

Samuel Leslie Morris
An Autobiography

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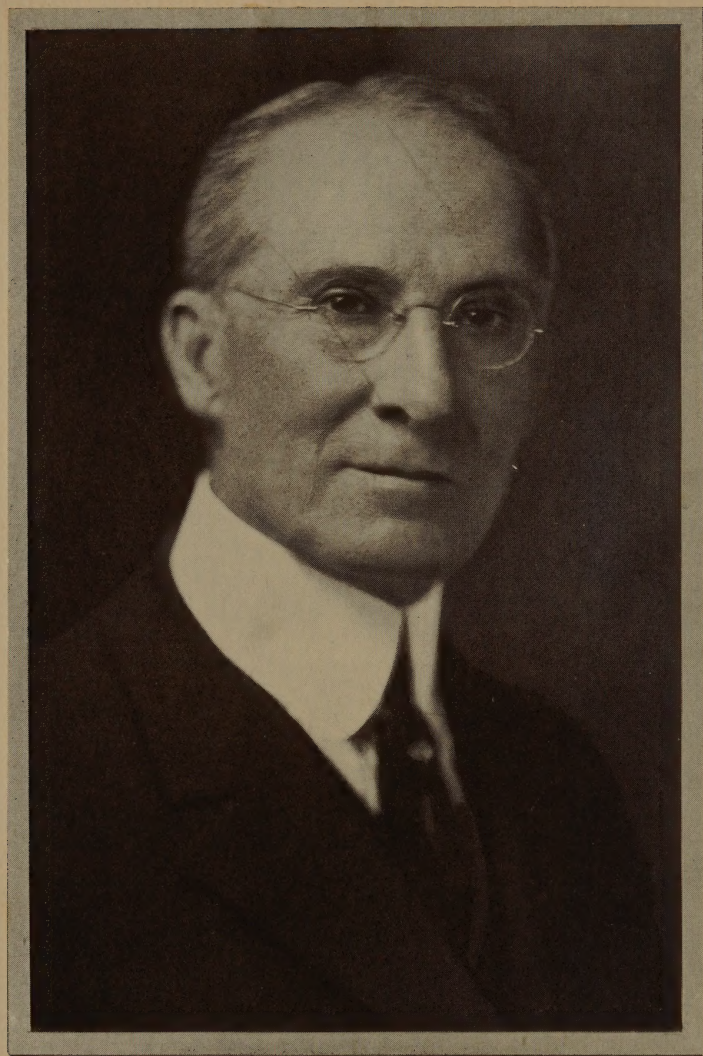
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S A M U E L L E S L I E M O R R I S

An Autobiography



SAMUEL LESLIE MORRIS, D.D., LL.D.

Samuel Leslie Morris

An Autobiography

“O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

“Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.”

Psalm 71:17, 18.



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TO
THE HOME MISSIONARIES
OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, U. S.
WHOSE DEVOTION, SELF-SACRIFICE AND GENTLENESS MADE
HER GREAT; AND WHO CONTRIBUTED WORTHILY
TO THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD,
THIS BOOK IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED



“WHEN the historian writes the history of national progress in the nineteenth century, he will first of all take account of the home missionary. The march of civilization is to the music of our religion. This gave the inspiration. Without that music the pioneer had not marched to such victory.”

CHARLES L. THOMPSON, D.D.
SECRETARY OF HOME MISSIONS
Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

P R E F A C E

As the basis of history, Biography plays a conspicuous part, since individual units are the essential factors that enter into the life of a nation. The ingredients which go make up the character and achievements of any people are wrought out in personal experiences, crystalized in deeds, and chronicled in biography.

Autobiography has its advantages and its handicaps. It has the advantage of being more accurate than records gathered from second-hand sources, but is offset by the necessity of discounting much of the material by reason of the partiality of the narrator for the subject of the memoirs.

It involves the well-nigh impossible task of furnishing a faithful record of facts without incurring the criticism of egotism. In this delicate problem the reader shares with the author the responsibility of arriving at a just estimate, for friendship or prejudice, in the mental attitude of the reader toward the author, will alike color the whole subject in the formation of a judicious judgment of the sketch presented for study. The author of this narrative cannot, therefore, hope to escape entirely either the just or unjust conclusions reached in the minds of the readers.

The object of this sketch is to shed light on important events connected with the life of the author, and to record personal experiences that may perhaps assist others in life's struggles for the attainment of higher aims and ideals.

The writer invokes the kind indulgence of his readers in mistakes that are inevitable, due to human frailty, but will be more than compensated for criticisms, justly incurred for defects of judgment, if some toiler in the rough highways of life is encouraged to higher and nobler purpose in the endeavor.

SAMUEL LESLIE MORRIS.

Atlanta, Ga.

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S A M U E L L E S L I E M O R R I S

An Autobiography

Ancestry

1

AT the request of my children and friends, for their information, I am undertaking to write a brief account of the recollections and incidents of my life and work. If this narrative should fall into hands of unsympathetic parties, I trust that they will at least appreciate and excuse the personal equation which necessarily enters so largely into the story. It could not be otherwise, being a personal narrative.

According to the genealogists, the "Morris" family is not only of great antiquity but distinguished in Norman, British and American history, and was probably a branch of the Royal Family of Wales. Few families today, however noble or ancient, can trace their descent by more accurate data farther back into the twilight of history.

The name is variously written and passed through many modifications according to nationality or family habit of spelling. The more frequent forms are: Mawrrhys or Mawrrees according to the original Welsh spelling; Morres, Morys, Morrice or Morris in its English variations; Maurice in French; and Mauritz in German.

Branches of the Family.

As "All Gaul is divided into three parts," so the "Morris" family is divided into three branches according to its three sources of ancestry: 1. Welsh, 2. Continental, and 3. Jewish. Mark Antony Lower divides them into the first two, and I have added the third. They will be considered in that order, as it follows the natural order of time.

1. The Welsh or Celtic branch of the "House of Morris" is the most ancient, so far as historic data can determine, in the effort to trace the genealogical line. Two derivations of the word are given. One states that Morris is formed from two Welsh words: 1. "Mawr," which signified "brave" (perhaps the same as "Mars," the God of War), and 2. "Rhys," meaning "rushing" or "flaming," so that "Mawrrhys" would signify "warlike." One other explanation is that "Mawr" means "great" and "Rhys" is "chief," so that "Mawrrhys" originally was equivalent to "great chief." In support of this theory it is a historic fact that several of the Kings of Wales bore the name "Mawrrhys."

If "Mawrrhys" was not the official title of the Kings of Wales, it is at least certain that several of them bore that name. Reynulph, contemporary writer, states that "Mawrrhys," the last to bear the title of King of Wales, died in 1200 A.D., and he pronounces the following eulogy on him: "O blisse of battaile, chylde of Chivalrie, hande of largeness, eye of reason, brightness of honestie, bearing in breast, Hector's prowess, Achilles' sharpness, Nestor's soberness, Eurillans' swiftness, Tydeus' hardiness, Samson's strength, Hector's worthiness, Ulises' faire speech. Solomon's wisdom, Ajax's hardness," etc., etc; and much more in the same strain, bewailing that "Great Mawrrhys is dead" and "Wales is dead" in having no defender. I sincerely hope our great, great ancestor, or relative, was all that his narrator says of him, but did not exhaust the family virtues, and that his mantle may fall on some of his descendants of the name "Morris."

Burke in his treatise, entitled "Commoners," says: "The family of Morrice (Morris) is of great antiquity and can be traced in lineal descent to Athelstan Glodrydd, Prince of Ferlex . . . a descendant (on his maternal side) of Lord Hereford, one of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table . . . Athelstan Glodrydd was the godson of Athelstan, King of England

in 924 A.D. . . . and founded the fourth royal tribe of Wales . . . the Prince of Ferlex."

2. The Continental branch of the family came to England with the army of William, the Conqueror. It is said to be of Moorish origin, and that Morris or Maurice is another name for Moorish. It is claimed that the "Morris Dance" was introduced into Europe from Morocco by the Moors, and may have given its name to individuals who became founders of a family connection. In that case the probability is that several leaders in the army of William the Conqueror bore the name of Morris or Maurice. He erected a Battle Abbey on the field of Hastings to commemorate his victory, and several by the name of Morris are inscribed on this historic monument and were rewarded with grants of land in England. Maurice, one of William's chaplains, was made Bishop of London and is said to have crowned Henry I in 1100 A.D. This Continental family of Morris is of entirely different origin from the Welsh branch. These facts as to the Welsh and Continental divisions are narrated in two books now in the Public Library of New York City, entitled "The Morris Family" and "The Morris Register."

3. In addition to these two branches I am suggesting a third, distinct from both, and of Jewish origin. I have never been able to account for the fact that so many Jews bear the name of "Morris." It was their well known custom to take the names of families belonging to the country in which they lived to escape persecution, by concealing their racial identity. Why did they never take the name of "Smith," "Brown" or "Jones"? Why were they so partial to the name of "Morris"? Was it a compliment to some influential "Morris" family which kindly sheltered and protected these ancient people of God?

Several prominent families of the Welsh connection in England have preserved their ancestral records. The Morris family

of Werrington and Betshanger trace their line to Brut, first King of England 100 years B.C. Morris, of York and of Kent, claim the same origin, and that Roger Morris, one of their descendants, was the successful suitor over George Washington for the hand of Mary Phillipse, a famous beauty of that period, and the heroine of "The Spy," a novel by J. Fenimore Cooper. Her children sold their property to John Jacob Astor in New York.

The Morris family, of Essex, claim descent from "Mawrrhys" the Welsh prince of the twelfth century, so eloquently eulogized by Reynulph. Waltham Abbey in the County of Essex, only twelve miles north of London, had Nicholas Morris as its Abbot from 1371 to 1390. John Morris (perhaps his relative) gave the Abbey fifty acres of land in 1377.

Unless I were writing an extended history of the family, I cannot give account of those who have distinguished themselves in history, such as Robert Morris, Treasurer of the United States, who helped materially to finance the American Revolution, and William Morris, one of the great poets of England.

Our Branch of the Family.

The question which concerns us particularly is, to which branch does our immediate family belong; and I will consider the probabilities in the reverse order.

1. Is our branch of the Morris family some Jewish stock which assumed the name and then lost its identity among the Gentiles? For one I would rejoice to know that I am a lineal descendant of Abraham; but there is no family tradition, trait or circumstance which would justify that conjecture.

2. Are we descendants of the Norman magnates of that name who came over with William, the Conqueror? In my opinion it is extremely doubtful, for the Normans spelled the name "Maurice," and usually had some prefix, such as FitzMaurice, DeMaurice or MontMaurice.

3. These considerations shut me up to the belief that we belong to the Welsh branch. As they were much more numerous, the law of probabilities would give the overwhelming preponderance to that conjecture.

British History.

If this be the case, then we are British but probably not English. The original inhabitants of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland were Celts. England was invaded by Julius Caesar in the year 55 B.C.; and these Romans left their impress on the Britons and ruled England for several hundred years.

The "English" were not natives of the British Isles, but came from Germany. The Barbarians of Germany poured down in great hordes from the north upon southern Europe, and overran and destroyed the Roman Empire. This gave opportunity to another colony of these Germans to invade England under Hengist and Horsa in 449 A.D. which till that time was a Roman Colony. They were known as "Angles" and "Saxons," and after years of conflict drove the Britons back into the mountains and took possession of England, and are known forever afterward as "Anglo-Saxons." The name "England" is the evolution of "Angleland" from one of these tribes of invaders.

Several hundred years later came an invasion of Danes, under Canute, King of Denmark, who conquered these Anglo-Saxons, ruled England for many years and mingled their blood with these Anglo-Saxons. The last great invasion of England was by the Normans of France, under William, the Conqueror, and his Maurice captains, which still further injected a new racial blood into the veins of these islanders, though they are still known as Anglo-Saxons. The English are therefore chiefly Teutonic, the same race as the Germans.

This admixture of blood, however, did not affect a large element of the original Celtic races of the British Isles. They

were driven back into the mountains of Wales, the highlands of Scotland and the bogs of Ireland, but they were never conquered and never became Anglo-Saxon, except as they were gradually and partially absorbed into the life of the nation. The English won them by compromise, but the inhabitants of Wales, Ireland and Scotland are descendants chiefly of the original Celtic Britons.

Morris Ancestry.

Athelstan Glodrydd was the 18th direct descendant of Teon, Archbishop of Gloucester in 542 A.D., who was himself descended from Beli Mawr (Beli, the great or chief), King of all England and Wales. It is a singular coincidence that the 18th descendant of Athelstan himself was named "Morris." His children assumed the surname "Morris" from their father, which is the origin of the family name in its present spelling.

It is thus comparatively easy to trace the family line from father to son by historic records down through the above-mentioned parties until their descendants assumed the surname of "Morris" at Gloucester. It is equally easy to trace our immediate family back to Clifford-Chambers, a section of Gloucester, and to Stratford-on-Avon in the same vicinity. Our forefathers owned estates at both places and their children were baptized some at Clifford-Chambers in Gloucester and others at Stratford—according to the official records—only four miles apart.

The difficult task is to form the connecting links of the two lines which meet in Gloucester; but the explanation of the difficulty itself is not difficult. The ancient line consisted of individual names such as "Idnerth," "Athelstan," "Griffith," etc., until they began to duplicate the common names of "John," "William," "George," etc., with nothing whatever to distinguish between father, son and grandson or cousin. Our modern line can be traced back officially to "George, Sr." of Clifford-

Chambers, about the time Queen Elizabeth died. Between the two lines there is unfortunately a brief period of confusion, because the parish clerk records simply the baptism of "John Morris," "Richard Morris," or "William Morris," with no data showing their relationship except in some cases. The connection between the ancient and modern lines is a moral certainty which, however, as yet still lacks official confirmation.

The official records show that members of the Morris family were living at Stratford as early as the reign of Edward IV. and have done so uninterruptedly until the time when our line begins definitely as shown by the parish records. "George Morris, Sr." was born about 1600 and the first one positively identified as our ancestor.

Definite Data.

The records from his time, however, become more definite and give official relationships. He was the father of George, Jr. (1641), who was the father of Robert (1673), who was the father of Samuel, Sr. (1712), who was the father of Samuel, Jr. (1739), who married Lucy Stevens in 1772 of Stratford, and who emigrated to the United States in 1788 and settled in Abbeville, S. C., being my great grandfather.

Connection With Shakespeare.

It is singular and interesting to note the connection between our family and William Shakespeare, the Poet. The two families resided in the same town and must often have been associated together. Kathryn Morris, our relative, served in the Shakespeare home in some capacity during the boyhood of the poet, as that fact is made a matter of record at the time of her death in 1587. Whether she was his "governess," "nurse" or "maid" cannot be determined. The Morris estate was at Shottery—a suburb of Stratford, where Shakespeare married Ann

Hathaway. Samuel Morris, Sr., my great, great, grandfather, was on the committee of three which restored the monument of Shakespeare in 1748. Rev. Richard Morris (1801), Rector, has a tablet in the church, where Shakespeare is buried. William George Morris, Mayor of the town in 1800, is buried in the same church cemetery.

Family History.

Beginning with George, Sr. (1600), each man for six successive generations left a "will," which is on record, and copies are in the possession of our immediate family. Samuel, Sr. (1712-1798) married Alice Edden, of remarkably fine family and thereby acquired good property through her. His "will" dated June 19, 1794, at Clifford-Chambers in Gloucester, gives his estate (land, moneys and securities) to his daughter, Alice, who married Nathaniel Vyse—and had no children—during her natural life, and afterward to be divided equally among the children of his son, Samuel, who married Lucy Stevens.

As his son Samuel, with his family emigrated to the United States, the estate could not be settled so long as Alice lived, and it is unsettled to this date. Richard Morris, of Preble County, Ohio, his oldest grandson, visited England in 1823 in order to settle the estate, but for some unknown reason failed. James H. Morris, father of the writer, received a clipping from a New York paper in 1862 advertising for the heirs of Samuel Morris of England, who settled in Abbeville, S. C., but as he was on the eve of entering the Confederate Army during the Civil War, in which he lost his life, no effort at that time could be made to settle the estate. The present value of the estate, the parties in possession and the legal status are unknown.

Emigration to America.

Samuel Morris, Jr., who married Lucy Stevens, had thirteen children. Richard (1773) and Sarah (1774) were baptized at

Stratford, Lucy (1776) who died in infancy, William (1777), George (1779), Thomas (1780), Alice (1782), Lucy Stevens (1784), and Mary (1786) were baptized at Clifford-Chambers. Maria, Benjamin, Samuel and Caroline were born in America. He emigrated in 1788 to Abbeville, S. C., and settled on Long Cane Creek near Cedar Springs Presbyterian Church, which is still in existence, and where he and some of his family are buried. The crossing on Long Cane on his place was for many years known as "the Englishman's Ford." His place has been in the possession of his descendants (our family) for more than a hundred years.

The descendants of Samuel Morris and Lucy Stevens are now living in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Oklahoma, Colorado, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Dakota, Utah, Texas and California—several hundred in number. They fill various professions,—ministers, teachers, physicians, dentists, engineers, real estate agents, merchants, postmasters, undertakers, farmers, bankers, editors, and perhaps many others. So far as known to the writer, they have never furnished a criminal and are the leading and influential people in their respective communities.

Classification.

These records of the Morris family show that at least eight descendants were ministers: Jasper Morris, Rector of Clifford-Chambers; Richard Morris, buried in the church of Stratford-on-Avon; Samuel Taplin Morris, Montgomery, Ala.; Samuel Leslie Morris, Secretary Emeritus of Home Missions, Atlanta, Ga.; Lowell E. Morris, Frankford, Ind.; Thomas McFarland, Grandson of Mary Morris and David Hawthorn; Wayne Allen Morris, Omaha, Nebraska, and Wardlaw Calhoun, son of Alice Morris and John Calhoun.

William, fourth child of Samuel Morris and Lucy Stevens, served in the war of 1812 and lived to be ninety-seven years old. They fought on opposite sides in the Civil War; and at least seven were killed in the Southern Army and five in the Northern. Some served in the World War and several were killed in France. About 500 can be given by name and by actual count who lived or are now living in twenty states.

Many of them have been devoutly religious, and though scattered far and wide, they are mostly members of the Presbyterian Church. Richard was a member of Fair Haven Presbyterian Church, in Preble County, Ohio; William, of Union Presbyterian Church, Randolph County, Illinois, and Samuel, of Cedar Springs in Abbeville County, South Carolina. It is singular that all three of these churches belong to that branch of the Presbyterian Church which sings the Psalms of David exclusively. Their religious history is a striking illustration of the fulfilment of God's promise unto the fathers and their seed after them.

"God of the fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

May the remotest generations be true to the "Faith of our Fathers." And "When He writeth up the people," may the Lord "count" thousands of our family among the redeemed in Glory!

Parentage

1

MY great grandfather, Samuel Morris, of Stratford and Clifford-Chambers, England, emigrated to America in 1788, landing at Charleston, S. C. In the census of Abbeville, S. C., for 1800 he is recorded as living on the East side of Long Cane Creek. Eight of his children were born in England by his marriage with Lucy Stevens.

Characteristics.

Samuel, my grandfather, the youngest child, married Margaret McCullough, January 25, 1816, who was born in 1791, five years his senior. He was for many years an elder in Cedar Springs Church. This tribute by his pastor is inscribed on his monument:

IN

MEMORY OF

SAMUEL MORRIS, Esq.

BORN MARCH 7, 1796

DIED AUGUST 1, 1841

A man full of the Holy Ghost and faithful in all
his house and ruled well in the Church of God.

The Memory of the Just is Blessed.

By reason of education and character he was, perhaps, the most prominent citizen in the community, and known far and wide for his integrity, and as "Squire Morris."

His wife was in some respects the most remarkable woman of the county. Left a widow with six small children, she not

only managed the estate well but accumulated considerable property. I have seen her mount a horse when seventy-five years of age, and ride over her large plantation and direct her numerous "hands" in the cultivation of her varied crops. Her children often complained of her indiscriminate charities, but she maintained that God had entrusted her with worldly possessions, that she was accountable for her stewardship, and that liberality tended not to poverty but to plenty.

She knew her Bible; and when occasionally the worldly-wise or skeptical attacked church and religion in her presence, she never failed to take up the gauntlet in defense of God and truth; and her antagonists ordinarily limped away, so discomfited by the laugh she turned against them that they seldom repeated the experiment. As an illustration, on one occasion a scoffer in the community said to her: "Mrs. Morris, do you believe in the resurrection of the body?" To which she replied: "Most certainly I do, for such is the teaching of God's Word." "Well," said the skeptic, "How is it possible for God to reproduce the dust of the millions who have been dead for centuries?" Quick as a flash came her knockout reply: "Please, tell me, Mr. Frazier, where you could hide a particle of this dust so God could not find it?" She was very small in stature and was so bent with age and reduced in flesh that she could not have weighed over 70 pounds when she died in July, 1881, lacking only three months of being ninety years old. She and her husband were above reproach, and sleep side by side in the cemetery of Cedar Springs Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Maternal Line.

My great grandfather, Robert McCaslan (born 1767), emigrated from County Tyrone in Ireland, and he married Margaret Link from Virginia (born 1782). The name in Ireland

is McCausland and has some distinguished scions, Dominick McCausland being a famous scientist, and another of the name being Lord Mayor of Belfast, whose statue still stands in its magnificent City Hall.

My grandfather, Moses Oliver McCaslan, was a character, decided in his convictions, outspoken in his opinions, uncompromising in his principles, honest in his dealings and rather intolerant in his manner. Naturally, he made bitter enemies and staunch friends who could be counted on to stand by him to the last ditch. As an illustration, he was such an uncompromising "rebel" he would insult any man and almost lay violent hands on such as even admitted that the Confederacy might by any misadventure fail of its independence. He married Susanna Clark Foster, one of the gentlest, most patient and Christian among women, and very naturally she was scarcely allowed to say her soul was her own. Despite his defects—which were in reality virtues unrestrained by moderation—he was a man of noble character, influenced by the very highest motives, the leading elder in the Presbyterian Church of Hopewell. He was generous to the poor, liberal toward the church, a man of large wealth accumulated by his industrious habits. So frequently was he the leader of men that he was known jocularly throughout the county as "M. O. McCaslan, Foreman of the Jury." His oldest daughter, my mother, born December 17, 1831, and died June 22, 1922, inherited his intense religious convictions, greatly impressed her children and lived to a great age, far exceeding all of her family. She was an amateur astronomer and taught me more about that Science than I ever learned in College. After my father's death she taught the neighborhood school and prepared her students for college.

