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A NEW LOOK AT REV. J. O. McCLURKAN
By Samuel Walker Strickland

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WHAT THIS BOOK IS

This book is a revision and enlargement of the Founder's Day address by the author, Nov. 13, 1957, at Trevecca Nazarene College. The subject of the address was, "Rev. J. O. McClurkan as I Knew Him."

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DEDICATION

With great pleasure I am dedicating this book to Trevecca College; to the McClurkan family; to Billy Strickland, my preacher son who graduated from Trevecca in 1957; and to my Wife, Ruby, who has been so helpful in the preparation of the manuscript for this book.

* * * * *

PREFACE

Here is a moving account of the life and ministry of one of the great holiness pioneers of the Southeast. This is an intimate and inspiring look at Rev. J. O. McClurkan through the eyes of one who sat in his classes at Trevecca College, listened to him preach from the pulpit of the Pentecostal Mission, and accompanied him in his pastoral and humanitarian ministry over the city of Nashville. Naturally, many interesting sidelights are given. The reader feels the spirit of Rev. J. O. McClurkan, who seems to come alive in the pages of this book.

The over-all impression the reader gains of Bro. McClurkan is that he was a great man according to the Master's standard of greatness: "He that will be great must become the servant of all." He was big in his Christlikeness of spirit, especially in his unstinted self-giving.

Bro. McClurkan also emerges in these pages as a true apostle of Wesleyan holiness teaching. Those who think that his Calvinistic background disposed him to be "mild" in his emphasis on the radical nature of the cleansing effected by entire sanctification will discover that this is grossly incorrect. His teaching and preaching were both rugged and tender. His synthesis of grace and ethics gives him a special affinity with Mr. Wesley.

William M. Greathouse
Dean of School of Religion
Trevecca Nazarene College
Pastor of First Church of the Nazarene
Nashville, Tennessee

* * *

Rev. S. W. Strickland was probably better acquainted with Rev. J. O. McClurkan than any other person now living, and, therefore, is the appropriate one to write THE NEW LOOK AT REV. J. O. MCCLURKAN. He has spent years studying the background of Trevecca College and Bro. McClurkan's relationship to the school. The presentation is unique, and anyone who reads it

carefully will be impressed with the unusual contribution which Bro. McClurkan made to the holiness movement in the South.

A. B. Mackey
President of Trevecca Nazarene College
Nashville, Tennessee

* * *

In his book, A NEW LOOK AT REV. J. O. MCCLURKAN, the author presents a brief, interesting, and orderly sketch of the life of Rev. J. O. McClurkan. He also points out some of the personal characteristics and achievements of this great and good but humble man of God.

I know of no one who is better qualified to give a better analysis of Bro. McClurkan's inner and outer life than Rev. S. W. Strickland.

I came to Nashville, Tennessee in 1908 to enter a medical school and to teach in Bro. McClurkan's school. I did not have the opportunity to come in as close contact with all of the students as I would have liked to have done because of my heavy work at the University as a student and the classes I taught for Bro. McClurkan. I only knew, intimately, those students who were in my classes.

The "Boy Preacher" as some chose to call S. W. Strickland was outstanding in many ways. He was full of energy, moved about as if he was always in a hurry; he was interested in all the activities of the school, eager to learn from any source, always cooperative, ready to do any work assigned to him, prompt at all of his classes and services of the institution.

Every student was assigned certain work to do around the school. The "Boy Preacher" was given the work of washing dishes. He soon attracted the attention of all as a skilled and rapid dishwasher. One day someone said to me, "That boy can wash more dishes than three or four others." I later learned that it took three others to dry the dishes as fast as he washed them. Because of his energetic nature, his eagerness to learn, and his willingness to cooperate, he soon became one of Bro. McClurkan's choice students.

He went out many times with Bro. McClurkan to visit the sick, to make pastoral calls, to solicit funds for the school, and to help many others with their various needs. For years he was Bro. McClurkan's private barber. These close contacts gave him a chance to see the inner life of his president as a religious leader, as a businessman, and to feel the heart throbs of a man called of God to administer to the needs of all men regardless of who they might be.

Not only from these contacts is the author qualified to give a new look at Bro. McClurkan but also from an educational standpoint. He is well-educated, has an analytical mind, and is able to write his story in an interesting and profitable way.

Much of the work of the Church of the Nazarene, especially in the Southeast, has its foundation directly or indirectly in the work of Rev. J. O. McClurkan. So soundly did he lay the

holiness foundation in his Bible teachings, by his holy life and leadership, that there never was a major split in the Pentecostal Mission, nor in that part of the Church of the Nazarene which sprang from it. I might say further that no wildfire or fanaticism or hotheaded extremist has ever seriously hurt the work started by this man. The workman is gone but he gave his personnel such a Biblical, doctrinal, and loyalty-to-God background until it has remained unmoved and unshaken in its purpose.

I heartily recommend this book. It should be read by every minister and layman who desires to be inspired by the accomplishments of a humble and consecrated holy man.

C. E. Hardy
Former President of Trevecca Nazarene College
Former Pastor of First Church of the Nazarene
Nashville, Tennessee

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Dr. J. L. Brasher enjoyed the personal acquaintance of and association with most all of the early holiness leaders, lay and ministerial, including Rev. J. O. McClurkan. In his small book, Glimpses, Dr. Brasher gives a brief but interesting sketch of about fifty-eight early holiness leaders, lay and ministerial. His article on Rev. J. O. McClurkan is as follows:

"J. O. McClurkan was an evangelist, pastor, editor, educator, missionary promoter, man of God, who lived what we holiness preachers preach, and preached it, too. A Presbyterian by training and ministry but, above all, a devout and holy man of God. A unique preacher of whose ministry I never tired. His memory to me is as ointment poured forth, filling all around with fragrance. I believe he was sanctified under the influence of Dr. Carradine's ministry. He was the founder of Trevecca College, editor of Living Waters (a sixteen-page weekly full-salvation paper), and organizer of the Pentecostal Mission, which at his death had a score or more missionaries in the foreign field. He also taught some subjects in the college. He not only looked after and superintended all the above, but not an article of food went on the college table that he had not personally purchased and planned for. He worked about eighteen hours daily. When his fatal illness came, he had no reserves.

J. L. Brasher
Pioneer Methodist Holiness Minister
North Alabama

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A BRIEF PRESENTATION OF MY BOOK

A New Look at Reverend J. O. McClurkan is the title of a recent book published by Reverend S. W. Strickland a student under Brother McClurkan for six years. The book is of the best material and construction. It has ninety-six pages of clear, readable type and a collection of forty important pictures gathered from many sources and appropriately placed to help tell the story.

The front cover is in the school colors of Trevecca College, purple and white. The preface is written by Drs. William Greathouse, A. B. Mackey, C. E. Hardy and J. L. Brasher.

The book has five chapters dealing with Reverend J. O. McClurkan as follows:

1. A brief sketch of his life -- An orderly arrangement of the high points of his life.
2. As a man -- Describing some of his character traits which combine to make him a great and useful Christian person.
3. As a minister -- Emphasizing his pastoral ministry, his evangelistic ministry, his visitation ministry, and his teaching ministry. Some illustrations of his preaching and teaching on Regeneration, Sanctification, and Growth in Grace.
4. As an organizer -- Emphasizing his leadership in promoting and conserving, through organization, the cause of Scriptural Holiness at home and abroad, thus helping lay the early Holiness foundations for the Church of the Nazarene throughout the South, especially the Southeast and many foreign countries. His organization was called the Pentecostal Mission and united with the Church of the Nazarene in 1915, and thus became the 4th main pillar in the foundation of the Church of the Nazarene.
5. As a writer and educator -- Tells how he early developed the reading taste and habit by exposure to good literature in his Christian home. This helped to make him later, a full and fluent writer. Also explains how he established an educational institution, which he later called Trevecca College, and how he got the name Trevecca.

Too, there are some interesting and helpful quotations from him in the book.

The book is of historical information and inspiration, equally good for young and old, minister and layman. It helps the reader to better understand the past and the present.

The book has a local and regional setting but a universal message as does the Bible. For instance, it emphasizes Christian home training, Sunday school, revival meeting, religious experience, Divine calling and guidance in youth and adulthood, some essential traits of useful Christian personality, Divine resources in overcoming hindrances, growth from small to big things, achievements resulting from total consecration and obedience to the Divine will and guidance. Yes, Reverend J. O. McClurkan was a great holiness pioneer, evangelist, pastor, organizer, missionary promoter, writer, and founder of Trevecca College.

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01 -- A BRIEF SKETCH OF REV. J. O. MCCLURKAN'S LIFE

Rev. J. O. McClurkan was born November 13, 1861, in the Yellow Creek Community of Houston County, about sixty miles northwest of Nashville, Tennessee, between Dixon and Erin, Tennessee. Eight months before Bro. McClurkan's birth, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated

president of the United States on March 4, 1861; and five weeks later, on April 12, 1861, guns in the Charleston, South Carolina harbor boomed the opening of the great American Civil War. Bro. McClurkan was reared on a farm in this Yellow Creek Community in a simple farmhouse built of logs overlaid with clapboard. His grandfather, Hugh McClurkan, came direct from Scotland to America and settled in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Hugh McClurkan, being a full-blooded Scotchman, spoke with the Scotch brogue. Bro. McClurkan's father, John McClurkan, came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and settled in the Yellow Creek Community of Houston County, Tennessee, near Erin, Tennessee. John McClurkan, while a resident of the Yellow Creek Community, was a schoolteacher and an itinerant preacher in the pioneer days of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Tennessee.

Bro. McClurkan was one of thirteen children. All of the children were brought up around a family altar and a good home library. Out of this family came four preacher sons, one of whom was Rev. J. O. McClurkan. The other preacher sons were Will, Christopher, and Newton. Bro. McClurkan, being a frail child, spent many hours helping his mother in the kitchen, binding straw into brooms, and sweeping yards; he pillowed his head on his mother's soft bosom in hours of illness.

Bro. McClurkan's conversion at the age of thirteen is very interestingly told by one of his daughters, Merle, in her book, *A Man Sent of God*. Her story is as follows:

Father's conversion at the age of thirteen should be the voice of encouragement to any discouraged Sunday school teacher. It was like this. The revival season was on, following as it always did in that community, wheat threshing time. Those were busy days for the ladies of old Bethany Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Hams cooking, stacked apple pies, pound cake, corn meal, light bread baking, filled the kitchens with a sweet aroma in preparation for the dinner which would be spread on the ground out under the trees in the churchyard. The log church was swept and clean. Sweet-smelling hay from the wheat fields had been scattered semi-circled in front of the pulpit on which penitent sinners might kneel and seek pardoning grace. Old Bro. Jim Parrish, the man of God who for long years had been pastor of Bethany Church, had seen great things happen in that pile of straw. So he had reason to expect the workings of God in the hearts of the people at the revival season. The fresh new hay was the outward expression of his faith as well as an unspoken invitation to sinners.

Father was a constant seeker during this revival meeting on that hay-carpeted floor, riding horseback behind his mother day after day to attend. He was a timid child. He had longed to become a Christian, yet he had never sought God openly because he shrank from doing those things which brought him into public notice.

The last service of the meeting had been dismissed. You could hear, above the restless feet of horses in the road and the grind of steel-rimmed wheels on gravel, the happy voices of friends and neighbors as they reluctantly drove away to their widely separated homes.

But the revival was not over for God and a boy who still knelt in the straw. Nor for the pastor and the boy's Sunday school teacher, who lingered prayerfully with him, encouraging him, instructing him. They were faithful to him in his youth and obscurity, little dreaming that a great

soul winner was then being born into the family of God, one whose pen and influence were to reach across the seas. His conversion came as quietly as the breaking of the day with all the beauty and freshness and wonder of the dawn. When he walked out of that almost deserted church, he said that he walked into a new world, a world bathed in the glory of God.

"The stars," he said, "shone with a new luster. I have never seen the moon so brilliant. The atmosphere seemed charged with a fragrant aroma. The darkness was light. 'Behold, all things had become new.' "

Even before Bro. McClurkan's conversion he felt the call to preach. He described the call as an inner urge, a conviction -- the voice of God in his heart which never left him.

After his conversion he lived a consistent Christian life in his home, at school, and among his companions; until, at the age of seventeen he came into the noontide splendor of his call. It became a familiar sight to see the two preachers -- father and son -- mount the gray horses on Saturdays and ride off down the country roads to Sunday appointments. One day while the horses were resting in the shade of the sycamore trees, father McClurkan said to his son, J. O. McClurkan, "Jim, I will preach at the morning service; you will preach at night." Simple and quietly spoken words, but at the sound of them a door swung open as if hinges had been anointed with oil. Jim stood upon the threshold of his life's work, young, timid, and awed, but looking into the face of a world's need, its sin, its sorrow -- the field to which he gave his life and his all in sublime dedication. Thus at the youthful age of seventeen was begun the active ministry of Rev. J. O. McClurkan, one of the Lord's great but very humble and modest men. He joined the Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church before he was twenty.

