and where they died in triumph leaving a glad witness that their Saviour gave them complete victory over all fear in the trying hour of death.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 6 A BATTLE WITH SATAN**

When I was in my twelfth year, Rev. James Phillips, a very devout and enthusiastic young preacher of the Louisville Conference, was sent to our circuit. I am not sure whether they called it the Glasgow Circuit or the Temple Hill Circuit. This circuit had four churches; Boyd's Creek Church was about three miles south of Glasgow; Temple Hill, a village on the main road between Glasgow and Tompkinsville, was nine or ten miles south of Glasgow. Bethel, a dear old church, was situated about a mile from the Burkesville Road, the main road from Glasgow to Burkesville, some three or four miles out from Glasgow. I think the name of the other church was Salem. These churches were located in thickly settled neighborhoods; the people, 'whether members of the church or not, attended preaching on the Sabbath Day.

James Phillips was a tall man of striking appearance, a large; calm face, filled with kindness and beaming with the grace of God and love for humankind. He was a little lame, if I remember correctly, in his left leg. It did not interfere with his striking appearance. He had a strong, mellow voice and could lead the singing with unusual unction. Some of the people who were better judges of preaching said he was not a great, but a most earnest and fruitful, preacher. I am not sure, but my impression is that when he came to our circuit it was his first year as a traveling preacher on trial in the Louisville Conference. He rode a good horse and moved about the country getting acquainted and became much beloved by all classes of people. He was everybody's "Brother Phillips."

Brother Phillips held revival meetings in all the churches on the circuit, commencing in the fall and on into the winter, with gracious success. Many people were converted and united with the churches. When he came to our church, Boyd's Creek Meetinghouse, the people crowded to hear him. Sinners were deeply convicted, penitents were brightly converted. There was great joy. Some of the aged saints shouted aloud and went up and down the aisles of the church exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come and find in Christ Jesus a Saviour.

I was under conviction for sin from childhood. If I did anything I knew to be wrong, I suffered great fear lest I should be cut off from the mercies of God and go into outer darkness. Several times without the knowledge of my grandparents and Aunt Lizzie, I slipped away and went with some boys to catch fish on Sunday; we caught a few fish which we did not dare take home with us, but when darkness came on I was filled with fear. My conviction would become so intense that I could not remain in bed. Aunt Lizzie would get up and sit with me in her arms and say, "The child is not well; he is nervous." But I was suffering with a profound sense of my sin. Had I told the cause of my trouble I might have been easily led to the exercise of faith in Christ and been saved.

When Brother Phillips came to our church my sister, two years older than myself, was converted. A number of my school-fellows and playmates went to the altar of prayer and found Christ. I was

small for my age and very timid. I felt like if I should go to the altar people would say, "Little Bud Morrison doesn't know what he is doing. He isn't old enough to have sense enough to understand the Gospel, exercise saving faith, and live a Christian life." They were mistaken. I had sense enough to know how to become a Christian, and I had sense enough to know that the older people didn't have sense enough to know that I was easily old enough to repent of my sins, exercise faith in Christ, and become a Christian.

The Christians would go out into the audience and invite sinners to the mourner's bench, weep over them, instruct them, and lead them to Christ. I would get up close to the front, hoping that some one would speak to me and that would give me a good excuse to go forward. Sometimes I would sit and weep as the good work went on, but no one seemed to take notice of me and no one invited me to the altar of prayer. I was deeply grieved. The meetings closed, my convictions wore off, and I had a time of severe temptation.

The coming spring I plowed corn on the hillside where the Morrison Park Camp Ground now stands, and Satan did certainly walk along the corn rows and seemed to make it appear that he was about the only friend I had. It looked like I could almost hear him speak out, "Well, nobody asked you to the altar. You are young, an orphan boy; you have no parents, no money, and nobody cares for you. Time and again you went up and sat near the front of the church hoping that some one would speak to you, but no one came. It was an outrage that you should be overlooked like this, and if I were you I would get even with them. I'd make them sorry. I would swear and drink whiskey and carry a pistol and fight and make these people regret that they didn't get you saved while you were a boy." He did ding-dong that into me as I walked along with a bit of resentment in me, hanging on to the plow handles between the corn rows.

I got to cursing bitter oaths on the sly. The family didn't know it. I never had sworn before. But I cursed the stock. If the plow did not run just to suit me I cursed the plow. Anything that aroused my anger brought out an oath. This would frighten me. But, why not? No one cared. No one spoke to me. And why should they? I was nothing but a penniless orphan boy. What could I be worth to the church anyhow? And so I was yielding to the tempter and debating in my mind whether to be a fairly decent sinner or something of a desperado.

How little older people know what goes on in the mind of children, even small children, and especially if they feel that they are not appreciated, that they are wronged, that nobody cares. If at that time I had fallen under the influence of some wicked young fellow a few years older than myself it might have proved my ruin. I would have been easily led into almost any kind of wickedness. There was, however, one great check on me. I had great faith in Brother Phillips, the circuit-rider. Sometimes when I would plow out to the end of the corn row away from the public highway and look back to see if the furrow was in proper distance from the young corn, and if anything was covered up that ought not to be, I would see Brother Phillips riding up the road with his head bowed. I would lean back against my plow handles and talk to myself.

I would say, "There goes Brother Phillips. If there's a Christian in this world, he's one. He's one of the best men I ever saw. If I owned the world, I'd give it to have what he's got. But nobody cares for me. Brother Phillips went out and talked to other people, but he never invited me to the altar."



He would sometimes say, "Bud, I'm glad to see you at church," and it would give me a thrill. I would go home and tell Aunt Lizzie, "Brother Phillips said he was glad to see me." Finally, I'd say, "Well, he's going to preach at Temple Hill next Sunday and if I live I intend to go and hear him. It may be that he will be sent back to this circuit next year. I'll be older then and a little larger than I am now and, if he comes back on the circuit and holds a revival at Boyd's Creek Meetinghouse, I intend to go to the mourner's bench and seek salvation whether anybody asks me or not." By this time I would be weeping with sorrow for my sins and shame because of my profanity, and resolve to be better. I often sought a private place and prayed for mercy, and I did hope Brother Phillips would come back to our circuit, and I promised myself — and I believe made a vow to God — that if he came back and held a meeting at Boyd's Creek Meetinghouse I would seek salvation.

In the fall of the year I was digging potatoes in a patch near the road. A man who was a member of the Methodist Church rode by and I called to him, "Have you heard from the Conference?" He answered that he had. I said, "Who's going to be our circuit-rider?" He said, "Same man as last year, Brother Phillips." Conviction shot through me like an arrow. Something seemed to say within me, When he holds his revival at Boyd's Creek Church, you will have to get religion or you have lied and will be lost forever."

I frequently ask myself what might have been the result, and what might my life have been but for the fact that I would frequently see Brother Phillips riding up the road and always would make up my mind that I would rather have the kind of religion he had than to own the world. It was Jesus who said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Blessed is the circuit-rider that can ride up the country road and convict plowboys three and four hundred yards in the cornfield on either side of the road without knowing they are there.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 7 MY CONVERSION**

Brother Phillips held his revival meeting the coming fall, in the Boyd's Creek Church, where from my very small boyhood I attended Sunday school. I was attending the district school and was eager to win a prize that had been promised to the student who had the most head-marks. We would form in a class just before dismissing for dinner and the teacher would give us words to spell from the old blue-back spelling book. We would have the same exercise just before dismissing in the afternoon. It was almost a tie between a charming little girl, Louisa Mansfield, and myself. She afterward married John Marshall, a student in the same school and one of the best young men I ever knew. They had a fine family of children; John died some years ago. She, an aged woman, often attended my camp meeting out at the Park. She went away to Paradise a few years ago. Heavy rains kept her away from school a few days and I won the prize, which was seventy-five cents. My eagerness to win that prize kept me away from the mourner's bench two or three nights with conviction sinking deep into my heart.

On Thursday at noon the school closed and I made up my mind to go forward for prayer that night. I went up and sat on the end of the third bench hoping some one would come to me. No one came. The call was made. It seemed as if my feet were riveted, to the floor. I finally pulled loose and almost ran to the place of prayer. I went back to church Friday morning, walked in the door of the church, straight up the aisle and knelt at the place of prayer before the preacher took his text. I cried to the Lord for mercy. I promised Him many things that I would do if He would save me. In my ignorance, I was trying to buy salvation and pay for it on the installment plan. I went back to the altar, a little bench right in front of the pulpit, on Friday evening, again Saturday morning, and at the Saturday evening service. Between the services, I was in prayer almost constantly, and sinking deeper into darkness. Sunday morning, I went to church early. It was a mile and a half or two miles from our house. When I arrived there were only about a dozen people in the church. I went to the altar, fell on my knees, and commenced praying. I stayed there until the house was filled with people; the sermon was preached, sinners came to the altar and were converted. There was rejoicing among the saints. Finally, I was the only one left; my sister Emma on one side of me on her knees, Brother Phillips on the other side, urging me to trust the Lord. In those days nobody said, "Get up and claim it." They urged one to pray on and on until faith laid hold upon Christ and the Spirit witnessed that sins were forgiven. Finally, Brother Phillips said, "We shall have to go, but keep on seeking the Lord and you are sure to find salvation." I went home with a heavy heart. I wondered if I had sinned away my day of grace.

Clouds came up in the evening and it looked as if it would rain. Grandfather said, "Son, it looks as if it would rain tonight, and if it does you mustn't go to church." I felt as if I would be lost forever if I did not get to church that night. I prayed earnestly to God that it might not rain. And just as the sun was going down there was a rift in the clouds; the whole landscape lighted up. I said,

"Grandfather, I don't believe it is going to rain." He consented for me to go. By the time I got things shaped up it was a little late and I galloped my pony most all the way to church. When I got there the house was full, service was beginning, penitents were at the altar. (With us, they often went forward with the first song. Others did as I did — just went forward and knelt before the sermon began. Conviction for sin and repentance in those old days meant more than a mere decision). Finding no room at the mourner's bench, I went up close to the wall and knelt down with hands and head upon the first bench in the Amen corner. After the sermon, the altar workers were busy. They would come around to me and say, "Have faith. Such a one has found Jesus" (naming a boy friend who had found Jesus). To think that the Lord was so near that others were saved, and that I was in darkness, plunged me more deeply into despair. I began to wail out my sorrow at the top of my voice. Uncle Emory Hammer, a devout deacon in the Baptist Church who had married Jane Morrison, a half sister of my grandfather, came to me. I was flat, face-down to the floor. He took me into his arms and lifted me up and held me upon his bosom. He had a very heavy beard, but he pressed his mouth through his mustache against my ear and whispered, "Buddie, God is not mad at you." That shot through me a ray of hope. I began to say, "Sir? Sir? Sir?" I wanted him to repeat that. He was quiet for awhile. Then again he pushed his dear old mouth through his heavy mustache up to my ear and whispered, "Buddie, God loves you." What a thrill it gave me! Again, I began to say, "Sir? Sir? Sir?" longing for a repetition. He held me tightly in his big arms and by and by he pressed his lips to my ear and whispered, "Buddie, God so loved you that He gave His only Son to die for you." Something inside of me said, "That's so." My burden fell off. A joyful sense of forgiveness went through me. I leaped to my feet praising the Lord. I felt as if I would burst with a gracious agony of joy and praise. Mike Smith was sitting on the steps of the old-time pulpit, planked up in front and at one end. I hugged Mike, leaped into the pulpit, ran across and shook hands with the choir, and then faced the people and began to exhort them to come to Christ.

I saw my schoolteacher, one of the best educated men in the neighborhood, and a skeptic, halfway down the aisle, looking at me. I ran out of the pulpit, ran down the aisle, embraced him and wept and begged him to give his heart to Christ. He did make a profession of faith sometime afterward and united with the church. He was a fine gentleman, died many years ago, and I trust he is with our Lord in Paradise.

At the close of the meeting I joined the Methodist Church. We boys organized a prayer meeting, those of us who had been converted during the meeting, and a few older persons. We would meet one night a week in the dear old log church and have gracious times singing and praying together. I well remember how my heart would burn within me as after the day of work and supper I would mount my pony and gallop away to that prayer meeting. How we did love each other and our Lord.

I soon felt deeply the call to preach, and it was talked about the neighborhood that Bud Morrison would some day be a preacher. Mike Smith, a neighbor boy several years older than I was, converted a year earlier than I, was a source of help and blessing to me. We would attend the prayer meetings together and when revivals were held at Temple Hill or old Bethel Church, we would mount our horses, go to these churches, walk up the aisle, take a seat on the front bench, sometimes weep and rejoice while the preacher preached; and as soon as he would get through and call penitents, Mike would go down one aisle, I another, and we would call the boys to the mourner's bench. After a while the people would say, "Things will move now. Mike Smith and Bud Morrison's come." Those were

happy days and the Lord graciously blessed us; in our efforts we were often successful in bringing our neighbor boys to the place of prayer where, with penitent hearts, they prayed through to victory finding Christ as their conscious Saviour.

Very soon after my conversion the Holy Spirit impressed me to set up the family altar in our home. Grandfather had never led us in prayer. I had a great struggle, I prayed over it many times. It seemed impossible. I would kneel down close to my grandfather at night and pray, but the Spirit would not compromise. I had little peace, day or night for sometime. I thought, "I could pray with no one here but the family, but sometimes neighbor school children come home with us at night." I felt it would be impossible then. Sometimes strangers traveling stopped to spend the night with us; relatives would come in; I had an uncle in Mississippi who would visit us once a year and spend sometime, perhaps a week. I felt I couldn't pray when he was present. And so I battled on with many doubts and fears. Finally, I resolved to try.

I got the big leather-back Bible, marked the shortest Psalm I could find, went out into the yard after dark and prayed earnestly for help. I went in, set a lamp on the little table, took down the Bible to read my Psalm. The family noticed that I was in trouble and were getting a bit uneasy about me. Grandfather said, "Son, you've read your Bible enough for today. You had better put it up and go to bed." I said, "I will only read one chapter." At that time I hadn't learned to say "a certain Psalm," but "a certain chapter." I read with a trembling voice and said, "Let us pray." The family was startled but fell upon their knees. My victory was won. My fears all left me. I prayed and wept and praised the Lord and had a gracious time. The very next evening children came with us from school to spend the night and I did not find it a great cross to have prayers. Frequently travelers would stop for a night's lodging and after supper as we sat about the fire Grandfather would say, "Your bedroom for the night is up stairs, but my little grandson always has prayers with us. If you wish, you can remain for prayers." They would always remain, and I did not find it anything like as difficult as I had anticipated, to read a few verses of Scripture, kneel down and offer prayer. This was talked about in the community, and soon the preacher on the circuit would call on me to pray in revival meetings or at the regular services, and so I grew in grace and in courage to bear the cross and get a blessing by taking some part in the public service. Later on I got under conviction that I should pray in the morning as well as at the evening hour. I did not know how it would go with my Aunt Lizzie and Sister Emma. We made up the family then, grandfather having died. One morning I called into their bedroom and said, "I will go to the kitchen and build a fire. While I'm gone you get up and dress and I'll come back and we'll have prayers." It turned out to be very easy to let God speak to us in His written word and then to get upon our knees and speak to Him in prayer. And it proved an unspeakable blessing and help to our souls. When I grew older and the family was broken up and I went away into another community where I did not enjoy the means of grace that I had had at our dear old church and our family altar, I found that the spiritual exercise there had strengthened my faith and the memory of the blessings at our family altar helped me to fight out my battles and win victory where, otherwise, I believe I should have failed and fallen. The benefits received in prayer at the family altar cannot be over-estimated.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 8 FROM THE PENNYROYAL TO THE BLUE GRASS**

Pennyroyal grows in Southern Kentucky, where I grew up as a boy. It is a very pungent little herb belonging, Webster says, to the mint family. Blue grass grows in central Kentucky. My father's family was from down where the pennyroyal grows; my mother's family lived where the blue grass grows.

As I have explained before, my mother had four children by her first husband, Mr. English, and four by her second marriage to my father, two of whom died in infancy. When mother died, the English children went to live with their Durham relatives in Boyle County near Danville. We two little Morrisons went down to father's people in southern Kentucky. The War coming on directly afterwards, there wasn't, communication between us for some time. My youngest half-brother, Thomas Durham English, volunteered when sixteen years of age, went into the army, and soldiered for the Southern cause from near the firing of the first gun until Lee surrendered.

Returning to Kentucky, he attended Harmonia College, at Perryville, Ky., when Rev. W. B. Godbey, that famous scholar and preacher, was president. After some time in school, he went into business and was successful as a farmer and livestock trader. After some years had passed, he said to his sister, Mrs. Meyer, "We ought to hunt up those Morrison children. We do not know whether they are living or dead." He commenced writing letters, located us, and wrote that he was coming to see us. I had no memory at all of my half brothers or sisters, having been separated from them when I was only two years of age, and, hearing nothing from them until I was sixteen years of age, I supposed they cared little or nothing for us, and when my half-brother wrote that he was coming to see us I hardly expected him to do so.

I was attending the district school south of our old home, while my sister Emma, more advanced, was attending school north of our home. One afternoon when I came home I saw a large horse and a handsome buggy standing in the yard. When I got nearer, I could hear weeping in the house. I at once concluded that my half-brother and half-sister had come to visit us. I was greatly embarrassed. I was barefoot, pants rolled up and held in place by a pair of suspenders made out of old-time bed ticking, quite striped enough, but entirely without an thought of rubber. They were in harmony with the fashion of the community among boys of my age. I had on neither vest or coat. My Sunday clothes were upstairs and to get to them I would be compelled to pass through the room where the company was seated. My Aunt Lizzie came out with tears in her eyes and said, "Your brother and sister have come to see you. Come in the house." I was greatly embarrassed, didn't want to go in. She insisted, took me by the hand; she pulled and I pulled, but she outpulled and in I went. There was my big handsome brother sitting in a chair with his own sister, whom I had never seen since my babyhood, sitting on one knee and my sister on the other knee. They were all weeping and laughing and embracing each other. I dived into the bunch down on my knees. My new sister hugged and

kissed me and begged me to look up so she could see if I resembled my father. My embarrassment wore away and I fell so tremendously in love with my new-found relatives that it seemed as if my heart would burst with joy.

My half-sister and myself were soon out in the yard and she wanted to know if I had a melon patch. I invited her to go with me to the back of the orchard. I helped her over the fence with a hug. We got out to the melons and I went to pulling melons right and left. She said, "Stop, honey, you will ruin your patch." My answer was, "Don't worry. You never did come to see us before and I want you to have plenty of melons." We had a great time. That night my big handsome brother slept with me upstairs in my room, took me in his arms, and said, "Brother Henry we have been separated ever since mother died and I feel like we ought not to be separated any more." To which I answered, "Brother Tom, that is exactly the way I feel."

Our brother begged Aunt Lizzie to give us children to him, that he could do a better part by us than she could, to which she consented. They went into the town, bought goods, and were all busy getting Sister Emma ready to go home with them and be sent to a female college. I was to remain with my aunt until the crop was gathered and then go up to live with my brother. It was some happy months of waiting and preparation. Finally, the crop gathered, and arrayed in a nice suit of store clothes and my possessions in a pair of saddlebags, I mounted my pony and rode away from the Pennyroyal to the Blue Grass. It took me three days going from Glasgow to Perryville. My Aunt Lizzie was afraid for me to make the trip alone and furnished a neighbor with a horse to ride with me, Mr. Ellis, who had a sister living in Harrodsburg. Mr. Sam Stout also went with us to see relatives in that territory. It was the first time I had been any distance from my grandfather's old home. What a new and interesting world I rode into in those three days. We spent the first night at Greensburg and the second, I believe, at Lebanon. I got into Perryville in the afternoon and inquired the way to Mr. John Meyers, the husband of my half-sister. I rode out a couple of miles, found the lane to their house, found the gate leading into the pasture in front of their dwelling, dismounted to open the gate, threw the bridle rein over my arm and walked toward the house. My brother Tom was visiting there at the time, saw me coming, and ran to meet me. He gathered me up in his arms, brought me into the house. We had a fine supper; they received me with great joy. My sister, a beautiful and most charming woman, lavished her love upon me. She had two beautiful little daughters and they called me "Uncle Henry," as they waited on me at the table. It was all new and strange but delightful and I took a fresh start in life.

My brother placed me at Ewing Institute, a very good school in Perryville. I remained there through the fall and winter, but in the spring he took me to a large plantation which he was farming with a number of colored hands, to work on the farm. He was a bachelor. The two of us were the only white persons on the place. He took me into Danville, the county seat, and introduced me to bankers, lawyers and business men. I remained with him through the cropping season, then went back to my sister's, where I remained through the winter, attending the chores, taking care of the stock, while her husband went south with a drove of mules. Several summers I worked on the farm, spent the winters with my sister and children while her husband drove mules to the cotton area in the South.

I attended church at Perryville. The pastor, a fine man and a great preacher, was not very practical. I had my church letter, but he never asked me to join the church. None of the church members suggested that I put in my letter. Sinners were after me hot-foot. "Henry, come with us to this party." "Come with us to this entertainment. We are going to skate on the ice." And so they used up my spare time, perhaps innocently in the main, but I was not growing in grace but drifting away from my spiritual moorings, although I felt deeply in my heart the call to the ministry. An old bachelor neighbor of my half-brother induced me to come and spend a few months with him. He was a great hog raiser and my job with him at eight dollars per month and board was to gather corn and feed the hogs. There is no doubt that I was in danger of becoming a prodigal in a far country. This Mr. Lewis, for whom I was working, and I were the only white persons on the place, and much of the time he was away, giving me some sort of authority to look after the work hands in his absence.

For some reason, this Mr. Lewis, who was a member of the Presbyterian Church, always carried a pistol and laid it on the table by his bedside at night. On leaving home on one occasion, he laid a fine Smith & Wesson 32 pistol on the mantle and said, "You can have this in my absence." At the first opportunity I laid in a good supply of cartridges and practiced shooting. When the colored men were cutting the corn I would go out in the field and shoot at the blossom end of the pumpkins. I would shoot the white limbs on the sycamore trees and a patch of moss on a beech. I got to be quite expert and carried the pistol in my hip pocket on the farm every day.

We had some important work one day and I went down to the cabin and talked to Rube, a big colored man, about the work. He said, "I am not going to work today. Old Veech is going to be hung at Danville and I'm going to see a white man's neck stretched." I assured him that the hanging had been postponed, the work was important and that he ought to stay on the farm and work. He insisted that the hanging had not been postponed but that they just didn't want the colored people to see a white man hung and put out that report. We both became angry. He talked to me very roughly. I was a very small lightweight; he was a tremendous, big, stout fellow, and had an old army musket with which he hunted rabbits. I was afraid he was going to attack me. I got out of the cabin, hurried back to the house, got my pistol, went on the back porch and watched for Rube to come out with his musket, determined to defend myself. While waiting, I fired the pistol in the air as a sort of challenge that I was ready for the conflict. By and by, Rube came out and said, "Well, Mr. Henry, I've decided not to go to town. I will go to work." His good humor unnerved me. I went into the house, laid the pistol on the mantle, and determined never to put it into my pocket again. I went out into the barnyard where there was a large box which had been turned over. I sat down on the box, weak and frightened. I said to myself, "I was ready to commit a great sin. I won't be a hypocrite. I won't pretend to be a Christian any longer." I grew so weak that I lay down on my back on the box and gazed up into the sky. White clouds were floating there. I said to myself, "My father and mother are up there. I have a sister and brother up there who died in their infancy. I have been a very happy and earnest Christian. I am drifting away."

While meditating, there came to me a great resolve that I would not give up. I prayed. My heart seemed broken, and I was blessed. I rose up with a sense of the compassionate mercy of my Saviour, took a fresh start. Rube and myself were good friends after that. I loved those colored people and they loved me. I believe that before my mother died she had entered into a covenant with God and

that God at that trying moment kept His part of the covenant and saved me from turning back from a Christian life.

After I had been in the ministry many years I met with a woman whose mother had lived near neighbor to my mother, and she told me that her mother said that when my mother went to church the first time after I was born she took care of me while mother attended the quarterly meeting at the old Hickory Grove Methodist Church near Bedford, the county seat of Trimble. She said when mother came home she laid her bonnet and shawl on the bed, picked me up and walked the floor weeping, laughing, and praising God, and said, "Today while I was at church I gave my little Henry Clay to God to preach the Gospel, and I believe that He accepted the gift an when I am dead and gone this baby boy, grown into manhood, will preach Jesus." Through the years, I have thanked God that my mother gave me to Him in my babyhood to preach Jesus to a lost world. There is no way to estimate the value of a devout, Christian mother.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 9 I FOUND A FRIEND**

Perhaps it would be better stated to say, "A friend found me." Soon after the experience related in the former chapter, I left Mr. Lewis and went to spend the winter with my sister while her husband went south with stock, attend the chores, and attend school. At the annual conference of the Southern Methodist Church, there was a change made in the pastors at Perryville near my sister's home, the village where we attended church on the Sabbath, and Rev. T. F. Taliaferro was sent to be the preacher at the Methodist Church. He was a young man with a charming wife and one little girl. In the good providence of God, we got acquainted.

At once, Brother Taliaferro manifested a keen interest in me. I told him I had been a member of the Methodist Church and had my church letter but no one had ever asked me to put in my membership. He insisted that I hunt up my letter, which I did, and joined the church. At once, Brother Taliaferro and his wife became almost like father and mother to me and invited me to come at any time to the parsonage. I often went there to take a meal. They encouraged and helped me in many ways. At the winter revival, which was a union meeting among the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Cumberland Presbyterians, in which Brother Taliaferro had the leadership, I was most graciously blessed. He called on me to pray in the after-service, the first time I had been asked to participate in any sort of religious service in the church since coming to the Blue Grass. From that time forward, he would ask me to assist in the services and the old-time glow of love and zeal came back into my heart. I have often wondered what my life might have been but for the coming of this dear man and his wife to the Methodist Church in Perryville. I told him of my call to preach. We talked over the matter together frequently.

Brother Taliaferro remained with us for three years; insisted that I be licensed to preach before he left our charge, also that I go with him to his next charge, make his house my home, and preach on his circuit, help in meetings, and that he would assist me in my studies so that I would be prepared to pass an oral examination and be admitted to the Kentucky Conference on trial. All of these matters were confidential between Brother and Sister Taliaferro and myself. My relatives were not at all friendly to the idea of my becoming a preacher. They thought I would succeed better as a "hewer of wood and drawer of water."

The winter over, I left the school and went back to live with my brother and spend the summer in work on the farm. That was in "horse and buggy" days. He had a fine horse and a handsome buggy.

One Sunday morning we went into Perryville and attended service at the Methodist Church. My brother was one of the stewards in that church. Before pronouncing the benediction, Brother Taliaferro said, "I desire all of the members of the church to remain for a short business meeting after

the benediction." When they were seated and other persons had retired, he said, "I want you by vote to recommend Henry Morrison to the quarterly conference to be licensed as a local preacher." They took the vote and I think every person present, except one, voted for my recommendation.

My half-brother was indignant, walked rapidly out of the church, leaped into the buggy. I followed him and before I could get seated, he tapped the horse, and out we went barely missing the gatepost, and up the pike full speed, he frequently tapping the horse with the whip. He said, "You and Taliaferro have taken snap judgment on me. I didn't know you were going to get a license to preach. You can't preach. If there is anybody that I am not interested in it is a one-horse Methodist preacher dragging a woman and children around the country at the point of starvation. We have one scrub preacher among our kinfolks and that's enough. I stand in with the congressmen of this district and I could have gotten you into West Point and made an army officer out of you, or I would have put you with Judge Durham in Danville to make a lawyer out of you; or I could have put you with Dr. Meyer and made a physician out of you. You could have been somebody of whom we would feel proud." I was crying bitterly and I said, "But, Tom, you see the Lord has called me to preach." To which he answered, "He must be hard up for material." While he tapped the horse and the gravel flew back against the buggy under his rapidly moving feet, I kept saying in my heart, "Lord, Jesus, help me! I am going to preach. I don't care what Tom says."

At the next quarterly conference I was licensed to preach. It would not be long until the annual conference and Brother Taliaferro promised me he would not ask me to preach until he got to his new circuit. Soon afterward, he was taken sick, sent for me to take his horse and buggy and drive over the knobs down on Rolling Fork River to Johnson's Chapel and preach the next Sunday morning, coming back toward Perryville and preaching at Sycamore Methodist Church Sunday afternoon. I was greatly stirred, but prepared my first sermon, went over to Brother Johnson's who was the state senator of his district, spent the night there. The chapel was named for him. He was a prominent man, largely built the church, his house was the preacher's home, and it was marvelous the number of people he fed when they had preaching at his church on the Sabbath. Two of his sons became Methodist preachers and two or three of his grandsons are Methodist preachers.

Sabbath morning I went up in the field where there was a great rock covered with bushes and grapevines, and I prayed earnestly for help. We had a fine congregation. I cannot remember positively what my text was, but I had liberty, told my experience, exhorted the people. Everybody was in tears. I went to Brother Johnson's for dinner. Some one said, "Everybody in the church wept. Even our school-teacher who isn't a Christian and never was known to weep before wept while you preached and told your experience." In those days, weeping was a good sign in a religious service that the Word was getting to the hearts of the people. I was quite encouraged, went on to Sycamore and preached in the afternoon; didn't get on quite so well, but the people shook hands with me and gave me words of encouragement. I went back to the parsonage that evening in triumph, with a bucket of honey, about a half bushel of apples, and three or four dollars the stewards sent to the preacher. No parents ever received their preacher boy with warmer hearts than Brother and Sister Taliaferro received me and heard with delight the story of my visit, the preaching and the weeping and the very kind and sympathetic reception they gave me.

It was noised abroad that Henry Morrison had commenced preaching and the people were eager to hear me at Perryville, where I had attended Ewing Institute, was a member of the debating club, and was said to be an orator. I do not recall that I was ever defeated in any of our debates. So the people wanted to hear me and Brother Taliaferro persuaded me to take his place in the pulpit on a Sunday evening service. The house was packed. There were two infidels in the village, carriage builders; they were sitting in the church, the first time I ever saw them there, looking at me with glaring eyes and hard faces. I well remember my text, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I stood up, looked at the people, read my text, and my mind seemed to become blank. I stood there awhile and said, "I believe God has called me to preach. I believe that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has called me to preach. But I can't preach now. I have forgotten what I wanted to say. But I will preach. I must preach. I am called to preach." With that, I commenced crying, and shouted out, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," saying that I couldn't preach then but I intended to preach in the future. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I was weeping, beating the book, and assuring them that I couldn't preach now, but they must repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Finally, I walked down out of the pulpit as I had seen old preachers do at revivals, exhorting a little in a very confused manner, and called on Professor Borden, the dear old saint who was principal of Ewing Institute, to pray. He was so humiliated by my failure that he didn't feel like praying and called on Brother Taliaferro to offer prayer; he did and dismissed the audience. A few of the old people walked up and shook hands with me without saying a word. Their eyes were full of pity. Professor Borden came up, shook me by the hand, and said, "Henry, the greatest orator that ever lived failed the first time. Try it again." I assured him that while I was humiliated I was not going to give up. A few Sundays later, Brother Taliaferro announced me to preach at the evening service. I wrote out my sermon from text to Amen. My text was, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I tried to read my sermon, but stumbled along and made a bad effort of it.