My maternal grandmother, Susanna Clark Foster, was a granddaughter of Alexander Clark, who came from Pennsylv-

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vania (being one of twenty-one children), and who was a relative of General George Rogers Clark who opened up the Ohio Valley, and who is the hero of the story of "Alice of Old Vincennes." The Clarks are buried near the banks of Little River, on land now owned by myself. Her grandfather, Robert Foster, was a member of General Pickens' Command in the Revolutionary War. In the fight with the Tories near Patterson's Bridge on Long Cane, about five miles from my birth-place, he was killed—entitling my children to be enrolled as "Daughters of the American Revolution."

Author's Father.

My father, "James Hervey," named for the author of "Hervey's Meditations," was born May 6th, 1829, near "Reedy Branch," between Cedar Springs Church and "Harrisburg," on land which is still in the possession of our family. He was very frail, remarkably conscientious, and entered Erskine College at Due West, South Carolina, when only fourteen, beginning in the Preparatory Department. He remained six years in college and graduated September 19, 1849, twenty years old. He was a faithful student, with a bright mind, and was awarded one of the honors of his class. Naturally religious, his graduating speech was on "The Progress of Christianity." Upon receiving his diploma he shocked the faculty of the college and the audience by tearing it into shreds, stamping upon it, exclaiming, "Honor to whom honor is due."—(Romans 13:7.) His explanation was, that a member of the class related to the faculty had been awarded "first honor" by "favoritism" thereby doing him an injustice. It was his dramatic method of showing his righteous indignation. The college evidently did not cherish resentment against him long, if at all, for he was soon after elected Professor of Mathematics, which position he declined as he was engaged in business more remunerative.

His inclination was to study for the ministry, but the death of his only brother, Samuel, a Presbyterian Minister at Montgomery, Alabama, made it necessary that the only living son should remain in close proximity to his widowed mother, where he could assist her in the management of the estate, consisting of two plantations and a goodly number of slaves.

War Record.

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 my father was farming on his plantation adjoining that of his wife's father, and teaching at Long Cane Church. Just as soon as his school term ended, he volunteered and went out in Orr's famous Regiment of Infantry, General Micah Jenkins commanding his brigade in Longstreet's Division. My sister "Fannie" was born June, 1862, while he was in the service, and he never saw his daughter till she was six months old, when he was allowed a furlough of twelve days to come home from Virginia and return thither to the Army. He took part in the "Seven Days Fighting Around Richmond," in such battles as Gaines Mill, Frayser's Farm and in other severe engagements, while he served in the Infantry.

The scourge of diphtheria broke out on our place in 1863, while he was in the Army. My brother, Foster (born 1860), was ill for months and did not swallow anything for three weeks. Several of the Negro children, my playmates, died. My father came home and stayed several months, according to my recollection. In January, 1864, he joined Company B, Captain A. B. Mulligan commanding, being part of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry of General Wade Hampton's Division. I was too young to remember his first leaving but I well remember this latter occasion—my mother's grief and falling prostrate on the bed, my father taking me up in his arms and saying I might never see him again. I ran after him to the front door, saw him

mount his horse and watched him as far as I could see him, till the road entered the woods. I never saw him again.

One of his comrades, Rev. W. H. Dowling, of Hampton, South Carolina, who was the Sergeant of the Company, wrote me of his service in the Cavalry: "I loved your father. He was a Christian gentleman and a brave Confederate Soldier; and served faithfully with us, videtting on the North Carolina Coast till May 6, 1864. We marched as Colonel Jefford's Squadron from Magnolia, North Carolina, to Petersburg, Virginia; arriving at Swift's Creek near Petersburg, May 13th.

"Fought at Chester Station—16th
Fought at Bermuda Hundred—18th
Fought at Howe's Shop—29th
Fought at Gaines Mill—30th
Fought at Cold Harbor—31st
Fought at Cold Harbor—June 3rd.

"At Trevillian Station in Virginia, June 11th, 1864, our Company and Regiment fought continuously from 5:30 A. M. till 5 P. M. About 3:30 or 4 P. M. General Hampton ordered the charge about one and one-half miles south from Trevillian, in which your noble father—my loyal comrade—fell mortally wounded."

Father's Death.

He was shot directly through the left knee, and was found on the battlefield unconscious from pain and loss of blood. He was carried to Charlottesville, Virginia, near by, where the University of Virginia was used as a hospital. He refused to take chloroform until the physicians had promised not to amputate his leg. If this had been done, it might have saved his life. He lingered until the 29th, and died alone in the night.

His servant was cut off from him by the advance of the enemy. Our family sent Mr. William H. Taggart, a relative, to minister to him as soon as we heard he was wounded. Both he and the servant reached him too late. I have often thought of him, wounded, suffering from homesickness, and dying with no acquaintance to soothe his last moments. Kind ladies wrote my mother of their visit to him, of "his speaking of his approaching death with the greatest composure as taking a pleasant journey," and of receiving his dying message to be forwarded to his wife and little children requesting that they "meet him in the Eden of rest."

It was weeks afterwards before we heard the fatal news. Well do I remember the Sabbath morning in July, 1864, that as our carriage drove up to Hopewell Church, two of our neighbors met my mother and her little children. One put his arm around my mother and said nothing except, "Ann, get back in the carriage and go home." The other took me by the hand and told me I had no father. It was thus we learned the awful news that my mother was a widow and I an orphan. On the way home we met a number of people on their way to church. Some joined in our tears, and turned and went with us to my grandfather's home. My mother was prostrated for weeks, and I determined to take my father's place.

He was an upright man, the soul of honor, an earnest and consecrated Christian. His character and memory have been an inspiration to me during all my life. I was not ten years old, but as a boy I always thought of him as watching me, and I made up my mind firmly not to disappoint him. I could not imagine such a father as having had an unworthy son. My life was largely influenced by that thought. I always felt very proud to tell people I was his son, and they invariably informed me that he was a man of irreproachable character.

War's Deadly Toll.

As an illustration of the War's deadly toll and its demands upon the manhood of the South I cite three incidents. The farms of Mr. James Cason, Uncle James McCaslan and my father joined each other at a point where the three houses were practically visible. Mr. Cason's son, Uncle James McCaslan's four sons and my father, making six, the only men in the immediate neighborhood, all went into the War. Not one of the six came back. Four brothers, sons of James McKelvey, who married a daughter of my aunt, Alice Morris Calhoun, all lost their lives in the Civil War. The other incident occurred at Abbeville, our county seat. Mr. Robert Wardlaw and two other men of the town met casually one day on the street corner. Some one remarked the number of his sons in service; and when they counted up it was found the three men had twenty-seven sons in the Confederate Army!

Within less than a year after my father's death the war ended, the Negroes were freed, most of our worldly possessions were swept away, and my mother was left to battle with an indifferent world and to care for her orphan children, two boys and a girl. One of the first things we did, about the time the war ended, was to send a minister to Virginia to bring home the remains of my father. In company with dozens of other bodies of Confederate soldiers, they reached Charlotte, North Carolina, where the bodies were placed in the depot. That night the depot caught fire. Soldiers rushed in to save the bodies. The fire was too severe. They saved only one body. It was that of my father. Our cousin, W. M. McCaslan, was one of the number who saved it from the flames and did not know till afterward whose body it was, and so wrote my mother. It was taken to Columbia, South Carolina, but a great freshet washed away the railroad tracks along the Broad River, as far up as Alston, and it was necessary to bury my father

again in Columbia. We sent our wagon to Columbia, over one hundred miles, and brought him home in December, 1865, and he now rests in the little family cemetery, having been buried the third time.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, being asked how early the training of a child should begin, answered, "One hundred years before its birth." The children of the Morris family have had that advantage of ancestry. These details are minutely recorded for their information and encouragement, that they may be assured they are descended of a noble ancestry. The older surviving members can have no higher aspirations for our children than that they should prove worthy of the long line of their godly forefathers.

Boyhood

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, December 25, 1854, there was born an unprepossessing looking child, in the home of its grandfather, M. O. McCaslan, in the Clear Spring neighborhood of what was then Abbeville District, afterwards Abbeville County, and now a part of McCormick County, South Carolina. In that same community were born John C. Calhoun, Vice-President of the United States; Edward Noble and George McDuffie, Governors of South Carolina; James L. Pettigrew, eminent jurist; John Temple Graves, Journalist; Dr. Edmund L. Patton, President successively of Erskine and South Carolina Colleges, and many other men of ability, more or less distinguished.

My parents gave me the name of "Samuel" for my uncle, my grandfather and my great and great, great grandfathers, so I am the fifth generation of "Samuels" to bear the name. My second name "Leslie" was in honor of my father's special friend and compeer, the Honorable James Louis Leslie, they being associated together in several classical schools in South Carolina. He was so proud of the honor bestowed upon him by my father that he impulsively promised that the education of his namesake should be solely at his expense. If his fortune had not been wrecked by the Civil War, he would undoubtedly have made good his promise. His namesake is equally proud of the honor of being called for so eminent a scholar.

At the age of six weeks I moved with my parents to Cross Hill, Laurens County, South Carolina, where my father taught

the grammar school at that place. My parents boarded at the hotel and roomed upstairs, and to prevent my falling out of the low window nailed slats across it. Thirty years afterwards I saw those slats still in place. They may be there yet. In April there was held a communion meeting at Cross Hill, where the congregation, being too large for the church, moved out of doors, and there under the great oak trees I was baptized by the Rev. Samuel Donnelly, April 1st, 1855.

Childhood Memories.

The question is often raised how far back can a child's memory reach. My parents left Cross Hill when I was two years old, and yet I remember one incident which occurred there. I can see the scene as vividly as any event in my life. Mr. Carter, at whose house we boarded, sits in a wagon loaded with brick. A plank reaches from the wagon body to the ground. A Negro sits flat on the ground, and Mr. Carter slides the brick down the plank to the Negro, who catches them, reaches backward and piles them under the edge of the house. My parents state that I went into the house and said, "Jimmie Carter doing bricks."

We next moved to Curryton in Edgefield County, South Carolina, about ten miles from Augusta, where my father and Mr. Leslie taught the High School, and young men came from far and near to attend—they having made a great reputation in the surrounding counties as successful teachers. I was now three years old, and I remember my nurse holding me up and allowing me to swing on the rope and ring the school bell.

I have but an indistinct recollection of the beginning of the War. I remember well the day my father volunteered and my mother's distress, and that I said, "I am glad my father volunteered and they don't have to come and drag him off to war." This remark was repeated and told to my credit throughout the

community. As the war progressed I became more and more aware of its hardships and horrors. We wore homespun clothes, and made coffee out of parched wheat and potatoes cut into tiny blocks and parched brown. We made sorghum molasses and were glad enough to get brown sugar.

"War Is Hell."

We heard of Sherman's "Marching Through Georgia," and lived in dread of his coming into South Carolina and of fulfilling his reported threats as to what would happen to the state which started "Secession." Reports that Sherman was coming caused our teacher several times to dismiss school, and we children ran home to find our parents hiding their silver. I remember hiding my little pocket knife and "hatchet" that Santa Claus brought me, where the "Yankees" could not find them. My grandfather, M. O. McCaslan, and a dozen others too old for service, got their old shotguns and went to the Savannah River to keep Sherman from crossing into South Carolina! I am sure that was not the reason why he went further south and crossed the state, burning Columbia, the capital, leaving devastation and ruin in his wake, justifying his ruthlessness by saying "War is hell." To the everlasting credit of the Negroes it must be said that they sympathized with their masters and were true to the defenseless wives and children of the soldiers left in their care. It brings the South under tremendous obligation to them. They were a splendid body of serfs, the happiest and best cared for servants in the world, and the love between master and servant was creditable to both, despite notable exceptions.

These were days of terror, succeeded by the awful reconstruction period which followed the war, in which dissension was sown in the minds of those faithful servants. A garrison was stationed at the county seat. Negroes were taught that they

had been cruelly treated and that now the "bottom rail was on top." They were led to believe that their former masters' homes would be confiscated and given to them. They were encouraged to insult their former masters, and if a white lady resented their insolence she was dragged before soldiers and browbeaten, or fined by military authority, from which there was no redress. Two of these soldiers went to the home of my cousin, Lizzie Taggart, to capture an old shotgun. A struggle ensued, in which she fought off the soldiers and remained in possession of the old gun. Most of the Negroes behaved remarkably well during this reign of terror and conditions gradually became more tolerable, but the whites and Negroes were permanently alienated; and this race problem is still with us, and perhaps will continue to vex our children and children's children.

Negro Companions.

My relations with the Negroes are pleasant recollections. My parents taught me to respect the adults by calling them "Uncle" and "Auntie." If one reported me for being "sassy," I was usually "thrashed." I loved the Negroes and was never so happy as when I was allowed to go with some trusty man and see him "split rails" or clear the forest. I reveled in pleasure when at night I was allowed to go to some Negro cabin and sit with the Negro children while some aged servant told us the identical "Brer Rabbit" stories afterward published by Joel Chandler Harris in "Uncle Remus." Unfortunately they also told me "ghost stories," which made me so cowardly I had to be carried at bedtime to the "big house" as they called our home.

Associations with Negro boys of my own age were unique. Both they and I knew that I was to be their future master; yet we played together, or hunted rabbits, or fought, on perfect

social equality. If it were a question of veracity between us, my father gave me the benefit of the doubt, which influenced me to be perfectly truthful. If it were a question of a "fight" the Negro was ordinarily given the benefit of the doubt. This made me reticent in the matter of our fisticuffs, for the most I could hope for by reporting the matter was a whipping for both parties.

At the close of the war we owned twenty-five or thirty Negroes, worth between twenty and forty thousand dollars. The last Negro my father bought was a boy in his "teens," for whom my father gave his note for eleven hundred dollars about the beginning of the war. This transaction wrecked our fortune. The note became the property of minor children, my cousins, and when my father tried to anticipate payment, their guardian refused the money. I well remember how worried my father became, as he knew it would go on bearing interest until the war was over and would have to be settled in most unfavorable circumstances. So it happened. My father was killed, the Negroes were free, and this claim with accumulated interest had to be met at a time when Confederate money was worthless and gold was 50 per cent above par. Just before the close of the war the guardian and holder of the note consented to receive payment. My mother sold all of our cotton for Confederate money and tendered payment, which was refused upon the advice of his relatives, and this Confederate money was now our only asset. Nothing remained after the war but for the guardian of these minor children to sell everything we possessed to pay for a Negro who by the proclamation of the President and the acts of Congress was not property. The note, however, was good property, which could turn us out of doors to satisfy its claims.

Property Losses.

A "sale" in those days was an event in the community. It was extensively advertised in the papers, and, when the day came, our house, yard and entire premises were crowded with neighbors, relatives, friends and utter strangers. I stood by my widowed mother at the top of the high steps leading down into the front yard and heard the auctioneer put up our dear home to the highest bidder. I cried as if my heart would break. Standing near me, and worst of all, looking at me, were my classmates and companions in school, and a yard full of Negroes set free by the war. Neighbors and friends were very sympathetic, but many strangers were heartless and laughed and jested, while my poor mother and myself writhed in anguish of soul, the other children being too young to understand. I do not know what we would have done if it had not been for my aged grandmother Morris. She encouraged my mother to buy the place, and gave us financial help in paying for it. We once more had a home, which supported us and educated me.

School Days.

About February 1st, 1862, I began school, seven years of age, at Clear Spring Academy, Mr. James L. Leslie, my father's friend and former associate, being the teacher. He was now far past middle life, and his success on the wane. He was an able instructor for mature men, but lax in discipline. So intent was he in teaching the class that he was utterly oblivious of what was going on around him in the school room or on the outside. The children did as they pleased, and a noisy game might be going on outside during the recitation hours, but he was lost in the lesson of the class reciting and knew nothing else.

The first day in school stands out in memory fresh as the most recent events in my life. We recited our lessons till noon, and then went down to the famous "Clear Spring," which gave its name to the neighborhood. It burst out from beneath a great granite boulder at the foot of a steep and rocky hill. Close by the spring stands a gigantic poplar tree which has breasted the storms of centuries. We sat on the rocks and ate our dinners out of our tin buckets. Then we rolled rocks and blocks of wood down the steep hill. I was never so happy in my life. That night my parents asked me what I had learned at school. I surprised them by "reading a lesson from "the blue-back spelling book"—only I did not know it was "reading." I had learned my alphabet at home and could spell simple words of two letters. My parents could scarcely believe I had learned to "read" the first day at school, and so they tested the matter by making me read!

I was a tiny little chap, weighing less than fifty pounds. The aged teacher gave much attention to, and petted, his namesake, much to the disgust of the larger boys. Especially was this the case when he attempted to shame some larger boy by calling on this little "scrap" to tell the big boy how to "spell" some word at which he had "balked." I became an officious little pest, and often tried to "show off" by volunteering to correct some big boy who stumbled over his lesson. They made me pay for it at play-time, and my school days were not all sunshine. I raced through books and went up into higher classes, and soon learned that I was considered "smart." It did not help me with the boys, but the larger girls kissed and petted me, and I often played with the girls at recess, which saved me many a whipping at the hands of the "school bully," who avenged his wrongs by imposing on the smaller boy.

On account of the war there was no school during the next year, 1863, and I lost one of the best years of my life. In 1864, the

school at Clear Spring was taught by Miss Belle McComb, the largest girl who went to school with me in my first school year. She was an excellent primary teacher and had no advanced scholars. Two events during my pupilage under her made the year memorable. The first was the only whipping I ever received at school. The boys had been accustomed every day at recess to go to the creek and indulge in swimming, the great pastime of the school boy. I never attended any school where it was not the custom. One day, after we had been enjoying this usual fun in amateur swimming all summer, the teacher called us to account for it, although she had never once forbidden it. Although every boy in school had indulged in this sport, she only whipped her cousin, a poor sickly, little specimen of humanity, and myself. She explained that my mother did not allow me to go in the creek. This was the first intimation of any objection either on the part of the teacher or my mother. I felt keenly the injustice, for if either had ever prohibited this sport the combined school could never have tempted me to indulge. I have always felt there was a misunderstanding between the teacher and my mother, and I was the unfortunate victim. The whole school enjoyed my disgrace, for I led the school and was jeered at as "the good boy." The switch scarcely hurt me, but I have smarted under the injustice of it all these years. The other event was the death of my dear father, which occurred during this second school year and which I have already described.

Great Teachers.

As there was no school at Clear Spring the next year, 1865, I was sent in the opposite direction to Mrs. Kate P. Wideman, who taught in an old, unoccupied store, once belonging to her deceased husband. It was more than three miles from home, which made a walk, daily, of about seven miles for a little ten-year-old boy. Many a night I did not reach home till long after

dark and as the last half mile was through very dark woods, I was frightened to death, as the Negroes had told me ghost stories till I was afraid of my shadow.

It is my deliberate conviction that Mrs. Wideman was the greatest teacher; man or woman, I have ever known. She was scientific, thorough, and a perfect disciplinarian. She drilled me in "fractions" till it was impossible for anyone to compound a complicated sum in fractions so complex that I could not unravel it and reduce it to the simplest terms. She had a large school and many adult pupils studying higher mathematics. Every Friday at the close of school the pupil standing head received a "head mark." At the close of the school year the teacher gave each scholar a stick of candy for each "head mark." I led the whole school and carried off a package of candy more than twice the size of that of the average child, or adult, in the school.

Two events occurred while in this school which frightened me almost into spasms. One was a total eclipse of the sun October 19, 1865, and I ran almost all the way to school for fear night would overtake me on the way. The other scare was the "locusts." I had never heard of them, and one morning as I went through the woods alone on my way to school, they all turned loose at once; and when I told at school of the unearthly noise of something in the woods, they let me into the secret of the locusts which came periodically.

One more great teacher entered into my life, Dr. Edmund L. Patton, brother of Mrs. Kate Patton Wideman, who came to join her and establish a great grammar school. He had been President of Erskine College, and was subsequently President of the great South Carolina College. His wife taught the primary grades, Mrs. Wideman taught advanced grades and higher mathematics and Dr. Patton taught the classics. It was a great institution for the country, numbering nearly one hundred stu-

dents. The nearby homes were full of boarders. Dr. Patton seldom held a book, but paced the floor with his hands behind his back, and simply said to the Latin or Greek class: "Read." He knew Virgil or Horace or Xenophon, and could quote at random. I was exceedingly fortunate to have during the last two years of my school days this great teacher, perhaps, the greatest classic scholar of the State at that time.

During his last school year he invented what he believed was an "electric motor." It was twenty years before electric motors came into use, as this was in 1869. He was absent from his school for weeks in New York, trying to perfect a "model." I remember well hearing the people speak of his mind being "unbalanced by learning." Surely no one but a lunatic would imagine that machinery could be run by electricity! I don't know upon what principle he worked, but he was twenty years ahead of his times, yet he lived long enough to ride on electric cars. Not even the telephone had been invented or even dreamed of at this time. As his pupil he lodged a thought in my mind and years afterward in one of my college addresses I predicted that electricity would some day turn all the machinery of the world, which created a mild sensation, and for awhile my speech was the talk of the town.

One of the favorite games at recess was "shinny." It was played with sticks exactly like "golf clubs." The object of each side was to knock the ball with these clubs to its goal. As several were striking at the ball at the same time, it frequently happened that our "shins" were struck as well as the ball, from whence came the name. This led to serious fights, and our teachers blacklisted "shinny," as a forbidden pleasure. Boys find a way out. We went every day a quarter of a mile away and out of sight, and played "shinny" ad libitum. I was the only boy in school who did not play. I looked on but no inducement could

influence me to disobey my teachers. Obedience was a part of my very life.

The School of Experience.

In every school I attended we had teachers that were not employed by our parents. They were the larger boys who taught the smaller boys bad morals. The smaller boys who obeyed these self-constituted teachers were cajoled and flattered. I sometimes suffered because I refused to say or do doubtful things at the behest of the big boys. There was no redress for me. I dared not report them to the teachers. It would have made life unendurable. I was now thirteen years old and the only boy of that age in school a member of the church, which caused me to endure petty persecutions as I was sometimes sneeringly called "Christian." These wrongs were but fuel which fed the fire of my ambition. While I suffered for my virtues, I also had my faults and had to take the punishment which boys measure out to each other for such defects; only, I think my punishment afforded them so much pleasure that they laid it on rather thick. It was an essential part of the discipline of life.