Following a strong desire to further his education, Bro. McClurkan, at the age of nineteen, enrolled for a year in Cloverdale College at Cloverdale, Tennessee. The next year, at the age of twenty, he enrolled in Tacuna College, a Presbyterian institution, for his theological training. Tacuna College was located in Tacuna, Texas.

As a country boy, inexperienced in train travel, he told this story on himself: that when taking this first faraway trip to Texas, he carried his black tin trunk on his shoulder and deposited it safely in the baggage car, so afraid was he that it would not get on the train.

Before his second year in Tucuna he married a Yellow Creek Community girl, the only girl he had ever loved, the girl who was to be a congenial companion and a great source of strength to him the rest of his earthly journey and labor in this world. On November 15, 1882, he married Martha Frances Rye in her father's home, known as the Old Nesbitt Place to the Yellow Creek Community.

Frances' father said to her before her marriage, "I'm tellin' you, Frances, Jim McClurkan won't live a year. Then you will be bringing home a young'un for me and your ma to raise." But this did not discourage Frances, for she said within, "I'll show him. If anything happens to Jimmie, I'll paddle my own canoe."

Bro. McClurkan taught school some in Tennessee and in Texas. At the age of twenty-five he accepted his first pastorate in Decatur, Texas, as minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church where he served for two years. Then, following the leading of the Lord, he moved to California to pastor churches in Visalia and Selma. Following these pastorates his synod elected him Synodical Evangelist. Later he was called to pastor the Presbyterian church in San Jose, California. This church, which at one time had been a thriving center of religious life, was deserted and locked up. While pastoring the church in San Jose, the church was revived. Brother and Sister McClurkan were sanctified in San Jose around 1895 in a revival meeting conducted by the great sanctified Methodist evangelist, Dr. C. B. Carradine. (Dr. Carradine's book on the carnal mind helped me more doctrinally than any other as a young sanctified Christian.)

Receiving the experience of Entire Sanctification was the turning point in Bro. McClurkan's great career. He was a chosen vessel and destined to be one of the great holiness leaders of modern times.

The story of Brother and Sister McClurkan's sanctification is so beautifully told by Merle in her book, *A Man Sent of God*. She relates the story as follows:

San Jose was pivotal in Father's career. He not only did an outstanding piece of work there, but it was the threshold to a new world. The "upper room" was awaiting him. The door was already ajar.

Often it is the little everyday happenings that lead our feet to an unexpected summit where we catch a panoramic view of the greatness and beauty of our universe and something of the vast power that is behind and in it. In just this everyday way Mother was leaving the church one day when a friend detained her on the steps long enough to inquire if she had attended the meeting which was being held at the Methodist church. Mother, whose life was already filled to the brim with her family and her own church program, had not so much as heard of this meeting.

"I wish you could find time to attend, Mrs. McClurkan. Dr. Carradine's sermons are different, and the experience he is preaching about I find so deeply satisfying."

Here the woman's hands fluttered and lay on her breast motionless in symbol of an inner "peace that passeth all understanding."

Mother often told us that as she stood there listening to this woman she felt as if she was looking into a pool of clear, cool water. Then she was thirsty, thirsty for something she did not have, thirsty for something she knew not what. All at once she realized that her one desire was to attend this meeting. She and Father made plans to go that night. There was so much for Mother to do to accomplish this, as she had four children, two of them twins at that, to be provided for. At last everything was in readiness and she happily awaited Father's arrival. The time for the service approached and passed! When Father did arrive at the manse at a late hour he found Mother in tears. The fact that a man had come to his office in great trouble and had pushed all remembrance of the meeting out of his mind was little comfort to her in her disappointment. They arrived on time the next night, Father saw to that, and they were never the same people again.

The woman was right. The sermon was different, different from anything they had heard before. The evangelist preached about an experience that awaits the believing Christian, an experience of cleansing that deals with the root of sin in the heart, which he called the carnal nature. He identified it as that disturbing element in the Christian life which he likened to a thread or a cord-like connection between the soul and the world, although the two have drifted far apart.

"This carnal nature," Dr. Carradine went on to explain, "is a middle ground, a strange medium upon which Satan can and does operate, to the inward distress of the child of God whose heart, at the same time, is loyal to his Savior."

"This work," he went on to say, "is wrought in the heart of the Christian by the mighty working power of the Holy Spirit in his cleansing, baptizing, and infilling power."

The language of the preacher here consists of words connoting fire! cleansing! purifying! consuming! illuminating! empowering! Strong words which drove the minds of the listeners back down the centuries to a day in Jerusalem when with the sound of a mighty rushing wind tongues of fire rested upon the disciples in an experience called Pentecost.

Dr. Carradine named this experience "sanctification," and said that it is obtainable now, not at death; instantaneously, through consecration and faith. He laid his foundation deep in the Scriptures, quoting from both the Old and New Testaments. He drew the people's attention especially to the last commanding promise of Jesus as He spoke His parting words to a group of perplexed and fearful disciples only moments before His ascension.

" 'Wait ...,' " were His words, " 'for the promise of the Father ... and ye shall receive power.' "

" 'For,' " quoting from Peter, who a few days later had come into the electrifying experience of which Jesus spoke, " 'the promise is unto you and to your children, and to as many as are afar off.' "

Father was interested. Mother was quick to discern that. She knew Father. How deeply spiritual he was, that the hart that panted after the waterbrooks was indeed he. Suddenly her fears were aroused. Could this thing be fanaticism? Would it hinder Father's already useful ministry? With these thoughts pounding in her mind she seized upon an invitation, which came in the nick of time, for the family to visit a close friend who lived in a neighboring town.

Father would enjoy that, she persuaded herself. The rest! The fellowship of kindred minds! And, too, he would be removed from this threatened danger.

Mother scuttled us off so quickly that we scarcely knew what was happening. But nobody was happy. Least of all, Mother. She understood the faraway look in Father's eyes, and felt responsible for the fleeting glimpses of unhappiness she saw there.

Father was restless. He stood it as long as he could. Then he arose abruptly, and to the consternation of his hostess, good friend that she was, he announced quietly but firmly that he was

catching an afternoon train which would get him into San Jose in time for the night service at the Methodist church. At the sound of Father's words a mountain of guilt slipped off Mother's heart and she was almost gay as she answered hastily, "I'll go with you, Jimmie. We will all go."

Father was at the altar that night. The fact that he was a successful pastor at one of the city's churches did not hold him back.

"If there is anything more that God has in store for me, I want it."

So he sought the experience of sanctification earnestly and prayerfully. Then one night he arose from the altar and made the brief and simple statement that he accepted the blessing of sanctification for himself by faith.

"There is no feeling," he told my mother, "but I believe the doctrine is Scriptural, and I am standing right there on naked faith."

He stood there for days, never doubting the promises of God.

"I believe it is true," he kept saying to every doubt that presented itself.

"I believe ..." -- then it happened. The Holy Spirit sealed his faith with such an outpouring of himself that he could scarcely contain the glory. Mother saw him coming. There was an unusual bounce in his naturally quick step. As he came into the house he was praising God in an audible whisper, in a way Mother had not heard before.

"All night long," she said, "he remained in a state of spiritual ecstasy, rejoicing in the blessed witness of the Holy Spirit."

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The nearest Mother ever heard him come to shouting.

"He seemed to be aglow," Mother said, "with a radiance that made me feel as black as a ball of pitch."

Mother came into the experience a few days later. Unlike Father, she swept into Canaan on billows of joy, and to this good day the gladness of the experience bubbles up and overflows her ripened soul. But the test came. The meeting had closed. Father was out of town attending Presbytery, and Mother, left alone, found herself in a state of darkness and despair almost beyond expression.

"It was as if Satan had summoned all the powers of darkness to make me doubt this experience of sanctification and to deny it," she said.

But the devil had much to learn from Mother, since he was to challenge her to many spiritual combats. Maybe he foreknew the tower of strength Mother's prayer life was to be. He might as well throw all he had into this initial conquest and, if possible, nip it in the bud. The battle was long and bitter. She could neither eat nor sleep. The struggle was that great.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "I can die. But I will never doubt what Thou hast done for me."

Just then there was a sound of footsteps in the hallway. Mother looked up to see Father standing in the door.

Running to him she cried, "Oh, what brings you home? Are you sick?"

"No," replied Father, "but I felt so impelled to return home just long enough to bring you this book."

And he handed her a copy of a book entitled *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. Mother sank down in a chair and began reading. On and on she read, like a fevered child draining a cup of cool water. She came to the chapter on "Temptation," where the author, a saint of God, describes the wily attacks of the devil and gave her technique for defeating him. Here Mother's soul found relief.

"Peace and joy flowed in like a river," she said, "and the steady stream of faith has never been broken from that day to this."

It is difficult to fit into the framework of words an experience the measure of which was a daily revelation throughout a quarter of a century of subsequent living. Certainly there was a fusion, a oneness of purpose in the work of the Kingdom beyond anything Mother and Father had known before. And Father! A death to self more complete in him than anyone I have ever known, was wrought in his heart by the Holy Spirit. The life he now lived was truly not of himself but of the Son of God. His one purpose, now as never before, was to know Christ, and to do His will on earth, and to bring people everywhere into the knowledge and bounty of God. His service knew no bounds, energized as it was by a holy zeal and enthusiasm which kindled his personality like a hidden flame.

The experience of sanctification dealt a death blow to Father's besetting sin, his temper. Father's temper was an explosive thing, according to Mother, which carried him beyond himself in its fury when it did get out of control, which was not often, thank God. But when it did, it exploded all over everything. Take the prohibition fight in California, for instance, where Father marched in the first torchlight parade. He hated liquor. Ministers like Father have a right to loathe it. They stand by men who are being hanged for crimes committed while they are under the influence of it. They go to families which are broken and wrecked because of it. They throw a lifeline to men and women who are enslaved by it. They would heave it out of the body politic, if they had their way, just as one would get rid of rattlesnakes, and for the same reason. The colossal dollar mark that our government writes alongside the revenue which flows into the national treasury from it, when stacked up beside the life of even one boy, would not be worth it, to Father's way of thinking. So he fought with blood in his eyes. Righteous indignation could have served as a face-saving explanation for Father's state of mind when the fight was the hottest, had not Mother diagnosed it properly as "just plain mad."

Father angry! That was a new slant for me who had lived all the days of my life with him and had witnessed his amazing calmness under the most trying circumstances. If Father had had a temper like this maybe there would be some reference to it in his writings. I found this in an editorial. That he was speaking out of his own experience, I feel sure.

"We have no right," wrote Father, "to be going through this world with torpedo explosions of temper. If we have such gunpowdery tempers we should go to the Lord for deliverance. Then by walking in the Spirit, maintain a vigilant watchfulness lest it spring upon us again. Our sins," he explained, "have a peculiar affinity for us and even after they have been expelled, may lurk around seeking to reenter."

In line with this editorial Father had a sermon which he preached from the text, "Sin crouched at the door." I couldn't hear the text for looking at the powerful cunning tiger poised to spring upon its victim which the words of the text conjured up in my mind. The implication of the Scripture, as Father pointed out, was that the sin principle, having been eradicated from the believer's heart by the operation of the Holy Spirit in the work of sanctification, like a ferocious beast crouches close to the heart's portal, waiting, waiting to spring.

He had his own illustration with which he visualized to the congregation the sanctified heart -- the heart emptied of the beastly carnal nature. We always knew when Father was going to preach this sermon because we invariably caught him sneaking two glasses of water into the pulpit before time for service. And immediately we scampered off to find a little clod of dirt to be used as the carnal nature. When Father reached the point in the sermon where he needed this illustration, he reached for one of the glasses of water and, holding it aloft before the people, he dropped the clod of dirt into the water. Everything was fine, the water clean and bright, as long as the little clod of dirt remained unstirred by the trials and temptations of life. But when the neighbor's chickens scratched up the flowers ... Father lifted the glass and began stirring with his pencil. When the bread burned ... our good name was slandered. By this time Father had stirred the water into a muddy, swirling eddy like the dark and agitated movings of the uncleansed heart which under the daily pressure of temptation throws off ugly, biting words, fierce temper, sin. Now Father would place this glass of darkish water in a conspicuous place to settle, to cool off, while he stirred the other glass, the heart from dirt set free. Father stirred and stirred. The neighbor's chickens scratched up the flowers ... Praise the Lord, we can plant some more ... The bread burned ... "Hallelujah!" ... Somebody slanders your good name.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

This mighty baptism with the Holy Spirit became life to Father, life more abundant, for he experienced its quickening power not only in his spirit, but at his weakest point, his body. His body, as mentioned earlier, was frail, frail to the end, but it was so vitalized, so energized by the very life of God that from that day forward he was to suffer, yes, but never again to suffer those periodic interruptions which had punctuated his ministry. Rather, every segment of his life was caught up and held in the strong firm knot of God's will and purpose. Nothing was lost. Nothing

was incidental. Those times of rest, the waste places, the change of activity, in the light of God's will, were seen as the training grounds, the extra curricular courses for the work God had for him to do. The soil out of which was to blossom the full-blown flower of his life. His work became at one and the same time his activity and relaxation; its very diversity the only rest he ever needed. Truly the blessed Holy Spirit was the drive wheel of his labor, the power by which he was to travel thousands of miles, preach unrecorded numbers of sermons, to educate, to publish, to touch lives throughout this nation, and to reach out to the lands across the sea.