When we went back to the parsonage, I said, "Brother Taliaferro, we've made a mistake. When I went over to Johnson's Chapel where there was need that I preach I had liberty and was blessed. Here you are putting me up where there's no need for it and I am trying to show the people that I can preach, and I am a pitiful failure. Don't ask me to preach any more unless there is a call for it, a reason why I should go into the pulpit to deliver a message from the Lord." He agreed with me and I made no more effort to preach in Perryville. I went down in the country to a schoolhouse one night and preached and got along very well.

Soon after that Brother Taliaferro went to conference and was sent to the Floydsburg Circuit. I was working on the farm to get a few dollars ahead and after he had been on his new work several months I took the train to Louisville. He met me there in a spring wagon, took me and my trunk to his home in Brownsboro, a village some twenty miles out from Louisville where Sister Taliaferro received me as a son. I remained with them until the annual conference met, walked the circuit, and preached every Sabbath, morning and evening, somewhere, at Floydsburg, Shiloh, Wesley's Chapel or Glenmary, and the Lord graciously blessed me. I weighed about 135 pounds, I looked like a mere boy, and it is wonderful how generous people are to young preachers. If he fails, they apologize for him; if he succeeds, they give him too much praise. The people that I preached to on the Floydsburg Circuit, the old and the middle-aged, have all been dead many years, but I carry the memory of them,

their happy homes and their love for me, their words of encouragement, as a precious treasure in my memory.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 10 RIDING A CIRCUIT**

I was born March 10, 1857. I was converted in a revival held during Christmas week in my fourteenth year. I was fourteen years of age the following 10th of March. I went up to Boyle County to live with my half-brother and half-sister in the fall of 1874. I was licensed to preach in the summer of 1878. I am writing this down from memory and believe I am correct. I traveled the Jacksonville Circuit as assistant preacher for Rev. Charles Cooper. The reader will see that I was licensed to preach in the twenty-first year of my age.

Brother Cooper, like myself, was not only young in years but had made only one effort to preach before going to the Jacksonville Circuit. There was some complaint among the good people of his youth and inexperience, and Rev. Josiah Fitch, the presiding elder of the district which embraced this circuit, sent me as an assistant preacher to Brother Cooper, saying, "It may be that you two boys can be equal to one man." Our circuit embraced a part of Shelby, Henry and Franklin counties. Jacksonville and Beech Ridge were in Shelby County, Sweet home was in Henry County; Deeringer's Meetinghouse, Polsgrove and Long Branch were in Franklin County. At Polsgrove, a scattered village on the Kentucky River, several miles below Frankfort, we preached in the Baptist Church.

Twenty-five years later I went to Polsgrove and dedicated a new Methodist Church. The parsonage of the circuit is located there. Uncle Jimmie Harrod, who lived in the bend of the Kentucky River, had an excellent home, a commodious frame house well furnished, and he said to Brother Cooper and me, "You can make my house your home, feed your horses from my crib and hayloft. It will cost you nothing. You must wait on yourselves." Brother Harrod was a widower. He had two sons, Mitchell and Henry. Mitchell was married and lived just across the river from his father. Henry Harrod, one of the finest young men I ever met, a little older than I, lived with his father. An old soldier, named Curtis Harland, who had fought in the Union Army and had been wounded, lived at Uncle Jimmie's, drew a small pension, was a sort of rough carpenter. He mended gates, fixed the barn door, and puttered about the place doing little jobs and was given his board free of charge. There were two colored families living on the place who looked after the cooking, washing, and housekeeping. The old colored mammy, a most excellent woman, was a member of our church at Polsgrove and did the washing for Brother Cooper and me. This circuit had been badly neglected. Many times it did not have a regular circuit rider; sometimes the people were without a preacher, or occasionally had a sermon from a local preacher. The circuit was quite run down.

Brother Cooper and I had a good time. We would ride out from Uncle Jimmie's on Saturday, cross the Kentucky River on a ferry boat at McDonald's Ferry, go just as far as we could together; sometimes we would spend Saturday night together and then branch off to our separate churches where we would preach on the Sabbath. There were many good homes on our circuit where we were

always welcome. We held several revivals and saw a few people brightly converted. Looking backward, I deeply regret that we did not spend most of our time holding revivals of religion and putting into them the enthusiasm and earnestness of which we were easily capable, if we had known it and gone at it like we should have done.

Nothing better for a young preacher than that he devote himself to winning souls. He learns how to preach by preaching. In revival meetings when he runs short of material he'll pray with great earnestness for divine help; he will search the Scriptures for appropriate texts; and he will grow in knowledge and experience, adaptability and skill as a fisherman for souls when he is devoting much of his time to intense evangelism, both in the pulpit, in the homes of the people, out in the field walking with the young sinner at the plow handles, or over at the barn admonishing the father of the family to give his heart to Christ that he might be prepared to train his children in the fear and admonition of his God. I well remember when Brother Cooper and I were in revival meeting, each lad preaching every other night; we used to go into the woods and pray, then sit on a log and talk over the thoughts we desired to present to the people. Such exercises are not a bad seminary. In these conversations we gave each other suggestions, our minds got active, we read our Bibles and grew in grace. I regret that we did not spend more time in this greatest work of all — the earnest seeking of the lost to win them to Christ.

Ruminating in my mind, I call up the names of the Wrights, the Jesses, the Grave family, Dr. Quails and his interesting family, and the Kavanaughs. Rev. Peter Kavanaugh was a nephew of the great bishop by that name; he was a man of remarkable knowledge of nature and books and Bible teaching, lived on a farm, had a fine group of young children. His home and heart were open to us boys. Mrs. Montgomery, daughter of a famous old congressman named LeCompte, had a beautiful daughter, Miss Callie, with whom Brother Cooper fell in love at their first meeting. Later on, they married, and went to the far West, I believe, Montana. I do not know whether he is living or has passed away. There was a large family of Harrods. They were of the same family and stock of the Harrod pioneers for whom Harrodsburg was named.

The homes of the people were open to us everywhere and we were much of the time in our saddles riding over the wide expanse of our circuit territory, spending a night here, eating dinner there, and riding on to some other place for supper and a big, deep feather bed, sometimes under the rafters and board roof, always with the genuine and hearty love of the people which shall never be forgotten. A few years ago I went down to Polsgrove and preached one Sunday at the Methodist Church. The people of all denominations came out. We had a basket dinner. They had long tables set cafeteria style. The people took their paper plates and walked along picking out the meats that pleased them and winding up with pies and cakes of many varieties. I do not believe I ever saw a happier group of people, free from pretense, of genuine piety, and restful faith in the Word of God for truth and the Son of God for salvation. That day was like a taste of the Millennium when Christ shall reign in peace and men shall live in purity of heart and good will.

All of the people who were old or in middle life when I was there are gone. The children to whom I preached there more than fifty years ago are now gray-headed. The people who make up the community and the membership of the two churches, are Baptist and Methodist. As I travel over this

nation and circle the globe, my thoughts turn back with longing to Polsgrove and the memories of those people who loved us boys and blessed us with their prayers, who have gone home to Paradise.

The following year I was appointed assistant preacher with the Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, who was now in his third year on the Flodysburg Circuit. We divided the circuit giving me Glenmary, and I picked up two neglected churches which had no pastor — Westport and Mt. Hebron. I had a good year on that circuit, holding revival meetings at each of my places. I was assisted by Brother Taliaferro at Mt. Hebron, where Ulysses Grant Foote, then a little boy, was converted and taken into the church. He afterwards became one of the most eloquent preachers in Southern Methodism and was pastor in some of our great city churches. Dr. S. X. Hall assisted me in meetings at Glenmary. He was a great preacher, an Irishman from whose lips and heart there flowed most beautiful English with eloquent appeal. Rev. Jack McIntyre, a true, good man, then stationed at LaGrange, Ky., helped me in meetings at Westport.

While traveling this circuit I made my home at Buckner's Station. Dr. Cassady gave me a spare room in his office. Some friends gave me a little furniture and I took my meals at a boarding house, where the number on my meal ticket was punched out as I took the meal. When all the numbers were punched out and I had no money, I did not go to the dining-room. This didn't happen often and when it did, I said nothing about it; if I had, it would have started quite a stir and my needs would have been supplied at once. Dr. Cassady was one of the best, most devout men I ever knew, one of the truest friends I ever had. He was powerful in exhortation, mighty in prayer, loved me, prayed for me, instructed me. He died a few years ago more than ninety years of age. After my head was quite gray, I met the doctor at Kavanaugh Camp Ground and he told me that there hadn't been a day since my boyhood ministry, when I lived in a room at his office, that he had not prayed the blessing of God upon me.

In the fall of 1881 I was received on trial into the Kentucky Conference and appointed to the Concord Circuit, a village on the Ohio River some twelve or fifteen miles above Maysville. I had four churches; once a month I would preach in a private home about midway between Tollesboro and Concord. My largest and most active church was at Tollesboro. One of my most interesting appointments was Bethel, a dear old Methodist Church where there was a large family burying ground. Once a year now the people have a great gathering at Bethel Church. I have had an invitation to be present but have never been able to meet with that gathering. Another one of my churches was called Harrison's Meeting-house. That was not the name of the church, but it was near to Brother Harrison, a well-to-do farmer who contributed largely to its building and whose house was the home of the circuit rider.

My home during the year was at Thomas Putman's, a most excellent man living near Tollesboro. He raised a fine family of children who became successful in business and have been true Methodists. I remember the exact words with which Brother Putman introduced his testimony at our first quarterly meeting at Tollesboro. He was a tall man, with a large head and an honest face. He never wasted words, and while he was a man of good humor, he never trifled. He stood up quietly and said with a deep, calm voice, "I know the Bible to be true because it corroborates my experience." One of our larger buildings at Asbury College is named, "Putman Memorial," in honor of this godly man and his devout wife, long ago safe at home in the City beyond the skies.

When I arrived at Concord I soon got acquainted with a bunch of young men about my age and we became friends. On inquiry they told me the Ohio River was a mile wide at that point. I doubt if it was that wide. They knew of no one who had ever swum the river there. I said I could swim it. They said impossible. I had swum the Ohio River above Westport. They knew nothing of this. They took my clothing in a boat and followed. When I got out near the center the current was strong and bore me down quite a distance, perhaps a half mile lower than the point where I entered, but I got safely over. This feat helped my congregation the following Sabbath.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 11 A PAIN IN MY HEART**

The session of the Kentucky Conference when I was received on trial was held in Danville, Ky., Bishop Keener presiding. I thought he was one of the most remarkable men in his personal appearance I had ever seen. He was tall and broad, had a marvelous face, a rather prominent, but well shaped nose, a clear, calm countenance, and a penetrating voice. He was easily heard by those on the rear seats in the large church.

I grew up in the days when bishops in Methodism were not only revered, but they were loved. People would travel a long distance to hear a bishop preach; and it was a common thing, when a group of preachers and laymen sat about in the shade after dinner at any sort of a Methodist gathering, for such group to entertain themselves talking about the bishops, their fine qualities, their great sermons, their devotion to truth, their wide and gracious influence throughout the Church.

Bishop Marvin presided over a conference held in Maysville, Ky., preached a great sermon on the Church, the Bride of Christ, which made a profound impression, stirring the hearts of preachers and people. That was before I was licensed a local preacher. For twenty-five years preachers and people talked about that sermon, the impressions that were made, the thrill of joy they received; the praise of Bishop Marvin was on the lips of preachers and people of the Kentucky Conference. I listened to them with rapt attention and delight.

Bishop Kavanaugh was greatly beloved. Even his peculiarities seemed to add to the fascination there was about him. He was a great orator. People gathered in vast numbers wherever Bishop Kavanaugh was to preach. He was the subject of conversation among ministers and laymen, always, with an affectionate appreciation and admiration. The same was true of Bishop Bascom. The Methodists who had heard him never tired of speaking to each other and to those who had never heard him, of his marvelous eloquence, of his dignity, how very handsome he was, how impressive in reading the hymns, in pronouncing a benediction; how courteous and kindly to preachers and people. While riding a circuit, embracing Central Kentucky, his headquarters was at the home of my grandfather, John Durham.

Growing up under these influences as a lad, I longed to see and hear our bishops. They had marvelous influence in the Church and their visitations were like refreshing showers upon thirsty land. So I was glad to look at and listen to a bishop with a feeling that he was a man in close and beautiful fellowship with the Lord. Both preachers and people in those days felt that the Holy Spirit made the appointments and the bishop read them. It was a very comfortable feeling. A man who was true to his Lord could endure most anything, small salary, hard circuit, neglect and suffering, if he felt quite sure that he was in the field in which the Lord placed him.

At this conference in Danville we had a young preacher named Hudson, unusually handsome and devout. While a local preacher supplying a circuit I had lived on a circuit adjoining his and had heard him preach. He was a man of marked ability. He made a very fine appearance in the pulpit. He spoke well. His face shone with a glow of love. He was greatly appreciated by his people. In those "good old days" salaries were very small, parsonages were not furnished, moving was expensive and wasteful. For some reason at the conference before this one where I was received, Brother Hudson was moved quite a distance. He was so short on finances that he had to sell his horse to make the trip, buy some additional furniture, as well as being careful to see there were no open accounts left behind.

Looking back, I have wondered how preachers and their families managed to live. A man with a wife and two or three children was doing fairly well if he received a salary of \$600, and frequently, it was the promise of such salary which the preacher did not receive. His removal canceled the \$25, \$50, \$75, or \$100 which the stewards had carelessly neglected, and was not paid. It was because of conditions in these times that Brother Hudson had to sell his horse.

When he read his report, which was a good one from a poor circuit, he, being on probation, was asked to retire. His presiding elder spoke of him in highest terms. He said, "Bishop, he is a very promising young preacher. He is industrious. He doesn't get much money, but he knows how to work. He went into the woods, chopped his winter wood and borrowed a team from a neighbor and hauled it to his parsonage. His churches are scattered wide apart. He had to sell his horse to settle up accounts and make his move, but he is a good walker. He never misses an appointment. He has stepped off many a mile reaching his churches on time. He is a promising young man."

The presiding elder's talk made a fine impression on preachers and visitors. Bishop Keener stood up and said, "It is no sort of commendation of a young preacher to me to say he walks his circuit. There are too many good horses in Kentucky for a preacher to have to walk in order to fill his appointments. He is improvident." A pain shot through my heart. I could hardly believe the words I had heard. Was it possible that a Methodist bishop would speak in that way about a consecrated, earnest young man who was carrying the message of the Lord?

Jesus Christ walked His circuit and it was a large one. The only time we hear of His riding was when He rode into Jerusalem on an ass's colt. If He had come in with splendid regalia on a magnificent horse the ecclesiastics would have been much more ready to receive Him, but they were utterly disgusted and outraged when the people were proclaiming a man king who came riding into Jerusalem on a long-eared donkey. St. Paul walked his circuit. I sat there thinking of how my heart burned within me when walking three, four, five, and six miles as a young preacher. I took the short cut, stopped for prayer in the woods, strode across the fields, the Lord making my feet like hinds' feet as I went with a message to the people. The memory of those walks is precious to me today. I have ridden good horses since then; I have swept through the country in swift automobiles; I have ridden fast trains; I have sailed the seas in many great ships, but I have never enjoyed any mode of travel more than when I was a young local preacher, my soul on fire, walking over the hills, through the fields and a skirt of woodland, to preach to the good people of dear old Shiloh Church, Glenmary, and Wesley's Chapel. I was poor in this world's goods. Silver and gold had I none, but I had a great

Saviour and a glad message, perhaps poorly delivered. Somehow, in those long walks I never seemed to get tired.

I have no words with which to express the pain I felt, and the pity and love I had for my Brother Hudson accused of being "improvident," when he was being moved about from place to place paying heavily for the movement of his furniture, practicing the closest economy to support his family, loving his Lord, his bishops, and his people with a fervent heart, and then to come up from his field of service to be publicly and severely criticized, and called improvident before a multitude of people. It hurt me so keenly and deeply I have never gotten over it.

The thing that amazed and grieved me the more was that none of the old preachers had the courage to stand up with a few words of explanation and defense, but a dead silence fell over the place; no one spoke; the report of the next young preacher was called. I meditated and asked myself if, in joining the conference, I was prepared, if occasion should arise, to meekly submit to such a public attack upon myself from a presiding bishop.

From that day to this, everything that's good and true and manly within me rises in protest and indignation when I hear a bishop, receiving a large salary, living in an elegant home, being hauled about in the finest cars, entertained in the wealthiest homes, and fed at the most sumptuous tables, utter any rebuke or discourteous and unkind remarks to a devout preacher who is struggling on some poor circuit, to carry the Gospel message, hardly receiving money enough to supply his family with nutritious food. I have frequently heard such sharp criticism from the chair that pained me more for the man who uttered the criticism than for the humble preacher who received it, and went humiliated and wounded back to his hard task with meager support. It is this sort of thing that is creating strong sentiment against life tenure of that high office in our Church.

I have always been opposed to short-term bishops. The Church should elect men it can trust, and give them years for development in their office, for traveling extensively throughout the Church and about the world, for enlarging their views of the needs of humanity and their sympathies for the struggling masses as they fight their way through the world in need of consecrated, Spirit-filled leadership. Good bishops cannot be made; they must grow; it takes time for a man to become a great shepherd and leader in the Church of God among men; however, it appears to me, as I travel among Methodists, that the short-term is coming; life tenure in that high office will soon be a thing of the past.

Personally, I have no right or occasion to complain of unkind treatment received from a Methodist bishop. I have found in them some of the greatest men and truest friends I have ever known. To me, Bishop McTyeire, from whom I received in my young days, most encouraging words along with my appointment to my first station, was the tallest tree in the Methodist forest, strong as a mighty oak, with a breadth of sympathy and kindness which made him, not only a great bishop, but a Father in Israel. I frequently heard the eloquent Galloway and had close personal touch with him, which was a benediction and a blessing. I could say the same of Bishop Hendrix and of Bishop Kavanaugh. To me, Bishops Candler and Denny are men of towering intellect and kindly souls. Bishop Kilgo was one of the truest and best friends I ever had. Bishop Robert McIntyre, of the M. E. Church, was my warm friend, before and after his elevation to his high office. I have never known truer men or had

kinder friends than Bishops Joyce, McCabe, Mallalieu, Oldham, and Warne. Bishop McCabe asked me to travel with him and preach at five of the conferences he was to hold one year. My time was engaged. I have since regretted that I did not cancel the engagements and go with him. It was his last year of service. He died in the full bloom of a beautiful loving ministry. When Bishop Joyce was stricken while preaching to a congregation of many thousands of people at Red Rock, Minn., camp meeting, at the close of his sermon, he fell into my arms, never to utter another sentence in this world, but to go straight home to his Christ. We had talked together that morning for hours about the great and blessed things of the kingdom of God among men, and the things that concerned us deeply in Methodism. There was no need for any sort of legal union between me and those saints of the Church who have gone home to God. We were one in heart.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 12 MY FIRST STATION**

At the close of my first year on trial in the Kentucky Conference, the annual session was held in Carlisle, Ky. Our group of young preachers on trial consisted of six members. We then had oral examinations by a committee. Dr. Morris Evans was chairman of our committee. He had been a school-teacher. He was a very pleasant gentleman and showed great kindness and courtesy to us young preachers. He really drew out of us more than we thought we knew about the books we had been studying. At once, he relieved us of embarrassment, seemed to quicken our memories, and helped us forward beautifully in the long examination.

Two of the names in our class of six have escaped me. There was Harry G. Henderson, a brilliant and handsome young man, the son of Dr. James Henderson, long a traveling preacher in the Kentucky Conference. Harry was just home from Vanderbilt, where he had graduated from the Theological Seminary, and had won the Young Medal for oratory. He preached the opening sermon at that conference. He was brilliant and eloquent, with a spice of humor and at the same time a searching seriousness. His subject was, "John's commission of inquiry to Jesus whether or not He was the Christ." John in prison had doubts arise in his mind. He wanted positive assurance. He sent to Jesus and got an answer that satisfied him.

Then the brilliant young preacher looked out into the audience and raised his hand, "Do not most all of us get in prisons sometime? Are we not sometimes cooped up with circumstance that we can hardly account for and at such times do not doubts arise? Then, let us go straight to Jesus and get anew assurances from Him that He is the Christ, that He can break the bars that encircle us. Our doubts shall vanish and we shall walk in full assurance." Looking backward over more than fifty years, the eyes of memory see Harry's handsome face and hear his beautiful, tender, though penetrating voice, as I sit here dictating these lines. Dear Harry! He has been dead something more than twenty-five years. Rev. M. T. Chandler was one of our class, he filled many of our best stations in the Kentucky Conference, was much beloved. We were warm friends through the years, but he went away to heaven leaving me to mourn his loss a few years ago. A Brother Head in middle life, whose given name I cannot recall, for some years postmaster at Harrodsburg, Ky., joined the Conference, a member of our class, lived only a few years, and died in peace. The other two of our class seemed to have dropped out of conference.

Bishop McTyeire presided over the conference. His coming was a blessing not only to the church but the community. There was something of the silent but gracious penetrating power of salt that purifies and keeps, in the coming of Bishop McTyeire. A great calm man with a personality that was a sort of inspiration. In those days we read long reports, giving the number of persons received into the church, the infants baptized, the sums of money raised for various purposes, it took quite a while to read the reports. I was the last one of the class on trial to read my report.

Each one of the brethren before me got a bit confused and stopped to explain. The bishop would say, "Brother, finish your report and then explain anything you desire." Then the brother would answer back to the bishop, "I just wanted to call your attention to this item." "Very well, go on, finish your report and then explain any item." The brother would get confused and frequently continue to explain, notwithstanding the bishop's request. I made note of that fact and determined not to make any explanation but simply read my report, which I did. When I got through, the bishop said, "Thank you, my young brother, for the way you read your report. You can retire." When I went out, he said, "I like that young man and the manner in which he has made his report to the conference." Some of the brethren told me of the bishop's remarks. Words like that coming from a bishop counted large in those days. It warmed my heart and braced me up for better effort in the good work of the Lord.

Although I had been only one year on trial I was appointed to Stanford, Ky., a married man's station. When the conference closed, I tarried. I just longed to speak to the bishop, to shake his hand. Most of the people had left the church. I moved up to the bishop and said, "I wish to thank you for my appointment." He was moving slowly down the aisle toward the door of the church. I was at his left side. He laid his great arm gently around my shoulder and said, "My young brother, I believe you will do right and the presiding elder believes you will. But there is a female college at Stanford, near your church. There are many young ladies in that school and you must be very judicious." Those words as the pressure of his arm came about me went deep into my heart.

When I got to Stanford I found the female college yard joined the church yard, a small fence between the two properties. I called to see Mrs. Trueheart, the president of the college, who was afterward for many years president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society with headquarters at Nashville. I told her what the bishop had said to me and that she need have no fears that I would forget his exhortation. She did have some very beautiful girls, but I never wrote a note to one of them or made a date or called to see one, I was very judicious. I might not be able to say that this was true with reference to one of the charming young women who was a music teacher in the school.

I had never lived or preached in a county seat. To me, Stanford was quite a city. I was a bit frightened, as I approached the church for my first Sunday service. I had spent the night with perhaps the most prominent and wealthiest man in the church, Brother Barny Van Arsdale, a kindly and devout Methodist. When we got within a few yards of the church, he said, "Brother Morrison, if I were you I would not preach my best sermon first. Some preachers give us their best message at their first appearance and are never able to reach up to it again. It occurs to me that a preacher should give one of his average, more ordinary sermons to begin with, and then he will be able to increase rather than diminish in his ministrations of the Word.

These words of counsel show that that good man regarded me young and immature, which I was. That exhortation intensified my fright. I didn't have but one good sermon, as I saw it, and I had chosen that for my first appearance. If this feeling of timidity and fear intensified, I might be dead by the next Sabbath, and in that case I wouldn't need any other sermon. The cold perspiration broke out all over my body. I trembled as I went into the pulpit. I remember my text. It is in First Chronicles, 28th chapter and 9th verse, King David's charge to Solomon. It is a good text. The Lord helped me. My fright subsided and I got on very well. The people seemed to be pleased and received me most cordially.

I found a fine people in Stanford, of all denominations. They were religious, sociable, kind, and gave me a hearty welcome. I boarded with a family where the husband, a prominent business man, was a member of the Christian Church, superintendent of their Sunday school. The wife was a Presbyterian, and Rev. John Bruce, the young Baptist minister of the town, boarded in the same family, and thus I was brought in touch with the various denominations. Bruce was a delightful young brother and we worked together in beautiful harmony. When one of us had on a revival, the other one called off his prayer meeting and Sunday night services and brought his congregation to the church where the meeting was on, and helped to carry forward the good work. I have never met a more delightful people than at Stanford, county seat of Lincoln County.

I had two very gracious years there, had revivals of religion, souls were blessed. All the elderly people living there then, in the various churches, have long since passed away. The people who were grown then are gone. The children of those days are now grey-headed. Twice since my pastorate there I have gone back and held revivals, once with Brother William Arnold who is now at home beyond the stars. We had a revival that spread not only through the town but through the county and broke over into an adjoining county. About a year after the meeting closed, Brother Arnold, who was one of the best pastors I ever knew to take care of the fruits of a revival meeting and keep the holy fires burning, wrote me that as a result of those meetings not less than five hundred souls had been converted. At the close of this conference year, I got permission to spend a year at Vanderbilt University, located at Nashville, Tenn.

It was at Stanford that I met with one of the first persons I was ever closely associated with who claimed the experience of entire sanctification. Her name was Mary McAfee. With her widowed mother and another maiden sister, they kept the tollgate on the Crab Orchard Turnpike, at the outskirts of Stanford. Mary McAfee was a member of our church.

Brother McElroy, the Presbyterian pastor, called to see me and I asked him, about the spiritual atmosphere of the town. He said they were in great need of a revival, that there was not the spiritual life in our churches that there should be. He said, "You have one member in your church that is a most remarkable woman. She's a bit peculiar, perhaps, but she's a saintly soul. Mary McAfee. Have you met her yet?" I had not. I talked with the Baptist minister about the religious life of the town and community and he said there was great need of a revival. As we talked it over, he said, "You have a member of your church who is a very remarkable and saintly woman. Have you met Mary McAfee? She lives down at the tollgate. She certainly is a true disciple of Christ, and has a gracious testimony." Reading the town paper, I saw that there were some twenty-odd prisoners in the county jail. I went down and asked permission to preach to them. I had only been in the place a short time and had not yet met the remarkable member of my church. Most of the prisoners were Negroes. They let them out in a large hall in the jail, and I preached to them. When I got through preaching, I said, "Well, boys, what about the religious life of this town?" To which, one of them replied, "Dish heah is not jes' de place to find about the religions life of the community. If we'd a known more about that we wouldn't be whar we is. De Lawd know we got one saint heah. She keeps de tollgate on de Crab Orchard Pike, Miss Mary McAfee. If us boys had some of what she got, we wouldn't be whar we is."

They had an infidel doctor in the town. He had his office upstairs over a livery stable. I called to see him. He didn't greet me very warmly. I said, "Doctor, I'm the new Methodist preacher and I'm

just knocking around, thought I'd come up and shake hands." "Well," said he, "I reckon they told you I am an infidel. The Christians always tell the preachers about me when they come to town." I said, "Yes, some one did tell me that, but you are a citizen here, and so am I, and thought we might be friendly with each other." "Yes," said he, "sit down." pointing to a chair. And we fell into conversation.

By and by the doctor said, "I think, Mr. Morrison, I'm perhaps about as straight a man as some people you have in your church and I have my doubts about some of your teachings. But I will say if I could have the peace and joy of a little woman down here at the tollgate named Mary McAfee I'd like to have it. She is the best and the happiest woman I have ever known."

In these conversations, I was reminded that "a city set upon a hill cannot be hid." I soon met with her, a very plain maiden woman. We became well acquainted and when preacher's would visit me I would take them down to the tollgate to see Mary and she would talk to us and pray for us. I believe every church member in the town knew that woman and believed in her and I know many people profoundly wished that they had a religious experience like hers. She was a great power in revivals and no doubt led many souls to Christ. One night during a protracted meeting, I said, "Well, we must close now." She was in the back of the church talking to a group of young men who had only standing room! and she called out, "Don't give us the benediction yet." I waited. We sang a song and she came down the aisle with a great group of young men following her, who dropped on their knees about the altar.

There are two ways of preserving fruit; one with vinegar, the other with sugar. There is a vast difference between pickles and preserves. In a long life and wide experience, some people claiming the blessing of entire sanctification seem to have gotten into the vinegar barrel and others in the sugar hogshead. Mary McAfee, beautiful soul, had a sweet experience that would win and draw. She never tried to drive.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 13 AT VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY**

Fifty-six years ago I became a student in the theological department of Vanderbilt University located at Nashville, Tenn. The University was the property of the M. E. Church, South, a great center of Methodist influence. The University had been built on a broad campus, covered with forest trees. You could hardly conceive of more appropriate and beautiful surroundings than were found at Vanderbilt.

Bishop McTyeire, one of the greatest and best men the South ever produced, was the President, respected and beloved not only in his own church but among Christian people everywhere, He was a tower of strength. He made no sort of effort to appear great. He could not appear otherwise. It was a benediction to come in contact with the strong, tender man whose presence had a strange, uplifting effect upon those who had the good fortune to approach him.

Dr. Garland, one of the finest men in all the Southland, a scholar and saint, whose head was white as snow, with a heart just as white as his head, was chancellor. He was admired and revered by professors and students, the people of Nashville, and all the South. I do not believe I have ever looked upon a man more saintly in his appearance and whose utterances from the chapel platform were more weighty, appropriate, and inspiring.

Dr. Shipp was at that time Dean of the Theological Seminary and taught our classes. Dr. Thomas Dodd, a great scholar and a most delightful gentleman, taught us practical theology. Rev. W. F. Tillet, D. D., was our instructor in systematic theology. He was afterward dean of the school for many years. We had other teachers, but some of them have slipped my memory. There was a very fine body of Christian gentlemen in the teaching force of the University. No finer intellect or better instructor than Dr. John J. Tigert, who had married a daughter of Bishop McTyeire, had the chair of philosophy. He was in the very bloom of his young manhood with mental capacities which were marvelous. Dr. Gross Alexander was Chaplain of the University and pastor of West End Church, at which church the University people, for the most part, worshipped. Doctors Tigert and Alexander were both Kentuckians and members of the Louisville Conference.

I had been preaching for five years and had quite a bit of experience in revival work. There is a strange and interesting bond between Kentuckians. Perhaps that would be some explanation why Dr. Tigert and Dr. Alexander took an interest in me and made me feel quite at home with them. Alexander was one of the brightest scholars in the church, one of the most consecrated men, was a searching and powerful preacher. He was quite determined to stir up the church and lead his congregation, embracing the University people, into a deeper spiritual life, which he doubtless succeeded in doing.

I shall never forget one evening after he had preached a severely searching sermon, walking from West End Church back to the University campus, he and Dr. Tigert reasoned with each other. I walked with them without saying a word, but listening closely to their conversation. Dr. Tigert suggested that he be a little less severe. Dr. Alexander defended his position and method. They were perfectly calm with genuine appreciation and love of each other; their conversation was most interesting. We got out to the University, climbed over the stile and went up right near where the monument to Mr. Vanderbilt stands, stopped there and still they talked about the church and the ministry and preaching.

