

Eternity. Any reader of these lines who was fortunate enough, as was the writer, to sit under this master of assemblies will verify the foregoing statements. With all his learning and experience, Joseph Cook was what would be classified today as an extreme Fundamentalist; he was a devout worshiper of Jesus Christ as the Crucified Redeemer of mankind, the God-man of Revelation. He died June 24, 1901, at the home of his birth, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

3. The last of the Triumvirate is Adoniram Judson Gordon, who for nearly fifty years was the leading mouthpiece of the New England Baptist Church, with his pastorate in the city of Boston. Dr. Gordon was born at New Hampton, N. H., April 19, 1836. He was graduated from Brown University in 1860 and ordained the pastor of Jamaica Plains (Mass.) Baptist Church, where he served until 1869. He was then called to the Clarendon Street Baptist Church of Boston, where he remained until his death, which occurred on February 2, 1895.

Dr. Gordon was a popular city pastor, and no doubt would have continued to be so but for a dream which he had some time in mid-life. He dreamed that he saw a strange but very remarkable-looking man sitting in the congregation one morning. Thinking to reach him at the close of the service and ascertain who he was, he found that the stranger had disappeared before he could get from his pulpit to the door. He made inquiry as to who this man was, and some one informed him that it was Jesus Christ.

He then began a personal inquisition as to what Jesus might have thought of his sermon, and would he have preached so if he had known that this great Saviour would have been there, etc. That dream revolutionized the ministry of Dr. Gordon, and he gave his testimony in a book, "When Christ Came to Church." From that time until the close of his ministry Dr. Gordon was a fire-baptized messenger of the evangelical gospel; his church, likewise, was transformed under the new message of its pastor. Clarendon Street Church became a salvation station for Boston. The reflex influence of this great sanctified spirit was felt on all the evangelical Churches of the country in general, and on the Baptist Church in particular. Dr. Gordon was an extensive writer of deeply spiritual books, such as "Grace and Glory," "The Ministry of Healing," "The Twofold Life," and then his greatest book, "Ecce Venit," which had a wide circulation in all English-speaking countries. Dr. Gordon was an ardent Premillennialist, and his pulpit gave forth this gospel of the blessed hope. His church became one of the leading missionary supporters of that denomination. All he had to do any Sunday morning was to state how many thousand dollars he wanted for missions, and it was given without high pressure or pleading.

The Premillennial teachings of this virile gospel reflected on the religious thinking of the entire Baptist Church of America, as well as on the orthodox Christianity of other faiths. Dr. Gordon was truly a Modern Apostle of the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

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19 -- EDWARD MCKENDREE BOUNDS

A story of continuity: David Brainerd, a missionary to the American Indians, kept a diary. After his death Jonathan Edwards published it; William Carey, a humble shoemaker, read it, and went to India; Henry Martyn read it, and went to Persia; McCheyne read it, and went to the Jews; E. M. Bounds read it, and went to his knees. He remained there until he solved the problem of intercessory prayer to a degree without a parallel in the history of Methodism. On that particular night, shortly after four o'clock, the watchers at Heaven's outposts flashed the message to headquarters: "Behold, he prayeth."

The vision was that of a practical mystic -- a man of piercing black eyes and slight, spare figure. As he kneeled, it was no mere whisper in which the prayer was breathed. Edward M. Bounds believed and practiced audible supplication. Perhaps few think it matters in what voice we pray. Few think to pray in a voice that moves. Dr. Bounds's praying voice possessed a confidence, an earnest assurance that we have never heard reproduced. Dr. Bounds did not merely pray well that he might write well about prayer; he prayed because the needs of the world were upon him. He prayed for long years upon subjects to which the easy-going Christian rarely gives a thought. He prayed for objects which men of less faith are always ready to call impossible. Yet, from these continued solitary prayer vigils, year by year there arose a gift of prayer teaching equaled by few men in history. He wrote transcendently about prayer, because he was transcendent in its practice.

Edward McKendree Bounds was born in Shelby County, Mo., August 15, 1835. He studied law and was admitted to the bar after he was twenty-one years of age. He practiced law until he was called to preach, three years later, and was admitted into the traveling connection of the Missouri Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and appointed to the Monticello charge. While serving the Brunswick Circuit war between the States was declared, and the young minister was made a prisoner of war because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. He was sent to St. Louis, and then to Memphis, Tenn., from which latter prison he soon secured his release. He traveled over one hundred miles on foot to join General Price's company in Mississippi. He was at once given a commission as captain of the Fifth Missouri Regiment, a position which he held until the close of the war; but he was captured and held a prisoner at Nashville, Tenn.

After the war closed E. M. Bounds served churches in Tennessee and Alabama. In 1875 he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference and stationed at St. Paul's Church, St. Louis, where he served for four years. In 1876 he was married to Miss Emmie Barnett, of Eufaula, Ala., who died ten years later. In 1887 he was married to Mrs. Hattie Barnett, who passed away four months after the death of her

saintly husband, which occurred at Washington, Ga., August 24, 1913. There were born to Dr. Bounds two children by his first wife and five by his second.

After serving several pastorates he was sent to the First Methodist Church at St. Louis, Mo., and then a second time to St. Paul's in the same city. His fine qualities soon became known to the Church at large, whereupon he was appointed editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, and served in this field for nine years. His gifts were further recognized, and he was elected associate editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

As he devoted himself more and more to the deeper things of the Spirit, he felt the call to a ministry peculiarly his own; and in order to do this work he took the evangelistic relation to his Church; but he spent the last two decades of his life with his family at Washington, Ga., where most of his time was spent in the "upper room," as it were, and in writing his "Spiritual Life Books."

Dr. Bounds was the embodiment of humility; anything that smacked of the spirit of show-off, or pretense, was revolting to his sensitive soul. His life was "hid with Christ in God" and with a seraphic devotion to his Lord and Saviour. He was a Methodist of the John Wesley type, experiencing and proclaiming the blessed doctrine of entire sanctification as a second definite work of grace witnessed in the heart by the Holy Ghost. He had reached that altitude of spiritual vision and passion for a lost world where self was entirely forgotten. It was no uncommon thing for his host, wherever he happened to be visiting, to find him alone in the church on his knees and in his room hours before dawn crying and pleading with God for a lost world. This is what he called the "Business of Praying." It was when saturated with this Heavenly Ozone that he wrote his classics on prayer. Life with him was a struggle; but his ministry when living, overlooked and unappreciated by his Church, is now coming into its own since his translation to glory. His books are now running into thousands and are bringing peace and help to multitudes in this and in other countries, as they are translated into other languages.

Dr. A. C. Dixon was once preaching in Atlanta, and a copy of "Preacher and Prayer," by E. M. Bounds, was given him by a friend. Then, at Christmas, another copy was sent by another friend. That he should receive two copies of the same book seemed a bit strange to him. Dr. Dixon said: "There must be something in this little book worth while, or two of my friends would not have selected the same book for me. So I read the first page until I came to the words 'Man is looking for better methods; God is looking for better men. Man is God's method.' That was enough for me, and my appetite demanded more until the book was finished with pleasure and profit."

One of our most cultured and pious editors some years ago had this to say of the "Spiritual Life Books": "The books produced by Dr. E. M. Bounds constitute one of the rarest types of literature with which we are acquainted. Reading Dr. Bounds's books is like experiencing a heavenly gale in a tropical clime. Especially is this the

case with one who knew and loved him as did this writer. His style is of the highest order of striking, sententious eloquence. He grasps the central thought of great spiritual truths and expresses it with prodigious force and surprising spiritual glow: 'Ineffable Glory' treats of the resurrection. In this book he confines himself rigidly to the solitary theme of the resurrection and takes the old-time, evangelical position on all phases of the subject. His chapters are introduced with striking, classic extracts from the greatest writers on Biblical and theological themes. As some reviewer said about one of his previous books, these introductory extracts from various authors are alone worth more than the price of the book. His 'Preacher and Prayer' has already become the great modern classic on prayer. His 'Purpose in Prayer' is following close in the wake of the foregoing, and the two recently added volumes are destined to reach the same enviable goal. Dr. Bounds's writings seem to be wrung out of his heart's core. They impress you as saturated with the blood and tears and heart throbs of a great martyr-prophet hurling back his dying testimonies from the tortures of the rack. No man can be the same after reading one of his books. As long as grief sighs for the divine and broken hearts feel after the healing balm; as long as famishing souls thirst for God and the converted hunger after righteousness; as long as saints aspire to climb amid the celestial heights of perfect love, Dr. Bounds's books will live to fan these holy aspirations and help souls by their mighty potencies onward and upward amid the loftiest altitudes of grace and blessing."

A promoter of Dr. Bounds's books, introducing "Prayer and Praying Men," compares him with John Wesley in these words: "Wesley's piety and genius and popularity flowed from his early life like a majestic river. Bounds's has been dammed up, but now it is beginning to flow and sweep with resistless force, and ere long he will be the mighty Amazon of the devotional world."