Surely "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you."

Even before Dr. Carradine's meeting Brother and Sister McClurkan had been planning a visit back to see the home folks in Tennessee. At the close of the revival his church granted him a desired leave of absence for this purpose. When it became noised abroad that he was making the trip, calls began coming to him to stop here and there along the route for revival meetings, as he was a recognized successful evangelist. In this way a trip home was transformed under the hand of God into an evangelistic tour which continued without a break for two years.

The family left San Jose in 1895 and arrived back in the Yellow Creek Community of Bro. McClurkan's native Tennessee in 1897. Upon arrival in the Yellow Creek Community they found a revival meeting was in progress in the old Trinity Church, the meeting being conducted by his boyhood friend, Jim Rye. Bro. Rye asked Bro. McClurkan to preach but he hesitated until he could make it plain to Bro. Rye just what he was preaching. He said to Bro. Rye, "I am preaching a doctrine that is not popular in many churches, and it might hurt you with your membership. I want you to think about it." "Are you preaching the Bible?" Bro. Rye asked. "Yes, I am preaching the Bible as I understand it," said Bro. McClurkan. "Well, then," said Bro. Rye, "Go right ahead. I am not afraid of the Bible." Thus Bro. McClurkan preached his first sermon on "The Fullness of the Blessing" to his home community, with the result that Bro. Rye was gloriously sanctified in his own meeting and became not only the first fruits of Bro. McClurkan's labor in Middle Tennessee but a mighty witness to the truth of holiness. One of the high points of Bro. McClurkan's ministry was the fact that the home folks called him again and again for revivals, and as a result many of the kinsfolk, both his and Mother McClurkan's, rejoiced in the blessing of full salvation.

One of the revivals conducted by Bro. McClurkan on his long tour back to Tennessee was held in Meridian, Mississippi. In this revival, a South Alabama orphan boy, the Rev. R. M. Guy, then pastor of the First Baptist Church in Meridian, was sanctified. Under the influence of Rev. R. M. Guy's preaching I was converted one day while plowing and praying between the plow handles in 1905; and at a brush arbor meeting altar I was sanctified in 1906 in Northwest Florida, near Atmore, Alabama, between Mobile and Pensacola. Bro. Guy had formerly taught school and preached as a Missionary Baptist minister in the previously mentioned section of the country. Our family owned and lived on Brother and Sister Guy's old homestead across the Florida line, seven miles south of Atmore, Alabama. After many years of a very fruitful holiness ministry in different parts of the South, Brother and Sister Guy went to be with their Lord, and their bodies were laid to rest in Jasper, Alabama.

When Bro. McClurkan got sanctified he withdrew from the Presbyterian Church rather than engage in a controversy over sanctification. He was never lettered out of the Presbyterian Church.

Getting back to Middle Tennessee in 1897, Bro. McClurkan pioneered with the old-new message of the Holiness Movement. He preached at first in all kinds of churches, under tents, brush arbors, in deserted stores and sheds. While engaged in this last lap of his long evangelistic tour from California to Middle Tennessee, and when hundreds were accepting Christ as their Savior and Sanctifier, his ministry was interrupted by the sudden illness of his only son, Emmett. This illness was so critical that the advice of specialists was needed. Bro. McClurkan came to Nashville at once and established temporary residence, little dreaming that he and Nashville had a work to do that would take a quarter of a century. On arriving in Nashville he continued his evangelistic work. Some of his most successful revivals, during the early days in Nashville, were held in a few Methodist churches whose ministers were sympathetic to the doctrine of Sanctification or enjoyed the experience themselves. Their congenial fellowship and loyal cooperation helped Bro. McClurkan to lay more strongly and permanently the foundation of the modern Holiness Movement in Nashville and surrounding country.

After these church revivals and the summer tent campaigns from one vacant lot to another, the winter of 1897 came and found Bro. McClurkan in a deep valley of significant decision. He stood like a reaper with the golden grain of harvest scattered about him. What must he do with this following of holiness people, in the city and out, who were looking to him for leadership? During this same winter, Bro. McClurkan was stricken down with double pneumonia, but after the doctors had lost hope for his recovery the Lord answered prayer and raised up his chosen leader. From all directions the Lord marvelously supplied the material needs of the McClurkan family through this severe strain and trial.

While a committee appointed by Bro. McClurkan was looking for winter quarters to house his work, a Committee of laymen from the newer Tulip Street Methodist Church South, located at Russell and Sixth Streets in East Nashville (formerly known as Edgefield), called on him and offered him the old Tulip Street Methodist Church building, free of charge, to house his work. This old church building, a landmark in Southern Methodism, had been under lock and key since the day its membership had moved into the beautiful new chimed edifice, one block east on South Sixth and Russell Streets.

The Davidson County Register's Office records that the trustees of the old Tulip Street Methodist Church, on June 28, 1859, bought the two lots numbered fourteen and fifteen, one hundred by one hundred and seventy-four feet, on the southeast corner of Russell and Tulip Streets, for the sum of \$2,425. The old Tulip Street Methodist Church building was located on one of these new lots next to the alley, about midway between Russell and Fatherland Streets. The front of the building faced west on Tulip Street, now South Fifth. The two-story building was partially completed, and the lower floor was occupied as a place of worship in 1860, one year after the organization of the church in the brown frame union Sunday school building on the corner of Fourth and Fatherland Streets. The upper floor or second story was not completed until the close of the war between the States. For thirty-two years the Tulip Street congregation worshipped here, but on March 20, 1892, this congregation held farewell services in this old building and locked the church doors. The congregation had moved to its new building.

Five years later Bro. McClurkan and his holiness people were permitted to occupy, free of charge, this old Tulip Street Methodist Church building. They worshipped in this building until 1903.

East Nashville was still the elite section of Nashville, but the trend of high fashion was westward across the city.

After the old Tulip Street Church was cleaned by mop and broom, with soap and water, and muscle, Bro. McClurkan and his holiness people moved in, and his permanent holiness work was begun. This was the beginning of what later came to be called the First Church of the Nazarene, now located at 510 Woodland Street, one block northeast of old Tulip Street Church. Bro. McClurkan was launched on his long career as pastor, a ministry which, before it was concluded, covered the city like a fine spun web of brotherly love, and drew to its fellowship one of the largest congregations in the city of Nashville. Bro. McClurkan received \$200 a year as pastor of this church. He supported himself, in the main, by his book business.

After getting settled in this home base Bro. McClurkan began thinking about a plan to unite the holiness work throughout Middle Tennessee and to conserve and develop the fruits of his recent revival efforts in this section. He accomplished his purpose by calling together representatives from this part of the state and other sections in a convention which met in the old Tulip Street Church, July 18, 1898. Out of this convention came an organization called the Pentecostal Alliance.

The Pentecostal Alliance was welded into a more closely knit organization in 1901, in a convention of one hundred and twenty members which met in Nashville and adopted the new name Pentecostal Mission. Two years later the Pentecostal Mission became an incorporated body under the charter granted to it by the State of Tennessee. Its first and only official board was composed of John T. Benson, Sr., treasurer; Tim H. Moore, secretary; E. H. Welburn, Jim H. Yeaman, Ed Thompson, Arthur S. Ransom, J. O. McClurkan; and later, Dr. C. E. Hardy was a board member and vice president. Dr. C. E. Hardy is the only living member of the Pentecostal Mission Board. This organization spearheaded the Holiness Movement southward, to the east and west, until many Pentecostal Mission centers were established. For five years I pastored one of these missions located in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, while I was still a student in Trevecca. I was pastoring this mission when Bro. McClurkan died.

The work in Nashville, Tennessee went forward until it outgrew its headquarters' location in the old Tulip Street Church building. In 1903 this congregation bought and moved into the Hines School building, located on Summer Street (later called Fifth Avenue, North), where Bro. McClurkan's school had been operating since 1901. For two years the school and church were housed here under the same roof. In 1905 Bro. McClurkan was forced to seek larger and more adequate quarters for his church and school. Property was purchased in the very heart of the business district of Nashville on Cherry Street, now called Fourth Avenue, North. From time to time this location was enlarged and improved to meet the growing demands of the school and church. Both church and school would remain here together for the next nine years; until in 1914 the school was moved by Bro. McClurkan to Gallatin Road; and in 1917 the church moved to

Woodland Street. As a student I moved with the school, and as a member of the church I moved with the church.

* * * * *

02 -- AS A MAN

Bro. McClurkan was six feet tall, bony faced, and weighed around one hundred and forty pounds. Because he was so tall he preferred to wear a Prince Albert coat. He wore a black or white bow tie, mustache, and his hair a little long and bushy. He always dressed nicely.

He was a very energetic and hard working man himself, and had no sympathy with laziness. He was very sociable and easy to approach. Everyone felt at ease in his presence. He was a good conversationalist and made himself at home in the company of the high and the low. He was very tactful, and no one could find anything rough or rude about him. He always seemed to know what to say and do in any situation.

Courtesy was one of his outstanding characteristics. There was none of the hard or coarse about him. He was polite and kind to all alike. Many times I have seen him bow to students. One time he was seen to go out in the street to pick up the fallen lines and hand them to the colored man driving a horse and buggy.

Bro. McClurkan was a man of good judgment with the ability to analyze and size up a situation accurately. His keen discernment enabled him to act wisely and rightly in every situation. I never knew him to do a foolish thing nor make an unwise decision; therefore, it was easy to accept his judgment as sound.

He seemed to understand well human nature and could read people. Students with social or spiritual problems always found a sympathizing friend in Bro. McClurkan, and he counseled with them very wisely.

Bro. McClurkan was a student. His ministry, schoolwork, and his writings forced him to stay fresh and full of knowledge. He was often seen with a book in his hand whether walking or riding, for he was a wide reader.

He loved people and there was nothing cold about him. He made you feel that he loved and appreciated you. He was charitable toward others, even toward those who differed with him or mistreated him. He was never hasty to assign bad motives to others, and he was tender and kind to those who had made mistakes. Sometimes he tore up letters he had written to his critics rather than send them. Of course he was human in feeling the sting of critics and wrongdoers, but he was always Christian in his attitude toward them.

Bro. McClurkan was a modest man, never seeking publicity, nor the front seat, nor the front pages in the papers. He did not like to be called Doctor though he was often addressed as such. He would never introduce preachers as Doctor but as Brother So-and-So, a servant of the Lord. He

was not a man for pomp and show but rather very simple and plain. However, he was a very distinguished looking man in any place or group.

He was intellectual, being blessed with a master mind and brilliance. He could penetrate truth and error deeply and make distinctions clearly in all his preaching, teaching, and counseling.

Being a deeply spiritual man he practiced praying whether kneeling, walking, or standing. He prayed in the offices of the businessmen, on the street, in the homes of the people, and in the hospitals with the sick and troubled. While walking along the street with him I have heard him praying many times. Frequently I have been with him to see businessmen about a donation for the school and seldom was he ever turned down, neither did he fail to offer a brief prayer. He was completely devoted to Christ. Truly it could be said of him, "for him to live was Christ." He was indeed a holy man of God and one of the best Christians I ever knew. As was said of Barnabas, "he was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." He was a radiant and distinguished personality, clothed in modesty and humility. He had rather serve than be served. Like his dear Lord he was great in being a servant of the people.

Bro. McClurkan was a practical man. He lectured us students about not letting others wait on us, and not letting others go to too much trouble for us. He suggested the making of our own beds when spending the night in the homes of others. He advised Christian workers to keep their proper distance from the opposite sex when working around the altar. A woman of questionable character was in trouble. She called for Bro. McClurkan to come to see her, to pray and counsel with her. He would not go alone but asked me to go along with him.

Every student was required to do some of the work in, around, and about the school to apply on his or her tuition. Of course this requirement lessened the expense to the student, but also avoided having a working and paying group of students, and thus avoided any seeming class distinctions in the school. I washed dishes for five years once a day while three people dried them. My total school expense for the year was around one hundred dollars. Of course time has made many changes. A student could not expect to get by so lightly now.

Bro. McClurkan was a well-balanced man. He avoided extremes and sought the middle of the road in Christian teaching and living. He was not a man to demonstrate with loud shouting but rejoiced with laughter when others got blessed. Some of the more emotional brethren thought he tended too much toward the stiff and conservative, but not so. He believed and taught that each person would demonstrate emotionally according to his temperament, just as persons under the influence of liquor demonstrate differently and according to temperament. To him there was no one set pattern of emotional manifestation. He could easily discern the put on demonstration and called it acting in the human or flesh and not in the Spirit. He was a natural born leader of men, making it easy for men to follow him.

Bro. McClurkan loved music and had a great choir in his church under the direction of John T. Benson, Sr. He would always take a group of good singers along with him in tent revival meetings. He could not carry a tune himself. He said he hoped to be able to sing when he got to heaven.