Finally, Dr. Tigert said, "Gross, (that was the given name of Dr. Alexander), I appreciate your profound scholarship. I admire your devotion and the zeal which characterize your ministrations. You have been here about four months and it appears to me you have used the currycomb all the time. I think it is time we had some corn. They stood looking at the ground for a few seconds and parted in peace without another word. I loved and admired those men from the time of my meeting with them at Vanderbilt to the day of their death, and they always manifested a very kindly interest in me.

Dr. Alexander was not in the best of health and several times he had me preach for him in the West End Church, where I had an opportunity to hand out a message to many of the students who attended that church. On one occasion Dr. Tigert had an engagement to preach at the Methodist Church of Murfreesboro. His wife was taken ill, and he sent me up on Saturday evening to preach in his stead. The disappointment to the congregation that had been looking forward with great expectation to Dr. Tigert's coming, when I arrived on the scene and explained that his wife being sick, he had sent me in his stead, was very manifest.

It was during this year at Vanderbilt that I first heard the name of Sam Jones. We students frequently talked together of what we had heard about this remarkable man who had not as yet held a meeting in a great city. He passed through Nashville, preached once, awakened great interest, and went on to Lebanon to hold a meeting. Notices began to appear in the newspapers and there was quite a discussion whether or not he should be invited to Nashville to hold protracted services. Some of the preachers voted against inviting him, one of whom was Dr. Barbee who was then pastor of old McKendree Church. One of the advocates of his coming, wrote quite a number of letters to the morning paper, made a very earnest plea for the invitation of Sam Jones to the city and a great revival effort; he always signed himself "An Old Sinner."

Finally, a number of churches of various denominations united in inviting Jones to Nashville. Dr. Barbee joined in with them. They secured an immense tent, seated it well, and Jones came. He was the most remarkable man, as a preacher, that had appeared in the pulpit in a long while. The people flocked to hear him by thousands. His marvelous voice that, without any effort, could reach the ears of the multitude, his faith in Christ, his love for humanity, his flashes of wit, and his bubbling humor, drew and held the people. We young preachers, along with a host of University students, thronged his ministry, and he was the subject of discussion at the table, on the campus, in classrooms, in business houses, law offices, preachers' studies — everywhere people were talking about Sam Jones and his wonderful sayings. There is no doubt that the meeting did great good.

The Sunday morning that Sam Jones was to preach his first sermon of the series in the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Tillett had an engagement to preach at West End for Dr. Alexander. Dr. Tillett was taken ill that morning and came and asked me to take his place, which I did; had a good time, although the multitudes had gone to hear Sam Jones. Dr. Fitzgerald, then editor of The Christian Advocate, and afterwards bishop, lived near West End Church and invited me home to dinner, and I went. What a charming man he was. He was a saintly soul. He claimed the blessing of Perfect Love. His life, his tender voice, and his shining face convinced everyone that his witness was true.

While I had a delightful year at Vanderbilt, I was fully convinced that my place was out in the harvest fields for souls. I made engagements for revival meetings during the summer, came at once when my classwork was done and my examinations were over, to Stanford, my former pastorate, and assisted my much beloved brother, Rev. F. S. Pollitt, in revival meetings. Just about the time the revival closed, I got a call to go to Wilmore, Ky. The Methodists had just built a new church at that place. At its dedication, a revival broke out and, wishing to protract the meetings, they sent for me. Coming to Wilmore, I found three or four families constituting the village with a thickly settled community around the place, and we had a very gracious revival, quite a number of people converted, and many additions to the church. It was the sowing of the seed which sprang up and finally matured in the beginning of Asbury College.

I assisted in revival meetings until our conference met and I received an appointment to Eleventh Street Methodist Church in Covington, Ky. I had an interesting year there, came in touch with our big sister, the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Cincinnati, where I often visited the publishing house and secured books. The next year I was appointed to the Highlands, that beautiful upland region between the Ohio and Licking Rivers. I spent a delightful year there, holding a number of revivals with my brethren, made up my mind to go into the evangelistic field and had engagements for revivals in a number of states of the Union, had bought me a trunk, and had packed it, took it with me to the Conference which met in Scott Street Church, Covington. Bishop Granberry, a most loving courteous, and devout gentleman, presided.

A number of my brethren on hearing that I was going into the evangelistic field insisted that I remain at least a few years longer in the pastorate, that in the pastorate I would become better acquainted with the needs of the people and be better prepared for the work of an evangelist. They were so earnest and their reasoning so logical that I agreed to remain in the conference work and received my appointment to Danville, Ky. What a charming old city is Danville, a great center of education and culture. That is where Centre College, which has wielded such a remarkable influence in the State and nation, is located. There was also a fine female college there. The state deaf and dumb institute is there. Danville was the home of many fine old Kentucky families. I have never served a church that was more prompt in meeting its obligations, looking after all matters connected with its relations to the community and the conference. Dancing and card playing were almost entirely unknown in its membership this half century ago. I cannot say the membership was very spiritual.

In June of this year I was married to Miss Laura Bain, daughter of Colonel George W. Bain, who was for many years connected with chautauqua and prohibition work, a great orator, a devout

Christian and withal one of the most lovable gentlemen I have ever known. While at Vanderbilt University after our Friday recitation to Dr. Thomas Dodd, he being a Kentuckian and having once been pastor of a church that had many of my relatives in its membership, we would sit for an hour and chat together. In one of these conversations he related an amusing incident that took place when he was pastor of the Methodist Church in Paris, Ky., connected with his baptism of a baby girl. He said they named the babe for him and I asked him what the name was. He said it was Laura Dodd Bain, a daughter of Colonel George W. Bain. I asked how long since this occurred. He gave me the number of years, and I said to myself, "When I get back to Kentucky I am going to see that girl. She's old enough now to be in society and to marry, and if she's the worthy daughter of that great man she would be the worthy wife of any Methodist preacher."

Soon after conference, I was invited to hold revival meetings in Hill Street Church, Lexington, Ky., the leading church in our conference. I went down to assist the pastor, Dr. Noland, once a lawyer; graciously converted, he became a preacher, one of the finest men and best preachers in Kentucky Methodism. Mr. Bain, who lived with his family in Lexington, attended the meeting. I was invited to their house for dinner and fell in love with Miss Laura at once. I was timid, afraid, and delayed for something more than two years to mention my state of mind to her. I could hardly believe that so brilliant and superior a woman would be willing to unite her fortune with so ordinary a person as myself. I wrote her letters and tore them up. I went down to Lexington several times to visit her, but my heart failed me and I did not make the calls. The meetings to which I refer, in Hill Street Church, turned out to be a great revival. People filled the house, stood around the walls, and some of the ushers told me hundreds were turned away. I stayed with them twenty-one days. My presiding elder, Rev. Charles Taylor, five years a missionary in China, was presiding elder of the Covington District, wrote me a kindly letter in which he said, "Your people are like sheep without a shepherd. You must come home." I went the next day.

Finally I mustered up courage to visit Miss Bain and tell her of my love which had been extending over a period of something more than two years. I was accepted and we were married and sometime after she told me that the first time she attended the revival meeting at Hill Street, where I was preaching, when she sat down, looked up in the pulpit and saw the young preacher, something within her heart said, "That's the man for me." It looked as if an invisible and gracious power drew us together.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 14 A TRAIN OF MEMORIES**

In the preceding chapter in my life story I spoke of assisting Rev. William Noland in revival meetings in Hill Street Methodist Church, Lexington, Ky., when he was pastor there. Referring to this meeting brings up a train of memories that might be of interest to the reader. I held meetings in a number of county seats, but I had not undertaken to hold a meeting in any city as large as Lexington. When the invitation came to me I hesitated.

While preaching in Eleventh Street Methodist Church, Covington, Ky., on Sunday morning, I saw Mr. George Spencer, an official member of Hill Street Church in Lexington, sitting in my congregation. When I closed the service he came up to me, took me by the hand, and said, "Henry Clay, I have come after you. Monday morning you are going home with me to begin a revival meeting Monday evening in our church." I was embarrassed and hesitated at the thought of undertaking so large a task. He would not hear to anything I said or excuse I offered, so at the evening service I announced that I would be absent for two weeks and had made arrangements for a supply for my pulpit. Monday morning I went to Lexington with Brother Spencer. We opened up the meeting on Monday evening. If I remember correctly, it was in the fall of 1885. I was of very light weight and looked much younger than I was. One of the Lexington papers wrote up a very kindly notice of the meetings which started off well, and called me "the boy preacher." This, no doubt, helped to create interest and attract attention. The people came in great throngs to hear me. All the seats were filled, extra chairs were brought in, many stood around the walls, and the ushers told me that numbers of people were turned away at the door.

There were a number of young business men who were stewards of the church who took a deep interest in the meeting. Almost every night after preaching, they would have me go with a group of them to the home of one of the stewards. The good wife would make us a big kettle of oyster soup, and while we were waiting for its serving and while partaking of it, these men planned how to make the meetings more interesting and fruitful. I can remember how earnestly they talked with each other. Each man would have his work laid off for the next day. Myers was to visit a certain family and urge them to attend church. Spencer was to see certain business men and invite them to be present. Young had his work planned and was to get in touch with certain people with whom he had influence. Some one else was to look after the newspapers and keep notices of the meetings before the public. I never saw a group of men work with more beautiful harmony and zealous effort.

The women of the church became deeply interested and got busy. The young people went out after their friends and brought in the unconverted. Not only the Methodists, but people of other churches, became deeply interested. Prominent lawyers, doctors, and influential men came to the meetings. We sometimes had testimony, and I well remember an old gentleman who was very prominent in the Christian Church which was and is strong in Lexington. who stood up in the testimony meeting. I

recall his words: "Brother Morrison, there are some things about which we may not be able to agree, but there is one thing about which we can agree. We both want every sinner in Lexington saved, and you may count on me to assist you in this good work all I can." His testimony made a profound impression. The tears were in his eyes and other people were moved to tears. Quite a number of people converted in these meetings desired baptism by immersion, and I went with them down to Main Street Christian Church and immersed them in the baptistery of that church.

Brother Noland, the pastor, was much beloved and highly appreciated by the members of his church and by the people of Lexington. In his younger days he had practiced law. He had been powerfully converted, responded to the call to preach the Gospel, and was a preacher of marked ability. Everything about him was interesting. You could feel the power of his personality, of his consecrated life. Almost every time I preached, he would arise before pronouncing the benediction and speak a few words of endorsement and approval of my message. Two hands upon the bow made the arrow go with additional force, and power of penetration.

In my long life in evangelistic work, I have frequently preached for pastors who never at any time during the meeting uttered one word of approval of my messages. The people of his [such a pastor's] church and visitors did not know whether he believed or disbelieved what I was saying. There is a class of men who are quite remarkable for their ability to shy anything like responsibility. Isn't it Dickens who somewhere in one of his interesting stories speaks of a character as an "artful dodger?" I frequently think of this character when I am impressed with the carefulness with which a lot of timid pastors protect themselves and their reputation during a revival meeting. I was invited to speak to the students at the State University and quite a number took a deep interest in and attended the meeting. In a long life of revival meeting work, I have met with some excellent stewards who helped to make a meeting successful which otherwise might have been a failure; but I have never known a group of stewards to work with the zeal and earnestness, the co-operation and thrill, with which this group of stewards put themselves into this revival meeting. They have all been dead many years. They still live in my memory.

Speaking of stewards, I never had anything approaching a disagreement or unpleasant experience with but two stewards when Brother Charlie Cooper and myself, as mere boys, were riding the Jacksonville Circuit. A brother told me confidentially that a certain steward had said, "They have not sent us any preacher; they have sent us two boys. It's a shame the way we are treated. I do not intend to go to hear them preach, or make any contribution to their support or have anything to do with them." I told Brother Cooper about what I had heard and he spoke to the party who had made this utterance and told the old gentleman that I had said that I could get on very well without him. This made him quite angry. The people came to hear me in large numbers. We had a good revival in his church. He never attended any of the services in his church, but out of curiosity slipped into a schoolhouse where I was preaching one night and sat on the back seat.

At the end of the conference year, as I was riding away, I passed his blacksmith shop. He hailed me, came out, reached up and wound a lock of my horse's mane around his finger, and with a very stern face said, "I understand that in the beginning of the conference year you said that you wouldn't need my assistance or sympathy in any way." "Yes," I answered, "I said something of that sort, but

I was provoked to make the remark because of remarks that you had made about how badly your church had been treated in having mere boys sent to you to preach."

"Well," said he, "you are supposed to be my pastor. Don't you think you should have visited me and ministered to me, whatever I may have been supposed to say about you?" I answered him at once, "Yes, sir, I should have visited you and ignored whatever you had said about me, and if I should return to this circuit I will come to your house, sit at your table, and pray for you and your family, whatever your attitude might be toward me." He let go the horse's mane, reached up his big hard hand, (he was a blacksmith) and grasped my hand, and said, "Yes, and if you come back you will be welcome at my house and you may count upon me for any support I can render to you." We looked each other straight in the face with moist eyes, and our hearts warmed up, and we parted good friends.

I will relate one other experience I had with a steward. He was a prominent man, a banker of wealth, devoted to the interests of the church. His house was the home of bishops and other prominent churchmen when they came anywhere in his community. He had been to the General Conference several times. He was highly appreciated by his brethren both in the ministry and the laity. He came up to me the first morning of the meeting of our Conference and said, "Would you be willing to go to the Methodist Church in my city as pastor?" I said, "That's a married man's appointment. I am single. That church pays twice as much as I have ever received. The bishop would not give me that appointment." His answer was, "We desire you for our pastor, and if you will consent to go, I think I can speak to the Bishop and have the appointment made." "Oh," said I, "I'll go wherever the Bishop sends me." He hurried away to the residence where the bishop was entertained, came back, and just as we were walking into church, said, "I have seen the Bishop and you will be our pastor." I was greatly surprised. We had not yet had a session of the body, there had been no meeting of the cabinet. The Bishop and the Elder of my district were mere ornaments. The banker had made my appointment. I went to his church located in a beautiful little city, with a fine congregation. They were very prompt with all their financial obligations. They collected my salary and placed it in the bank to my credit. They gave me a nice office over a store uptown. I was quite used to holding revival meetings and felt pretty free in the pulpit to speak out plainly what I believed. My ministry created some interest. The people of this church had for years been accustomed to a very dignified, sober pastor. The young fellows of the town got to filling up the back seats of my church. They would come from the billiard halls and other resorts, a class of people who had not been in the habit of attending church. Once in a while I would make some remark that would cause a smile, quite new in that staid, dignified congregation. I do not think they had made an attempt at a revival in many years.

One evening the congregation filled the church; I was trying to show the difference between a willful sin that carried guilt with it and a mistake that might be unfortunate but was without sin. Among other illustrations I said, "A devoted wife might put too much soda in the biscuit. She didn't intend it. The family wouldn't enjoy it, but she had committed no sin. After a pause I remarked, "That good wife should not make that mistake too often." There was quite a little titter of mirth went through the congregation. The next day this banker friend who had made my appointment, called at my study to see me. There was a table in the center of the room. He sat down on one side and I sat on the other. He said, "Brother Morrison, you know I let you have the money to go to Vanderbilt

University." I said, "Yes, sir, and you know I paid every dollar of it back to you with six per cent interest." He reddened up a little. He said, "Well, you know I came to the Conference, saw the Bishop, and secured your appointment to this place." I answered, "You may not have known there was a committee at the Conference asking for my appointment to a larger church than this." The brother looked at me in astonishment. His face got quite red. After a pause he said, "I came up here to say that if you want my endorsement, you must leave out some of the objectionable remarks that you make in your pulpit messages." I said, "I will promise you to search for my text on my knees, but when I stand up to preach am a free man without any promises to anybody. I sometimes say things that I regret, but my earnestness, ought to be some atonement for my blunders." He didn't sit long. He stammered out a few words about his wishes for my success and I assured him very plainly that I appreciated the same but that I must be a free man before God and the people when I stood up to preach, without any sort of promises to anybody, except I would try to discharge my duty with a good conscience. I followed him to the stairway and as he went down the stairs the bald spot on his head, about as large around as the top of a teacup, was very red. I could tell by the color of it that I would be removed from that church at the next Conference, and I was.

My trial was held in my absence before the Bishop, and one or more of the presiding elders. The sentence was passed when the Bishop stood up and read me out for another church. I was quite pleased with my appointment. It was a beautiful stone church at Frankfort, the capital of our State. I found a very delightful people there, but no revival for many years and the young people of the church were quite worldly, but intelligent and well-meaning. I had two very interesting years at Frankfort. With the other pastors we acted as chaplains for the State Senate and the House of Representatives and I came in touch with many of the leading men of the State. During those two years we had three gracious revivals of religion; nearly all of the young people of the church were happily converted at the altar, and older persons who had been members of the church for many year found in the light of the Gospel they had never been born again. Several of them sought the Lord Jesus and found a gracious experience of grace.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 15 IN THE HIGHLANDS OF KENTUCKY**

Looking about in the storehouse of my memory, I find that I failed to mention the fact that after serving the church at Eleventh Street, Covington, one year, I was appointed to the church in Highlands, Ky., which has become the beautiful city of Fort Thomas. It was then a thickly settled community on those beautiful hills from which you could look over into Cincinnati. I have never come in touch with a more delightful group of families than those that made up our congregation in the Highlands Church. Dr. T. N. Ralston, who wrote "Ralston's Elements of Divinity," lived near this church. He was old and feeble, but one of the handsomest and most pious old gentlemen I have ever met, — a profound scholar, a devout Christian, with tender heart and loving soul. His wife, who was younger than himself, took the tenderest care of him. He was not able to get out to church, but I often went to see and converse with him. These conversations made his book, which was then in our course of study, and on which I had passed my examination, more interesting to me.

There were several members of the Southgate family living in the Highlands. They were cultured, devout and delightful people. There was the Taliaferro family, a cultured old family from the State of Virginia. This aged and saintly man was the father of Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, my great friend in time of need, of whom I have spoken at length in a former chapter. It was an interesting fact that a number of Brother Taliaferro's children were converted at his altar during family prayer. There were three or four Ross Brothers, as fine gentlemen as you would want to meet anywhere. They had interesting families and were very devout Christians and supporters of the church. There was a Shaw family, the father a fine old gentleman who was a banker down in Newport. He was not a member of the church. His wife and daughters were Methodists and prompt in attendance and support of the church. We had a protracted meeting during the year but not a great revival although several people were blessed. It was during this meeting that, hungering and thirsting after righteousness in my room at the old Taliaferro home where I was boarding, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying power, but that will come along in another chapter.

While pastor in the Highlands, I assisted Rev. Joe Young in a revival at Winchester, Ky. The meeting lasted about three weeks. It was a time of gracious grace and salvation. The people of all the churches attended and took an interest in this meeting. At the close, one of the converts joined the Episcopal Church, fifteen joined the Presbyterian Church, twenty-two joined the Christian Church, twenty-two the Baptist Church, and about a hundred joined the Methodist Church. At the close of that meeting the young men who were converted made up a hundred dollars and bought me a splendid gold watch that I have had, keeping excellent time, for fifty-three years. I took up a collection of a thousand dollars, rented a hall, and we opened up a young men's union prayer meeting of all the churches, which was to be held at noon each day of the week and at three o'clock in the afternoon on the Sabbath day. Five years later, I went to hold another revival in Winchester and was

delighted to find there had not been a day in the five years that they had not had prayer in the hall we secured at the close of the meeting.

The people of Winchester became greatly interested in Kentucky Wesleyan College and determined to try to move the school to that city. They had me spend a week tramping the streets, with Mr. John Garner, Mayor of the city, soliciting subscriptions; every other night I spoke in the Opera House to great crowds of people and we aroused quite an interest, and secured a considerable subscription which the people agreed to pay if the college was moved to Winchester. The matter was brought before the Kentucky Conference; quite a bit of agitation followed, but finally the college was moved to Winchester.

It was while I was pastor at the Highlands that I assisted Rev. Alec Redd in meetings in Paris, Ky. The Lord gave us a gracious blessing in this place. We were soon crowded out of the Methodist Church. I preached once or twice in the courthouse. When Dr. Rutherford, pastor of the Presbyterian Church which had a very large auditorium, asked us to move the meeting into his church, we did so and he co-operated with us most beautifully. He was as delightful a Christian gentleman as you would wish to meet anywhere. It was during that evangelistic meeting that I met with a young man named Thomas Talbot, who afterwards was associated with me in The Herald office. He traveled for years securing subscriptions, selling books, and watching over me at the great camp meetings, telling me what texts to preach from, and when I preached too long, and doing his very best to make out of me as useful a preacher as possible. We had many good times together.

These three meetings, Lexington, Winchester, and Paris, gave me quite a reputation as a revivalist, and the brethren of many of the churches invited me to assist them in revival work. I enjoyed this very much and I helped my brethren in meetings in a number of county seats and village churches. The calls came to me from all about the Conference, many of which it was impossible for me to respond to. I received some calls from other states. I found when I was out holding meetings there were frequently demands for services in my own church, perhaps a marriage, or some one sick. I was embarrassed, as some of the people found fault with me because of my absence when needed.

I was engaged in revival meetings in the Methodist Church in Maysville, Ky. After retiring one night I thought late into the night of the many calls I was receiving and of the great need of a revival, and how impossible it was for me to respond to many of these calls without neglecting my own congregation. I tossed about and could not sleep, the question came to me very directly, "Why not use printer's ink to send out the message?" I had written but very little for publication; all told, it would not have covered one page of The Pentecostal Herald. As I lay thinking, I prayed, and was led to believe that I was divinely called to establish a paper in order that I might send out an evangelistic message to fields where it was impossible for me to go, personally. This conviction became so strong that I arose, lighted the lamp, secured ink and paper, sat down at two o'clock at night and wrote my first editorial for the paper yet to be born. When I returned to Frankfort, I consulted with a publisher and made arrangements for bringing out a six-page monthly paper. I named it "The Old Methodist," which attracted more attention among the people in the surrounding country than it did among the people of my own congregation. I received many encouraging words and the paper grew. The money I received for subscriptions, and the few advertisements that were given me by merchants in the city of Frankfort, did not meet the expenses of the publication. "The Old Methodist" went out monthly

for two years. At the end of that time, I was three hundred dollars in debt to my publisher, a bit discouraged, but my conviction was strong and I was fully determined to go forward.

I took local relations at the Annual Conference which met in Lexington, Bishop Hargrove presiding. Many of the brethren objected to my course, but I felt led of the Lord. I changed the name of the paper to "The Kentucky Methodist" and published it in Lexington. It grew, made friends, and also met with strong opposition and some bitter enemies, but my heart was warm, my mind was made up and I pressed on. After many months I was able to cancel my indebtedness with my publishers at Frankfort. "The Kentucky Methodist" was something like the Hebrews in Egypt land where, we are told, the more they were oppressed, the more it grew.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 16 A REMARKABLE CONVERSION**

While pastor of the Methodist Church in Frankfort, I had one of the most remarkable conversions that ever took place under my ministry. I am reminded that I had an evangelist with me holding meetings at the time. His wife was an excellent preacher. She could give texts, illustrate the point, tell of the manifestations of God's grace on various occasions, and of the conversion of hardened sinners. It was under the preaching of this woman that the subject of this sketch fell under deep conviction. I had labored with him before and labored with him during his seeking the Lord, and so I think of him as at least part mine. It is a beautiful thought that we are co-workers and any one of us must be very careful of claiming that we have done thus and so, when God only knows how, and who, and what, brought souls to repentance and to saving faith. It is a delightful thing for a great company of people in love and prayer and service to create an atmosphere and put on a spiritual drive that produces a revival and brings immortal souls into the Kingdom, and then with one accord give the glory to our blessed Lord, and so we will in this case.

"Uncle Sam," and that is name enough for the party of whom we write, was a cavalry soldier in the Union Army. They say he was a good fighter in time of battle and was generally in a brawl with his comrades between battles. He was a blacksmith by trade. He was at one time a sailor on ships at sea. He was a man of remarkable intellect. He had never learned to read or write. He had now grown old, quite past seventy when I met him the first time. He lived in a shanty boat on the Kentucky River up and down and around about Frankfort. He made his living fishing and selling the product of his hook and nets and baskets to the people of Frankfort.

Uncle Sam was a drunkard. He was very profane. He was easily excited and always ready for a fight. He served a term in the penitentiary for theft. He served a second term for killing a man. When the police went to arrest him he hid behind a barrel full of ashes and shot at them; he was struck by several bullets, but he was that kind of man that is remarkably hard to kill. He recovered, was convicted, served his term, and was in his fishing boat drinking and swearing and always ready to fight.

His abused wife lived in the basement of a house on the hillside. Passing by, I saw her face was fearfully bruised and asked a policeman the cause of her condition. He said that Sam, her husband, had beaten her almost to death some time before and was now in the city workhouse, serving a term for wife-beating. I must confess I did not feel much love for the poor old sinner, but I did love the Man who hung on the cross for him and loved him, and so I went out to see him. He was in a cell with a trace chain run through an auger hole in the door of his prison, wrapped around a log and locked with a padlock. A colored girl let me into his cell, put the chain through the auger hole, wrapped it around the log, locked it and went off. I had heard of his desperate character, and locked up there with him and the girl with the key gone away, I felt a bit uncomfortable and I determined

at once in my exhortation to use the word "we" instead of "you." He was a very bad looking customer, head perfectly bald and dirty, with a little rim of hair down close to his neck. He was lying on a pallet on the floor and he rose up, looking more like a beast or a savage than a man. There was a heavy stool sitting near him and it occurred to me that it would be very convenient for a club in his hand if he should become displeased with me.

A little note that might go into the newspaper ran through my mind in a very short period of time. It read like this: "Rev. H. C. Morrison, a much beloved pastor of the Methodist Church, went out to the workhouse to admonish and pray with one of our famous ex-convicts, a thief and man-killer. He became indignant and beat the preacher to death before any one could get into the cell to protect him. The news of this tragedy created a great shock in the community. The people of his church are heartbroken over this untimely and tragic death. Mr. Morrison was winning the respect of the townspeople, generally. The funeral services will take place in the Methodist Church on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock and the various preachers of the city will be the pallbearers."

As these thoughts ran through my mind, I determined to keep this notice out of the newspaper, if possible. I didn't have a word of reproach or scolding but I talked about what weak creatures we are and how patient we ought to be with each other, and how I wished I might be able to help him a bit, if possible. He looked at me quietly for a moment in surprise. He then broke into tears and said, "Mister, I am an awful sinner. I wonder if any one would have enough interest in me to come out here and speak a word to me and pray for me." That was a great relief to me. We got on our knees and prayed and wept and pledged each other that we would never drink and we were going to try to be better.

I went away quite hopeful. When his time was out, we met on the street and renewed our acquaintance, and soon after this we had our revival. I do not suppose he had been in a church in sixty years, but he came and heard the woman preach. It got hold of him. He came back the second night; I asked him to come to the altar, which he did. He was quite in despair. I encouraged him with the Word of God. He went away in deep conviction and with little hope. The next morning before breakfast he knocked on my door. When I opened the door I hoped he had come to tell me he had found pardon. He said at once, "Old Tom Averill, an old sinner like me, is dying. He is unfit to go. I have come for you to pray for him. Get your hat. We must hurry." I got my hat and we went to one of the worst parts of the city into a back alley and a shack of a cabin and found Tom close to the borderland. I knelt close to his head, Sam knelt down by him. I gave Tom the gospel just as plain and simple as possible. He caught at it with all his poor old troubled mind and heart. He wept, confessed, and we prayed, and he was converted. I am sure it took place. I seemed to catch some of the gleam of the blessing that fell upon him. This encouraged Uncle Sam to believe there was salvation for him.

He came to the altar that night and tarried long. Other people were saved and went away. Most all the congregation left. One very prominent woman of my congregation who didn't manifest much spiritual life stayed and watched him struggle, with intense interest. He was powerfully converted about ten o'clock. The proud, worldly church woman came up to me in tears and said, "Dr. Morrison, the Lord is here tonight. I feel his presence." There was a brilliant young infidel doctor, the husband of one of my members, who attended my church quite regularly. He and his wife tarried until Uncle Sam was saved. The old man clapped his hands and praised God. The skeptical doctor came up and

took my hand and said, "I have known that old man since I was a boy. If he has found salvation, is changed and holds out, I am done with infidelity. I will not have another word to say against the Bible, the Church, and the saving power of Christ."

Uncle Sam joined the church. Some good women got interested in his wife. She was converted and came into the church. We made Uncle Sam sexton and the people helped him. He became the "uncle" of all of us. Everybody loved him. He was happy. He worked about the church and was often on his knees at the altar.

At Conference I located for evangelistic work and after some years had passed, I was holding a brush arbor meeting in the woods some twelve miles below Frankfort. Uncle Sam heard I was preaching down there and walked down to the meeting and when he heard me preach on sanctification, he got up and gave a good testimony and closed by saying: "What I have got is so good, I want all there is coming to me." He came to the altar at once, prayed with all his might, and directly was powerfully sanctified. After a few services he said he must return to Frankfort and tell his wife what a wonderful blessing he had received. The meeting closed, wife, myself and daughter were in a buggy going up to Frankfort, and we met Uncle Sam on his way back to the meeting, not knowing that it had closed. He walked along by our buggy and looking up with a smile he said, "Do you know, you can't have this blessing I got and chaw bakker. I have chawed bakker all my life, but the first chaw I took after I got this blessing I felt that wasn't the thing. It didn't taste good. I throwed it out of my mouth. I am done with bakker."

Several years passed on and Uncle Sam came walking into my office in Louisville and said, "The river got up and washed away my fishing boat with my nets and boxes and hooks, and I ain't got a thing left and I have come to live with you." "Well," I said, "You have come to the right place." We went out and rented him a cottage, sent for his wife who was radiant with the love of Christ. We gave Uncle Sam employment in The Herald office to build our fires, sweep the floors, and keep things in order. He did it well. I think he was with us about three years. He was quite old and very happy. Much of the time he was praising God. He loved everybody and everybody loved him. When I would come home from a meeting I would go up to their cottage and we would have prayer together.

I was preaching at the Wichita Camp Meeting and received a telegram. I went to myself and opened it. It read: "Uncle Sam left our office praising God, went home and threw the week's wages into his wife's lap, went across the street, was struck by a street car and killed instantly." I walked out in the woods nearby and wept and laughed, and said, "There is not the slightest question in my mind about where he is today." His dear old wife lived comfortably with some of her relatives for several years and I have no doubt she has joined him in a better world. As I think of that old man, what he was and what the Lord did for him and in him, and where he is and what he is now, it seems to me it were worth one's whole life in the ministry to see him born again, sanctified, filled with perfect love, live and walk in righteousness with a joyful testimony and at once go home to Paradise to worship at the feet of Jesus, our dear Redeemer. How could any one fail to love and praise a Christ like this, so mighty and so gracious to save from the uttermost to the uttermost.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 17 NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF REVIVALS**

The newspapers were more generous a half century ago in their attitude toward ministers, the church, and revivals of religion, than they are today. The editors would often attend revival services and give quite an interesting write-up of the meetings. I have said something in a former chapter about the gracious revival we had at Winchester, Ky., where Dr. Joseph H. Young was pastor.