Speaking further, he says: "God gave Bounds an enlargedness of heart and an insatiable desire to do service for him. To this end he enjoyed what I am pleased to term a transcendent inspiration; else he could never have brought out of his treasure things new and old far exceeding anything we have known or read in the last century. There is no man that has lived since the days of the apostles that has surpassed him in the depths of his marvelous research into the life of prayer.

Until in age and feebleness extreme, Dr. Bounds did two things: he prayed from four o'clock every morning until seven; then drove his pen with a swiftness and power -- not for himself, not for financial gain, but for a great barren, backslidden world, a lost world, a world, though nominally Christian, as ignorant of God as the heathen. We believe he was one of the most unearthly men we ever saw. Yes, unearthly, that is the word; no other could describe E. M. Bounds. He lived in the world, but was not of the world. We can best describe him in the language of Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," as he told of the old minister:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

That was E. M. Bounds; he knew and felt the storms; the blasts of a sordid world beat upon him, but he lived far up in the eternals, where sunshine never faded -- where there were no dimming clouds. But best of all he has left for us the findings of his heavenly explorations. He was a pilgrim and a stranger here; "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Furthermore, he lived in daily expectancy of his Lord's return; he was a rapturous believer in the blessed hope. It has been truly said: "E. M. Bounds was not a luminary -- he was a sun." We shall not see his like again.

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20 -- WALTER R. LAMBUTH

Very few people fully appreciate the life and character of Walter R. Lambuth. This is due to the quiet, unassuming demeanor of the man; he was not great in appearance; meeting him on the street, no one would look at him the second time. He attracted no attention in the crowd; even his public deliverances lacked the dramatic fervor and eloquence that would make him a master of assemblies. A cultured Japanese, writing in Collier's recently, gives us a close-up of the man, and the secret power he possessed, in an article, "Why I Became a Christian": "We walked nearly three miles, from one end of Hyogo to Kaigandori in the foreign settlement of Kobe. The room was filled with wooden benches. At one end of the room, seated at a table, I saw a man of slight build, with the finely chiseled features of a man of learning. He had an open book in his hand and was reading from it. Presently he knelt to pray.

"We sat there bolt upright with our eyes wide open, and watched him. We could not understand much of what he said. We saw tears start from his eyes and course down both his cheeks. I nudged my schoolmate and whispered to him: 'See that? Foreigners cry too, don't they?' After that the man preached for about an hour -- all in English.

"I was face to face with a miracle. And knew it. The strange-looking man before me, with his blue eyes and sharp-pointed nose, from beyond Heaven knows how many miles of sea and land, was human as we were. More, there was a bridge between us. Suddenly I felt my world expand by a couple of continents and a half dozen oceans.

"This, then, was the way I met the late Dr. Walter R. Lambuth, who became afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Church, South, one of the really great men of his age and far and away the ablest missionary America has ever given to Japan."

This young Japanese fell in love with the gentle, unaffected, saintly life of the good doctor and wanted to be like him.

Perhaps no missionary during the past hundred years was so well equipped for foreign service as was Walter R. Lambuth. The difficulties and handicaps of all missionaries going to a land of strange customs and languages were never a hindrance to him. He had superior advantages in this regard. His father, the Rev. J. W. Lambuth, of the M. E. Church, South, was a pioneer missionary to China. Walter, the illustrious son, was born in Shanghai, China, November 10, 1854; the "foreign field" was therefore the land of his nativity. He lived and breathed the Oriental atmosphere as naturally as an American boy becomes a part of American life. His playmates were Chinese children; their language was his language, and he knew the viewpoint of the Mongolian better than he knew that of his own people in the homeland.

We can imagine how well rooted and grounded one would become who spent the first seventeen years of his life among foreign people. His educational preparation was received in the mission schools of Shanghai, and at the age of seventeen he entered Emory and Henry College in the Holston Conference; from this institution he was graduated with honors in 1875. He then entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., where, after two years' study, he received both his M.A. and M.D. degrees, as he had decided to be a medical missionary. Being familiar with the needs of the heathen people, he saw that the greatest open field would be - - along with the religion of Christ -- to minister to their physical infirmities.

Walter R. Lambuth entered Bellevue Hospital immediately after his graduation from Vanderbilt, and from that celebrated school of medicine he received his diploma in 1881. Then, in order that he might better serve his needy constituency in the Orient, he took a postgraduate course at London and also at Edinburgh, specializing in diseases of the eye. Walter R. Lambuth had the best training available in two of America's standard literary schools; Emory and Henry, and Vanderbilt; then in medicine, two of the best, Vanderbilt and Bellevue; besides postgraduate work in two of the best schools of medicine in the British Empire. We repeat that it is doubtful if there was from any country or any denomination on any foreign field a better equipped missionary than W. R. Lambuth.

He carried to the field still other credentials besides the endorsement of colleges and the Board of Missions. While a student at Vanderbilt he was licensed to preach. He had no special training in the seminary for the ministry, but being born in a Methodist parsonage, under the tuition of his preacher father, he absorbed the essentials of Methodist theology, just as he had absorbed the atmosphere of the Orient.

So we see the man equipped to teach any of the college branches; a physician qualified as a general practitioner" in the whole curriculum of science and medicine, with special training for diseases of the eye; and above all a preacher

of the gospel with ability to preach to the Chinese in their own language as fluently as he spoke his mother tongue. We are quite sure that these unusual facts concerning our sainted bishop are known to but few in the Church. The opinion of the young Japanese, comparing Bishop Lambuth with all others, is not such an extravagant statement after all when we know of the many-sidedness of the man, then combine with this the larger fact that his life was consecrated to the glory of God and service to humanity.

In 1877 Walter R. Lambuth sailed for the Orient, where, but for the nine years he spent in American and English schools, he had lived always. His first labors on the field were in Shanghai, as a member of the hospital staff of surgeons. He spent several years at this station, preaching the gospel and giving his superior skill to the healing of the sick. It was through his zeal and leadership that the Methodist Episcopal Hospital was founded at Peking, China, and opened for service in 1885.

In 1886 the Board of Missions decided to open a new field in Japan, whereupon both Dr. J. W. Lambuth and his son transferred to Japan, and Dr. Walter R. Lambuth was given the superintendency of the Japan Mission. One of the greatest constructive works of this ten-talented statesman of the Cross of Christ was the founding of the college at Kobe, Japan, known throughout the world as the greatest of its kind -- Kwansei Gakuin College. Not only has it become the greatest mission school in Japan, but it is the largest, in point of attendance, of any school of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. Lambuth was called to America in 1892 and, because of his almost inexhaustible fund of missionary information, was appointed by the Board of Missions as their field secretary. In this capacity and as General Secretary he served the Church until 1910, when he was elected to the episcopacy. He took up his residence at Oakland, Calif., and served the Conferences on the Pacific Coast, giving special attention to the foreign peoples from his beloved Orient.

In 1913 Bishop Lambuth took a group of Vanderbilt students on a tour of investigation, far into the heart of darkest Africa. He became known as the "Pathfinder Of the Southern Methodist Church." A mission was opened in the Belgian Congo at Wembo Nyama, named for the big chieftain of the tribe at that place. Perhaps this is one of the big achievements of his life, as the new field has measured up to the most optimistic expectations.

In addition to his labors as field secretary, for seven years before being elected bishop, Dr. Lambuth was editor of the Review of Missions. He was an honored member of several Ecumenical Conferences, which met in this and other countries. He took first rank in all the big missionary gatherings of all denominations, as well as his own; his counsel was given the highest consideration by missionary leaders everywhere. In 1907 he was a delegate to a meeting in Japan, looking to the unification of Japanese Methodism, and was a factor in the consummation of that program.

Bishop Lambuth delivered the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University in 1915. He was an extensive writer on missionary themes, and no man in the Church was better informed on every phase of the subject. He published a book on "Winning the World for Christ" and another on "Side Lights on the Orient." He compiled and edited the Discipline of the Japan Methodist Church.

During the World War, Bishop Lambuth served on an important commission in Paris, which had to do with international relationship of the United States Army in France. His broad-mindedness and his sweet, generous spirit lifted him beyond the limitations of any ecclesiasticism and made him a world character. In 1892 both Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, Va., conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

While a student at Vanderbilt University, he became acquainted with Miss Daisy Kelley, the daughter of Dr. D. C. Kelley, of the Tennessee Conference, stationed then in Nashville, and this courtship was consummated in a happy marriage.

Bishop Lambuth died at Yokohama, Japan, September 26, 1921, and when he died there was left a great void in the world's missionary cause.

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21 -- WARREN A. CANDLER

Georgia has given more than her quota of great men to the nation. Any one passing through the State for the first time will be disappointed at the apparent poverty of the country. However, it is not the rich soil that produces men; blood and environment -- often grinding and hard -- produce the highest type of men. Among the names that have added to the Empire State during the present generation is Candler.

Three sons were born to Samuel C. and Martha B. Candler, all of whom have taken places of State-wide leadership: one a capitalist and philanthropist; another an eminent jurist, and once a member of Congress; the other -- the subject of this sketch -- an outstanding preacher, a parliamentarian, a religious statesman and leader, holding the highest office in the gift of a great Church -- Warren A. Candler.

