

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1993 -- 2002 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this CD.

GLIMPSES

By John Lakin Brasher

Personal glimpses of holiness preachers known to the author, with whom he labored in evangelism, and who, at the time the booklet was written, had answered to their names in the Roll Call of the Skies.

Other Books By This Author:

A Tribute And Some Other Writings
Reckoning With The Eternals
The Holy Spirit
The Moods Of The Spirit
The Glorious Church
Thoughts On The Letter To The Romans

Copyright 1954 By
John Lakin Brasher

Published by
The Revivalist Press
1810 Young St.,
Cincinnati 10, Ohio

* * * * *

Digital Edition 09/03/2002
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

NO CURRENT COPYRIGHT FOUND FOR THE PRINTED BOOK

During searches performed using the US Copyright Web Site Search Functions on September 3, 2002, no evidence was found for a current copyright on the printed edition of "Glimpses" from which this digital edition was created.

* * * * *

DEDICATION

To Hollow Rock Camp Meeting and other Camps in which I have so often and so gladly served, and to the sacred memory of our sainted and ascended fellow laborers, this little book is lovingly dedicated by the author.

John Lakin Brasher

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Introduction To This Digital Edition

* * *

Introduction

- 01 -- Joyce Isaac W.
- 02 -- Pike, R. G.
- 03 -- Ruth, C. W.
- 04 -- Bowman, Thomas
- 05 -- Berry, Joseph H.
- 06 -- Oldham, William
- 07 -- Lewis, Bishop
- 08 -- Foss, Cyrus D.
- 09 -- Ninde, W. X.
- 10 -- Fitzgerald, J. N.
- 11 -- Mallalieu, Willard F.
- 12 -- Huckabee, B. W.
- 13 -- Quatlebaum, A. J.
- 14 -- Brengle, Samuel L.
- 15 -- Keen, S. A.
- 16 -- Booth, William
- 17 -- Walker, E. F.
- 18 -- Carradine, Beverly
- 19 -- McClurkan, J. O.
- 20 -- Scuddy, H. Gaines
- 21 -- Fergerson, Edward A.
- 22 -- Smith, Aurie
- 23 -- Danford, Samuel A.
- 24 -- Taylor, James M.
- 25 -- Robinson, Reuben A. (Bud)
- 26 -- Fowler, Charles. J.
- 27 -- Benson, John T. and Wife
- 28 -- Babcock, Charles H.
- 29 -- Rees, Seth C.

- 30 -- Bunce, J. D.
- 31 -- Rhye, J. J. and Wife
- 32 -- Massey, Robert
- 33 -- Glenn, J. M.
- 34 -- Hewson, John
- 35 -- Hyde, Edward
- 36 -- Dolbow, Andy
- 37 -- Stratton, Leila Owen
- 38 -- Albright, Dick and Tillie
- 39 -- Gilmore, Elloise T.
- 40 -- Sloan, Mrs. Carrie Crowe
- 41 -- Tillman, Charlie D.
- 42 -- Owen, John Freeman
- 43 -- Murphree, W. A.
- 44 -- Upchurch, James T.
- 45 -- Huff, Will H.
- 46 -- Nixon, William G.
- 47 -- Nixon, Lloyd H.
- 48 -- Mathews, George W.
- 49 -- Brasher, Paul
- 50 -- Allen, Charles B.
- 51 -- Malone, Walter and Wife
- 52 -- McLaughlin, G. A.
- 53 -- Harris, John M. and Margaret J.
- 54 -- Yates, William B.
- 55 -- Smith, Joseph H.
- 56 -- Morrison, Henry Clay
- 57 -- Godbey, W. B.
- 58 -- Browning, Raymond

Ascended Ones, All Hail!

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL EDITION

The author placed no numbers on the sketches in the hard copy of this booklet. I have taken the liberty of doing that for this digital edition. Also, in the printed edition the name of the person sketched was in caps as part of the first line or sentence. I have, instead, numbered each sketch and placed the name in caps after that number. Where necessary, I have re-inserted the subject's name in initial caps at the beginning of the first line or sentence and also, where necessary, I have inserted an additional word to make the wording complete. I divided the author's closing remarks from the other portions of the text under the heading: "Ascended Ones, All Hail." The author's meaning has not been changed in any of these afore-mentioned alterations. However, the author had "William H." McLaughlin, instead of "George Asbury" McLaughlin in the printed booklet. I found a correction to "G. A. McLaughlin" penned into the margin of the book. I am not sure that the

"correction" is "correct," but I have changed the name to "George Asbury McLaughlin." I hope the "correction" is "correct". Finally, Carradine's first name was spelled "Beverley" in the printed booklet, and I have changed it to "Beverly" in this digital edition. -- DVM

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

I have been importuned by good friends that, before I go beyond the Veil, I give some personal glimpses of holiness preachers whom I have known and with whom I have labored in evangelism, who have answered to their names in the Roll Call of the Skies. It will be a delight, if my strength holds out, to do this out of love for their great service, for the encouragement of this present generation, and for the glory of God whom they loved and served so well.

But before I take up their names for a glimpse of each, I think it will be somewhat expedient to give a setting of the times in which I myself have served, a background of the Holiness Movement, and the advent of this type of evangelism. I have lived under the administration of eighteen of the thirty-four Presidents of the United States. Every modern invention, except steam power and the telegraph, has come into being since I began to live. I have seen this nation grow from thirty-five million or less to 160 million or more. I have seen Methodism pass from the circuit rider, with his twelve to twenty preaching places, to the station with its luxurious parsonage, high-salaried preacher, art-glass windowed church, and its altars almost unstained by the penitent's tears.

I came into being as the constellation of great preachers was slipping toward the west -- Charles Spurgeon, Richard Storrs, Phillips Brooks, DeWitt Talmage, Henry Ward Beecher, and others of similar mold. A prominent lady of Dr. Storr's church said she could not afford to go on a vacation and miss any of his sermons. In my youth and early ministry, the land was largely dominated by the men who wore the blue and the gray. No nobler set of war veterans than they ever helped steady a nation. Great orators still lingered to stir the hearts of men, their rear guards, William Jennings Bryan and Henry W. Grady, and the last of the old giants now passing, General Douglas MacArthur.

But I turn from the afore-mentioned galaxy of stars to deal only with those men who have figured in the Holiness Movement with whom I have served and who have passed behind the Veil screening the immortals from our mortal gaze. Will the reader wait for further personal description, or personal sketches, while I call the roll of some of those who now camp on "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground," awaiting our coming for the glorious entry into our final reward. (Heb. 11:39-40)

BISHOPS: Isaac W. Joyce, Thomas N. Bowman, Willard F. Mallalieu, William Xavier Ninde, J. N. Fitzgerald, C. D. Foss, Luther B. Wilson.

EVANGELISTS: B. W. Huckabee, A. J. Quattlebaum, H. Gaines Scuddy, Edward A. Ferguson, Reuben (Bud) Robinson, Aurie Smith, Charles B. Allen, Samuel A. Danford, James M. Taylor (of N. D.), Waiter Malone, J. M. and M. J. Harris, William B. Yates, E. F. Walker, Charles

J. Fowler, William H. McLaughlin, D. A. Bunce, Beverly Carradine, Henry C. Morrison, Joseph H. Smith, R. G. Pike, Samuel Logan Brengle, C. W. Ruth, Will H. Huff, Charles H. Babcock, Joseph O. McClurkan, John T. Benson and wife, Seth C. Rees, "Andy" Dolbow, E. H. Dunham, J. M. Glenn, Leila Owen Stratton, J. J. Rhye, John Hewson, Robert Massey, W. A. Murphree, John Freeman Owen, Edward Hyde, S. A. Keen, Joseph G. Morrison, Paul Brasher, and others whose names will appear later.

PASTOR EVANGELISTS: William Nixon, Lloyd H. Nixon, George Mathews and wife.

These all "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness... waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Like David's men, some of them excelled in gifts, but only a being of infinite wisdom can evaluate their service or weigh the fullness of their devotion. Some have fought under the full glare of applause; some have wrought when persecuted and despised, but all their names are fragrant with the incense of Divine Love and Grace that held them on their way. Their ministry was as different as was Peter's and Paul's. In their personalities were all the human marks distinguishing them the one from the other, but with the wonderful unity of preaching and of doctrine that proved that they were saturated with the Holy Scriptures and filled and inspired of the Holy Spirit to preach the: Gospel of full redemption. In all that glorious company there was not a word or question of the virgin birth of Jesus, the inspiration and final authority of the Holy Scriptures, or the deity of the Holy Spirit.

* * * * *

01 -- ISAAC W. JOYCE

My first contact with a sanctified Bishop was when I, as a young man of twenty-three years, went to unite with the Alabama Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, in January, 1892. I had been baptized by Bishop David Wasgot Clark when I was three months old, but the first Bishop I was to know was Isaac W. Joyce, that apostolic Bishop whose heart flamed with the passion of a full Gospel. He was a man of some five feet and ten inches in height, with a fine head above broad shoulders, smooth-shaven face, "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought," as some one has written. His was the fervid eloquence of the faith, fact and fire of the living inward experience of full salvation.

I shall never forget his text on Sabbath morning: "As thou (the Father) hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." I was too young in experience to take in the spell of his mighty sermon. I remember that at one point he paused, brushed his brow with his hands, wiped away some tears, and said, "I don't think I ever felt as little as I do now. I can't understand Him, but I know Him; He is my Father." Then flamed and poured forth from his soul words like from a furnace until the whole audience was suffused with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when he was receiving the class into full connection in the Conference and was asking those questions that used to be answered separately: "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?" They answered, "We do." He paused as if all their future depended upon that question, and said, "Brothers, why not now?" Then lifting his face toward Heaven, he prayed with deepest fervor that they might be made holy and perfected in love. It seemed the church scintillated with flashes of fire from Heaven. It was a holy hour. It is

reported that when he was elected Bishop, he dropped his head on the seat in front of him and sobbed out these words, "Thank God, I can now preach holiness around the world."

In his Conferences he generally took Dr. Dunham or Dr. S. A. Keen to preach holiness to the Conference in the afternoon while he was in the cabinet with the Elders. He gave me my first appointment. I did not get close enough to shake hands with him, and I saw him only in two Conferences. But when he met me seven years later, he spoke to me and called me by name. He never forgot anyone. When he was a pastor, and was about to change pastorates (time was limited to five years then), he wrote from memory his church roll and the street addresses for his successor.

His last sermon was at Red Rock Holiness Campground, on a Sunday morning. He was in the midst of a great message, when he said, "I have preached this Gospel of full salvation around the world, and it always..." He paused and started to fall. Dr. Morrison and J. M. Harris, the song leader, caught him in their arms and placed him in a chair. His great spirit struggled for the victory. He arose and staggered to the pulpit. He said again what he had said immediately before, and finished with the words, "with the same results." His voice failed. He was borne away from the tabernacle and the people were hushed with awe as this prophet of God was having Divine Escort to the City Supernal. One silent week he lingered, then all the skies were his home.

I am devoutly thankful that I came in under the old constitution, and that this man of God gave me my first appointment. Though my limitations kept me from then taking in fully all that it meant, through God's grace I have had part in this full salvation ministry for over fifty-three years. Flame on, seraphic spirit, holy bishop of the church of God!

My earliest recollections on holiness were from "The Guide to Holiness," when my father was a subscriber. That was when I first began to read. But the title seemed entirely too high and holy for me. My next contact was with a woman preacher who visited the home where I lived. I have no doubt she had the experience, but that was before I was converted. I heard her from house-to-house and in churches. Then I read the Methodist "Standards" and other books, and I saw a few people who advocated holiness but who seemed unbalanced. Maybe it was I who was most unbalanced. Some of them amused me, some repelled me.

I was on my first circuit when I got hold of a book called "The Problem of Methodism." Bowland was the author. It completely sidetracked me from the Wesleyan teaching on the subject, and in that delusion I rested for four or five years. I was never against holiness as a state and condition, but was against the necessity of a second work of grace thereto. I said, "I would no more touch holiness than the apple of God's eye." In theological school, my professor of systematic theology gave us ten clear Wesleyan lectures on the subject, but I would go back to the study hall to attempt to refute it. The Lord was merciful because He saw I was misguided only in my thinking, not in my reverence for Him or His Word.

* * * * *

That holy man, R. G. Pike, kept me embarrassed. He was the father of some great sons, one of whom is President of the National Holiness Missionary Society. He seemed full of praise and prayer, and he came to be a joy to me later. A combination of circumstances threw him, C. W. Ruth, and S. L. Brengle across my path at my Birmingham pastorate. That will develop in later glimpses as I proceed. I may not be able to speak of each one whom I have mentioned in my opening number; but I will give what notice I can, and will hold the rest in everlasting loving remembrance.

R. G. Pike was a Canadian by birth. We boys in Theological School at Chattanooga, Tenn., called him "Pikes Peak" because he was so tall, and because his head was crowned with purity. A man who would have gone to martyrdom with a shout.

I knew him first at Chattanooga, and better a little later when I moved to Birmingham as pastor of Simpson M. E. Church. I had at that time the highest respect for and perfect confidence in him, but I did not agree with him in his doctrinal views. He considerably aggravated me with his quiet "Praise the Lord," when he visited me and when he attended my Sunday forenoon service. He was then superintendent of a small mission in the city, and was sometimes hard pressed financially. Those were days of scarcity of money. My salary was \$350.00 and his, I fear, was less. But you would never have known he was not a millionaire, judging by his good cheer and gladsome spirit.

Sometimes he would say to me, "John, you have not learned the secret," and I would say, "If I were as big and strong as you, I would have the secret." Sometimes I would say to my wife, "I am as good as Pike." She would say, "I don't believe you are, dear. He reminds me more of what Wesley would be like than you do." Well, what can you do and say under such circumstances? He was there when I went to the altar in Colonel Brengle's meeting. He was present when I came clear in my church, and he picked me up in his arms and carried me around the church.