Handicaps.

I was a frail, stunted child, fighting hard for existence. July was our summer vacation, which I ordinarily spent on a pallet in the wide, cool hall of our house. The doctor and my mother combined their wisdom and efforts to pull me through the hot summer. Very few expected me to live to manhood. I was a precocious child, far in advance of my years. This put me in the class with grown men who had served in the Civil War and whose education was thereby somewhat retarded. Parents and teachers told us that school days were our happiest, but mine were not especially happy. I was the most freckled human being I ever saw. This made me unpopular with the little girls, as I

was anything but a "pretty boy." As I led the class always, this made me unpopular with the boys, and I was jeered at and imposed on by the larger boys on the playground and was too weak to protect myself. I was scrupulously conscientious, and in play if I was "put out" whether the others knew it or not, I immediately walked out and acknowledged that I had been touched by the ball. This gave me a reputation for truth, and my word always settled any dispute.

This was before the days of "Commencements" at the close of schools. That term was then confined to colleges. The closing exercises of schools were called "Exhibitions." These were notable events, consisting of dialogues, plays, speeches and tableaux. People came in crowds from other neighborhoods ten and fifteen miles away. Interspersed with these plays and while getting the stage ready for the next performance, the boys made their "speeches" and the girls read their "essays." I was given a prominent place for my "speech," and Dr. Patton introduced me as "small in body but great in soul." The great crowds cheered me to the echo. My school days ended on Friday, and I entered college the following Monday.

In a recent article written by Mrs. Kate Patton Flenniken, one of my schoolmates, now a talented literary character, occurs the following allusion to my diminutive size, studying the classics:

"My first recollection of Dr. Morris, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, is a little bare-foot boy reciting his Greek and Latin with a class of young men, swinging his feet because they were too short to reach the floor. He was the intellectual giant of the school, but any of us could bat him out on the baseball ground."

Religious Life.

As I was born between Hopewell, my mother's church, and Long Cane, the church of my father, where they sang Psalms exclusively, we went twice a month to the former and said

"Sunday," and twice a month to the latter and said "Sabbath." The habit of saying Sabbath has remained with me all these years.

The supreme factor of our community life was its religious worship. At Long Cane, the Sabbath School, where we studied the Shorter Catechism, began at 10 o'clock and lasted one hour. At 11:00 o'clock Dr. George W. Pressly conducted a prayer service consisting of the singing of Psalms, prayers by the elders, reading of the Scripture, comments and exhortation. This lasted one hour. At 12:00 o'clock Dr. H. T. Sloan, pastor of the church for forty years, entered the pulpit for the preaching service which lasted another hour. On communion occasions I have seen him after the sermon address five or six tables of communicants in succession, so that it was nearly 2.00 o'clock by the time the services ended. After an intermission of one hour, with picnic luncheon on the grounds, the congregation reassembled for an afternoon service. On ordinary occasions I have seen this great church packed to its utmost capacity and the galleries equally crowded with hundreds of Negroes.

Perhaps this is the most appropriate place for narrating something of my religious experience. I cannot remember anytime in my life when I was not religious. My mother influenced me more than preacher or church. I had a tender conscience and when I did wrong, which was often, I suffered agony and went through the experience of contrite repentance. I prayed about everything, the commonest affairs of life. If I went hunting or fishing, I prayed for success in finding game. I lost my knife and it became a subject of prayer. That night I saw it in my dream lying at a place about a hundred yards from the house. As soon as I awoke in the morning I hurried to the place and there it was exactly as I saw it!

As early as eight years of age I can remember well gathering the little Negroes on Sabbath and conducting regular service,

giving out familiar hymns, singing together, saying the Lord's Prayer and then preaching to them. I also talked religion to them in private, and the substance of my preaching was that God would forgive their sin, if they told Him they were "sorry" and promised him not to do so any more. All that I knew was the gospel of repentance for sin.

I wanted to join the Church long before I did, but my courage failed me. At length on September 22nd, 1868, I joined Hope-well Church one year before I entered college. I don't know when I was converted, whether before that time or since, but there was no special change at that particular time. It certainly did have a restraining influence on my life. A few days afterward, when angry with my younger brother, I raised my hand to strike; and suddenly it occurred to me that I was now a church member and my hand dropped to my side. I am sorry to say, however, that it did not always restrain me from evil, and that it did not always check an evil act or an angry word. It did, however, work repentance, and it does grieve me painfully that I have not attained in the Christian life the blessed experiences which are possible and which would undoubtedly have brought more sincere happiness into my life. As far short as I have failed to attain, I put it on record that my religious life is by far the best part of my life and that the favor of God is the supreme desire of my soul. I have no higher wish for my children in life than that they lead, earnest, consecrated lives in the service of God. It has the promise of the life which now is as well as that which is to come.

College Days

1

OCTOBER 5, 1869, I entered Erskine College at Due West, South Carolina. I recall my feelings as vividly as if it were yesterday. I realized that I was parting with my boyhood, and knew when I finished College I would be a man and would be satisfied with the change when it came, but I did not want the change. I wept inwardly over my lost boyhood as I realized I was parting with it forever. It grieved me to think I would ever be satisfied to exchange my rabbit hunting and fishing for the responsibilities of manhood.

Innocence Abroad.

My mother took me to college in the family carriage. I was fourteen years old and weighed sixty pounds. That first night in Due West, as we sat in the parlor after supper, I laid my head in my mother's lap and went to sleep. The next day I entered its College chapel to matriculate. The adult classes sat together. I took my seat among the little boys called "Preps" because they were in the Preparatory Department. Dr. R. C. Grier, the College President, sat on the rostrum, and the Faculty occupied the "Amen Corner" on his right. He called for the names of the new students who desired to matriculate. After many names had been given, a fine feminine voice from among the "Preps" called out "S. L. Morris." "What class?", demanded the august President, "Sophomore" said the girlish voice. Looking over his spectacles in the direction of the voice, the dignified President said, "Well, I reckon not." This turned the laugh of a hundred boys and men, as well as their gaze, on me. Then came the

same question, "What class?" Amid the laughter and in the face of the skepticism of the President one poor little homesick country boy was gasping for breath. Timidly I answered again, "Sophomore." A broad smile spread over the kindly face of the President, and he said as he entered my application: "Some of you have high hopes." This now turned the laugh in my favor, and from that moment I was pointed out on the campus and streets as an object of curiosity. Not only did I pass the examination for the Sophomore class, but I studied nothing that year that I had not already mastered in school, except Greek.

There were twenty-six men in my class (some of them having seen military service), and I was a tiny lad in a round jacket. I never associated with my class. We had nothing in common except recitations. I played marbles in the streets with the little boys of the town who were not even in College. I imagined that the men in my class were far superior to me, and I was in constant dread that I might not be able to keep up with these mature men. No one was half so astonished at "Commencement," when the marks were given out, as myself, to learn that I had led the entire class for the year, and was promoted to the Junior class, carrying off the honors.

I joined the Euphemian Literary Society, in which we read essays or delivered speeches each Friday afternoon and had a debate on Friday nights. It was the greatest pleasure I had in College. If some public entertainment or lecture came on Friday night to interrupt our "debate," I was inconsolable at the loss of my chief enjoyment. Of equal value with my College education was this training I received in the Euphemeian Society. It prepared me for my life work as a public speaker.

Temptations' Battles.

During my school days the fame of our school attracted scholars from surrounding counties, and it became necessary for

all the homes to take boarders. My mother had eight young men and I spent much time in their rooms. Card playing had been tabooed in our family and I had never seen a deck of cards. One day I entered the room and saw four young men seated around a table engaged in something I had never seen. Quick as a flash I said to myself, "Playing cards." I looked on greatly interested, and did not mention it to my mother for fear she would forbid my going into the boys' rooms. Without ever touching a card, yet from seeing others play I quickly learned the game and could easily hold my own with the best. Occasionally, as one of the four was called out of the game for some purpose, I was pressed into service to "play out his hand" to prevent the game from stopping. I soon began to play as regularly as any and became an expert. It was the most fascinating thing that ever came into my life.

It followed me into College and almost wrecked my career. The fascination took such possession of me I would rather play cards than stop to eat. I began to cut short my periods of study for this diversion. I was willing to sit up late at night and hardly could be persuaded to retire. The habit grew so fast and took such hold on me that sometimes on Saturday we began after breakfast, stopped only long enough for dinner and played till dark without any exercise. Lessons on Saturday night must now be studied for Monday, but I was in no mood or condition for study. I began to realize that this was my one bad habit and I must break it. I tried stopping for a while but soon broke over. I really became alarmed at the thought that my mother was making sacrifices for my education, and I was wasting my time. I saw that my position in the class would soon be lost. Now I faced the struggle of my life. At length I lifted my hand and said, "Never again." I was now free and I have never touched a card since.

Cards may be an innocent amusement for many people; but it is deadly for two classes. One type is the class that is fascinated by the game, like excessive novel reading. It unfits them for the serious business of life; and many society women trifle away their lives in the intoxication of the excitement till existence becomes a wretched chase for amusement, forever unsatisfied. The other class which should never touch a card are those who have the gambling germ in the blood. Gambling becomes a mania. I have known numbers of happy families and brilliant prospects wrecked by it. I have seldom known a reformed gambler. Card paying is a dangerous pastime—for many people.

College Friendships.

Fortunately for me I secured board in the family of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Miller, where no other boys boarded; and I roomed with Walter, their son, exactly my age but two years behind me in college. I was admitted as one of the family, and was kept out of mischief and idle habits induced by the average professional boarding house. My room-mate for four years, Walter, was of fine character, but of inordinate ambition. He and I were devoted friends and corresponded as long as he lived. He was the idol of his parents, and friends (myself among them), predicted for him a brilliant career. However, his health failed in middle life, and my devoted friend fills an untimely grave, disappointing our fondness anticipations.

While I entered the ministry, he taught school and made money to enter the University of Virginia as a law student. I remember well he wrote me much of his class-mate, Woodrow Wilson, and remarked in one letter, "I think he blows somewhat." His achievements since would justify "blowing," I rather think. As I was a mutual acquaintance and sometimes the subject of conversation, Walter reported to me this criticism

of me at the time by Woodrow Wilson. He said: "I have heard that young man preach. He begins in too high a key and works himself up too rapidly into undue excitement, which causes the audience to sympathize too much with him for fear he will not be able to hold out." I greatly profited by this friendly criticism, which changed my style of speaking,—thanks to Woodrow Wilson.

Failing Health.

My frail body and delicate health decided me to leave college the middle of my Junior year, in order to work a year on the farm to build up my health. My mother was so anxious for me to finish college and objected so strenuously that I was compelled for once to disobey her wishes. If I had not acted on my own judgment I would have graduated at seventeen and filled an early grave. The physical exercise on the farm changed my life, and I began at last to grow. I entered college the next year in the Junior class where I left off, and graduated one year behind my first class, capturing four medals of the five offered for scholarship in the Senior class.

Natural Antipathies.

An unpleasant incident occurred a few weeks before I graduated. It was the only time I ever had a real fight in my life. In college there was a "scapegreece," noisy, unscrupulous, younger but somewhat larger than myself, the kind of boy who was my natural antipathy. One Friday night after the "debate" at the Society Hall we had arranged for a "tinpan serenade" about midnight. It was harmless except for the unearthly noise made by tinpans, cow bells, horns and other equally musical instruments. It had no other object than to wake up the town and give college boys boisterous fun. As the crowd moved from street to street, I saw some boys were drinking, and not knowing what excesses might follow, I dropped out and went home.

Next morning was Saturday, and we ordinarily congregated at the postoffice for social chat and college pranks. My special "antipathy" in an angry mood inquired of me, before the crowd, why I "deserted" the night before. I tried to ignore and then to avoid his insults. It was useless and at last I admitted I did not enjoy the company of drinking men. A hasty size-up of the crowd revealed to me that none of my kind were present, and I saw he had the sympathy of others who resented my attitude. Encouraged by his "set," he began to curse me. I saw what was coming, and it made me furiously mad to think I was about to furnish the crowd the same amusement as that caused by an ordinary "dog fight." I tried to avoid him by answering that he had "the advantage of me as I never cursed." By that time the usual ring of interested spectators was formed around us; and, knowing that he was heavier than I and could "down" me in a fair fight, I inwardly planned my campaign of defense. He moved slowly toward me and nudged me with his elbow. According to custom, I should have gently shoved him off in order that gradually we might come to blows. My plan of campaign was a knockout blow, or my case was lost. His gentle touch was my signal. Quick as a flash I landed a powerful blow squarely on his nose, from which he staggered, and the blood flew. Before he had time to recover I had him by the throat with one hand, choking him to the ground, and with the other hand I clawed great gashes across his face. Having acted solely on the defensive and not desiring to inflict any great damage on him, I released him without waiting for his friends to take me off.

The news spread like wildfire through the town. The next day was Sabbath, and he promptly took his seat in the "Amen Corner." Just as the minister rose in the pulpit to begin service, he stood up and faced the whole congregation, a sight to behold with his blackened nose and scarred face. He marched slowly down the aisle, attracting as much attention as possible, in an

effort to disgrace me. I was mortified beyond all expression, and fully expected to be called before the faculty for discipline. I believe they really were glad at heart for his punishment. At any rate, they took no notice whatever of the affair. His subsequent life was in keeping with his conduct in college. He became a "scalawag" and leader of the Negroes in politics for the sake of the "spoils," and was rewarded by the Republicans with office, but was afterward removed upon the charge of embezzlement.

College Honors.

I graduated June 25, 1873, at the age of eighteen years and six months, and weighed one hundred pounds. Every member of the faculty is now dead, and so is every one of my class. Very few of the citizens of the town are left who knew me in college, and a visit to the College and town is but a melancholy pleasure. The College has greatly honored me on many occasions. In 1886 I was Medal orator, in 1888 delivered the Alumni address, in 1895 made the Baccalaureate Anniversary Oration, in 1902 preached the Commencement Sermon; and in 1919 the College conferred on me "LL.D.," the highest literary degree given by institutions of learning. I have always been proud of my Alma Mater. Erskine College is one of the great schools of our country. Its sons are filling the most responsible positions in all of the learned professions—statesmen, lawyers, physicians, preachers and educators. No institution can boast a better record. Long may Erskine flourish in its noble mission of making men!

Seminary Life

1

AFTER graduating at college, came the serious question of my life work. Ever since I was old enough to think, friends talked to me of being a minister, and I sometimes so expressed myself; but in college I gave the matter very little consideration. In deciding the matter for myself I was greatly embarrassed by the thought that I was influenced too much by the wishes of my family. After prayerful consideration I gave myself to the Lord for the Ministry and have never regretted my decision.

I entered Columbia Theological Seminary September 15, 1873, at the age of eighteen years and nine months; and was received into South Carolina Presbytery as a candidate for the Ministry September 29, 1873, at Nazareth Church in Spartanburg County. I was the youngest in the Seminary, and even in the Senior class I was younger than any in the lower classes with one exception. Among the 1,000 graduates of that institution in the 100 years of its existence, I was the youngest who ever graduated there, finishing my Seminary course when twenty-one years of age.

The faculty consisted of Drs. George Howe, William S. Plumer, John B. Adger, James Woodrow and Joseph R. Wilson. The first three were superannuated; the last two were great teachers. One of these was the father of President Woodrow Wilson and the other was the uncle for whom he was named. He, himself, was a boy who attracted no very special attention, and was at this time a student at Davidson College and after-

ward transferred to Princeton. He was converted in the Seminary Chapel in a prayer meeting conducted by a young man who later entered the Ministry, Rev. Frank J. Brook.

Religious Controversies.

During my first year in the Seminary occurred a great fuss which almost wrecked the institution. Prof. Joseph R. Wilson was the preacher also at the First Presbyterian Church. The officers of the church decided that they needed a pastor as well as a preacher, and elected Dr. John H. Bryson. Dr. Wilson and his friends resented it, and the Seminary Faculty appointed preaching in the Seminary Chapel at 11 A. M., alternating in conducting the services, and made attendance by the students compulsory. The students resented it as an interference with their personal liberty of worshiping where they chose. We held seditious meetings in the Seminary Chapel and protested our rights. Thirteen of our number refused to submit and were dismissed from the Seminary. It was the beginning of a series of troubles for that institution which, in one way and another, lasted nearly a half century. An appeal was made to the General Assembly, as the Faculty, itself, was divided on the subject. The Assembly decided in favor of the students, whereupon two professors, Drs. Adger and Wilson, resigned, and the attendance the next year was reduced nearly one-half. I was unfortunate in having my whole Seminary training handicapped by an inadequate faculty and in an institution which was the storm center of bitter controversy. It is a singular thing, however, that during my three years' course in Columbia I scarcely remember any sermon that made great impression on me except some of those preached during that brief period by the faculty in the chapel. Several of these still live in memory forever as great masterpieces.

First Experience In Preaching.

It was the custom of the students to engage in some form of religious work by preaching at Ladson Chapel (the colored Presbyterian church), at the State Penitentiary to the convicts, and occasionally filling some vacant pulpit. Not long after entering the Seminary I went with one of the students who was to preach in the afternoon at the Penitentiary. I went with him into the pulpit. I cannot describe my feelings as I took my seat for the first time in a pulpit and faced a congregation. At the close of his brief sermon I was called on for a few remarks, and finally consented to "preach" the following Sabbath, although not yet licensed and not nineteen years old. I took my text Isaiah 53:3, "He is despised and rejected of men," etc., and preached my first sermon in a penitentiary. Afterward I went to the slums of the city and asked an aged couple to let me use their parlor as a regular preaching place. They invited their neighbors, and I now had a regular "appointment" of my own, which I continued to fill till about the time I graduated. As this couple were Methodists, their church, about a mile distant, began to object to my services on the ground that the people would not attend their own church in the morning if I continued to give them preaching in the afternoon. I consented to give up my "mission," and have understood that the Methodist brethren continued my work and afterward organized a church there.

During my first summer vacation I "preached" at Hopewell Church of which my mother and myself were members ("a great trial"), at Long Cane and Cedar Springs, where my father had been a member; and I cleaned out an old deserted church, Rocky River, which had had no services in years. I "supplied" this dead church till I returned to the Seminary. It has had preaching ever since and is now a good country church. My second vacation I "preached" regularly at Poplar Tent Church, near Concord, N. C. Its pastor, Rev. James H. Thornwell, son

of the celebrated theologian of the same name, had graduated the first year I was in the Seminary and now, his health having failed, employed me to relieve him for the entire summer. It was a large, flourishing country church, with a splendid brick edifice. I preached on Sabbath and ran wild during the week with the young people at picnics and parties. Life was at its flood tide.

Facing Death.

About a year before finishing my Seminary course I was desperately ill, and for days my life trembled in the balance. Friends and the physician conferred over the serious nature of my sickness (acute inflammation of the bowels), thinking I was too ill to understand. I was perfectly conscious and took in every word. Facing death is an indescribable experience. It awakened some serious reflections. I put my whole will power into the fight for life. Burning up with fever, my bowels griping me as if being cut with a knife, discharging constantly, the physician stating that if mortification began no power on earth could save me; the students lifted me as a child and nursed me through the crisis. Andy Wilson and Sam Newell had a natural talent for nursing and saved my life. Both have long since gone to their blessed reward. Of the number who took turns in nursing me by day and by night, I can recall only one who is still living at this writing.

As in school and in college I had invariably led my class, so in the Seminary I was unanimously recognized as class-leader. I was, however, defeated by a small margin for the position of "First Speaker" and was given the second place in the order of eight "speakers," one for each month of the Seminary year. One literary institution far outnumbered all others among the students, and college loyalty caused a few to vote for one of their own number, who had some natural gifts as a "speaker" but was the poorest student in the class. As we left the Seminary he was

also given by far the best appointment of the class. Natural gifts always accord a man the first advantage in life; but Gladstone uttered a profound truth in saying, "Genius is capacity for hard work." I would like to add that success is due to fidelity in the use of that capacity. Lack of equipment by neglect of honest study was the undoing of my classmate. He soon stepped down to an inferior place, and every change he made was to his disadvantage until in the prime of life he was "down and out."

Facing Life's Responsibilities.

I was licensed to preach by South Carolina Presbytery on September 17, 1875, at Greenvale Church, only seven miles from Due West, the site of Erskine College, my Alma Mater. Several months afterwards I graduated from the Seminary, on May 10, 1876. Dr. William S. Plumer, our venerable Professor of Theology, with long white beard reaching down to his waist, delivered our diplomas and gave each of us a small Bible, saying: "By this Book you shall live, by this Book you shall preach, and by this Book you shall be judged the last day." I ran up to my room and threw myself across the bed, convulsed and sobbing with emotion at the thought that my college days were now ended and that I faced the responsibilities of life as preacher and pastor. Of my classmates not one is living. Most of my school-mates, college companions and fellow students of the Seminary have "crossed the river," and yet I, who was always the frailest and most delicate of them all, am still living in comparatively good health at seventy-eight years of age. There are two mysteries in the universe; one is the mystery of divine Providence; the other is the mystery of life itself.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

—TENNYSON.

Columbia Theological Seminary.

In closing this chapter of my Seminary life, may I, as one of the oldest living Alumni, pay tribute to my worthy Alma Mater:

During the first century of its existence Columbia played a worthy part, matching in the spiritual realm the attainments of the South in economic development, in scientific achievement and in national expansion. Statistics show that its distinctive territory contained at the time of its birth 73 Presbyterian ministers and 8,560 communicants. Today largely as the product of its life and work, this territory boasts 700 ministers and 142,000 communicants. It has grown from one teacher and five students to a dozen instructors and seventy students; and from no physical equipment whatever to a million dollar plant, including its endowment funds and material assets. It has graduated 1,000 students, and adding the numbers which did not finish their full course, it has given to the Church 1,100 ministers of the Gospel.

The greatest forces and influences, however, are the spiritual, the silent and the unseen. Spiritual achievements cannot be judged by visible results, nor estimated in the mathematics of earth. In like manner, Columbia Seminary makes its appeal to intangible results in the spiritual realm, which cannot be reckoned in human terms. Adapting the thought of another: "Statistics are cold, deceptive things, when used to compute the growth of an invisible kingdom. 'Numericals do not voice the strong things of religion.'" Undoubtedly the grandest result of our Seminary's work has been the creation of a current of beneficent influence, "like the Gulf Stream, deep, strong, immeasurable, which will increase in volume till it sweeps upon the shore of Eternity."