For more than three decades he has been recognized as one of the Southland's leaders in civic and religious life -- a preacher of tremendous power. His mind is cast in a mold that can take in nothing little or mean. As a parliamentarian, we doubt if he has an equal on the continent. He could manage a United States Senate as easily as he could preside over a District Conference. Bishop Candler is a master of assemblies. A dozen men may be on the floor at once, all clamoring for recognition; motion after motion, with amendments and

substitutes, may be fired at him from every part of the building, but he never loses his head, of what is next in order, or what is "out of order." As the chairman, he can state the motion, the amendment, or what is before the house amid all the confusion.

We have always regarded Bishop Candler as a kind of ideal in all he did, but he was never greater to me than when he presided over one of the General Conferences in one of the stormiest sessions perhaps in the history of the Church. It was when the old War Claim question was before that body. Those who remember the calm abandon with which Bishop Candler guided the heated session must see in him a consummate parliamentarian. Others lose their heads, but the Bishop never does. In this regard he towers above most men, so far as we have observed.

It can be said, with justice to all, that the South has no greater preacher. There may be others with some scholarly touches which the Bishop may not possess, but in expounding the gospel of the atoning sacrificial death of Christ, without any new emphasis or apology, Bishop Candler easily ranks at the top. Regardless of what text or subject he may be expounding, one has the feeling, when he is through, that about all has been said that can be said on the subject.

It is a great pity that Bishop Candler cannot be in some metropolitan pulpit, where the throngs could wait on his ministry, and have a powerful broadcasting station attached, so that he could preach to the whole nation. What a contrast would be his mighty gospel, as compared with Cadman, Fosdick, and others, who are favored with such opportunities. The episcopacy is a big job, but it circumscribes a man of Bishop Candler's caliber.

Warren A. Candler was born August 23, 1857, in Carroll County, Ga. At the age of fifteen he entered Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and three years later graduated with the highest honors. The following autumn, 1875, he joined the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was assigned to the Newton Circuit. Two years later he was married to Miss Nettle Curtwright. Each appointment was a promotion; the third charge was Merritt's &venue, Atlanta. The following year he was made presiding elder of the Dahlenega District, and was at the time the youngest presiding elder in the Church. After he finished his term on the district he served Sparta and St. John, in Augusta. After this he was elected assistant editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, where he served for two years. While living in Nashville, he supplied for a time the old McKendree Church, and in this religious and intellectual center he soon gained a Church-wide reputation as a preacher.

At the end of two years he was called by the Board of Trustees of Emory College, -- his Alma Mater -- to the presidency. Being only thirty-one years old, he was the youngest college president of any American college. In this new position he very soon exhibited unusual ability as a financier, and the school's endowment grew to such an extent that it was placed in a rank with the foremost colleges of the

State. His work as an educator gave him prestige throughout the Church; and his well-known ability as a preacher was such that it was no surprise when he was elected to the episcopacy in 1893, when scarcely forty years of age.

During the more than three decades he has served as a bishop no man in American Methodism has wielded a greater influence. He has been a regular contributor to the Atlanta Journal, giving out timely messages on whatever themes he desired to discuss. In those contributions he has produced for the world "the beaten oil of the sanctuary" -- truth on social, political, and religious problems, handled by a master. He has been able to draw from a ripe scholarship and extensive reading information that qualifies him to speak with authority. What he says goes without challenge. Many of those messages, along with others, have been reproduced in the Church press: so that Bishop Candler speaks not only to the entire Southland, but touches other parts of the nation.

Bishop Candler is being charged with being ultraconservative, and to a degree prejudiced on matters pertaining to orthodox faith, unification of Methodism, and other modern tendencies of the times. It is a calamity to our Southland that we have so few of his kind. He is holding a place in defense of the Bible and the doctrines of the Church that will be hard to fill. The charges being made against our beloved Bishop reflect no discredit on him; for he could not more highly honor his calling than to stand as the champion of the Bible and the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. Bishop Candler believes the Bible. We once heard him say: "The trouble with the gospel today is that it has been bleached out too often." In other words, the blood is no longer being given the proper emphasis.

We regret, more than we have words to express, that Bishop Candler is so near the sunset. While he is still vigorous, and it seems that his mental and physical powers were never stronger, think of what it would mean to our Church in her fight against modernistic tendencies if the Bishop were twenty years younger. His Damascus blade is still keen, and it is unsheathed for all enemies of the Church; but it cannot continue in the distant tomorrow, when such a blade will be sorely needed.

He is a true son of the South. Born and bred in Georgia, he was a lad not yet in his teens when the dark scourge of war prostrated his country, and with thousands of others he has not forgotten those fearful experiences. When all these things are remembered, we can better understand the conservative spirit of the man touching the questions that have been agitating Methodism for many years. He knows the people of the South their faults and their virtues -- and the Bishop is not alone in his views of what is best for his Church.

We have noted some of the factors in the make-up of this great leader. He is an executive and a master of assemblies -- par excellence; he is a writer, lucid, terse, epigrammatic on any theme he wishes to discuss -- there are no dull, monotonous paragraphs coming from his pen. His logic leaves no open spaces for

the enemy; his sarcasm is withering. It is a genuine thrill to read from his pen when he turns the broadside of his powers upon conceited, sophisticated scholarship and apostles of new ideas. "Mossbackism" -- O yes, perhaps it is; but like a cat tossed into the air, the Bishop always alights on his feet.

We have observed that, in sermon or public address, the same powers of repartee and cutting sarcasm and flashes of timely wit are always at his command, and can be brought into action with the same telling effect as when preparing a rejoinder or contribution in the quiet of his study. He knows the language of the street; he knows the viewpoint of the negro and the unlearned white man of the South. When he chooses he can use slang, so that it fits like classic English. He has a spontaneous wit that is never lacking in sermon or address and holds the sympathy and good will of his auditors so completely that their minds and hearts are open for tremendous truths that will follow.

Bishop Candler is a rare combination. We love and honor him as a ten-talented man, not only to Methodism, but to the whole nation. In the first minute of his appearance before any audience they will discover that a man is before them. He is unique in physical aspects; his soft though stentorian voice, accentuated by Southern vernacular of speech, grips his hearers, and time flies by unnoticed. Bishop Candler is truly a great preacher. We doubt if ever an audience grew tired under his messages, and this is the acid test of a public speaker and true orator.

As a writer, the Bishop has made some lasting contributions to the literature of his Church. Scarcely a year passes but he produces a book on some vital theme. In addition to all those rare and unusual qualifications mentioned above, he has been an efficient agency in giving to the Church one of her greatest universities, and one that is foremost in the South. He, more than any one else, did the planning, organizing, and carrying to success the big task of bringing Emory University into existence. So, in conclusion, it can be said that, from the beginning as a youth until the present hour, Warren A. Candler has been a successful doer of big things.

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22 -- GIPSY (RODNEY) SMITH

The Jew is a wonder among the peoples of the earth; but his origin is no mystery. His racial characteristics and clannish life are without parallel in all the world. But Gipsies cannot be traced to any certain origin; they have traits and habits found nowhere else; their origin has baffled the anthropological experts. It is believed that they were first known of in India; but being a wandering, nomadic people, without records or other institutions of civilization, this is all conjecture. They are supposed to be a thieving, immoral, treacherous people; but a close-up of the soul life of Gipsies reveals some astonishing moral qualities, They have laws and methods governing their social and domestic life that our boasted civilization

might well copy. They are religious and believe implicitly in God, in spite of their superstitions and other strange notions.

Now, in all this we face a mystery. They are doubtless from that great expanse of country lying east of the Mediterranean Sea; they are from the lands of the nomadic tribes, yet they are neither Turk nor Arab; still they have many 'habits and customs similar to those "wild asses of the desert." The Gipsy is hard to explain, as he rather belongs to the peoples of "No Man's Land." Nobody is sure about him; therefore we have the same right as others to conjecture as to who and what he is -- it is all vague. We hear much about the "lost tribes of Israel," the ten tribes. What has become of them? They could not have been absorbed without violating all the traditions of the Jews in all the world.

We have always had some notions about the Gipsy; then after reading the life of Gipsy Smith -- an autobiography -- we have been confirmed in our views. But the author does not hint at such a proposition. Gipsies belong to the Semitic races; that much is true. They live in tents, and are pilgrims and strangers in the earth, with no fixed habitation. The Jews are Semitic, and for centuries dwelt in tents. Gipsies do not mix with other races; neither do the Jews. Gipsies are intensely religious in a wild, superstitious way, but are not Christ followers. They reverence God; so do the Jews. They have clean traditions -- they keep the Sabbath day -- and there are very few who do not have Bible names. The Gipsies all want their babies christened; and lastly, the two peoples are strikingly similar in face, eyes, hair, etc. Both are a "peculiar people." We therefore believe that the Gipsy is of Jewish origin, and there seems to be no other rational explanation of this strange people.