The young editor of the city paper attended our meetings, became deeply interested, was happily converted, joined the Presbyterian Church, and became a very earnest minister of the gospel. His name was Boswell, a successful and beloved pastor in the Presbyterian Church, and a lifelong friend of mine. I give an article which appeared in his paper during the meetings at Winchester, 1887:

"Rev. H. C. Morrison who is now holding special services at the Methodist Church in the city, is, in many respects, quite a remarkable man. He is a native of Trimble county in this State, and began preaching about eight years ago. An orphan boy, he was early thrown upon his own resources, and right nobly has he developed his native powers. He attended for a short time the high School in Perryville and afterwards spent some time at Nashville in the Theological School of Vanderbilt University. He has served very acceptably five different charges in the Kentucky Conference, and is now located at highlands above Newport. Mr. Morrison has been quite a successful evangelist from the beginning of his ministry, having held quite a number of revivals at prominent points in the Conference. His style of preaching is peculiarly his own. Many have supposed that he has unconsciously followed the lead of Sam Jones but that is a mistake. Before Sam Jones came before the public Mr. Morrison was holding successful meetings and preaching in the same way he still continues to follow. His style is his own and he is emphatically no imitator. His great tender heart is intensely in earnest in his work. So manifest is this that men find it hard to resist his loving appeals. Religion is with him a living, vital power, and no mere form of doctrine or life. The Methodist Church here under his labors is being wonderfully revived. The testimony meetings, at 10 o'clock, a. m., are seasons of refreshing from on high. Dr. Young is jubilant over the great work in his church, and we trust he will realize his fullest expectations ere it closes.

"Never since the 'time whence the mind of man runneth not to the contrary,' has a religious revival taken hold of the minds and hearts of our people as at present. The city is agitated from center to circumference, and much good is being accomplished. We doubt if ever the city saw such a sight as that presented Thursday night when in the Methodist Church services were held for men only, and in the Presbyterian Church for women only, both houses being filled to overflowing. The size of the audiences has increased until no church in the city is large enough to accommodate them, and an adjournment to the Opera house became necessary; even this is too small, numbers being turned away, being unable to obtain even standing room. Enmities of long standing have been swept away, new friendships formed and an era of good feeling prevails. Nearly one hundred persons have united

with the various churches and the zeal of those already members has been kindled anew. Nearly all the ministers of the various churches cooperate heartily in the good work, and denominational differences are left in the background. Rev. Morrison will probably remain until the latter part of this week, when he will leave preparatory to beginning a series of meetings in Paris.

"A pleasant episode of these meetings was the presentation Monday night of an elegant gold watch to Mr. Morrison by his friends. The presentation address was made by Rev. J. H. Young in a few well-chosen words, and Mr. Morrison responded in a very felicitous manner."

The revival meetings in which I assisted Rev. F. W. Noland, pastor of Hill Street Methodist Church in Lexington, Ky., were held a short time before the revival meetings in Winchester, Ky. I have referred to this meeting in a preceding chapter. The Lexington papers were very generous and gave me many very favorable notices in their columns. I could have clipped enough of them to make quite a little booklet, but I only preserved what follows here.

"The Boy Preacher, Rev. H. C. Morrison, who has been conducting a series of meetings at the Hill Street Methodist Church the past two weeks, has decided to remain over Sunday and preach morning and evening. It is a treat to hear him, and we advise all our friends who have not heard him to go and hear him tomorrow. We haven't the pleasure of hearing such a man every day. His style of preaching will please the most consistent Christian and the most hardened sinner. He is not a grumbler. His face is an index to his religion. He believes that while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return. Go and hear the Boy Preacher. It will do you good. He is stopping with C. J. Meyers, the dry goods man, where he will be pleased to see his friends."

I was not a boy at that time. I was really in my twenty-sixth year, but was very light weight, and boyish in my appearance. This sort of advertising was quite calculated to draw the people to the church. People have always been fond of hearing a young preacher, ready to apologize for his faults and praise his good qualities. We give below a very kind editorial notice of the meeting, which appeared in one of the Lexington papers, 1886.

## **REVIVAL SERVICES**

"This series of revival meetings at the Hill Street Methodist Church increases in interest. Last night the elegant new building was crowded to its utmost capacity, every seat being occupied, and there being enough persons present besides to fill the improvised seats, and a number of gentlemen had to stand during the service. As usual there were more ladies present than gentlemen. Just so we suspect it will be the case when Heaven garners its treasures. Mr. Morrison, who has been designated the 'boy preacher,' lacks considerable of being a boy. He is of slender build, about the size of Dr. Guerrant, and speaks with a fervor and zeal fully equal to that of the great mountain evangelist. He has an admirable way of speaking square to the point; he calls sin by its right name, and tells his auditors plainly that if they do not do certain things they will go to hell. On giving out the opening hymn, 'A Charge To Keep I Have,' he said he felt encouraged by the presence of the large audience to hope that Lexington was awakening to religious influence. The afternoon meeting, he said, had been well attended, and considerable interest was manifested. He hoped that more people would attend the afternoon meetings. One gentleman had closed his place of business to attend, and when



admonished by a friend that he could not afford it, replied 'he could not afford to run the risk of letting God neglect him, and he would not fail to attend the season of worship.'

"In Danville there is a great revival now in progress, and the people are awakened to such an extent that merchants have cards printed, "Gone to gospel meeting for one hour," and closing their business houses, hang their cards on their doors. In the opening prayer the preacher fervently asked the blessing on all those who are seeking Christ, and begged pity for those who were satisfied with themselves, and could do nothing but sit and look solemn.

"The text was taken from the 10th chapter of Mark, describing the healing of blind Bartimaes. On this well known story he based a powerful and effective plea for all to live Christian lives. He did not have full faith in simple professions. God looks inside of silks, satins and broadcloth, and sees the blackest of hearts — even in the pulpit, the amen corner, and down the pews to the front door were found servants of the devil. There are church members who rent their buildings for barrooms, or hold stock in distilleries, who love the almighty dollar better than their souls and would go to hell for it. He did not think a church member could encourage barrooms, own stock in a distillery, attend balls, theaters, horse races, and not be an injury to the church, and be lost. He plead with his hearers to "seek Christ now;" he believed it the only safe way, and let such questions as rose from theology alone. He believed in approaching God in prayer and pointedly asking for what you want. It did him no good to spend nine-tenths of a prayer informing God how great and good he was, and one-tenth only in asking for what you want. What would you think of a man who would go into a store, and with great flourish to tell the storekeeper how honest and correct he (the storekeeper) was, and after half an hour wind up by asking for a nickel's worth of calico? The sermon was listened to with breathless attention, and at its conclusion deep feeling pervaded the entire assembly. Mr. Noland announces that there will be services this afternoon at three and tonight, and also on Sunday at eleven and at night, and the congregation was dismissed."

As we approached the conclusion of these meetings, Dr. Noland, the pastor, published the following notice of the meetings in one of the Lexington papers.

### **REVIVAL SERVICES AT HILL STREET METHODIST CHURCH**

"The revival services at Hill Street Methodist Church were closed last night, as Mr. Morrison is compelled to return to his work in Covington. For more than three weeks he has conducted these services, and large success has crowned his efforts. Immense crowds from all churches and from all classes have been drawn to the house of God, and the interest has been intense throughout, yet there has been little excitement, and no effort to produce it. Sixty-nine were added to the church, and the membership was much benefited by the services. Several joined other churches and various members of sister churches both privately and publicly expressed themselves as having been helped by the meeting. Indeed, a very general religious interest was awakened throughout the city.

"Mr. Morrison says he 'feels especially called to do evangelistic work,' and for this he is eminently qualified. Could he have remained longer with us, his success had been much greater. Whilst his preaching is very popular, being fresh, striking and earnest, it is never popular at the expense of truth. He boldly denounces sin, and declares to all men their need of a Savior. From sin to Christ is the gist

of all his preaching. He has great respect for the 'old Bible,' and takes it 'from lid to lid.' His manner is very attractive, even when most earnest. The Bible readings he gave every evening were always instructive and helpful. In exhortation he is ready forcible. His power of endurance is remarkable; he closed up his work here feeling fresh and strong. He leaves us with the best wishes and prayers of many people. Should he finally conclude to evangelize, we predict for him a large success. Twenty-one had connected themselves with hill Street Methodist Church just previous to these meetings, making an increase in membership of ninety within the last nine weeks. — W. F. Noland."

Those dear ministers, who were the friends of my early ministry, who blessed me with their love and counsel, and the multitudes who came with such deep interest and generous attitude, have all passed away. As I look over the newspaper accounts of the meetings and think of the dear friends who blessed me with their fellowship and love a train of memories comes into my mind, and a longing for the reunion I hope shall take place with them in the not distant future, at the feet of our blessed Lord in Paradise.

The following was printed in the Paris True Kentuckian, and is a comment by the editor, dear old Colonel Craddock, known and admired by a multitude of people in Central Kentucky. He is writing of meetings in Paris, Ky., commenced in the Methodist Church, where I assisted Rev. A. Redd, a beloved pastor of that city, and one of the great men of the Kentucky Conference.

## RELIGIOUS REVIVALS

"The weather was disagreeable, yet a large audience assembled at the Methodist Church Monday night, the first service in the protracted meeting begun by Rev. H. C. Morrison, of Covington. The exercises were begun with singing by the choir — Mrs. Cornie Watson, leader, and Miss Mattie Lilleston presiding at the organ, accompanied by Prof. Fogg, of Mt. Sterling, on the cornet. We learn that Prof. Fogg will be present tonight, and remain until the close of the meeting.

The subject of Mr. Morrison's opening discourse was "The Rich Man and Lazarus." It is a familiar subject, but handled with a freshness and vigor which went home to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. Some of his illustrations were forcible and striking. He has the capacity to say with directness what he means, and at times deals heavy and telling blows. He is entertaining, sometimes a vein of humor sparkling out, instructive and sympathetic; but he does not mince words. In his remarks he was severe upon the prevailing sin of selfishness, and said in so many words that the selfish man would go to hell. He described graphically the wide social difference between the Rich Man and Lazarus — the one clad in fine raiment and fared sumptuously every day, and Lazarus eating the crumbs which fell from his table. It was, he said, a difficult matter to learn to be no respecter of persons. He knew of a minister once who had but a cold welcome for a poorly clad sinner who had come forward to the mourner's bench, but who went up the aisle with outstretched arms to welcome a bank officer who was coming to Christ. In conclusion, he referred to the different estimates that God placed upon the two men, and forcibly described the ascent of Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and the Rich Man hurled into hell. The Rich Man yesterday feasting sumptuously, today begging for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue; yesterday, clad in fine linen, today wrapped in flames; Lazarus yesterday eating the crumbs which fell from the Rich Man's table, today

partaking of the hidden manna, in the presence of God; yesterday clad in rags, today clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness.

"He said he asked the sympathy, the co-operation and prayer of God's people in this community. He would not have come here if he thought that the other congregations in the city should fail to co-operate in the work. He desired above all things to see sinners converted, and hoped that as a result of this meeting all churches in the community would be benefited.

"The church was crowded to its utmost capacity last night. Brother Morrison's discourse was founded on the 'Lord's Prayer.' At times he was pathetic, and at other times humorous — alternating from tears to smiles. The crowd last night shows that the church will be unable to accommodate the people who wish to attend. Prayer and experience meeting every afternoon at 3 o'clock. These meetings are highly interesting to those who attend. The indications are that the meetings will be a great success. Brother Morrison is producing a most favorable impression. One of the Winchester workers was in town yesterday, working around with the railroad boys. Instead of carrying the whisky bottle in his pocket, he now carries the Bible.

"The experience meeting Sunday afternoon showed all were anxious to work earnestly for a revival, as did the prayer meeting Sunday afternoon. Brother Morrison asked all to seek out someone for special object of prayer. Rev. Dr. Rutherford advised all his members to join heartily the Methodists in their revival. The good people of Winchester who were so much interested in Brother Morrison's meeting there told us Monday they were coming over frequently to the meetings here. They may arrive in time for much of the afternoon service, and leave after night service. Lexingtonians can do the same and propose coming. There is talk of special trains from both places on Sundays."

The old scrapbook in which these newspaper reports were pasted was lost for many years. I found it some time ago on a book shelf, and read them over. They brought up a long train of sacred memories. I print them here that the reader may know something of the beginnings of my ministry more than a half century ago.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 18 ENTERING THE EVANGELISTIC FIELD**

I had been having so many calls from my brethren to assist in revival meetings that I thought when I located to give all of my time to this work I would be at once besieged by my brethren to assist them in revivals. I was greatly surprised and somewhat shocked, and hardly knew what to do, when I only got one invitation at that conference to give assistance in revivals. Brother Sawyer, who was Presiding Elder of the mountain district, came to me at the close of the conference and said he was going up to Virginia to visit relatives, and he wanted me to preach a week at Middlesboro, Ky., and hold his quarterly conference; following that, to go to Pineville and preach a week and hold his quarterly conference there.

A few calls came in and I was kept fairly busy, but did not understand, at the time, that the Lord was closing doors to a smaller [sphere] in order that he might open doors to a larger sphere of service. Had my work been confined to Kentucky I would not have been able to build up a large circulation for the paper I had commenced to publish, and I never would have touched the nation making acquaintance with devout people and preparing the way to win hundreds of students to Asbury College, and finally, to render some valuable assistance in building up that institution of learning, and canceling the immense debt which accrued and at one time, threatened to bankrupt and close the doors of that school, which has made a large contribution to the spread of the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification.

How little we understand purposes and movements of the Lord, but if we consecrate and follow his gracious leadings we shall see that, "moving in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," he brings about gracious results, far beyond anything that we had supposed to be possible. I confess I was grieved, and had a very lonely feeling, when my brethren, among whom I had had gracious success in meetings, seemed to almost forget my presence. It was very well known that Bishop Hargrove, who presided at the conference where Brother Hughes and I located, was not in sympathy with our location, and the purposes we had in mind. In those days the attitude of a bishop made a profound impression upon the brethren, and I have no doubt that this was true in my case.

Some months after my location, Rev. Granville Lyon invited me to assist him in revival meetings in the Methodist Church at Hopkinsville, Ky. Methodism had a great organization there, and in those days numbers of the older people in that church were a very devout type of the Methodists who were to the manner born. Among them was Rev. Thomas Bottomley, an Englishman, who was born and grew up in that country, of the true Methodist type, and lost nothing of his consecration and spirituality in crossing the ocean. He was for many years a much beloved Methodist pastor, but was now in a beautiful old age, living in Hopkinsville, a man much beloved, of great wisdom, and deep spiritual life. He was a wonderful help to us in the Hopkinsville revival. Brother Lyon was a great song leader, wonderfully earnest in prayer and one of the most active pastors, walking the streets,

shaking hands with the people, going into the stores and urging the people to attend the meeting; visiting their homes, engaging in prayer with the backslidden or the discouraged, and in a remarkable way helping to carry forward the great revival campaign. People attended the church in vast numbers, and many were powerfully and happily converted at the altar, quite a number claimed the experience of sanctification. There was a union, a harmony, and a genuine Christian love which was quite remarkable and wonderfully blessed.

The brethren gave me a very liberal offering at the close of this meeting, which came in at a needy time, because I was receiving very small remuneration for, as a rule, the brethren whom I assisted did not give me as liberal contributions as I had received when I assisted them while a pastor and receiving my regular salary.

Soon after the close of these meetings in Hopkinsville I decided that Louisville was a much better center for the publication and circulation of The Kentucky Methodist than Lexington. I moved the paper to Louisville and was compelled to give up a few months of revival work to get the paper established and going in that city. Just about that time Dr. Gilby Kelley, the brilliant and much beloved pastor of Broadway Methodist Church, had a nervous breakdown, and Bishop Hargrove evidently thought he saw an opportunity to bring me back into the regular conference work, so he wrote to Brother Overton, the Presiding Elder of the Louisville District, to appoint me in charge of Broadway Methodist Church, to fill out the four months of Dr. Kelley's time, and then put me in for pastor for the following four years.

Brother Overton came to me with this proposition; they offered to pay me a good salary, and all they asked was that I preach twice each Sabbath and hold the prayer meeting; they made other arrangements for pastoral visitation, except in special cases of sickness or death. This gave me an opportunity to get the paper established and in order in the city of Louisville. My four months' pastorate was in the very warm part of the year, but the congregations held up remarkably well and I received quite a number of people into the church.

My mind was fully made up that I had a divine call into the evangelistic work, and I was quite determined that nothing should divert me from this fixed purpose. I remember one of the first statements I made when I entered the white marble pulpit of beautiful old Broadway Church, that stood on the same spot where the present church now stands. My statement was this, "I believe that every great city church ought to have, for a few months, a pastor who would not remain longer if he could, and could not remain any longer, if he would."

Dr. Rivers, that great old saint, then a superannuated preacher in Louisville, had given me a very beautiful introduction to the congregation and invited me home with him to dinner. He was a tall, remarkably handsome man; he had one of the purest, most beautiful faces I ever saw. As we walked along he said, "I see you have brought your paper to Louisville. I would have published a Methodist paper in this city but Brother John Carter objects to our publishing a paper here; he wants us to support The Nashville Christian Advocate, and what Brother Carter opposes here is not likely to succeed." I said nothing. I was a small, lean brother, and embarrassingly poor. I had a sense of loneliness and helplessness, and an utter lack of sympathy, but I felt very determined to go forward with the enterprise I had in hand, with a profound conviction that I was led of the Lord. Those men

seemed to me so great, so good, so strong, and I felt so little and weak, with a profound sense of poverty and the financial burdens which were accumulating, that this feeling made such a deep impression on me that I was not in good condition for the very excellent dinner which was set before me.

I went forward with my work, wishing deeply I could have the sympathy and help of some of the great good men of Louisville, but feeling that when my work promised so little, and there was no sympathy for me, or disposition to give me encouragement and help, not only among those who were opposing a revival of the doctrine and experience of holiness, but those who were advocates of this doctrine and experience felt that I had undertaken a task entirely beyond my abilities and it was hardly worth their while to render their assistance where failure was almost certain.

I recall in my reflections that the beloved Dr. Rivers, and the great Brother Carter to whom he referred, were both dead and buried in something less than twelve months, of the Sabbath that we walked up the street together when I felt so small, so weak, and so lonely, and by the grace of God, so determined to go forward with the good work in which I was engaged.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 19 CONDITIONS IN KENTUCKY METHODISM**

It may be interesting to the reader to put down something of conditions in Central Kentucky at the time when I located from the traveling connection to enter upon evangelistic work, moved "The Old Methodist" from Frankfort to Lexington, named it "The Kentucky Methodist," and started it out as a weekly, rather than a monthly, journal.

Rev. Alexander Campbell had a large following in Central Kentucky. The Christian Church was strong and active with many excellent people in its membership in all of our Central Kentucky county seats. It may be that their increase was due to the fact that they never invited people to an altar of prayer, or a mourner's bench to seek Christ; they simply asked people who desired to accept Christ and join the church, to come forward and give the minister their hand and receive baptism. For some reason, the Methodist preachers had fallen into this habit and in their revival meetings this was their proposition: "Any one who desires to forsake your sins, accept Christ, while we stand and sing, come forward, give the preacher your hand and God your heart." That sort of thing had gone on extensively for some years in Central Kentucky Methodism.

Rev. J. W. Hughes, Brother W. S. Grinstead, myself, and a few others, who had traveled the mourner's bench route, broke into this sort of thing and called people to the altar for repentance and saving faith in Christ. We had some gracious revivals and through the influence of other brethren there came quite a change in our revival methods; however, the condition to which I refer had been so general for a long time, that it had by no means prepared good soil for the sowing of the seed of consecration, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and the old Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification sought and obtained by faith. When I assisted Dr. Joseph Young in a great revival in Winchester, Ky., Brother Benjamin Curtis, an old and prominent member of that church, told me that he had never seen anybody at the altar of prayer in that church seeking salvation since he had been a member of it, some twenty-five or thirty years.

We had many discussions on the spiritual state of the church at our District Conferences, and we had a number of men in our Kentucky Methodism who did not lay any special stress on the new birth or the regenerating grace of God. The idea with them was religious training, influencing young life, bringing people into the church to be educated in the things of religion. Prominent ministers did not hesitate to say they did not know when or where they were converted. Churches that had been largely filled up with a membership with this idea did not want to be disturbed with "an old-time revival." "Other churches don't have people crying and sniveling at an altar, getting excited, and shouting. Why should we Methodists?" This was a frequent comment.

As for the doctrine of sanctification as taught in the New Testament and interpreted by Mr. Wesley and the early Methodists, it was practically unknown to our people, and strongly opposed

by many of our preachers. They insisted that we got all that was embraced in the promises of the Gospel at regeneration, that what was lacking was to be attained by a gradual growth. Not only so, but there was very bitter opposition to an instantaneous work of grace subsequent to regeneration, cleansing the heart from sin. There was very little preaching on the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and such preaching is unknown in many churches today.

I remember to have attended camp meeting at old Kavanaugh Camp, near Crestwood, Ky., when a young local preacher. There had been a revival along Wesleyan lines in Louisville and quite a number of people had witnessed to the experience of entire sanctification received as a baptism by faith. This had created much comment and quite a bit of opposition. Dr. Charles Miller, one of the ablest preachers in the Kentucky Conference, was present at this camp meeting and was asked to preach a sermon that would straighten out this group of people who were supposed to be drifting into dangerous fanaticism. His text was about the corn; first the blade: and then the full corn in the ear. He preached a good sermon on growth in grace. recall one illustration he used. I think I can use his exact words: "Some of you people here today left your small children in Louisville in the care of a friend. It would be just as intelligent for you to come to this altar and pray God that the little boys and girls you left at home this morning be full grown people when you get home this evening, as it would be for you to come to this altar and pray God to make you full grown Christians in an instant."

This sounded very convincing to the people present who knew nothing of the Bible doctrine on the subject, the teachings of Wesley and the early Methodists. Sanctification, as taught and experienced by the early Methodists and by thousands throughout the history of Methodism, does not propose to any one to seek to be a full grown Christian by a definite experience sought at the altar. Sanctification is not growth at all. It is the cleansing of a regenerated, believing, consecrated Christian from the carnal mind. St. Paul calls it the "crucifixion of the old man, that the body of sin may be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." I am amazed as I look backward at how that great Doctor misunderstood the New Testament doctrine of a purifying baptism with the Holy Spirit, how that he seemed to know nothing of what the early Methodists taught and what was embraced in his promise, "to groan after it," that is, Christian perfection, when he united with the Annual Conference.

I remember how the holiness people, as they were called, were represented as claiming they reached a state of grace where they could not commit sin, where they could not be tempted, where they could not grow in grace because they had attained to the utmost of grace. There was nothing to be added. Of course, no one who was sanctified ever made any such claim, but this sort of misrepresentation was talked all about the country everywhere, and people practically refused to be enlightened on the subject. I well remember that I rejected the whole doctrine on these grounds. I said, "Why, Jesus Christ was tempted, and no one could reach a place where he would not be tempted and where he could not sin if he chose to sin; that being converted did not destroy one's free agency."

No church paper was defending the doctrine of sanctification as preached by the fathers and founders of the Church, but there was misrepresentation, unbelief and ridicule abounding everywhere. This was the situation when I located to evangelize and publish a full salvation paper. The opposition was intense and in many instances very bitter. Prominent Methodist preachers were



publishing tracts and pamphlets ridiculing the "second blessing." Books were written and circulated by men of influence who really knew nothing of the experience of the cleansing work of the precious blood of Christ, had no desire to know, and were determined if possible to hinder those who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness from entering into this gracious experience of a heart from sin set free.

I was quite confused on the subject. I felt the need of a deeper religious experience. I wanted closer fellowship with Christ. I heard the preaching on the subject but it was quite a while before I heard any testimony. I met a few people, however, who wonderfully impressed me that they had entered into a very definite and deep experience of grace. I soon reached the point that I was afraid to say anything against the "holiness people" privately or in my pulpit ministrations. I frequently came in contact with Rev. W. S. Grinstead who had been wonderfully filled with the Spirit. His heart was aglow with perfect love. He preached with great power. He loved me; gave me a few words of exhortation, and told me that I was a special object of his Christian love and prayers. I owe much to that dear man who long since has gone to his reward. With conditions as I have described, the reader may be sure that the publication of a paper advocating the Bible doctrine of sanctification, reproducing the articles and the testimonies of the old Methodists, met with very determined opposition.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 20 TEMPTING OFFERS**

The second Sunday I preached at Broadway Church, Louisville, Ky., Mr. Charles R. Long, a leading member of that church, I believe the president of the Louisville Water Company, the Chairman of the Democratic Party of the State of Kentucky, and withal a very devout Methodist, I believe Chairman of the Board of Stewards at that time, invited me to dine with him. There was no one present at the table except Mr. Long and his excellent, devout wife. After dinner we retired to the sitting room, and Brother Long said, "I wish to have a talk with you. You have a wife and children; they need your presence and do you not think that it would be far better for you and your family, and your usefulness as a minister of the gospel, to be settled in a good station, than that you should be separated from your family and roaming the country as an evangelist? In the station you would have much better opportunity for study, and for the development of all of your abilities as a preacher, and the shepherd of a flock rather than to undertake to spread over such a wide territory with your ministry. We have an excellent and well furnished parsonage, this church pays ample salary for the comfortable support of yourself and family, and at the close of this four months' service we shall be glad to have you appointed pastor of the church for four years.

I saw the possibilities of a useful life in the pastorate. Dr. Broadus was then one of the great men at the Baptist Theological Seminary, and I felt under the circumstances it would be possible for me to make great improvements in my theological education, but my call to the evangelistic field was so definite that I did not hesitate to give Brother Long and his good wife the reason why I could not remain in the pastorate. I explained to them that I was as definitely called to the evangelistic field as I was called into the ministry; that while I loved the pastorate I felt compelled to devote myself to direct soul winning. I explained to them the longings in my heart to be with my wife and children. I spoke with tears in my eyes, and tears came into their eyes, and when I concluded they both said they could understand how that under the circumstances I should continue in the evangelistic field.

A few days before Conference Brother Overton, the presiding elder of the Louisville District, came up to my office where I was writing an editorial and wanted to know if I had made up my mind to accept an appointment. I looked up and said, "Brother Overton, if a committee should come to me from Dr. Talmage's Church in New York and should offer me \$10,000 a year to take charge of that great church I would not and could not consider it for a moment. I feel without any doubt or question that I am divinely called to the evangelistic work." He stood and looked at me for awhile and then with tears in his great kindly eyes he said, "Morrison, I will never say another word to you about giving up your evangelistic work." He had spoken to me on the subject frequently but he never did again.

When I made my first trip to California I was entertained for some weeks in the Glide mansion in Sacramento where I was engaged in revival services. Mr. James Glide, husband of Mrs. Lizzie H.

Glide who has done so much for Southern Methodism in the homeland and foreign field, and for Asbury College, seemed to take quite a liking to me. He was many times a millionaire, a man of remarkable business ability. He was not a converted man but deeply interested in the work in which his wife was engaged, and complained that as he saw it many ministers of the gospel were not manifesting the zeal they ought to win sinners to Christ. One day he said to me, "If you will stay here in this city and preach the gospel I will build you a fine church and pay you a good salary. No one else need give you a dollar either for building or salary. I will do it myself." I answered Mr. Glide at once that I could not consider such a proposition. He was born and reared in England, came to California when a young man, and was most fortunate in many enterprises; among other things he had vast sheep ranches. He raised the finest breed of sheep, thousands of them, and sold highly-bred males to sheep raisers in Australia. He also grew wheat, thousands of acres. He was a most interesting gentleman, growing a bit old, but full of activity, and I admired and loved him very much. He rented a large mission down in the city, paid a pastor, and would sometimes go down and sit on the back seat while his wife on her knees at the altar labored among the most sinful people of the city. He said to me one night with tears on his cheeks, "Morrison, my wife is winning more souls to Christ than all the preachers in this city." He told me that a preacher of the Christian Church asked him if he believed anybody could be sanctified and live a holy life, to which he replied, "I have been living with a woman now for three years who professes and lives that experience, and the devil will never make her give it up. I have tried and failed, and it is not worthwhile for the devil to waste his time trying to get my wife to give up her faith and testimony in this doctrine and experience of sanctification." I am glad Mr. Glide was happily converted before his death and gave a good testimony of saving faith.

Some years later when I was engaged in revival meetings in Los Angeles, where I held quite a number of meetings and had come to know many of the good people, and especially those who stood for the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, a prominent and wealthy man came to me and said, "There is quite a group of us here who are ready to pull out of the several churches of which we are members and build you a handsome church and pay you a large salary if you will come to us preaching the Wesleyan doctrine and become our pastor. We feel sure that at once you will have large congregations and a following from a number of churches that will build up a membership of a class of devout, earnest people who are interested in the salvation of the lost; and make such a church as we desire and believe is possible; a great spiritual center and a soul-saving organization which will be able to bring many sinners to Christ." I had but one answer and that was that I had a call into the evangelistic field, and that it was so clear and plain that I could not for a moment give that work up to turn to anything else.

Many propositions have come to me in my long life in the ministry, suggesting that I change my church relationships, and I have been severely criticized because I did not do so, to which I have always been able to answer that I know my heavenly Master knows I am ready and willing to obey his call, and that I have never heard from him any call to change my church relations. Of course the reader will not understand that I have been by any means perfectly satisfied with the way much goes on in the church of which I am a member, but it does mean I have loved her with a fervent heart, and she has blessed me far beyond my deserts, and I have never found any good reason, or felt any spiritual impression, to forsake her communion and fellowship.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 21 THE ENLARGED EVANGELISTIC FIELD**

At the close of my four months at East Broadway Methodist Church in Louisville I entered with fresh vigor into the evangelistic field. I held revival meetings in Knoxville, Tenn., with Rev. Will Dyer and Rev. James Burrough, classmates of mine at Vanderbilt. They united their churches and we had a very gracious revival. Many souls were blessed, a number entering into the experience of sanctifying grace.

Will Dyer was afterward President of Martha Washington College and died in peace many years ago. Rev. James Burrough was a remarkably true soul; we were very close friends at Vanderbilt. He joined the Holston Conference and was Secretary of that body at least forty years. He was for some time editor of their conference Organ, presiding elder, pastor of prominent churches and loved and honored throughout Southern Methodism. He was several times a member of the General Conference; he passed away some years ago.

Dr. Sam Steel, pastor of McKendree Church back in the days when he was one of the greatest orators in Methodism, North or South, and when McKendree was looked upon with its tall, beautiful spire, as the Mother Church of Southern Methodism, invited me to come and assist in revival meetings. We had great congregations and a large number of people were blessed at the altar of prayer. There was a preachers' room at the front of the church where the ministers would leave their hats and overcoats and sometimes sit awhile before going into the service, and frequently finish the last puffs on their stub of a cigar rather than throw it away unused to the limit. Some of the prominent preachers of the city did not seem to be especially impressed with my ministry. One evening I said, "Brethren, if you cannot help us do not hinder us, for we have a difficult task and need all the help we can get. We are not in need of opposition and adverse criticism." I made quite a plea for sympathy and assistance rather than opposition.