Pastorates

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ABOUT the first of April, 1876, I was within one month of graduation, yet without any visible prospect of a "call," or application for my services, as a minister. At this juncture, Rev. John G. Law, of South Carolina Presbytery, to which I belonged, came to my room in the Seminary and inquired where I expected to locate. I answered that I had nothing in view, but if the Lord had "called" me to preach he had a place for me; and if I was not called I hoped, by not getting a place, Providence would shut me out of the ministry. He then informed me that he had resigned his charge at Walhalla, S. C., and had mentioned me as a possible successor. This interview resulted in an invitation to preach at Walhalla in the next two weeks for mutual acquaintance on the part of the church and myself. As the outcome of this visit I was formally invited to supply the church for six months, which I accepted.

First Pastorate, Walhalla, S. C.

Immediately upon graduation I went for a two weeks' visit to my family at the old home, and begun my labors at Walhalla June 1, 1876. I had no equipment in the way of sermons, very little experience and was only twenty-one years of age. I wrote my sermons in full and memorized them verbatim. As I preached everything I knew on every Sabbath, I was terribly perplexed each Monday to know what I would do for the next Sabbath. No drudgery of any slave exceeded the tiresome task I faced each week, of writing a new sermon of thirty pages and

then committing it to memory. Fortunately for me, each alternate Sabbath I went to the country for the morning service and rode back to preach at Walhalla at night. One of these country churches was Bethel, at the foot of the mountains north of Walhalla, and the other was Richland in the opposite direction. This saved my life, for twice in the month I could use the same sermon both morning and evening. The other two Sabbaths in the month I had to prepare for two services the same day at Walhalla. In my delicate state of health how I lived through it I cannot understand. It was not comforting to have one of the most intelligent women of the town tell me I could not live under the strain for two years. Necessity compelled me occasionally to attempt to speak without writing out my sermon. As soon as I discovered that I could speak extemporaneously by the use of "notes," I quit writing my sermons, but I always spoke with great fear and trembling.

A Serious Adventure.

After serving nine months as "supply," the Walhalla church "called" me as pastor February 25, 1877; and that I might be "free from worldly cares and avocations" obligated itself to pay me an annual salary of \$300. The two small country churches "promised" another \$300. I accepted and was ordained to the full work of the ministry at Walhalla April 22, 1877. I now had an income of \$600 a year—not equal to that of Vanderbilt or Astor—but it gave me the temerity to take unto myself a wife. As one of my church officers had borrowed all of my "savings," something less than \$100, I went to the town bank and secured a small loan to buy a wedding suit and bring home my bride. I was accordingly formally married October 23, 1877, to Ella Martha Brice, only child of Christopher S. Brice, Sr., of New Hope Associate Reformed Presbyterian congregation near Woodward, S. C. In parting at the depot her father gave her

several crisp ten dollar bills for pin money. As she entrusted herself to my keeping for life, it was natural that she should entrust her excess money also to me. I used it for promptly meeting my note in the bank. I am sure I have repaid her in actual cash and in other ways hundreds of times, as she will abundantly testify.

Singular Coincidences.

It is a singular coincidence that the first person I ever received into the Church was a college-mate, Thomas Y. Chalmers, and he was also the first person I ever married. To perform this ceremony I rode horseback ten miles through the snow to the little mountain cabin-home of the bride. After the guests departed, the "nuptial hall" was converted into a "bridal chamber." A curtain was hung across the room, dividing it into two parts. I occupied one and the bridal couple the other. Among others that I received into the Church in my first pastorate was S. P. Stribling, a classmate who sat by my side in the recitation rooms at college. I also baptized his children, one of whom was named "Leslie" for me. My other namesakes in that country church were "Morris" Shanklin, "Leslie" Dendy, "Leslie" Price and "Leslie" Pickett. The fact that I had no namesakes in my town church indicated the greater esteem of a pastor by the country churches, and is one explanation why so many more country boys enter the ministry.

Namesakes.

One woman near Plumtree, N. C., in the mountains, named her son for me as "Secretary of Home Missions," but I have never seen mother or son. One, Mrs. Hugh Crawford Terrell, at the time to me an unknown woman at Mt. Airy, Ga., named her son for me, in admiration for my preaching; and my youngest granddaughter is named "Leslie Morris" Gilbert—the most beautiful of all.

I have been greatly honored by having other mothers name their children for me. My first namesake was "Leslie" Thomas, colored. He was the son of my nurse, "Amanda," and the Negro for whom we paid after he was "freed," which caused the sale of our place. If their son is as good as his parents, I am as proud of him as any of my white namesakes. My wife has two cousins named for me "Leslie" Brice and "Morris" McIlwain (the latter deceased—a victim of the world war). My brother's oldest son was named for me, but he died in infancy. One namesake, "Leslie Morris" McLucas, I never saw and I did not know his parents. They complimented me for the work I was then doing as Evangelist in Edgefield County. He was an exceptionally fine young man, but died soon after graduating. "Leslie" Tolbert is the kind remembrance of a schoolmate. Three namesakes belong to Macon, my last pastorate: "Leslie Morris" Lipsey, "Leslie Morris" Micklejohn and "Samuel Leslie Morris," Jr. The last was the compliment of my wife.

My first pastorate was during the era of elaborate funerals in which regular sermons were preached. They sent for me all over the county, occasionally twenty-five miles from town, and to preach "funerals" for persons I never heard of and who, perhaps, had been dead for months. It put a tremendous burden on ministers, as well as causing, sometimes, the loss of two days at a time. One woman on her deathbed sent post haste for me several miles away, to preach a premature funeral sermon while she was dying. It was preaching under difficulties, without a moment's preparation, while the doctor and the nurse were plying all their aid in trying to relieve her suffering in her last moments. I was not sorry that she became so excited as to request that the performance be stopped. I am sure that the sermon did not hurt her, for she got well in spite of doctor, preacher and all.

My wife and I boarded part of the time in the splendid home of Major and Mrs. S. P. Dendy. He was an elder in the church, a noble Christian gentleman, even tempered, and one who never spoke ill even of an enemy. Mrs. Dendy avowed that my wife and I were only children and that she could not in affection tell any difference between us and her own. Her second daughter, "Sue Sitton," adopted us and changed her name to Sue "Morris" Dendy. We afterward rented a snug little cottage next door to the Dendys, and set up housekeeping. It was forty days before we sat down to the first meal alone. I cut the wood, drew the water, made the fires and milked the cow; and my wife cooked and acted as her own chambermaid. We were children playing doll house.

This Dendy family of my first charge has since furnished seven sons for the ministry. Two of the number sat under my ministry and the other five were children of those I received into the Church. Two others of my first pastorate also entered the ministry.

Evangelist for County.

After serving exactly six years the Presbytery of its own accord elected me Evangelist for Edgefield County and severed my pleasant relations with my first pastorate. Edgefield County, just across the Savannah River from Augusta, Ga., enjoyed the distinction of being the one county in South Carolina without a Presbyterian church, and of having more bloodshed to the square mile than any section of the country. The Presbytery undertook to remedy its first trouble by organizing a Presbyterian Church, believing that event might possibly lessen the shedding of blood. Accordingly, it planted the seed of Presbyterianism by organizing with four members and elected me to nurse the infant church. I lived at Trenton and preached at Johnston, Highview and Edgefield Court House, preaching at

two points each Sabbath, which caused me to ride about twenty miles each trip—one thousand a year, in my buggy—before the day of automobiles. Growing a crop of Presbyterians from seed corn of four members was a man's job. The county had been pre-empted by the Baptists for one hundred years, and contained four thousand members of that denomination. I had no constituency back of me and no material out of which to make Presbyterians. In going to meet an appointment I never knew whether I would have an audience of one hundred and fifty or fifteen. I stuck to the job seven years and a half; completed the unfinished building at Trenton and built attractive churches at Johnston, Edgefield and Highview. I was partly supported by the Presbytery, and left behind me a self-supporting work and one hundred and twenty-five members.

Owing to the isolation of the county from the rest of the Presbytery, it was almost impossible for me to get ministers to help me in protracted meetings. I was sometimes compelled to conduct my own meetings and often did all the preaching. I occasionally preached forty days in succession, resting only on Saturdays. Instead of "breaking down" it seemed to be good physical exercise, and I was in better health at the close than at the beginning. I also occasionally received more members into the Church in these meetings when I had to depend entirely on the Lord instead of on my brethren. I maintain from experience that pastors ought, if possible, to be their own evangelists.

A Great Discovery.

It was during this pastorate that I "discovered" Ben Tillman. At least he gives me credit for the discovery. In my effort to find "openings" for my work I went ten miles in the country from Trenton and about the same distance from Augusta, and preached in an open pavilion used for drilling a country com-

pany, called "The Hussars." The captain of the company, B. R. Tillman, had known my wife as a girl in Florida and he took us home with him for the night. He was an uncouth farmer, whose dwelling had been burned and he was living in a rough tenant house of three rooms. His front yard was a "cattle lot," where his horses, cows and pigs enjoyed social equality. His wife was a splendid woman and they lived well. He was thirty-five years of age, and I was twenty-eight.

He had a tremendous head and bushy hair, which hung down to his shoulders. His dress suit was a long-tail faded blue coat, made military style. If Charles Dickens had ever seen him, he would have lived forever after among the "immortals." By reason of our literary affinities he and I took to each other at once, and a friendship was formed which lasted thirty-five years, till the day of his death as United States Senator in Washington. He never attended college but was self-educated. He was familiar with the classics and could quote Byron, Shakespeare, Hood and the great poets at will. If the Waverly Novels had been lost, I believe he could have come nearer reproducing them than any man living. The loss of his eye was caused by inflammation from reading at night during the Civil War, with no light except pine knots which blazed on the hearth.

After that first meeting I went back to Trenton the next day and said to a friend, "I spent last night with the smartest man I have ever known." In amazement, the question was asked, "Who?"; and when I replied "Ben Tillman," it called forth the shocked exclamation, "That old Farmer!" I talked him into notoriety all over the country. Occasionally his brother, at that time Congressman, and I met at his house, and for us three it was a time of "revelry by night" among the classics, poets, historians and encyclopedias. It was the first time in nearly ten years I had the privilege of associating with a literary character and one who "could go me one better." The fly in the ointment

was his shocking profanity. It was all the "slang" he knew, and he worked it over time. He was not religious and preaching rather "bored" him, but his fondness for me made him my most regular attendant; and, while he had not a musical voice, yet he led the singing as his wife played the organ. I saw him on one occasion under deep conviction of sin, though when I first met him he was somewhat skeptical. His conviction was dissipated by being called off at that critical period to a political meeting at the beginning of his public career. He never objected to a discussion with me of the subject of religion. Years after our paths in life separated, he said to his son: "I came very near joining the Church under the ministry of Mr. Morris; and it was the mistake of my life that I did not."

His political career began just before I left Edgefield for Macon, Georgia. He began by attempting to purify politics without himself accepting office. For this reason I used to call him "Warwick," known in English History as the "King Maker." As leading men were afraid to identify themselves with his "reform movement" for fear it would damage their prestige, I urged him to run for Governor himself, and necessity compelled him eventually to yield to the pressure.

About that time I moved to Georgia, and in his political addresses, when his enemies accused him of all the sins possible in the violation of the Decalogue, he named me as his "sponsor" and asked his critics to write me on the subject, which they sometimes did, and one of my letters in reply was published in the "*Charleston News and Courier*." He claimed that I "discovered" him and that my standing as a minister helped to elect him. He was not the kind to forget an obligation to a friend, and he repaid me by every means in his power and never lost an opportunity to render me or my friends valuable service. He was a diamond in the rough, honest as Abraham Lincoln, as reliable as Andrew Jackson. He served his country faithfully

and well, leaving behind a notable record for integrity of purpose and splendid achievement. I have indulged the secret hope that my ministrations to him may have led him to the Savior of sinners.

Woodrow Controversy.

During my pastorate in Edgefield occurred the famous Woodrow controversy on Evolution, in which I was forced to play a conspicuous part. It had its origin in the personal unpopularity of Dr. James Woodrow, Professor of Columbia Theological Seminary, who filled the Perkins Chair as to the Relationship of Science and Revelation. Certain parties, under the guise of defending Dr. Woodrow against the charge of teaching Evolution in the Seminary, introduced a resolution in the Board of Directors controlling the Seminary, calling upon Dr. Woodrow to deliver a lecture on the subject. In this published lecture he announced his belief that Evolution was "an unverified hypothesis," which was probably true, but he insisted on the doctrine of "non-contradiction between Science and Revelation." He affirmed emphatically and unequivocally his firm belief in the truth of the Bible in every respect and argued that God was the author both of Nature and Revelation; and that as truth is always consistent with itself it did not concern the Church to reconcile Science and Revelation, but should be content in the assurance that there never could be any contradiction between them. The Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation have the same author, but treat of entirely different themes. Affirming his absolute faith in the Biblical account of Creation, Dr. Woodrow insisted that the Bible did not settle the question whether God created Adam out of the dust of the ground *immediately* or out of "organic dust" *mediately*, in the same way we, his descendants, are made of "dust." He, therefore, claimed that, if God made Adam out of

“organic dust” by the process of Evolution, it did not in the slightest contradict the Scriptural account of the Creation.

Immediately upon the publication of this lecture, these same parties who had been so concerned to defend Dr. Woodrow against the charge, now openly attacked him as “teaching” Evolution and demanded his immediate resignation from the Seminary. The religious papers precipitated a controversy of great bitterness in the Church, in which Dr. Woodrow was tried and condemned by public opinion without an official trial by the Board of Directors, which would have given him the opportunity of defending himself. The case had been tried in the public press and was now projected into the Church courts, some of which condemned Dr. Woodrow, though having no jurisdiction over either himself or the Seminary.

Early in the controversy the Synod of South Carolina, one of the four which controlled the Seminary, met at Chester, South Carolina. Men were taking sides and a battle royal was expected. Although a very young man, I was made chairman of the Committee to report on Columbia Seminary. This put upon me the responsibility of leading the fight, and I made the opening argument, taking the position that I did not believe in Evolution but endorsed Dr. Woodrow’s general principle of “non-contradiction between Science and Religion,” and insisting that Dr. Woodrow be given a fair trial, with opportunity to answer any charges of heresy against him and to defend himself. We won the fight in the Synod, and in recognition of my services in the case the Synod elected me one of the Directors of the Seminary. The case dragged through several years and Dr. Woodrow was condemned by the General Assembly, although not formally on trial. During the progress of the controversy I wrote two satires entitled “A Dream” and “The Modern Play of Julius Caesar.” Feeling was so strong that I dared not acknowledge authorship, but published one as

"Junius" a la mode of the famous letters of English history; and I signed the other "William Shakespeare," as my play was based on his. These satires damaged the opposition to Dr. Woodrow more than all the arguments ever constructed in his defense, so he said; and if the authorship (which was suspected), had been established, it would have been an interesting period in the career of the author. Gradually, however, the opposition grew until I was his only friend left on the Board. There was a meeting of the Board appointed for December 4th, 1886, with the intent of ejecting Dr. Woodrow from the Seminary, on the day before my second daughter was born, which prevented my attendance at the meeting, so I stayed at home and named the child, "Hattie Woodrow," as my protest against the action of the Board in removing Dr. Woodrow from his chair.

The Presbytery of South Carolina then elected me a Commissioner to the General Assembly which met in St. Louis, Missouri, May, 1887, in order that I might continue the fight for the views which prevailed overwhelmingly in our Presbytery. I was appointed by the General Assembly a member of the Committee of Bills and Overtures, which was charged with the duty of handling the case. All members of the Committee except myself united in a report condemning Dr. Woodrow's position. I prepared a minority report asking the General Assembly to pronounce a deliverance, stating that God was Creator, whether His process was "immediate" out of the dust of the ground or "mediate" through the method of Evolution. I had prepared an elaborate speech in defense of my paper, and took the platform trembling in my boots at the prospect of arguing the question before the highest authority of the Church, which I knew was practically solid against me. At this juncture, some leading man to prevent my argument, moved to "postpone the matter indefinitely," which relieved me of the

responsibility of speaking; and I never got that speech out of my system. I still believe my position was unassailable.

Dr. Woodrow Vindicated.

After being condemned by various Church courts without the formality of a trial, Dr. Woodrow demanded a trial by his Presbytery; and this court, which was the only ecclesiastical jury which had the constitutional right to try him, after hearing the indictment and listening to his defense, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." It was some satisfaction to him and his friends that he was cleared, even though the verdict was rendered after the "execution" had taken place. This, however, left Dr. Woodrow in good and regular standing as a minister in the Church, and he was afterwards completely vindicated by being elected Moderator of the Synod of South Carolina. He was also elected President of South Carolina College, President of a railroad construction company, President of the First National Bank, President of an insurance company, and I know not what else. He died a very wealthy man. He was a universal genius; one of the greatest scholars the South ever produced. He taught me more than all the other professors combined, and so grounded me in the truth of the Bible that no power on earth can successfully assail my faith. Many a time have I heard him say: "I fear God, and in fearing Him I have nothing else to fear."

City Pastorate.

Having been pastor and evangelist for Edgefield seven and a half years, riding alone in my buggy more than a thousand miles a year to fill my Sabbath appointments, I began to break under the strain; and, as the church had grown from four members to one hundred and twenty-five and was practically self-supporting, I felt I was entitled to a change of labor. Ac-

cordingly, I accepted a call to Macon, Georgia, and began my labors in charge of Tattnall Square Church on November 24, 1889. At that time it was a small mission-church of about forty members and without a house of worship. I preached for nearly a year in the small wooden structure of Mercer University used at that time as a chapel.

My first work was to begin a canvass of the city for funds to erect a building on a lot generously bought and given for the purpose by Judge Gresham, a wealthy elder in the First Presbyterian Church. The subscriptions of the church and friends in the city did not amount to \$3,000. I insisted, however, in the face of ridicule, that we undertake to erect a brick structure. Judge Gresham, our generous friend, took a great fancy to me, laughed at me, but said if I could succeed in erecting a brick building he would give one thousand dollars. Encouraged by my optimism, the Building Committee let a contract for a brick building in February, 1890, largely upon faith. I made three trips to South Georgia among the sawmills and secured by donations of lumber all the sheathing, framing and flooring, which was equivalent to, perhaps, one thousand dollars. The contractor collected more than he was entitled to according to the work done and, being irresponsible, flew the contract. We continued by hiring day labor, and many a day I stood on the walls as overseer of the masons. We got into an unfinished and unfurnished building September 1, 1890. We worshipped in it and worked on it, as we secured the funds, till May 24, 1891, at which time it was dedicated by Dr. DeWitt Burkhead, who baptized my son, Leslie, two weeks old, in the manse.

On the day of the dedication we still owed over \$2,000 on the building. I told our friend, Judge Gresham, that I intended to lift the debt and dedicate it unencumbered. He was almost provoked at my audacity, but finally said, "Lay on, Macduff." At the dedication I asked the congregation to pay off the debt.

I faced an incredulous audience, which did not fall over itself in the effort to start the ball rolling. After some little coaxing, Judge Gresham, out of pity for my embarrassment, started off with \$300. Then I got several promises of \$100 each. I pleaded and talked till it came down to \$5.00 pledges, and I could not get another subscription. Counting up hastily, I found that we had \$1,600 in subscriptions, and I announced that officers would now pass the collection baskets and I wanted in change the remaining \$400. A smile went over the whole congregation, but when we counted up we had \$2,100, and dedicated free of debt a church property worth \$20,000. Faith and works coupled together are always invincible. I remained with the church as pastor twelve years, and saw it grow from forty to two hundred and fifty members, and in character one of the most substantial in the State. I was called to important charges elsewhere, such as Greenwood, South Carolina, and Pensacola, Florida, but declined.

During this pastorate in Macon, I made a trip in 1895 to the Holy Land, taking in Bermuda Islands, Gibraltar, Spain, Algiers and Egypt en route, and returning through Asia Minor, visiting Smyrna, Beyrout, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, Rome, Venice, Florence, Milan, Lucerne, Geneva, Paris and London, sailing home from Antwerp.

In 1898 I was appointed a member of the Committee which made the new Hymn Book for the Church, which is still in use by some congregations and one of the most successful "sellers" of any book issued by the Publication Committee of our Church. During our residence in Macon my wife lost both parents; her mother September 19, 1893, and her father March 4, 1900.

Secretary of Home Missions

1

ACCORDING to our Church polity a Presbytery, unless it is unusually large, sends only one minister and one layman to a meeting of the General Assembly. Notwithstanding the fact that they are elected by ballot, yet it is somewhat in rotation. If man belongs to a Presbytery of twenty ministers, he will be fortunate if he is elected more than once in his lifetime. It was my privilege to represent Presbytery in the Assembly six times before reaching middle life; at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1880; St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887; Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1892; Nashville, Tennessee, in 1894; New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1898, and at Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1901.

Secretary of Home Missions.

At this last Assembly occurred the election for Secretary of Home Missions, to take the place of Dr. John N. Craig, who dropped dead while making an address to the Synod of Virginia. The Assembly appointed a special hour for the election, which was preceded by a season of prayer for divine guidance in the election. Nearly a dozen men were nominated, and after each ballot the lowest man was dropped. I led each time till it came to the last ballot, which was a tie between Dr. W. R. Dobyns, of St. Joseph, Missouri, and myself. Tired of so much voting, the Moderator said, "If there is anyone here who has not voted, will he please break this deadlock." There was only one Negro member in the Assembly, and he arose and said,

"They failed to call my name." Being asked for whom he wished to vote, he answered, "Dr. Morris." A Negro named the man for one of the highest offices in the Church, and this changed the current of my life! This was May 23rd, 1901, the very day Margie, my oldest child, graduated at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and my wife was there attending the Commencement. I wired my wife and my church at Macon for counsel, and both advised me to exercise my own judgment. Strong and pressing influence having been brought to bear on me, I accepted and entered upon the work July 1st, 1901.

During the administration of Dr. John N. Craig the Home Mission work of the Church, which hitherto had been a unit, was divided into two departments hereafter to be conducted largely independently of each other. One was entitled "Local Home Missions" conducted and supported by each of the several Presbyteries in the stronger Synods, supplemented in certain cases by a co-operative Synodical Agency. The other was to be known as "Assembly's Home Missions," unifying the whole Church in the fellowship of a common service for enlisting the stronger sections in the support of the weaker and more destitute portions of the Church.