He was a great personal worker and knew how to use the Scriptures in guiding seekers after personal religious experience or to clear up doubt and confusion from the mind and heart of tempted, afflicted, depressed Christians. He believed there were Scriptures to give guidance and comfort in every spiritual situation. He wrote a book entitled Personal Work which enabled Christians to see their great opportunity in this area of Christian endeavor, also encouraging them to do more along this line. He did not think a person had to be a preacher, necessarily, to do this phase of Christian work, but that it was a challenging field to laity and ministry alike. To Bro. McClurkan wisdom and the help of the Holy Spirit were greatly needed to rightly divide the word of truth to each person with varying needs.

Bro. McClurkan took literally the Great Commission of the Lord: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Being full of missionary zeal his organization sent many missionaries to foreign fields. There were about thirty missionaries at the time of the union. He established a hospital, headed by Dr. C. E. Hardy, to train and send out Christian doctors and nurses. The Church of the Nazarene took over the foreign and home missionary work of Bro. McClurkan when his organization united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene about midnight, February 13, 1915. Dr. C. E. Hardy, having succeeded Bro. McClurkan as pastor of the Tabernacle congregation in November 1914, and being a member and vice-president of the Pentecostal Mission Board, wielded a great influence in this union.

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03 -- AS A MINISTER

Bro. McClurkan received a definite call to preach early in life, as mentioned before, and he followed that call very faithfully, devotedly, and efficiently until he departed this life September 16, 1914, which was the opening day of school on Gallatin Road in East Nashville. He went to report his earthly stewardship to his Lord. On Wednesday evening, September 16, 1914, there appeared on the front page of the Nashville Banner the following write-up of Bro. McClurkan's death:

* * *

The Beloved Man Passes Away

Rev. J. O. McClurkan goes to his reward at early hour today. Did great work here. As pastor, school president, and religious worker his influence was felt far and wide. The funeral tomorrow.

On the death of Dr. J. O. McClurkan, pastor of the Pentecostal Mission Tabernacle in this city, which occurred at a local infirmary this morning at 2:30 o'clock, there passed from Nashville one of its most beloved pastors and strongest forces in the upholding of local, moral, civic and religious standards. Dr. McClurkan had been ill for forty-five days with typhoid fever and from the very first manifestation of the dread disease there had been considerable fears entertained for his recovery. However, several days ago there seemed to be a marked improvement in his condition

and his family physician and friends became more hopeful for his ultimate restoration of health; but the disease had so weakened his constitution that he was unable to withstand its ravages.

The passing of Dr. McClurkan causes widespread sorrow, not only in Nashville but in many other places where both his work and his splendid personal characteristics were well known. As pastor of the Pentecostal Mission Tabernacle and as head of the Trevecca College, an institution for training young men and women for religious work, and also as a prime mover or leading spirit in all movements for the advancement and welfare of mankind, Dr. McClurkan had perhaps touched as many lives with a beneficial influence as any man in the city. No man or woman had fallen so low, according to the world's estimate, but that he was ready to hold out to them a helping hand or to take them to the Pentecostal Mission and administer to them, and many expressions of grief they felt in the passing of Dr. McClurkan because of the individual assistance he had given them.

Dr. McClurkan was a native of Tennessee -- Houston County being the place of his birth. He was about 53 years of age, and had been in Nashville as pastor of the Pentecostal Mission for about fifteen years, during which time the work of the Pentecostal Tabernacle had greatly increased along many lines. The Tabernacle had been enlarged several times to meet the needs of the congregation, as had the Trevecca College buildings. In fact, the latter has grown to such an extent under his direction that new property was recently purchased which provided for the school's operation upon a much larger scale. It is with a feeling of great regret on the part of many that he did not live to see the school take possession of the new plant, which is located in East Nashville on the site of the former home of Mr. Percy Warner. The hospital on Eighth Avenue is another institution established through the aid of Dr. McClurkan for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Dr. McClurkan was married to Miss Frances Rye, also of Houston County, who survives him. Four children were born to them, all of whom are still living and who reside in this city. They are: Emmett McClurkan, Mrs. William Lantrip, Mrs. E. Heath, and Mrs. Reuben Dunbar.

The body was moved from the hospital to the Tabernacle today, where those who desired might have a last look at him who was their friend and helper in life. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. Rev. J. J. Rye and Rev. C. E. Hardy will conduct the services.

The following will act as pallbearers: S. W. Strickland, Newton Moore, James Warren, Guy Nelson, and K. A. Early.

Bro. McClurkan's body was laid to rest in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Nashville, Tennessee. The granite monument at his head was made in the form of his pulpit stand. On top of this granite pulpit stand was carved an open Bible, and on the front side of the pulpit stand were carved these words: "He lived for others." I would suggest an occasional visit to his grave in honor of him. The same could be said of Bro. McClurkan as was said of Enoch, "he walked with God and pleased God." I think I can hear his Lord say to him: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful with your five talents by returning ten, come up higher and enter into the joys of thy Lord. Multitudes will rise up and call Bro. McClurkan "blessed" one glorious morning.

Bro. McClurkan was among the best in the selection of Scripture and subject for his sermons. His messages were pointed to a purpose, and had good introductions and conclusions, with a well organized and rich body of material in between. He was good in the use of illustrations. He was fluent in speech, fervent and evangelistic in spirit and method. I have seen him after leaving the platform preach up and down the long altar, literally pouring out his soul. Sometimes the seekers were many, at other times few, but seldom was the altar barren. His Sunday morning and Sunday night services were evangelistic, but the prayer meeting was more along the line of Bible teaching. Many times while preaching with great fervency and zeal, I have seen him look at the congregation with his keen eyes, then point with his bony forefinger, and sometimes, with clenched fist. He did not lack for courage; therefore he preached the word of God without fear or favor. He was very conscious of being God's messenger to speak God's message, realizing that he must give an account to God and man for his preaching. In some of his messages on civic righteousness he tangled with the mayor of Nashville.

Bro. McClurkan definitely preached the two works of Grace -- Regeneration and Sanctification. In the first work of Grace, sinners were forgiven of their actual or committed sins and changed morally into new persons. The known commitment of sin was ceased then and there. In the second work of Grace, saved or regenerated persons were cleansed of the inherited sin principle or carnal mind. Bro. McClurkan wrote a wonderful book entitled Wholly Sanctified in which he had the following to say on Regeneration and Sanctification:

It is frequently urged against the doctrine of Sanctification, as a second work of Grace, that it minifies regeneration; that when the Lord does a work it is done perfectly.

We have shown previously that the two experiences are widely distinct. We now propose to define the work of each. The reader will bear in mind that there are two kinds of sin, so recognized in experience, treatises on theology, and in the Word of God -- Actual and Original Sin. What is meant by actual sin? Sins which we commit. What is original sin? That sinning principle, moral taint or depravity which we inherit.

Regeneration deals chiefly, if not altogether, with actual sin, and sanctification with original sin. When we came to God for salvation we repented of our sins, and through faith we were adopted into the family of God. We were justified, in that all our sins were pardoned. We were partially sanctified, in that we were cleansed from the pollution of our sins, and we were regenerated, in that we were inwardly renewed. Regeneration is the act through which the soul obtains spiritual life. Sanctification is the act through which the old man is crucified and the heart made pure. The one begets life, the other cleanses the heart from the evil tendencies which war against that life.

So many people do not know the meaning of sanctification. The following brief quotation will suffice to show the sense in which it is generally used: "The act of making holy, the state of being purified or sanctified" -- Webster. "Entire sanctification is that act of the Holy Ghost whereby the justified soul is made holy" -- Binney's Theological Compend. "Sanctification is to have soul, body, and spirit, every sense, member, organ and faculty completely purified" -- Scott's Commentary. "To sanctify means to render pure; wholly pure" -- Albert Barnes. "A soul washed also from the defiling power and taint of sin by the sanctifying Spirit" -- Dr. Watts. "To sanctify

you wholly is to complete the work of purification and renovation begun in your regeneration" -- Benson's Commentaries. "It is washing the soul of a true believer from the remains of sin" -- Adam Clarke.

Regeneration rectifies the will, destroys the love of sin, gives dominion over sinful proclivities, brings forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, enables us to rejoice in the Lord, and creates a relish for and an inexpressible yearning after holiness. That act by which we are changed from darkness to light, from nature to Grace, from a follower of Satan to a child of God, will ever stand as the most momentous event of life. The crossing of the Red Sea marks a greater transition than that of the Jordan. Happy, thrice happy, the blessed hour when first we felt the love of God in our soul, and exclaimed:

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak."

As has been well said, sanctification and regeneration have no quarrel. Each is a perfect work wrought in its sphere. In regeneration we get what we seek -- salvation. In sanctification we are made pure. Regeneration removes all guilt and gives victory over sin. Sanctification gives freedom from the being of sin.

As before stated, sanctification deals alone with original or inbred sin. It does not touch actual transgression. All actual sin must be pardoned before we are in the proper attitude to seek holiness. Backsliders must be reclaimed before they can receive this Grace. Away with the idea that sanctification is only recovery from backsliding.

In seeking pardon the soul is not in possession of sufficient light to see the need of, or to desire perfect harmony with the Divine will. The sinner cries for deliverance from his own sins, not Adam's. The sinner seeks life. The enlightened Christian pants after holiness, cleansing from the last stain of Adamic defilement. It is not long after conversion before the Christian discovers that there is still a dark something within, upon which Satan plays. It is the Adamic corpse hanging about his spiritual life making him cry out oftentimes with St. Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Romans 7:24. He abhors it, and yet is as powerless to remove it as he is to change the color of his eyes.

This evil germ has been called original sin, the old man, the body of sin, sin that dwelleth in me, the carnal mind, the old Adam, and depravity. Call it what we may, we have all had a painful consciousness of its existence. It is seen in hasty talking and bad tempers. It is that tendency to say things about each other that we would not like to have said about ourselves. It is the root of that popular trait called sensitiveness -- refined selfishness. "It is the nerve that connects with the old sinful life." It begets jealousies, envyings, bickerings, and pride. At times it takes away the relish for God's word and makes prayer cold and heavy. It gives rise to nameless apprehensions and doubts. Dr. Carradine has called it the perch on which the devil comes in and roosts.

It causes you to tell people that you are glad to see them after having just said, "I do hope those people are not coming here," and to insist on their staying when you really want them to go. It is seen in a preacher fishing for compliments Monday morning on his Sunday's sermon. It is the old serpent of self -- lying so deep in the jungles of the soul as to require much light to be seen in all its hideousness. Hence, the nearer we are to God, the clearer the vision of the soul's vileness and the stronger the cry for holiness.

Regeneration gives dominion over this enemy within, but does not remove it. The soul which once cried out for pardon now hungers after righteousness. Inbred sin brings no guilt, consequently calls for no pardon. Were it so, justification and regeneration would have obliterated it. "The carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." It lies back of that obtained in pardon. It must be driven out, banished, destroyed.

* * *

Consecration

Consecration and faith are the conditions of sanctification. Any defect in either of these will cheat us out of the blessing. Consecration is much talked about, little understood and less practiced. All Christians are, at least, partially consecrated; but few wholly. Entire sanctification is perfect devotement; being set apart wholly unto the Lord. Many claim to have done this at conversion. Such a claim seems barely Scriptural. First, the sinner has not the requisite light to make the consecration; he is in darkness and bondage; he is dead in trespasses and in sins; he is commanded to repent and believe. That there is a sense in which he devotes himself to the Lord, we admit; but the writer has never found a single text requiring the sinner to make such a consecration as is given in Romans 7:1-2. We are first given life in Christ, then exhorted to bring that life and lay it on the altar for holiness. The sinner is not seeking holiness, he wants pardon. That God, as a sovereign, may give such light, and so powerfully operate on the soul as to both regenerate and sanctify at the same time, may possibly be true in some cases, but it is certainly not, the rule. Second, regeneration makes holiness possible by creating a hunger for it. Sinners seek forgiveness; Christians pant after holiness. The regenerated, illumined soul thirsts after God. The sinner thirsts for the mercy and favor of God. The sinner wants freedom from guilt. The Christian groans to be made perfect in love.

Many who think they are pretty thoroughly consecrated would be astonished and alarmed if they could see their hearts. It takes a regenerated experience to reveal the hideousness of inbred sin. The groanings, cryings and longings heard among Christians so often for a better life, to get on a higher plane, and like expressions, are the Spirit convicting for purity. If the consecration was made in conversion there would be no battle on that point in seeking sanctification; however, this is not the case. The most pious among preachers and people often have a struggle to get everything on the altar. If you have any doubt about it, reader, try it. You really do not know what consecration means until God has turned the searchlight on and has given you an inventory of all upon which holiness unto the Lord must be written. God will be thorough with you; he will take you to pieces in order to put you together right. He will show you the dark stains of selfishness running through much in which you have gloried. Bring all, lay it on the surgeon's table, ask him to cut out the tumor of carnality. It will hurt, but the soul health which follows will be heavenly.