The brilliant Dr. Emory Hoss, then Editor of The Christian Advocate, frequently attended our services. I do not think that he was favorably impressed; he was present on the evening when I made the plea to the brethren not to oppose us. He used to write brilliant, sometimes sarcastic, paragraphs for the front page of the Advocate, and that week when the Advocate came out the first paragraph on the front page read something like this: "Some people imagine themselves strongly opposed in the performance of their task, when they are not thought of at all. They imagine that some one is obstructing their efforts when they are not at all in the thought or concern of those whom they have concluded are strongly opposing them. Such persons remind me of an old Negro chief of a tribe in darkest Africa who met with some travelers passing through his region and, finding they were Englishmen, he straightened up to his full height and asked, 'What does Queen Victoria think of me?' He was a bit disappointed to learn that Queen Victoria had never heard of him." Some of the brethren

had the laugh on me when they read this paragraph, remembering that the brilliant editor had been present when I made my plea for sympathy and help rather than opposition.

At the close of this meeting Dr. Steel wrote an account of the revival for the St. Louis Advocate which gave me a very fine advertisement as an evangelist, and I got calls from many states. This enlarged my influence and was a great help to the circulation of the paper which had now dropped the word Kentucky and was The Methodist.

I began to receive calls to the great holiness camp meetings in a number of the states where I preached and got acquainted with many thousands of people. This opened the pulpits of leading churches, North and South. I held three revival meetings in Columbus, Ohio, a great center of Methodism. The Lord blessed our work there. I held a revival meeting in what was then the leading church of Methodism in Toledo, Ohio. Rev. Hutsinpiller, the pastor, was one of the most delightful Christian gentlemen one would meet in a lifetime. We had a very gracious meeting; people came in large numbers. There was something about my southern way of expression that seemed different and attracted attention. When the pastor handed me a check for my services, a liberal offering, he said, "Dr. Morrison, what I have received from your ministry is worth to me every dollar of this check if no one else has been benefited. I have gotten six sermons out of suggestions that have come to me from your messages without using any of your matter. My mind has been stimulated, thought aroused, I have made notes and will be able to develop six good sermons which have come to me from your preaching, without at all infringing on your messages." I have never had any pastor express himself more graciously to me than this very delightful gentleman did on presenting me with the generous offering from his congregation.

From this time forward I had many calls from great city churches far more than I could fill. I held revival meetings in Boston, Mass., in New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Richmond, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all of the larger cities in the south down to New Orleans. I assisted in a number of revivals in that wonderfully charming old city where the Lord blessed us in a gracious way.

Later on, I received calls and assisted in meetings in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and in smaller towns, camp meetings and tent meetings, scattered about in all the regions that I have mentioned. The Lord blessed my ministry in about forty county seats in Kentucky, where I had great congregations and delightful fellowship with Southern Methodist pastors who were men of consecration and zeal, and with whom I labored with a good degree of success in winning sinners to Christ, and seeing quite a number of the Lord's people blessedly sanctified.

Meanwhile there was going on throughout Methodism quite a controversy on the subject of what the opposition called "second blessing sanctification." Pamphlets were published, discussion went through the columns of the church periodicals and we hardly had a meeting of the Kentucky Conference that the presiding officer did not say some very sarcastic things about those persons who were professing themselves to be holy. When our Conference met at Harrodsburg many years ago, presided over by Bishop Wilson, who lived in Baltimore, Maryland, he stood up to read the appointments and spoke something like this: "Brethren, you are intelligent, good men, but it might be wise if after you have adjusted yourselves in your new appointments, if the presiding elders of the

various districts would call their preachers together at some central point and spend about ten days in some Upper Room in prayer for an anointing of the Holy Spirit." After a few words of exhortation along this line he made some very sarcastic and cutting remarks about the "second blessing" group who were constantly witnessing and insisting that they were sanctified. Bishop Wilson was a great man, a profound thinker, one of the greatest preachers I ever heard. His sermons made profound impressions, all of which made his remarks the more painful to us who were witnessing to the sanctifying power of our Lord Jesus. We were deeply wounded. Five or six of us met under a tree out in front of the Methodist Church, and with trembling voices and tear-stained faces, we joined hands and pledged ourselves to each other and our Lord anew, that we would be faithful witnesses in sermon and testimony to the saving and sanctifying power of the atoning blood of our Lord Jesus. Our hearts were "strangely warmed" as we stood there awhile in silence, and then separated for our various fields of service. I am the only one now living of that little group of humble men of God; they have all died in peace and gone home to Paradise where I hope to meet them in bonds of love which death cannot sever, and will abide forever.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 22 A GREAT SORROW CAME INTO MY LIFE**

When I located to evangelize, at the invitation of Mr. Bain and his wife, my family went to live with them in their home in Lexington. Mr. Bain was constantly in the field and I was in the evangelistic work; my wife had a delightful home with one of the most devoted mothers I have ever known. Six years slipped away rapidly and she was taken sick while I was holding a meeting in New Orleans. I was telegraphed of her serious illness and hurried to her bedside, and found her in a very critical condition. Something like a year before this sickness she had received the most gracious baptism of the Holy Spirit and bore witness to full salvation through faith in Christ.

She tarried some three days after my return, on the verge of Heaven, and went away to meet her Lord with a beautiful testimony and in great peace. Our sorrow was beyond all words of expression, but there was a sweet peace in our heart and a comfortable assurance that we would meet again in a sinless world where sorrows never come.

At once I went with a deeper consecration and a more tender love for souls into the evangelistic work and was wonderfully blessed of the Lord in soul winning. I believe my first meeting after my saintly wife went home to the Father's house was held at Stanford with Brother W. E. Arnold. The Lord did great things in our midst, four young men were converted in that meeting who entered the ministry, some of them becoming great soul winners.

My next meeting was in Trinity Church in Chattanooga, Tenn. Dr. John B. McFerren, a nephew of the celebrated elder John B. McFerren of Publishing House fame, was the pastor, one of the finest men I ever labored with. The laymen had been carrying on a revival prayer meeting for some time before my arrival. At the close of my first week Dr. McFerren and a dozen members of the Board of Stewards spent the entire night after the Friday evening service in prayer in the church. All Saturday there was a strange sense of the divine presence. Sunday morning the great church was packed with people and at the close of the sermon not less than seventy-five persons came to the altar. The old church in which these meetings were held is still standing; some of the great men of that church received their Pentecost that morning, among them a Brother Snow, who owned a stove factory and employed quite a number of men, and Harry Chapman, who lived for many years afterward and was a beautiful witness for his Lord and much beloved in Chattanooga for his generosity and kindness to the poor.

Mr. McFerren, a great preacher, and much beloved pastor, with all of that group who spent the night with him in prayer, have long since gone up to worship at the feet of our Lord in Paradise. I was on the go almost constantly, in meetings that took in a wide range of country. preaching in churches, camp meetings, rented halls, tents and brush arbors. There was a remarkable spirit of

revival, along with a very determined effort to stop the progress of what was known as the Holiness Movement.

Interesting to relate, one of my best counselors in these trying times was Dr. Harvey, a Baptist minister, the business manager for that religious journal published by the Baptist Church, the Western Recorder. Dr. Harvey was an Irishman, I think born in Ireland; he was a cavalry soldier in the Union Army and entered the ministry and was one of the most warmhearted, delightful Christian gentlemen that one could wish to meet. He stood on the side and watched the controversy among the Methodists with keen interest; while he did not fully endorse all my views and teachings, he liked my spirit, admired the courage with which I met the opposition and always had a kindly word when we met in our travels.

A preacher of considerable prominence was transferred from somewhere in the south, I believe Alabama, and stationed in Paris. He at once commenced a series of articles in the Central Methodist, which was published at Catlettsburg, Ky., antagonizing the views of those who insisted that John Wesley taught that the experience of sanctification was a work of grace wrought after regeneration. This preacher who was an interesting writer, undertook to show that Mr. Wesley claimed that the work of grace wrought in regeneration brought to the soul a full salvation, all that was necessary or was advocated by those who insisted on a second distinct work of grace.

He directed most of his criticism at me, insisting that I sought to split off a sliver from the Methodist Church and get myself made Bishop of a new organization, a thought that never entered my mind. I never answered this brother in the columns of The Herald. My wife suffered much more because of these attacks than I did. The Central Methodist came into the home of her father and she used to meet the postman, get the Central Methodist, which was a weekly journal, look through its columns and if it contained an attack upon me would quietly slip it into the furnace or the cooking stove in order to prevent her parents from seeing it.

When the Annual Conference met at Harrodsburg, Brother Horace Cockrill and myself, he was then my partner, were sitting at our book-table selling books and renewing subscriptions to our paper. This transfer who was writing so vigorously against me came in to renew his subscription, and I said to him, "Well, Doctor, you have been writing quite a bit about, and against, me and my work for some time, but I suppose you feel that you are in the discharge of your duty." "Yes," he said, "that is true. "Well," I said, "a man ought to try to do his duty whatever the circumstances or consequences. You may have noticed that I have made no reply to your attacks. Shall I explain to you why I have not answered you." "Yes," he said, "that would be interesting." To which I said, "Some one has told me a story like this: A young Irishman living in the mountains of Kentucky went West and met with success out there, and after some time came back to the mountains to visit his friends. They were very happy to see him and desired to give him some special pleasure. They remembered that in a certain glen in the deep woods of the mountains there lived a big buck deer that, when chased, he always crossed the road at a certain point, and it occurred to them to put this Irish friend at that point with a gun, get the hounds after the deer and give their honored visitor an opportunity to kill the deer as he crossed the road. They could tell by the baying of the hounds that the deer had crossed the road at the point where their visitor was stationed but they heard no report of the guns. They went over to his stand to investigate and asked their friend, "did you see the deer?"



"O yes; he passed right by me here." "Did he offer you a good target?" "Sure, it could not have been better." "Then why did you not shoot him?" "O, if he keeps running like he was when he passed me he will break his own neck, so I just saved my ammunition." "That was an interesting bit of economy, wasn't it, Doctor? It has occurred to me to follow the example of this economic Irishman in your case."

Bye and bye one of my friends said, "Why don't you answer these accusations being made against you to get yourself made a Bishop in a new organization?" I replied that I did not suppose that any one believed these published statements. "Yes," he said, "in view of the fact that you remain quiet you are being suspicioned of the thing of which you are accused."

During these months of accusation and misrepresentation I had had a wonderfully sweet peace in my heart; I then wrote an editorial in my defense and lost something of my peace. It appeared as if the Spirit whispered to me, "If you wish to take care of yourself I see no reason why I should be at pains to take care of you." I have found this true throughout life.

The old Negro woman had a very sound philosophy on this subject; she was washerwoman for a white woman who thought quite well of her, and she went out to talk to the colored mammy who was washing in her back yard. She said, "Aunt Judy, don't you know some of the Negroes around here have been accusing you of stealing chickens?" "Yes, ma'am I done heard about dat." "Well, why don't you defend yourself?" "No ma'am I ain't gwine to defend myself. The Lord he knows tain't so, the Devil he knows it tain't so, and dem what tells it dey knows it ain't so, and life is too short fo' me to be provin' and splainin' all de time."

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 23 MY FIRST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA**

Dr. T. H. B. Anderson invited me to come out and assist him in revival meetings in the M. E. Church, South, in Sacramento, Calif. In those days California seemed a long way off; it was almost like a trip to Europe to go to the Pacific Coast. I was pleased to make the trip, and it was suggested that if I would come I would perhaps get calls for quite a number of revival meetings.

I started on my journey to the far West in time to hold a meeting in a village in Texas with the beloved Brother Lively. His church was near the Louisiana border. While I was there preaching, about one-third of the way out to California, I received a letter from Dr. Anderson saying he thought that perhaps it would be best for me not to come at that time. There was strong prejudices against the preaching of the doctrine of entire sanctification, and perhaps it would be best for me to postpone my coming.

This was a great disappointment to me. I had refused all calls for meetings back East, had had all my arrangements to go West, and I was in a state of perplexity. I arose early each morning and went down to a grove of trees near the spring of the home where I was being entertained and prayed very earnestly for divine direction. After breakfast I would go through the village, climb a rail fence and go down into a pine woods where I could pray aloud without being heard by any one but the Lord. I always seemed to have better liberty in prayer when I could speak out the longings and desires of my heart. I kept this up for some days, and it appeared that I was praying against a closed door. I did not know what to do. I had a feeling that I should go on, for I had nothing to turn back to at the time. I continued these vigils in the pine woods for some days; finally, one morning while I was praying, the Lord spoke very definitely and clearly to my spirit, "I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." My whole heart was flooded with peace and joy and an assurance that I must go forward.

We had a great meeting in this village. Brother Lively was moved from this church by the opposers of the doctrine and experience of sanctification. But a wide-awake evangelistic M. E. preacher came into the community, continued the revival work and within a few years built new M. E. churches and the good work prospered. At the close of this meeting I started for a point in New Mexico, where I was to assist Brother T. L. Adams in a mining town in the mountains of New Mexico. I got into El Paso, Texas, which many of my readers know is just across the Rio Grande River from Old Mexico. I learned at the ticket office that I could not get to my appointment until the next day about twelve o'clock, which was the Sabbath.

Having made it a rule not to travel on the Sabbath I went to a hotel and secured a room where I planned to stay, this being Saturday afternoon, until Monday morning. Being weary with my long journey I retired early, and a voice spoke very clearly in my breast, "I want you to preach here

tomorrow." I got out of bed and told the Lord that I was a perfect stranger in this country, that no one knew me, and that I saw no possibility of preaching there the next day. I got back into bed, pulled up the cover and at once the voice said, "I want you to preach here tomorrow." I got out of bed at once, got down on my knees and explained to the Lord how it was, and that I saw no chance or open door for my preaching in that city. As soon as I got into bed and pulled up the cover the voice spoke the third time, "I want you to preach here tomorrow." Again I got out of bed, fell on my knees, felt happy and broke out into a laugh and said, "Lord, if thou wilt open the door I will enter it." I got back into bed feeling quite sure that I would have an opening to bear witness for the Lord the next day.

I arose early, dressed and went down into the hotel lobby and asked the clerk at the desk where the Southern Methodist Church was located. He instructed me how to find it, not far from the hotel, and I went down and looked it over, a rather small frame structure. After breakfast I waited until Sunday school time and went down to the church. I was met at the door by a large, handsome, smiling woman, who welcomed me very heartily and told me that she was the superintendent of the Sunday school. She asked me where I was from and I replied "Kentucky." She said, "Why, I am from Kentucky. I came out here from Maysville, Ky," to which I replied that I was well acquainted in Maysville; that I had held revival meetings in the church there. "Oh," said she, "You are a Methodist preacher? I must introduce you to our pastor," which she did, a warm-hearted, devout Englishman. At once he asked me if I would not preach for him. I had a very strong impression that I should preach at the evening service, and had an idea that I would have a much larger congregation than was assembling for the morning service. So it was understood that I would preach at the evening service, and he announced the presence of an evangelist who was on his way to revival meetings in California.

The church was quite filled at the evening service, the Lord gave me liberty and we had a very interesting meeting. He came up at once and said, "You were sent here of the Lord. I am beginning my protracted services today and you must stay and assist me." I said, "You may announce me Monday evening, and you come up to the hotel in the morning and let us talk the matter over."

The next morning I showed him several letters of introduction and commendation, one from Bishop Joyce, one from Dr. Morris, a prominent M. E. preacher in Cincinnati, one from Dr. John J. Tigert, and one from Dr. Gross Alexander. He seemed to be pleased with their words of commendation and insisted that I remain and preach for him at least a week. I said to him, "I preach entire sanctification as a work of grace wrought by the Holy Spirit subsequent to regeneration." Tears came into his eyes and he said, "I am seeking that blessing now."

We soon had a good understanding, he advertised the meetings and the Lord blessed us very graciously. Quite a number came to the altar at once for their Pentecost; the pastor and his wife were soon graciously sanctified, and the Mexican pastor and his wife, missionaries of our church, were baptized with the Spirit. Two Mexican women who lived with Mrs. Corbin, the wife of the Presiding Elder of a Methodist district down in Old Mexico, were sanctified. Sister Corbin, the Elder's wife, received a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit and has been a faithful witness to the cleansing power of Jesus' blood for almost half a century.

Mrs. Lydia Patterson, the superintendent of the Sunday school, received the blessing, was very happy and became a remarkable witness. Her position of wealth and culture gave her large influence, and she did not hesitate to speak out for her Lord in a most courageous and happy manner. She became a wonderful spiritual influence in the city of El Paso.

Some years later she died and her husband, a wealthy lawyer, gave a large sum of money to build the Lydia Patterson School for the training of young Mexicans for religious work among their own people. This school, which I think must be at least forty years in active service, has handled some thousands of fine young Mexican pupils. I think from its beginning it has had among its teachers some of the graduates of Asbury College. As I look back at the great revival, and the very large results which came from it there in El Paso, I thank God that in my perplexity I continued to go to the woods in prayer until I was assured of an open door ahead of me, and did not turn back.

I went on and assisted Brother Adams in a mining town and we were greatly blessed. Brother Adams and myself, a devout old Indian trailer and three or four sanctified women, visited and prayed in nearly every house in the town. One or two shut their doors against us, and a great revival broke out; the postmaster got under such powerful conviction he thought he was sick, went to bed and sent for the doctor, but found later that he was sick of sin, and was powerfully converted. I held one other meeting in one of the larger towns in Mexico where two fine young Methodist preachers were sanctified and became soul winners. I went to Sacramento and was entertained in the home of Mr. James and Mrs. Lizzie Glide, Dr. Anderson receiving me with great warmth of fellowship, and we had a gracious revival. Through the several weeks I spent in the home of the Glide family we laid the foundation for the friendship of years that bore the good fruit of financial donations to Asbury College, which has amounted to something more than \$100,000.00.

I made some friends in another city that afterward gave Asbury College \$20,000.00, receiving annuity for the same. I contacted several other people who made considerable contributions. As I look back to the gracious revivals I have held up and down the coast, the financial assistance that came to Asbury College, and the large number of ministers who have graduated from Asbury College witnessing to full salvation in Jesus Christ, from the Canadian to the Mexican border, I feel profoundly grateful that in my perplexity I did not turn back to Kentucky but kept going into the pine woods for prayer until I received the definite answer of the open door which no one could shut.

For forty-five years I have had a wide-open door for effectual and fruitful service in California, Washington and Oregon, so I have great cause to praise God for answered prayer.

In the next chapter of my Life Story I will tell the readers of the interesting episode and great tent meeting held in Dublin, Texas, which led to my expulsion from the church and the ministry.

On this trip to California it was my good fortune to meet with Miss Geneva Pedlar. Her family lived in San Francisco, her father, for many years, was a trusted employee of the Government Mint in that city. They were Methodist people. Miss Geneva, with a group of young women in a summer outing, camped across the Bay near where there was a holiness camp meeting in progress. She attended this camp meeting and was graciously sanctified. The change was so radical that her family was quite distressed and her pastor was disposed to criticize and ridicule rather than encourage her.

To get her away from a group of her special friends who were devout full salvation people, her mother sent her for a visit to Woodland, California, where her father had been president of a school, and where she had lived until fourteen years of age. She visited her old Sunday school teacher, a devout woman, in the city.

This woman invited her to attend revival meetings being held in a union meeting by the M. E. and M. E. Church, South, pastors. It was my fortune to be the evangelist holding this meeting. I soon met this devout young woman who had a strange, beautiful light shining in her face, and was powerful in prayer and very zealous and successful in altar work. This acquaintance led to a love affair which, in a few months consummated in marriage. My wife traveled with me almost constantly for three years before our first child was born, and was wonderfully helpful in revival work. She had a remarkable magnetism and gave a beautiful testimony, and frequently delivered telling messages.

When I became president of Asbury College she took the deepest interest in the school and taught a Bible class. She was a graduate of a teachers' college and was very skillful in her work with students. She took a special interest in those who had not had educational advantages before coming to Asbury. She would have them come to her dining-room and assist them in the various branches of their high school education. When I was compelled to be absent in revival meetings, or traveling in the interest of the College, she carried on a very successful correspondence with those who were interested in Asbury. We lived and labored together for nineteen years; five children were born. Her health failed, and she was an invalid for more than a year, but her faith was steadfast and beautiful. She loved Jesus Christ with a warm, devoted heart, and passed away in great peace. The memory of her shining face, her clear testimony and words of exhortation remain in the minds of many who were privileged to see and know and hear her.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 24 THE TENT MEETING WHICH LED TO MY EXPULSION FROM THE CHURCH AND MINISTRY**

A group of devout men who had received the grace of sanctification some time after their regeneration had a great desire to witness, to have preached and proclaimed to the multitudes the possibilities of the salvation provided so full and free in the life, teachings, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

These men living in Waco, Texas, and adjoining community, organized a committee to secure land and build a Holiness Camp Meeting. They got quite a tract of land three or four miles out from Waco, Texas, built an immense tabernacle, a few houses, and made provisions for campers, announced the dates of a camp meeting and advertised largely. Thousands of people came to the camp, many of whom lived in their covered wagons, women and children sleeping in the bodies of the wagons and the men sleeping on tarpaulins underneath the wagons. That was in the days when Texans knew so well how to live out of doors, and enjoy it.

There was a wonderful spirit of revival among these people; they had great faith and hungry souls. They drove for hundreds of miles, two mules, a covered wagon, wife, children and neighbors, longing for the blessing of the Lord, expecting to receive it, and they were not disappointed.

It was my happy privilege to be one of the principal speakers at this Waco camp five years in succession. I judge that at the high tide of the camp during these five years, there were times when there were five thousand people present. There was great singing, a rising tide of prayer, and the altars were filled with earnest penitents who were neither ashamed nor afraid to cry to the Lord.

I am confident there were many days at those great Waco gatherings when as many as seventy-five people would be saved, converted, or sanctified. While there was no undue excitement there was deep conviction for sin, powerful manifestation of grace in the regeneration of sinners, sanctification of believers and a high tide of joy and praise. It was quite like Methodism in the old days under the leadership of Wesley in England and the early fathers in our country.

If the leaders of the church in Texas would have opened hearts and doors for this great revival, this mighty movement of the Holy Spirit among the common people, there would have been seen in Texas one of the most marvelous revivals of religion ever known upon this continent, and the results would have been abiding, spreading throughout the great new western country; the influences of such revival would have been felt in all the nations. Many Methodist ministers attended these meetings, some were sanctified, others found fault. In the nature of things, the organization of ecclesiasticism is such that men in office have a remarkable power over those under their guidance and appointment. One of the unfortunate effects of this is that many men are more inclined to follow

the leadership of their officials than they are the leadership of the Holy Spirit. The prejudice against the doctrine and experience of sanctification, as taught by Mr. Wesley, the fathers and founders of Methodism, met with most bitter opposition.

Any Southern Methodist preacher who professed the experience of sanctification was certain to feel the effect of the same at the coming annual conference. This opposition was felt among local preachers, and at times their license to preach was not renewed because they were accused of being fanatical and extravagant in their preaching of a "second blessing." At one time, there was a group of about twenty young preachers who witnessed to the sanctifying grace of God whose licenses were not renewed and, as a result, they joined the M. E. Church, had the renewal of their license and were graciously used of the Lord in preaching full salvation to the hungry multitudes. Some of those men became quite prominent in the ministry, and their influence was felt throughout the nation.

One summer while preaching at this Waco Camp Meeting a group of men came to me from Dublin, Texas, and gave me a very cordial and earnest invitation to come to that city and hold a meeting. I was going out to California the coming fall and said to them if they would get up a petition large enough to insure interest in such a tent meeting I would stop on my way to the Coast and preach for them. They went back to Dublin and sent me a petition headed by the Mayor of the city, followed by a hundred and thirty odd names, with a note saying if this was not sufficient they could get five hundred names. They informed me that there was a little park with some shade trees out on the edge of the city, if I would come they would lay down water pipes and extend electric wires for light, secure a large tent, and I might be sure of a great attendance.

I wrote them agreeing to stop off on my way to the Coast and hold a meeting. Soon afterward, I received a letter from the presiding Elder of the District and the pastor of the Methodist Church of Dublin forbidding me to come and preach in the tent meeting for which I had arranged. I wrote them a courteous letter indicating that I had no desire to interfere with the peace and order of their congregations, but that I had a very earnest request from many people to hold the meeting and that there was no law in the church forbidding such meeting as was proposed. My presiding elder, Rev. Joseph Rand, wrote to the brethren that they need not be uneasy about the effect of my ministry, that if they could attend and take part in the meeting it might be well, but if not, he hoped they would not object to my preaching in the park as had been arranged.

The pastor and elder wrote me that if I should come they would certainly proceed against me in a legal way. It would be difficult for the reader to understand the prejudice which was manifest throughout Methodism against anybody claiming the experience of sanctifying grace or preaching this old Methodist doctrine. There were scattered about in the Church prominent men who were loyal to the Wesleyan teaching, but they were not exerting much influence. The clamor was so general, so unreasonable, and so out of harmony with what was believed, taught, and witnessed to by the ever growing number that made up what was called the Holiness Movement, that multitudes of people who would have gladly welcomed a better experience of grace were intimidated. The time had fully come for some positive and courageous action. I never felt more clearly led of the Lord in my life, and at the date fixed was in the little park in Dublin, to receive and preach to a host of people who came from the town and the surrounding country.

The presiding elder and pastor came out and notified me that they would have a meeting in the Methodist Church with various officials to prepare charges and specifications against me, and that I should come up, be present and offer any self-defense that I chose. I told them that I was violating no law of the Church, that there had once been an effort made to give pastors authority to forbid the coming of any one to hold such meetings within their jurisdiction, but the General Conference had refused to enact such law. I added, however, that they knew, and we all knew, that their objection was to the preaching of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification; that multitudes of Christian people felt a deep need and had a great desire for a better experience of grace, and that I should certainly do everything in my power to give them a gospel of full salvation, and that if the Church should ever pass laws intended to prevent the preaching of this full gospel to the people hungering and thirsting for this deeper work of grace I should disregard the law and take the consequences.

When this opposition became known throughout the town it increased an interest in our meetings and, along with it, an increase of prayer and faith. The multitudes poured into the little park, the altars were filled with seekers and many souls were blessed. The brethren held their conference up at the church; we saw the lights shining there for several nights when we left the park for the home where we were entertained. They had two presiding elders, several pastors, various local preachers, I believe a lawyer from Waco, and quite a conference. Meanwhile the Spirit was upon us with power to preach, and the people were crying mightily to God in prayer and we were wonderfully blessed.

Among our converts was a stone mason living in the city of Dublin, who became a powerful witness for the Lord. He went about the town witnessing to salvation, inviting the people to attend the services, and wielding a remarkable influence for the revival. If the Lord has a people who are really saved, who are conscientious, who have no other object than that of the salvation of souls and the glory of the Lord, and along with this deep conviction and courage to put their convictions into action, they are sure to have opposition. The most aggressive and bitter opposition they will have will be from the Church.

There are no people that will become more quickly aroused and more bitterly opposed to a true spiritual awakening than dead, formal, ecclesiastics. If, under those conditions, the Lord's people will hold closer to one motive, with no sort of selfishness, their prayers will be answered, divine power will be manifested, and the multitudes most likely, of the humble classes, will hasten to their ministry, believe the truth, and gracious revivals of saving power break out. Unfortunate are those calms when there is no intense evangelism, no ecclesiastical opposition, no spiritual awakening, no mighty preaching of the word with power, no heart cry to God in prayer which, Jacob like, will not let go. No revival, the calm of spiritual death. True sanctification, preached and lived, will produce agitation, and where there is the right kind of agitation there will be salvation; otherwise there will be deadness and, in the end, sad to say, damnation.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 25 MY TRIAL BEFORE A QUARTERLY CONFERENCE**

Just before the tent meeting closed at Dublin a young man came out and handed me a large envelope containing a copy of the charges and specifications, and informing me that the same would be sent to the presiding elder of the Lexington District. I held my membership in Hill Street Methodist Church, Lexington, Ky. I sent these charges and specifications to Rev. H. B. Cockrill and Dr. William Arnold, asking them to be present and look after my interests. I had a number of engagements for revival meetings in California and other western cities. When my trial was held at the Quarterly Conference of Hill Street Church I was holding meetings at St. James M. E. Church in Denver; Rev. Harry Allen, a most beloved and saintly man, was pastor there. We had a gracious revival, sinners converted, believers sanctified and the church greatly built up in the faith.

Everything had been carefully arranged to put me out of the Church. A presiding elder had been appointed to the district who was well known for his intense opposition to revivals and the Methodist doctrine of sanctification. In those days we rarely, if ever, had the same Bishop for two annual conferences; a transfer from the south had been made the pastor of the church and it was arranged for the Bishop who had prepared for this quarterly conference action to return the next year, succeeding himself as our presiding officer.

A brilliant young lawyer was sent from Waco, Texas, who made a statement of the case before the Lexington tribunal. The young lawyer said, "We have no sort of accusation to bring against the character of the Rev. Mr. Morrison, or the doctrines which he believes and preaches. Our only charge against him is contumacious conduct. He will not obey his superiors in office." He then made the members of the Quarterly Conference believe that there was a law that gave pastors authority to forbid any one of their denomination preaching within certain jurisdictions or bounds under his pastoral authority.

He then showed them that I had disregarded their orders, and the members of the Quarterly Conference, under the combined influence of pastor and presiding elder, who really believed it would be a blessing for the peace of the Church to get rid of me, who, with my agitation on the subject of sanctification, had violated law, as they claimed. They brought in a verdict of guilty; to the surprise of a number of the members of the conference the elder pronounced sentence that I was now expelled from the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and its ministry.

Brother Cockrill, who was representing me, arose and said: "As Brother Morrison is an elder it gives legal right to appeal this case to the Annual Conference." And the case was appealed. As the news got out through Southern Methodism and the Church, generally, it aroused much righteous indignation.

Texas was then a long way from Kentucky and I did wonder if the people back at home would conclude that I had been guilty of some great sin. When I got back to the homeland I was surprised at how the people of the various churches received me with open arms and warm hearts. Baptists, Presbyterians, members of the Disciples Church; there was wholehearted condemnation of the action of the Church authorities in expelling me from the Church and ministry. I was a bit amused, and knew their action would not stand the test of law. I do not believe I felt the slightest unkindly feeling toward my persecutors, but felt a bit sorry for them. My paper, The Methodist, was meeting with bitter opposition, and having quite a struggle to exist and carry on. My expulsion from the Church, however, stirred up tremendous interest and subscriptions began to pour in from every quarter. We had as high as four hundred new subscribers in one day. I believe the action of the Quarterly Conference brought an addition to our business in The Methodist office of at least \$10,000, and for the first time in its history placed the paper on a good financial basis.

Dr. Eaton, the honored pastor of Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, and editor of The Western Recorder, wrote an able and extended editorial in my defense. Dr. House, Presiding Elder of the Louisville District of the M. E. Church, made a speech in my defense from the pulpit of dear old Trinity M. E. Church in Louisville, in which he said in view of the fact that I had been expelled from the Church on a mere technicality, I would be welcome to the pulpits of his district. Perhaps nothing ever occurred in my ministry that so gave me the sympathy and hearts of the people as did this action of the Quarterly Conference of Hill Street Methodist Church, where I had held one of the greatest revivals in my life.