But this chapter proposes to draw a brief pen picture of Gipsy Smith, an evangelist and soul saver of international renown. He was born in a tent on March 31, 1860, in the Parish of Wanstead, Epping Forest, England. He was schooled in all the petty pilfering of his people. One of the most pathetic pictures in the life of this Gipsy boy was when smallpox got among them and his mother died of the epidemic and was quarantined so that none of the children could see her after she was dead. "This great sorrow" says little Rodney, "broke my childish heart." This visitation was the turning point in the life of Cornelius Smith -- the father; he sought God continually until he found him, and likewise did his two brothers. They visited a Wesleyan Methodist Church during a revival, which resulted in the salvation of the Smith brothers. Cornelius became an evangelist among his people at once. About this time he came in contact with William Booth, who was just beginning his mission work. Booth used the "converted Gipsy" in many special meetings, and with unusual success.

Rodney was a street peddler of clothespins and other trinkets made by the women and girls; the men traded, the women worked at making little articles during the day and told fortunes in the evening, while the children did the selling. But his life soon weighed heavily on the heart of Cornelius Smith, who began praying and holding on to God for the salvation of his family He took them in the order of their

ages. He was greatly distressed over the salvation of his only daughter Tilly; as Rodney was older than she, he felt that the boy must be converted first. Will some one please explain this very unusual notion -- that blessings had to come to children, beginning with the oldest? Another Jewish tradition. However, Rodney was graciously saved, with what he called a "sky-blue" experience -- and it was at an altar -- "mourners' bench."

This great event occurred at or near the village of Caravan, also near to Bedford, the home of John Bunyan, where may be seen a monument in honor of his jail career. Rodney had a hard struggle; he spent much time in the woods, praying alone; he seemed to find peace, but could not get himself reconciled to making a public confession of Christ, he surrendered, but would not do it before men. But while attending a revival in a Primitive Methodist Church, near Cambridge, the transaction was closed. They were singing "Come, Humble Sinner," and when they sang the verse,

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die,"

he went to the altar, and his old Gipsy father prayed fervently for the lad. This was on November 17, 1876, and the spiritual birthday of little Rodney Smith who, as he says, "came through" with great assurance. Gipsy Smith often says he is a "Cambridge man."

At the time of his conversion Rodney Smith could neither read nor write; his first steps in learning were gleaned from reading various signs. In spite of this handicap, he felt that God had called him to preach, and his "maiden effort" was delivered to a congregation of turnips. He said that, judging from the silence and reverence given him, his message was gladly received. The three big Gipsy brothers held revival meetings in villages wherever they went, and Cornelius, who had made most of his living fiddling for country dances, was known as the "fiddling Gipsy" and was a great attraction everywhere.

Later they all attended a revival at Whitechapel Road, conducted by William Booth, who called Cornelius Smith to the platform and asked about his son, who he had understood wanted to be a preacher. The boy was called into a private room, where the great leader interviewed the lad, asking him, among other things, if he wanted to join their mission.

This was the beginning of Gipsy Smith's career. The lad returned to the tent city in much joy, took off his Gipsy clothes, dressed himself in the way other young men dressed, left for his first try-out as a member of the Salvation Army, and was assigned by William Booth to his first field of labor. He was sent to Whitby and placed in a kind of home, where he ate for the first time with knives and forks on a

table covered with a linen cloth. The boy had many seasons of discouragement and was embarrassed no little while trying to adjust himself to the social life of his new friends.

But the "Gipsy boy" was an attraction; crowds filled the building to hear his simple messages, unlearned in every manner of speech and expression, but unctonized by the Holy Spirit. His next field was Harteford, where he became more the master of himself, and the word flourished. His third appointment was at Manchester, under Ballington Booth, but he was not well received, owing to some friction, which grew very bitter among the workers, because of the popularity of this Gipsy boy. It is the same old story; those who can do the things that others are unable to do must suffer because of mean, contemptible jealousies.

From Manchester he was moved to Hartley. This was the beginning of Gipsy Smith's great career. He secured an old circus building which had a capacity of thousands, while thousands waited upon his ministry and scores were converted almost weekly. So great had become the popularity of Gipsy Smith that Ballington Booth succeeded in having him again removed. The whole town petitioned for his return, but the old Salvation Army leader felt that he was becoming too popular with the world to render acceptable service in the Army. When he left Hartley, his friends presented him with a gold watch; and when this was reported to Headquarters Gipsy Smith was discontinued from the ranks of the Salvation Army.

This only served to increase his reputation. He returned to Hartley, remained there for many years, and his ministry became nation-wide. It was a blessing, both to Gipsy Smith and to the world, that he was dismissed from the Salvation Army, as that line of work would have been a handicap to this man of destiny.

In 1889 he first visited America and conducted a great revival in Nostrand Avenue Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His ministry for over thirty years has been on a large scale, as scarcely anywhere can a building be found that will accommodate his audiences. He has made five evangelistic tours of America, and held revivals in nearly all the large cities. His gospel is preeminently one of love, showing a heart of tenderness and compassion for lost men. The fiery denunciation has no place in his messages; like D. L. Moody, he loves people into the kingdom of God.

Until 1897 Gipsy Smith preached as a layman; since that time he has been an ordained minister, or rather a missionary of the National Council of Free Churches. He has one son who is also preaching the gospel with marked success. Gipsy Smith is now seventy years old and will doubtless have many more years of effective service for the Master, who has so signally honored the "Gipsy boy" and given him a place in the front rank of great soul winners.

This is a skeptical world, and many balk at ordinary miracles. A cripple cannot be cured or an ax float by supernatural means• O no; but who cannot see

the supernatural in the life of such a man as Gipsy Smith? A poor, ignorant Gipsy boy touched by the Divine Healer of souls; then his spirit awakes; he begins to testify concerning God's work wrought in him. He first tells his Gipsy people, then crowds, then multitudes- finally the nations. His life is one long splendid miracle of grace, and thousands will testify to its authenticity. May he continue to do great things in the name of the Lord!

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23 -- WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

The law of cause and effect does not always operate in the affairs of men touching promotions, honors, etc.; the greatest men are not always chosen presidents of the nation; the ablest men are not always chosen to the episcopacy. These honors come through conjuring of circumstances and carefully worked out plans of organizations. "It is better to be right than to be president" is a well-known saying, which was more surely exemplified in the life of William Jennings Bryan than in the life of any other person in the history of our nation. With the personality, magnetism, and superior eloquence of this princely man, "all the king's horses" could not have pulled him away from the White House, had he but lowered the standard of his convictions.

The second time he was nominated for president, one of the leading New York politicians spent several days with him at Lincoln, Nebr., urging him to modify his views, but without success. He remained at home during the convention, and held up the proceedings for more than two days, in which time the platform committee wrestled with his demands. He literally forced that great body to "come over" to his ideas before he would accept the nomination. This was never done by any other man, elected or defeated, before or since. This writer was in the convention hall when the committee finally yielded, brought in its report and announced Mr. Bryan's doctrines. In anticipation of this, ten thousand small flags had been distributed among the delegates; also a picture of Mr. Bryan, some ten feet square, between two gigantic flags, was unfolded before the vast audience, and for thirty-five minutes there was pandemonium, which was amplified by a band of some fifty instruments and the waving of those flags. We doubt if, in the history of nations, there was ever a greater demonstration. We mention this to show the personal power and influence of a man in the presence of strong political enemies.

Before we discuss some of the more serious characteristics of Mr. Bryan, there is one more outstanding victory which should be mentioned. When Woodrow Wilson was nominated for president, the convention by a large majority had been instructed for another man. Mr. Bryan did not believe this other man suitable for the presidency, so, to avoid a gigantic blunder on the part of a great nation, he threw himself with all his powers before the onward rush of plans already fixed, and forced the convention to set aside pre-convention pledges and nominate Woodrow Wilson.

Now let us give a résumé of Mr. Bryan's political triumphs. Beginning with his first nomination, which swept the convention like wildfire under the power of his eloquence, until the Baltimore Convention, twenty years later, where he individually caused the nomination of Mr. Wilson, we find five national conventions absolutely dominated by this one man -- W. J. Bryan. Three times nominated for the leadership of his party, he controlled the other one, brought victory to his party, and gave to the world, as the leader of a great crisis, Woodrow Wilson. We contend that, in the history of nations, not forgetting Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, et al., no man has ever wielded such an influence in a great nation. This record has no duplicate in the history of men -- a broad statement, but we challenge refutation from history.

We have mentioned the political career of Mr. Bryan as a prelude to the greater man, as he was greater than a political party, and a different perspective is necessary before the true majesty of his character is revealed. Mr. Bryan had political ambitions -- no one can doubt this; but above and below this ambition burned a passion of soul so true and honest that it would not allow him to surrender one infinitesimal part of his principle. He would not "stoop to conquer." Other men have virtually said: "Make your platform and I'll get on it." Mr. Bryan says: "I am on my platform; you must accept it, or I get off."

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, at Salem, Ill., the son of Silas L. and Maria E. Bryan. The parents were of the best Virginia stock, coming from Culpeper County. Silas Bryan was a lawyer and a gentleman, and for many years was "Hon. Judge Bryan," a Presbyterian elder; notwithstanding he was active in local and State politics, he was known as a pious Christian gentleman. Judge Bryan wisely placed his family on a farm near Salem, so that his sons might have the clean, wholesome environment of pure air and hard manual labor. William Jennings Bryan was taught the rudiments of education by his mother until he was ten years old; he then entered Whipple Academy, at Jacksonville, Ill., where he remained two years, after which he entered Illinois College in the same city. While in college the young man took an active part in literary societies and gained a campus reputation as a speaker and debater.