He went to Atlanta to do some mission work, though I think it was not in divine order; but God overruled it for good. One day I had a strong impression that Brother Pike needed help, so I gave up my pastoral visiting that afternoon, hurried to the parsonage, and wrote him a letter. I had only one dollar at the time, but I enclosed that one dollar and hurried to mail the letter that afternoon. It reached him the next day, as he and some of his boys were picking blackberries. He did not have a dime, so my dollar reached him in the "nick of time." Before the food was gone which he bought with it, he got a call to an Indian mission out West. With the call was money to pay expenses and take care of his needs. I saw him and the family as they passed through Birmingham en route to the new field. As far as I know he was never so tried again in that way. For years he sent me \$5.00 each Christmas to buy some turkey, saying he was "paying interest on the investment."

After a number of years I saw him in Ferndale, Wash., at a camp meeting. I was in my room resting a little, after a long journey, and he slipped into the room. When he saw I was awake he said, as usual, "Praise the Lord," and took me in his arms. That was in 1918.

I was in Portland, Oreg., assisting his splendid son, President of the National Holiness Missionary Society, when he came down from Seattle to visit us, and what days of fellowship we

had! His family of fine children are a monument to the greatness of spirit of both himself and his faithful, patient wife. Only God can measure the influence of his life on mine, but it has been great and I shall always be glad for his help and fellowship.

* * * * *

03 -- C. W. RUTH

C. W. Ruth was a man of great gifts and spiritual resources. I bring him next to the glimpse at Brother Pike, because the latter was the immediate cause of my ever coming in contact with Brother Ruth. Brother Pike had engaged him for a meeting in the mission in downtown Birmingham, and it was there I first heard him. I did not approve of either his message or his method of presenting it; but later his messages more greatly affected my ministry than did those of any other man.

His first meeting in Birmingham was not very significant, but Brother Pike secured him for a return engagement on his way back to Indiana from southern Georgia. In the meantime, I had come in contact with Colonel Brengle and the great change had come into my life and ministry.

Brother Pike suggested that upon Brother Ruth's return we should join our forces -- the mission and my church -- and have a ten-day meeting. I submitted the proposal to my Board, and they accepted it. So in less than three weeks after I had publicly made light of his style and message he was in a meeting in my own church, where I had said I would, under no consideration, have a "second blessing" preacher. Ten days of his clear Bible teaching established me in the doctrine of holiness, and gave a certainty of tone to my ministry that has never failed. I can truly say that I owe more to him, in my ministry, than to any other holiness evangelist, because of those days immediately after my full salvation experience. His preaching was largely an opening of the Word in teaching all the doctrines related to Christian experience: No man ever made it plainer, no man could get around his argument and conclusions without an intelligent rejection of the truth. My church never attempted to contradict what he had taught.

My second meeting with him was when we were at the Indian Springs Camp for our first time there together. I remember this from his preliminary remarks on that occasion: "There are two occasions on which I feel perfectly justified in preaching on the second blessing. One is when there is no one there who has the experience, and the second is when there is someone who has." What a time he had giving the people the truth, and what a time they had feeding on it. One thing that made his Scriptural argument so impressive and weighty was that, instead of quoting the verse or verses from memory, he hastily turned to them in his Bible and read the portion to his audience, thus impressively settling it on their minds.

Another thing that helped a great deal was that he seemed always to luxuriate in the teaching. He enjoyed it just as if he had just discovered it, and was glad over the discovery. There was no way to escape either the Scripturalness or logic of his teachings, and if no one said, "Amen," he would often do it himself and rejoice over it as over hidden treasures.

Dr. Samuel Chadwick from England happened, or was providentially present, at that Camp. In writing of it in his paper when he went home, he said, "Brother Ruth clerked for himself." It seems the English way is for the clerk of the church to say "Amen" at the right time; hence this expression about Brother Ruth. He was usually deliberate and spoke in animated conversational style; but sometimes there came a gust of praise and rejoicing that was refreshing. He was playful, humorous and human always, but he cut no corners nor backed away from any position he had examined and believed.

Out at Indian Springs, after Brother Ruth had preached a good while, as he usually did, an old Confederate soldier opened his double-cased watch and closed it with a snap heard all around. Brother Ruth playfully said, "Brother, never mind your watch; I'll soon be done," or something like that. Then he went on and finished his message. After dinner the old soldier got to thinking about the incident, and he remembered Sherman's march to the sea. He got fighting mad, and he went over the hill to the Workers' Cottage and called Ruth out. They walked a little way up the path, and he said, "I don't like what you said to me about my watch. I am getting old, but I can yet whip three Yankees like you." Brother Ruth said, "I am sorry; you misunderstood my spirit in the matter. I was only playful and meant no offense. I beg your pardon, sir." The old soldier said, "Well, that is all a gentleman can do and, as a gentleman, I accept it and pardon you." Then Brother Ruth said, "Are you a Christian, sir?" He said, "I have been, but I am not right now." Brother Ruth asked, "Wouldn't you like to get back to the Lord?" He said, "Yes, I really would." and Brother Ruth said, "Let us pray." They prayed and the old gentleman was reclaimed. They rejoiced together, and parted in love. The so-called "Yankee" won out, not by force of arms but by perfect love in operation.

He was nearly always successful in his altar calls after his sermons. He knew how to pull the net and was patient, and sometimes persistent, in doing so. I recall one time when he was preaching on the judgment, a theme quite unusual for him. He was quite solemn and serious when, all of a sudden he broke out in humor and had a real gale of laughter from the audience. I thought, "This is one time he will fail in his altar call." But he sobered up and made the call, and the altar was full of seekers.

Few men have traveled more, worked more constantly, and had more definite or larger results in their ministry than did he. His books are as clear as his preaching. His work in the National Holiness Association, both with Dr. Fowler and as leader of the "across the nation" campaigns, was a large contribution to the total work. He was too large to be sectarian. He loved holiness more than he loved any denomination. That was fine evidence that he had the blessing.

Our associations were always pleasant and profitable. He was a dear friend, a fine yoke fellow, a blessed traveling companion. He held aloft the torch of holiness for half a century, then laid down his traveling bag and reached forth his hand for the crown that shall never fade. Many thousands whom he started and helped on their way by his ministry will hail him in Glory! I must not allow myself to go on farther; we shall see him again.

* * * * *

Bishop Thomas Bowman was more noted for the defense of the doctrine of holiness than for its propagation. On one occasion, at the Conference a young man, a Professor of Language, had sought to amend Methodist doctrine to suit his views. When the matter was brought to the Bishop's attention, he called the young professor before the Conference and very kindly asked him if he did not think he was a little young and presumptuous in trying to change the doctrines of the church which had been recognized from the very beginning of its history. Then kindly, but without the omission of a dotted "i" or crossed "t", he set forth the Wesleyan view and gave his unequivocal approval of it all. When he presided at our Conference in 1893, he had S. A. Keen give Pentecostal addresses each afternoon and in the opening of the Conference each morning.

* * * * *

05 -- JOSEPH H. BERRY

Bishop Joseph H. Berry, and Bishop William Oldham were men who stood for the old faith. Bishop Berry was as companionable as any evangelist in the field. I served with him in the camps at Jamestown, North Dakota, at Sebring, Ohio, at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, and at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. At Jamestown we had cloth tents, and we sat in front of our tents and talked and had fellowship just as if there were no official distinction. His preaching always caught fire before he was through, and he walked and talked with us as with brothers indeed.

* * * * *

06 -- WILLIAM OLDHAM

Bishop Oldham had the English and Asiatic coolness, but there was no pretension or high-headedness in him. His holiness was staid and quiet, but genuine sainthood sent its holy fragrance from his person and we could "take knowledge from him that he had been with Jesus." A great and good man! We were entertained in the same home. He ate temperately. He pushed his plate back with nothing left on it and remarked to our hostess, "I am from a land where they never push anything back," meaning that food was too scarce in India to be wasted.

* * * * *

07 -- BISHOP LEWIS

Bishop Lewis was a great soul. He cured me from being frightened about preaching before bishops and other great men. Dr. Morrison preached at Sychar in the forenoon, Bishop Lewis in the afternoon, and I was to preach at night. I said to him at supper, "Bishop, I hope you will pray for me tonight. I have never preached before a Bishop." His reply was, "You have preached before the Lord, brother, and He is greater than all the bishops." From that, time on I was not embarrassed or unduly timid to preach before any of them, which I have done many times.

He was very unassuming. He slept under a cloth tent as I did, brought his own water from the well, and carried away the waste from his tent. At General Conference at Saratoga, N. Y.,

instead of putting up at the United States Hotel for ten or more dollars a day, he and Bishop Bashford rented a small cottage together. Their wives provided and prepared their meals, and they lived the simple life. They had seen the need of the mission fields. He said to my students in Fletcher College, Iowa, "We will meet China at the mourner's bench or at the battle's front," and sure enough, it is true.

* * * * *

08 -- CYRUS D. FOSS

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss had a look so holy and an expression so loftily pure that anything sinful or unclean would have smothered and died in his presence. On Sunday morning at our Conference he preached on Phil. 4:10-11 -- "Four Mountain Peaks of Religious Certainty: God, Christ, Salvation, Immortality."

* * * * *

09 -- W. X. NINDE

Bishop W. X. Ninde was "the Saint John of the bishops." His sweetness of spirit never seemed disturbed; he was the apostle of love whose text was true to form. One Sunday morning at Conference he preached from Rom. 6:22 -- "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

* * * * *

10 -- J. N. FITZGERALD

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, whose mother held a holiness meeting in her home on Fridays for sixty years, was out and out for holiness as a second work of grace. His text at Conference was about Esau selling his birthright and thus forfeiting the blessing consequent upon the birthright. There was the birthright of the firstborn and, because of that, the special blessing of the father. In grace the special law of primogeniture is abolished and all God's children, by birth into the family of God, are entitled to the blessing of sanctification. He said, "You say the experience of sanctification is too great for you. Brother, it is your birthright. It belongs to you because you are a child of God. Claim your inheritance as a child."

* * * * *

11 -- WILLARD F. MALLALIEU

I will mention only one other Bishop in this list of personal glimpses -- Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu who wrote that worthwhile book on holiness, "The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ." He was an aggressive holiness preacher, encouraged its proclamation, proclaimed it himself, and urged it upon the preachers of his Conferences. He was a flaming

preacher of the full Gospel. A Moses-like man of tall imposing stature, eloquent of speech and fervent of soul.

I must not tax the patience of my readers or the space allotted to dwell further on these and other great Bishops with whom I have labored and under the spell of whose ministry I have been held enthralled. It will be wonderful to see them again in the land where the sun does not go down. Oh, that all Bishops would thus proclaim the saving truth of this full salvation! Then would the church be quickened into a flame of devotion and evangelism to bless a broken and ruined world!

All hail, beloved chief pastors, many of your comrades have proclaimed the same message, but your writer is mentioning those of personal fellowship who have passed on before us. The history of the church abounds with the life stories of many such who have graced the church, have blessed the world, and have left us a glorious heritage.

* * * * *

12 -- B. W. HUCKABEE

This really great preacher came across my path before I was a believer in the second work of grace. In form and face and personality, striking. Fine voice and delivery, a commanding figure on the platform or in the pulpit. Beginning with proper deliberation, he built to a climax of thought and feeling, clear in thought and logical in process of delivery, i heard him with interest even though I did not then agree with him. I said to him once, "You are the most consistent preacher of your view of the subject I have met." He smiled but made no reply.

It came to pass that he was the first man to call me to preach in a holiness camp meeting after I came into the experience -- in August, 1900, at Hartselle, Ala., where he and some laymen had built a tabernacle and founded a camp. I served there with him again and again, as well as elsewhere. It was through him I made my contact with Ohio people at Liverpool and Hollow Rock, and at New Castle, Pa. He had a tragic fall that nearly killed all of us who knew him. But he rallied and found restoring grace. The vessel was marred in the Potter's hand, but the Potter, in mercy, did not throw away the clay, but re-fashioned it into a vessel of service. I had a letter from him a short time before his passing. He was then one of the oldest of the evangelists. He referred to his soon Home-going, saying, "I will be going soon, but there are no clouds in the west." Thank God, he made it through.

In prayer with Brother McClurkan and myself, he thanked God for me, saying, "In all my sorrow, his face toward me has not changed." (See Galatians 6:1.) The devil knocked down our tallest, but he might have said, as did the Scripture, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise." In that land where once-broken souls find rest I shall find him again.

* * * * *

13 -- A. J. QUATLEBAUM

A. J. Quattlebaum was a genial South Carolinian. His face shined with a glow that never came off. He was my first co-laborer in a holiness camp meeting at the first Hartselle, Ala., camp in 1900. His preaching dug up Brother Huckabee, who was living a nominal religious life. He was not a great preacher, but plain and warm, without rant or cant. There was sweetness in his soul and fragrance in his living. I last saw him in Jacksonville, Fla., when he was white of face and whiter still of soul.

Before he was an evangelist his employer sold his business to him. He had no money to buy it, but his employer took him to see a wealthy gentleman in Charleston. He told the gentleman what he wanted to do and what his plans were for payment of the loan. The gentleman said, "How much would you want?" He replied, "\$25,000." "Very well," he said, "I can let you have it." He turned to his desk and wrote a check for that amount, and handed it to Brother Quattlebaum. He said, "Now what security or collateral do you require?" The gentleman replied, "Security! Aren't you a gentleman? I want no security from a gentleman." So he secured his loan because he was a "gentleman," and paid it because he was one. A beautiful soul was he, now resting with Jesus.

* * * * *

14 -- SAMUEL LOGAN BRENGLE

It would be difficult to say anything biographically new about that great soldier of Jesus Christ and high commissioner of the Army, who was Colonel Brengle when I met him first. I was pastor of Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church in Birmingham, Ala., when Captain Houchin came to the parsonage door with an invitation to attend a three-day special at the Army Hall, 1721 First Ave. The announcement spoke of his graduation from Depauw University and two years in Boston School of Theology. I went to hear him the second afternoon and the afternoon and night of his third day.

His fine, clean, expressive face caught me. His message was as clear as language can make anything. Indeed, that was always true of him after he shed his classical diction. He was told by his wife, I believe, in these words, "Sam, these people do not understand your big words and phrases." One night he was preaching to a large audience and spoke of the martyrdom of St. Paul. He said, "They decapitated him." His wife, in a large whisper, said, "They cut his head off." That deflated the language of this brilliant young officer. Ever after, in language clear-cut, faultless but simple, he poured out the Gospel of sin and salvation.