In making this consecration there is usually just a few things, maybe only one, in which self is centered. The victory is gained when these are put on the altar, for they, being the heart, citadel and embodiment of the Adamic mind, carry all else with them. In one is a cherished habit to be forsaken; in another, some neglected duty to be performed. There is not a total surrender. We can say, "Thy will be done," in most things. There are just a few things not wholly committed to Him, because you are afraid He would not manage them as you desire. A lady remarked sometime since that her heart was full of little rooms, and that the keys to all these were given to the Lord, save one. The little chamber locked against the Lord contained her will; it had not been consecrated.

How grievous it must be to the dear Lord when His children are afraid to trust Him with and for everything! Such hesitancy challenges His wisdom and goodness. Just as if a loving Father does not know, and will not do what is best for us. His will is our supreme good. Unconsecrated material is dangerous. In His way you will find joy, usefulness and victory; in yours, sorrow and defeat. You are crossing life's ocean, all around you are the rocks and shoals on which many have stranded and have gone to pieces. There is but one Pilot who can take you safely through. Do not dare to make the voyage without an entire commitment of all to Him.

Do not let Satan frighten you with distorted views of a consecrated life. He will make the way seem rough and thorny. It will seem to you that you cannot be happy and give up certain things, and bear certain crosses. Pay no attention to this "seeming"; it comes from the devil. The more perfect your adjustment to God, the nearer you are to heaven.

This consecration can only be made through the aid of the Holy Spirit. He will first show you what is not on the altar, then He will give you grace to put it there. Do not fail to invoke His help at every point; without it you are sure to fail. After having consecrated all the present, lay the future, with whatever it contains, also upon the altar. Someone has given the following form of consecration:

"Text: I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. -- Romans 12:1-2.

"O Lord, in view of this thing thou hast besought me to do, I hereby, now, do really consecrate myself unreservedly to thee for all time and eternity. My time, talents, hands, feet, lips, will, my all, my property, my reputation, my entire being, a living sacrifice to be and to do all thy righteous will pertaining to me. Especially at this time do I, thy regenerated child, put my case into thy hands for the cleansing of my nature from the inherited taint of carnal nature. I seek the sanctification of my soul.

"Now, as I have given myself away, I will from this time forth regard myself as thine. I believe Thou dost accept the offering that I bring. I have put all on the altar. I believe the altar sanctifieth the gift. I believe the blood applied now, as I comply with the terms of thy salvation. I believe that thou dost now cleanse me from all sin.

"By thy grace from this time forth, I promise to follow thee, walking in the fellowship of the Spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

Just at this critical point the adversary often whispers: "Maybe you are not all on the altar." Ah, he is a subtle foe! First, he does all he can to keep you from consecrating, and then tries to make you doubt it after it is done. Do not listen to him. A good way to avoid this temptation is to make the consecration as given above, then say, "Lord, if there is anything reserved, show it to me." If nothing is revealed consider the matter settled, and never allow the devil to open it for debate.

This consecration, being once for all, need never be made again. To be sure, things will be coming up all along the way, which must be laid on the altar, but these were included in the original covenant. Consecration being little understood, is often attempted, but seldom made. In the popular evangelistic movements of the day the church is frequently called to its knees to make this perfect devotement to God. No doubt there are Christians who, during the last year, have professed at least a dozen times, to have given themselves unto the Lord. If you give me a horse in January, and then come in February and propose to give me again the same horse, would it not be a queer proceeding? You cannot give me what I really own, and the fact that you try to do so shows that there was something wanting in the original gift. Likewise when we give ourselves to the Lord unreservedly, for time and eternity, He owns us, and we have nothing more to give, unless we have taken something back. Every morning when you arise say, according to a perpetual agreement, "I'm wholly thine, and thou art wholly mine." Keep your consecration perfect. Any defect here will very seriously disturb your communion with God. It will do you good once in a while to take an inventory of your life, lest some reservations might creep in before you are aware. It is your part to abide on the altar, and it is God's part to keep all that thus abides. Reader, are you wholly the Lord's?

Bro. McClurkan clearly distinguished also between Purity and maturity, between a clean heart through sanctification and a Christian character through growth in grace -- the first an act, the latter a process. He felt that to fail to make these Scriptural distinctions was very harmful. Because of his emphasis on these distinctions some good brethren called him a suppressionist, but not so. He was only trying, as best he could, to make clear the difference between purity and maturity, humanity and carnality, for many good people who were preaching holiness were failing to make clear the distinctions, thereby causing many good holiness people to be upset and to stumble. In his book, *Wholly Sanctified*, he calls this Christian character-building process through growth in Grace a "deeper death to self." He describes it thus:

For a number of years we have been associated with the holiness movement and have had the opportunity of studying it in the light of wide observation and mature thought. With the flight of years have come a broadening and deepening of our grasp of his great doctrine of sanctification. We see some things more clearly than we did before, and these years of careful and prayerful study have brought additional light, some of which is set forth in the following suggestions:

1. Sanctification as set forth in this book is of a very thorough and radical type. The eradication or elimination of all sin is forcibly stressed, and thereby many have been led to clearly

see that the cleansing of the heart from all sin is the very bedrock of the work wrought in sanctification, and therefore of the most vital importance. Yet we are liable, in stressing this phase of the subject, to fix the eye upon the work rather than upon the Worker, This is the cause of much of the dryness which we find prevailing among holiness people. We often say, "Do not seek an it or a blessing, but rather the "Blesser." But even this injunction, so valuable and important, may be misleading. The it or cleansing should be earnestly sought, but not apart from Him. While the soul cries out for the blessing, take the Blessor, and lo! you have both blessing and Blessor. God is greater than any of his gifts, save the gift of himself. Stress, emphasize, fix the eye on the Giver rather than on the gifts. Lay all on the altar, throw the door of the heart wide open and receive the Sanctifier, and the sanctification will follow. Even our sanctification may be lost by continually looking at it instead of at Jesus. Get on the divine side of your consecration. Are you wholly the Lord's? Then hands off: quit meddling with God's property. So many bring their gifts to the altar, and then try to manage them. The Lord will cleanse, repair, and keep his property. Do not handle the gift after it has been laid on the altar. It is in the Lord's hands, and He will work in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. Just let him work in you all love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. Having put the old life, the good self as well as the bad, on the cross, reckon it dead according to Romans 4:11, and receive Jesus to be your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Rest in Him; the cleansing will be so precious; but most of all will be the gift of Himself to you. Hallelujah! Here abide, and your life will be fresh, sweet, and strong for God. You can look at a blessing until a deadness and heaviness comes into the heart. You feel the lack of joy, it may be, because you are looking at an experience rather than the Lord. He is your joy. Accept Him -- not a feeling -- but Him. He abides, hence you can "rejoice in the Lord always." May the Lord teach us more of this great truth! Thousands are pining today over an unsatisfactory experience because they are endeavoring to get it apart from Christ. O, receive Him to be all and in all!

The sanctified life is described in its fullness in this volume. That many professors of holiness do not fully reach this high standard, we freely admit. What shall be done about it? Lower the standard? No; but strive to bring the people up to it. There are several reasons why so many fail to live in its fullness. Some are only regenerated or reclaimed, and as a matter of course they do not live a sanctified life on the experience of conversion only. Others went far enough to receive a great spiritual uplift, but did not fully enter the Canaan life. Then others, though sanctified, allowed the unfriendly criticism of the church, the world, the flesh, and the devil to so impede their progress that they either lost their sanctification or were shorn of its power. As in the regenerated life there are different degrees, so in this. Some merely cross the Jordan; others go to Jericho; while still others, in their zeal to possess all the land, go far up into the mountains of the Canaan life. Entering the sanctified life is but the beginning of the full-orbed normal Christian career. There are many of God's dear children, among the number some beautiful characters, who never grasp the life of godliness in its deeper and higher phases.

Again, some of the portraits which we have sketched of the sanctified life belong to its maturer stages. At this point the wisest discrimination is needed to avoid confounding purity with maturity. A baby is as perfect a human being as a man, but it is not as mature. So in the life of holiness this same distinction must be observed if we would avoid erroneous conclusions. Through consecration and faith a pure heart is obtained and the sanctified life begins. Then there are infinite depths and heights lying beyond, into which we must press if we retain the fire and live

the life in its fullness. So many fail to press eagerly on into these deeper things, and thereby lose at least the fullness and completeness of a holy life.

2. Thousands have been hindered for want of a clear statement of the real work wrought in sanctification. Sufficient emphasis has not been laid upon:

* * *

A Deeper Death To Self

In sanctification we die to sin; in this deeper death we die to self. "The very largest degrees of self-renovation, crucifixion, and abandonment to God take place after the work of heart purity," Higher and deeper should be our motto. A higher appreciation and grasp on divine things, with a deeper death to self, is the present need of the holiness movement -- higher in the sense of having tons more of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance; deeper in that we die more thoroughly to our own ways, plans, ideas, preferences, likes, and dislikes. We might say that there is a sinful self and a natural self. Sanctification delivers from the former, while the latter "dies daily." For instance, Peter was a sanctified man when that sheet was let down before him, but he was not free from traditional theology nor race prejudice. The sanctified man is saved from everything that he sees to be wrong, but the "ego" or creature life still exists, and the displacement of the natural self by the incoming of the Christ life is the work accomplished in these deeper crucifixions. We must die to many things not in themselves sinful, but they are weights and hindrances in the soul's fight toward God, and should be laid aside.

The following quotations from that excellent book, Soul Food, will be found very helpful:

"In contradistinction from heart cleansing, this finer crucifixion of self is gradual; it extends through months or years. The interior spirit is mortified over and over on the same point 'til it reaches a state of divine indifference."

"A great host of believers have obtained heart purity, and yet for a long time have gone through all sorts of 'dying daily' to self before they found that calm, fixed union with the Holy Ghost which is the deep longing of the child of God."

Job was a perfect man, and yet he had to die to his religious self -- the good Job -- and he died very hard. This death to our good selves seems to us to be the crowning lesson in the book of Job.

"Again, in contradistinction from heart cleansing, which is by faith, this deeper death to self is by suffering. There are literally scores of Scripture passages like Psalms 71:19-21, teaching that the upper ranges in the sanctified state are wrought out through suffering. Perhaps the most remarkable passage of the Word on this subject is in the fifth chapter of Romans. The first verse teaches justification by faith, the second verse teaches full salvation by faith, and verses three, four and five teach a deeper death and fuller Holy Ghost life by tribulation."

"When the soul undergoes this deeper death to self it enters into a great wideness of spiritual comprehension and love, a state of almost uninterrupted prayer; of boundless charity for all people; of unutterable tenderness and broadness of sympathy; of deep, quiet thoughtfulness; of extreme simplicity of life and manners, and a deep vision of God and the coming ages.

Sanctified suffering crucifies self and gives a more delicate touch and finer shades of character to the spirit. It "gives a great wideness to the heart and a universality of love." "It destroys that littleness and narrowness of mind" so manifest in many good people. It equips the soul "with an inexpressible tenderness." "It is the very tenderness of Jesus filling the thoughts, the feelings, the manners, the words, the tones of the voice; the whole being is soaked in a sea of gentleness. Everything hard, bitter, severe, critical, flinty, has been crushed into powder. Great sufferers have been noted for their quiet gentleness. As we approach them it is like going to a tropical climate in midwinter. The very air around them seems mellow; their slow, quiet words are like the gentle ripple of summer seas on the sand; their soft, pathetic eyes put a hush upon our rudeness or loudness of voice. There are many souls who are earnest Christians -- nay, many who are sanctified -- who have an indescribable something in them which needs the crushing and melting of some great crucifixion. Their tongues rattle so much, their spirit is dictatorial or harsh, they measure other people by themselves, there is something in their constitution which seems to need the grinding into finer flour," and that something, I might add, is the "ego" or natural self life. This crucifixion is the working out in every detail and minutia of life all the principles of self-renunciation involved in the consecration. "Our lofty reason, our brightest hopes, our cherished affections, our religious views, our dearest friendship, our pious zeal, our spiritual impetuosity, our success, our religions, our spiritual comforts," need to pass through this finer crucifixion until we are dead to all but God.

Sanctified people, you cannot live a holy life on the plane of last year's experience! You will only keep what you have by passing on to know Him better. Let there be no loitering by the way. Child of heaven, run like a swift courier toward the skies! We must press forward into these deeper experiences, or many will become narrow, harsh, and intolerant, which is simply "sour holiness." The conviction has been growing on us for years that the only way by which we can hold what we have already obtained is by going on into these deeper crucifixions and knowing more of "the fellowship of his sufferings," if by any means we might be "made conformable unto his death." Let the watchword of each be, "forward, higher, deeper!" Let us rise on the "stepping stones of our dead selves" into the bosom of God. Amen.

In the quadrennial address to the General Assembly in 1928, Dr. H. F. Reynolds said:

The church must place emphasis both upon the crisis and the process in religion ... For many years the holiness people felt that the work to which they were called ended at the altar, when the crowds who came forward received the blessing of regeneration and sanctification, but it became evident that our work has only begun at this point. We are not only to lead people to God, but we are to lead them up and on in the development of their powers and to equip them for usefulness and highest possible efficiency.

The Church of the Nazarene in its Manual, pages 49-50, on Growth in Grace says the following:

There is a marked distinction between a perfect heart and a perfect character. The former is obtained in an instant, the result of entire sanctification, but the latter is the result of growth in grace.