Mr. Bryan graduated from Illinois College in 1880 with the highest honors and was the valedictorian of his class. He attended Union Law School at Jacksonville, Ill., for two years afterwards became his wife; she was also a law student and was admitted to the bar with her husband. Mr. Bryan practiced law at Jacksonville until 1887, in the law office of Lyman Trimble, a man of leadership both in his profession and in politics.

Mr. Bryan went to Lincoln Nebr., in 1887, and there, as a rising young attorney and a local politician, began a career that was meteoric in its splendor. The young lawyer attracted more than local attention by his eloquent speeches on tariff reform and was offered the nomination of Lieutenant Governor of the State, but

declined this honor. In 1880 he made the race for Congress on the platform of free tariff on such commodities as wood, lumber, coal, sugar, and other necessities, and was elected in a district where the opposite party usually held the majority.

The average man is scarcely known in Congress until he has served several terms; but that body of men soon found out that Mr. Bryan was there, and when he made his speech on the Wilson Tariff Bill they sat up and took notice. The highest compliment that can be given a member of Congress is to be heard by his colleagues; usually they sit with their backs to the speaker, read papers, and pay absolutely no attention to what is being said. They listened to Mr. Bryan as he delivered his "maiden speech."

1896 Mr. Bryan was first nominated for president, but was defeated because his doctrines were believed to be revolutionary. When the Spanish-American War came on Mr. Bryan offered his services to his country and was given a commission as colonel of a volunteer regiment. However, the war was of brief duration, and his command saw no actual service at the front.

We wish now to notice that other side of this superb character. Mr. Bryan did not wait until his political ambitions were silenced to become a Christian leader; religion claimed no small part of his life, even during the years of political leadership. He was a devout, clean, high-class Christian gentleman from the beginning. For more than thirty-five years he was in the limelight of publicity, and much of this time the object of severe and cruel criticism. But amid all this political slander and ridicule, not one word could ever be uttered against his personal character; and not one word of retaliation ever fell from his lips; he was too big to hit back, and perhaps no man was ever more provoked to do so. Mr. Bryan's private life was an open book, clean and above reproach from any angle; his habits and conversation, in public and private, were as irreproachable as those of a cultured woman. At no time, with all the honors, which were world-wide, was he ever known to lower his standard of life and habits.

In the early days of his political career he delivered throughout the nation his famous lecture on the "Prince of Peace," which was a masterpiece of eloquence and an illuminating commentary on the God-Man Saviour. Mr. Bryan believed the Bible with the simplicity of a child. Notwithstanding he was a careful student of all the deeper questions of life, at no point of his religious compass did he lose his bearings on the authenticity of God's inspired Word. On the teachings and faith of this Book he fashioned his life. The truth of God's Word seemed to have been rooted and grounded in the soul fiber of Mr. Bryan by experience, which is the last word of controversy.

After enjoying political honors and distinction to an extent perhaps awarded to no other man, Mr. Bryan became a champion of two great causes -- one national prohibition, which he lived to see triumph. Mr. Bryan's voice and pen sounded out the clarion call to national righteousness. His paper, *The Commoner*, stood for two

decades the champion of human rights and against sin in high places. There was never an uncertain sound on issues between right and wrong. Mr. Bryan was a preacher of righteousness with a sincerity that could not be questioned; he believed his message. This was true when his "Cross of Gold" swept the nation with enthusiasm. He no more played to the galleries at the Chicago Convention in 1896 than when he was defending the Word of God and the rights of the people against the loud-mouthed atheist at Dayton, Tenn.

In the death of William Jennings Bryan our blinded, sin-burdened world suffered an irreparable loss. From this writer's limited viewpoint, he was never needed so much as now. The things he stood for are being defended by others; but the place he had won in the thinking of the world gave him a conspicuous position not occupied by any other man; he could speak with influence and authority.

When the life of William Jennings Bryan is studied from every angle, free from prejudice, we have no hesitancy in placing him among the world's greatest one hundred men -- a citizen of America standing without a peer. He was primus inter pares as a writer, thinker, orator, leader of men, champion of righteousness; and with it all he was a devout, humble believer and follower of Jesus Christ as Lord. Where can such a combination be duplicated? In our opinion, not among the men of this nation. We have had none like him, and it is doubtful if we shall ever see another William Jennings Bryan.

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24 -- JOHN R. MOTT

It was during our second year in college; life was all a sophomoric uncertainty. It was a struggle, trying to locate plans in the maze of poverty and hardships. The pictures of those days are some of the most sordid of any hanging on the walls of memory. But just now we remember that this sketch is not an autobiography, but a short story of a man who has figured large in the affairs of the world. However, this little page of personal history is given to bring out the setting of another picture.

One morning at chapel the leader of student activities announced that John R. Mott would be present that Saturday evening and remain over the Sabbath; that he would address the student body that night and would hold conferences with the various groups until Monday night. The announcement had no meaning out of the ordinary; but it was the first time we had ever heard of Mr. Mott. When he appeared on the platform that night, we saw a tall, athletic-looking young man, wearing a very pronounced pompadour.

We remember not a word of the speech, but we do recall that his magnetism and personality gripped our inmost being. We have heard Mr. Mott many, many times since then when he addressed great assemblies, but we only think of him as

he was then -- a young man, only a year or two out of college, traveling as Student Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Mott has never been so great to this writer as he was then. As a member of the Student Volunteer Movement, we met with the groups as he outlined to us the big plan and the program for the "Evangelization of the World in This Generation." We got very little from his optimistic plans, but we did get much in every way from close contact with the man. It was the first time we were ever in touch with a cultured college man, with a great spiritual "vision, and new fires were kindled in the soul. Mr. Mott impressed upon us the fact that Christ was entitled to the best brain and culture in the land, and that they must be furnished by college men.

Mr. Mott was not in those days serving as general overseer of big movements or sitting in council with religious leaders, seeking to solve big world problems. He was an evangelist-though a layman -- with a burning message to lost men. In two public addresses he preached the gospel and pressed the question of personal salvation upon the students. In fact, all the Y. M. C. A. workers in those days were soul-winners, and salvation was the keynote of their messages. It was then truly a Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Mott looked after the functionary routine of his work, but personal salvation was the burden of his ministry. Since then his ability to handle assemblies has turned his life into supposed wider channels, but we are glad that we came under his influence when he "preached the gospel" to lost men.

John R. Mott was born in Livingston Manor, N. Y., May 25, 1865. He prepared for college at the local high school, entered Cornell University in 1884, and graduated from that institution in 1888. He developed marked powers in religious leadership while in college, and was an active worker in the Y. M. C. A., which was just then being organized as a factor in college life. Mr. Mott had been a delegate from Cornell to several Association meetings, and this brought him before the National Committee. Immediately upon his graduation he was chosen Student Secretary for the National Committee. About the year 1890 he was made chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement, which was an adjunct to the Y. M. C. A. This position brought the great question of missions and world evangelization to his attention, and for special study.

Soon Mr. Mott became secretary of the International Student Committee, and step by step he has climbed in world leadership. He was chosen leader of the Christian Students' Federation about the year 1895, and this position gave him access to the mission fields of all countries and all denominations. No other person has had such a wide opportunity, as other great leaders have been in a large measure circumscribed by the fields of some particular Church. Three years later Mr. Mott was made Foreign Secretary of this Federation. He was at the same time chairman of the American Council of the Young Men's Christian Association and perhaps had more to do with the Association work in this country than any other man.

In 1901 Mr. Mott's position in World Missionary Activities became wider than ever when he was chosen General Secretary of the International Committee, which gave him leadership of the Y. M. C. A. for the whole world. In 1910 he was chosen chairman of the World's Missionary Conference, which was Interchurch and International in its scope. No man in any Church has enjoyed such distinction. Throughout the years Mr. Mott has traveled into every nook and corner of the earth, and has lectured before students and Christian workers of every nationality; he has also presided and lectured before the greatest Church gatherings of America and Europe. It is doubtful if there is in America a preacher or layman who has wielded a wider influence in the religious circles of the world than John R. Mott. It has been conceded that he is the leading religious statesman of the world.

His extensive travel and study qualified him to speak with authority on many of our political questions. His careful survey of the missionary problems of the various countries gave him an insight into the political status of those countries as well. During Mr. Wilson's first term of office Mr. Mott was selected by the President on a committee of three to study the delicate status existing between the United States and Mexico. No man was called into council with Woodrow Wilson more often than he, and his advice was sought and heeded on many of the world questions.

As an expression of Mr. Wilson's confidence in Mr. Mott as a statesman, as well as a religious leader, he was offered the post of Ambassador to China. At that time no foreign country needed wiser representation from Washington than did the Orient. The position was not accepted by Mr. Mott.

When Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Mott, a Methodist layman, was offered the presidency of Princeton University as Wilson's successor; but he declined the honor, and very wisely, as his work at that time was of a much wider sphere. When the World War came on Mr. Mott threw himself into the task of superintending war work. Some believe that some grave and irreparable mistakes were made when the Association agreed to accept the army canteen. But General Pershing pressed it upon them, and said that he knew he was giving them a "lemon" when he did; and there was no other organization so related to all the Churches that could handle it. The Y. M. C. A. will perhaps never regain the ground lost during the World War service.

Here are the facts: The Y. M. C. A. served fifteen hundred "huts" among the Allied Armies, employing eight thousand young men and five hundred women, every one of whom was endorsed by some church. Often they could not get supplies for the front lines; often their trucks were commandeered by the Army. The prices of all supplies were fixed by the War Department. Often goods that had been donated got into the shipment of general supplies. A few crooks got into the employment, which resulted in much criticism, and the most of the "much-ado" was propaganda. The Salvation Army served forty "huts"; the Knights of Columbus served sixty -- and with both these organizations the goods were donated, and of

course given to the soldiers. The funds of the Y. M. C. A. were such that this was impossible; for the Y. M. C. A. had to account for all goods received and sold. During all the criticism that followed Mr. Mott kept the troubled waters more quiet perhaps than any other man could have done.

As we are getting a close-up of Mr. Mott, it can be said that, with all his scholarship and association with great institutions of learning, he has remained evangelical and orthodox. He has been a staunch exponent of the Bible, the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and the salvation of men. At no time has his voice or pen sounded out an uncertain note. He has been a positive defender of the faith in the highest intellectual circles of the world for more than thirty-five years.

John R. Mott has written several books that have been translated into other languages, as many perhaps as any other religious writer. His personal touch with all the mission fields made this possible. Mr. Mott is now Chairman of the International Missionary Council, to which work he devotes practically the whole of his time, and he will doubtless continue as a great world force for many years to come.

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25 -- HENRY CLAY MORRISON

We doubt if there is a name in this country -- Billy Sunday not excepted -- better and more intimately known than that of H. C. Morrison. For more than thirty-five years he has been a national character -- a recognized leader in the deeper things of the gospel. In a remarkable way he has been able to live in the limelight championing an unpopular cause, at times in the face of bitter criticism. In the estimate of his Church and its leadership there is no man today more respected than he.

It was not always so -- far from it. When the Lord called Henry Morrison to the work of an evangelist, he was forced to sever his Conference relations, and a rigid law of the Church would not allow evangelists who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to go within the bounds of a pastor's work, or district, without the consent of either the pastor or the presiding elder. This law he considered undemocratic, unScriptural, and un-American to such an extent that he boldly conducted a camp meeting in Texas, which resulted in his character being arrested, and he was finally turned out of the Church. Before this happened, the Pentecostal Herald, founded and edited by him, was struggling for life; after that, the circulation went forward with leaps and bounds. Dr. Morrison appealed his case and was fully restored to his former relation. The dear brethren who were the prime movers of his expulsion are unknown today. In all probability the only notoriety they attained was the part they took in this unfortunate affair.

As a local preacher, shortly after this, he was sent by his Conference as a lay delegate to the General Conference of 1902, held at Dallas, Tex. Since then he has been restored to his Conference, has led the delegation to several General Conferences, and it is generally conceded that no man in the last session of that body wielded a greater influence. He was greeted with enthusiasm and applause every time he appeared on the floor, and his stentorian voice was commanding and compelling. By his absolute fidelity to his Church against all comers and goers, he has won for himself a coveted place of honor and respect. During the past decade he has been in constant demand, by invitation of the bishops, to hold special evangelistic services at Annual Conferences. During one Conference season he was invited to fourteen Conferences. Dr. Morrison is loved and honored by the bishops of the Church, who, by unanimous vote, elected him to the last Ecumenical Conference held in London.

We mention these high spots in the life of Henry Clay Morrison only to say another thing: He has been able to win out in all these unusual ways without in the least toning down his convictions in regard to a doctrine so dear to his heart. This doctrine is entire sanctification as a second work of grace, received by faith, subsequent to regeneration. For this doctrine he has fought the good fight; he has suffered criticism, and for many years ostracism. Only a brave, humble man, crucified to the world, could have done it. He has stood in the forefront, by voice and pen, as an exponent of the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness, or perfect love, and after long, struggling years, his Church appreciates his value.

Henry Clay Morrison was born March 10, 1857, in Trimble County, Ky., but at the age of two he was left motherless, with a sister some two years older. He was then taken to live with his grandfather, William Morrison, in Barren County, Ky., about four miles east of Glasgow. Two years later his father died. It was in this rustic home that he had many enriching experiences, gleaned from field, wood, and homely sports, such as hunting, trapping, and fishing. While a lad scarcely entering his teens, he was genuinely converted at Old Boyd's Creek Methodist Church, not far from the home of his grandfather. He suffered all the pain and anguish of repentance, and that experience was the beginning of a career that can scarcely be duplicated in the history of Methodism.

When this writer was a student at Vanderbilt University, it was reported one day among the theologues that H. C. Morrison was in Nashville. We inquired as to who he was, etc., and a fellow student made this remark: "He is some preacher; it is said of him that the stage lost an Edwin Booth when he entered the ministry." We saw him the first time in the dining room of Wesley Hall one morning at breakfast. At that time one of the students was supplying Carroll Street Church, and he invited Brother Morrison to preach on Sunday. That was the first time we ever heard him. A big crowd of the young preachers attended the service; the following week there was much comment and no little adverse criticism; but this writer was never able to get away from the message of that Sunday morning in Carroll Street Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn., during the month of May, 1894.

We met him next in Dallas, Tex., at the General Conference, already mentioned in this chapter. We sat by him at his table; his delegation drew a position near the platform, and as we were there in the interest of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, we had a close-up of all that happened. He preached every night at an obscure Methodist Episcopal Mission. When the Sunday appointments were announced, he was assigned to this same place, the humblest perhaps in the city. But we missed no opportunity of sitting under his ministry, notwithstanding his ill favor with the Church.

This chapter may be more of a personal reminiscence than a biographical sketch. That is exactly what we purposed it to be, as these events, flowing in from many angles, resulted in a confluence that had more to do with our life and ministry than all other influences combined. We shall never cease to thank God for the casual visit of H. C. Morrison at Nashville, Tenn., long years ago. We have often wondered what our ministry would have been but for that coincidence. We shall say this: a friendship was formed and a hunger created that gave us a new vision, a new ministry -- and a new Bible.

Whatever our ministry has meant to the world in its evangelistical aspects and written messages, we can humbly and truthfully say that its fruition came about directly and indirectly through the contacts mentioned above. The full realization of this new vision came at Des Moines, Iowa, under the preaching of H. C. Morrison June 10, 1902. We have been a poor and unworthy exponent of these glorious realisms; but we carry on, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching out for the future.

Dr. Morrison's life and ministry has grown in geometrical proportions during the past two decades, until now he is a world-known exponent of the highest and best things of the gospel. Audiences all around the world have been blessed by his great messages, and his pen is going daily with a tremendous urge. Books of virile character are coming from his pen in rapid succession. We know of no man who is putting more material into print, and delivering more messages to the world by both voice and pen, than is he. For more than twenty years we have been hearing his marvelous deliverances, and at no time in the past did he seem to be more vigorous and compelling than now. He is living at an age when most men are on the shelf, or waiting for the boatman and the sunset; but Dr. Morrison is full of faith and good works and carries a vision for the future. He has great plans for unfinished tasks as if he were just beginning. The hall mark of old age is when men and women live and dream in the past, living over continually the scenes of yesterday. But old age is defied so long as life is looking earnestly to the future with zeal for great things needed to be done. We know of no man in whom this principle is so fully exemplified as it is in Dr. Morrison; he moves forward with no backward look. Big things are ever present to be done; the blinded, sinful world lies in the throes of agony, and his sensitive, anxious soul responds to every heart-throb of pain.

Fifteen years ago he became the president of Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., when that institution was without buildings, without money, and had a standing that was almost nil in the educational world. Anyone who now visits Asbury College, and sees the group of up-to-date buildings and a student body of over eight hundred of the finest boys and girls to be found on this continent, sees a graduating class of one hundred and fourteen young men and women receiving diplomas of standard merit, can appreciate something of what has been done through the tireless energy and undaunted faith of one man. Of course there were strong, good men cooperating with Dr. Morrison, but he was the soul of the enterprise.

Asbury College is no longer a joke among the conceited scholastics of the country; it is an institution doing credit to any cultured center in America. And besides, the work has been done without all the hippodrome methods of intercollegiate athletics; without the "senior hops," the "junior proms," the "sponsor's ball," etc., which occupy so great a part in the life of the average American college. Asbury College -- sans cigarettes, sans petting parties, sans everything but clean, wholesome, healthy intramural sports in an atmosphere that seeks first of all the religious and moral welfare of the students. Falling across this school from every angle is the shadow of a man, and with him a group of pious men and women with the same perspective. Dr. L. R. Akers, successor to Dr. Morrison as president of Asbury College, is an aggressive educator, standing firmly for those principles and doctrines upon which the school was founded.