He always wore a full beard, but no one missed the play of his feelings. They were not hidden from his audience. He told me an amusing story of a little girl who attended his meeting, sat on the front seat, and did not remove her gaze from his face. After the service he went to her and said, "Little darling, why were you looking at me with such interest while I was preaching?" She said with real seriousness, "I was wondering how far your chin went down into your beard." He always spoke of his wife as "my darling little wife." I have never seen anyone who could say "love" as he could. I used to lend his book, "Helps to Holiness," and it always brought back a sanctified believer.

Once a poor sinner hit him on the head with a brick and almost killed him. While laid up he wrote a series of articles on holiness for the "War Cry," and they were later published in a small book that has been published in every language where the Salvation Army has gone. He used to say with a smile, "That little brick made that little book." His wife kept the brick, bound it in cloth, and made a door-stop out of it.

I had the great privilege and pleasure, after he had retired, of being fellow worker with him in the annual Brooklyn, N. Y., Holiness Convention. We stayed in adjoining rooms on the ministers' floor of the great Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. His conversation was rich beyond my power to describe, and his Bible teaching at the Convention was wonderfully profitable. He was a winner of souls in season, out of season, like the time he got the Pullman porter converted about midnight when he had just gotten on the train after preaching in a campaign where he had 1600 seekers at the penitent form. The Lord sent him all the way from New York to Birmingham, Ala., to get me to see and find sanctification. I could contend with argument. I could, to my satisfaction, sustain my position, but I could not argue against his face and the purity and power of his holy personality. That was beyond dispute.

When he applied for work in the Salvation Army in London, the old General told him, "You are of a dangerous class," and sent him to his son, Bramwell. He told him the same thing, and sent him to the cellar to black the cadets' boots. The devil said, "What a fool you are to turn down the offer of the pastorate of the great Studebaker Methodist Church, and come here and black the boots of these ignorant cadets!" His reply to Satan was, "My Lord washed the dusty feet of fishermen; I can afford to black their boots." When he left London as "Holiness Special," the old General drew him to his breast in warm embrace, and kissed him, and said, "Be kind to my boy in America." "The dangerous class" man had won forever the old General's heart. What a lawyer or congressman he would have made, but he did that Which was greater in preaching the Gospel of full salvation, and winning a multitude of souls.

* * * * *

15 -- S. A. KEEN

Dr. S. A. Keen, the man with the shining face and seraphic spirit! Who, having seen him and heard him, could ever get over it? With Bishop Joyce, he went from Conference to Conference to pour out on the preachers and people a stream of simple truth and love. Early in his evangelism, he received the anointing, gift of faith, one of the nine gifts for results. When he reached an appointment, as soon as greetings were exchanged, he would ask the preacher, "Have you faith for the revival?" They might say, "We have advertised well, and things look encouraging." He would say, "That is well, but do you have faith?" When they assigned him to the room where he was to stay, he would kneel down and say, "Lord, I am here for this meeting. Use me to the fullest extent for the salvation of souls. Thou wilt do it. Amen." No long hours of groaning and long-drawn-out prayer, just the gift of faith. I must say that of all the evangelists I have ever known, none have lived in such rest of faith for results.

A while before his death he said to Rev. Joseph H. Smith, "Tell Bishop Joyce and the brethren at Conference that this full salvation I have preached to others was fuller than I knew."

Speaking to his family about his grave, he said, "Come to my grave. Come in the morning. Come while the dew is on the flowers and birds are singing. But remember I will not be there." What a sun-bathed life and soul! What a Home-going for a great saint!

* * * * *

16 -- WILLIAM BOOTH

I heard him (I did not serve with him) three times one Sunday. In Jefferson Theater, Birmingham, Ala., the audience applauded when he came on the platform or stage. He joined in the applause and clapped as heartily as any of the audience. I remember his outline on Matt. 16:26. "In the first place, you have a soul. In the second place, you can lose your soul. In the third place, you can save your soul." He was a master of stirring English. His sentences and periods marched with the precision of a military drill. His tall form, his long gray beard and hair, his flashing eyes and mastery of mariner marked him as a general of armies, but more as a prophet of God. No wonder that a colored man who saw his picture, and thought of what the old General had done, broke out with, "Lord, do it again. Do it again!"

There was no dawdling in the pulpit, no hunting for beautiful phrases, but the pouring out of a disciplined soul white-hot for God and souls. My son, Paul, heard him in his morning message, and was almost prostrated by its effect, so much so that instead of going to dinner he went to bed. The old General had thumbed every chord of Paul's soul, and there were, no doubt, after effects of it in Paul's wonderful ministry. He was about ten years of age when he heard the General. It was my purpose to have him hear all great preachers who came our way. It paid dividends in his brief but blessed ministry.

* * * * *

17 -- E. F. WALKER

Dr. E. F. Walker was an evangelist of national note. He was brought up and educated a Presbyterian, and served as a Presbyterian minister. He was about five feet, six or seven inches in height, rather stocky or heavy built, with round face, blue eyes, and a rather broad smile that was almost a humorous grin. He was keen of wit and humor, as his Irish name would indicate. When Bishop William Quayle tackled him on a camp meeting platform, himself keen of wit, all that saved him was Dr. Walker's deference to his high office and the proprieties of the occasion.

The Bishop, who was profoundly orthodox on all our theology but could not see the second blessing, was to preach in one service at the camp where Dr. Walker was the engaged worker. The Bishop began gradually to spar at the Doctor. Dr. Walker met him each time with ready repartee. At last, Bishop said, "Dr. Walker, I believe, claims the second blessing." Doctor arose and thankfully acknowledged that he had the experience. Then Quayle said, "Dr. Walker came away in a hurry (or words to that effect) and didn't get any hair." The Doctor was very bald. Quick as lightning, the answer came to Dr. Walker. He arose, and bowed, and was silent. The answer, if he had used it, was, "All the hair had been given out that day but some red hair, and I thought I would rather be bald." Bishop wore a great shock of tangled red hair that never looked as if it had been

combed. He went to his grave never knowing that for once he had met his match, and but for the Doctor's Christian courtesy would have been demolished before that audience.

Dr. Walker was probably the greatest theologian of all evangelists I have known. I heard him in his opening sermon on, "He who is our God is a god of salvation," from one of the Psalms. He began by giving the world views and ethnic religious notions or conceptions of God, and in that well-measured introduction, he spoke in a few moments the heart of a volume on the nature and personality of God. What a pity we did not have a recorder to preserve it for us! Then he launched into the subject "Salvation." For three days he explored the subject from the same text. Then the fourth day he said, "I am loathe to leave the text of the last three days, but I will not leave the subject," and then he changed his text and pursued the same subject, "Salvation." The five sermons on the same topic found no repetition in any manner. He did not review or give a synopsis of what he had said, as many laboriously do. Each message was complete in itself.

He has been known to preach ten days on two words for a text, "Sanctify them." What a mind! What a preacher -- as easy and simple in manner as a child, unassuming, making no show of learning, using all his gifts to extend the cause of holiness, when he could have filled the largest pulpits in his denomination, counting it all loss that he might spread abroad the tidings of full salvation! What a privilege to have known him, served with him, and heard him! A master builder who never built with "untempered mortar" or, to change the figure, never brought forth "unbeaten oil." Blessed be his memory!

* * * * *

18 -- BEVERLY CARRADINE

I bring him now instead of later, because in one of the meetings in which I assisted, he was the other preacher. Think of being sandwiched between those, two of the greatest preachers I have ever known. But that was literally true in this meeting. Dr. Carradine preached in the morning, I preached in the afternoon, and Dr. Walker at the night service. But those great princes never by act or word or look treated me other than if I were their equal. That was genuine fraternity and Christianity.

I left that camp, after the half-way mark, to go to another meeting somewhere. Before I left, I had them lay their hands on my head and pray. It was a great moment. It was at the Eaton Rapids Camp, Michigan. I went to town and took a train that ran on the other side of Grand River, which borders the camp. As I was even with the camp, Dr. Walker and Dr. Carradine were standing on the bank of the river waving me farewell from across the river. The picture will never fade from my mind. Now they are also on the other side of the river, and I trust they will wave me a welcome home by the river of life. Rev. Joseph H. Smith took the place made vacant by my going. What a trio!

Dr. Carradine was the most luminous preacher to whom I have listened -- a gentleman of the old school. A lady, the wife of a college president, said to me at her dining table, "Dr. Carradine is the most cultured gentleman I have ever known." He was a man of rare gifts of personality and talents; as an orator he would easily have been among the masters; a poet by

nature, he delighted in the esthetic; as a writer, he was next to Dickens as a revealer and delineator of human nature as to both its foibles and virtues. He uncovered the human heart, both its good and bad qualities. If he had devoted himself to literature only, he would have had few peers; if to dramatics, he could have held high place. His nature was keyed to high music. He had tears. He had laughter that rippled with refined accent.

I can never forget how he sat upon a stone at Eaton Rapids as he relaxed a moment to tell me some camp meeting experiences, and then laughed with subdued ripples over the memory of them. One was of a camp meeting where they had a large attendance of dogs as well as people. He said they had a committee on dogs at the camp, and that they had daily meetings to consult how they might control the dogs and not stir up any wrong feelings among the human population. You can imagine how that affected him who had been pastor of some of the most refined churches. Do not misunderstand me. He was no idler -- this was only a little relaxation, for usually when he was not preaching he was writing. He wrote thousands of pages of books and weekly articles to periodicals. It is a real coincidence that on the day of his death, the plant of the Christian Witness, for whose columns he had contributed weekly for many years, burned. Many books were damaged or totally ruined. Somehow his books escaped. Fearing there would be no further editions of them, I ordered over twenty volumes of different books of his, and I consider them some of my richest treasure. Humor, pathos, vivid description, sound gospel -- such variety, all in excellent form.

But among all his gifts he was a preacher. The Scriptures glowed under his touch. They lived and burned and shined and became a mirror to reveal all states of the human heart. He stood among the highest ranks of preachers. The death of his first wife, a lovely, cultured, devoted woman, left in his soul a pathos that now and then shone out to melt your heart. There was sadness in his second marriage, but of a different kind, that left a loneliness in his fine nature that only a kind, all-understanding God is capable of judging. Then those long sad years when over-work and over-loneliness wrought its tragedy, and that marvelous mind reeled from its throne. Some who had shined in his light now became not his comforters but his accusers and mockers. Some day that marvelous mind and soul will be restored to its wonted, and then-increased power! I hope to see him again.

* * * * *

19 -- J. O. MCCLURKAN

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, of "Living Waters" -- a sixteen-page weekly full salvation paper -- and 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.

* * * * *

20 -- H. GAINES SCUDDY

H. Gaines Scuddy was a South Carolinian, a polished courtly gentleman who could have been at ease in the most cultured circles. He was a lawyer at first. He was a good sound preacher of the Word; gracious toward his fellow workers. He had the peculiar custom of singing a solo himself before practically every message he delivered. I believe he was soon called into pastoral work, and the field at large lost an effective evangelist. I was enriched by knowing him. I dined with him once in his home, and his family adorned the profession of the preacher.

* * * * *

21 -- EDWARD A. FERGERSON

He was a railroad trainman when he was saved and sanctified. He put the same mighty outlay of power into his spiritual: life that he had been accustomed to see put forth by the mighty engines that pulled his trains. He was about six feet tall, weighed about two hundred thirty pounds, and was very strong and athletic. His strength was his weakness. He was ill but did not consult a doctor, thinking, like Samson, that he could shake himself, and he did not know until too late that typhoid fever had destroyed him.

He was a great soul as well as a great body. He was a persistent student. Though having a limited education, he so applied himself that he became quite proficient in the Greek New Testament. He always preached with unction and power, sometimes almost too much for his congregation. He was at his best in the freedom of a great camp meeting. When he was sanctified in his home town, he had his wife and little children with him. He picked up a child or two and started for home, followed by his Somewhat embarrassed wife. Now and -- then he would let out a yell like a warrior in battle. A policeman, hearing him, thinking perhaps he Was drunk, came running up to him and said, "What is the matter with you?" Brother Fergerson shouted, "I am sanctified, glory to God!" The policeman ran away from him as fast as he had run toward him.

He loved the battle -- the hotter, the better. He had no fear that we ever discovered. He was preaching in Greenville, Tenn., in the holiness association tabernacle. Some rowdy young fellows headed a bull in at the door and he went on a trot down the aisle. Ed leaped over the altar, got the bull by the nose and horns, turned him around, led him to the door, gave him a farewell kick and said, "Now go along, your gang ran on down the street." He went back into the pulpit, smiling, and preached with blessing on the Word.

I was with him in a meeting where he had provoked some folks in town until they made serious threats against him. Without his knowing it, we put out a guard in the brush behind the stand at the camp tabernacle. He rubbed them still more that night. He said, "Oh, you are not so brave. You only bark, you won't bite. The hole is worn slick under the house where you run in when anything gets after you." He often preached on future punishment, or hell. I have heard him preach it until it seemed the muscles of my heart became sore. But he believed it. Tears literally poured

off his face while he warned people of the danger ahead. He was as tender-hearted as a child, and as unaffected. He was at his best when he gave the Canaan side of the picture, and reveled in its fruits and flowers. The first time I heard him, he preached like that and, instead of making an appeal while they sang an invitation hymn, he danced with holy joy and the altar was crowded at once.

One day I stood looking at the train schedule board in the Nashville station, when someone walked up and laid a big hand on my shoulder and, in a mock drawl voice said, " 'Pears like I have seen you somewhere." It was dear "old Ed" as we called him, though he was a young man. It so chanced that we rode the same train for one hundred miles. We laughed, we talked about our revival experiences, we rejoiced together. I bade him good-bye, little thinking that my big, loving friend was nearing Home. The next word I had from or about him, he was dead. So strong, so zealous, so useful, but he was gone. What an open place he left against the sky!

He had gone to the camp meeting in Waco, Texas. He was not well but he did not consult a doctor. He thought he could cast it off. He went to the dining room and ate a hearty steak dinner. His fever shot up alarmingly. A doctor was called who informed him he had typhoid. He thought he had better go home, but he reached home more dead than alive. Only a little time and his great spirit was released, and he went to behold his Lord whom he so much loved. So young, so useful, so strong, but gone!