Our mission to the world is not alone to spread scriptural holiness as a doctrine, but also to be "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Our people should give careful heed to the development of holiness in the fear of the Lord, to the promotion of the growth of Christian graces in the heart, and to their manifestation in the daily life.

Bro. McClurkan in his "deeper death to self" idea, Dr. H. F. Reynolds in his "religious process" idea, and the Manual statement on "a perfect Christian character through growth in Grace," envision the same great distant individual Christian goal of a completely Christianized, sanctified selfhood or personality by ever approaching, through the process of growth in grace, "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Read Ephesians 4:11-13.)

Bro. McClurkan also taught and preached with great emphasis on dispensational truth and the premillennial coming of the Lord. He was unexcelled as a pastor and evangelist. The music of his large choir under the direction of John T. Benson, Sr. helped to make the atmosphere in the services heavenly. John T. Benson, Jr. (son of John T. Benson, Sr.), as did his father before him, served for many, many years as choir director of the great choir at First Church of the Nazarene, 510 Woodland Street, Nashville, Tennessee. He continues to assist with the music, having charge, at least, of some of the special music. The spirit of prayer and testimony and the soul stirring messages of Bro. McClurkan's services were always conducive to soul winning and spiritual edification.

He loved ministers and had many friends among them in all denominations. Many Vanderbilt ministerial students were frequently in his services. In his pastoral work among his people and friends he had the wisdom of a skilled physician, and the tenderness, patience, and understanding of a good mother.

As pastor he learned to pray prayers so brief he called them "thumbnail prayers." He called his house-to-house visitation his "doorstep ministry." Personal visitation evangelism was a very vital and fruitful phase of his pastoral ministry in the community.

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04 -- AS AN ORGANIZER

Bro. McClurkan believed in organization. He had organization in his school, in his church, and in his religious movement. He believed the best way to promote and conserve Scriptural holiness was by and through organization. In this idea he was like all other holiness leaders whose separate organizations at different times united to make up the Church of the Nazarene.

As formerly stated, in the summer of 1898, Bro. McClurkan with a few others called a meeting of the holiness people of Tennessee and surrounding states; this meeting was held in

Nashville, Tennessee. Out of this convention came a religious organization which later came to be called the Pentecostal Mission. I united with this Pentecostal Mission organization in 1908, which was my first year of school in Nashville. After sixteen years of great holiness activity at home and abroad, on February 13, 1915, about midnight, this Pentecostal Mission organization, as per Bro. McClurkan's advice given to Mother McClurkan before he died, united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene; and after this union it became an integral part of the main historical stream of the Church of the Nazarene. Trevecca College was not taken over at that time by the Church of the Nazarene; but later, in the fall of 1917, the Church of the Nazarene took over Trevecca, after having endorsed it at the 1916 Tennessee District Assembly.

During my first year in school, 1908, I remember that Bro. McClurkan and other representatives of the Pentecostal Mission went to Pilot Point, Texas to attend the General Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene to consider union, and upon his return he reported to the student body. At this General Assembly meeting in 1908 at Pilot Point, Texas, the Holiness Church of Christ, of which I became a member as a student in 1907 in Vilonia, Arkansas, and of which the Rev. C. B. Jernigan (one of its leaders, and probably the main leader), united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, October 13, 10:40 A.M. Historically, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was organized at Chicago in 1907, October 16, at 9:30 P.M. but the union with the Holiness Church of Christ at Pilot Point was so significant that the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene agreed to date its organic existence from the union in 1908 at Pilot Point, Texas. This agreement accounts for the fiftieth anniversary of the Church of the Nazarene being celebrated in 1958 rather than in 1957.

Three years after this General Assembly meeting at Pilot Point, Bro. McClurkan invited the General Assembly to meet in Nashville, Tennessee, and so it did. Like most of the other students I gave up my room and bed to the delegates, for we were glad to shift the best we could, feeling it a great privilege and honor to have and to help entertain the General Assembly.

Dr. P. F. Bresee and Dr. H. F. Reynolds presided at this 1911 Assembly, in session from October 5 through October 14. Dr. Bresee preached some great holiness messages. Dr. E. F. Walker was elected the new General Superintendent. Dr. Walker and Bro. Howard Hoople of New York also preached some wonderful messages at this same Assembly; Bro. A. S. London directed the music. The Assembly was a great blessing to all.

As previously stated, three years after this great Assembly Bro. McClurkan died (Sept. 16, 1914) on the opening day of school at the new Gallatin Road location; and the Holiness Movement of the Southeast had lost its great human leader, and Trevecca had lost its founder, builder and president. Dark clouds of uncertainty about the future hung heavy and low over Trevecca, but the Lord piloted this child of His providence safely through the next few and later difficult years. Dr. C. F. Hardy became president of Trevecca in the spring of 1915; and with the help of the Lord and the faculty, of which I was a member, the school survived but no one received any salary.

I shaved Bro. McClurkan's bony face regularly during the last four or five years of his life, and was the only student privileged to be with him in the funeral home during the night while his body was being prepared for burial. Also, it was my happy privilege to represent the student body in a brief testimony at the funeral of Bro. McClurkan. A warm friendship between the McClurkan

family and myself has continued across the years to the present time. This friendship has been one of my most appreciated and treasured spiritual possessions. There were four lovely McClurkan children -- three girls, Ethel, Merle, and Pearl (now deceased); one son Emmett (now deceased). Because Mother McClurkan has been like a mother to me I have always called her "Mother McClurkan," and she calls me her son. At the time of this writing Mother McClurkan, though elderly and feeble, still lives and continues to be a bright ray of sunshine and blessing to all who are privileged to be associated with her. Within her every testimony and prayer there is always a spiritual message of blessing. She could rightly be called a good minister although she does not claim the title. Her address is Box 149, Russellville, Ala.

As I have said before, the year following Bro. McClurkan's death, his holiness organization (of which I was a member from 1908) became an integral part, by union, of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Its further history therefore, after 1915, is a part of the great total historical Stream of the Church of the Nazarene.

In moving Trevecca to the Gallatin Road location in 1914, Bro. McClurkan, as I have previously stated, did not move his large Pentecostal Mission Church, but this congregation continued to worship in the Fourth Avenue Tabernacle until it moved in 1917 to East Nashville. This East Nashville move has a very interesting historical background. A few years prior to 1856 the part of Nashville east of the Cumberland River was farm land; only a few houses existed and one road -- the Gallatin Road -- leading to the wooden bridge over the Cumberland River. A man by the name of Dr. John Shelby, living east of the river, was owner of these splendid farm lands. He conceived the idea of subdividing his land into building lots with streets. This was done. The old wooden bridge was abandoned and a splendid suspension bridge was erected at the site of Bridge Avenue or Woodland Street. This property of Dr. Shelby was very attractive with stately forest trees and luxurious bluegrass, inviting the attention of the people across the river to come and buy lots and settle here. The people did come, bought lots, built houses; so, in a short time Edgefield came into existence. The class of people who came to make their home here were the very best men and women of intelligence, refinement, and Christian character. Such a population in due time created a need and a desire for a place of worship.

Mr. D. D. Dickie, a prosperous businessman and elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, located at the time in North Nashville, bought one of these new Edgefield lots at the corner of Fourth and Fatherland Streets. On this lot he built a frame schoolhouse for a union Mission Sunday school. In this brown frame schoolhouse a union Sunday school was organized, and preaching services for the people in general were conducted for some time. Out of this union Sunday school, on May 8, 1858, the First Presbyterian Church of Edgefield (later known as East Nashville) was organized with thirty charter members living nearby. They continued to worship in the schoolhouse until they occupied their own church building on Woodland Street in 1859. In this same frame schoolhouse Tulip Street Methodist Church was started in 1859, and continued to worship in the schoolhouse until they occupied their own Tulip Street building on the east side of Tulip Street (now South Fifth Street) between Russell and Fatherland Streets in 1860.

On the rise between Fourth and Fifth Streets, in a grove of majestic tulip poplars through which the Indians had wandered not much more than a half century before, stood the new and spacious home of the wealthy Col. W. B. A. Ramsey. This mansion home faced north from the

south side of the already fashionable Fatherland Street. Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey of Knoxville, a brother of Col. W. B. A. Ramsey, was a historian and wrote the book, *Annals of Tennessee*. Later, in this old Col. Ramsey home, the famous Jessie James lived for some time with his uncle, Dr. James. Many years later, the Dixie Tabernacle (now torn down) was erected on this old Ramsey home site.

Col. Ramsey, elder and outstanding lay leader in the new Presbyterian church, bought and donated to the new church one of the new lots between Fifth and Sixth Streets where the First Church of the Nazarene now stands on Woodland Street. In 1859, the first church building was erected by the new Edgefield Presbyterian Church on this donated lot. This Presbyterian congregation continued to worship in this first building until 1887. The women of this First Presbyterian Church of Edgefield had led in the effort to erect the second and better building. In 1887, they succeeded in building a nice new brick church building which they occupied until 1916. The name of the church was changed in 1889 from First Presbyterian Church of Edgefield to Woodland Street Presbyterian Church. This change of name was made because Edgefield (now known as East Nashville) had merged with Nashville, and it was confusing to have two First Presbyterian churches in the city.

On March 22, 1916 a high wind was sweeping the city at 45 miles an hour. On the Wednesday of this fateful March 22nd, around 11:30 a.m., the great East Nashville fire had begun and continued until around 4:30 pm. This destructive five-hour fire started in a Negro section called "Crappy Shoot," near First and Oldham Streets. A Negro boy was said to have seized a burning ball from a grate and tossed it out the window. At the side of the house was a planing mill. Sparks rose and the wind took over. The blaze was sweeping from the northeast in a southeasterly direction. A house was going down about every three minutes. By 4:30 p.m. thirty-two blocks of East Nashville was in ashes; 5,000 structures had burned and 2,500 people were homeless. The fire finally sputtered to an end around 4:30 p.m. on Lenore Street, near South Fourteenth Street. The wind had died about dusk and the fire was out.

The second Presbyterian church building of the then Woodland Street Presbyterian Church was one of the casualties of this East Nashville fire. The building had been destroyed by the fire. No other Presbyterian church building would rise on this Woodland Street location. Another famous church congregation would purchase and occupy this Woodland Street location between Fifth and Sixth Streets. It would be what is now called the First Church of the Nazarene.

Bro. J. O. McClurkan organized this congregation in the winter of 1897 in the old Tulip Street Methodist Church located on South Fifth Street, midway between Russell and Fatherland Streets in East Nashville. He pastored this church at this location until 1903 when it moved in with his school into the Hines School building on Summer Street (later known as Fifth Avenue North) and Jo Johnson. Bro. McClurkan pastored here until 1905 when the church and school moved into the large brick building at 125 Fourth Avenue North. He continued to pastor the church at this location until his death, September 16, 1914. Thus, Bro. McClurkan had pastored this famous congregation which was the heart of the Pentecostal Mission organization for seventeen years.

After Bro. McClurkan's death in September of 1914, Dr. C. E. Hardy was called by the congregation to be its pastor. He succeeded Bro. McClurkan as pastor in November 1914. Dr.

Hardy pastored the church until 1916 when he resigned as pastor because he felt that being president of Trevecca College and pastor of this large church was a responsibility too heavy for him as a young man. After Dr. Hardy's resignation in 1916 the church called Dr. R. T. Williams, then a General Superintendent in the Church of the Nazarene, to be pastor. Dr. Williams accepted the call of the church as pastor in 1916 and served the church for a while, also continued as General Superintendent at the same time.

A large part of the Tabernacle congregation had desired for some time to move from the Fourth Avenue location and relocate in a residential section of the city. The desire was especially strong among a good many of the young people of the church. This congregation negotiated a purchase deal with the Woodland Street Presbyterian congregation on Woodland Street, whose church building had been destroyed by the great East Nashville fire. Since a majority of the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church members lived on further out east of the old Woodland Street location, the Presbyterian congregation wanted to sell their old location and relocate on out further east. Under the leadership of Dr. R. T. Williams, pastor of this Tabernacle congregation (better known now as First Church of the Nazarene), the congregation bought for \$4,000 this Woodland Street location from the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church in 1916; and after repairing the building they moved into it in 1917.

I was a member of this congregation (Tabernacle congregation or First Church of the Nazarene congregation) from 1908 to 1932, when I became pastor of Grace Church of the Nazarene on Gallatin Road, where I served for nineteen years. By the help of the Lord, Grace Church people, and friends, we enlarged all departments of the church and built a church plant now valued at \$150,000. This Tabernacle congregation (now known as First Church of the Nazarene) found her permanent location on Woodland Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets, just a block northeast of where she was first organized by Bro. J. O. McClurkan in the old Tulip Street Methodist Church in 1897. First Church of the Nazarene has been greatly blessed across the years by the ministry of a series of good pastors such as: Rev. J. O. McClurkan (1897-1914) Dr. C. E. Hardy (1914-1916) , Dr. R. T. Williams (1916-1918) Rev. G. W. Waddle (1918-1919) Rev. E. A. Girvin (1920-1921) Rev. H. H. Wise (1921-1948) Rev. Edward K. Hardy (1948-1952) Rev. Cecil D. Ewell (1952-1957) and now Rev. W. M. Greathouse (1958-).