Two months in the year, September and January, were designated as the time for contributions from the whole Church for the support of Assembly's Home Missions. The specific territory assigned to the Executive Committee of Assembly's Home Missions was embraced almost exclusively in the Synods West of the Mississippi River and "the regions beyond" together with Florida. Its activities were restricted to three Departments of Service, "Sustentation," "Evangelistic" and "Church Erection." The latter consisted of donations and loans to assist in the building of inexpensive churches irrespective of territory. This was the status of affairs at the time my administration began July 1st, 1901.

The Home Mission office at this time was in the Inman Building, and consisted of only two rooms. Captain W. A. Powell, aged seventy, was treasurer, bookkeeper and all the office help I had. There was not even a typewriter in the office, and a stenographer would have been considered an extravagance. I wrote with my own hand all my letters, and in many instances copied the circulars as personal communications.

The income of the previous year was only \$26,915, and there was a debt of \$8,000, equivalent to 30% of the entire income. My first consideration was to pay this debt and my first circular was directed to this purpose, which was successful in wiping out the debt the first year. There was only one piece of literature in the office—just a few remaining copies of a brief historic account of the Home Mission operations under the administration of Dr. Craig.

Just after entering on the work my health gave way, and I thought for nearly five years I was about to fill a premature grave. In addition to the office work, I was compelled to travel much of the time, being absent occasionally three weeks on a trip and in ill health. My health gradually improved, and for the past few years I have enjoyed the best health and done the most work of any period of my life.

The Frontier Synod.

During the last half of the Nineteenth Century, the Home Mission work in the present State of Oklahoma was confined exclusively to that section which was known as Indian Territory, and was conducted almost entirely for the Indians. In 1901, the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the Home Mission Committee had never crossed the dividing line into the section known as Oklahoma Territory.

The Assembly at Little Rock, Ark., which elected me Secretary, passed the following resolution: "That Oklahoma be in-

cluded in our Home Mission field, and that the Executive Committee be directed to make such investigation as will enable it to undertake the work intelligently in that territory." This simple resolution inaugurated the forward movement that caused the Church to hear so much of Oklahoma thirty years ago, and eventually resulted in the birth of the fourteenth Synod of the General Assembly.

At that time there existed only the small Indian Presbytery, connected with the Synod of Texas, which contained eight ministers and twenty-two churches, only one minister of the number serving white churches—three in all, with a communicant roll of less than two hundred.

There being no funds for this advance movement I went in person to the Indian Territory and Oklahoma and spent considerable time in doing personal pioneer work, laying the foundation for my future operations in carrying out the instructions of the Assembly.

In my first visit to the Territory, I set foot on its soil for the first time as I left the train at Kosoma. While waiting for the Indian boy to harness his team and take me to Indian Presbytery, I entered into conversation with a little white boy, twelve years old, standing by, inquiring: "Are there any churches in this town?"

"No, sir."

"Are there no preachers who hold service here?"

"No, sir; there have been none here in several months."

"Are there no Christian people here?"

"Yes; my father is a Baptist, and my mother is a Methodist."

"What are you going to be?"

"Well, I think I will be a Catholic."

Much perplexed and somewhat annoyed by this reply, I repeated the conversation upon arrival at the Indian Presbytery, and learned this explanation: About twelve miles below

Kosoma, on the railroad is the town of Antlers, containing twelve hundred people, where a gentleman a few years before built a chapel and proffered it to the Presbyterian Church, while his wife and daughters proposed to enter its fold. Becoming offended because the Presbyterian minister did not return in a reasonable time, and seemed slow about taking up the work, he gave the chapel to the Catholics, and his wife and daughters went with it. The priest built up a good church and established a parochial school. Protestants were compelled to patronize a Catholic school, or lose for their children the advantage of an education.

As soon as possible we sent a minister to Antlers, Rev. Erskine Brantly, who organized a Presbyterian Church of a dozen members. During the first summer they built a school-house and a Presbyterian Church costing \$900. This Mission School opened its doors in September and enrolled ninety scholars the first week, and the church soon became self-supporting.

Advance Movement.

Up to this time, two years after the Assembly had instructed the Executive Committee to enter Oklahoma Territory, nothing whatever had been done in the way of advancing into unoccupied territory. The forward movement was inaugurated by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Central Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., after listening to my address on the needs of Oklahoma, when it offered to pay half the salary of a Missionary for Oklahoma Territory. Taking advantage of this offer, Rev. H. S. Davidson, of Bowie, Texas, was employed for half his time and was assigned to the southern part of Oklahoma Territory, in a great area where no representative of our Church was at work. He organized the church at Mangum with seventeen members, which soon after called him as pastor,

where he served several years and built up a good church, and where the Executive Committee erected its first building in Oklahoma Territory. Mangum Church is now self-supporting—and so are many others organized since in that same general section.

The work for white communities and growing towns had now so far advanced that it was thought best to organize a white Presbytery, which was accordingly done; and it held its first meeting at Durant in April, 1903, taking the name of Durant Presbytery, and was composed of the following eight members: Erskine Brantly, H. S. Davidson, W. P. Dickey, R. F. Kirkpatrick, W. S. Lacy, R. E. Telford, J. A. Williams, and R. P. Walker, nearly all of whom I had sent to Oklahoma. Its first act was to invite "Rev. S. L. Morris, Secretary, to sit as a corresponding member." It then went into "a committee of the whole" to consider plans, methods and means. Composed of young men with but little experience in parliamentary terms, when a motion was made "that the Committee rise," they took it literally, and every man promptly sprang to his feet! Doubtless, they will forgive the writer for putting on record this evidence of their inexperience, but this is not to their discredit, for not only did every man of them make good, but they laid deep and broad the foundations of their denomination in that great State.

Home Mission Secretary Pioneering.

As an illustration of the character of the work done at this period, I was compelled to spend a day in Coalgate between trains and took advantage of the opportunity to canvass for Presbyterians. Going from store to store, inquiring for Presbyterians, at last I was directed to a Scotchman, one mile from the center of town. Upon calling on and claiming this long-sought Presbyterian, imagine my astonishment on being told: "Some-

body has played a practical joke on you. I have not been in a church in twenty years!" Yet, here in Coalgate Rev. W. T. Matthews, whom I afterward sent to Oklahoma as Superintendent of Home Missions, held a meeting, organized a church with twenty-nine members, and placed Rev. E. H. Mosely in charge. He remained ten years and built up a strong church, which has entertained the Synod. It shows the benefit of sticking to the job. Not a man who stayed by the work a sufficient time proved a failure. One minister, since gone to his eternal reward, W. S. Lee, had his manse stolen one day while making a pastoral call, and it has never been heard from since—not noted for its intrinsic value, but it was the best and only home he possessed. Evidently not a spacious mansion, but the author once enjoyed the hospitality of its former owner.

The next advance step was a division of Durant Presbytery, by which all ministers and churches in Oklahoma Territory were set off into a new Presbytery, which took the name of Mangum in honor of the first church which had been organized in that Territory. The entire Presbytery was the outcome of the aid given by the Missionary Society of the Central Church, Atlanta, which paid one-half of the salary of an evangelist for Oklahoma Territory. Was there ever an investment of missionary funds that yielded greater dividends? The business world is challenged to show better results from equal amount invested.

Oklahoma Synod Organized.

Having now three Presbyteries, the time had come for a Synod, which was accordingly created in 1908, and took its place on the roll of the Assembly in 1909, with thirty-four ministers and seventy-two churches, being just one year younger than the State, which was admitted to the Union in 1907.

The opening sermon was preached by the veteran Missionary, Rev. W. J. B. Lloyd, hoary-headed and feeble, who for eight years, from 1870 to 1878, was a Foreign Missionary to the Indians—at the time the Indians were under the care of the Foreign Mission Committee—and had been for the past thirty years a faithful Home Missionary to the same people. All hearts were touched as he described his ordination thirty-eight years before by three Missionaries, one of them practically dying at the time he laid hands on the head of his successor; and tears moistened many eyes as he graphically told in husky voice of his long, fatiguing horse-back rides, which required several days to go from one appointment to the next, and sleeping in his blanket by night on the lonely prairie.

Several exceedingly unique features occurred at this first meeting. Suddenly, on the second day, without a moment's warning, a couple walked down the aisle and asked for the "services of a minister." Rev. John A. Williams, local pastor, not the least surprised man present, was equal to the occasion, and performed the ceremony as composedly as if it had been by appointment. The parties then used the Clerk's table to sign the certificates, and the groom promptly handed over his fee publicly, with a whole Synod as witnesses. It was the coolest affair on record, and the happy pair went on their way rejoicing, while the Synod, doubtless, prayed that the future historian of the romance might add as the sequel, "They lived together happily ever after."

The second surprise came the next day, at the closing session. The Moderator of Durant Presbytery arose and requested Synod to suspend its business for a few moments to allow Durant Presbytery to hold a meeting immediately, in the presence of the Synod. Men fairly held their breath, and asked in the silent chambers of their souls, "What next?" Once more Pastor Williams officiated. Professor E. Hotchkin, President

of Durant College, an elder in the Durant Church, took his place in front of the pulpit, and his pastor proceeded formally and solemnly, by order of the Presbytery, to license him to preach the everlasting Gospel.

So the first meeting passed into history, and the young Synod entered upon a career of rapid development and great usefulness in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ throughout the West and "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

In visiting these new towns springing up like magic, I sometimes found no hotel accommodations. In one of these prospective cities I found lodging with an old couple who kept "hotel" in a one-room store building. The cooking was done in the back end of the room, supper was served about the middle, and nearly a dozen of us, all strangers to each other—some very unprepossessing and doubtful characters seemingly—slept on pallets in rows near the entrance. Somewhat anxious as to the safety of my funds, I slept in my socks and slipped my "greenbacks" into my hose. In this pioneer work I organized in person the church in Oklahoma City and preached dedication sermons in other cities. Some of the most important churches in the Synod, such as Shawnee, Lawton, Holdenville, Madill, Hugo, etc., are the result of my field work as Secretary—lacking the funds to employ a superintendent of Home Missions. Afterward Rev. W. Fred Galbraith, Rev. W. T. Matthews, and Rev. W. A. Rolle were successively Superintendents of Home Missions, whose efficiency largely accounts for the marvelous development of that new frontier Synod.

Additions to the Office Force.

Five years after my election, Captain Powell, our Treasurer, died in April, 1906, while I was pioneering in Oklahoma, and I was called home by "long distance" to balance his books and write his report for the Assembly—only one month distant. I

was elected treasurer pro tem by the Committee and served in that capacity two months, when Mr. A. N. Sharp was elected Treasurer. Dr. Homer McMillan came in the fall of 1906 as Associate Secretary—afterward Co-ordinate Secretary. Miss B. E. Lambdin entered the work of the Woman's and Literature Department in 1908; Miss E. A. Berry came in September, 1909, and Miss Sue B. Haley in 1913. Later came Miss Nancy White, in the place of Miss Berry (married), who had taken the place of Miss Lambdin (resigned); then came Miss Minnie Thomas. Afterward Rev. E. B. Paisley was elected as Educational Secretary, serving two years, and was succeeded by Rev. P. D. Miller, present incumbent. It gives me great pleasure to place on record my heartiest commendation of their efficiency, and to give them ample credit for the great success of the work.

Expanding Frontiers.

Succeeding the advance movement in the West by which the small Indian Presbytery developed into the Synod of Oklahoma, enlargement of the sphere of operations came next by our entrance into the Appalachians, which created the Department of Mountain Work.

The Appalachian Mountains, extending parallel with the Atlantic Coast from Pennsylvania to Georgia, a distance of 500 miles, and spreading out in places 300 miles in width, interrupts and limits the arable land, which distinguishes this section of the South, but furnishes ample compensation by reason of its rich mineral resources which add immensely to the wealth of the country. The Ozarks, beyond the Mississippi are the counterpart of the Appalachians, and together the two form the most important ranges of America—not excepting the Rockies.

The population of the Appalachian section is given as 5,330,511—of which 88 per cent is white. One million and a

quarter live in towns and cities of 1,000 or more. The remaining four million are divided into two groups, the larger being prosperous rural folks, many enjoying the advantages of education. The *New York Times* published sometime ago the statement that there "were 3,000,000 lost to the modern world wearing the patterns of the sixteenth century who need to be reclaimed." By some, this is regarded as an overestimate.

The Presbyterian Church entered this fruitful field many years ago but was handicapped in the lack of means for its successful prosecution, taking over the pioneer work of the "Soul Winners' Society," in 1911 which had been organized by Dr. Guerrant. While we have scarcely touched the outer edges of the problem of illiteracy and religious destitution hidden behind vast mountain ranges, yet we point with pride to our growing churches, our great mission schools and our evangelistic activities, which are transforming whole communities and in some instances influencing entire counties; and it should be our purpose to establish cordons of religious forces until they meet and stretch from state to state in their beneficent influences.

From Hell Creek to Kingdom Come.

Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, the father of our Mountain Missions, made for the Secretary a facetious list of the creeks in the mountains of Kentucky where his missions were located, most of these streams being tributaries of the Kentucky River. Would any of our readers risk drinking water from this river which has the following sources?

Hell Creek, Hell for Sartin, Big Devil, Little Devil, War Creek, Squabble Creek, Troublesome, Quicksand, Bull Skin, Greasy, Meat Scaffle, Dumb Bettie, Red Bird, Goose Creek, Lost Creek, Canoe, Frozen Creek, Shoulder Blade, Puncheon Camp, Snake Creek, Kingdom Come.

The last is the scene of one of the most charming and popular mountain stories ever written, entitled, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr., author of still another story, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," located in Big Stone Gap, Va., where "the Lewiscot League" matches in unique missions all of its romance. John Fox, Jr., vies with Harold Bell Wright, author of "The Shepherd of the Hills," in the glamour of sensational mountain stories, but their inventive genius has created nothing more romantic than the tragedies in real life among the mountains and the spirit of daring adventure, which have characterized some of the thrilling exploits of our modern heroes of faith.

"The Shepherd of the Hills."

The pioneer work of Dr. Guerrant, during which period he and the Secretary of Home Missions travelled together hundreds of miles exploring various sections of the Kentucky mountains, would surely entitle him to extensive notice for his zeal and arduous labors in laying foundations for future operations.

In the veins of Dr. Edward O. Guerrant flowed the blood of the Huguenots, which bequeathed to him the spirit of the Martyrs. During the Civil War, a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, he crossed and recrossed the Cumberland Mountains several times and found no churches. Having been brought up in a village of churches with the thought that all people this side of China were equally fortunate, the great religious destitution of the mountains impressed him. Impressed him so much, in fact, that after spending some years practicing medicine, he entered Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, to become a minister, with the thought of devoting his life to reaching the poor.

Called to one of the greatest churches in Kentucky, he could

not be satisfied, while the cry of human need was ringing in his ears from the heart of the mountains, which eventually made him "The Shepherd of the Hills" in a sense that Harold Bell Wright never dreamed of. He found in the mountains, to quote his words, "a region as large as the German Empire practically without churches, Sabbath-schools or qualified teachers; whole counties of people who had never seen a church or heard a gospel sermon they could understand." He conducted evangelistic services and organized churches not only in the mountain coves where adults had never heard a gospel sermon but in county sites such as Jackson, Breathitt County, Ky., where until his ministration no church of any denomination existed. He organized the "Soul Winners' Society," afterward changed to the "American Inland Mission," which he conducted alone without backing of church or patron till burdened with years and infirmities he transferred his churches, schools, colleges and missions to the Presbyterian Church.

His name is a household word in the mountains, and "his praise is in all the churches." His sudden death—lacking only a year of attaining "by reasons of strength fourscore years"—came as a great shock to the entire Church, which left his beloved mountaineers dazed and "dumb with amazement." Rev. W. H. Woods, D.D., voiced their inarticulate thought in one of the most touching poems ever written:

Hark! In the Highlands now
Wild horns are blowing
Over each smoky ridge,
And swift stream flowing;
For there's ill news abroad,
And lone peaks listen,

While waiting pools below
Like fond eyes glisten;
Listen and wait in vain—
He will not come again—
Guerrant has left them.

Ye whom his shepherd-heart
Folded and fathered,
Now let the galax leaves
Ripen ungathered;
Teach your wild streams a tone
Of human feeling,
And bring the balsam-balm
For your own healing.
Only a breaking heart
Could see such a friend depart—
Guerrant has left you.

Think not ye mourn alone—
Never a steeple
Where the bell tolls, may hold
All hearkening people;
Though to no other man
His gifts are given,
His is a mighty tribe
Here and in Heaven.
We are his comrades true,
This is our dark hour, too—
Guerrant has left us.

This brief allusion to the life and work of a rare character, although a "twicetold tale," could scarcely be avoided without seeming discourtesy to his blessed memory and in justice to

his unmatched service. The narrative would be incomplete without some of his unique experiences and pathetic incidents as related in his public addresses.

Illustrations—Humorous and Pathetic.

In a distant mountain cove which he had never investigated, Dr. Guerrant made an appointment for preaching on a definite date and had notice circulated throughout that region. Being the first party on the ground at the appointed time, he saw coming a girl of seventeen accompanied by a boy of twelve. Having walked barefooted she first sat down and put on her shoes, and then this conversation took place.

"Mister, be you the man who is going to preach today?"

"Yes," said Dr. Guerrant, "I am to preach to you."

"Well, I have never hearn a man preach what kin preach; and I have walked seven miles to hear a man who kin preach."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Lizzie Baker."

"What is your father's name?"

"His name is Tom Jones."

Somewhat disconcerted and scarcely knowing what to say next, Dr. Guerrant ventured hesitatingly:

"I hope the old people are married."

"Oh yes," answered the girl, "they is married all right but all the children likes Mam better than they do Pap, and they all tuck Mam's name."

This occurred not in China nor in the Dark Continent, but in one of the Sovereign States of this so-called Christian country. In one of the evangelistic services a young woman came forward publicly and asked to be baptized and received into the Church. At the close a mountineer whispered: "Dr. Guerrant, if you could get Belle Napier's family into the Church, you would have a pretty good start. She has twenty-seven

brothers and sisters!" One man took him aside for a private interview and asked: "Would you baptize and receive me into the Church barefooted? I don't have any shoes." It is needless to say no prince of royal blood nor influential member of one of the "first families" ever was assured of warmer welcome. One of the most desperate characters of the mountains, whose hands had more than once been stained with blood, was at last apprehended and sentenced to life imprisonment. Hardened, defiant, sullen, many approaches had been attempted in vain. At length the man who understood the human heart as, perhaps, few did, sat down by him with the purpose of finding, if possible, an avenue of approach and said tenderly: "Do you love that little boy left behind in your home?" This touched the tenderest spot in his soul and with tears running down his cheeks, in an agitated voice he said: "Dr. Guerrant, I would stand between that boy and hell!" This opened the way for the story, which surpasses romance—"Like as a father pitieth his children."

Recently one of our missionaries in the mountains was invited to the birthday dinner of a man eighty-six years old, who was the father of twenty-four children, and had killed twenty-seven men! Are these typical characters? Not, if by "typical" is meant that they represent most of the mountain people. Yet they are "types" of multitudes who, however, are not to be judged by the ordinary standards. They have had no advantage of education and but little gospel privileges or religious influences. There are other types; but these have souls with needs as great as any; and they are not beyond the transforming influences of the grace of God.

Dr. Guerrant was made Superintendent of Mountain Missions under the jurisdiction of the Home Mission Committee. As his strength began to fail we secured as Superintendent Rev. W. E. Hudson, succeeded by Rev. J. W. Tyler, at whose un-

timely death the responsibility fell on the shoulders of Rev. E. V. Tadlock, the present incumbent. These men founded an empire for the church in the Appalachians and their work will live through long succeeding generations.

Negro Department.

Enlargements of the sphere of Home Missions "followed fast and followed faster." The General Assembly of 1911 consolidated its Home Mission operations by transferring Colored Evangelization to the Home Mission office and laid upon it the responsibility of financing it.

The Negro population in the United States is twelve millions—which means one in every ten—and is still increasing, though not so rapidly as the Whites. The first national census in 1790 revealed that 19.3% of our total population were Negroes. Thirteen Southern states report, each, more than 200,000; eight of these have more than 600,000; and several nearly a million. These thirteen Southern states contain six-sevenths of the Negroes of the United States. In exactly one-fifth of all the counties of sixteen Southern states the Negro is in the majority. Heretofore the Negro question has been almost exclusively a Southern problem.

"God that made the world and all things therein hath made of one (blood) all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord." The translators of the English Bible have supplied the word "blood"; but there is nothing to indicate the qualifying word, whether "blood" or "federal headship," or "heart," or "nature." Whether it teaches the unity of race, of condition or of character, there can be no questioning the unity of obligation to a common Creator, demanding "that they should seek the Lord." Common obligations as "the offspring of God" create

a community of interests, and of relationships. Racial types involving "the origin of species" are a problem belonging to the domain of Divine Providence. The adjustment of racial relationships is a problem pertaining to the sphere of human life.

Can a democracy successfully deal with race problems? Autocracy armed with unlimited authority and backed by militarism may curb the prejudices and passions of men, but democracy with its insistent demands for the largest personal liberty has a more difficult task, especially when socialism cultivates the contradictory principles—of eschewing class antagonisms and intensifying them at the same time.

The solution of the Race problem has baffled alike human governments, earthly philosophy, the noblest philanthropy, and the science of sociology. Its solution must be sought in the realm of religion. The Gospel of the Son of God is the sole remedy. The failure of Christianity hitherto to find the remedy is no greater indictment than congested cities, the abolition of poverty and the banishment of war. By the grace of God, through the application of the principles of the Gospel, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Church will ultimately solve all problems and trample under foot all the products of evil.

The Church has at present a twofold obligation to the Negro as an undeveloped and suffering race. One is in the sphere of sociology, the other in the domain of religion, though the two necessarily overlap.

In the interests of common justice and civilized humanity the Church should preach the obligations of Christianity between man and man, thereby creating a Christian sentiment in favor of extending to the Negro his God-given rights as a man created in the image of God; the protection of his rights in Courts of Justice, the protection of his health and moral char-

acter in housing conditions, and above all the protection of his life in the hands of infuriated mobs. The Church may not as an organization enter the sphere of the state, but it can teach the Golden Rule involving the principle of just citizenship in the "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

From the very beginning of the Southern Presbyterian Church as a separate denomination, it has felt its responsibility to the Negro. In 1863 the General Assembly made the following statement: "The Foreign mission problem is here reversed. Instead of having to send missionaries to the heathen, the heathen are brought to us, thus affording the opportunity of doing a Foreign mission work on a gigantic scale, and under the most favorable auspices. A work altogether unique and which the Church in any other part of the world might well covet. The Lord hath set before us an open door; let us not fail to enter it."