Years ago, while I was in a meeting in his town, Mt. Vernon, Ill., I went to his grave. I trimmed a rosebush that had been planted on his grave, and then prayed. Some day it will be wonderful to see him. I could fill many pages with stories about his ministry and incidents in his life. Brother Yates compiled such a volume after his death in the interest of the family left behind, and out of his love for Ed.

* * * * *

22 -- AURIE SMITH

Aurie Smith was a rugged personality with a wife as efficient as himself in the work of evangelism. My present understanding is that he was a Baptist. He was a strong, clear preacher of full salvation. He gave strong meat and plenty of it in one message. Our older holiness preachers preached until they finished, whether it was half an hour or one hour and a half. The people had great appetites and could take all that the preacher wanted to give them. A faithful rugged preacher gone to his reward a generation ago!

* * * * *

23 -- SAMUEL A. DANFORD

Samuel A. Danford was from Ohio. He became a Methodist district superintendent in North Dakota. He kept in the revival and evangelistic fervor all the time, though he was an extra administrator and general by nature. He was district superintendent twelve years in North Dakota and, under his administration, built almost a church a month. He ran away from his district to hold

other revivals to rest himself, so to speak. He was founder of the great Jamestown, N. D., camp meeting and was its president for years. A pioneer of holiness in the northwest, not notable because of great oratory or great sermonizing, but with a fervent spirit, pressing the battle without any let up, giving no quarter nor asking any.

A more diplomatic spirit would have perhaps saved the work that he had built, but ecclesiastical dignitaries weighed no more with him than one of his circuit riders on the prairies, unless they propagated and stood for holiness.

His enthusiasm for holiness caused him to believe that the leadership of his church would stand for it, and would support his program. That they failed him in this, and some of them made war against him, was too much of a surprise and somewhat broke his spirit. He would not employ a pastor who would not stand for and promote holiness. He was a brave crusading spirit, warm-hearted, full of zeal and love for the truth. Thousands will call him blessed in that day that reveals the works of men.

* * * * *

24 -- JAMES M. TAYLOR

James M. Taylor was from North Dakota. He was a rare soul, possessed of mystic fire. He was one of Danford's lieutenants. A holy man, a preacher of great sermons. In their delivery, his eyes were lit with an inward fire that made you think he saw and knew what he was saying. The camp at Jamestown once convened on his birthday, and we gave him a big surprise and a fine useful present. I was chosen to make the presentation speech. He was taken completely by surprise -- was almost speechless. A tall, slender man in body, who always looked as if he were seeing over all the plains and hills to the city whose foundations gleamed with precious stones.

He always preached well, sometimes with extraordinary power and vision. His sermon, "The Identification of Christ with the Believer" was a masterpiece. On the coming of the Lord to earth again, he was clear, edifying, and strong. I heard him many times, and I never heard him preach a poor sermon. He was modest, gentle, and kind, but in the delivery of his message he knew no fear but of God. A choice soul, a unique soul, of mystic fire and prophetic nature. Now he beholds Him whom he loved, and knows more deeply the "Identification with Christ" than when he preached it here.

* * * * *

25 -- REUBEN A. (BUD) ROBINSON

Perhaps some have been wondering when I am going to get to this celebrated miracle of grace and personality. Well, here we are at his door, but which room shall we enter and how far can we explore in the time allotted us; is our problem. Born before the so-called Civil War, on the Cumberland Mountain, Tennessee, in deepest poverty, he was without school advantages, a stammerer in speech, and an epileptic. Church services were seldom, if ever, attended or available. What could be expected of this boy from conditions and handicaps like that? His father

dying, his mother bundled up her brood and took "Buddie" to Texas. There he lived in ignorance and sin and affliction until he was a grown man in years.

He went to a union camp meeting with no more idea of religion than he had of astronomy. Old-time preaching, under the power of the Holy Spirit, revealed to him all his past sins and he became a "mourner" and started to the altar; but he hardly made it for his load of guilt was too heavy to carry. There he unloaded and was converted in the old-fashioned way. It was a new world to Bud. He was so happy he tried to climb a tent pole. The preacher said, "Which church do you want to join?" Bud said, "How many have you got? Put me in the one you belong to." That happened to be a Methodist Church. Bud says he was called to preach that night as he lay under the wagon, and adds, "The only thing I regret is that I did not get up and get at it that night."

Was there ever a poorer outlook for a life of usefulness than his? When has there been a greater success and achievement than Christ made through him? Ten years after conversion he was sanctified wholly in his corn field "while billows of fire and oceans of glory rolled over my (his) soul." Five years later he was healed of epilepsy. Then for nearly fifty years he threaded the nation, free from his disease and spreading the Gospel of full salvation.

A presiding elder of the Southern Methodist Church demanded that he give up preaching sanctification or give up his license to preach. Bud said, "I can give up this piece of paper, but I cannot give up my Lord and my experience." Then he wrote to Bishop D. A. Goodsell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed at Fort Worth, Texas, and said, "Will you M. E. Church folks take in a man who believes in entire sanctification as a definite second work of grace, wrought by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and who has actually got the thing?" The good Bishop said, "Yes," and appointed Buddie to a grass circuit. There Bud had a great year with about two hundred members saved and added to the church, and a tabernacle and camp meeting added on a seventeen-acre grove which a Presbyterian woman, whom he helped into sanctification, gave him.

He had perfect freedom in that church, and no interference, but when the Church of the Nazarene was organized out of the holiness associations in Texas, Bud cast in his lot with them. But he was always welcomed to the old church, as he was loved by spiritual people of all classes. Bud had handicaps, but he also had assets peculiar to himself. Instead of being a hindrance, his slight lisp and hesitation of speech made what he said more interesting and people did not want to miss a word. His quaint, hill-billy pronunciation caused what he said to stick and be remembered. A college education would have been the ruin of him. God had special, not ordinary, work for him to do, so He taught him the simplicity of Bible truth. I know what preaching is, I have heard Bud. He had some rare gifts: his keen wit, the wonder of his answers, the clearness and unanswerableness of his arguments, the aptness of his illustrations, the tenderness and yet bravery of his utterances and convictions. He was great on antithesis, but was unconscious of that great gift. Many other things I might mention, but the chief thing was that he knew God. He knew His Word. He knew the heart of humanity. He was direct. He walked straight into the heart of the Scripture. He was gentle as a kind mother, as tender as a child but, if occasion required, could seem as cool of nerve as a trained surgeon.

In the early days of his evangelism I had him for a meeting in my church in Birmingham, Ala. One night a cultured lady from another church was kneeling at the altar. She was of

aristocratic lineage. Bud was trying to help her. She was probably giving a pretty good account of herself in a cultured way. I turned in time to hear Bud say to her, "Sister, it's not your good works that's goin' to save you, it's Jesus Christ. I love you and respect you, but I am satisfied there's plenty of women been in hell ever since the flood as good as you are." What a statement! She looked at him in amazement, but saw such tenderness and love in his eyes that it broke her all up. She sobbed, and prayed, and got the blessing, and she lived and died in the faith. I know of no other man on earth who could have said that to her and gotten away with it.

But I cannot write his biography, though if I had space I could give incident upon incident of my personal knowledge of him -- enough to fill a small volume of sayings. He was a miracle of grace. He was not just a Methodist or a Nazarene, though he ran with both groups and was honored by both. He was more -- he was Christlike. Too big for a party, he belonged to God's people of every name. When any group tried to contain him they marred him. He belonged to God, and so he belonged to us all.

He has made his second trip to Heaven. The first one was when, as a poor broken-to-pieces body in the hospital, he took a trip in vision. He came back to bless thousands after that. When he comes back again with Christ and His saints it will be to reign with Him. His memory is blessed. We shall not see his like again.

* * * * *

26 -- C. J. FOWLER

Charles J. Fowler was a long-time President of the National Holiness Association. He was a New Englander. With his natural reserve, it was not easy for a stranger to get near him, but he was genial in his New England way with his friends, a gentleman after the order of the Adamses of the East -- a strong administrator, a presiding officer sometimes not very suave. He was led into the experience of holiness under the ministry of Dr. W. H. McLaughlin as a Methodist pastor. A strong preacher of the Word with special emphasis on holiness. His mind was logical in its processes. Bud Robinson said of him, "Dr. Fowler can lift up that old bald head of his and reason until your head aches." Bud also said, "The man that ain't heard Dr. Fowler and H. C. Morrison and Joseph H. Smith preach, and the big HARRISES sing, ain't heard much."

Dr. Fowler was chairman of the Board of Trustees of our college in Iowa, and attended our annual meetings. Sometimes his counsels were helpful and wise; sometimes they were not diplomatic enough and provoked battles that could easily have been avoided without compromise. His attitude toward preachers who attended his camp meetings was not always as courteous as it should have been, and I doubt not that many were turned away from holiness thereby. But his life was pure and unaffected, and he was honored of men and of God. He stood as a great rock midstream, against any assault of anyone against holiness, and strengthened thereby many who might have been faltering. His unstained character, his integrity and great ability commanded respect wherever there was no agreement. He wrought a great work in a great cause, and went to his reward full of days, honors, and the confidence of his brethren in the Movement.

In their later years he and Dr. Morrison went from a meeting in the middle-north to New England in Dr. Fowler's Ford coupe. They took it leisurely, stopped for meals along the way, and stopped early for the night's rest, so had a delightful trip, of which Dr. Morrison told me later. It would be a treasure to have a record of their conversations, for they were great conversationalists with much to talk about. They have met again, no doubt, and now see eye to eye in the land where the old grow young again.

* * * * *

27 -- JOHN T. BENSON AND WIFE

John T. Benson and his wife were very accomplished musicians. They were chiefly active in the direction of the music of a revival, but Mrs. Benson was also gifted in leading public services and making helpful and informing addresses. They were a very devout and cultured pair who magnified the Lord whether they were singing, speaking, or teaching. They were right-hand supporters of Rev. J. O. McClurkan's great work at Nashville, Tenn., where they lived. Brother Benson was the founder, and practically the owner, of the Benson Printing Company, of Nashville. That company still carries on under the direction of their son, John T. Benson, Jr., who is a strong helper of Trevecca College and the Nazarene Church. They had several sons and one fine daughter, who honor the memory of their parents by worthy lives.

Brother and Sister Benson were very hospitable. Their comfortable home was open to evangelists and missionaries who rested their bodies and were refreshed by food and shelter afforded by this godly pair. This writer often enjoyed the kindnesses of their home and the fellowship of their spirits. Cultured, but unassuming. You might find a tent pitched, or a camp in session, or a revival on, and looking closer you would discover sainted McClurkan and his great Lieutenants, John T. Benson and wife, giving up ease and physical comfort in helping souls find pardon and purity -- a royal couple, crowned in Glory.

* * * * *

28 -- CHARLES H. BABCOCK

Charles H. Babcock was an earnest soul and effective preacher. He was widely used in camps and churches, and many people thought him one of our most eloquent preachers. He was not profound. He was more hortatory than homiletical. He was like Whitefield in that his sermons sounded better to the popular listener than they would have appeared if caught and printed as delivered. He often caught the popular ear of the congregations rather than more thoughtful preachers. I may be pardoned if I say it seemed he expected that, and wanted it, and was not quite satisfied if he did not think he had it.

He worked far better by himself as an evangelist than with any co-laborer, and was sometimes not very companionable with his fellow workers. Perhaps that was because of his nervous and even morose temperament. He was too much alone to deeply understand our humanities. It was a mistake I often tried to get him out of, by getting him out of his tent or room for a walk in the fresh air. When once he was pulled out of his "gloom cellar," he was fine to be with

in fellowship. His brethren understood these peculiarities of their brother and gave him their prayers and love. He did a really great work for a generation and has gone to meet his Lord. Many will rejoice in Heaven that Charlie Babcock came their way and preached the message that waked them up and started them Godward.

* * * * *

29 -- SETH COOK REES

Seth Cook Rees was a cyclone on two feet! Someone said of him that he was "not only a Quaker, but an Earth-quaker." This writer heard him first at the great camp in Cincinnati in 1901. He was in the prime of his manhood, large of body, full beard, of commanding presence, with a voice of tonality expressive of the moods and feelings of the speaker. He was a master of assemblies. He made no attempt at oratory. He had it -- not simply in rhetoric but in feeling. The audience was in his hands. I have known him to preach and then, instead of making an altar call, simply give notice that it was altar time, and then say with great feeling: "Don't you come to this altar if you can stay away." And the people would pour in to the altar.

He was unique. He was one of a kind. I have never met anyone who seemed to imitate him. The pulpit or platform was his throne. He was far more gifted there than in any other capacity. That was so, I believe, because he had so deeply imbibed the Quaker idea of being "moved by the Spirit," as they say, without subjecting one's feelings to logic and circumstances. That method sometimes takes people afield from the path of safe leadership. He could not be turned aside, once he had made his decision.

He was a fearless preacher. He was one of the most powerful preachers our people have ever known. Multitudes heard him. Multitudes sought God under his ministry. Of him it must be said, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Shine on, great preacher, among the redeemed, many of whom you led to God.

* * * * *

30 -- J. D. BUNCE

His ministry was largely in the State of Iowa, though not altogether so. He was a member of the National Holiness Association and of the Iowa Holiness Association, and was interested in the work of holiness wherever operative. He was a large man physically, and large of heart. He knew no fear, except the fear of offending God. He could have smiled in the face of a gun. He was back of several forms of service in Des Moines. I have shared his hospitality in his lovely home.

His earlier years were spent as an outward unapologetic sinner. He drank and gambled, and was not a man one would want to stir up for trouble. But when he made his break it was a total one from sin to holiness. A great form, towering above the average man, with a face that indicated strength of purpose and character. He would draw attention in any crowd. He prayed well, and preached well, and lived well, and died well. A valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, who alone could have been his master.

We have nothing but happy memories of this valiant son of Iowa and servant of our Lord. He was generous in his support of the work of God, a faithful Methodist of the old type. Before becoming an old man he was called to meet his Lord, and was ready in glad obedience to go. He has for years, doubtless, mingled with his old comrades of camps and tent conventions in the "Light that never shall fade."

* * * * *

31 -- J. J. RHYE AND WIFE

J. J. Rhye was an earnest, fiery preacher and his wife a singer. They were associated with J. O. McClurkan, which in itself is a great honor and distinction.