It is an interesting fact that I received almost no word of sympathy from the members of that Church. Since that time I have preached the gospel in an evangelistic tour around the world, I have been elected to six annual conferences, twice I have been invited by Bishops of the M. E. Church to preach an evangelistic message to General Conferences of the M. E. Church; I have held revival meetings in all of the great cities of this nation, but I have never been invited to hold a revival in Hill Street Methodist Church, and no pastor of that church, except Dr. Ed Mann, has ever asked me to preach in that pulpit. All of this reveals the strange power of ecclesiasticism over people, and the deep-seated, blind prejudice that can come into and abide with a people under the authority of ecclesiastical dictation.

The coming Annual Conference was held in Mt. Sterling, Ky. The fact that my trial was to come before that body for final decision attracted great attention. Dr. H. C. Morrison, who was then Missionary Secretary, came from Nashville and took great interest in the proceedings. Dr. John Tigert also came, always a faithful friend, and assured me that I had violated no law, and if justice were done, I would be fully restored to church membership and the ministry.

The trial was postponed and the opposers were quite embarrassed and kept the matter from coming before the body until Saturday. Finally, arrangements were made, prosecution and defense were seated in order, the church was packed to capacity. The first deposition against me was read from Texas. I recall almost the exact words. The preacher gave his name, which I have forgotten, and then followed: "I am pastor of Cow Creek Circuit," giving the name of his district and annual conference. "Since my people attended the tent meeting at Dublin, Texas, and heard H. C. Morrison preach, they will not come to hear me any more." He then gave his name. That was his testimony,

and the conference broke into a roar of laughter. They would not be quieted, but stamped their feet and laughed again and again. And that ended the trial. A paper was circulated demanding the Quarterly Conference at Lexington to restore me to membership and to restore my credentials as a minister, which I had never surrendered. I suppose that the action was not legal, but that was the way it ended. I had made no confession whatever, and refused to do so, I made no promise, but did say I intended to go forward as I had done, preaching as I felt led of the Lord.

The transfer pastor in the pulpit at Lexington went back on the following Sunday, and read a statement like this: "Rev. H. C. Morrison, having confessed his fault, and having promised to violate the laws of the Church no more, is now fully restored to church membership and the ministry of the same." There was not one word of truth in this statement. I am not accusing the brother of falsehood; he was a stranger in a strange land, seemed to be a bit muddled and perhaps thought his statements were true. At the next Annual Conference the brethren elected me to the General Conference which met at Dallas, Texas. Some friends put up a big tent in the city and I preached almost every night during the General Conference to great congregations of people. The Lord blessed us, sinners were converted, and the saints built up in the faith.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 26 LOYALTY AND LOVE**

I believe it was at the next General Conference following the incidents related in the last chapter of our story, that a law was passed giving the pastor large jurisdiction over his church and its surroundings, reaching out I suppose to the borders of some other pastor's domain; power to forbid any evangelist or preacher to hold religious meetings of any character over his objection or protest, in his domain. This law also provided that such intruder could be arrested at once and tried by the Quarterly Conference having jurisdiction over the territory in which he acted contrary to ecclesiastical orders.

Not long after the passage of this law I was invited to preach at a camp meeting in the woodland of a friend of mine, lying just outside of the beautiful little city of Denton, Texas. This invitation came from a brother of the M. E. Church, who arranged for and was promoting this camp meeting. I promised to come to his assistance. At once the pastor of the M. E. Church, South, in the city notified me that I must not come; that if I did, the law would be enforced and I would be tried in his Quarterly Conference and expelled from the Church.

I had always been a loyal member of the Southern Methodist Church and loved it devotedly. I had held revivals in a large number of the great churches of Southern Methodism. I lived in fellowship and brotherly love with many of her pastors. There were men of large influence in the Church that gave me every evidence of their confidence and brotherly love. I had no desire for membership in any other denomination. I felt no hint of a call from God to organize a new religious order or movement. This had been urged upon me frequently by many people, to which I always answered that I believed that God knew I would try to obey Him under any circumstances, and that I had not had any hint or suggestion from Him to undertake the organization of a new church, or Christian order.

I loved Methodism. John Wesley towered up in my thought and admiration among the tallest of all the saints of modern times. I loved to read the story of the great revival in England, of the divine fire that crossed the ocean and kindled in a thousand places in this country. The early Methodist preachers, with lean financial support, faithful horse, holy Bible and hymn book, who had ridden through forests and over the plains of this nation and sought the lost, were to me the truest of noblemen. I looked upon the circuit riders who preached to me in my boyhood as the true disciples of Jesus Christ. I remember them with profound reverence to this hour. I was powerfully convicted for sin under a circuit rider, James Phillips, long ago with his Lord in Paradise.

I was powerfully converted at what the Methodists used to call the mourner's bench. I had the sweetest fellowship, and grew in grace among Methodists who had followed the same return road of repentance to the Lord, and rejoiced in the gracious witness to their salvation. I had ridden circuits

among the humble, the poor, and the happy. I knew people in log cabins who walked with their Lord in their humble surroundings and made their exit into eternal life with shouts of praise.

Methodism in her origin, with her history, her doctrines, so broad, so ample, so full, reaching out to all men, and promising salvation from all sin, was ingrained into my very being. It was through the instruction, and in answer to the prayers of Methodist preachers, that I had been taught the doctrine of sanctification subsequent to regeneration, and with loving patience they had led me on over the Jordan, and had shouted with me while the walls of Jericho fell.

There was in me a love for Methodism in its original purity and power, the significance and meaning of its methods which so pleased, satisfied and thrilled me, that while I never was a narrow sectarian, I did love and rejoice in Methodism, with its profound, deep, and high meaning for the salvation of men, the exultation and praise of the glorious Christ, our mighty Redeemer.

When the revival of the doctrine and experience of sanctification began to manifest itself I was quite ignorant of it all, and with no doubt, some prejudice. I had no sympathy with the ridicule, opposition and persecution of those humble, happy people, who perhaps, sometimes were a bit unwise in their methods, and possibly a little extreme in testimony. I always felt if they were wrong in their eagerness and zeal they should be loved and taught aright, rather than opposed and oppressed.

Having received the blessing in gracious power and brought into delightful fellowship with those of like mind, I was in fullest sympathy with what was known as "The Holiness Movement." But this in no way interfered with my desire to be loyal to the Church; it was very plain to me, however, that these great doctrines and gracious experiences had a grip upon me and a place in my love that was absolutely supreme.

When I started to Texas to hold a camp meeting in the woods just out of Denton, I fully expected to be turned out of the Church. I had a strange mingling of feelings. There was within my breast a deep sorrow, and at the same time as sweet a peace as a poet could put into song. I went through St. Louis and because of train arrangements spent the day in that city. Brother Horace Cockrill, who more than any other one man had led me into this full salvation experience, was living in that city. He met me at the train and, on finding that I was to spend the day there, suggested that we go out to the World's Fair, which at that time was in full session. He said, "There is sin out there of course, but no more than there is here. There is sin about us everywhere, but we do not need to partake of it anywhere." I said, "Cockrill, I do not want to be entertained, diverted, or to dissipate in any way the feeling in my soul. There is a passage of Scripture that has been going through my mind ever since I started on this trip — 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter.' I have within me a conviction that I must go out and preach full salvation to the hungry multitudes; they have the law on me now, and I suppose they will enforce it and turn me out of the Church. That thought gives me a great pain, but I have something within me far more valuable than church membership, and I shall be true to that conviction whatever comes." We spent the day very quietly together.

I arrived in Denton, Texas, one evening, spent the night with Brother Collins, of the M. E. Church, on the hill near the camp ground. The next morning, walking down in town to look after my

mail, I met the pastor of the Methodist Church, with one of his members, coming out to notify me, not only that I must not preach out there, but that I must leave the town. He said, "I have written you. I am now fulfilling the law. I will see you again tomorrow if you do not leave, and will proceed at once with your trial." I said, "I suppose you knew that I would come out and preach for these people?" "Yes," he said, "I expected you to do that." And I thanked him for believing that I would obey my conscientious convictions. While we were talking, an immense red bedbug came out from under the lapel of his coat and marched deliberately, and in rather familiar manner, up to his coat collar and, serious as I was feeling, I was a bit amused. When I got back to the camp ground I told one of the brethren of the incident, and remarked on the quiet, that I would not be run out of town by a man with bedbugs on him.

Our meeting started off with a great throng of people, a wonderful spirit of prayer, and remarkable liberty in preaching the word. The next morning the pastor came out with one of the old and devout members of his church to give me my second notice. They came into Brother Collins' home and we talked matters over, and I wept. I said, "I understand you have the law. I am guilty of its violation, but I love the Church and hate to be turned out, but I shall go forward with these meetings." When the pastor arose to leave I asked him to have prayer with us; we all knelt and he prayed bit without unction. Before he could arise I followed him in prayer and was graciously blessed. When we arose from our knees, the old brother who came with him, weeping, came over and gave me a most hearty handshake and said, "Pastor, if you will excuse me I will not go back to town but will go down with Brother Morrison to the meeting." The pastor turned at once and hurriedly went down in town and said, "I don't intend to pay Morrison any attention. Just let him go to it. I don't intend to have any trial." The dear man seemed to feel that I was perfectly unworthy of so much attention.

Our meeting was well advertised, the devout people were stirred to earnest prayer, people listened with closest attention; they filled all the seats and sat about on the hillside, and the Lord blessed, and many souls were saved. And those of us who were eager for the spread of the holy gospel were greatly encouraged, saying, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 27 PREACHING AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES**

I suppose the law that the Denton preacher proposed to enforce against me is still in the Discipline of united Methodism. Recently, one of our well-known evangelists was warned by a pastor not to attend and preach at a holiness camp meeting that has been in progress each summer for many years, without any sort of ecclesiastical opposition. There is a feeling and fear that there are some men in the united Church, because of the bigness of the organization, who will have a disposition to exercise ecclesiastical authority that may interfere with the freedom we have enjoyed in the holiness camp meetings that are held during the summer period throughout the nation.

It is understood that there has come into the Church a very liberal spirit toward the views and teachings of many modernistic preachers who give forth a message quite different and contrary to the teachings of the Methodist Church in her original foundation faith and proclamation of Bible truth. There has, however, for many years in many parts of the Church, been a more generous attitude toward revivals and preaching of the old Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification subsequent to regeneration. Of course, it is understood that many pastors have nothing to say on this subject and multitudes of members in the Methodist Church hear nothing and know nothing of a gracious baptism with the Holy Spirit subsequent to regeneration, sanctifying the believing children of God.

There is this question in the minds of many people. I find it in my wide circuit of travels everywhere: Will united Methodism be evangelistic, or ecclesiastic? Will there be a tendency toward the exercise of law and restraint, or will there be a spirit of aggressive evangelism insisting on a pure heart, a holy life and intense activity in the Church for the salvation of the lost?

In the past quarter of a century I have been invited by a number of bishops and others in authority to be present at annual conferences as the evangelist to give the message at the early morning, afternoon, or evening services. I have enjoyed this privilege very much, and preaching at fifty-three annual conferences in the two great Methodist bodies, I have come in touch with thousands of Methodist preachers, North and South, East and West, and have seen great numbers of them at the altar of prayer seeking a deeper work of grace, and some of them claiming the experience of entire sanctification. At almost all of these annual conferences there has been at least a small modernistic group of preachers who have not attended the services in which I have delivered my messages, but in every place, without exception, the congregations have been very large, often bringing in extra seats and frequently many standing to hear the message, and there has been a most hearty welcome and very gracious attitude in these meetings. In these meetings I have had possibly hundreds of calls for revival services.

I have in my possession a bundle of letters from bishops of the two Methodisms which I regard as my special keepsakes, appreciate very highly, and desire to leave with my children. A no time in

the past did I desire to old meetings, arbitrarily, or to disregard the wishes of pastors in order to attract attention, or to provoke strife. Frequently, I have been invited to hold meetings when I had reason to believe that a part of the motive of those inviting me was to create and foster the spirit of opposition to those in authority, and I have never accepted such invitation. I can truthfully say, with reference to all the controversy and contentions which have been brought about with reference to this revival of the old Methodist doctrine of sanctification, I have lived with a good conscience toward the Lord and my fellowmen.

When the General Conference of the M. E. Church met in Los Angeles, California, about thirty-seven years ago, Bishops Joyce, McCabe, and Mallalieu secured the First Baptist Church, where the famous Baptist minister, Bob Burdett, was pastor, and in the afternoons during the General Conference they held Pentecostal services in this church. They invited me to preach for them; we had congregations that filled every part of the church, and many stood. Several ministers preached at these afternoon meetings but I was the principal speaker and, throughout these meetings emphasized the second, definite work of grace. It was a time of spiritual refreshing. The congregation got so large that we moved out into what is known now as Pershing Park, where I preached from the bandstand to vast crowds of people. This touch with a multitude of pastors and people from all over the northeast and west brought me calls for revival work for many years. Letters would come to me saying, "I heard you preach at the General Conference in Los Angeles, and I very much desire that my congregation shall hear your gospel message."

When the General Conference met in Baltimore four years later Bishop Mallalieu had charge of the afternoon Pentecostal services, and he invited Rev. Joseph H. Smith, one of our most beloved and fruitful preachers of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, to preach to the people at the afternoon Pentecostal meetings for a week; he also invited me to come and preach each afternoon for a week, which I did, and was able to minister the Word to a host of Methodists, preachers and lay people. This also led to various calls in sections of the country for revival campaigns.

For some years I spent much of my time among the M. E. brethren where I preached to vast congregations under most favorable circumstances and saw gracious results. In my long ministry I had no more beloved and faithful friends than Bishops Joyce, McCabe, Mallalieu, Robert McIntyre, Bishop Oldham and Warne, and a few very kind friends of the younger bishops.

We hear quite a bit said about Modernism in Methodism in the north and eastern states. No doubt there is quite a bit of teaching in those regions out of harmony with the teachings of Moses, Christ, and St. Paul. But in these past forty years it has been my privilege to hold revival meetings with many pastors of the M. E. Church, in the eastern, middle, and western states, and I have found among them the very finest types of ministers of the gospel; men of education, culture, wide experience, deep devotion, and evangelistic zeal. Between those men and myself there has been no need of ecclesiastical unification, as for almost half a century there has existed between these men and myself the very best and highest union that belongs to all of those who are truly united into holy oneness with Christ.

It has been my happy privilege for many years to labor in camp meetings, conventions and revival meetings with Rev. Joseph H. Smith, a member of the Philadelphia Conference of the M. E. Church.



He is a great New Testament teacher. I have known of no man who could state the fundamental doctrines of the gospel of Christ more clearly and make them more inviting, give to them finer emphasis, and gather from them larger fruitfulness, than this beloved and honored brother, Joseph H. Smith. He, like myself, has grown old in this blessed service of spreading scriptural holiness over these lands. He has been a man of great courage, of remarkable calm under trying circumstances, a wise counselor, and I have associated with no man that was more free from adverse criticism, or unkindly remarks about his fellowmen, friend or foe, than this same beloved Joseph H. Smith. I look forward to the time when, by the grace of God, we shall meet in holy fellowship at the feet of our Master in Paradise.

It would take several volumes to tell of the meetings, the interesting incidents, and the delightful fellowships that I have had with Dr. Fowler, so long President of the National Holiness Association, Dr. McLaughlin, the saintly scholar, a long time editor of the Christian Witness., Dr. Butler, the present President of the National Holiness Association, Dr. John Brasher, for many years a faithful evangelist of full salvation, at one time President of John Fletcher College, John and Joseph Owen, and that wonderful and saintly soul, Bud Robinson. As I indulge in these pleasing ruminations, there rises before me an army of devout, consecrated men whom I have loved, and with whom I have labored, many of whom have gone home to the city beyond the skies. Thinking of these great good souls, I praise God that it was my privilege to be born, to grow up and have some part in the ministry of these interesting times of the revival, and the doctrine and experience of full salvation, and the cleansing blood of Christ. As I think of these men, some of whom have passed on, and others in the great harvest field of service, I am reminded of the following verses found in John's first Epistle: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is."

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 28 AN ENLARGED EFFORT IN THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT**

Quite a number of us who are engaged constantly in evangelistic work, laying special emphasis on the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, found that we were being followed by persons who were taking advantage of the confused state in Methodism on the subject of sanctification and the very aggressive opposition with which we frequently met among those in authority in the Methodist Church, to draw people away from the Methodist Church and build up groups of their own. These aggressive groups to which I refer were frequently unsound in their teaching so far as the crucifixion of the "old man" and the destruction of the body of sin was concerned. They saw, however, their opportunity and made use of it. They could follow after a revival in a Methodist Church, hold meetings in some hall, courthouse, or tent, and put in their time showing how impossible it was to remain in the Methodist Church and keep the blessing of sanctification. This method greatly hurt and hindered our work, and for this condition of things we sought a remedy. I refer here only to those persons who, in their teaching, were not sound in their faith on the crucifixion of the sinful nature.

We decided to organize a Southern Holiness Association, have some great meetings and emphasize the importance of those who were sanctified remaining in the church where they received the blessing and so living the life of purity of heart and unselfishness of love that they would win their brethren in the Church to the doctrine of full salvation. We regretted to see disruption and come-outism of any sort, so it occurred to us to organize the Southern Association, have some great conventions, and emphasize the importance of those who were sanctified remaining within their Church and displaying a life in harmony with the experience they claimed.

This does not mean that there may not be circumstances under which it is perfectly proper to change church membership, and we have never had any objection to such change when one felt led of the Lord, and when there were conditions that made it appear that one could serve God better in some other church than that in which they fond themselves. I recall that at one time the Southern Methodist District Conference down in a section of Texas or Louisiana refused to renew the license of a number of local preachers because they were preaching holiness, holding tent meetings, attending the camp meetings, and in a very general way in conflict with prominent men in Southern Methodism who were opposed to the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification and who were very active in their opposition.

This group of young men who found themselves without a license joined the M. E. Church, were licensed to preach, went forward in the good work. Some of them became very prominent men. One of them was afterward a member of the General Conference of the M. E. Church. Another one has preached all about this nation to hundreds of thousands of people and has been president of a college that has furnished a large number of successful preachers in the M. E. Church. And so there come times, it appears, when the only thing one can do is to change his church relationship and go forward

with his work where he is free from opposition and can have good fellowship with his brethren in the church where he has found an open door and a wide, fertile field of service. We would not indicate that at that time the M. E. Church was sound and solid on the doctrine of sanctification, as a second work of grace, but there was no sort of aggressive opposition as that which did prevail in certain sections of the Southern Church. Our object was to prevent, as far as possible, come-outism, and a condition of things that we felt would be disintegrating and hurtful rather than constructive and helpful to the work of spreading Christian holiness over the land.

Our first convention of the Southern Holiness Association was held in Memphis. There was a large attendance, made up principally of Methodists, North and South, and the Nazarenes. There was a beautiful spirit of fellowship. The blessing of the Lord was on the meeting. Many people who knew nothing of this movement and the doctrines we preached attended the meetings and the impression seemed to be most favorable. Visitors who looked on found that we were not teaching that any one reached a state where he could not be tempted or could not sin, but that there was such a thing as a baptism and cleansing of the Holy Spirit, subsequent to regeneration. This convention made a profound impression and with its large attendance and its excellent spirit we were greatly gratified.

I cannot remember exactly the order in which these conventions were held, but we met one year in Birmingham, another year in Atlanta, another year in Meridian, Mississippi, once I think in Nashville, and I believe once in Louisville. We had a great convention there, but I am not sure whether it was the National Holiness Convention or the Southern Association Convention. These conventions were largely attended by people of the various denominations of the cities in which they were held. Much misunderstanding and prejudice were swept away and a great number of people were convinced that, after all, the "holiness people" were not a bunch of fanatics but were devout, earnest, zealous people, wonderfully free from the worldliness that hampered and crippled many of the churches.

I remember when we met in Atlanta, Dr. Len G. Broughton, one of the greatest Baptist preachers of the South who had a large tabernacle in Atlanta, with several thousand members, sent a note to the Committee asking them to have H. C. Morrison preach in his tabernacle on Sunday afternoon and explain the doctrine for which we stood and promulgated. I did so and the message seemed to have a gracious effect and those Baptist people gave me a glad hand. Dr. White, one of the famous Baptist preachers of the South who was, for many years, pastor of First Baptist Church in Miami, was pastor in Atlanta. He was absent until just before the close of the meetings. When he came home he came up to our convention and spoke to us very kindly. This does not mean he gave our views and doctrines his endorsement but, it does mean that he showed us a very beautiful, Christian spirit. Many of the Methodist pulpits were open to us in Atlanta on Sunday, and several of the brethren tarried and held revival meetings. We were graciously blessed and wonderfully encouraged in the good work. Could this work have been continued, it would have had a wide, powerful, and most gracious influence in any of the cities and communities where we came together in beautiful fellowship to preach and witness to the power of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to save and keep from sin.

I am wishing that once a year in some central city there could be a conference of the members of all churches who stand for the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification. We would gather in holy

fellowship to preach and witness to the great doctrine of the sanctifying power of Jesus' blood. Could we have a gathering of this kind, bringing together members of the united Methodist Church who are true to this Pauline Wesleyan doctrine, the Nazarenes, the Pilgrims, the Free Methodists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and representatives of all churches and peoples who, are not only convinced in their mind, but have experienced in their heart, the sanctifying power of Jesus' blood, it would have a most gracious and powerful effect. It would bring about a spirit of brotherly love. It would unite the forces of true full salvation evangelism against the spirit of modern liberalism and thousands would come to see and remain to pray. No church need be hurt in the least, as all churches participating in such a meeting would be blessed, broadened in their fellowship, warmed in their heart, and so the great work of spreading scriptural holiness would be prospered.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 29 MY EVANGELISTIC TOUR OF THE WORLD**

I find, by looking over some dates, that the name of the organization I spoke of in the preceding chapter was "Holiness Union" instead of Southern Holiness Association. Officers were elected and while there was a general understanding that we would not undertake the organization of a church, we would seek to preserve the spirit of union and fellowship among the holiness people of all churches, and from the first we felt a deep concern in mission work and there soon came a feeling that this Union ought to be able to send some one out to preach full salvation in the great mission fields. So a group was organized with L. P. Brown as treasurer. Money was raised to support my family and to pay my expenses in a trip around the world, preaching full salvation. I was able to provide a comfortable home for my family on the campus of Asbury College at Wilmore, Kentucky.

I left my home for my missionary tour of the world Monday morning, July the 19th, 1909. There was with me a deep sadness, a solemn sense of humility. I was separating from my family for a long journey in many lands. Would I see them again? I felt as if I were closing one of the volumes of my life and opening a new one. After a few busy days in Louisville setting things in order, and with great confidence in Mr. John Pritchard, for many years my business manager, I left for Des Plaines Camp Meeting near Chicago, stopping off for the ten-days' meeting there. In the afternoon they had what they called the daily Pentecostal service. I was the preacher at this service for quite a number of years. The morning preacher for some days at this session of the camp was Bishop Quayle, one of the most brilliant preachers in Methodism of his time. I shall never forget the wonderful discourses he gave us at the eleven o'clock hour. The evening preacher was Dr. W. E. Biederwolf. He was a Presbyterian, a man of large information and wonderful zeal. He could preach with power and persuasion. The altars were filled at our Pentecostal meeting and many people came to the altar and were blessed under the preaching of Dr. Biederwolf. They had wonderful meetings at Des Plaines in those days. My wife and children were with me in this meeting and it its close they went with me to Mooers, New York, where we preached through the ten-days meeting there. Those were great days at that famous old camp ground. At the close of that meeting, wife and children returned to Kentucky and Rev. J. L. Piercy, an Asbury student, a young man of remarkable common sense and as deep and beautiful devotion as you could hope to find in any young man, joined me as my traveling companion on my world tour. Brother Piercy was born and reared in Parren County, near Glasgow, Kentucky. He fell under conviction for sanctification at Pentecostal Park, a camp meeting I had organized on my grandfather's old farm where I was reared, which has now been going on for so me forty years. Many souls blessed there are now in heaven. Brother Piercy was a graduate of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa. He had a fine position in the state of Iowa, but being sanctified, he gave that up and consecrated himself to the ministry. I could not have had a more congenial traveling companion, or one more ready to assist me in every way possible. We formed a friendship which will never break up. Brother Piercy prayed, testified, wept and laughed, and helped to kindle revival fires everywhere we went. His religion was catching. He won the confidence of the people

everywhere. Some years after our tour, Bishop Warne said to me, "The people are talking about Brother Piercy all over India. His messages and testimonies, with his prayers and exhortations, have made an impression that will abide forever among those who came under his influence."

From Mooers, New York, we went to Montreal where we waited a few days for our ship. We were surprised to find that we could go almost one-third of the way to England on the St. Lawrence River. What a magnificent stream! I know of nothing more restful on a calm day of sunshine than on a splendid steamer about the center of the St. Lawrence with a wide expanse of water on either side, looking at the beautiful country in the distance, so quiet and restful that you feel almost as if the millennium had dawned. Our first day at sea was rough, cloudy, sprinkling rain, heavy fog, very dark. Icebergs were so near we could feel the chill they gave to the air. Brother Piercy and I tried to look unconcerned and step about as if we were well upon our sea-legs, but the heavy roll and plunging of the ship was against us. Not long after breakfast the first day out, we decided that an empty house was better than a bad tenant. We yielded to the inevitable and cast our breakfast into the sea and felt a bit humiliated but greatly relieved. The next day was better and we had a fine journey. Brother Piercy and I had morning and evening prayers in our stateroom, Bible study, plenty of good books, with our three meals a day. We always took a long walk upon the deck before retiring and I had one of the best rests that I had known in many months, perhaps several years. When we sighted land on Sunday morning, August 28, I announced publicly that we would have a prayer of thanksgiving in the ladies' reading room. Several persons joined us. I read the 19th Psalm, Brother Piercy and I each led in prayer, and the Spirit of the Lord was graciously with us.

We landed in Liverpool, England, on Sunday morning. We stopped at a pleasant place and spent much of the afternoon walking about Liverpool listening to various speakers to groups of people who were abusing or defending the government, stopping to hear groups of Christians sing. At night we went to a large theater where we heard an excellent sermon by a prominent Methodist preacher which we enjoyed very much. On our way back to our hotel we passed a number of groups of Gospel singers. A blind woman was standing up and singing beautifully. A great crowd had gathered about her and many joined in with the songs. Afterward she spoke some kindly words of exhortation. Going on to our hotel we came up with a man standing near a fountain in a small park with an instrument something like an accordion, playing and singing very sweetly. It was not loud or harsh, but low, tender, and seemed to be heard quite a distance. Many people gathered around him, standing back about twenty feet in a circle; he sang with a warmth and sweetness which was delightful. From Liverpool we went to Glasgow, Scotland. I preached there one night; four people came to the altar and claimed to be blessed. From there we went to Edinburgh, one of the most interesting and charming cities to be found in a trip around the world. At the grave of John Knox, we took off our hats, bowed our heads a long time in silence, with thoughts of profound reverence for one of the most faithful and fearless preachers of his time. The church in which I preached was pastored by Rev. George Sharp [founder of the British Isles Church of the Nazarene]. He was a Congregational preacher, but having received the blessing of entire sanctification, and many of his people having sought and obtained the same grace, he was pushed out from his church where he was pastor. He organized the people who went out with him, built a handsome stone church and was greatly blessed and prospered of the Lord.

From Scotland we went up to London where we stayed but a few days, visiting places of interest, and hurried on our journey, eager to get to our field of service. We were in Paris about, three days, in Rome about the same length of time, and then boarded a German ship for Port Said, Egypt. We landed in Port Said on Sunday where we were to hold our first revival meeting. A couple of devout women were there, one of them sanctified fifteen years before under my ministry in California and called to mission work. They had come to Port Said and built up an interesting work. They had arranged for me to preach in a hall something like a Y.M.C.A. hall, kept up by the British Government, a godly man in charge, as a place for rest and religious help for soldiers and sailors while they waited at the mouth of the Suez Canal for the coaling of their ships. We found a very fine atmosphere, a very godly man, and quite a group of devout Christians. We spent a week preaching in this place and saw some very gracious works of grace. There was an Englishman who had charge of the great railroad shops. He and his wife were both converted and had us in their home. He became a zealous Christian, sent to The Pentecostal Publishing Company at Louisville for books and tracts which he distributed among his numerous employees and others in the wicked city of Port Said, where you find the most remarkable mingling of various peoples, all the way from the deepest black to the palest yellow, and distinctly white.

As I have said, we landed at Port Said on Sunday, and everywhere we saw people with quail in their hands. On the street car they were sitting holding live quail by the feet. Some people were squatting on the curb and picking quail. Better still, at the hotel they had quail on toast. That night at supper at the mission kept by the two good women to whom I have referred, we had quail for supper. I asked where they got all their quail. They said this is the season when quail come over. On inquiry we found that at a certain season of the year when there was a strong heavy wind coming in from southern Europe, quail come over by the millions. It is like the pigeons used to be in Kentucky and the southern states, when great clouds of them would roar through the air, feasting on acorns and beechnuts. These quail through the centuries have been coming over into Egypt. They kill, dress, and pack many of them in ice, and send them back to Europe. The reader may remember that Bob Ingersoll used to ridicule the idea of Moses being able to feed the children of Israel on quail. The simple truth is that when these quail came over God caused a wind to carry them a little farther down, and instead of landing on the plains there near Port Said, they were landed on the outskirts of the camp of Israel, and Bob Ingersoll, as usual, was wrong.

At the close of our meeting there we went to Jerusalem which only took one night on a Russian ship from Port Said to Joppa, where we landed and took the train for the sacred city into which we came just before dark. We stopped at a Mohammedan hotel where we spent the night, but the next morning when taking a walk, we went out the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem and a group of young men called to us from across the street, one of them saying, "Dr. Morrison, is that you?" I assured him it was. There were four young men, teachers in a school, I think, in Damascus. Two of them had heard me preach somewhere in Oklahoma. They were delighted to see us and conducted us to a hotel kept by an Englishman on the outside of the city wall where I was pleased to meet a man in charge of the hotel who had visited the camp meeting at Wichita and also at Mountain Lake Park Camp. We had some very delightful fellowship and he gave us a hearty welcome to the hotel which was now under his care. He was a missionary working in the interior, but the owner of this hotel, an English gentleman, had gone back to England on a visit, and this brother, a fine man, was keeping his place during his absence. So right there in the Holy City with this good man of camp meeting

acquaintance, it was quite like being at home. I preached there a week in a small church built by and in charge of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Quite a number of people were at the altar and professed salvation, among them one or two Mohammedans. I preached only at night, and in the day we rode about on horseback, visiting many places of interest. Of course, no place so interested us as Golgatha where our Lord was crucified. The beautiful, quiet garden of Gethsemane, the place of prayer and sweat of blood, and then the sepulchre where no doubt He was buried and arose to die no more forever. We found it a real blessing to roam about Jerusalem, read our Bibles, think of the wonderful past and the coming future when this city shall again be the center of a kingdom of righteousness and peace; the city into which our Lord rode upon a donkey to be crucified, and into which He shall ride in triumph on a cloud of glory to reign in triumph over a redeemed people.



# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 30 ON OUR WAY TO INDIA**

At the close of our revival meeting in Jerusalem, we shipped from Joppa to Port Said on an Austrian ship. For economy's sake we were always second-class passengers. We were stowed away below decks in a little stateroom with seven berths in it, a man for every berth, the front windows opening out on a lower deck with a great mass of poor, dirty humanity sweltering in the heat. Men, women, and children were piled about in heaps of soiled baggage. It is a wonder contagion does not break out and sweep them all away. I heard a noise directly after midnight, pulled my curtain aside and saw Brother Piercy dressing. "I have had enough of this," he said, "and intend to go on deck." I soon followed him with my thick Scotch blanket wrapped about me, snuggled into a reclining chair, and gazed into the beautiful sky with its blazing stars which appeared to be trying to tell me some marvelous thing and seemed surprised and saddened that I could not understand. I thought long in the silent night of the loved ones at home, of the preachers who were brothers in the Lord, of the Holiness Movement, and what a step forward we would have taken in the south if the Holy Ghost had been given free course. I slept until Piercy called my attention to the revolving light flashing from the tower of Port Said.

We landed Sunday morning at six o'clock and I found I was announced to preach at 9:00 A. M. Quite a goodly company gathered. I preached again at 7:30 in the evening and at 9:00 a boatload of brothers and sisters went out with us to our ship and went aboard for a final goodbye. At 10:00 they climbed down the ladder to their boat and rowed away under the moonlight sweetly singing as far as we could hear them, "We'll never say goodbye in Heaven." The sailors at the forecastle cheered them and their song came up faintly from the distance, "We'll never say goodbye in Heaven." What a beautiful friendship! What a tender love had sprung up between us two strangers and those dear souls whom we had never seen before and will never meet again until we gather at the feet of our dear Redeemer. And such a love is only possible among those who love Jesus Christ supremely and love all others who love Him.

At 12:00 o'clock at night our piston rods leaped forward. We cut the water and were off for half a long month before our feet should tread the sunny shores of India. We sailed the Canal from the Mediterranean at Port Said and pulled into the Red Sea at Suez. We had a wonderfully warm trip through the Red Sea. We perspired and it was hard to pull our clothing on of a morning over our bodies' damp perspiration. The ship on which we sailed, I don't think, had first and second class. It was first class, which was modest, and then the lower decks for the humble people of whom there were quite a few. When Sunday came, the steward of the ship took bed sheets and neatly covered up all the big war paintings and pictures in the salon — not the drinking place, but the large resting place — and the officer asked me to preach. I think all the people on our deck came in, among them a British colonel, an Austrian major, a Jewish doctor, and many people of various creeds and conditions, and I preached with liberty. They sat with profound reverence and not a soul moved until

I went around, shook hands with every one of them and said a few kind words; they remained perfectly quiet until Brother Piercy and I left the room; then they got up and went their way very quietly. We had a long, rather tiresome journey, but enjoyed ourselves reading our Bible and books, and in prayer, walking the deck many, many times after the glaring sun went down and a cool breeze sprang up. In Bombay the temperature was hot. We soon got pith hats, had our umbrellas covered with white cloths, got into the coolest garments we had and directly were on the train on our way to Lucknow where our first meeting was to be held. Lucknow is a great center of British influence and Methodist mission work. A publishing house was there, an English-speaking Methodist Church, of which Stanley Jones was pastor. He was stopping there while he learned the native language preparatory to going out on an evangelistic tour. I preached there in a large chapel in the Isabella Thoburn School for Girls, Christian College. A mission school is also located at Lucknow offering a very fine center for evangelism. Some good woman back in the homeland having learned that I was to preach in Lucknow sent money to Bishop Warne to pay the traveling expenses and entertainment for a large number of Hindu preachers who came up to this yearly spiritual meeting. The Lord blessed us in a wonderful way at our first meeting. Stanley Jones, although only here a few years, was making a very profound impression upon the people. Bishops Oldham and Warne were both present, wonderful men of large knowledge and training in this vast and fruitful field, men of beautiful humility and saintliness; at the same time men of daring courage who went forward with a very aggressive evangelism. Our altars were filled with penitent sinners, native preachers, and some missionaries, seeking sanctifying power. There were many very interesting incidents that we shall not undertake to record here. After we left that place, Bishop Warne sent me a great package of letters written to him by native preachers who gave their testimony to the sanctifying power they experienced at this meeting in Lucknow. The Bishop had the letters translated into English and sent them to me. Somehow these letters have gotten away from me. I wish I had them to this day. We were greatly blessed in this place. Some strong prejudices were broken down, many missionaries were greatly refreshed in their experience, and a number of British soldiers were converted and gave glad testimony to the saving power of God.

Quite a number of calls came for revival meetings and we were kept very busy going from place to place, always preaching to large, appreciative and receptive congregations. There was a place some seventy-five miles, I think, out from Bombay called Epworth Heights. It was quite a high place and much more comfortable than in the valley. A wealthy architect who was an Eurasian, had made quite a sum of money drawing plans for the palaces of rich men. He used a large sum of this money improving this hilltop. They had a tabernacle erected and places for comfortable entertainment. We were invited to go there for a series of meetings. An Episcopal clergyman named Walker, a saintly Englishman who was wonderfully used of the Lord in India, had charge of the morning services. A Presbyterian minister had charge of the afternoon services, in which he discussed the seven letters to the churches recorded in the Book of Revelation. I had charge of the evangelistic services in the evening. A group of British soldiers had gotten leave from camp to attend these meetings. Several of them were converted and one or two claimed sanctification. I received a letter from one of these soldiers written in the trenches during the World War. He had perfect love in his heart. He served his time, was honorably discharged, and a few years ago, some thirty years after I had contacted him at this meeting on Epworth Heights, I received a letter from him. He was then a local preacher in England and gave a beautiful testimony. One night the altar was filled from end to end with missionaries, soldiers, Hindus, and one or two Mohammedans; some of them wept aloud and others,

when they came through, embraced each other and shouted praise to God. The next morning Dr. Walker, the Episcopal clergyman, was evidently trying to keep things decent and in order, and among other things he said, "Those of us of long experience have learned that the western breeze is not suited to the Indian calm." I was a bit amused at the dear clergyman undertaking to intimidate and stop me from my method of preaching at all the meetings where we sought the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers. At the close of his sermon, he said, "Dr. Morrison, will you lead us in prayer?" I went forward, knelt at the altar and prayed, "Oh, God, send a powerful western breeze to break the India calm. Give us liberty and faith and the presence and power of the Holy Spirit." And so I went on with freedom and joy to pray. The brethren, I think, gave me up as an almost hopeless case, and did not undertake to interfere with the evening revival spirit which was greatly blessed of the Lord.

One of the very best meetings we had was at Bombay. I preached a week in Taylor Memorial Church named in honor of that saintly soul, Bishop William Taylor. We had a very gracious revival there, perhaps more than fifty bright conversions of native people. Quite a number of British soldiers came there and were converted. I did not need an interpreter at this place. There were many thousands of native people who spoke English in Bombay. Closing there Saturday evening, we went to a Y.M.C.A. building on the other side of the city near Bourne Methodist Church, also near the British fort and barracks. Sunday morning at our first service at Bourne Church there were not less than thirty British soldiers. Their guns were stacked up in the rear of the church and they seemed to listen eagerly. At the close of the service I spoke of how happy we were to see so many British soldiers present. I spoke of the friendly relation between my country and Great Britain and what she had meant to civilization and evangelism; that the British soldier, in a sense, was an evangel for good order and the enforcement of law, human liberty, an open Bible, and freedom of conscience and the worship of God. I rubbed it into the lads pretty strong and said I did hope they would come to the meetings and bring their comrades.

After the service was dismissed, Brother Piercy went out and watched them line up to march away; they were busy talking about that being the first time they had ever been spoken to so kindly in the church. Some fellow said, "When there is fighting to do, we are very popular, but when the fighting is over we are quite ignored. That man in the pulpit was a very good preaching chap and he would have made a fine fighting chap." Piercy was quite amused at the enthusiasm with which they talked about the cordial greeting they received. They came to our meetings in large numbers. One night the long altar was packed from end to end with British soldiers and I believe every one of them was soundly converted. They had been well taught in the Catechism and they prayed out loud when I asked them to do so, in the most matter-of-fact way, something after this fashion: "Merciful God, thou knowest quite well that I have been a very wicked sinner. If in harmony with thy wisdom, thou canst have mercy upon a poor wicked wretch like myself, I would be thankful all the days of my life. I come to thee in the name of Jesus. I trust alone in his mercy. If for his sake thou canst forgive, I will certainly be grateful and give thee the praise." And often at the end of a prayer like this they would look up with a shining face stained with tears, and say, "It is all right. The burden is gone. I have sure found forgiveness." And so they had. I could have spent a happy lifetime preaching to the British soldiers.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 31 TRAVELING IN INDIA**

It was our privilege to attend one or two annual conferences and preach to the missionaries and native preachers. They received us with warm hearts and glad hands. The Lord blessed us graciously. Always the altars were filled with seekers at the close of the Gospel message, and a large number claimed to receive sanctifying grace. We greatly enjoyed these conference meetings and I believe much lasting good was done. We were constantly on the move for three months, most of the time speaking to large gatherings of people.

From India we went to Burma. We received a very hearty welcome but had only about one week there. Had a number of people who claimed to be blessed. Our work there was confined to the city of Rangoon. From there we sailed down the straits to Singapore, stopping only once for a short time at Penang. At Singapore we found a very beautiful Methodist Church and a fine people ready to hear the Gospel. There we preached in our native tongue. There are some fine Methodist schools in this city and a large number of native young people who seem to be making fine progress. I remember very distinctly the conversion of a Scotchman, a big stout fellow in red flannel shirt and gray hair. He was what they called a beachcomber. That's a sailor who comes on shore when the ship lands, gets drunk in a dive somewhere, the ship sails away and leaves him and he spends his life drinking and fighting among the natives and other men of his class. This Scotchman had taken up with a native woman and seemed to be living rather decently. She had made a profession of faith. They had quite a number of children. He came to the altar, was deeply penitent and happily converted. A few days later before we left the city, he and his [considered to be] wife were married. Quite a number of their children attended the wedding. They all seemed to be very happy. Several missionaries claimed full salvation.

We were up early one morning and engaged passage on a German steamer for Hongkong. I held service from 7:00 to 8:00 A. M. in the native church and a group of earnest souls filled the long altar, some of them missionaries, others young men of various nationalities. The Lord was graciously with us. It was a very tender hour. I had to close the service and hasten to our ship some two miles away. At that time, Singapore was a city of about two hundred fifty thousand, situated on an island at the extreme lower end of the Malay Peninsula. From there we sailed to Hongkong. Directly after we arrived in that city we received a letter from Bishop Oldham calling us to preach at his conference in Manila. Methodism was just ten years old in the Philippine islands and had been wonderfully blessed. We sailed away to Manila and were welcomed there very graciously. As soon as Brother Piercy and I landed, we were taken in a carriage and hurried away to another church where some thousands of people were gathered celebrating the tenth anniversary of Methodist missions in those islands. We remained with them about one week, preaching twice a day during the Conference. One morning at an early hour the Lord came upon us in a very gracious and melting way and Bishop Oldham said, "We will not break in to this revival spirit with the transaction of Conference

business." So we continued all day long singing, praying, short seasons of exhortation, two short sermons, and the altars were filled from 8:30 to after 10:00 o'clock that evening, and many souls, both missionaries and native people were blessed, some regenerated, some sanctified, and others greatly refreshed in their spiritual life.

At the close of the Conference we returned to Hongkong and from there sailed to Shanghai. There were one or two Methodist schools that did not seem to be very grateful for our coming. They certainly did not fall on our necks. It is an interesting and, perhaps, a sad fact, that it is a rare thing that the schools and colleges of the church are places of deep spiritual life and eager for evangelistic work. We went out to Soochow where we were very kindly received, where our old classmate in the seminary at Vanderbilt University, William Burke, of Georgia, was presiding elder. We had very delightful fellowship together and I preached for him in one of the Methodist churches where quite a number of the people were blessed. Brother Piercy and I went to a point some fifty miles away where the preacher in charge gave us a hearty welcome. We remained there about a week and the people, especially the church members, and more especially the women, received the word of full salvation with joy and a number of them professed sanctification and gave excellent testimonies. We were profoundly impressed with the Chinese people. Always and everywhere, Brother Piercy's prayers and faith were an inspiration. There seemed a strength, steadiness, and sincerity about them which was most interesting and full of promise for a people of deep piety and genuine evangelistic zeal. About this time I received a letter from Bishop Oldham referring to the gracious revival we had had with him and his people at the Conference in Manila which I will print here.

"Manila, P. I., March 10, 1910.

"Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D.

"Methodist Publishing House,

"Shanghai, China.

"My Dear Brother Morrison:

"I was so entirely occupied with clerical matters during your whole stay in Manila that I deeply regret that I was not able to give you any time, or pay you any of the attention which is so largely your due. Brother Harp, too, was packing up to get away and was full of all those engagements which a man necessarily has who is about to leave the country. Our missionary houses were filled with missionaries from the provinces and altogether, I feel we have been exceedingly scant in our courtesy toward you. But believe me, these men have received a spiritual uplift and 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 missionaries together yesterday, to discuss especially the matter of revival, and I found the men's hearts were all aglow, but they all feel 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 impressed holiness 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 sinners, but that we might have sincere saints.

"I think you may confidently look for five thousand professions of faith as a 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.

"Sincerely yours,  
"W. F. Oldham."

The courtesy, the consecrated life, the prayers and faith of Bishop Oldham were an inspiration and blessing to us in our work at Manila, which the Lord crowned so graciously.

In all of our travels around the world and the many men we have met, among the prominent, influential men of Methodism I have met no man who has impressed me more profoundly as a man of clear mind, pure heart, and in every way exemplifying in his character the great Methodist doctrine of entire sanctification and perfect love than has Bishop Oldham. There was something about him that fascinated and blessed one in a peculiar and gracious way.

From China we went to Japan where we were received with open arms and warm hearts in a most interesting way. Our first meeting was in a school built up and under the control of the Oriental Missionary Society. This school was founded by those two saintly men, Cowman and Kilbourne. They were remarkable men, quiet but determined and aggressive, honored and blessed of the Lord in a wonderful way in their work. Their school which was the center of their missionary work in Japan was more like Asbury College at its very best than any place I have ever known. I preached for five days in Tokio in a large Baptist Church and we saw about a hundred conversions or sanctifications. We then went to the Methodist Church and preached four days, afternoon and evening, and the altar was always filled with earnest seekers and many souls were blessed. From there we went on to Korea, going up at once to the capital where we were received with great kindness by representatives of the various churches. Seoul, the capital city of Korea, with a vast population, was under the blinding, tyrannical heel of Japan, but the people oppressed, wronged, arrested, tried and executed, were turning to God and there we met with the widest door and the warmest hearts in our trip around the world. Mr. John Wanamaker had built a large Y.M.C.A. hall in that city, at least we were so informed, and we held meetings there and representatives of all the churches came. The crowds were so large they had to issue tickets of admission and the altars were filled, both by sinners seeking pardon and Christians seeking sanctifying grace. Many were blessed. We went from Seoul up to Songdo, where we found Rev. L. K. Gamble, a splendid brother, and Dr. Reid, the son our Dr. Reid from our Kentucky Conference. That was a great center of Southern Methodism; some large schools there. They received us very kindly and we saw a very gracious revival among those people.

From there we went toward the Manchurian border to the city of Pyeng-yang, where I preached several times in a large Presbyterian school. Several of the people were greatly blessed. The Presbyterian Church had a seminary at that point, where young men in training would spend some weeks in study, then go out in evangelistic work, then come back for further study. It seemed to me that was a fine way to train young people. I never saw a finer body of young ministers in all my travels than these young Presbyterian ministers planning to go out in the mission field. I was delighted while in Japan to meet with Rev. S. E. Hager. He had been powerfully sanctified while a

student at Vanderbilt at old McKendree Church where I was holding revival meetings with Dr. Sam Steel. He was one of the great athletes of the University. He came from Breathitt County, Kentucky. He was of a fine family, strong mind and a wonderful body. He had hurt one of his legs at football and had it put up in plaster of Paris. He came limping down to the altar with his arms around the necks of two fellow students. Had some trouble getting down on his knees and stretching out that stiff leg, but he was not there long until the Lord poured full salvation into his soul. He got up and is going yet. I saw him not long ago in a meeting in Florida. He is finishing out either his fortieth or fiftieth year as a missionary in Japan, where the Lord is wonderfully using him. He seems to be in good health. He is radiant with the love of Christ. I am very happy and thankful to God that Sam Hager received the sanctification of his soul under my ministry at old McKendree Church. I am also grateful that Troxel and Taylor, two of our great missionaries in China under the National Holiness Board, were sanctified many years ago in a meeting I held up in Illinois. Of course, I must claim nothing on that score, only I am grateful to God that it was my privilege to carry the Gospel of full redemption from sin to these missionaries whose lives have counted so large and who have been so wonderfully blessed and used of the Lord in the spread of the Gospel of full redemption in the great fields in which they have labored.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 32 WORLD TOUR OF EVANGELISM**

It would make a large volume to tell of the World Tour of Evangelism, made by Brother J. L. Piercy and me, — the places we visited, the great gatherings at which we preached, the family circles to which we were invited, and the personal touch, not only with devout missionaries, but with many consecrated native people in the various nations we visited. There were many very interesting incidents, bright conversions, powerful sanctifications and gracious hours of Christian fellowship where we felt the Divine Presence in the midst.

The reader may get some idea of these meetings if we should give some resolutions passed by groups of those among whom we labored.

### **RESOLUTIONS 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 Rev. J. L. 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 had made possible his missionary itinerary and our fellowship with them, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

"H. R. Calkins,

"J. C. Butcher,

"P. M. Duck, Committee.

"Thomas S. Donough, Conference Secretary."

The following resolutions were passed 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 worldwide 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."

One of the most delightful experiences we enjoyed in our World Tour was our privilege to meet with, and deliver the full salvation message to the North India Conference. These brethren received us with open arms and warm hearts, and we were blessed in preaching to them the gracious doctrine of entire sanctification, and all it signifies and involves.

At the close of this conference the brethren passed the following resolution:

"The North Indian 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. 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 also 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 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 homeland. We trust that after their 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. H. Hyde, Secretary."

I recall with gratitude to our Lord, the fact that after our meetings at Lucknow, where there was a vast assembly of missionaries and native ministers, Bishop Warne sent me a stack of letters which he had translated from the Hindustani into English, of native preachers who gave as clear a testimony to having received the experience of sanctification as you ever heard at any of our holiness camp meetings. There were some thirty-odd of such testimonies from Hindu preachers.

At the close of our ministry in Seoul, my interpreter told me that not less than thirty of the Korean preachers gave a very definite testimony to having received the sanctifying grace. I felt that this alone, was well worth the time and expense of my World Tour of Evangelism. We received many expressions, letters and testimonials of gratitude to God for the benefits received in the various conferences, conventions and meetings in which we engaged.

There were some of the brethren in the homeland who seemed to be indignant that this Holiness Association of which we have spoken, should have supported me on this trip. I can but believe if they could understand how the Lord blessed and used us, and the host of people who received the gracious doctrine of full salvation from sin, they would have been less severe in their criticism and more generous in their attitude. Of course, this class of persons to whom I refer made no contributions to the expenses of the tour. Mr. L. P. Brown, that faithful and beloved witness of the Lord to full salvation, of Meridian, Miss., handled the finances. He gave to my wife \$100 per month for the family expenses. I think the expenses of my trip were a little more than \$1,000. I doubt if the same amount of money has ever been spend by that group called the "Holiness People," that brought more gracious results. I shall thank God, to my dying day, and perhaps, in the life beyond, for this wonderful privilege. I had rather made this journey and preached a full salvation gospel to the multitudes to whom I ministered, than to have received all the honors of all ecclesiastics of all the churches, and all the gold of the millionaires of all the world. I only wish that I had been better qualified for the service, and had witnessed more gracious manifestations of the Holy Spirit among the people; but that God should have used me makes me to whisper in my inner consciousness, "Amazing grace!" How wonderful that, so unworthy an instrument should have become a channel of blessing to a multitude of souls.

My last meeting was held; the last service was concluded, the benediction was pronounced. I walked out under the stars just breaking through the blue, with my work done, for the present, in the Orient. I walked home a tired, worn man, full of gratitude for the blessed privilege of three strenuous months, with a strong faith that the Holy Spirit would bless the seed sown, that the many missionaries and native preachers who had received the Holy Spirit in a gracious baptism of sanctifying power, will carry on, and that work may abide and spread, bringing forth a harvest until our Lord shall come. Many a man may go around the world, preaching far greater sermons than I can preach, but no man can go around the world preaching a greater Christ than I have preached, for everywhere I have offered a Jesus mighty to save all men from all sin.

After a few days' rest Brother Piercy and I shipped from a Japanese port, on a Japanese ship, and were something over two weeks on the vast smooth surface of the Pacific Ocean. We stopped over and spent a night in the Hawaiian Islands. We had the first real rest we had enjoyed for a long while. I had suffered quite a bit from Indian dysentery which was very weakening but now we rested and prayed and read and took life easy; second class passengers, but very comfortable.

When we landed in San Francisco Brother Piercy hastened on to Kentucky but I must fill an engagement at dear old Red Rock Camp Meeting where I preached to multitudes for ten days, and had delightful fellowship with Bishop Robert McIntyre who, from our first meeting many years ago when he was pastor of Grace Methodist Church, Chicago, always called me "Henry." He was one of the first to greet me at Red Rock Camp Ground. He took my hand, with moisture in his eyes, and said, "Henry, I read every line you wrote while on your trip and I prayed between lines, and I felt afraid they would work you to death. I am glad to welcome you back to the homeland." I feel a bit sorry for people who never had the pleasure and blessing of hearing Bishop Robert McIntyre preach the gospel. He had few equals, if any, in the American pulpit. It is blessed to hear the pure gospel from any one, but it is a great privilege to hear a sermon of divine truth from a great soul aflame with the love of Christ and humanity. Such a man was Bishop Robert McIntyre. I assisted him in a revival meeting when he was pastor of First Methodist Church in Los Angeles. His beautiful courtesy and spirit of helpfulness were a benediction. Looking backward, I am reminded that the discourtesy and the wounds which I have received have always come from inferior men of ambition, reaching out beyond their poor capacity, and quite ready to strike down any one whom they imagined stood between them and the realization of their carnal desires.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 33 THE CALL TO THE PRESIDENCY OF ASBURY COLLEGE**

After a short visit to my family in Wilmore I at once engaged in the fulfillment of my camp meeting schedule, which kept me busy during the summer. My World Tour had taken ten months and I had arranged to reach the homeland in time to put in the camp meeting season preaching to the multitudes. Calls for revival work came from every quarter. While preaching at Silver Heights Camp Meeting, in Indiana, Rev. A. P. Jones, of Wilmore, Ky., came to see me and talked very earnestly about the situation at Asbury College. Rev. John Hughes had sold his holdings there and opened a new school at Kingswood, sixty miles below Louisville. Rev. B. F. Haynes had been President of Asbury for three years and had done some constructive work; but the brethren believing that he was disposed to leave Asbury and open a school in Nashville, Tenn., had accepted his resignation. Rev. A. S. Watkins, of Ohio, having been President for one year, resigned and went back to Ohio to occupy a professorship in one of the great universities of that state.

Dr. Newton Wray, a great scholar and most excellent Christian gentleman, had been appointed head of the forces at Asbury until some one could be found for the presidency. These frequent changes had caused confusion and hurt the prestige of Asbury College, and the uncertainty with reference to its future had led to the loss of a large number of students.

As Brother Jones put these facts before me he said, "You are our last hope; we believe if you will accept the presidency, we cannot only save the college but it will enter upon an era of growth and usefulness." The school was then, if I remember correctly, in the twentieth year of its history. The buildings of the original plant near the depot, had been destroyed by fire. Fortunately, for the future history of Asbury College, Dr. B. F. Haynes and Rev. L. L. Pickett had bought the present campus of Asbury which, at the time of its purchase contained a good building erected by some Presbyterians in which they conducted a small boarding school for a short time; it also contained the old Scott residence. There were only two of the present structures on the campus, the Administration Building and Wesley Hall. Their erection had involved considerable indebtedness. When Brother Jones said to me, "If you do not undertake the presidency of the school it seems inevitable it will be sold, and that means the end of Asbury College, as it has stood and labored for the spread of Scriptural Holiness."

Great good had been accomplished at Asbury in sending forth a number of excellent men; the most noted of them was E. Stanley Jones. The school from its incipiency, had been loyal to the teachings of John Wesley and Bishop Asbury on the subject of entire sanctification. Great revivals had been held in the school; many of the leading evangelists had preached the full salvation message there. It had been quite a center for the promotion of sane and intensive evangelism. I could not bear the thought of this school being closed, or falling onto the hands of people whose thought and

teaching were contrary to that for which the school had been established and carried on from the first of its history.

The dividing of the forces, the erection of a new school about one hundred and sixty miles away, the frequent changes of leadership, had brought about a most serious situation, and looking backward, it occurs to me, but for the activity, prayer and zeal with which Rev. L. L. Pickett had labored, solicited funds to pay for the school, and created sympathy and helpfulness, Asbury College might have closed its doors before I arrived. Somewhere in the present buildings there ought to be in imperishable bronze a tablet recording the faithful unselfishness with which Rev. L. L. Pickett labored to reserve and carry forward the work of the institution in those very trying times.

There was some uncertainty in our mind about whether or not sufficient students would be present at the opening of school to organize classes and go forward with the work. I succeeded in securing a few faithful teachers and we determined to undertake the work if we had but few students to begin with. Our opening day was discouraging, to say the least. I had hoped that all Wilmore would turn out to give us a full chapel and an enthusiastic send off, but it happened to be a busy day and the friends failed to show up. We had our opening service in the chapel of the Administration building; we had fifty college students, with a few high school students and a number of children for a primary school. It was one of the most discouraging hours of my life, but I felt the Lord was with us and I think the students were surprised when I said, "The time will come when the students will occupy every seat on this lower floor and in the gallery," and notwithstanding the discouraging situation, I firmly believed my prophecy would be fulfilled.

There was not a dollar in the treasury; in fact, there was no treasury. Obligations scattered about, small and large debts, in every direction. I recall that a certain enterprising young brother who did not seem disposed to give us a helping hand, came to me and asked if I thought that the entire plant could be bought for \$25,000. So far as I was concerned I would not have sold it to him for a million. While there were only two buildings of the plant as it now exists, there was past history, spiritual experience, faith for a future that was entirely beyond mere money.

There is a peculiar blessing, union and joy, along with the prayer of faith, in any small group of persons who are undertaking a difficult task, and who believe they are led of the Lord, and that the work in which they are engaged will, in some way, be a large contribution to the spread of a full gospel, the salvation of souls, and the glory and praise of the blessed Trinity. The little group of professors associated with me were of that spirit; there was a union, happiness and industry and hopeful looking into the future which kept a song in our hearts. Poverty, no doubt, has its inconveniences, but there is a peculiar blessing in being situated so you must look to the Lord for help. When you feel your dependence upon him; when you pray, realizing you must have help, and continue to pray until there comes the sweet assurance into your heart that there will be gracious answer.

As a cause grows and prospers, as some of the difficult problems are solved, as income increases, as salaries become large enough to invite the enterprising who, perhaps, may think more of the remuneration they receive than they do of the work in which they are engaged, there are grave dangers of a selfish spirit, and the loosening of the bonds that bind people together and to the Lord;

they have a profound sense of their need, and are led and driven to prayer to Him, who alone can remove the obstacles and lead on to victory.

The Pentecostal Herald at that time was about twenty-two years of age, and I had had some schooling in its birth and building which, to some extent, prepared me for the problems we faced at Asbury College. I had had seven long, lean years in the publication of The Herald with the constant and bitter opposition of the opposers of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, and a very manifest feeling on the part of many prominent people in the Holiness Movement that Morrison had undertaken an impossibility, and the sooner he learned that he was incompetent to perform the task, and gave it up, the better for him, and perhaps, for the cause he was undertaking to represent. I do not believe there is anything finer for a man than that he feel in his soul a divine call to a difficult task, and although his abilities may be small, and the task or undertaking may not be of a character that will bring him fame and fortune, he is quite willing to give himself wholly to his task. That the inspiration and joy that come from a wholehearted, determined effort to do the thing that will bring praise to his Lord and salvation to his fellow-being is reward enough, and so, in spite of opposition, neglect and indifference by those whom he supposed would lend a helping hand, he goes forward with the holy fire burning in his soul that is constant and blessed remuneration for any labor or suffering that may be involved in the performance of his task.

When school opened the Administration Building was unfinished; there was no front entrance, and we entered at the side door. Where those mounds are now on either side of the entrance there were sink holes; there was a large stump in them, and I was pleased to see Professor W. H. Butler, now a fine business man of Atlanta, Ga., and a group of students, striving to get that stump out of the hole. The earth and stones dragged out of the excavation of the Administration Building filled the entire front yard. It was a vast heap of mud and rocks. Students assisted me, we leveled it down, gathered out the larger rocks which we used for filling sinks and holes; finally leveled off the front yard and when rains would come beat the dirt down and show the small rocks scattered everywhere, I would give small boys nickels to gather them into piles convenient for hauling away. We planted trees, sowed grass seed; faculty and student body took an interest in our front campus which directly offered an attractive appearance.

At once, The Herald readers who had been introduced through the years to Asbury College, and to whom I had preached for years, took an interest in the school and began to send in contributions which helped to clear the indebtedness and improve the plant. There was no heating system, and for quite awhile each teacher had a little oil stove which they carried with them from room to room where they met their classes. We finally secured a large stove for the basement; later on, I bought a large boiler which was shipped on a flat car, and while we wondered how we would get it to the campus, a great snow fell and I hired a man to make an immense sled and with a team of six horses, brought up the boiler and rolled it off into a sink hole where the heating plant now stands. Mr. Newberry, with the assistance of the boys, built a foundation and placed the boiler thereon, set posts in the ground, put a heavy timber across the center of the boiler and set up planks, one end on the ground and the other above the timber, making a shelter. We got a smoke-pipe, built a fire, raised steam and, as we could, dug a trench and put down piping to lead the steam to the Administration Building, and so we were all happy to warm up the situation and take courage. I have no idea of what became of that original boiler; the vast heating system there now provides heat for the entire plant

in coldest weather. If I could find that old boiler I think I would salute it with gratitude for the service it rendered in those early days. I hope it was not included in the scrap iron that our dear old Uncle Sam sold to the Japanese with which to mercilessly destroy women and children in China.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 34 FORWARD MOVEMENT AT ASBURY**

The Herald readers began to learn about Asbury College, its need and work, and became interested and responded to my appeal for financial assistance. The letters and contributions which came from them greatly stimulated our faith and zeal for the good work. My first year at Asbury, I was in very poor health, having brought home with me the dysentery germ from India which was eating up my insides and sapping my physical strength. I did not realize the seriousness of my condition.

When I concluded my work at the Wichita Holiness Camp Meeting the brethren paid me a bit extra, giving me \$200, Harry Maitland had gone quietly among his friends, spoke to them about my physical condition and my great need of rest and treatment, and had collected from them a love offering of \$200, which he brought to me just before leaving Wichita, and said, "This is to pay your expenses to Battle Creek Sanitarium. You must go there and take treatment, or you will break down and die before your time." It is quite probable that the solicitude and insistence of Harry Maitland, a beloved gospel preacher and singer, saved my life. After I got the school started and things moving along in good shape, I went to Battle Creek where a thorough examination by the clinic found me in a very serious condition. The India germ was working in every part of my system, and had I delayed a little longer it would have been too late to secure help.