The former Executive Committee of Colored Evangelization under the Secretaryship of Dr. J. G. Snedecor, who devoted his life to the cause and left behind him the legacy of his unfinished work, was never able to raise more than \$10,000 annually for the need of the Negro. The development of the work compelled the Home Mission Committee to make an outlay of more than \$40,000 each year to meet the merest necessities of the work. Dr. Snedecor came with the work under the jurisdiction of the Home Mission Committee and did excellent service until his untimely death.

As the result of our evangelistic effort to meet our responsibility in behalf of the Negro we now have the Snedecor Memorial Synod—named by the Negroes themselves for their kind benefactor—consisting of four Presbyteries containing forty-eight ministers and fifty-four churches with a communicant roll of about 2,000, having annual additions averaging about 200, and total contributions for 1929 of \$10,649. If the

colored churches which are not connected with the Snedecor Memorial were added, the communicant list would be increased to 2,500 and the contributions to \$12,000. In percentage of increase and per capita gifts, the Presbyteries compare favorably with their white brethren—if financial ability is taken into consideration.

Department of Foreign Work.

The previous expansions were followed quickly by the erection of the Department of Foreign Speaking People, adding another responsibility to the already overburdened Home Mission Committee.

In all the ages the migrations of peoples by nations, by colonies and individuals have filled a large place in the history of the world, often resulting in disastrous wars, frequently in changing the map of the world and ordinarily in influencing the destiny of nations. "The finger of God in History" suggests fruitful study and is a favorite theme with thoughtful students of divine providence. In the classic city of Athens on historic Mars Hill, the greatest of Christian philosophers proclaimed: God "hath made of one (blood) all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." He might as truthfully have added that the divine guiding hand changes their "habitations" and shapes their destiny according to His purposes of grace in His moral government for the salvation of the world.

Sacred History differs from secular in more clearly exhibiting the hand of God behind the curtain, shifting the scenes and ordaining the means to the end. The confusion of tongues at Babel is not only an inspired explanation of the origin of nations but an illuminating statement of the purpose of God in their migrations.

The history of the United States is a history largely of immigration. The nations of the world by pouring their blood into America are reversing the confusion of Babel and uniting once again the discordant dialects of the earth into the speech of the Anglo-Saxon and transforming these heterogeneous people into the composite and cosmopolitan American. Upon the scientific fact of blood relationship, philanthropy bases the brotherhood of man. Upon the revealed fact of redemption by the blood of Christ, Christianity grounds the brotherhood of believers. The Tower of Babel is the symbol of disintegration. Pentecost is its reversal—a prophecy of its fulfilment in the divine purposes of the Church by means of its missionary operations. Is there anything in fiction to compare with the Romance of Nationality—the divine drama, exhibiting disunion by sin and reunion by the Gospel of the Son of God?

By reason of our ever expanding work, the Assembly was compelled to add to the financial burdens of the Committee but was itself helpless in the matter of increasing its income. The work of Foreign Speaking People increased the financial responsibility of the Committee by sums varying from \$50,000 to \$75,000 annually, but it was fully justified in results, ministering to a dozen nationalities and adding great numbers to the Church. The Texas-Mexican work, costing annually \$40,000, is a brilliant illustration of the success of the effort, and a lasting monument to Revs. R. D. Campbell, Walter S. Scott and J. W. Skinner.

Millions representing all the greater nations of the globe are being absorbed into our national life. They must be reached by the Church with the Gospel for their own sake, for our country's sake, for the world's sake, and above all, for Christ's sake. Is the evangelization of the world our goal? These aliens are our greatest opportunity and our weightiest responsibility. If our Christianity is not virile enough to save those in our midst,

surrounded by the highest Gospel privileges and reinforced by the best organized forces of the world, how can we hope to evangelize them in their environment of heathenism? The Church must rise to the occasion, to the opportunity and to the call of God in this age on ages telling.

Missionary Institutions.

During my incumbency as Secretary, one of our most important achievements was the establishment of great Missionary Institutions, whose aim and purpose was the evangelization of our country by educating the young people under Christian influences, the Bible being the foundation of religious life and character. The following is an illustration of this type of work.

Oklahoma Presbyterian College.

Thirty-five years ago Calvin Ralston, Jr., the little son of our missionary to the Indians, was accidentally drowned. His small bank deposit was dedicated by his parents to the establishment of a Mission School in the town of Durant, known as "Calvin Institute" in his honor. After a few years it developed into "Durant College," the building costing \$12,000. The first year revealed its utter inadequacy to meet the need, but it served the purpose of Christian education for seven years, under the efficient Presidency of the Rev. E. Hotchkiss, himself being the third generation of missionaries to the Indians. His address before the General Assembly at Greensboro, N. C., in 1908, evoked a spontaneous response, embodied in a resolution for the enlargement of this institution into the Oklahoma Presbyterian College.

The town of Durant purchased the college building for a high school, paying the Home Mission Committee \$20,000 for it, and friends in Durant presented the new institution with a magnificent site of twenty-three acres at a cost of \$27,000. The

Executive Committee undertook the erection of a hundred thousand dollar building, largely on faith in God, and in the women of the Missionary Societies. Its confidence in both sources of help was well founded, but it struggled with a tremendous debt for several years, being bonded for \$30,000.

The school being crowded beyond all capacity and conception, the Genral Assembly meeting at Durant in 1918, authorized the Home Mission Committee to undertake a second dormitory, costing nearly \$100,000, which again entailed a heavy debt on the struggling institution in a weak Synod, which could not rally to its support. The town, however, paid one-third of the cost, the Home Mission Committee another third; and Mr. C. E. Graham, of blessed memory, came to the rescue with \$20,000, one-half being paid before his death and the other half by his family.

In 1922 there was an indebtedness of about \$20,000 on the property, and nearly \$10,000 of accumulated deficits on current expenses and repairs. The new dormitory was bare of furniture, practically all the teachers declined re-election from lack of faith in its ability to pay salaries and, worst of all, it had no prospect of students. Several Indians came into fortunes by the discovery of oil on their lands, and three of them gave \$20,000 to the college—an illustration of "Casting bread on the waters" by the Presbyterian Church in years past, and now coming back in grateful recognition of the benefit received by the Indian people. Several of them have also made large gifts to the Goodland School. The remarkable thing about it is that none of these Indians belonged to our Church.

The wiping out of its indebtedness, however, did not fully solve its financial problems; and as a member of the Board of Trustees I was compelled for nearly twenty years to finance partly its current expenses by securing liberal gifts from bene-

volent individuals, as the Committee of Home Missions was carrying burdens too heavy to permit large appropriations from its embarrassed treasury. Dr. W. B. Morrison and Dr. E. Hotchkin alternating as presidents share equally the honor of its successful career.

In like manner the Committee established other great institutions such as Highland Institute and Stuart Robinson College in the mountains of Kentucky, the Texas-Mexican for boys and Pres.-Mexican for girls in Texas. It greatly enlarged the Stillman Institute for Negroes at Tuscaloosa, more than doubling its capacity and value, in which undertaking great credit is due Dr. R. A. Brown, Superintendent, of blessed memory.

Interchurch World Movement.

In 1919, the Mission Boards of America, Home and Foreign, represented in the Home Missions Council and the Foreign Mission Conference, caught an entrancing vision of a co-operative effort by which to finance the great task of evangelizing the world. Accordingly they inaugurated with tremendous enthusiasm the Interchurch World Movement.

To carry out its purpose each Mission Board, Home and Foreign, was encouraged to itemize and name the amount required for its individual task, which when unitedly assembled aggregated millions of dollars. An executive agency was created for promoting the enterprise, which began operations on a tremendous scale.

While collecting this fabulous sum each Board was asked to underwrite the Movement for the sum of its askings, upon which collateral it could operate while conducting the campaign for the grand total of the askings. The leadership assured the individual Boards in the most emphatic guarantee that none would ever be called on to pay a dollar of the amount underwritten.

The amount assigned to our Executive Committee was \$33,000. A legal paper was sent to me, as Secretary of Home Missions, in proper form, and I was asked to "sign on the dotted line," binding the Home Mission Committee for \$33,000, with the assurance that not a dollar of the same would ever be collected. It was stated that the first monies raised would pay these underwritings, and the balance would be distributed to the Boards for financing their individual tasks. The plan seemed so feasible one could scarcely doubt its successful working.

In studying the matter as Secretary, I saw that it would bind our Committee absolutely for \$33,000, irrespective of any payments by the other Boards, if the plan should prove abortive. Accordingly I signed "for our proportionate part of the \$33,000." This would not in case of failure make our Committee responsible for any deficit on the part of any other Board that defaulted in its payment and would limit our responsibility to only a small part of the \$33,000. The legal advisors of the Movement in New York saw the import of my safeguarding clause and refused to accept my limited bond. The authorities returned the same to me and insisted on the original form. I forwarded it again to New York declining their request. The legal advisors were obdurate, and I stood as firm as they.

The Movement collapsed with a crash which shook the continent. Some Boards were compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars, which almost bankrupted their denominations. Educational institutions were practically ruined. One denomination smaller than ours is still today after twelve years paying interest on \$18,000 with no prospect of meeting the principal. Our Executive Committee was not obligated for a dollar and escaped the catastrophe which wrecked the fortunes of other Boards.

I reported the facts to our Assembly and it authorized our Home Mission Committee to make a small voluntary contribution to assist in relieving the embarrassment of the defunct enterprise—which was received with profound gratitude.

Financial Activities.

By personal solicitation I was fortunate in securing from various parties liberal gifts which contributed largely to the work. The following, furnished chiefly from memory, are an incomplete list of some of these valuable contributions:

Dr. A. J. A. Alexander, for Oklahoma Pres. College	\$ 5,300
Mr. C. E. Graham, for Oklahoma Presbyterian College	20,000
George Watts to Stuart Robinson, annually	3,000
George Watts for Hospital	2,500
Mrs. George Watts, Stuart Robinson, annually	10,000
Mrs. George Watts, Stuart Robinson, dormitory	25,000
Dr. W. E. McIlwain, Memorial	30,000
Mrs. W. E. McIlwain, Trust Fund	25,000
Ministerial Friend, Annuity	42,000
John J. Egan, Schools (for several years)	2,000
Mrs. W. R. McKowen, for Okla. Pres. College, annually	3,000
Mr. W. T. Hardie, Negro School	2,000
General Education Board, Negro School	20,000

In addition to the \$25,000 for Stuart Robinson Dormitory Mrs. Cameron Morrison (formerly Mrs. George Watts), at my solicitation increased her annual gift to that school to \$10,000 which has in the years aggregated over \$100,000. In addition to these gifts, Mrs. Ball, of Fort Worth, Texas, heard me in an address and came to me at the close and said she had determined to leave to the Home Mission Committee \$50,000, but she would pay one-half of it at once and, accordingly, sent her check for \$25,000. The other half came after her death.

Home Missions Conducted on a Cash Basis.

As a boy in college I formed a resolution to order my life on a cash basis and never to buy anything on credit. I have practically stood by that principle during my whole life, although it caused hardships and self-denial—sometimes exceedingly embarrassing.

I conducted the Home Mission work of the Church on the same cash basis. I announced it as my unswerving policy to live within our income. Strong pressure was continually brought to bear on me to yield to the suggestion of venturing by faith to enlarge our operations at the risk of exceeding the income. Incidentally, I saw a letter written by a member of the Committee in explanation of its denial of a request for additional aid in which the writer stated: "Dr. Morris is more afraid of debt than of death." Only once did the year close with an indebtedness, and that was the first year of the World War, which came so suddenly and unexpectedly that it left the Committee that year owing \$20,000. That disastrous period tested the financial strength of every institution in the world. We trimmed our sails, adjusted ourselves to the storm and wiped out the debt during the succeeding year.

This avoidance of debt was accomplished by a resolution I secured by Assembly action in 1903 near the beginning of my stewardship, in which resolution the Committee was authorized to divide all legacies into three parts, making the amounts to extend over a period of three years, which acted as a balance wheel. This conduct of the work on a cash basis practically lasted twenty-five years.

During the closing years of my connection with the work receipts began steadily to decline. This was so unexpected it caught the Committee with an increasing work requiring large appropriations, which for a second time caused a debt to accumulate. It immediately began to reduce appropriations to

meet the situation. The Committee, under the administration of Dr. Homer McMillan, has materially reduced this indebtedness and announced its purpose to conduct the work strictly on a cash basis, which has received the hearty and unanimous approval of the whole Church. In appreciation of this wise policy, the Church should give the Committee its implicit confidence and rally to its support to meet its great responsibilities in ministering to the needs of our Church throughout its utmost bounds.

Missionary Periodicals.

The last week in November, 1907, the Executive Committee instructed me to begin one month later, January 1st, 1908, a Home Missionary Magazine. I had no subscription list and no time to collect one, so I bought a little paper in South Carolina with its list of subscribers, and began promptly the "*Home Mission Herald*." It was a marked success from the beginning and paid its way the first year, which was remarkable considering the fact that Church periodicals are scarcely ever self-supporting. After running four years it was merged by the Church with the Foreign Missionary Magazine, under the combined name of "*The Missionary Survey*."

Authorship.

One year after becoming Secretary of Home Missions, a Young people's missionary Conference was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 1st, 1902. They were embarrassed by the fact that there was not a Home Mission text book in existence suitable for study. The Conference challenged me to produce a Home Mission book. I went home and the following week began to write "At Our Own Door," which was ready that fall for the printer and issued by Revell & Co. early in 1903. It was the pioneer, the first Home Mission book ever produced in the

South. It was popular from the start and also used by Methodists and Baptists. It went through seven editions. In 1917 I made my second literary venture and issued "The Task That Challenges," which sold, upon the reputation of my first, six thousand copies the first month. During the summer of 1919 my third book appeared, "Christianizing Christendom," and the first issue of seven thousand copies was exhausted so suddenly it embarrassed us to supply the demand. In 1922 appeared my fourth book entitled, "Presbyterianism," which is still having a fair sale.

At intervals of shorter duration I published "The Records of the Morris Family," "The Romance of Home Missions," "The Fact of Christianity" (Lectures before Columbia Theological Seminary on the Smyth Foundation), and "The Drama of Christianity," the latter being an interpretation of the Book of Revelation.

Previous to my Secretaryship I had been a member of the Hymn Book Committee which gave the Church its Book of Worship in 1900 and which soon became the "best seller" hitherto issued by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. In addition to these literary efforts I for fifteen years wrote practically all the editorials of the *Home Mission Herald* and its successor, the *Missionary Survey*, in the Home Mission Department.

Retirement.

Owing to the "age limit" I voluntarily retired in May, 1930, after 29 years of service. May I place on record a comparative statement between the first and last years of my Secretaryship, which will serve to furnish an estimate in statistics of the work accomplished in this period of delightful fellowship with hundreds of my brethren and of its joyous service in meeting the responsibility of the task assigned by our beloved Church.

In submitting this statement may I again reiterate what I have repeatedly said, that I claim no exclusive credit for this splendid record of the Committee but only my legitimate share of its achievements. It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the loyalty and efficiency of Dr. McMillan and the entire office force which co-operated so heartily in all the conduct of the work.

1901—Membership Presbyterian Church, U. S., 227,991.

1930—Membership Presbyterian Church, U. S., 457,855; increase 100%.

1901—Assembly's Home Mission Equipment, \$10,000.

1930—Assembly's Home Mission Equipment (conservative estimate), \$1,500,000; increase, 14900%.

1901—Assembly's Home Mission Receipts, \$26,915.

1930—Assembly's Home Mission Receipts (average last 5 years) \$564,258; increase 2000%.

Outstanding Achievements.

In addition to these figures, the following are some of the outstanding achievements of this period, recorded in the Home Mission Report of 1926:

1. In 1901 Assembly's Home Missions was conducting a few small primary schools for Indians in Oklahoma, the principal one being "Calvin Institute" in Durant, which did not measure up to the higher grades in the ordinary Public Schools System. Its first upward step was a new brick building, and its name changed to "Durant College." Next in the process of development, by instructions of the Assembly, it became "Oklahoma Presbyterian College," having now a magnificent campus of twenty-three acres of land and two handsome dormitories, the entire plant valued at \$325,000. It has trained more than 1,000 students—a large percent of them Indians—and has a student body at present of nearly two hundred.

2. In 1901 Stillman Institute, for training a Negro Ministry, consisted of an old colonial home and several inexpensive buildings with beautiful groves surrounding them worth, perhaps, \$10,000. Now it has two splendid dormitories, recitation rooms, professors' houses, model dining hall, mechanic's shop, agricultural farms, and one hundred and ten acres of land, and the entire plant valued at \$300,000. It has educated five hundred men for the ministry, has enlarged its scope to include a Girls' Department, and elevated its curriculum to qualify as an accredited institution.

3. In 1901 Assembly's Home Missions was carrying on an evangelistic work for the Mexicans in Texas without any equipment whatever except a few dilapidated houses of worship. Now it has grown to a Texas-Mexican Presbytery, an Advance Field, of several thousand communicants, and has a creditable institution for boys and another for girls, and its property approximates \$200,000 in value.

4. In 1901 Assembly's Home Missions had as yet no Mountain Department. Its first venture was Nacoochee, now a splendid Synodical School. Then followed the development of Banner Elk, Matthew T. Scott, Grundy and other similar institutions. The transference of the Soul Winner's Society in 1911 by Dr. E. O. Guerrant, placed a large responsibility on the Executive Committee for ministering to whole areas of mountain people; and Highland Institute and Stuart Robinson sprang into prominence almost over night. The last two have, each, an equipment valued at \$150,000.

5. In 1901 Assembly's Home Missions possessed only the small "Moore Fund" as a means of assisting churches in erecting houses of worship. Now it has building funds, including the Hunter Memorial Fund and its permanent trust funds aggregating over a half million dollars.

6. In 1901 Assembly's Home Missions had practically no equipment—not over \$10,000 in its whole field. Now it has institutions, dormitories, church buildings, aggregating in value more than \$1,000,000.

7. In 1901 the work conducted by Assembly's Home Missions was of such small proportions that scarcely one thousand additions to the Church were made annually through its agency. Now the additions through its representatives average each year from seven to ten thousand, aggregating during this period more than one hundred thousand. Is it possible to estimate the significance of this one fact upon the growth and spiritual life of the Church? Is it not one partial explanation of its 100% increase in membership during the period? Can any Board or Agency show a more creditable record of achievement and service? Will the next quarter of a century duplicate it? The needs of the Cause, if adequately met, would require quadrupling these achievements.

Summary of Work.

During my first pastorate I was instrumental in starting Adger College at Walhalla, South Carolina, which had a wonderful career, graduating such men as Dr. W. G. Neville and Rev. John L. McLees, but it was wrecked by mismanagement. I had a conspicuous part in Oklahoma Presbyterian College, which is educating Indians and whites for the future leadership of that great state. I was offered at various times the Presidency of Columbia Theological Seminary, of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and of the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tennessee; the pastorate of Greenwood, S. C., and Pensacola, Fla., which I declined by reason of my conviction that my work was definitely "Home Missions."

I have preached, including addresses, more than 5,000 times; I have prepared 1,000 sermons; have received into the church on profession of faith during my pastorates covering a period of twenty-five years over 500; married 125 couples, and conducted 150 funerals.

Since my retirement two years ago I have preached whenever and wherever invited, with or without remuneration. I filled the Chair of English Bible in Columbia Theological Seminary during the Fall Term of 1932 while the Institution was in search of a permanent Professor for that department. If living December 25, 1932, I will be 78 years old. As I was licensed to preach in 1875, I have given to the Presbyterian Church fifty-seven years of continuous service. I am the oldest Presbyterian minister in Georgia. God has been exceedingly good to me. No man ever served a better Master.

The Philosophy of Life

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AS a concluding chapter the author may be indulged a few reflections on Life for the benefit of future generations. As my ancestors were all Presbyterians and nearly all of their descendants are adherents of the same Faith, it may not be amiss to put on record my reasons for the faith that is in me.

My life now lies chiefly behind me, and my work is practically done. My "record is on high." It has had its lights and shadows, and I look back upon it with but little regret—except that I did not make more of my opportunity. "If I were to live life over again," is a contingency which I have considered over and over. Of one thing I am sure, if I had to live over again I would enter the ministry; but there are other things and ways I perhaps would change.

Retrospect of Life.

1. If I were to live life over again I would be more thorough. My ability to learn easily and quickly had its advantages and disadvantages. It gave me such advantage over my classmates that I could always without much study make a creditable showing and so lead every class to which I belonged. The disadvantage consisted in making me regard good recitations as the end rather than the means. I now realize that I should have paid the price of harder study for the sake of thoroughness. As a consequence, I often forgot as easily as I learned, and, while I have a comprehensive smattering of an encyclopaedic character, it would have been better to have mastered a few things thoroughly. The most successful man is the specialist whose

motto is: "This one thing I do." Intensiveness is better than comprehensiveness.

"He who seeks one thing in life and but one,
May hope to achieve it e'er life be done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets."

—OWEN MEREDITH.

2. My second proposed amendment of life I would designate as more systematic study. It is easy to drift in the current of life. Each man should master himself and not allow circumstances to control his habits and movements. Adopting a consistent policy and rigidly adhering to its ideals will lift to higher attainments than haphazard pursuit of every rainbow of hope which dazzles his sight.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—LONGFELLOW.

3. I regret that I have not been more decided and stood more uncompromisingly for great principles. It is difficult at times to stem the current of popular movements. The temptation is always to follow the line of least resistance. Christ warns against time-servers: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." It is better to make enemies and suffer for one's principles for the sake of the compensation in the end. Christ's life was the success which comes through failure—from the human standpoint. The devil offered him "the kingdoms of the world" as the price of worldly success. He chose the way of the Cross and will eventually be crowned "Lord of all." "The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. It is

enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord," and "follow his steps" to the cross as a stepping stone to the throne.

4. I could wish that I had mastered one modern language, preferably French. Such was always my intention. Procrastination ruined my purpose. I waited too long for "a convenient season" to begin. If I had only made a beginning, fifteen minutes a day in study would have spelled success.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: 'It might have been'."