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05 -- AS A WRITER AND EDUCATOR

As a Writer

Bro. McClurkan was powerful and effective as a writer. He always had something worthwhile to say and was gifted in expressing his thoughts in writing. Being a great reader added greatly to his ability in writing. His father's good library in the home greatly influenced and developed his reading taste and habit. He published for many years a very influential holiness paper entitled Living Water (formerly Zion's Outlook, edited by Dr. B. F. Haynes). For years his paper had a wide circulation among holiness people, helping to build them up in their holy faith. He also wrote some of the very best among holiness books such as Wholly Sanctified, How to Keep Sanctified, Chosen Vessels, Personal Work, Behold He Cometh, and The Ministry of Prayer.

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As an Educator

In Bro. McClurkan's holiness revivals and revivals of other holiness preachers many choice young people belonging to no church were converted and sanctified, and many others from different denominations were sanctified. Many of these young people answered the Divine call to preach, and some were led to the foreign fields as missionaries, and others were led to do various kinds of Christian work. All of these felt a great need for a holiness school to which they could go to get better training for their particular Christian work. My personal call to preach included a call to go to school as a necessary preparation to better fulfill my call. Bro. McClurkan also believed it very important that these holiness young people be better trained for their various fields of service, even for the young ladies aspiring to be better housewives. He strongly believed in that measure of education that would fit a person to do better service. Such pressure created a providential demand for a holiness school, and Bro. McClurkan felt the Lord calling him to establish a holiness school in Nashville, Tennessee, around 1901. The school was first called the "Bible Training School." Then the school came to be known later as the "Literary and Bible Training School."

This Bible Training School first opened November 4, 1901 in the old Hines Public School building, located on what is now the corner of Fifth Avenue North (formerly Summer Street) and Jo Johnson. In the beginning there were only two or three classes and teachers, meeting as opportunity was offered, indicated by the ringing of the bell, but soon a more organized form was assumed. This old building was purchased by the Pentecostal Mission congregation to supersede the old Tulip Street Church as a headquarters' location. It housed both school and church for the two years, 1903-1905. The school and church was moved by Bro. McClurkan from the Hines School building to a large brick building at 125 Fourth Avenue North in 1905. The front part of the first floor of the building was used by the church for a large worship auditorium called the Tabernacle. The back part of the building was used for a laundry and gymnasium. The second and third floors were used for dining hall, class rooms, and dormitory.

At this location, in 1908, I entered as a seventeen-year-old boy from Northwest Florida. I found very happy association among many choice holiness young people. As Bro. McClurkan so much desired, the school surely served his purpose as a unifying influence among the holiness people.

The school and church remained together in this large brick building on the west side of Fourth Avenue North until 1914, when the school was moved again by Bro. McClurkan to the old Percy Warner Mansion, an estate of about 80 acres in East Nashville on Gallatin Road. The church continued to worship in the old Fourth Avenue Tabernacle until 1917. The Warner estate occupied by Trevecca was located between what is now West Douglas Avenue and West Cahal Avenue, and from Gallatin Road west to the L&N railroad.

I walked with Bro. McClurkan over this old Warner estate on the criss-crossing dirt roads, now paved streets, when he was considering buying it. These criss-crossing dirt roads were later paved and given very significant names after the estate was occupied by Trevecca. Strouse Avenue

was named for a very wealthy and influential holiness preacher of Salem, Virginia by the name of Strouse. He visited Trevecca and spoke to the students. He was connected with the famous old Salem Camp near Roanoke, Virginia. Bro. McClurkan held camp meetings at this camp. McClurkan Avenue was named for Bro. J. O. McClurkan, organizer of the Pentecostal Mission and pastor of the large Pentecostal Tabernacle congregation (now known as First Church of the Nazarene); also, he was founder and president of Trevecca College. Brasher Avenue was named for a leading holiness Methodist preacher of north Alabama by the name of J. L. Brasher. He preached many times at Trevecca in the old Tabernacle on Fourth Avenue. Rev. J. L. Brasher still lives at the time of this writing. His estimate of Bro. McClurkan has already been mentioned in the preface. Emmett Avenue was named for Bro. McClurkan's only son, Emmett. Trevecca Avenue was named for the College -- Trevecca. The old Fourth Avenue school building has long since been torn down and the space turned into a parking lot. The Gallatin Road location of the school is now partly occupied by a Diesel Automobile School, owned and operated by Mr. Herman Balls.

While the school was located on Gallatin Road, Dr. A. B. Mackey entered Trevecca as a teacher in the fall of 1925; also, he enrolled as a graduate student in George Peabody College for Teachers. In the previous spring I got my first M.A. degree at Peabody. Dr. A. B. Mackey was asked to teach in Trevecca by Professor A. L. Snell, then dean of Trevecca College.

By 1910 some of the students were completing the school work offered by the Literary and Bible Training School, wanting to go on to college but not wanting to leave Bro. McClurkan and his school. Bro. McClurkan himself felt that something had to be done to meet the college needs of these and other students. Being a man of great vision, and believing in growth and progress, he clearly saw the necessity of converting the Literary and Bible Training School into a college in order to better serve educational needs in the days ahead; therefore, the school became a college in 1910, offering college courses leading to the A.B., B.S., and B.L. degrees. Also, a two-year medical course for missionaries and a course in nursing were offered. The student body was very thankful for these changes which would more adequately meet their educational needs.

Dr. C. E. Hardy was a great help to Bro. McClurkan in making the change into a new set up. He was especially helpful in connection with the charter and the college curriculum. The original Board of Trevecca Trustees were Bro. J. O. McClurkan, Emmett McClurkan, John T. Benson, Sr., Ed. Thompson, and Dr. C. E. Hardy. Dr. C. E. Hardy is the only living member of this original Trevecca Board. In making this necessary change in the school, the necessity of changing the name of the school faced Bro. McClurkan. A new name for the new college must be found! Bro. McClurkan sought diligently for an appropriate name, for he wanted a name for the college that would best express the spirit and purpose of the school. How did he go about selecting an appropriate name for the new school?

As I have said before, Bro. McClurkan was a widely read man and quite familiar with church history. He knew of the Oxford University "Holy Club" in the early eighteenth century composed of a small group of Oxford students, including John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and a few others. These students were burdened for a great spiritual revival within their Anglican Church. They met regularly as a group to fast and pray for a revival they felt they so badly needed in their church. Because of their method of regular fasting and praying, this group of young men were called in derision "Methodists." Bro. McClurkan was especially familiar with the

great Eighteenth Century Holiness Revival in England precipitated by this "Holy Club" and led by the Wesleys and George Whitefield. This revival made a great spiritual impact on the Church of England and the whole country. Out of this great Holiness Revival Movement came Methodism, and England saved from revolution.

A very influential and wealthy English woman by the name of Lady Huntingdon was converted in this great Methodist revival and identified herself with this Methodist Movement about 1739. She was very devoted to this great Holiness Movement and to its human leaders, giving large sums of money and her great influence to the support of this Movement. Lady Huntingdon, through her titled standing, won for the Movement the ear of the upper class society of England. A few excerpts from the story of Lady Huntingdon as related by Mrs. Lucia Myers in *The New Christian Advocate* is as follows:

Selina Shirley, the Countess of Huntingdon was born August 24, 1707 (August 13 by the old calendar), the daughter of Washington Shirley, second Earl of Ferrers, at the Shirley estate near Ashby in Leicestershire.

Her lifetime almost exactly paralleled that of John Wesley and the eighteenth century itself.

Selina's grandfather was Sir Robert Shirley, descendant of the Earl of Essex, a favorite at the court of Queen Elizabeth. Her grandmother, the wife of Sir Robert, was Elizabeth Washington, descendant of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave Manor, mayor of Northampton, England, in the sixteenth century. George Washington descended from the same ancestor.

Selina married Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, just before her 21st birthday in 1728, and to outward appearances, seemed destined for a conventional life in the social world of English nobility. She and the Earl had seven children, of whom only three lived to maturity.

Sometime before 1739, Lady Margaret Hastings, the Earl's sister, had been deeply affected by the Methodist preaching of the Rev. Benjamin Ingham, one of John Wesley's early associates. So glowingly did she speak of her new state of grace that her sister-in-law longed to share in it. During an illness, Lady Huntingdon made a thorough-going commitment to Christ.

Almost immediately after this conversion experience she sent word to John and Charles Wesley, who were preaching in the neighborhood, that she was one with them in spirit.

Widowed at 39, the Countess withdrew from much of the social life she had carried on during her husband's lifetime. She threw herself wholeheartedly into the work of the revival which was then beginning to sweep across England. She saw in it almost unlimited possibilities.

At a time when Methodism was a young and struggling movement, beset by criticism and persecution, Lady Huntingdon withdrew from a life of luxury and worldly honors and allied herself with the cause. Her friendship with the Wesley family expressed itself in numerous ways.

John Wesley submitted some of his journals to Lady Huntingdon for criticism. He preached many times in her drawing-room, offering those household sermons which came to be a tradition in

the Huntingdon home. With John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield she worked so closely that Charles called the association a "quadruple alliance."

The Countess entertained at her London house the first Methodist conference in June, 1744. John Wesley preached on that occasion on the subject, "What Hath God Wrought."

In May, 1748, she went on her first missionary journey to Wales. Accompanied by her two daughters, Elizabeth and Selina, and by her sisters-in-law, Lady Anne and Lady Frances Hastings, she met a group of Welsh preachers at the border. The gospel caravan moved through numerous villages, pausing for sermons several times a day. *[See Endnote]

In the 1740's there developed a theological difference between John Wesley and George Whitefield. George Whitefield was mildly Calvinistic in his theological thinking and John Wesley was Arminian. In his church-wide revival work in America, in the late 1730's and the 1740's, Whitefield had probably been influenced by the great American Calvinist theologian, philosopher, pastor and revivalist -- Jonathan Edwards. The main point of difference with Wesley and Whitefield was over particular and general salvation. This doctrinal difference finally led to their separation and to a division in the Methodist Movement which was led by these two good men. George Whitefield's group was called Calvinistic Methodists, and John Wesley's group was called Wesleyan Methodists. The separation of these leaders of Methodism and the consequent division of the Methodist Movement confronted Lady Huntingdon with a critical decision. Her great desire was to see Methodism remain a united spiritual force. In the division; however, she regretfully sided with Whitefield but hoped for the reunion of the two leaders and the Methodist Movement. Out of Lady Huntingdon's prayerful thoughts and desires came the idea of establishing a school to train ministers, not only to preach Calvinistic Methodism to her 64 churches but to serve as a unifying force to divided Methodism.

In South Wales, near a village called Talgarth in Brecknockshire County, stood an old mansion or castle by the name of Trevecca House. Lady Huntingdon rented this Medieval Trevecca Castle, and on August 24, 1768 opened Trevecca College in it, giving her school the name of this old Welsh castle. Trevecca Castle has an interesting medieval historical setting as follows:

The Middle or Medieval age was a period of time in the history of Western Civilization between what is called ancient and modern times. Its length, roughly speaking, was the one thousand years from the fifth century after Christ to the fifteenth century after Christ. During this thousand year period there developed in Western Europe a way of life known as Feudalism because there was no strong central government left in Western Europe after the collapse of the Roman Empire in the West during the fifth century A.D. Government fell largely into the hands of a few great men called Nobles and Lords, and other men of lesser titles, until national states later emerged. These influential and wealthy men controlled large and small sections of country and built expensive homes called castles. During this Medieval period England was one of the first countries to achieve a reasonably strong and stable national state government under the headship of Kings.

One of England's Medieval kings was Henry the Second (1133-1189). During Henry's reign a great castle was built near Talgarth, South Wales, in 1176. This fine old Medieval mansion later came to be known as Trevecca Castle. In 1578 an important lady by the name of Rebecca Prosser restored this old castle and made it her home. She named it Trevecca. The word Trevecca in Welsh is Trefecca. It is a combination of the two words -- Tref and Becca --, which means the Home of Rebecca. Trevecca is both the name of the home of Rebecca Prosser and the nearby tiny village at the foot of the Black Mountains. Trees and flowers in abundance, streams, and little waterfalls, add to the peaceful beauty of the neighborhood.

Nearly two hundred years after Rebecca Prosser's lifetime, Lady Huntingdon rented and renewed Trevecca Castle for her college. In thinking about an appropriate place for her school the Countess remembered this lovely Trevecca spot in Wales where she had spent many delightful days in the midst of a warm and affectionate people. The college opened on Lady Huntingdon's sixty-first birthday with a vast company assembled from all parts to witness the proceedings. George Whitefield preached with great power the opening sermon on the text "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee." William Williams, a noted Welsh hymn writer and singer, composed his most famous hymn "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah" for this opening service of the new college. John Wesley and Whitefield preached many times in Trevecca College for Lady Huntingdon as both men strongly approved the school. The saintly and scholarly John Fletcher was appointed the first superintendent or president, serving without pay. Fletcher saw great possibilities in this educational enterprise of the Countess and wanted to help her, so he accepted her appointment of himself as president. The generous Countess gave the students their tuition and expenses plus a new suit every year. Upon completing their studies they were free to serve any Protestant denomination they chose.