Much has been written and known of H. C. Morrison, but we could not close this series of characters who have injected themselves upon the world with ideals and programs so utterly unworldly, and do it with success, without including our good friend and brother. There are a number of men associated with Dr. Morrison, who have wrought mightily in the realm of faith. A chapter could be written of Dr. J. W. Hughes, the founder of Asbury College, under whose teaching and influence have gone out scores of great leaders. It is an honor of no mean proportions to have sent out into the world such men as Bishop Fred Fisher, Dr. W. G. Cram, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, and scores of successful pastors and evangelists. There is Rev. L. L. Pickett, whose ministry has been threefold: that of the evangelist, the author, and the writer of songs. Brother Pickett has given out no uncertain sound, and his score or more of books have a vital message. There is also Rev. J. B. Culpepper, called the "Dean of Southern Evangelists"; a great preacher and master of assemblies, whose pen never wrote a dull paragraph. We might mention many other chosen vessels of the Lord whose names, we trust, are in the Lamb's Book of Life who have made their eternal contribution to the Modern Apostles of Faith.

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A man standing over six feet, modest as a country girl, unsophisticated as a child-Alvin C. York -- a miracle. We can see it in no other light -- a miracle, but a paradox -- a miracle in military achievement -- the astonishment of great military experts. Here was a lad living the drab life amid the mountain solitudes; no exemplification of genius in any direction, except his unerring marksmanship and bravery among the mountain toughs where he associated before he was saved. His was a life schooled to the highest efficiency in woodcraft and sowing "wild oats" across the creek or across the Kentucky border; a big, ruddy, muscular, sandy-haired product of nature in her simplest form. But in his steady blue eyes and nervous organism there was no such word as fear. He could look you straight in the eye without a tremor. In this untutored lad there slumbered all the elements of greatness -- of manhood, par excellence; in him were powers undeveloped in the simplest things of life; powers capable of ruling a Senate or commanding a division of soldiers; and with as much sangfroid as Napoleon ever manifested when at the crest of his military career.

Had Alvin York lived in the days of romance and chivalry, he could easily have outshone in thrilling adventure Robin Hood, the Black Knight, Captain Kidd, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, or the James boys. The glamour of such a character comes out in the full blaze of the camera, the Associated Press, and leaves no room for the imagination of the thrill writer. But the elements are all there; doubtless, if the world rocks on for another century as it is now, some fiction writer will give the youth of that age, not only a "best seller," but a hair-raising yarn with our modest hero of Pall Mall featured in the center of the stage. But now the swimming girl, the baseball idol, and the football star overshadow the glory of a man whom General Pershing and Marshall Foch declared the "greatest hero of the World War."

Alvin York, the crack marksman, the fearless mountain rounder, got religion, then later professed the blessing of entire sanctification. Herein is the heart of the story -- the explanation of a feat that has astonished the whole world. He was not a "volunteer, but rather a "conscientious pacifist." He knew little of what it was all about, had no enmity against the Germans, and had no desire to kill any of them. But he consented to go after much prayer, and after much explanation on the part of an army officer concerning the righteousness of the cause for which he was ready to give his life in defense.

But there was some inside history to this man's calmness and unfaltering courage, when the amazing test came. Behind a log altar, in the far away solitudes of his forest home, Alvin York got the assurance that the German bullets would never touch him; this assurance he no more doubted than he doubted that he was in the war. There was no lost motion in the critical moments when the fraction of a second counted big in the issue. When the bushes were torn into shreds all around him by machine gun fire, his mind had the same poise as when he picked off a squirrel's head from the tallest tree in his Tennessee haunts, or clipped off the head of a turkey running at full speed fifty yards away, with rifle or pistol. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh

thee," was literally fulfilled and exemplified with Alvin York in that tragic critical hour -- October 8, in the woods of Chateau Thierry.

We shall not undertake to rehash that marvelous story, which has been told and retold so many times since the first story appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, written by some war correspondent who at the time was believed to be trying to "put over" a thriller on the public. But the whole story had been verified "over there" by the authorities before we knew of it. As a little interlude in this sketch, we will say that this quiet boy, with scarcely any training in military technique, single-handed and alone, during a fusillade of machine-gun fire, killed twenty-five German soldiers while they were all trying to kill him; and so terrible was his marksmanship, which was steadily picking them off, that the German officer offered to surrender if he would stop. Whereupon the officer blew his whistle and ordered all his men to disarm and surrender, as he thought, to a large number of American soldiers. But after all had been disarmed, and the officer placed between York and his men, the humiliating fact became known that the trick had been turned by one man.

When the surrender was complete, and one hundred and thirty-two Germans were marching in front of him, shielded by the German major, who knew too well that if one false move was made the death-dealing marksman was ready to get him first, seven of York's comrades joined him. Like the men of Naphtali, after the battle was won, they joined in the chase. When the prisoners were marched in, and it became known how they had been captured, an American officer said to him: "York, in the name of God, how did you do it? . . . I didn't do it," he replied with a sincerity that could not be doubted; "God did it through me." There you are; that is Alvin C. York, and he gave God all the glory, which, within itself, places him in a class of heroes -- all things considered -- sui generis. History tells us of none like him. Then, like a first magnitude meteor, bursting in the midnight sky, the simple-hearted, God-fearing boy from Pall Mall became famous.

Everybody wanted to see the man who had done it. They put him in a basket attached to a motorcycle and hurried him about among the high-ups of all the Allied armies. "I was scared green," he declared, as they bounced him over the shell-torn roads at ninety miles an hour. Everywhere great generals pinned upon him medals of the highest honor. A gigantic reception awaited him in New York; the Stock Exchange suspended business to do him honor. The United States Senate declared an intermission to do him deference, such as was scarcely ever accorded to any private citizen in its history. Wherever he went banquets were given in his honor and eulogies pronounced by America's greatest men.

Through it all he seemed a bit dazed, as if not able to understand what it was all about. He was anxious to look at the big men close up, and they were equally anxious to look at him. To him they were of far more importance than all the fuss being made over what he had done. Few men can stand the limelight of public applause; but the hero worshiping of presidents, statesmen, diplomats, generalissimos, and the screaming of the crowds changed Alvin York -- not in the

least. At no time did he lose his poise; he knew himself to be an ignorant boy from the Tennessee mountains, who trusted and believed that God was the One to whom all honor was due, and to this position he remained steadfast.

But contact with great and learned men taught him one supreme lesson; it brought to him keenly his own limitations. He saw that men of large affairs were men of culture and self-confidence, the resultant of mental training. Out of all the hubbub was born a consuming passion in the heart of this wonderful young man; yes, wonderful -- no other word will suffice. View him from any angle, and there will be seen basic factors of which the Washingtons, Lincolns, Gladstones, and Wesleys are made. "God will take care of you, if you'll trust him," he was often heard to say; and these words were not hackneyed phrases gathered from Sunday school and sermons. To Alvin York they were as absolute as the faith of Abraham when he offered up Isaac.

But another amazing thing happened; a series of things happened fast. Every offer imaginable was made him to cash in on his popularity. A side arms company, a machine gun company, at once offered him enormous sums of money to endorse their goods; vaudeville offered him as much as \$5,000 a week for an unlimited contract. A movie man begged him for three days to accept \$50,000 a day for three days, perhaps to shoot some Germans before the camera; but he had killed all the Germans he wanted to and would not accept the offer. Alvin York could have been a millionaire within twelve months after he landed in New York. But he wanted nothing for himself; he refused to commercialize his fame. God had guided him, helped him, protected him in a veritable hailstorm of lead; now he would not sell out to gratify a thrill-crazed public for gain -- even a fortune.

But Alvin York's heart was fired with a great passion; .not for himself, but for the under-privileged children of the mountains. As he had come in contact with masters in all walks of life, he compared himself, and found the comparison odious. He wanted money, but it must come from sources that his consecrated heart could approve. He had placed himself on the altar of God, and "the altar sanctified the gift." He did not propose to remove or to touch the gift of himself once offered, even for a fortune.

Now we are face to face with some stubborn facts, and we are appalled at the situation, when we remember the offers that were made to turn the cornucopia upside down upon him. This same Alvin York -- the greatest hero of the greatest war in all history; this hero extraordinary, whom the world wanted to make rich overnight -- has gone up and down the land trying to raise money for his school. He has been the guest of multi-millionaires and has been entertained and applauded; but in the long years, working at an unselfish task, he has not been able to raise the few thousand dollars necessary to build and equip his mountain school. The dear man is carrying a burden that has crushed him; at times he actually struggles to meet the Saturday pay roll of his workmen.

We regard the struggles of Alvin York for a righteous cause -- when we examine the proposition from every angle -- as a monumental travesty of American patriotism; it is an indictment of the conscience of a so-called Christian nation, so glaring and inexcusable that we should hang our heads in shame. But quietly and modestly he "carries on," holding on to his trust in God. However, he has no doubt begun to see what many great pulpit lights are unable to see, that this world is not dominated by the Spirit of God; that the world is under the influence of the great Usurper Prince, who is the God of this world -- a being who seeks to defeat, destroy, and discourage every plan and program for the glory of God.