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

5. My greatest regret, in the retrospect of life is, that I did not give more time and attention to my family. God entrusted me with children and while I have lived and toiled for them, I fear that I allowed my official duties to absorb too much of my time and thought. I have often reproached myself and taken up the lamentation of the shepherdess in the Song of Solomon: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept"—satisfactorily to myself, to them and perhaps to my Master. My children have been given the advantage of a good education at considerable expense and some sacrifice, which I regard as a precious legacy and absolutely inalienable. They are fixed in life and in their principles, I trust. I am satisfied with their moral character, and the only improvement I can suggest or wish is more intense spiritual life and active interest in the "Kingdom" of God among men, and so perpetuate the family heritage of generations past. The chief joy of the life which yet remains for me is to live life over again in them, and that God will give me this reward. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."
III John 4.

Presbyterianism.

6. If I could live life over again, I would undoubtedly be a Presbyterian. Three men were discussing among themselves what nationality each would choose next to his own. The first said, "If I were not a Frenchman, I would be an Englishman." The second said, "If I were not English, I would be an American." The Irishman said, "If I were not an Irishman, I would be ashamed of myself." I follow his example. I thank God I am a Presbyterian by birth. I am still more grateful that I have had Presbyterian training. I am most profoundly thankful I am a Presbyterian by conviction. I have studied the system of every denomination and I know the foundation upon which each is built, and it makes me more thoroughly satisfied with the scriptural basis of Presbyterianism.

This does not prevent me loving the other branches of the Church, and I delight to co-operate with them in the work of the Lord and pray for their highest success. Liberality toward other churches is one of the things which commends Presbyterianism to me. I could not belong to an intolerant church. If any of my children by honest conviction should join some other denomination believing it more scriptural, I would say, "God bless you, my children, in following your conscience and obeying your convictions." If, however, any of them should be weak enough to be proselyted by the flattering attention and the Jesuitical methods employed by schemers, trained in the art of proselyting, I would feel disgraced to my dying day. For the information of the coming generation I am attempting to "give a reason for the hope that is in me," and to leave behind me the convictions which have influenced and satisfied me.

The Presbyterian Church stands for two systems:

1. Calvinism in Theology; and 2. Presbyterianism in Church Government. It is my purpose to expound briefly and defend earnestly these two principles of its structure.

Calvinism.

1. By Calvinism is meant that system which holds to the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man, and which insists that they do not conflict. Calvinism takes its name from John Calvin, its ablest expounder, but it did not originate with him. Renan, the great French skeptic, uttered a profound truth when he said: "Paul begat Augustine and Augustine begat John Calvin," which indicates that Calvinism, in his opinion, reaches back to the Apostle Paul. Presbyterians believe not only that God's sovereignty and man's free agency are taught in God's Word but sometimes in the same text, as when Paul recognizes the free agency of man in the exhortation, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," and immediately affirms the sovereignty of God by declaring "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Phil. 2:12-13.

Men have caricatured Calvinism and misrepresented it in all ages, but have never been able to refute it. Even where men are not willing to accept the plain statements of God's Word, such as Romans 8:30, "Moreover whom he did predestinate them he also called, and whom he called them he also justified; and whom he justified them he also glorified," they can at least satisfy themselves by an appeal to their own experience. Who determined whether you should be born in a Christian or a heathen land? Who determined whether you should have the environment of godly parents and Christian influences or be influenced by an ungodly atmosphere? Who influenced the Holy Ghost to regenerate your soul by a new birth or else to leave you to the consequences of sin? Whose divine grace has transformed your life? Yet notwithstanding these gracious, determining influences compelling you to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am," you know absolutely in your exper-

ience there was no power that forced your will, and that you were perfectly free in all your actions.

Form of Government.

2. Not only is our Church Calvinistic in theology, but it is Presbyterian in government. Strictly speaking, the name "Presbyterian" has reference exclusively to the form of Church Government. There are only three essential and primary types: 1. The Episcopal, or government by Bishops, corresponding to monarchy in the State; 2. The Congregational, or popular vote, equivalent to independency. These are the extremes. 3. Between them is the Presbyterian, or government by Elders elected by popular vote, corresponding to republicanism in State. All other forms of church government are modifications of these three. The tendency in modern church life is the conformity of others to the Presbyterian type. The Congregational, which was once ruled by the popular vote of the local church, independent of all others, now has its "Associations" or Councils, which differ very little from our Presbyteries. The Methodist Church, as late as our Civil War, did not admit the laity, and was ruled chiefly by bishops; but it has now admitted laymen in its Conferences and is practically Presbyterian in government. The Lutheran form is predominantly Presbyterian. So that the whole religious world is now essentially Presbyterian in government except the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal. Lord Macaulay, himself an Episcopalian, says of his Church that it is "a compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism." H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History," page 776, makes the same statement.

After this exposition intended to define Presbyterianism, it devolves on me to give some of the reasons why it commands my individual and undivided allegiance.

Scriptural.

1. Above all things I am a Presbyterian because I am thoroughly convinced it is scriptural. I have carefully examined its claims, and for every doctrine, precept and practice I can produce a "Thus saith the Lord." Lack of space alone prevents my undertaking to expound its scriptural character. It is so interwoven throughout the Word of God that you cannot eradicate it by cutting out a few passages of Scripture here and there. It cannot be eliminated from the Scriptures except by rewriting the whole Bible. It is the warp and woof of its fabric from Genesis to Revelation.

Historic Church.

2. I am an adherent of Presbyterianism because of its historic record. If you compare it today in theology or church government with the primitive Church in the early days of Christianity, the two are as like as the photographs of the same individual. In the Apostolic Church, ecclesiastical history can discern no Pope, Archbishop or Bishop. The only bishops mentioned in the Bible or early church history were officers in a local church. The Jews called them "Elders" and the Gentile Christians spoke of them as "Bishops," and the Apostle Paul uses the terms as interchangeable. Gibbon in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" states that in one section of Northern Africa there were "a thousand bishops." This of itself would indicate that they were only officers in the local churches—Presbyterian bishops—in nothing resembling modern "bishops," whose very existence was unknown for a hundred years. The great scholars of the Episcopal Church, such as Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar and others practically admit that the early Church was Presbyterian, and that Episcopacy was a later growth—which finally culminated in the Pope of Rome. John in his Apocalyptic Vision on Patmos

looked through the open door into the heavenly world and saw no "Pope," "Archbishop" or "Bishop" in Heaven, but "the four and twenty elders"—the Greek word of "elders" being "Presbyters" which gives the name to the Presbyterian Church.

The simplicity of the ancient Presbyterian form of government was changed by ambitious men exalting themselves into Bishops and Archbishops, and finally one of them was recognized as the chiefest of all and gradually developed into the Pope of Rome. The Roman Catholic Church overran Presbyterianism, but never succeeded in destroying it. Instead it "fled to the wilderness" and lived in the Waldenses among the mountains of Italy, beyond the reach of the persecuting hand of Rome. Augustine the Monk in the fifth century carried the Roman Catholic type to England, but found among these ancient Britons the simple forms of the Presbyterian faith, transplanted there by some representative of Apostolic times. St. Columba from Ireland founded a great theological school, and St. Patrick went from Scotland, his native land, and became the patron saint of Ireland. A little book entitled "The Culdee Church," gives a good account of that church, which antedates history, and where modified Presbyterianism flourished far from the restraining power of Rome.

More than a thousand years before the Protestant Reformation under Luther, as the result of Augustine carrying Catholicism to England there was started the conflict between Catholics and these primitive Presbyterians in Britain. In consequence the Catholics eventually captured Anglo-Saxon England, while the Presbyterians held the Celtic Britons in Scotland and Wales and Ireland.

As the outcome of the Reformation, Henry VIII., threw off the yoke of the Pope and made himself the head of what afterwards became the Episcopal Church of England. This eliminated the Catholic Church for the time, and the struggle went

on chiefly between the Episcopal Church of England and the Presbyterian of the Britons in Scotland and Wales. James I., a Presbyterian monarch of Scotland, was now chosen King of Great Britain and proceeded to betray his Presbyterian Scottish subjects, because he believed that Presbyterians would not tamely submit to the unrestrained tyranny of monarchs. He was the author of the famous saying, "Presbyterianism and monarchy agree about as well as God and the devil." I thoroughly agree with him. He undertook to eradicate Presbyterianism, but died and left his unfinished job to his son, Charles I., who entered heartily into the task, which eventually caused him to lose his royal head.

Under Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, Presbyterianism came into its own, and the Westminster Confession of Faith was formulated in the meantime. At the time that Presbyterianism ruled England the Puritans came into being, and England reached the high water mark of her religious life. Righteousness was in the ascendancy. Then came the Restoration of the monarchy under the dissolute King Charles II., who could not tolerate the strict religious standards of the Presbyterian Church and he drove two thousand Presbyterian ministers from their pulpits in one day and restored the Episcopal Church. Ever since that time Presbyterianism has ruled Scotland and Wales and North Ireland; and the Episcopal has been the established Church of England. The latter is gradually losing its superiority in numbers and today the non-Episcopal churches of England outnumber the Episcopal, notwithstanding it is supported by state appropriations. It is a singular "mix-up." In England the monarch is an Episcopalian, but the moment he crosses into Scotland he becomes automatically a Presbyterian. I have seen the Royal Presbyterian Chapel at Balmoral Castle in Scotland, where Queen Victoria had some of her family baptized in the

Presbyterian Church, and where the present King worships during his summer residence in Scotland.

This historic narrative of the struggle of Presbyterianism for liberty would not be complete if it did not give some account of the part the Presbyterian Church played in the American Revolution. Before the Declaration of Independence the Presbyterians of North Carolina adopted the Mecklenberg Declaration, being the forerunner and model of the National on July 4, 1776. So prominent were Presbyterians in the Revolution that an eminent British statesman, Sir Horace Walpole, said, "Cousin America has run away with a Presbyterian parson." "King's Mountain," regarded the decisive battle of the war, was fought by Presbyterian regiments commanded by officers in the Presbyterian Church. The Presbyterian influence was so potent in the Continental Congress that the Constitution of the United States was modeled largely after the Presbyterian form of government. As an appreciation of their loyalty and valuable aid in the Revolution, George Washington, though attached to the Episcopal Church, gave the Presbyterian Church \$30,000 for the establishment of a college in Virginia, called first "Washington College," and now known as Washington and Lee University. Is it any wonder that such historians as Bancroft speak of John Calvin as "the father of America."

"By Their Fruits."

3. I am convinced of the truth of the Presbyterian system, judging the tree by its fruits. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Christ uttered the same truth in another form: "Wisdom is justified of her children." Without in the slightest disparaging any others, I believe it would be practically admitted by any community in which I have lived that the Presbyterian contained the largest percentage of the best people and maintained the highest standard of character and efficiency.

History would justify that statement by an array of the grandest characters the world has ever produced and assigns the largest percentage to the Presbyterian Church. James Anthony Froude could not be accused of partiality to Calvinism, and yet his statement remains unchallenged that Calvinism, as long as it was the creed of the Church, made the grandest heroes of men, and he gives as illustrations William the Silent, Luther, Knox, Andrew Melville, the Regent Murray, Coligny, Cromwell, Milton and Bunyan. In modern times the Presbyterian Church has produced such characters as Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, all Presidents of the United States, as well as such warriors as Stonewall Jackson, Sir Douglas Haig, and a host of others equally eminent in their service to humanity and in Christian Character.

Missionary Character.

4. As evidence of its divine character I appeal to history for its record as a missionary institution. At the meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance in Glasgow, Professor Lindsay informed that august and venerable body, representing the larger part of the Calvinistic forces of the world, that "The Presbyterian Churches do more than a fourth of the whole mission work among the heathen than is done by all the Protestant Churches together;" and mentioning three of the greatest denominations, asserted that "The Presbyterian Church is doing more in the foreign field than all of them combined." At the same meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, representatives of the Eastern Section of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference appeared and made most cordial and pleasing addresses, expressing their fraternal good will and appreciation of our principles and work in the following complimentary language:

"Taking the world over, Presbyterianism in the future must be looked to as one of the greatest and most beneficent forces for the conversion of every continent. We do unfeignedly rejoice as we behold your goodly array of churches, giving the noblest of their sons, and consecrating their vast resources of learning and wealth to the greatest, the mightiest of all enterprises, the conversion of the world to Christ;" and the address closes with the prayer, that our "Cherished ideal of a 'free Church in a free state' shall in every nation under heaven be an accomplished fact, and every citizen be taught that 'the Chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever'."

The Noblest Legacy.

In conclusion, we leave to our children the legacy of our unfinished work. In the natural course of events we shall soon answer the summons to lay our armor by and set sail for that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." "God buries His workman but carries on His work." "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors," said Christ to His disciples. Who will enter into our labors?

In writing my first book, "At Our Own Door," I dedicated it to my father and mother in recognition of my obligation to them in my equipment for service. My second book, "The Task That Challenges," I have dedicated to my children in the hope that they will accept the legacy of my unfinished work and enter into my labors for their part in bringing in the Kingdom of God.

God bless our work, and may it live long after these "Poor lisping stammering tongues lie silent in the grave."

"Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

"The prayers of David, the Son of Jesse, are ended. Amen and amen."

My Life and Work

1

TESTIMONIALS

UPON my retirement from the Secretaryship of Home Missions in 1930, many organizations and individuals placed on record their cordial commendations of my work during my twenty-nine years of active service. The following are selected as specimens, the first and foremost being a quotation from the Annual Report by the Executive Committee, all the more appreciated as having been written by my successor, Dr. Homer McMillan, for twenty-five years my compeer and intimate friend:

"RESOLUTIONS ON THE RETIREMENT OF DR. S. L. MORRIS

Your Committee appointed to give expression to the feeling of the Executive Committee of Home Missions on the occasion of the voluntary retirement of Dr. S. L. Morris, after having served as its Secretary for a period of twenty-nine years, beg to be privileged to recommend that the tribute to Dr. Morris from the pen and heart of Dr. Homer McMillan, who as General Secretary shared for twenty-five years a partnership of service with him, be entered upon the minutes of the Executive Committee as voicing the individual judgment of every member.

The depth of our affection and the admiration of our hearts for Dr. Morris as a Christian gentleman and as an executive, together with our sense of loss in the severance of his official relationship with the Executive Committee, could not have been more accurately stated had Dr. McMillan written after personal consultation with us. We also recommend that a copy of this paper be sent Dr. Morris by the Recording Secretary."

Dr. McMillan writes as follows: "It is with deep regret that the Executive Committee records the retirement of Dr. S. L. Morris as Executive Secretary after thirty years of distinguished service to the Church in the administration of its Home Mission work. This action of Dr. Morris is upon his own initiative. Having exceeded by five years the retirement age fixed by the General Assembly, Dr. Morris placed his resignation with the Assembly last year, which was accepted to become effective with the meeting of the Assembly in 1930, at which time he is to receive the honorary title of Secretary Emeritus. In the passing of Dr. Morris from the management of Assembly's Home Missions, the Executive Committee inscribes its appreciation of his thirty years' service to the Home Mission cause and pays him a heart-felt tribute as a devoted minister of Jesus Christ and a capable executive of the Church. Thirty years is not a long time in the life of a state or an institution, but it is almost one-half the three score years and ten that are allotted to men upon earth. It is more than one-half of the fifty-five years that Dr. Morris has given to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

"To serve a great cause for so long a time is no small distinction. It is not vouchsafed to many men, even to those called to positions of great trust, to have thirty years filled with so many worth-while achievements in the Kingdom of God. Dr. Morris goes from the work with the affection of the hundreds of missionaries with whom he has labored in the fields, the love and confidence of those who were his associates in the Committee, the esteem of the Assembly which entrusted him with its affairs, and the gratitude of the whole Church for a service well done."

Respectfully submitted,

J. S. FOSTER, *Chairman*,
J. W. CALDWELL,
MRS. ANDREW BRAMLETT.

The General Assembly of 1930 adopted the following resolution of appreciation by a rising vote and upon motion was led in prayer by Dr. J. D. Leslie for God's blessing on the retiring Executive Secretary:

"After a service of twenty-nine years, Rev. S. L. Morris, D.D., retires with this Assembly from the office of Executive Secretary to which he was called in 1901. Dr. Morris has won for himself a place

of respect, confidence and love in the Church occupied by few men—won it by the outstanding contribution he has made to the advancement of the Kingdom, his unquestioned loyalty to our triune God, his uncompromising proclamation by precept and example of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and his Christ-like spirit manifest in all the contacts of his official and private life. Your Committee desires to place on record in the minutes of the Assembly the tribute paid Dr. Morris by Rev. Homer McMillan, D.D., who for twenty-five years has known him in intimacy of partnership in service.”

CHARLES R. NISBET,
Chairman of Standing Committee.

These additional testimonials were adopted by organizations in various sections of the United States and by individuals representing every phase of Christian leadership in the Nation:

“Norman, Okla.

“*Dear Dr. Morris:*

“At the annual meeting of the Synod of Oklahoma last week, the Synod unanimously and enthusiastically adopted the following recommendation:

“That the Synod express its appreciation of the loyal support, and sincere friendship, and wise counsel of the Rev. S. L. Morris, D.D., for the Synod of Oklahoma during the long years in which he served as Executive Secretary of Home Missions. Dr. Morris was always a friend of the home missionary, kind, considerate, and patient with those associated with him in the great missionary enterprise, and especially solicitous for the work of this field, which he watched and fostered with such care.

“We regret that the application of the rule of our General Assembly makes it necessary for him to retire from the work of the Secretaryship. We pray that he may be spared for many years of further usefulness to the Church which he has served so long and with such singular ability and fidelity.

“WILLIAM A. ROLLE,
“*Stated Clerk, Synod of Oklahoma, U. S.*”

"Birmingham, Ala.

"*My dear Dr. Morris:*

"It is a real privilege to be able to convey to you the esteem and gratitude of the Synod of Alabama on the occasion of your retirement from active service as Executive Secretary of the Assembly's Home Missions Committee.

"Our Synod, at its recent meeting, expressed its deep obligation to you for your long and untiring efforts in behalf of our beloved Church, and instructed me to write you to this effect. We wish you many more years of continued service, and assure you of our love and prayers.

"Yours very sincerely,

"DAVID PARK,
"Stated Clerk."

"RESOLUTIONS OF THE SNEDECOR MEMORIAL SYNOD OF APPRECIATION
OF THE SERVICES OF DR. S. L. MORRIS, SECRETARY OF
HOME MISSIONS

"Tuscaloosa, Ala., April 29, 1930.

"Snedecor Memorial Synod, in session at Stillman Institute, took the following action in view of the retiring of Dr. S. L. Morris after twenty-nine years of service as Executive Secretary of Home Missions. The Synod takes great pride in the fact that it was a Negro Commissioner who cast the deciding vote at the General Assembly which made Dr. Morris Secretary. In adopting the resolutions of appreciation of his faithful and efficient services to the church and especially his sympathetic interest in the Negro work and his personal kindness to the workers of this Synod, the Synod desires to place on record our sincere regret in the loss to us of one of our warmest and most valued friends. We thank God for the service he has rendered in the development of the work of this Synod; for his kindness and kind words and his aid in carrying on the work. Dr. Morris was never too busy to hear what one of the men had to say to him. No letters sent to him were thrown into the waste basket before a favorable reply was sent the writer. He did not know how to say no. Therefore, the Snedecor Memorial Synod goes on record in expressing these words of its profound appreciation of the long service of Dr. Morris.

"RESOLVED FIRST: That we hear with deep regret that Dr. Morris will retire as Executive Secretary at the General Assembly, which meets in May.

"RESOLVED SECOND: That in Dr. Morris the Colored work of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. and our people in general have a true friend.

"RESOLVED THIRD: While he is to sever his connection with the work as Secretary, our love and esteem for him can never be severed.

"RESOLVED FOURTH: That our prayers shall still go up for him that he may be spared among us many years yet.

"RESOLVED FIFTH: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Morris and a copy be spread upon our minutes.

"In the discussion on this resolution, a number of the members of the Synod shed tears as they expressed their love for Dr. Morris, the whole Synod joined heartily in a fervent prayer for God's continued blessings to rest on him in his future work for our Lord and Master.

"I. C. H. CHAMPNEY,

"Stated Clerk of Snedecor Memorial Synod."

"Durant, Okla.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"At a recent meeting of the Men-of-the-Church of Durant First Church, and after a discussion of the Home Mission Program, a motion was made and carried unanimously that in view of your long and faithful service to the cause of Home Missions, and more especially because of your great interest in the cause of Presbyterianism in Oklahoma in general, and Oklahoma Presbyterian College in particular, I should write you a letter indicating the appreciation of our Men-of-the-Church as they feel towards your services and the high regard they have for you personally. They felt that this was a fitting time to give expression to their sentiments in view of your approaching retirement from active service.

"I am writing this letter as president of the Men-of-the-Church at their direction, and most heartily concur personally in all the good things they said about you. While we are indeed sorry that your official connection with Assembly's Home Missions will end with

this Church year, we do hope and pray that you will have many more years of life and service in behalf of our Church and the Master's Kingdom.

"With all good wishes and the most cordial regards, I remain,

"Your friend,

"W. B. MORRISON,

"President."

"Dallas, Texas.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"I want to say a word about your retirement at the end of this year. There is no man in our Church whom I love more and have a deeper interest in his welfare and work than you. You have done a wonderful work for our Church. When I recall that my name was also before the General Assembly for Secretary when you were elected, I have always been glad that the responsibility did not fall on me but that it fell on you. While you are not as large a man as I am, your shoulders are broader and you have been able to carry a greater responsibility than I have. My work has been along a different line, and I have endeavored to develop myself for the work which it seemed the Lord opened up to me. I hope you will still have many years of happiness and service, even though it may not be in an executive capacity, and that your life will be prolonged a good many years more.

"With warm personal regards and deepest personal interest in your welfare and in your life, I am,

"Very cordially yours,

"J. D. LESLIE,

"Stated Clerk of the General Assembly."

"Jacksonville, Fla.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"As you retire from the field of service in which you have so conspicuously served the Church for so many years I want you to know of my appreciation as a member of your Committee of the great work you have done.

"I am sure the Church, as was voiced at the Assembly, appreciates most heartily the unusual record and untiring zeal which has characterized your labors and the splendid administration of the Home Mission tasks committed to your hands, together with all the contributions you have made to the life and work of the Church during this long period of service.

"Be assured that you will always hold a warm place in the hearts of us all, and with prayers for God's blessing upon you in the rest you have richly earned, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT H. McCASLIN,

"Member of Executive Committee of Home Missions."