Trevecca College operated in Trevecca House from 1768 to 1791, when the lease expired and Lady Huntingdon died. Lady Huntingdon died in London on the 17th of June, 1791 at the age of 84. Her physician, Dr. John Coakley Lettsom, said that "she exhibited the greatest degree of Christian composure that I ever witnessed." Near the end she said: "My work is done, I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." Before her death, with the consent of her family, she turned over by will her large fortune to a Board of Trustees to continue the operation of her churches and Trevecca College. In 1792, the year after Lady Huntingdon's death, Trevecca College was moved to Cheshunt, a town near London in Hertfordshire County; and the name of the college was changed from Trevecca College to Cheshunt College, after the name of the town Cheshunt. The college remained at Cheshunt from 1792 to 1905 when it was transferred to Cambridge, England, where it is still in operation today by the name of Cheshunt College.

In following the story of Trevecca College from Trevecca Castle through Cheshunt to Cambridge, my wife, Ruby, and I have had a very pleasant and fruitful research correspondence with President A. Victor Murray of Cheshunt College at Cambridge, England. President Murray sent us a catalog of Cheshunt College which we turned over to our Trevecca College at Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A. He promised to visit our Trevecca College in Nashville the next time he is in the city.

Yes, the first and original Trevecca College continues to exist and operate, not in Trevecca House, nor in Cheshunt, but in Cambridge, England by the name of Cheshunt College.

Knowing something of the original Trevecca College, its founder, its spirit and purpose as established by Lady Huntingdon, and after consulting in the company of Dr. C. E. Hardy and with some Methodist authorities in Nashville, Tennessee, Bro. McClurkan decided to adopt the name Trevecca for his new college. Thus the second Trevecca College was established in 1910 in Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A. Well do I remember when this change was made. This change was the beginning of a new educational era for the school. The original board members of this second Trevecca College have already been mentioned.

Sometime later, G. Campbell Morgan, world religious leader from England, speaking at a Bible Conference at the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, Tennessee, was invited by Bro. McClurkan to visit the new and second Trevecca College, located at that time on Fourth Avenue North. He accepted the invitation and visited Trevecca the Second with seeming delight. We students were happy to see, hear, and meet him. G. Campbell Morgan was later president of Cheshunt College (formerly Trevecca).

Trevecca the Second has continued across the years to serve the cause of Christian education in different locations under various human leaders in the same spirit but with a broader curriculum and purpose than did the original and first Trevecca College of Lady Huntingdon.

The school in Nashville has occupied many different locations as follows: From 1901 to 1905 in the old Hines School building, from 1905 to 1914 on Fourth Avenue North, from 1914 to 1932 on Gallatin Road in East Nashville, from 1932 to 1933 on White's Creek Road in Northeast Nashville, 1934 to 1935 at First Church of the Nazarene on Woodland Street in East Nashville. In 1935 the school was moved to its present location on Murfreesboro Road in South Nashville under the presidency of Dr. C. E. Hardy.

The school has also been served by many good men as president: Bro. J. O. McClurkan served for thirteen years; Dr. C. F. Hardy for seventeen years; Dr. Stephen S. White for one and one-half years; Bro. John T. Benson, Sr. for one year; Dr. A. O. Hendricks for two years; Dr. A. B. Mackey has served as president since 1937. Under Dr. Mackey's progressive and sound human leadership and that of the faculty and the school board, this second Trevecca has reached its greatest growth and continues to fulfill in a larger measure the Divine purpose and that of its human founder, Rev. J. O. McClurkan. Trevecca's historical background -- from Trevecca Castle to the present time -- is great and rich in history. Trevecca's past is good, her present is better, and her future will be brighter and brighter as the morning sun rising over the eastern horizon, if Jesus tarries. As an educational leader and teacher, Bro. J. O. McClurkan deserves to be numbered among the great.

Indeed, I have counted it a great privilege to have been so closely associated with Bro. J. O. McClurkan as a student for six years. Being under his preaching, educational, and pastoral ministry is that part of my heritage which I prize next to meeting my Lord and becoming a Christian. Not all students of Trevecca have been privileged as I have to enjoy this same happy experience, but they are still drinking from the same educational and spiritual fountain opened up by Methodism, Lady Huntingdon, George Whitefield, John Wesley, John Fletcher, and J. O. McClurkan.

* * *

An Explanation

The Welsh Presbyterians operate a Theological school in Trevecca Village called Trevecca College. Rev. Howell Harris was one of the most outstanding leaders of the Welsh Presbyterians in the eighteenth century. He was born and reared in Trevecca Village about one mile from Talgarth. In the spring of 1735, as a twenty-one-year-old schoolmaster, he attended a service in the Talgarth Church one Sunday morning and was converted. Soon he became a minister with great preaching ability. Towards the close of 1735 he went up to the University of Oxford to study in preparation for taking Orders to become a clergyman. But being disappointed with University life, and not being able to settle down, he returned home. For a long time Howell Harris had had a dream of, some day, setting up an Institution in Trevecca Village, where people might come together from different places to live a life somewhat like that of the early Christians, as he understood it, in the Acts of the Apostles. But he probably got his communal idea mainly from reading about certain places and experiments in Germany.

In 1752 he began building a large house and Institution on the spot where his mother's cottage stood in Trevecca Village. Soon people began to come to join the Howell Harris "family." Everyone who came to live at his Institution in Trevecca Village gave up their money and property to the common fund. Each person did some particular work for the common cause.

Howell Harris knew Lady Huntingdon, John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield. Just as Howell Harris had dreamed of founding a big "family" in Trevecca Village, so Lady Huntingdon had been considering the founding of a college to train young men to be ministers -- ministers of any denomination. She thought Trevecca Village area an ideal spot for her school, partly because she felt it would be good for her students to know Howell Harris whom she knew and appreciated so much.

A little distance from Trevecca Village stood the old Trevecca Castle. Lady Huntingdon decided to rent, renew and locate her college in this old medieval castle. Howell Harris let his builders, masons, and carpenters repair Trevecca Castle for Lady Huntingdon's college. Also, he let his housekeeper, Hannah Bowen, become matron of the college.

Five years after the opening of Lady Huntingdon's college in Trevecca Castle in 1768, Howell Harris died. After his death his large building was turned over to the Welsh Presbyterian denomination (Calvinistic Methodists). Later the Welsh Presbyterians decided to open a Theological school in the old Howell Harris building to train ministers for their church. They decided to call their Theological college -- Trevecca College.

Our Trevecca College in Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A. got its name from Lady Huntingdon's Trevecca College, which was located in Trevecca Castle (now known as Cheshunt College in Cambridge, England), and not from the Welsh Presbyterian's Trevecca College which still operates in Trevecca Village.

I am very grateful to Dr. Trevor O. Davies, president of the Welsh Presbyterian Trevecca College, for some very helpful information and pictures.

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06 -- SOME QUOTES FROM REV. J. O. McCLURKAN

Dr. J. B. Chapman, when a young holiness evangelist, sat facing Bro. McClurkan, in 1904, at the Bible Training School in Nashville, Tennessee. During their mutual conversation, Dr. Chapman said to Bro. McClurkan: "Bro. McClurkan, some say you are a Calvinist. Is there any ground for such a report?" Bro. McClurkan quietly replied, "I work as though I might fall but rest as though I cannot fall."

* * *

Bro. McClurkan said, "Between the two dominant theories -- Calvinism and Arminianism -- there is a meeting place."

* * *

"Every call of God carries with it the Divine enablings."

* * *

"Saving souls is not easy. It is accomplished through sacrifice."

* * *

"Religion is likely to follow the natural bent of a person's temperament."

* * *

The entrance into the sanctified life, while it cleanses the heart, does not perfect the character. One is acquired in a moment, the other is a process. Numerous have been the disappointments of earnest and devout souls in expecting to obtain in the act of sanctification those qualities that belong to the developing and maturing of sanctified character. Hence many people let down in their lives while still holding on to the profession. The failure to properly guard this point has been a weakness in much of the teaching of the holiness people. But he said, "If not one person lived the life, thank God many of them do, I would still believe in the truth of it because I see the doctrine of sanctification so clearly taught in the Bible."

* * *

When some of Bro. McClurkan's friends were verbally pulling some of his enemies apart, he said, "I am convinced in my own mind that our friend who has wounded you so deeply has a kink in his brain." It turned out generally to be true.

* * *

One day while one of Bro. McClurkan's daughters was leaving the dining room of Trevecca College, she met Bro. McClurkan in the doorway with a tramp at his side. Bro. McClurkan said as graciously as if he were entertaining royalty, "Daughter, seat our brother at the table and see that his dinner is served."

* * *

When asked one day, Why is it that the lives of some of the holiness people do not measure up to their profession? Bro. McClurkan replied, "Keep your eyes on Christ."

* * *

To get his students to talking, he would say to them sometimes, "Your head was placed on your shoulders for a greater purpose than just to hang your hat on."

* * *

He could not conceive of a successful preacher sleeping too late in the morning. He said, "When your eyes fly open let your heels fly up."

* * *

When a student preached a good sermon or gave a good answer, he would say, "Son, keep barking up that tree, there is a squirrel up there."

* * *

"I was raised out in the country with the pigs and chickens and they've got some sense. Whoever saw a pig going around with a feather in his tail trying to be something besides a pig -- something he is not?"

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07 -- PERSONAL REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR

I was a student in Trevecca from 1908 to 1915, graduating with the B.A. degree in 1915 and acting as president of my graduating class. I was married by Dr. C. F. Hardy to a wonderful Trevecca girl, Miss Nannie Stratton of Ridgeway, Virginia, in 1916, upon her graduation. I enjoyed teaching in Trevecca for twelve years. As I think of the past, those twelve years are among the happiest and most fruitful years of my life.

During this time of teaching I served some time as dean of men and as dean of the School of Religion. With the cooperation of the president, Dr. C. E. Hardy, and the faculty, I took the lead in

establishing the School of Religion in Trevecca College, after considerable study of the organization and curriculum of many colleges and universities. I set up the Theological High School course and the Th.B. course for ministers in the School of Religion, also worked out what was considered a splendid Correspondence Course for ministers not able to attend Trevecca.

From 1918 to 1920 I taught full time in Trevecca; and at the same time, by permission of Dr Hardy, attended Peabody College, working on my B.S. degree which I received in 1920. During these first years as a student in Peabody I attended regularly the Founders Day services at Peabody. I enjoyed the services and was greatly impressed by them. I was impressed with the great good that such a service might be in Trevecca. As a member of the Trevecca faculty I recommended to Dr. Hardy (then president of Trevecca) and to the faculty that a Founders Day service be established in Trevecca. I am happy to say that the recommendation was met with a hearty response, and Founders Day observance was begun in Trevecca around 1919, as best I remember, on Bro. J. O. McClurkan's birthday, November 13. The next year, 1920, I, with my wife and little daughter, Catherine, went to Pasadena, California to attend Pasadena Nazarene College. During the one year, 1920 to 1921, I acted as dean of men, taught church history, and worked on my B.D. degree under Dr. A. M. Hills, receiving the degree at the close of 1921. Then I returned to teaching in Trevecca, also reentered Peabody College, receiving my first M.A. degree in 1925, the same year that Dr. A. B. Mackey registered at Peabody as a graduate student and began teaching in Trevecca. I continued teaching in Trevecca until 1928 when I was elected Superintendent of the Tennessee District, serving for four years. In 1932, I began pastoring Grace Church of the Nazarene in Nashville, Tennessee, serving for nineteen years. During this time of pastoral service, by the help of the Lord, the good people of Grace Church, and many business friends of the city, I was privileged to help build a large beautiful brick church building, seating seven hundred people, and now valued at \$150,000. All other parts of the church grew. In 1951 I reentered Peabody College and received my second M.A. degree in 1952. Then I continued my post graduate work at Peabody and Vanderbilt until all requirements and more were completed for the Ph.D. degree, except Prelims and the Dissertation. During these last years of school work I have pastored, with pleasure and profit, a small rural church called Ridgevale Church of the Nazarene.

The McClurkan family gave to me Bro. McClurkan's Bible after his death. I have greatly appreciated and treasured this gift these many years since it is a token and expression of the mutual love between us. With great pleasure I presented this Bible to Trevecca as an invaluable possession, bearing with it the living memory of the McClurkan family, especially that of Bro. McClurkan, the human founder of Trevecca College. Of course, this gift was made on the condition that Trevecca wanted it and would provide some suitable place for its display and careful preservation. This was gladly accepted and done. This Bible is full of Bro. McClurkan's sermon outlines, pasted in between the leaves by himself. The Bible is the one great book on which Trevecca was founded. One of Bro. McClurkan's most valued Scripture verses is found in II Timothy 2:15: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." This verse was the motto for his school.

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ENDNOTE

*Myers, Mrs. Lucia, "The Faith of Lady Huntingdon." The New Christian Advocate (Dec. 1957).
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THE END