* * * * *

32 -- ROBERT MASSEY

Robert Massey was gentle of spirit, faithful to what seemed to him to be the right; fervent, dead in earnest. Cut short of life by a fatal malady, he smiled his way through the Gates of the City just as his sun was reaching its zenith. He left behind the fragrance of a heart full of worship and praise.

* * * * *

33 -- J. M. GLENN

J. M. Glenn was President of Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting. For years an efficient pastor, strong preacher, faithful to Him who "had called him." Just as a large field was opening to him, he was suddenly called to his place on high. A gentleman, a fine Georgian, a real Methodist who stood for holiness everywhere. His life was full while here, and is now full of joy forevermore.

* * * * *

34 -- JOHN HEWSON

John Hewson was from Indiana. Brotherly, kind of heart, full of love for God, "a good minister of Jesus Christ." Called to his reward just as his field was opening before him. His fellowship was warm and unaffected. A man of love and grace.

* * * * *

35 -- EDWARD HYDE

Edward Hyde was prominent in the management of the Ocean Grove, N. J., Camp and Holiness Meeting that ran from June to September. A worker for years and the finance manager for Mountain Lake Park, Md., Camp Meeting, and other camps in Pennsylvania. Operated largely in the Eastern States. A friend and counselor of Bishop Berry, and a good preacher. A man with large business and administrative ability. He also went to meet the Lord in middle life.

* * * * *

36 -- ANDY DOLBOW

This unique servant of God was, I believe, from the State of Delaware. He was a boiler-maker by trade; a sinner, clown, and acrobat by practice -- until a mighty case of salvation came his way. Then all he had was used for God and holiness, as it had been in folly and fun.

To look at him at times was to laugh. The first camp he attended after his salvation was at Mountain Lake Park, Md. Some of the workers took him up to the camp on the train, and when they took him in to the diner, they told him to order what he wanted. He had never had that experience, and so he ordered about the whole "bill of fare," and enjoyed his "lunch." It cost his friend over five dollars then; I suppose now it would cost over fifteen or twenty dollars. Andy led the outdoor meetings at Mountain Lake for forty years or more before he went to Glory. Strange as it may seem he was called to preach, which must have been a thing of wonder. It is told that early in his ministry he went to a church to conduct a revival. In the first service there were only a few old dry people present, nearly everyone in a separate seat. When he went into the pulpit, he took a look at them, stood on his head, turned a somersault over the altar and hand-sprung down one aisle and up the other, and back onto the platform. Then he stood on his head; waved his feet at them, and announced there would be "another service tomorrow night." The next night the house was packed, with other people looking in at the windows. But he warmed them with the Gospel the next night.

I first saw Andy at the Cincinnati Camp in 1901. I thought him the strangest piece of humanity I had ever seen and, no wonder, for that is what he was. Wise beyond mere books, taught of God, somewhat like Billy Bray, of English fame. Sometimes his remarks were both humorous and like a lance. If he was pleased with the message being given in a Camp he would catch up a straw and snap it, and say, "Now you are coming up the road." He might leap for joy, or spin around like a top and sit down and smile. But he could not be fooled in a message. He might say, "Brother, you have no bread in your basket." Yet withal, he was a very appreciative listener to anyone earnest and sincere. He could discern the unreal, a message in word only.

His faithful wife held with him in prayer. Once I asked her to put me on her prayer list, and when I saw her several years afterward she kindly asked me to release her, as her strength was failing and she could not carry the responsibility of daily prayer further without over-taxing herself. What devotion and prayer fidelity that! I want to thank her in Heaven.

Andy was ready of wit and was certainly unusual; but he had fine common sense and preached and taught the great truths of salvation clearly and savingly, as no doubt many will declare in that great lay. It was wonderful to know him, and I am so thankful that I did. Some

years ago, while engaged in a revival in a Methodist Church in Wilmington, Del., I could see a large cemetery from my window, and I learned that my dear friend's body was laid there. There were several inches of snow on the ground, but I went to the office at the cemetery and inquired the location of his grave, and I found it easily. At his headstone I uncovered my head and lifted my heart in praise for his life and that of his wife, so well lived. There I prayed for strength to carry on and be faithful to the cause he had loved so well. A miracle of grace was he, a real soul winner, "a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Thank God forever for my good friend and brother, Andy Dolbow.

* * * * *

37 -- LEILA OWEN STRATTON

Leila Owen Stratton was a Georgian by birth, and the wife of a prominent banker in Lebanon, Tenn. One of the most cultured and gracious women I have ever seen -- so cultured that you did not notice it. She was at home, and would put others at home, in a cabin, and yet could have moved with ease in any circle. Under the personal ministry of L. P. Brown, of Meridian, Miss., that great man of prayer, her refined carnality was probed to its depth. She saw her subtle inbred sin and died out to her esthetic cultured selfishness--so dead that she never had a resurrection. Her voice was not strong in preaching, but musical and well understood. She was fervent in spirit and well poised in personality; excellent in counsel and sympathetic in others' personal problems.

She was a member of the Methodist Church and supported its worthwhile matters, but she sought most of all to promote its great historic doctrines and the experiences those doctrines promoted. She found time to serve in the W. C. T. U., and was President of the Tennessee division of that organization. She used her addresses not only to promote temperance and prohibition but, to do it better, by promoting holiness among its members. Whatever of talent, or grace, or influence, or position she had or used, her chief purpose thereby was to promote holiness. In my journeys I met her in the Terminal Station, at Birmingham, Ala., when she was in her mature seventies. She was a grandmother several times when I saw her there, which chanced to be our last conversation together. She said to me: "Brother Brasher, I am never lonely any more. I have hidden so many passages of Scripture and of other beautiful literature in my heart and mind that the Holy Spirit helps me to con them over and over, so I am never lonely any more." At a ripe old age, among her children and grandchildren, she joyfully ended her days, and went to worship at the feet of Him who had redeemed her with His blood.

* * * * *

38 -- DICK AND TILLIE ALBRIGHT

Dick and Tillie Albright were twins of joy and gladness, husband and wife together until death did them part; worthy souls, abundant in good works and services in the Salvation Army, in the Methodist Church, and in the work of holiness everywhere. Dick was almost totally deaf when I knew him, but kept up with the service, and was a good auditor. He said to me, "God has a way of talking to deaf folks." He heard me preach one Sunday morning, and then went with his brother

for dinner. He told his brother, "Brother Brasher preached on such a subject -- " and he told him my illustrations.

They had a lovely home in Ohio, and were lavish in their hospitality. They were extensively used in the Lord's work and knew no defeat. On one occasion he was seated on the front seat in the meeting. Tillie was singing, "It is love-light all the way." She looked at him as she sang. He smiled and nodded approval of the song and the singer, then slipped away to Heaven, in a moment, without a struggle. Tillie worked on for a number of years and then joined him in the songs of Home.

* * * * *

39 -- ELLOISE T. GILMORE

Elloise T. Gilmore was reared in a home of skepticism and infidelity; saved and sanctified in young womanhood. Married, after her salvation, to Mr. William Gilmore, a member of the Friends or Quaker Church. She was called to preach soon after her salvation. She had a commanding personality and an unusually strong mind. She was a true friend and an able preacher of the Gospel of salvation. She was the founder of the college, called at first Central Holiness University, at University Park, Iowa. It was later named John Fletcher College, and is now Chicago Evangelistic Institute. She was a member of its Board of Trustees as long as she lived.

She died in full Christian victory, and her funeral was conducted by the writer of this page. A remarkable woman, she ranks with the Countess of Huntingdon as founder of a Christian school but with this distinction in her favor, that while Lady Huntingdon had title and wealth to begin her work, this obscure young woman, in communion with God, got the vision of the school and by faith moved her husband and others and herself furnished the initial faith for the venture. It was her child, under God, and she watched over it with genuine care. She saw it grow and its preachers and missionaries spread abroad to many lands. She saw it weather several storms, and while it was riding safely on its way, the Lord called her Home to her reward. A great handmaiden of the Lord was she, now safe forevermore.

* * * * *

40 -- CARRIE CROWE SLOAN

Mrs. Carrie Crowe Sloan is the most recent of those with whom I have been associated in meetings who have crossed the line of worlds. A Kentuckian by birth but belonging to the whole land in her ministry. I first met her in a meeting at Springfield, Tenn., where she assisted in a revival in the town auditorium. She was of a sunny disposition, of ready wit, and could preach or sing or exhort or take charge of an altar service at a moment's notice. We were together in a number of meetings.

I was conducting a meeting in an Ohio town. One night I had made the altar call and the altar was full of seekers, but I was the only one who was free to pray. I would pray a while, sing a chorus, or exhort, and was almost exhausted when I opened my eyes and saw Sister Carrie. She

had started early enough to reach the meeting, but transportation had failed so she had just arrived and was kneeling outside the circle of seekers. When I saw her I took new courage and called on her to pray. She began in her unique way. As Bud Robinson would have said, she would "brag on the Lord," and then tantalize and make fun of the devil. Between laughter and praise for what God had done for us, and with holy scorn of the devil, and a sort of contagious faith, joined with whatever other faith the rest of us had, there came a great break and a blessed season of victory with the altar filled with those who had found the Lord precious in their salvation. She knew no defeat. She loved to praise the Lord and rejoice in Him.

Charlie Tillman was singing at the Springfield, Tenn., meeting, a song of which the chorus closed with "There's bound to be some shouting when we all get home." He and I broke out by changing it one line and singing, "There's bound to be some shouting when Sister Carrie gets home." It seemed to be in perfect order. At that meeting she got a telegram stating that her mother was very sick and for her to come home. She went, but the next day she was back at the meeting and had brought her mother with her. She had gone home, had prayed through for her mother, and the Lord had touched her so she came along to swell the tide of victory. Now, within a month previous to this writing she went to that "City Foursquare" on June 3, 1953. Her praise and laughter have joined with that of the redeemed on the other side where they "worship Him day and night in His temple." Farewell, happy soul, until we greet you on the other shore.

* * * * *

41 -- CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

Charlie D. Tillman was an Alabamian by birth but a Georgian by adoption. The one who set the whole South to singing. I first saw him as song leader for Sam P. Jones, the great evangelist, at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1898, with Jones' accomplished daughter as pianist for the great meeting. It was a wonderful trio. Sam came on the platform at that Sunday afternoon service, where a packed auditorium of people were waiting for the service. The first thing he said was as informal as if to a company of friends in the parlor. "Charlie, sing, 'O Lord, send the power just now'." Instantly the pianist struck the keys and the music was on. I noticed that, when Charlie announced the number of the song, without opening the song book she struck the keys and there was no delay in fixing books on the piano. What a team that was!

But I am to speak of Brother Tillman. There was all the sunshine of Alabama and Georgia in his nature and personality. He led the singing at the great Indian Springs Camp Meeting in Georgia for twenty-five years or more. He had a big house there, which he called a "cottage," and its hospitality was unstinted and blessed. He wrote many songs. He published "Rudiments of Music" to help those who had not had, and could not have, extensive music studies. He had some cultured daughters who were fine musicians, and his wife was an unfailing helpmeet. Charlie could also preach quite well, but he used to laugh and tell how, when he had preached, the people would shake hands with him and say, "Brother Tillman, I surely did enjoy your singing."

I visited him after he and his wife had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. He was not well at the time, and the throngs who called that day took too much out of his willing heart. He never got back to the work. In my visit in that home that day at "Tillman's Crossing" the

atmosphere was heavenly. It was a time never to be forgotten. At evening time it was light, and thus he went with a song in his heart -- he who had set the whole South singing, like Henry Woodfin Grady, whose eloquence had set the nation's heart throbbing with peace. He was a great soul, a great leader of music, a fine singer, a royal Christian. The greatest master to sing "The Ninety and Nine" of all whom I have heard sing it.

* * * * *

42 -- JOHN FREEMAN OWEN

What shall I say of that seraphic preacher of the full Gospel? I found him in a Christmas-week meeting I held on the great Sand Mountain plateau in Alabama. His father was the pastor of the charge, and he and his brother Joseph were home for the Christmas vacation. I stayed in their father's home for the meeting.

It was very cold weather, and we had a wood stove in the church. Crowds attended, and I poured out the Gospel of holiness. They had a younger brother named Wiley. All three brothers experienced the blessing of sanctification during the week, as did also their godly parents. All three boys became preachers of the Gospel. Joseph and Wiley yet remain, and are doing a great work in the ministry. John has gone to his reward, all too early in life.

He was an unstained soul, a master preacher. He never trimmed anything but useless words from his messages. If all the bishops, professors, and great ones had been on the front seat he would have preached the messages as clearly and faithfully as if he had been speaking to a camp meeting audience. There were no ideas covered with unnecessary words. What he spoke would have been ready to print. When he was just a youth, he preached before the Southern Holiness Union Convention, at Chattanooga, with such clearness, force and unction that Bud Robinson cried out, "Bless God, our boys preach like old men." When he was through, Sister Margaret Harris broke out in singing "Faith of our fathers, living still," and there was a great gust of praise.

All of his messages were worthwhile, but at times they were almost overwhelming. His greatest was on Ephesians, 1st chapter, 4th verse -- God's Choice for Us. I never heard a greater sermon on holiness than that one from anyone I have ever seen in the pulpit. He put God's choice in the matter first, whether one or the other leaders or preachers had proclaimed it. I remember that in enforcing that thought he taught it was not so just because John Wesley had taught it but, with flaming soul, he proclaimed, "Holiness is God's choice and plan for us even if John Wesley had been a horse jockey and Hester Ann Rogers had been a fortune teller." What a sermon! Unassailable in its logic or foundations, its premises or conclusions. I dare say no man has preached a greater sermon than that in a hundred years of holiness history.

He was a student. The Bible was hidden in mind and heart. He did excellent work as a pastor and as a professor in college, but the pulpit was the place of his greatest power. But all of it combined drew too much from his fervent soul, for he could not do any of his work half-heartedly. From pulpit to classroom, from classroom to camp or revival meeting--always keyed up, the chords that produced the music had to snap. Honored by his conference as delegate to the General Conference, he acknowledged with tears the honor they had conferred. But I had to serve in his

place in that conference. The body broke and that wonderful mind suffered from the break of his body. A few sad years of suffering, and a compassionate God said, "It is enough," and he passed behind the veil and took his place with the redeemed.