I found at Battle Creek just what I needed. After three or four physicians had gone over me thoroughly they prescribed my treatment and I at once felt the good effect of same. As the readers know, Battle Creek is controlled and operated by Seventh Day Adventists. Their Sabbath is on Saturday. It so happened the chaplain was away; they had a beautiful chapel and they asked me to preach for them Saturday morning, and I preached to a fine congregation of physicians, nurses and patients. I remained with them four Sabbaths, and each Saturday morning I preached to a congregation which filled the chapel. I improved rapidly, and on Sunday mornings I preached at several churches in the city. I was greatly benefited every way, and when I went to settle my account at the bank, which was in the Sanitarium building, the cashier said, "I have been instructed to allow you \$8.00 for each time you preached, a reduction of \$32.00 from your account." This greatly surprised and pleased me. Through the years I have felt profound gratitude to the famous Dr. Kellogg and those associated with him at the Sanitarium, whom I feel, under the blessing of God, saved my life, which was made possible by the action of my beloved friend, Rev. Harry Maitland.

This is quite an interesting life we are living here, made up of a variety of friendships and their helpfulness. So many make a contribution of which we are often entirely unconscious, that builds and blesses and carries us on through the days and years that would have been impossible, but for the touches and contributions that come to us from a vast number of our fellow-beings, which reminds us that we are members one of another, and that to love the Lord and humanity gives us



opportunity to make our little contribution to bless, strengthen and sweeten the lives of our fellow-beings.

Our first Commencement was a great occasion; it was a Holiness Convention. The Lord blessed us, the people sympathized with us and the work went forward hopefully. There was a large increase in the student body. At the opening of school I held a revival meeting and many were converted and sanctified, and there were formed bonds of co-operation and fellowship that counted largely in everything, in discipline, the order of the institution, study, recitation and the whole college life was penetrated by the salt of the great Bible truths of regeneration sanctification and devout living.

Directly I conceived the idea of buying a farm. I found a splendid tract of land which could be purchased for \$150 an acre. I appealed to persons who would take an acre of land the money came in, the farm purchased and many students given employment. For several years we received considerable benefit from this farm, meanwhile, we had no buildings to take care our students. They were coming in increasing numbers; the World War came on, price of land went up and we were in such great need for a dormitory that we sold the farm and built Fletcher Hall, which proved, not only very helpful, but more profitable than the income from the farm.

Our Commencement occasions were great holiness Conventions. People came from afar, considerable numbers were saved, reclaimed and sanctified during Commencement. On these occasions I was able to take large collections to carry on and enlarge the work of the college. On several Commencement occasions I was able to secure cash and subscriptions amounting to as much as \$20,000, which was wonderfully helpful to us.

The school grew in influence and attendance in a remarkable way. For seven years I received no salary, with the exception of retaining of my income enough for the economical support of my family, I gave every dollar I received to the college. When I would preach at the camp meetings and receive my remuneration I would send a small post office order to my wife to meet pressing obligations, divide the rest and send it to the professors who had not been paid in full during the year, and most always by the time school opened in the fall I would have received enough during my summer camp meetings to finish the back pay on their salaries. In this way I gave a good many thousands of dollars of which I kept no account. We were in love with the work in which we were engaged, and while we did not exactly have all things in common, there was a beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice and helpfulness which I remember with a glow in my soul of gratitude to God for the privileges and blessings which were ours in those great good days of hard work and blessed fellowship.

At the end of seven years the school had gotten pretty well on its feet and after that the Board paid me a salary; nothing like salaries paid to other officials in the days after the college had won some victories over the poverty and hard times which characterized its earlier years. For eight years more we went on with the work in which the Lord blessed us very graciously. Almost every year, during the fifteen years of my presidency, I held the revival, often beginning before registration day; students began coming in before school opened and I would suggest we meet after supper and have a religious service. We would sing, pray, have testimonies which got the students acquainted with each other, gave them a homey feeling and prevented homesickness and gave us a good start. I would

usually exhort before closing the meeting, and after a few nights would call seekers to the altar, and so the revival would be on. Our professors did not appreciate this method, but I found it a wonderful way to wean the students away from home, the things left behind and make them Asburians. Registration would go on, classes would be formed, and in the evening continue our revival work and frequently by the time school was open for regular routine work of lessons, a host of our young people would be converted, sanctified and quite ready for their class work. I greatly enjoyed this labor among the young people and the salvation and joy which came to them were far better than any salary I could have received for my services.

One of our financial agents came to The Herald office and we furnished him 30,000 names and addresses of Herald readers. He employed a group of stenographers, sent out bags of letters and secured the money which enabled us to erect the beautiful Library Building which was paid for almost entirely by the readers of The Pentecostal Herald. This offering was asked for and taken on my sixty-fifth birthday. Wife and I went to California where I engaged in several meetings and visited Mrs. Lizzie Glide and laid before her the need of a Theological Building for the better training of our students who felt called to the ministry. She was deeply interested in this phase of our work. All of her offerings were given with the hope of a well instructed, sanctified, evangelistic ministry to proclaim the gospel of a full salvation from sin. She made us a handsome donation which made Morrison Hall, our Theological Building, a possibility. This building had a very excellent basement, largely above ground, with many spacious recitation rooms. The first floor gave us a chapel, ample lecture and recitation rooms for our Theological Department the second and third floors were used for dormitory purposes. Here we could house a large number of students. This Theological Building proved a wonderful help to the school, every way, and gave us a larger view of the work to which we were consecrated, and as the years went by we sent out quite an army of well trained preachers, rooted and grounded in the orthodox faith and the Wesleyan interpretation of the Scripture, saved and sanctified, with one desire and purpose, the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers. Asbury has trained and sent forth quite an army of missionaries who have carried the news of full salvation to almost all of the great mission fields of the churches.

It was in the fourteenth year of my presidency that we had the great fire which destroyed the two dormitories for girls. I was absent at the time, and was suffering from a weakened heart brought on by almost constant labor. I frequently fainted, several times while reading and once or twice in chapel services. I feared any sort of excitement. I could preach, sing, pray and work about the altar without excitement. I was preaching for a week at a district conference in the Panhandle of Texas, closed out Sunday evening and started for Wilmore Monday morning. I sent word that I would get there in time to preach in the chapel at 7:30 Wednesday evening. As I was traveling through Texas Monday, the big fire broke out and swept away these two large dormitories, with all the furniture, damaging the heating plant and some damage to the dining hall. Of course, I knew nothing of this conflagration. The authorities of the school did not know how to reach me by wire, but my blessed Lord and Saviour knew all about it. He knew the condition of my heart, and on the train he gave me such a gracious revelation of Himself, such an assurance of His sufficiency for all my needs, that when a friend on the train, on Wednesday morning as I approached Louisville, told me of the fire, I at once understood the meaning of the gracious experience the Lord had given me, and did not feel the least excitement, but a sweet peace, and a joy bubbling up in my heart that was difficult to express to any one. I arrived home in time for breakfast; wife and I took the train for Wilmore where

we found the wreckage of two large buildings and a huge mass of broken and twisted iron bedsteads, with a picture of desolation everywhere. The students had been saying, "This will kill dear old Dr. Morrison." They were surprised to find me so happy and hopeful; the whole place seemed to take on faith, resolution and a desire to help. Everybody in the community seemed to be at work, wages were good, a large improvement was being made on the railroad near Wilmore, a tunnel was being cut through the rock on the highway near Brooklyn bridge, so a great company of students volunteered to give their services free, to clear away the wreckage and put things in shape for a new building. Some of our students who had been soldiers in the army, dynamited the standing walls, got wheelbarrows, heavy cotton gloves and hatchets, and they cleaned bricks, stacking them in order, and in eight or ten days the whole place was cleaned up and in fine shape for rebuilding. The girls got busy raising money to buy furniture for the new building.

I had drawn a plan, simply a rough draft on a piece of paper, as to how I thought the new building should be erected. Brother A. P. Jones, one of our trustees and a faithful friend through the years, came to me and said, "I have drawn a rough sketch of a plan which occurs to me would be the best for a new building." It was in perfect harmony with my plan. Rev. W. L. Clark, another man for many years a faithful member of the Board of Trustees, came to us and said, "I wish to show you brethren a rough plan of what I think would do for the new building." It was almost exactly like the one I had drawn, and we were pleased to know how well agreed we were with the plan. We submitted them to an architect and they proceeded to draw the blueprint for the Glide-Crawford building as it stands today. We were happy and hopeful and there seemed to be a revival spirit in the air. We sent out appeals to The Herald readers who had never failed us, and the money came in to pay the army of workmen and so we went forward until the beautiful Girls' Dormitory now standing on the campus was completed. The insurance money coming in from the buildings burned was a great help in buying material and going forward with the work.

Along with the completion of this building, and opening it, my health had so failed, and the years were creeping upon me, I decided to resign and get free of the heavy burdens that I had been carrying for fifteen years of wonderful blessing and victory. To tell the story of how an army of students came in from the various cities, camp meetings and communities in which I had held revivals, of how the friends I had made through the long years of revival work, responded to our call for financial aid; to tell of the gracious revivals, the heartbreaks over the sinful and the joy over the saved, of the various oppositions I encountered, the misunderstandings to which I was subjected, where explanations could not be made without involving others, and the wonderful blessing and comfort that I received from the Lord, of the sympathy and help given me by my wife, who is now in Heaven, and my present wife so well known and loved by The Herald readers, would take several large volumes. I believe that all the time my heart was full of love for the student body. I was compelled to enforce discipline at times, but I never had anything approaching an angry feeling that desired to humiliate, avenge, or do a student wrong. I had private prayers with many of them, heard their confessions and together prayed for victory.

The last year of my presidency of the college, the great new dormitory for girls of which I have spoken, was erected, and I believe we enrolled perhaps the largest number of students in the history of the school. I still remained president of the Board after my resignation of presidency of the college, but by no means relinquished my intense interest in the school. I also remained president

of the Theological Seminary. Dr. L. R. Akers was elected, I think, by a unanimous vote, to the presidency of Asbury College.

I wish to give the names of the faithful men who were trustees of Asbury College when I first came to the presidency of the institution. and who stood by me so faithfully. They gave of their money, signed notes, held up my hands and made possible the going forward of the great work which built Asbury: Rev. A. P. Jones, Brother Arnold, Mr. Jordan Lowry, O. C. Garvey, Alvin Overstreet, Brother Askins, the architect of the Administration Building, W. L. Clark, Rev. Crit Johnson, Rev. S. M. Maxwell, Rev. C. M. Humphrey and Rev. L. L. Pickett. I believe this is the entire list at the time I was elected president of the College, and they were very helpful. I remember them with gratitude. Brothers Overstreet, Clark, Maxwell and Johnson are still living, the others have answered the final roll call, but I treasure the memory of these men in my heart.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 35 MY LOYAL ASSISTANTS**

No man can accomplish much in the tasks of life without loyal and efficient assistants. George Washington never would have been called the Father of his Country but for the hardy, brave patriots who followed him so loyally and said, by actions, that speak louder than words, on many a bloody battlefield at the point of the bayonet: "Give me liberty or give me death."

In the small sphere of my activities, the labors in my part in the building up of Asbury College would have been in vain but for the loyal souls that gave me a glad helping hand in so many ways. I mention here the name of Rev. Samuel Arnold who died a few years ago while the beloved pastor of west Broadway Methodist Church in Louisville, Ky. He was a student of Asbury when I went to the school as president. I soon got acquainted with him and secured his assistance as Business Manager. He was industrious, cheerful, and skillful in the management of business affairs of the institution and of great value to me, in building up and carrying on the good work at Asbury.

Miss Lela Kintner, my secretary and stenographer, was a woman of many excellent qualities. She was devoted to the best interests of the school, a wise and helpful counselor as well as a tireless worker. For some years she has been a successful missionary in one of the great foreign fields. I shall ever remember her with gratitude for her wise suggestions and readiness to serve in all the fields of her activities here in the building up of Asbury in those trying times.

Dr. Fred H. Larabee, a scholarly man, who had had quite a bit of experience in teaching, came to Asbury and rendered me remarkably efficient service as dean of the school. It was at a time when I was compelled to travel considerably and, in my absence, he acted as Vice President and carried on the work in a most satisfactory way. Dean Larabee has been with us, a scholarly, devout and faithful man, for many years. For some time he has devoted his services entirely to the work of the Theological Seminary. I owe a great debt of gratitude not only for the service he has rendered but for the friendly counsel he has given me.

Dr. John Paul came to us at a time when I was in great need. As Vice President he looked after many details not only in the government of the school but also in the class work. He is a man of remarkable knowledge in many fields of study, investigation, and thought. Truly Wesleyan, and of such kindly spirit and good humor that he at once won the confidence of the student body and the respect of the professors and the people of the community. Dr. Paul remained with us for about six years. After leaving us he became President of Taylor University at Upland, Indiana.

Some two years after the death of my wife, whom I met and married in California, of whom I have written in a former chapter in this volume, I married Mrs. Bettie Whitehead, a woman well known for her activities in church work in the Louisville Conference. She, for many years, had taken a very

leading part in mission work and was closely united and associated with that class of devout people known as the "holiness people." She at once took a deep interest in our work at Asbury. For awhile she was matron in the female department of the school, but rendered her largest service as my secretary and coeditor of The Pentecostal Herald, and soliciting funds for the College. She was an untiring worker of remarkable business intelligence, a wise counselor, and with her assistance and through her appeal we were able to raise large sums of money for the College. Her editorials in The Herald have been read with great interest and in the management of the children's page she has become known throughout the nation as " AUNT BETTIE." Her assistance in the college work in raising money for the institution, in securing money to help worthy students, and in many ways both with the development and carrying on of the work of the College and The Herald, has been invaluable. Her life and thought and prayers have become a part of The Pentecostal Publishing Company and the upbuilding and growth of the College.

Miss Helen Bishop, who was a student at Asbury and also a very skillful secretary and stenographer, was of great help to me in the quietness of her gentle manner of life her helpful suggestions, and the remarkable accuracy of her work in all she did. In all the services she rendered she made a profound impression upon me. Looking backward I think of her as about as faultless as any human being I have ever known. Later on she became Registrar and endeared herself with her graceful manner and courtesy to every one with whom she had any business or who came in touch with her in the school's life. She was admired and honored by all officials, professors, and students. After many years of excellent service she suffered a painful sickness for some months and then went away in peace to the Father's house. She will be remembered and revered in Asbury College for many years.

There are a number of professors and helpers whose names might well be mentioned in this chapter but it would take not only a volume but volumes to record the interesting history of these first fifteen years of service in this remarkable center of education, of spiritual instruction and experience, of gospel preaching, of the salvation of the unconverted and the sanctification of believers, and the sending forth of an army of spiritual people and a great company of missionaries who have girdled the Globe, whose lives have been illumined by the holy fires of perfect love burning in their hearts. As I write down these memories there come trooping up shining faces, kindly deeds, words of encouragement and good cheer from professors, students, and patrons of the institution, and old graduates who have come back to visit us on Commencement occasions, that have gone into my life and helped me in whatever service I have rendered to my blessed Lord and my fellow beings. It is quite remarkable and interesting how life and character are made up by the many people who in one helpful way and another build us, bless us, and help us by the grace of God to perform the tasks to which we are appointed.

I might write a chapter on the dark side of these fifteen years as President of Asbury College; misunderstandings, oppositions, jealousies and heartaches, but I shall not; as time passes these things fade away in thought and memory; much of the tragedy is more than half forgotten, and the good and beautiful rise up and shine like jewels which can never lose their luster.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 36 MY RETURN TO THE PRESIDENCY OF ASBURY COLLEGE**

Because of failing health and increasing years, I resigned as President of Asbury College after fifteen years of service, and Dr. L. R. Akers was elected to succeed me. He was a graduate of Asbury College, and after leaving Asbury had graduated from a Theological Seminary, later taking his M. A. degree from the University of Kentucky. He had served several prominent churches in the Northeast Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Akers came to the school at an opportune time, in the days of prosperity, money was in circulation and the financial outlook was most optimistic; the idea of a depression never entered one's mind. Dr. Akers was able to get better scholastic rating for the college, improved the curriculum and augmented the teaching force. The campus was improved; three buildings that had been used for residential purposes were removed, which gave the college campus a very attractive and beautiful appearance.

Under Dr. Akers' administration the Library building was erected, also the splendid Auditorium as a memorial to Rev. John Wesley Hughes, D. D., founder of Asbury College. One of the financial agents came to Louisville and we gave him the names and addresses of thirty thousand Herald readers to whom he sent letters soliciting money for the Library, which was to be called the Morrison Library, as a memorial for the services I had rendered the institution. I did not know the object of the campaign was to build a Library as a memorial to me.

There was considerable indebtedness on the Glide-Grawford dormitory, which was completed and occupied when Dr. Akers took charge. There was an increase in the attendance and the promise for the future of the school that was most encouraging.

Mr. C. A. Lovejoy was Business Manager under Dr. Akers' administration and was a delightful brother, traveling, seeing the people, and made a good impression, and secured financial assistance for the upbuilding of the institution.

On his resignation, Mr. W. W. Cary, a man of culture, piety, and considerable experience in the financial world, became Business Manager and rendered excellent service until his health failed and he was compelled to retire.

I was made President of the Board of Trustees and labored at some disadvantage. The enthusiasm of the younger sometimes hesitate to take advantage of the counsel of the older. The fact is, there is a growing spirit in our country everywhere to discount age and experience, and supplement it with youth and inexperience. This can be carried to a dangerous extreme. The experience I had had in taking the school with only fifty college students, debts, and very little faith in many good people

for the rescue and establishing of the school, was valuable. There were good people who said, and it came from many quarters in my efforts to secure financial help, "The school will practically go out of existence when Morrison dies. It is kept up by The Pentecostal Herald and its readers, and when he goes the school and Herald will go with him."

This was very embarrassing. When I would talk to my friends, who were able to give assistance they would say, "If we were sure the school would fall into good hands when you are gone we would be willing to make contributions for its development." It is comparatively easy to endure the criticism of your enemies, but when your friends lack faith in the work of an institution for which you labor, and refuse to give you assistance, that gives you a heartache. I met with this almost constantly, and in many quarters.

When the younger life came in, and the school showed evidences of growth and development, that objection died away, but the outlook was so hopeful that the tendency was to go faster than conditions would justify. We had a small endowment, but raised considerable money selling bonds which, to a man like myself, looked a bit risky, but it gave money for development, increase of salaries and quite a number of improvements.

Dr. Akers' influence with the Southern Association was of value and the school grew in prestige, in the number of students, and came to be recognized, far and wide as a most excellent place for the education and religious culture of young people. As Dr. Akers approached the ninth year of his administration, his physical health was failing, he was under the treatment of specialists in Cincinnati, was advised and felt he should resign. It was a very critical time in the history of Asbury College. A tremendous debt had accumulated, the depression had come on and the crash of falling financial institutions and enterprises was heard throughout the nation and around the world.

From a human point of view it looked as if it would be impossible to meet this emergency and save Asbury College. Friends of the school demanded that I should return and undertake to rally the forces, pay the debt and go forward with Asbury in the execution of its God-given task. I was then in my seventy-seventh year, and had gone through a long illness which took me near to the grave, but it seemed the Lord raised me up, and I thought, perhaps for this good purpose. So I consented to accept the Presidency.

We were most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Earl Savage, a most successful business man who resided in Lexington, Ky., only eighteen miles from the school. His father was, for years, one of the most beloved and saintly men in the Kentucky Conference. His mother, with her husband, walked the beautiful path of consecration and holiness, and were faithful witnesses to the Wesleyan experience of sanctification. I have never known two people of finer character and sweeter spirit than the parents of Mr. Earl Savage.

He had been very successful in business, had sold some of his large holdings, had the confidence of business men in Lexington, and in this crisis came to us and gave us two years of most excellent service free of any charge, whatsoever. Much of the indebtedness of the school was to creditors in Lexington, Ky. One of his first acts was to call together some thirty-five men to whom the College



was obligated, and made a very clear statement to them, with an earnest appeal that they not proceed against us, but give us time and opportunity.

The depression had taught men to be somewhat patient toward their debtors and there was a remarkable spirit of generosity, which I felt came from above. God is so great, so present, it is easy for Him to make kindly impressions upon the minds of men. One of my first thoughts and efforts was to raise money as rapidly as possible to pay our professors back dues on their salaries. Some of their homes in building and loan associations were in jeopardy. I placed Rev. H. H. McAfee, who was a most excellent agent, in the field; I sent out one or two general letters to our creditors, and wrote scores and hundreds of letters to individuals. With Brother McAfee in the field, myself in the office, and Mr. Savage handling the business, within two months we had raised about \$23,000 in donations which Mr. Savage placed to best advantage. This created confidence in our creditors, encouraged us and relieved considerable pressure and embarrassment upon some of the people to whom we were obligated.

Mr. Savage was giving his service, and for two years I made no charge for my services, so that, we could beg contributions and use what came into us with great freedom. We were rendering a service of love to our Lord and fellow-beings, our hearts were warm, our faith was inspired, and while the indebtedness of about \$450,000 was a crushing burden, we had faith and worked most hopefully. There was a wonderful response; some people donated bonds, others donated the coupons for the year, and while we received no large gifts, thousands of one dollar bills came to us from humble, holy people who assured us of their sympathy and prayers. This touched my heart deeply. These gifts were sometimes less than a dollar. I remember there came one gift from a dear old brother who lived in the poorhouse, of two pennies, saying he wanted to help. All this makes Asbury College, with its grounds and buildings, too sacred a place to be defiled with human pride, ambition, self-seeking, or any sort of waste or extravagance. It was a kind of world center for consecrated, pure living from which should go out to the ends of the earth the glad witness of the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin, committed or inherited.

These years of toil, of prayer, of faith, of earnest appeal, lifted the institution, its purpose and work into a realm, high above anything and everything of a selfish character. In a peculiar way, we felt it belonged to Him who had bought us with His agonies on the cross, Somehow the buildings took on a new beauty; the beautiful campus became more beautiful; the trees looked different from those in other yards. They seemed to be clothed with especial grace. We loved them and everything about the place with a strange and happy devotion. I do not believe there is anything better for a man than to put himself under a burden and carry it, the best he can, with devotion and faith for His Lord and fellow beings. And that was what Asbury was to me in those marvelous days of battle and victory.

I was at Pentecostal Park camp meeting that we had built on my grandfather's farm where I was reared; a sacred place to me. I was worn with work, and had been ill for some days. One afternoon I said to Rev. J. L. Piercy, one of my best and most faithful friends, "You go to the tabernacle and take charge of the meeting. I am too weak to undertake it." He went over, and while sitting under a dogwood tree, I felt strongly moved to go into my camp meeting cabin and write an appeal to the holiness people for a Thanksgiving offering for Asbury College. The Lord seemed to lead me in this writing which was published in The Herald. Wife followed this with another appeal. There was much

prayer and faith, and as Thanksgiving came on responses came in and this appeal yielded us in cash, bonds, notes, coupons and various gifts, \$44,000.

After two years of faithful service, Mr. Savage resigned and Dr. Z. T. Johnson, an old Asbury student who, after graduating from Asbury, took his M. A. degree at Kentucky University, and his Ph.D. from Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, was elected business manager. He had taught several years in one of the state schools of Mississippi, later transferred to the Kentucky Conference and was appointed pastor of the Methodist Church in Wilmore. He held a gracious revival, raised money and canceled the church debt which had been a burden for several years, thus making a favorable impression upon a number of the friends of Asbury. I was sick in Florida, and some of them wrote me suggesting that Dr. Johnson be appointed to take the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Savage, and also as Vice President of the College. He gave himself wholeheartedly to the work of canceling the indebtedness. The money coming in was placed in his hands, and it was encouraging how so many people whom we owed, when he approached them to make settlements, made generous donations.

I recall one large wholesale grocery firm in Lexington. When I went back to the Presidency we owed that firm \$8,000 for groceries that had been consumed. I suggested to the business management that, when they needed groceries to patronize them and pay cash, also pay something on the indebtedness. When Dr. Johnson got the money, he went to settle with them. I had had a conversation with a member of the firm with whom I had been associated in our early days. My own uncle had married his aunt and we were thrown together. I said to him, "We are expecting to settle our account soon, and we hope you will make a donation to Asbury." When Dr. Johnson went to settle with this grocery company, they said to him, "We have talked over this matter; you people have made a brave fight, you have a great school and we have decided to make you a donation; you have reduced your indebtedness to \$3,300. Give us your check for \$2,000, and we will donate \$1,300." Most encouraging. Dr. Johnson could write a pamphlet on the interesting experiences he had settling debts with persons who made donations which amounted to quite a sum. We took all of this as the overruling and guidance of our blessed Master.

Through the blessing of God, the responses of the people and the generous reductions made by our creditors, within a few years the immense debt was cleared away; confidence was increased and we were able to make a large increase to the endowment of the school. Dr. Johnson, as Business Manager, was tireless in his energy and efforts in all the good work of paying the debt and adding to the endowment.

So far as my part was concerned in this gracious task, it took me forty years of almost incessant labor, traveling day and night, preaching over the United States and around the world, giving of my own means, building The Herald, soliciting through its columns, helping to build up the movement, and spreading the fire of full salvation, to pay my part of the great debt that rested upon Asbury when I went back to the Presidency.

# **SOME CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE STORY**

By  
**H. C. Morrison**

## **CHAPTER 37 CLOSING REFLECTIONS**

When I was a boy reading American history I felt disappointed that I had not been born in time to follow George Washington in battle for the freedom of this nation. Later on, when I read of Daniel Boone's adventures in the early history of Kentucky I felt it unfortunate that I was born too late to trail after him in the hunting ground and great forests of Kentucky, taking chance with wild beasts and savage men.

Still later, when I read of the restoration and rebuilding of Jerusalem under Nehemiah, when they worked with a trowel in one hand, a sword in the other, only putting off their clothes for the washing, it looked like dull drudgery to cut briars out of the young corn and kill tobacco worms. It appeared that most everything worth while had been accomplished before I arrived on the scene.

Early in my ministry when the revival and doctrine and experience of sanctification broke out in Methodism it made a strong appeal to the needs of my soul, and became ingrained in my longings, faith and love; I felt I had been born in due time. I had been preaching several years with a degree of success when the discussion and controversy arose over the doctrine of the second work of grace, or the baptism with the Holy Spirit, subsequent to regeneration in the cleansing away of the carnal nature. There was strong opposition to this doctrine. A friend gave me a copy of Mr. Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection" which greatly influenced me on this subject. There were three earnest men who claimed and witnessed to this gracious experience. They loved me, prayed for me, and spoke to me words of exhortation and encouragement. I shall remember and feel grateful to these men through time and eternity.

First among them was Horace Cockrill, an unusually bright man, with strong convictions and calm courage. Dr. Rhinehart, one of the greatest full salvation singers I ever knew, and Rev. W. S. Grinstead. These men, in a beautiful way and most kindly manner led me on toward the Canaan experience and life. I sought for some time for the sanctifying power. I had a gracious experience of regeneration, after deep conviction for sin, and a joyful Christian experience. I received the blessing of sanctification with remarkable power. I know the very spot. I can never forget the moment. A very prominent and influential member of the Kentucky Conference was in the room with me at the time, I fell under the power of the Spirit, which frightened him and when I got to where I could speak I began to praise the Lord. He was indignant and cautioned me, and exhorted me not to become a fanatic. I had read almost nothing in the books, had not attended holiness meetings, and joined with others in saying that it was not the wise thing to make a profession of this experience, but to live the life. This preacher, who was not noted for spirituality, but had great influence over me, shut off my testimony; keeping quiet, by and by, I had a sense of loss of the sweet peace and power I had first enjoyed. Remaining silent on the subject I fell under conviction and a feeling that I had made a great mistake in not boldly witnessing to the work wrought in my soul.

After some days, frequently fasting and much in prayer, the Lord graciously restored my experience. At once, I went to the home of a prominent Methodist preacher giving my testimony, and he stopped me, warned me, and almost scolded me, that it was not a thing to be professed. I soon lost the joy. I attended a holiness convention and learned much about the Bible truth and that to keep the experience we must become a witness; must testify, instruct and exhort others.

I then commenced preaching the doctrine, started *The Pentecostal Herald*, calling it *The Old Methodist*, and advocated the Wesleyan interpretation of the doctrine of sanctification. I went for some time without a clear experience; a number were sanctified under my ministry and I urged them to testify. I was graciously blessed in my ministry and while conducting a revival in Knoxville, Tenn., a union meeting with two of my beloved friends, Will Dyer and James Burrough, both dead some years ago, I came into a very clear experience and gave a gracious testimony.

I deeply regret that I did not testify clearly and at once when the Holy Spirit fell upon me so graciously in sanctifying power. And unfortunately, being in company and fellowship with a prominent minister who strongly opposed the doctrine, I was hindered and hurt seriously. I devoutly thank God that He restored and established my soul and that for something more than half a century I have been a witness to the sanctifying power of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

Looking backward to my long life in the Master's service, there is much to be thankful for, much to regret, and nothing of which to boast, on my part; but great reason to rest my faith in the eternal truths and the blessed Trinity, and go forward preaching a free and full salvation for all men from all sin. I love to sing "Rock of Ages," and lay special emphasis on these words, "In my hand no price I bring; simply to thy cross I cling."

I have recently entered upon my eighty-fifth year, the sixty-third of my ministry, which has carried me over the United States, and around the world preaching in Scotland, once, in Germany twice, in London, a number of times, holding, a gracious revival in Port Said, Egypt, a week's revival in dear old Jerusalem, and seeing many saved, three months of gracious revival work in India touching multitudes of missionaries and people, some gracious meetings in Japan, one good meeting and several sermons in China.

One of my most blessed experiences was preaching at an annual conference over which our beloved Bishop Oldham presided, where the power was so manifest that no business was transacted on one of the days during the conference, but beginning about nine o'clock in the morning, ran a continuous meeting until ten o'clock at night. It has been my privilege to preach in several places in Cuba. I have held revival meetings in every great city in the United States; not great revivals, but meetings in which souls were blessed, in camp meetings, from lakes to Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I have preached in tabernacles, tents brush arbors, old halls over grocery stores, and felt the blessing of the Lord and witnessed some gracious results.

Much of the opposition that I was compelled to face in my early ministry passed away. My brethren elected me to the General Conference of our church six times; the bishops of my church sent me as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London, and a number of the bishops of both Methodist families invited me to preach the evangelistic messages at their annual conferences. I have

been the evangelistic preacher in fifty-three annual conferences and seen a host of preachers on their knees at the altar seeking a deeper work of grace, many of them distinctly seeking the sanctifying power.

I feel profoundly grateful that through the years my voice has been preserved, and in my very old age I am able to speak so loud and clear that I can be heard easily in the largest churches and most all of the camp meeting tabernacles. I have been amazed and profoundly grateful to our compassionate God who has borne with my weaknesses, lengthened my life, strengthened my body and given me the privilege of writing and preaching the full redemption provided in Jesus Christ for a lost and sinful race. I know that the end of my ministry can hardly be far away, and I am longing and will ask those who read this book to join me in prayer that my last may be the best and most fruitful days of my ministry.