York has been entertained in the homes of men who could have written him a check for \$100,000 and not miss it from their huge fortunes; but none of them have done it. O the shame of it all! Every devout man and woman in the land should hold this saintly character before the Throne, that his faith may not fail him -- a faith that has been the marvel of all who have known Alvin York -- on the battle fields and in social circles. God bless the simple faith of such a man!

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27 -- SOME CELEBRITIES IN THE FAITH

Space forbids our giving separate chapters to the great men we shall examine in this brief notice, however much they may deserve such recognition; but in making a résumé of religious characters who have wrought in a large way for the truths of the gospel we cannot overlook some men whose ministry has touched the entire English-speaking world -- and beyond.

SAMUEL D. GORDON

There is not a student, preacher, or teacher, interested in the deeper things of Christian living, who has not been greatly blessed and strengthened by a series of books which first began to appear in 1901. The author was unknown, except in Y. M. C. A. circles, and his first book was entitled "Quiet Talks on Power." The peculiar style and scriptural grasp on the sources of divine power won for this book a wide reading. Nothing just like it had ever appeared; it flowed in quiet, unassuming currents, but forged into the deepest channels of divine things, so that the name of the author -- S. D. Gordon-became known in every household where men and women sought help and inspiration.

Samuel Dickey Gordon was born in Philadelphia on August 12, 1859, and was educated in the public schools of that city. If he was college trained, there is no mention of it in the sources of information available. His first religious work was as assistant secretary to the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., where he began in 1884; after serving there for some time, he was called to the position of State secretary of the Ohio Y. M. C. A. He occupied this wider field for about ten years. In 1895 he began his career as public speaker; he traveled for four years in the Orient, addressing

student assemblies and religious gatherings. His peculiar style in public address gave him a distinctive field in Bible conferences and Missionary conventions. His messages had nothing to do with the big material problems of such assemblies, but dealt strictly with questions of personal religious experiences.

Dr. Gordon has published a series of the "Quiet Talks"-viz., "Power," "Prayer," "Service," "Jesus's Personal Problems," "World Winners," "Home Ideals," "About the Tempter," "Our Lord's Return," "Following Christ," "About the Crowned Christ," "The Deeper Meaning of the War," "Life After Death," "Simple Essentials," "The Healing Christ," and "The Crisis and After." "Quiet Talks" on all these themes will give the reader some idea of the wide scope of this unique author.

Dr. Gordon carries the idea of quietness in all his ministry; when he wishes to emphasize any sentence or reach a climax, it is by dropping his voice. "Softly, softly," he declares. He is in much demand at various assemblies and watering places, where for weeks he will address throngs, as he did recently in Atlantic City. His voice and pen ring true to our orthodox faith, and he is a staunch believer in the "Blessed Hope," and actually expects the return of Jesus before he dies.

J. H. JOWETT

We wish now to mention the great English divine, Dr. J. H. Jowett, who for many years occupied the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York City, but spent his last years in England, whither he was urged to return by Lloyd George, who recognized in him a man of such power and influence that the country needed his messages for the readjustment following the World War. We once heard Bishop Hendrix remark, when speaking of Dr. Jowett's books, that he was the greatest Bible expositor in the world -- that his messages were epoch-making.

Dr. Jowett was a finished scholar; he clothed his messages with such classic English that they are veritable gems of the printed page. His style has a charm scarcely equaled in religious literature -- certainly never excelled. He served as a pastor, but he was not a pastor; he left that work for others to do. He was consecrated only to his public ministry; his throne was his pulpit, and his power-room his study -- after that, the printed message for the world. He published scores of books, and all of them have to do with Bible expositions and commentaries -- or instruction for ministers. It is said of him that he was known to rewrite his sermons, or parts of them, as many as eleven times; polishing every sentence, eliminating every word for a better one, so that he gave out nothing but the "beaten oil of the sanctuary." We can understand that every line from the pen of Dr. Jowett is a classic; but it is not all made up of beautiful words and sentences; he gets to the very heart of Bible truth, and breaks the bread of life in every paragraph, until the reader is thrilled and blessed. Dr. Jowett was an apostle of Bible faith and revelation. So far as we have read him, there is not one note or inference that is not scriptural and orthodox. While he was in New York, he preached every Sunday to

the preachers of all creeds in and around the city. Fifth Avenue was a great religious forum. So long as men hunger for deeper spiritual truths, and the soul hungers for great spiritual leadership in the mysteries of godliness, the contributions of Dr. Jowett will be a source of inspiration. He was a world preacher, a student, and writer of one theme -- the revelation of Christ.

ARNO C. GABELINE

We call attention next to a man not generally known in religious circles, except by those who are interested in prophecy and the blessed hope. But to all who are seeking to keep in touch with the great pulse of the world, as interpreted by prophecy, no name stands higher than that of Dr. Arno C. Gabeline, of New York City. Dr. Gabeline was born in Germany, August 27, 1861, came to America in 1879, and received his education for gymnasium in the schools of this country. When a young man, at the age of twenty-four, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and served in Baltimore, Hoboken, and around the City of New York for a long time. He took charge of "Hope Israel Mission" in connection with the City Mission of New York.

About forty years ago he severed his connection with the Methodists, and is now, we believe, a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. But these are all secondary matters; we mention them only as a prelude to the man's ministry. About thirty-five years ago he established a little magazine called Our Hope, which has grown to be a world periodical. The beginning was very humble; but today Our Hope goes to the nations of the earth. Through this medium of expression Dr. Gabeline has become an outstanding figure in religious thinking and scholarship. As a Bible teacher of prophecy, we believe there is no greater among men; his education has been largely self-made; but his fund of information touching religious history through the centuries is nothing short of marvelous. Through the columns of Our Hope Dr. Gabeline gives to the world each month the best analysis of world problems that can be found in any periodical published. There is a kind of finality about all he says, both in books and editorials, that carries conviction of the truth of what he says. The movements of religious machinery and the sayings and doings of men in religious authority do not escape his eagle eye; as carefully as the engineer watches the rails in front of his engine, Dr. Gabeline watches the human make-believes of churchmen. We regard Dr. Gabeline as the greatest prophetic teacher of modern times. He is as orthodox as John Wesley or the Apostle Paul; his books on Daniel and Revelation are the best we have ever read. He has published at least a score of books, many of which have been translated into other languages. He is a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight." We advise all who are interested in our Lord's return to read the messages and books of Dr. Gabeline.

G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Our next sketch concerns G. Campbell Morgan, who was born in Tilbury, Gloucester, England, December 12, 1863, but is now a resident of America. As a lad in his early teens he was converted, called to the ministry, and sought to enter the Methodist Church Conference; but his limited education barred him entrance into the itinerancy of the Wesleyan ministry. He succeeded in securing admission into the Congregational Church in 1889 and served some humble charges; but in a short time he rose to some of the commanding pulpits of England of that denomination, such as Birmingham and Cambridge. He was finally called and served several of the largest churches in London, where his extraordinary powers of Bible exposition soon attracted nation-wide attention.

His first appearance in America was when he came to the Northfield Bible Conference, at the solicitation of Mr. Moody. From that time until the present hour his reputation as a teacher and preacher of Bible truth has grown both in England and in America. Without a doubt G. Campbell Morgan is one of the keenest intellects and one of the most astute expounders of the Scriptures in this generation. His exegetical powers are without parallel among the great preachers of this age; his voice is as clear as a violin tone, and his use of language in the delivery of his messages cannot be excelled.

The scores of religious books and commentaries from his pen have perhaps been more widely read than those of any other man within the past one hundred years, or any other century for that matter. His books are all great in their mastery of language, mastery of thought, and mastery of Bible interpretation. We are also glad to record that Dr. Morgan is a fundamentalist touching faith in the Bible and is an ardent believer in our Lord's premillennial coming. We have often wondered how that Methodist examining committee felt after they learned that the lad who came before them was to be some day the outstanding preacher of the times. Through their stupidity this great man was lost to Methodism. There are legions of examining boards, college and seminary professors, who measure everything by their own standards of efficiency and never know what is before them in a classroom; however, G. Campbell Morgan belongs to the whole world.

R. A. TORREY

Another name deserves an honored place among the Modern Apostles of Faith, and that man is Dr. R. A. Torrey, the man whom D. L. Moody selected to be his successor in carrying on his great work. Dr. Torrey was one of the great Bible teachers of the world, and for four decades he has been recognized throughout the world as one of the strongest defenders of God's truth. He has evangelized in every nation of the earth, and with remarkable success. He has given more religious books to the world than any other Bible scholar of the last one hundred years. Dr. Torrey stood foursquare for Bible orthodoxy and backed up his faith with a scholarly mind that the critics cannot gainsay.

He was reared as an Episcopalian, and while a student at Yale he was a social leader until he was graciously converted and called to the ministry. For many years he was pastor and superintendent of the Moody Bible School of Chicago; he then became the dean of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Calif., and was later pastor of the Church of the Open Door in Los Angeles. His name will hold an honored place among the world's spiritual leaders. As author, evangelist, and Bible teacher he was in the front rank.

There are many other great and near-great men, who might be listed in our series of Modern Apostles; but we have selected only those who have a peculiar stamp and powers that are different -- such as have placed them in a classification that cannot be doubted.

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THE END