He was to me like a son. At the time I received the last letter from him he was breaking, but I did not know it. He closed his letter with these personal words, "I never loved you better, or needed you more." A life unblemished, chaste, sincere, devoted and holy has transferred its living quarters and residence to the City of God. We shall never know a truer, purer or more earnest soul. His memory is as fragrant as the ozone of pines on his Alabama hills and mountains. We do not bid him farewell; we shall next say, "All Hail!"

* * * * *

43 -- W. A. MURPHREE

Pastor, teacher, evangelist. His work was mostly in Alabama. He was my friend for sixty-one years, and for fifty years we were more intimate than brothers. Heart and soul of my heart and soul. We held nearly one hundred meetings together. He understood my moods, and seemed to know my soul when in revival services.

He was truly a wonderful singer. Before he left us, at near eighty years of age, his voice was clear and fine, and there seemed no lack of needed volume. He had a keen philosophic mind inclined to metaphysics. His heart was large and his thinking clear. He loved people. He preached more on love than on other themes, but when he turned to the sin question he was terrific in his arraignment of it at the bar of conscience. He never knew the life of a sinner. From his childhood he had known God and loved Him. He came into the experience of holiness after I did, and after a studious approach to the subject according to the Wesleyan standards and the Scriptures.

He was a fine counselor for perplexed souls and burdened hearts, young or old. He seemed able to enter into their problems and to give counsel. He was so many-sided in gifts that one wondered in what gift he did excel. It is to be regretted that he was not more widely known among the holiness people abroad. We were so knit together in fifty years of service that it was "Brother Brasher and Brother Murphree," when one was called or engaged in our native state. We were never tired of each other's company for a minute in our lives.

For the last year of his life he was not as well as usual. His last meeting was at Rome, Ga., in the Methodist Church. He preached on Thursday night, and had six conversions at the altar. He felt a little trouble in his lungs, and the doctor gave him a check-up the next day. One of his sons went to see him, and he spoke a few words to him, lay still a while, then opened his eyes and looked at his son, closed his eyes and was gone. His going and his funeral, which was conducted by his pastor, Joseph Owen, and myself, almost cost me my life. I felt as if I had been ill a long time. He almost took me with him. When I get to the gate I believe he will be waiting to greet me with that same old welcome of the years.

* * * * *

44 -- JAMES T. UPCHURCH

What can I say of this flaming sacrificial soul and of his faithful wife and co-laborer who for over fifty years gave their lives for erring girls and women and for the preservation of innocent childhood from the paths of sin and the dangers and pitfalls of life? Saved from serious skepticism in young manhood, sanctified when it meant persecution and ostracism, married to a noble young woman, and together they were called into the ministry. A poet by nature and intrigued by the beautiful, his call was to the outcast, the broken and lost in sin. But into the work they plunged, and in Dallas and Fort worth and Arlington, Tex., they labored and prayed and bared their hearts to the most savage strokes of Satan and his cohorts. How I loved him and how he loved me!

Brother Upchurch's messages were fiery ones against sin and for right and justice toward the fallen, against organized crime and evil of all kinds, while at the same time manifesting the compassion of God for broken humanity. Hundreds of girls and women and innocent children, saved and redeemed through their service for God, will call Brother and Sister Upchurch blessed in the day of all days. What a fine family of noble sons and daughters they raised for God! He was a man small of stature, weighing from 120 to 130 pounds, but a braver heart never beat in the breast of any soldier than. in his bosom.

He has been working for the rescue of a girl when the lights would be shot out and what was almost hell on earth would be turned loose. But trusting in the God who had called him, undaunted he pursued his work while madams cursed, and guns blazed, and hell poured out against him its hate and challenge.

The brave are always kind, and his natural and moral bravery was always accompanied by love as deep as his great soul. All the qualities of goodness, gentleness, courage and greatness met full complement in the heart and life of his faithful wife who shared his hardships and mothered the outcasts and shepherded the children. When the unfinished eleventh chapter of Hebrews is one day completed, the names of James T. Upchurch and wife will surely be found in that company who "stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Hero and heroine number one, with hearts as big as humanity's woes and need!

* * * * *

45 -- WILL H. HUFF

His beginnings among the potteries of West Virginia and eastern Ohio, he was a potter by trade. Quite a sporting young gentleman, but the good holy people of East Liverpool church prayed him under conviction and he got a genuine case of conversion. Later, I believe under the influence of the same workers, he was gloriously sanctified and called to preach.

In his earlier years in the ministry he was strongly influenced by fellowship with Bud Robinson, and he spent a good deal of time in that home. As soon as he was called to preach he became a student, and never ceased to be one, carrying a heavy load of books in his trunk with him, some of them heavy reading matter. He was a man with a great prayer life.

I remember the last camp meeting in which I served with him, in August, before he died in the autumn. We would have our breakfast, and then he would get his Bible, kneel down by his bed, and stay there on his knees until time for the morning preaching hour. His was healthy praying, from which he always went with a message Biblical and Christlike.

He had great missionary zeal. In his later ministry he traversed South America, almost from end to end, and over the Andes Mountains upon mule or donkey back. He also traveled over Mexico. He said to me, "John, South America won't let me sleep." His constant passion for the lost finally helped to burn up his life's forces.

In stature Brother Huff was about five feet, six or seven inches; rather stout, with a fine head, wavy hair, and great dark eyes. He looked the artist rather than the preacher. He attempted no dramatics; he looked the part without attempting it. He had a voice sufficient for any demands upon it. He was deliberate in the beginning of his discourse, but warmed up to a thoughtful finished climax. He could have from five to eight climaxes in a single sermon, closing with the final one above the rest. His sermons were thoroughly thought through before he began; he brought no unbeaten oil into the sanctuary. He honored the ministry and God by bringing a real message. Out of the pulpit, he sometimes engaged in chastened humor; in the pulpit, he was a messenger from God on serious business, and he preached to produce results in the interest of souls: Among his great sermons were those on Job, and "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," and Phil. 2:5 -- great themes that covered large areas of thought. No trifling theme got his attention. Like most great preachers, he usually preached for one hour, and thus had time to develop great themes and great truths.

I have heard the greatest preachers for over half a century, and for real sermon building and delivery of deep thoughts made plain, of unction and power of deliverance, no greater preacher than Brother Huff has been among us. He was genuine. He was in earnest. He knew God. He knew the Gospel, and he proclaimed it under the power of the Holy Ghost. There was no parade. There was no self-exaltation; but there was the exaltation of Christ and God and the whole truth of the Holy Scriptures. He was for a while President of the National Holiness Association, and conducted five-day conventions across the nation, reaching an all-time high for the National in that form of Gospel ministry. When he resigned from that office nearly 100 churches were asking for a convention of that kind.

After a great sermon in a church in Cincinnati one night, he went to his hotel, but took a little walk. He was taken with heart trouble, and in forty-seven minutes after he finished his sermon his pure soul had gone to meet God whom he adored. He expressed surprise that he should go so suddenly, and away from home, but with no doubt or question or fear. He was soon Home-Home in the many-mansioned City, Home where thousands who had been led to God through his ministry would welcome him. Unselfish, stainless soul, we hail thee in immortality.

* * * * *

William G. Nixon and Lloyd H. Nixon were father and son. Pastor-evangelists, now reunited on the other shore. Men of God, men of conviction with courage to stand by their convictions. Dr. William Nixon, the elder, was for many years one of the leading Methodist ministers of Michigan, and was pastor of a Methodist Church in Detroit when he was suddenly called to his reward. He was president of the Romeo, Mich., Camp for a number of years, and also of the Eaton Rapids, Mich., Camp Meeting. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Taylor University in Indiana, and of John Fletcher College in Iowa.

He was a strong preacher of the Gospel, and stood for and preached full salvation or heart holiness as taught by John Wesley and the Methodist fathers. He loved all men and feared none. I playfully named him "The Duke of Wellington," because of their striking resemblance in profile, but as much or more because there was no retreat in him. Modernists shunned crossing swords with him because he was a theological foe to be shunned if possible. I had him for two meetings in John Fletcher College when I was President, and I served under his camp meeting presidency often and delightfully. He was a brother but never a "softy."

He laid the foundation for his too early Home-going to that spirit of resoluteness that did not ask help, even when he needed it. Going to catch a train, instead of calling a taxi, or having someone help him, he took two heavy traveling bags and hurried to the station. In so doing he strained his heart and never fully recovered from it. One night, at the close of his midweek prayer service, his summons came suddenly, and as brave and true a heart as ever beat slipped away to be with the Lord.

* * * * *

47 -- LLOYD H. NIXON

Lloyd H. Nixon was Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Chicago Evangelistic Institute. The son of William Nixon, he partook of the nature and character of his noble father. Full of humor, full of play, firm as a rock, a preacher of marvelous versatility and range. He was pastor of some of the largest churches of the Detroit, Mich., conferences. District superintendent, delegate to the General Conference, and sought after far and near to preach in holiness camp meetings and conventions, to minister to pastoral conferences, retreats, etc. He was for years the President of the Eaton Rapids, Mich., Camp Meeting; a great comrade, He held aloft noble and Biblical standards.

Outstanding among the many great sermons I heard him preach was one on the eighth chapter of Romans, and one on the tenth chapter of Hebrews. In these messages he reached a grasp of both books that I have never heard equaled by any in exposition. He and his father were my close friends, and their fellowship was blessed. Brother Nixon and his cultured Christian wife paid us a visit not so long before his death. They took noon dinner with us and left a blessing upon us.

He preached on a Sunday morning, then, after dinner, rested a while, and "was not, for God took him."

* * * * *

48 -- GEORGE W. MATHEWS

George W. Mathews was a member of the South Georgia Conference, a princely man, ably assisted by a devoted and gifted wife, who was president for many years of the South Georgia Conference Missionary Society. A man of noble bearing and poise, a preacher of great ability and of unwavering loyalty to holiness and all its associate doctrines. He was President of Indian Springs Camp Meeting, in Georgia, for over a quarter of a century, loved and respected by all who knew him. Someone wrote Bishop Warren A. Candler, who was a schoolmate of Brother Mathews, asking for a recommendation of Dr. Mathews, or if he could recommend him. Bishop Candler replied as follows: "Dear Brother So-and-So. George Mathews is an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile, and an uncommon advocate of the second blessing. Yours truly, Warren A. Candler."

Such was his reputation among the high and the lowly, but all, like the Bishop, had to testify as to the saintliness and integrity of his character. He was called outside of his parish often for revival work among the brethren and at camps, always maintaining his faithfulness to the truth and the experience of holiness. His going was caused from an accident in his car that produced pneumonia, and he was gone. His wife lingered many years and has recently gone to a glorious reunion with her husband and her Lord, whom she served so nobly.

* * * * *

49 -- PAUL BRASHER

Paul Brasher, our first born, came to us on Thanksgiving morning, and he is still an occasion for thanksgiving. Eloquent from childhood, winning oratorical contests in high school. He was licensed to preach at twenty years of age and was first a pastor, then an evangelist, until his crossing the line of worlds after nine years of ministry. As the field was opening before him far and near, he was fatally stricken with an unmastered disease and, with eloquence and song, spent his last conscious moments on earth. Lamented by all who knew him, he hurried away to the feet of Jesus whom he so much adored. His funeral was held in the chapel of the John Fletcher College, Iowa. God had other work for him to do, so he went to his place.

I have inserted here some comments showing what others across the land thought of him.

* * *

John Fletcher College Bulletin, University Park, Iowa -- In Memoriam

"I can not say, I will not say
That he is dead -- he is just away."

On Sunday afternoon of April the third, 1921, when the news of the death of Paul Brasher was received here, a shadow and hush fell upon the School and the community. A sense of loss and of deep sympathy for the bereaved family filled all hearts -- a sympathy that could find no adequate

expression, for words are weak and halting in the presence of a sorrow such as this. But while feeling our human limitations we thank God that with these sorrowing friends is the presence of One who was sent "to bind up the brokenhearted" and "to comfort all that mourn."

On Monday morning the mortal remains of Paul Brasher arrived from Iowa City, and in the afternoon of the same day a beautiful and appropriate service was conducted in the University Chapel. Rev. L. M. Grigsby, of Des Moines, who gave the address, spoke with a tender, simple eloquence words of comfort and truth, paying high tribute to the noble young life that had gone from us to walk with the King. A mixed quartet, which furnished the music, sweetly sang the strong old hymns of Zion. Beautiful floral offerings attested the love and sympathy of the friends from the School and Park.

Tuesday evening the funeral party, consisting of Mrs. Paul Brasher and little son, Mrs. J. L. Brasher and James Brasher, left with the remains for the old home in Alabama. There on the following Thursday a great concourse of friends gathered to pay their last tribute of love and respect to Paul Brasher, whose genial nature and lofty soul had bound to him the hearts of all who knew him. Unstintingly he spent himself in the service of God and his fellowman, receiving for his hire hundreds of souls saved by grace and sanctified by the precious blood of Jesus. He rounded out a full life for, like his Master, he fulfilled in a few brief years the will of the Father concerning him, and laid down a finished work.

Tenderly they laid his body to rest amid the peaceful scenes he had known and loved from childhood there to await that glad hour when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive, and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." -- Prof. T. Bell Chambers.

* * *

Representatives' Tributes

I rejoice that Paul went home in full armor, and had on the garment of holiness. -- James R. Basket, Covington, Va.

The last words I heard from his lips were glorious words of the Gospel. -- Wiley Owen, Little River, Kans.

If he had only possessed a body equal to his soul. -- Bishop F. D. Leete, Indianapolis, Ind.

I feel a personal loss in Paul's going, It has been good to know him and love him and believe in him. -- J. M. Melear, Editor of the Methodist Advocate-Journal, Athens, Tenn.

Such a fine, open, generous spirit could not but win a host of friends, and cause all who knew him to feel that he was their own genial friend and brother. -- John F. Owen, Boaz, Ala.

You have the comforting thought of having given to the world a most gifted son, the memory of whose life and message will linger like the splendors of the sunset when the day is done. -- The Gouthays, Seattle, Wash.

No boy has made a more beautiful record than Paul Brasher. What a beautiful Christian he was. I can say of Paul he had wisdom enough to be wise, and humility enough to be humble, and grace enough to be a saint. -- Bud Robinson, Kansas City, Mo.