"Nashville, Tenn.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"I have seen in the papers the announcement of your retirement from the office of Executive Secretary after twenty-nine years of faithful service. I wish most heartily to congratulate you on the great work you have accomplished in the interest of our Assembly's Home Missions. You are loved and honored throughout our Church. Increasingly as the years have passed you have grown in spiritual power and leadership. At the time of your retirement from the active duties as Executive Secretary it seems to me your influence was greater and you were more beloved by the pastors and members of our Church than at any time in your ministry.

"Now that you have retired from the Secretaryship, I hope you will find time to write several more good books, and also write for the religious press.

"With affectionate regards, I am, as ever,

"Truly your friend,

"JAMES O. REAVIS,

*"Field Secretary of the Executive
Committee of Foreign Missions."*

"*Dear Dr Morris:*

"St. Louis, Mo.

"Please let me add my word of appreciation of you and all you have done in your valued contribution to the extension of our Master's Kingdom during the days of your service through the Executive Committee of Home Missions. I echoed in my heart every word of appreciation that was voiced at the Assembly, but I wanted to send this personal word, assuring you that as you are retired we are voicing to God a special prayer of thanksgiving for you, and we are glad there are yet years of continued service to Him Whom you love.

"Sincerely your friend,

"JANIE W. MCGAUGHEY,
"Secretary of Woman's Work."

"*My dear Dr. Morris:*

"Decatur, Ga.

"I notice from the papers that you have now become 'Secretary Emeritus.'

"I cannot permit the occasion to pass without taking the opportunity to congratulate you upon the great work that God has permitted you to do for the furtherance of His Kingdom as represented by our own Church. It has long been a matter in which I have felt what I regard as a just satisfaction—I dislike the word pride—that an alumnus of Columbia Seminary should have been qualified and raised up by God to do so large a work as you have done for our Church in connection with its Home Mission activities.

"I can only hope that the Assembly was wise enough to avail itself of your long experience and enthusiastic interest in the work of Home Missions in the days to come. To be relieved of certain of the burdens of the work ought not to mean that either yourself should be deprived of the privilege or the Church of the benefit of such services as you are still abundantly able to render without overtaxing your strength.

"Wishing you 'the assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase in grace, and perseverance therein to the end', I am,

"Yours in the Gospel,

"W. M. MCPHEETERS,
"Prof. of Columbia Theological Seminary."

"Durham, N. C.

"My dear Dr. Morris:

"This is a special expression of appreciation of your service; your messages and fellowship fired my heart with interest in the great cause of Assembly's Home Missions in the early years of my ministry, and I have thanked God many times for you and your abundant life in this work.

"It is with sincere regret to us that you contemplate laying down your active work at the close of this year, but we assure you of an abiding place in our hearts and prayers.

"The light which you are leaving behind has fallen across the paths of multitudes of your brethren in the ministry, as well as the many lonely pilgrims scattered throughout the sequestered parts of this great land.

"May you return to heaven late.

"With affectionate regard and esteem,

"Yours fraternally,

"DAVID H. SCANLON."

"Atlanta, Ga.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"I am returning the letters you were good enough to let me read. They are most interesting; and I am very grateful for your wise counsel in this matter (Columbia Theological Seminary).

"Let me say again that you mean much to me. I esteem you as one of the ablest men in our entire Assembly, and am thankful for the blessings of health and usefulness which you enjoy.

"Cordially yours,

"J. SPROLE LYONS."

"Norman, Okla.

"My dear Dr. Morris:

"Just a few days ago I sat and thought for a while of you, and I wondered just how you felt at this time as the months are rapidly passing by and the time draws near for you to step aside. I know there is a feeling in your heart that nobody can realize. I know you

would rather continue to the end of your life. But, Dr. Morris, this is another one of God's mysteries that we cannot understand. It is a time that comes to all who live many years. In the midst of your sadness, if you are feeling sad, and I hope you are not, you do not have a single regret because you have done your duty well and nobly. So, if we look backward instead of forward, you have a lot to be thankful for in the many years of service that have been allowed you in His service and the advancement of His cause. You do not have a single regret, and personally I don't see how or what you could change if you could go all over the same years again. You may have made some mistakes, but we all do that. So if it be His will, I hope you will still have some connection with the Home Mission work of our great Church.

"I just wanted you to know that I appreciated you both as a friend and as a man, and no matter what may come in the new year, I shall still be interested in you always and want to hear from you. Life is a great mystery but it is not a failure because God will not permit His children to be a failure. So I hope you are happy and that you are facing the future with optimism. A man who is so much beloved as you are all over the Southland and so much appreciated by all who really know you, ought to be one of the happiest men in the world.

"Yours fraternally,

"W. A. ROLLE,

"Supt. Home Missions Synod of Oklahoma."

"Hamlet, N. C.

"My dear Dr. Morris:

"Ever since the Charlottesville Assembly I have intended writing to you. I have wanted to express my appreciation of the great work you have done for our beloved church. My ministry now covers many years of our Church's history. In my opinion no man, in those years, has done a greater work,—let me say what I believe—so great a work for the Church as you have done by your pen and constructive guidance of the policies of the Church as Executive Secretary of Home Missions.

"The Church at large now honors you for that work and will more in the years to come.

"Cordially, your friend,

"LYNN R. WALKER."

"Reynolda, N. C.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"Now that you are laying aside your portfolio after these three decades of such fruitful service, I want to add my word of assurance that our Church—the whole Church—holds you in affectionate esteem and appreciation.

"As you look back to see how this work has prospered under your able and aggressive leadership, you should have an immeasurable satisfaction about it all.

"I was present in the Little Rock Assembly which elected you and I have known intimately of your work in the twenty-nine intervening years. You have wrought wonderfully and God has blessed you and used you.

"I hope you may have a most happy eventide after your long useful day of toil.

"Cordially,

"D. CLAY LILLY."

"Birmingham, Ala.

"My dear Dr. Morris:

"I am not indulging in much correspondence, but I cannot refrain from sending you a letter. I have just been five weeks in Florida and scarcely any place but reminded me of you. As I said to one of the brethren a few days ago, the Presbyterian Church does not know how much it owes Dr. Morris. I have always enjoyed your friendship and honor you for your work, but the trip last spring, which I so much enjoyed, redoubled my estimate of your value to the Church. I went up to the east coast last week, and while I did not stop to see the churches specifically, I still felt the atmosphere of that region as well charged with 'Morrisism.'

"Cordially yours,

"WILLIAM RAY DOBYNS."

“Clayton, Mo.

“*Dear Dr. Morris:*

“I do not suppose it would be the correct thing to congratulate you on your retirement, and I certainly am not congratulating the Church on losing your valuable services. I suppose you are glad, in a way, to lay down some of the burdens of active service for Home Missions, but what I want to say is that you lay them down, keeping the high regard which we have always held for you, and congratulations on the great work which you have done.

“May you be long spared to labor for the Church you have loved in whatever capacity you find ready to your hand.

“Cordially,

“WALTER M. LANGTRY.”

“Dallas, Texas.

“*Dear Dr. Morris:*

“This is just the heart ‘thank you’ through a personal note.

“You have written many valuable articles for the papers. But in my reading of all the articles I run across from your bright pen, I have never read anything quite so suggestive, so inspirational, and so eminently timely as your ‘Pastoral Evangelism’ in December *Survey*. It did me good.

“I hope it will be read by every minister in our Church and imitated. It is imperative today: ‘Judah shall go up.’ Our leaders must lead.

“Thank you.

“Cordially,

“HERBERT S. SPRINGALL,

“*Supt. Home Missions, Dallas Presbytery.*”

“Oklahoma City, Okla.

“*My dear Dr. Morris:*

“As the year draws to a close I find myself impelled by my love for you to write you a letter which is intended, however inadequate my efforts may prove, to express to you something of the genuine affec-

tion I bear to you, and to tell you that my contacts with you over the years have been of inestimable value to me not only from a spiritual standpoint but in many other ways as well.

"I regard you, Doctor Morris, as the very embodiment of sterling worth. In your long and active life devoted to the cause of the Master and in your contacts with your fellowman as you have traveled life's highway, you have left an impress which even time's corroding touch can never efface.

"I think you have no friend who regrets more sincerely than I, the fact that with this year you will close your active connection with the Home Missions Committee. It is a source of real gratification to your thousands of friends that in retrospective view of your labor for this Committee, you have rendered valiant service and that your record is unsullied and untarnished in any way. This must, likewise, be a source of real gratification to you.

"Most sincerely your friend,

"A GRAY GILMER,

"Attorney and Elder in Central Church."

"Montreat, N. C.

"My dear Father:

"Yesterday Dr. Morris made a masterful, remarkable presentation of the Committee's report on Union. Every few sentences the crowd applauded with astounding enthusiasm. His clear thinking, his fairness, his humor, his logical answers to every conceivable objection, just won the day.

"Dr. Morris was interrupted by the Moderator for an order of the day. A motion was made to set aside the order of the day indefinitely and to permit Dr. Morris to finish. Before the Moderator could put the question great applause broke out from all over the Assembly.

"Love to all,

"WILLIAM."

(WILLIAM CROWE, JR.)

"PRESS & BANNER,
"Abbeville, S. C.

"Greenville, S. C.

"The enclosed clipping is from this morning's *Atlanta Constitution*. I feel sure that the hundreds of friends of Dr. Morris will be glad to read it. He is perhaps Abbeville County's most distinguished living son and his name is known in every home circle of the old county.

"Getting what schooling was possible in the post-war days, he quickly stepped to the front under the tutelage of Mrs. Kate P. Wideman, Prof. James L. Leslie and other noted teachers of Abbeville County sixty years ago. Entering Erskine College he took a high stand, graduated with first honor, the youngest student that has ever received a diploma from that grand old college. Some years ago his Alma Mater bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

"Despite his seventy-five years, he is still active, nor has his sense of humor diminished. Always fond of lilt and laughter no one is quicker to see the point of a joke or to tell one of the hundreds with which his wonderful memory is stored.

"Living quietly at his home, 50 Westminster Drive, Atlanta, he is today's representative of that culture and honor which made the sons of old Abbeville famous the nation over. The Long Cane section, where he was born, gave to the world the best. In history's cycle of justice this best must eventually come back to her.

"W. LINDSAY WILSON."

Being a charter member of the Home Missions Council for twenty-one years and its Vice-President for a long period, it gave a banquet, with its retiring member as 'Honor Guest,' at Atlantic City, January, 1930. The following addresses and voluntary expressions of personal regard and appreciation warmed the heart of their associate as he bade them an affectionate farewell.

"SAMUEL LESLIE MORRIS, D.D., LL.D.

"On the twenty-second anniversary of the Home Mission Council, it is my privilege to bring a word of appreciation of Samuel Leslie Morris, D.D., LL.D., a charter member of the Council, a faithful, efficient worker and official of that body through its entire history.

The occasion of this appreciation arises in the fact that this year Dr. Morris retires from his official position as Executive Secretary of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. This position has linked his life and service with the Council and he has filled this position with grace, dignity and success since the year 1901, or practically a full thirty-year period.

"With perhaps one exception, Dr. Morris has attended the annual meetings of the Council since its beginning. He has been active in the work of its standing and special committees. Frequently, too, in response to requests, he has brought to the Council enlightenment and inspiring addresses on current important subjects. In the early days, he read a paper on 'The South and Home Missions,' at another time, he addressed the annual dinner gathering on 'The Purpose of the Home Mission Council,' another of his exceedingly informing and useful services of this kind was a report on 'Negro Migrations, Effects in the South and Problems in the North.'

"The life work of Dr. Morris in his own denomination has been that of a busy, successful pastor in his early years. Since 1901, he has been a tireless, efficient board administrator.

"Aside from being pastor and Secretary, Dr. Morris has filled many positions of great importance, took an active part in the Woodrow evolution controversy, leading the defense of Dr. Woodrow; trustee of Columbia Theological Seminary; trustee of Oklahoma Presbyterian College; member of the Assembly Hymn-Book Committee that prepared the Hymn-Book still in use in multitudes of churches; member of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance in 1899 and 1914 and representative of the Assembly of the Southern Presbyterians to the Continental Conference of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches in 1923; member of Conference on Life and Service, Stockholm, Sweden, 1925; member of Pan-Presbyterian Alliance at Boston, 1929.

"In addition to his other arduous labors and varied activities, Dr. Morris has gained an enviable reputation and has made a valuable contribution to the Church as an author. Time and space will permit only a reference to the number of valuable pamphlets and leaflets prepared by his hand, but we will mention a few of the larger and more important books, which we all readily recall and highly appreciate. We would mention especially 'At Our Own Door'; 'The

Task That Challenges'; 'Christianizing Christendom'; 'Presbyterianism—Its Principles and Practices'; 'The Romance of Home Missions'; 'The Fact of Christianity'; 'The Drama of Christianity'; 'The Records of the Morris Family.'

"Certainly this man has an intellect far surpassing in proportions his physical statue. Those who have read his books and have had the privilege of hearing him speak know that he has a vocabulary which enables him to express himself clearly and strongly. His co-laborers and associates all agree that he is a Christian gentleman, worthy of respect and the highest esteem.

"In the early days of the life of Dr. Morris our country was in the throes of Civil War. In the very nature of the situation, the interests of Dr. Morris became the opposite of the interest of the fathers of many of us here tonight. The big, progressive, generous heart of the man appears in that the father of Dr. Morris gave his life in one of the battles of this war. Yet, Dr. Morris was one of the first to enlist with his fellow-citizens, North and South, in the still greater and prolonged war to redeem this country from the world, the flesh and the devil. He was also one of the first to unite in the organization and development of this Council of Home Missions for the publication and extension of the Gospel of Christ in our land.

"Institutions of learning have rightly honored Dr. Morris with degrees of bachelor of arts, doctor of divinity, and doctor of laws.

"Our united voice is one of congratulation to him and special appreciation of the privilege of his fellowship and association. We unitedly extend the heartiest wishes for many years of joyful service and fellowship in the co-operative work of the gosepl.

"Our thinking tonight follows the narrative and recital of the varied activities of the life and work of Rev. Samuel Leslie Morris D.D., LL.D., our brother and partner in the same fellowship.

"We have viewed this narrative and recital of activities in relation to his membership in the Home Mission Council which stretched across the entire history of that institution and also in relation to his position as Secretary of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

"Dr. Morris has filled this important position with honor and success and is soon to retire. Therefore, Be it Resolved, That Dr.

Morris be asked to continue in the Home Mission Council as an associate member and that we hereby place on record this minute of our profound appreciation of his work and fellowship in the Council and extend him our hearty congratulations by reason of his long and efficient service as Executive Secretary of the Committee of Home Missions in his own denomination, and with it all our earnest and united prayer for a continuation of joy in his service of God and of sweet fellowship of the people of God in all his human undertakings and contacts.

"R. A. HUTCHISON,
"Secretary of Home Missions,
"United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa."

"Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Dear Dr. Morris:

"It saddens my heart to think that our paths are not going to cross at least once a year.

"The things that were said about you and your wonderful life of service made a very conservative description, I am sure, as the angels compared it with the record they put down in the Book of Life against your name.

"What a delightful spiritual and personal friendship we have had together during these twenty or more years. I wish we could meet from time to time and compare our relationships and check up on our reactions. What I said at the conclusion of the Banquet in your honor is about as follows:

"When the walls of St. Sophia were being built, the monks of Constantinople voted to pour the attar of roses that they had kept against the burial of their dead into the mortar that was used in the construction of the edifice. The fragrance of the roses long remained and was easily discovered by those who came to worship in the Sanctuary.

"Dr. Morris has poured out the most precious things in his life into the growing walls of the Kingdom of God and long after he has been called to his Heavenly Reward, we shall clearly sense the enduring influence of his consecration."

"I trust that you will live many years to serve our Lord in new ways which the future will bring. It has been a great joy to be so intimately associated with one whom I have admired and loved not only for his work's sake, but as a spiritual guide to us all in every part of the country. I thank God on every remembrance of you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES L. WHITE, *Secretary,*
"*American Baptist Home Mission Society.*"

"Atlantic City, N. J.

"MRS. S. L. MORRIS,
"50 Westminster Drive,
"Atlanta, Ga.

"The Home Mission Councils send felicitations and best wishes, realizing Doctor Morris' great service to the Kingdom of God, enhanced by your devoted co-operation and loving watch-care. We honor and congratulate you with him this evening when representatives of both Councils have listened to his good-bye message of love.

"CHARLES L. WHITE,
"*President of Home Mission Council.*"

"105 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

"DR. WILLIAM R. KING, *Executive Secretary,*
"Home Missions Council,
"105 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

"*Dear Dr. King:*

"I appreciate your invitation to be at the gathering in honor of Dr. S. Leslie Morris in Atlantic City in connection with the Annual Meeting of the Home Missions Council and regret that I cannot be present on that occasion.

"My acquaintance with Dr. Morris dates back far beyond the time when I became executive secretary of the Home Missions Council, which was in 1918, for I had attended meetings of the Home Missions Council with considerable regularity from about 1911. Dr.

Morris stands out conspicuously in my recollections in being interested in all that was going on in the meetings of the Council, particularly sympathetic with forward movements, yet carefully cautious lest value of past experiences and former methods be lost, conscientious to an unusual degree, with a keen mind to see ethical values and always ready to take his share of responsibility and his full proportion of work. I remember several of the addresses which he has given. One in particular comes to my mind spoken at an annual meeting of the Council in the Hotel Latham when he outlined constructive and forward methods of co-operation.

"The very fidelity with which Dr. Morris has attended the meetings of the Council, given himself to its work in committees and as an individual and as a representative of his Board, is a great testimony to continuity and sequence, aspects of organizational life of the very greatest importance. I think of him as one who, having put his hand to the plow holds on and looks forward. I congratulate the Home Missions Council on having had his service for a full twenty-one years. Both he and the Council have come to their majority, to legal voting age, and now he seeks his 'freedom.' I suppose he should have it. So far as I can voice it, I give him not only the freedom which he desires but the benediction and the blessing of the paternal roof.

"Please convey to him some expression of my high esteem and warm regards.

"Sincerely yours,

"ALFRED WILLIAM ANTHONY,

"Former Secretary of Home Mission Council,

"Philadelphia, Pa."

"Dr. Samuel Leslie Morris, the Secretary of the Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., has retired from active service after many years of faithful labor in the Church. Under his efficient leadership the cause of Home Missions in his denomination made rapid strides of progress and the Church grew apace. Surprisingly large sums of money were gathered for the work, and Dr. Morris proved himself an inspiring leader among his people. He was one

of the founders of the Home Missions Council back in 1908 and attended most, if not all, of its annual meetings. He served as Chairman of its most important committees. In recognition of his long and distinguished services, his co-laborers in the Home Missions Council at the annual meeting in Atlantic City, January 8-10th, gave him a testimonial dinner.

"Dr. Morris is one of the most sweet-spirited souls that walks the earth in human form. His gracious and friendly spirit has won for him the affections of us all. We congratulate him on his faithful and fruitful years of service and wish him a beautiful Indian summer ere the winter of life comes to him."

"OUTLOOK OF MISSIONS,"

"287 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

"My dear Dr. Morris:

"This morning a notice of the dinner at Atlantic City on the 8th in your honor reaches my desk.

"I do wish you to know that although my attendance has been limited and infrequent, one of the real pleasures and advantages which I have found in these gatherings has been the contacts I have had with yourself. These contacts have been slight in themselves, and may well have made little impression in your wider interests; but they have given me a vision of a genuine Christianity generous enough to underlie many differences and to give assurance of a real Kingdom of God shining through the confusions of our days. You have been for me, and for others with whom I have spoken, a source of inspiration and a ground of hope.

"My prayers and best wishes go with you, that the Lord may be with you in the land, and that the evening may be full of light.

"Yours very truly,

"HENRY M. BOWDEN,

"Supt. Congregational Church Extension Board."

"The National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church,

"New York City, January 7, 1930.

"*My dear Dr. Morris:*

"I had hoped that I should be able to attend the dinner given in your honor at Atlantic City, but I am called into the field and shall not be present for the meeting of the Home Missions Council this year.

"But I cannot let this occasion go by without a word of congratulation for your long service and deep interest in the work of the Kingdom.

"With all good wishes,

"Faithfully yours,

"(DEAN) CARROLL M. DAVIS,
"Protestant Episcopal Church."

"Grand Rapids, Mich.

"*My dear Dr. Morris:*

"As you know I was absent from the Home Missions Council meetings last January because I was abroad, making a trip around the world in the interests of our mission work.

"I regretted that I could not be present when the Home Missions Council gave a dinner in your honor. I was reminded of that when I read the Minutes, and also when I looked at the first page of *The Presbyterian Survey*, July number. It is rather late now but I want to tell you how much I appreciated your personality and your activities, as well as your splendid stand for the old time religion every time you had opportunity to do so and when it was necessary to show on what side you stood.

"I count it a personal loss that you have retired from Home Missionary activity, although I know that you richly deserve a rest and I hope you will enjoy it very much. I know your pen is not going to take a rest and I also know that you will continue to pray that God's kingdom may come abroad as well as at home.

"Well, this is just a line of tribute, and it is from my whole heart, I can assure you, even as I know it was a cordial note that was struck at your General Assembly, as well as at the meeting of the Home Missions Council.

"Yours respectfully and appreciatingly,

"HENRY BEETS, *Secretary,*
"*Christian Reformed Board of Missions.*"

The following is the substance of reply made to these esteemed friends:

"Quite a number of the brethren have written me along the same line as yourself, and I assure you that I appreciate if possible the expressions which come to me from other denominations even more than those from my own, as I feel that they would not take the trouble to write except for the urge of genuine friendship.

"I shall keep your letter among the kind expressions coming to me at this time by reason of my proposed retirement, and if the Lord spares my life in some sphere of service, these letters will from time to time refresh my mind of the friendships which I have greatly enjoyed, and become a part of the pleasures of memory."

As Augustus Caesar lay on his deathbed, he repeated a comic epilogue appropriate to retirement, and asked his friends to applaud him as he quitted the stage of life. Beyond the appreciated plaudits of my brethren, the supreme desire of my soul will be more than realized, if my Master, "Whose I am and Whom I serve," reviewing the record of my life, shall crown it all with His commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant." What were "Decrees of Triumph" by the Roman Senate accorded Caesar, or the applause of men, compared with the faintest approval of the Judge of all the earth!

WITHDRAWN