I know you do not expect me to get out of my heart all that is there and put it on this paper, and yet I know that you are so familiar with my real heart that you can read between these poor sentences and feel a true brother's spirit. I have made your sorrow my own. -- W. A. Murphree, Boaz, Ala.

I know that all of you are sustained by the knowledge that life is the victor, not death. "In sure and certain hope" you have temporarily parted from your loved one -- what a joyful gathering there will be after a while. -- Bishop E. G. Richardson, Atlanta, Ga.

From the very first, Paul attracted my attention. There was something about him so very fine. He was intelligent, he was gallant, he was eloquent, he was affectionate, he was zealous, he was steadfast, he was fearless, he had a soul. He is gone, but we will remember him, love him, and join him in the sweet by and by. -- H. C. Morrison, Wilmore, Ky.

Paul surely was an ideal young man, a strong preacher, and a useful servant of God and the people. We will be poorer, but Heaven will be richer. We are still on probation; his probation is ended. We are learning the song; he has mastered the chorus. We have battles to fight; he has triumphed forever. -- Wm. H. Huff, Columbia, S. C.

Paul seemed to always bring a contribution to my life when I saw him. His fancies, his imagery, his dreams, that striking combination of the simple with the sublime, his unmixed sincerity made him a source of constant delight and blessing to me. I had expectations for him that, going in some direction, I had for no other young man I know. Surely infinite wisdom would not so soon stop the pulsing of a heart that beat always with passion for the world's uplift and salvation were there not missions yonder that fervent souls may accomplish. Nor would the Father silence the voice that beautifully and effectively told the story of Jesus and His power to save were there not messages that eloquent lips may speak yonder. -- Joseph Owen, Macon, Ga.

* * * * *

50 -- CHARLES B. ALLEN

With this really effective worker I held only one camp meeting, and after that he was soon gone to his rich reward. His was a beautiful shining spirit that so manifested itself as to highly recommend the doctrine and experience of holiness. He was called out of the Methodist pastorate to spread abroad this distinctive doctrine of our faith as an evangelist. It was his anointed preaching and ministry that brought Bishop McIntyre into the experience of holiness. That in itself

was work enough for one man's life. But Bishop McIntyre was only one of the multitude blest under his ministry. He was one of the most eloquent bishops the church has ever had.

His style was the animated conversational, the chief emphasis of which was cleansing. Of course he had to show what we needed to be cleansed from, and show its necessity; but no evangelist I have known majored with the words, "clean," "cleansing," etc., as he did. And he looked what he preached. Commenting on a preacher's message on the devil, someone said, "He seemed full of his subject." But Charlie Allen beamed out such cleanness as if the Lord had taken special pains to make him clean; With a face that shone with inward purity, and with a "smile that would not come off," he advertised the wholesomeness of holiness. In the full day of a fruitful ministry his summons came, and a clean soul went to a clean Heaven.

* * * * *

51 -- WALTER MALONE AND WIFE

Walter Malone and his wife were co-founders of Cleveland Bible College and co-evangelists. I first met them at Camp Sychar, as the young people's workers at that camp. They were members of the Friends Church, and would say, "Will thee do so and so?" Their faces and gentle ways were an advertisement for holiness. "Lord, send the old-time power," and, "Lord, send the fire," were phrases often heard in Brother Malone's prayers. I have helped them in revival work in their School and have enjoyed the hospitality of their home. How beautiful was their fellowship! How saintly their lives! How well they wrought for God!

Cleveland Bible College, now larger and better than ever under the presidency of their son-in-law, is the monument of their faith and labors. Kindness, faith, fullness, and zeal, according to knowledge, soundness in faith, purity of life, efficiency in soulwinning, these clustering graces form a crown of distinction enduring as the stars to rest upon their heads.

* * * * *

52 -- GEORGE ASBURY MCLAUGHLIN

Dr. George Asbury McLaughlin was a man of many distinctions and qualities, and of fine poise. He was a New Englander and also, like Dr. Fowler, whom he influenced so largely, he was somewhat reserved. He was editor of "The Christian Witness" for a long period, and President of Central Holiness University, in Iowa, for two separate terms. A man of sound sense, of good education, and marked integrity. He was the author of commentaries and other books of real worth, a master of details of administration, a man who could not be shaken. A teacher of great skill, sound in faith and theology. Straight as a gun barrel on holiness and all its related truths, fully Wesleyan in Scriptural interpretation, clear as a sunbeam in his preaching, and as accurate as a machine in his presentation of truth and doctrine. A strict disciplinarian, and a man of unbending convictions and stainless honor. When you looked at him, and measured him, and contacted him, and penetrated the reserve of his cool calculating settled spirit, you could say, and you would feel, there is a man.

He could do more work on an Irish potato and a piece of bread than most men with plenty to eat. The mind and soul seemed to support the body, and not the body the mind and soul. I had many labors and much fellowship with him. My summer warmth soon thawed his north temperate reserve, and our hearts flowed together.

Away up in the eighties in age, he was teaching in a school in California. One day at the close of his class period, he said to his class, as he closed his textbook, "Well, young people, I want to testify that I am saved up to the last tick of the watch, and sudden death would be sudden glory." When he went home his wife asked him to go to the grocery for some articles of food for supper. He went, made his purchase, and stepped out on the sidewalk. At that instant an earthquake struck and threw the wall down upon him, killing him instantly. When they dug his body out of the debris his watch was still running, but the quiet man had gone by an earthquake.

* * * * *

53 -- JOHN M. AND MARGARET J. HARRIS

They were employed more as singers and leaders in the musical field, but that did not obscure the fact that they were capable of evangelistic work. John Harris could give as fine "Bible Readings," as they were called, as anyone I have known. That was a method of announcing Scripture references to the congregation, having individuals catch them and, when called upon, read them aloud. Then Brother Harris commented on them. It was a fine method of teaching, often used in the earlier days of the Holiness Movement.

Margaret Harris was a general in planning and in pushing the battle through. She gave strong messages that were very effective in full altars and in results. With their Bible Readings and appeals, the two together made a great team.

But it was their great singing by which they will be longest remembered. They were great in a number of ways. They were unusual in bodily stature -- both of them six feet, two inches, tall and weighing almost the same number of pounds, 250, when they were in full health. They would attract attention anywhere.

The Epworth Organ and Piano Company always furnished them with an organ, free of charge, for advertising purposes, and Sister Harris always played their accompaniment. They were remarkable in always having the right selection at the right moment. Their perfect readiness, together with their fine voices and strong personalities, made them, without disparagement to any, the greatest duet I have ever known. These qualities accounted for the fact that they led the singing in some camps for twenty to thirty years consecutively. Their record, I dare say, will never be equaled.

They were never dull or lacking in alertness in keeping in touch with the stage of the meeting. No battle was lost because their part of the force was not ready to go on at the right time. Often Heaven and earth seemed to blend when they sang. We shall never see their like again.

Many humorous things took place in their travels and meetings. I will relate one which Mrs. Harris seemed to enjoy so much. We were holding the Camp Meeting on North Neshaneroch Avenue, in New Castle, Pa. Sister Harris was standing on a street corner, waiting for a street car, when a man walked up beside her. He took in something of her stature, and finally ventured to ask her, "Beg pardon, Ma'am, but do you live in New Castle?... No," she said, "I live in Chicago. "Well, I thought they did not grow 'em around these parts like you." The street car came at that juncture, and Sister Harris got aboard, her sides fairly splitting with laughter, leaving her interrogator gazing on in astonishment.

No doubt Brother and Sister Harris are singing together again in the great choir above.

* * * * *

54 -- WILLIAM B. YATES

He could bring a message in sermon effectively, but his greatest work was his marvelous singing. He was one of the greatest Gospel singers this nation ever produced. He had a natural courtliness that seemed to put him at ease in any company, however cultured or intellectual. He had a wonderful gift of humor and anecdote, always clean, that made him delightful company.

As a leader in revival singing, he was unsurpassed by any. He was the most tireless helper in altar services I have ever known, in prayer, in instruction to the seekers, and in uplifts of appropriate choruses and songs at the right time to encourage and inspire faith. He seemed to be inspired.

He had a strong voice of great range and power for leadership, but always blest with a pathos that reached the deepest ranges of the soul: He never exhorted his choirs or congregations to sing, he never lectured and wasted time; he just sang. The congregation and choir did their best under his inspired leadership. If now and then he halted for a brief rest for himself and audience, he filled in with testimony or worth while words of encouragement or exhortation. He could dwell on some words with such pathos as to stir the depths of one's soul. One of our great evangelists said, "I heard Bill Yates sing when I was fifty or seventy-five yards from the church, and he thrilled me through and through." I have said again and again that I would gladly pay my car fare across a state to hear him sing the one song, "Ho, everyone that is thirsty in spirit," with the chorus,

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,
I will pour floods upon the dry ground.
Open your hearts for the gift I am bringing you,
While ye are seeking me, I will be found."

He was a steadfast friend, a devoted, loving husband and father, a genuine warm-hearted soul who gave his all for God and holiness until his tired heart, that had given its best for others, closed his career on earth and he joined all the Blood-washed in singing on high.

I was in a camp meeting at Wilmore, Ky., when his summons came. They wired asking that either Dr. Morrison or I come to preach the funeral message. Brother Morrison felt I should go,

and he remained at the camp. I went. I believe Brother Yates' face was the brightest I have seen in a coffin. His wife said that he had repeated "Hallelujah" until he could say only one syllable -- "Hal," and was silent in the earthly song, having joined the song of the redeemed in Glory. I preached on the immortality of the soul to a church crowded with his fellow townspeople who loved and honored him and mourned his passing. In the fullness of a great ministry he was crowned.

We come now to two more of that glorious now ascended company with whom I have had the privilege to serve in the work of "spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands." The two giants, Joseph H. Smith and Henry Clay Morrison -- those who bridged the days of John Inskip and Alfred Cookman to the present day of college-trained preachers of full salvation.

I shall have to write of one of them first; but when I have given a glimpse of the first I will not shut the window to deal with the second. Two men were never more unlike in personality or style of ministry, but they were in perfect agreement as to the message given.

Joseph H. Smith was more associated in his early ministry with Wood, Inskip, Pepper, McDonald, Updegraff, Sheridan, Baker, and others of the Eastern section of the country.

H. C. Morrison was at first more associated with Dr. Godbey, A. A. Niles, W. A. Dodge, of the South, and with those of the West.

* * * * *

55 -- JOSEPH H. SMITH

"Brother Smith," as he chose to be called, was for nearly seventy years a preacher of full salvation, and reached the advanced age of over ninety years. The last few years he could not be active in the field, but much that was profitable came from his pen. He had been a weekly contributor to the holiness papers, and the Sunday school lessons for many years. He called preachers, whatever their degrees, "Brother," an endearing term, and when they wanted to give him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, he said, "No, my divinity is not sick." His keenness of wit and quiet humor were marked characteristics in his ministry. In his "School of the Prophets," which he conducted at nearly all of his camp meetings, his answers were sometimes marvels in application to the questions.

"Brother Smith, ought we not to preach pointedly and frequently on women's dress?" Answer, "Not too pointedly, there is too little of it. Not too frequently, lest they think we think too much about it." How could the question have been answered better?

A storm swept over Sebring Camp and blew some trees on cottages. Another swept over Romeo Camp and laid a lot of great white oaks down among the cars and cottages. He was telling Brother Paul Rees and me about it, and I in all seriousness said, "Brother Smith, is that the devil, or what?" His eyes spread wide and he answered with one word, "What." Then he smiled and relaxed. He never grayed up, like Brother Morrison, of whom he was two years senior. They were in a convention in Detroit. Separate rooms were provided for them; one was a block away from

the church, the other about four blocks, and of course they would have to walk to and from. The Committee looked at Brother Morrison's white hair and said to one another, "We would better put this old man near by, and let the other have the room farther away." It greatly amused and delighted Brother Smith, since he was older than Brother Morrison.

That convention, conducted by them for the Detroit Holiness Association, was held in what is now East Grand Boulevard Methodist Church -- then Fischer Memorial. I was to begin a meeting at the close of the convention, and I got there ahead of time to feast on their preaching. The night before the convention closed we were all in the pastor's study before service opened. Brother Morrison said, "Joseph, I have just been thinking -- Brother Brasher is here, and is to begin a meeting day after tomorrow. I could get a train out tonight after service, and be in Louisville in the morning and look after a lot of things, and Brother Brasher could take my place tomorrow with you and get acquainted with the people," etc., etc. Brother Smith listened until he had made his speech, and then said, "Brother Morrison, that is purely a temptation. You will stay here and finish your work, and Brother Brasher will come on when his time comes." That was all of it. The wonder of it all was that usually, in little things like that, the lion would let Brother Smith treat him as if he were in third grade.

There was nothing arrogant in Brother Smith's manner or spirit, and it was wonderful how they worked together for so many years in deepest fellowship. Once when they were in a meeting, Brother Morrison preached an extra long sermon. Then on the way to their rooms Brother Smith said, playfully, "Brother Morrison, them's fine sermons you are giving us." See the drollery of the remark? Morrison said nothing. That night Brother Smith trailed on a long time. As they walked to their rooms Brother Morrison said, "Joseph, that was a fine series of sermons you gave us tonight." And thus with humor and yet withal in deepest seriousness and earnestness they journeyed on together.

Brother Morrison left for Home first. Brother Smith, almost broken-hearted, lingered on, and then quietly slipped through the door to be greeted by his old comrade. I could fill a small volume of incidents out of their fellowship together, and wish you could hear me imitate their tone and peculiarity of voice; but I must forbear, and come closer to the heart of their ministry. Brother Smith began his ministry by joining the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a sort of "missionary from Philadelphia. Then he went back to the Philadelphia Conference, in which he remained a member all the rest of his life. His health broke down early, and he was out of work until someone invited him to go with them to Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting, where he preached at the earnest entreaty of the Management -- Brother Updegraff in particular. From that time on he did not stop in his evangelism until age and feebleness forbade his service. He told me he had spent at least seven years as camp meeting preacher, a record, I suppose, in advance of any other man.

I first met him at Eaton Rapids Camp. He was a lion-like man in looks -- tall, straight, large head and face, and he wore a full brown beard. He looked like a whole camp meeting had come. The last time I saw him was in Chicago, at a convention in the Chicago Evangelistic Institute. He was tottery, but full of grace. When speaking at that service he seemed more meditative than conscious of the audience. However, his meditation was instructive and a blessing.

We all beheld him as if we must not miss a word, for we should hear him no more; and so it was with all but a very few who saw him after he returned home.

When he went on the platform to preach, or simply to wait upon the service, he always looked to see where "Sister Smith," as he called her, was located; and after their mutual recognition he gave close attention to the service or the sermon.

As a preacher he was an expositor. His messages were much simpler and clearer to the average mind as he grew older in the ministry. In his great sermons on great occasions, I used to think of him as a great ship out on the high seas: now it looked high, then down in the trough of the ocean, almost out of sight, now a little higher and nearer, and after a while he came into port with flags flying and a full cargo of heavenly freight and goods. It was amazing what he carried in that vessel. The last time I heard him preach at Gaines, Mich., he was sick, but he preached to a great congregation and was well-nigh exhausted. Too tired to eat his dinner, he sat on the little porch of the workers cottage and drank a little milk. His face was aglow, as if he had been near the Shekinah glory. He quoted, as he sat there:

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but lisp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

From the great hymn that was Bishop Candler's favorite:

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In earth or hell or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

He was a man almost uncanny in spiritual insight. "Hark, while I was preaching, I sensed someone entered the experience; now stand up and tell us about it." And it was true. Sometimes he would say, "Hark, I have a telegram," and then would say what it was; and someone would confirm it there or privately.

He loved me and proved it abundantly. The Lord bless his memory, and bless his faithful wife, who unfalteringly pursues her Christian way.

He told me he had traveled in his ministry a million two hundred fifty thousand miles. At the earnest request and command of his brethren he was elected and served a while as president of the National Holiness Association. But he did not like office. His passion was not administration but the opening of "The Scriptures," as he was wont to call the Bible. It will be great to see him again.

* * * * *

Henry Clay Morrison was a Kentuckian by birth, a world figure by force of personal achievement. He cannot be measured by ordinary measurements. He was a genius. His was a soul into which flowed many streams of information and education, and his Scotch-Irish nature held all he had taken in. Perhaps no one has done more for the spread of holiness in our lifetime than he has.

His gifts have been so often and well extolled, and worthily so, that we may give the impression that he was more than mortal. But let us not forget that he was human and had human imperfections, many of them. Yet while we acknowledged this in the personality of this extraordinary man it may be softened by an expression from Goldsmith's Village Minister, "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." He once told a friend of mine, "Brasher is moody," -- the quality he himself possessed in such a marked degree. Sometimes when we met, he would clasp me in his arms; sometimes he would shake hands almost distantly and cold. When one brother in the ministry fell, he wrote him that he feared his lust for leadership had been the cause of his fall. The fallen brother wrote back saying that was the quality he had always thought was Brother Morrison's.

H. C. Morrison was born for leadership. Where he sat was usually the head of the table -- at whichever end of the table it was. He often embarrassed his brethren, who revered him in spite of it, by his interruptions and corrections while they were preaching before him -- a thing he would not have appreciated a bit if practiced on him. Sometimes he met his match and had to come down ignominiously. He heavily belabored a dear brother who had spoken of a deeper death after sanctification, and when he had ceased to romp on the speaker, that brother smilingly and quietly arose and said, "Brethren, that is what I am talking about." He was criticizing one of the holiest men I ever knew. This holy man said to me one day, "Some men preach sanctification, but they can't bear to hear a baby cry." John Fletcher said something we all might lay to heart: "Some men profess perfection, who have not the calm of a philosopher; or the quiet candor of a good-natured heathen."

This reminds me of a steward in a Methodist Church who was not slow to anger, and one of his fellow stewards said to him, "Why don't you control your temper?" He replied, "Confound you, I control more temper in a day than you do in a year." When we remember that it was no little work God had done, but almighty grace that helped a soul keyed like Brother Morrison's was to climb to such a place of holy passion and remarkable service, with as little overflow of that which was undesirable, we take heart and thank God for so great salvation. When we turn to the other side of this many-sided man and think of his kindness and gentleness toward the penitent, the poor, the sorrowing, when we think of his unceasing service to men and women in his effort to bless their souls, when we think how many people to whom his ministry gave inspiration and hope and courage, in pulpit, in conversation, by the printed page, through the college and seminary, then we can understand why so many, who would have deeply resented what seemed an invasion of their personal zone, overlooked these and respected, revered, and loved him, and now are perhaps prone to present him as the flawless man.

No, we will keep him human, but glorify God for the tremendous influence of his life and the achievements of some sixty-five years of ministry and administrative labors. Without grace he

would have been a dangerous man with whom to interfere. But great as were his many qualities, his power in the pulpit and public address was his greatest. There I watched him as he played, from instructor to advocate, and from advocate to a blast of rebuke to sin and things unholy, and then to the sweep when his eloquence took wings for great flights of fancy mixed with facts, and I, like others, said to myself: "Brother Morrison, you can get after me hammer and tongs, but I thank God for your eloquence, giving out the truth." There were tones in his voice that I would have loved to hear for an hour, whether he was saying anything or not. I told him once, when he was not very well, "We all regard you as a premier preacher." It seemed to help him. I have sat by his side through the preliminaries of a service when he was to preach, and when it was time for him to get up to speak he would say to me, "Brasher, I may die up there in the stand, but remember I love you."

I could fill a volume with incidents, anecdotes, of our times together in meetings or travels, and I wish I had time and strength to do so; but I cannot venture on that extensive field. Some were humorous, some serious, some pathetic, some dramatic, but all of them true to nature and to him. He was a great conversationalist. We have taken many walks after supper when in camp meetings. He would break his course of conversation to call attention to some tree or vine, or any extra touch of nature, and then proceed with his interrupted remarks. Sometimes we would walk farther than I cared to walk, but I learned how to get him to turn back. If I got the lead in the conversation, he would say, "Well, I guess we have walked far enough," then when we got turned back I would give him the lead. I have worked with him and Brother Smith in camp meetings in Georgia, Alabama, Texas, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Minnesota, Maryland, West Virginia, and in other meetings and conventions in other states. Two great stalwarts of the work of God and promoters of holiness. We shall see their like no more. The one the great expositor and preacher, the other the great orator and leader. They have gone to their crowning, but the light they shed in departing was like the eyelids of the evening when glancing through the rift in the clouds, like the setting sun in splendor kissing the last rain drops of the receding storm.

* * * * *

57 -- W. B. GODBEY

W. B. Godbey was a Kentuckian by birth, but a citizen of the Kingdom of God by choice and divine enablement. The most unique of all, yet one of the fathers of the Holiness Movement. A college president, with rare classical learning. When he was sanctified there was such a change in him that his friends thought he was insane, and a company of them hauled him off to the mental hospital for an alienist to examine him. When he was through with his examination, he said, "Take this man back, he has more sense than all of us together." And thus his holiness ministry began.

Born of Catholic parents, baptized in childhood as was their order, he was early led to accept Christ as Savior, so that he became a Methodist. He said he had never seen a day when he was not in saved relation to Jesus Christ. Before he had forfeited his infantile justification he was led to accept Christ as Savior, so he said he had never been in an unsaved relation to God. He was dead to the world, to praise, or to blame.

From college president and popular pastorate, he was called into the evangelistic field in which he labored the rest of his life, going Home at the age of eighty-eight years. His knowledge of Greek and Latin and history was so accurate that for many years he carried only his Greek Testament as the Scripture to be used. When he was past eighty years of age, he was with us at Snead Seminary. He went from us to Nashville to Brother McClurkan's school, where he dictated ten small books in two days. From memory he gave the history needed with perfect accuracy, though he had not consulted a book of history for an ordinary lifetime.

In his earlier revival campaigns, he first devoted his time to clearing the ground. If he was in an immersion stronghold, he first ditched all the ponds and dried up the rivers, so to speak. If there was no-hellism around he set that on fire, and when the field was clear he presented the Gospel of the love of God until the whole church or community was saturated with the Gospel of full salvation from all sin by the blood of Christ.

After Bud Robinson was converted, he went to hear Dr. Godbey preach on holiness. He said, as he went away from the meeting, "That's the finest thing I ever heard, but I don't believe you can get it." He heard him again, and said, "That's the finest thing in the world, and I sorter believe you can get it." He heard him the third time, and said, "That's the finest thing in the world, and I am agoin' to get it or die." The modern Holiness Movement was, under God, founded by Methodist preachers and laymen, but it soon leaped Over all denominational bounds, for God's grace is bigger than any church.

Dr. Godbey wrote more than one hundred books, among them a translation of the New Testament and commentary on the New Testament. He was not a critical writer, but wrote for edification and evangelism. He was a world traveler. He was quaintness personified. He dressed in whatever was convenient to him. When Dr. Morrison was seeking the blessing, Dr. Godbey's clothes troubled him, and he would cry, "O Lord, do I have to be like Brother Godbey?" You can see how one who always dressed so princely should hesitate to be like Brother Godbey with a duster, an alpaca coat, and his sleeves rolled up nearly to his elbows. But, oh, what wealth of learning flowed from his lips! Anecdote.: galore are connected with Dr. Godbey's entertainment at places. He had no light in his room. He scarcely ever had fire. He put on or off clothes enough to make himself comfortable. At camp meeting, he would like to be in a little house somewhere by himself. At Waco, Tex., after service one night we were talking a while, when he slipped out of his door as silently as a ghost and, with a smile, said very quietly, "An old preacher who was preaching the Gospel before you were born would like to sleep a while." "There was a great calm."

At Scottsville, Tex., they got him an unused cabin out in the field a little way from camp. It had a main room and a side room. He had retired. Some colored fellows, not knowing of his presence, came into the side room with a candle and were proceeding to roll some dice when, to their horror, there stood an old man in a long white coat beside them. One of them said, "Thar's a ghost!" Doctor Godbey said, "Let us pray." After his prayer they slipped away, promising never to do it again. They shunned that cabin even in daytime after that.

He did not eat much. He told me he could live on fifteen cents worth of food a day anywhere -- a bit of stale bread, a saucer of canned tomatoes, or something like that, would be

sufficient. He called oysters, "scavengers of the sea." His English was Grecianized. He would speak of his "peregrinations," meaning his walking around.

Only God can know or evaluate the sum total of his service or its value. We remember that John the Baptist was not very stylishly dressed for his day, and that his food was not up to the modern chef's delight--locusts and wild honey; but Jesus said that none had risen greater than John the Baptist. He whose learning and mental culture would have fitted him for any circle, like his Master, "made himself of no reputation" that he might reach the lowliest, while at the same time his learning and dignity demanded respect from all thoughtful people. When he ascended, some of us felt like crying, "My Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

When he was somewhere in a camp meeting at the age of eighty-eight, the Lord spoke to his inner self, "Come up to the 'Mount of Blessings' at Cincinnati; I am going to take you Home." He immediately obeyed. Brother and Sister Standley were in New York State. The Spirit bade them go back to the Bible School. They reached home in time to pillow his head on their shoulders, while his spirit left its tenement of clay. Brother Morrison said, when he held his funeral, that he had not seen so beautiful a face in death. "It could be likened only unto the face of a modest bride coming into the presence of the bridegroom."

It is wonderful to have known him, to have had him in our home and fed him at our table, and to have had his holy hands laid on my little daughter, while crystal drops of baptismal water sprinkled her brow. Farewell, unique and holy soul! It will be wonderful to see you again.

* * * * *

58 -- RAYMOND BROWNING

Raymond Browning, another brother in the Lord has gone to be with that company near the Throne. The man of quiet, innocent laughter, the man of gentleness with strength of a rock, the man of stainless life; brotherly, kind, yet brave as the bravest. Poet by nature and poet in fact. I said in one of my sermons that the blood of Christ goes deeper than the stain of sin has gone. The thought touched him and he went to his room and wrote the poem that has become a beautiful song. I have served with him from western North Dakota by way of Tennessee and Ohio to New York state. I never saw him act in any other way than as a perfect Christian gentleman, but I never knew him to shirk from the responsibility of preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. He adorned the doctrine and experience of holiness.

He was tall and well-formed, with a fine head above broad shoulders, a pleasant face, and a voice with the soft accent of his southern breeding.

My latest service with him was at Hollow Rock Camp Meeting in August, 1952. I was on a small role as Bible teacher; he was a principal worker. How wonderfully he preached! The last Sabbath morning he preached with great unction and clarity on Peter's shadow falling in healing virtue over the people. His application was superb and effective.

There is no way to describe the wonder and glory of that service. I shall treasure its memory forever. I never knew a finer man than Raymond Browning. I shall look for him in the City that John saw.

* * * * *

ASCENDED ONES -- ALL HAIL!

But time fails me to tell of W. P. B. Kinard, of South Carolina, earnest, fiery evangelist, founder of Epworth Camp Meeting, near Ninety Six, S. C., where I have served often, and which is still promoted by his widow and son and daughter; of J. G. Morrison, co-worker of S. A. Danford, who became a General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene; of C. F. Wimberly, prolific writer, faithful, courageous preacher; the beautiful spirit of J. Gregory Mantle, our English friend from London, brilliant expositor, inspirational preacher, interesting and instructive writer; of L. L. Pickett, friend and helper of Asbury College, preacher of holiness, exponent of prohibition, fearless challenger of Romanism and the encroachments of the Catholic Church. He was a song writer, singer, prolific author of really worthwhile books. Blest with a radiant, gifted wife, father of a bishop, and one of the General Secretaries of the Board of Temperance. These, and others with whom I have served, have lived faithfully, died victoriously, and have joined the Church Triumphant which is before the Throne of God.

And so we come to the end of these personal glimpses. It would have been delightful to give them a larger window, but the time slips by, and pen fingers stumble. But, oh, what a joy to have seen them, known them, heard their messages, been blest by their fellowship, felt their handclasp and heartbeat, and to have been counted by them as a fellow worker!

Immortal company, I salute you, hail you, and some glad day hope to join you again, "where congregations never break up, and Sabbaths have no end." Then we shall talk it all over under the shadow of the tree of life, where the river of life ripples and sings in sweetest music over the golden sands.

Ascended ones, all hail!
Your comrade of the years,
John Lakin Brasher

* * * * *

THE END