



Out under the Stars

BASIL MILLER

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Sketches of the following leaders in early days of the
Church of the Nazarene

John N. Short
Clarence J. Kinne
A. M. Hills
J. G. Morrison

Howard Hoople
B. F. Haynes
H. D. Brown
John T. Benson

Hiram F. Reynolds
Edward F. Walker
C. B. Jernigan

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John E. Riley Library
Northwest Nazarene University
Nampa, Idaho

Out Under the Stars

Life Sketches
of
Early Nazarene Leaders

Basil Miller



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1941

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FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Here are their stories—those pioneering men, who walked *out under the stars*, and trail-blazed the path that the Church of the Nazarene now treads. I have picked the dramatic incidents from their lives of glamor (if pioneering could be called glamorous) and tried to make these men live, as they did for me when I was a boy and later as a young preacher.

They were not heroes then. They were firing men on the front line of kingdom building. I grew up under their shadows and read their stories in the then current Nazarene literature, and I pass their stories along as I knew them and as others more intimately acquainted with them gave me the details of their daily lives. Where we call them by their first names—names now revered in Nazarene annals—we do so only as we heard the men of their own generation so address them.

These are flesh-and-blood men—not story book puppets—who laid the foundation upon which the church now builds. They dared *step out under the stars*—an art which our generation is apt to lose. To us this is a term but slightly used, but to them it was the daily record of their faith achievements.

For them there was nowhere else to go, so they stepped *out under the stars*. "This title," writes H. G. Cowan in the *Herald of Holiness*, August 21, 1912, when the movement was in its swaddling clothes stage, "has become familiar to all who have heard the story of the Church of the Nazarene. There are dangers *under the stars* and yet there are compensations for the lone traveler. The lone holiness man is not altogether alone, for

he has the company of One who is 'the bright and morning star'."

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. P. H. Lunn, who conceived the plan of this book; to Rev. E. A. Girvin's *A Prince in Israel*, for material on Dr. Bresee; to Amy Hinshaw's *In Labor Abundant*, for the story of Dr. Reynolds; to Mrs. E. F. Walker, for the use of Dr. Walker's personal diary; to the Misses Johnny and Margaret Jernigan for their father's story; to Mrs. J. G. Morrison for assistance in gathering data for her husband's story; to Mrs. Victoria I. Hoople, for her husband's story; to Mrs. Mrs. Mable A. Vincent, for furnishing data on her father's—John N. Short—story; to Mrs. Susan Bresee Kinne, for facts concerning her husband's life; to Rev. Albert F. Haynes, for the use of an intimate scrap book concerning his father, also to Dr. Haynes' autobiography, *Tempest Tossed on Methodist Seas*; To Rev. H. E. McWilliams, for the use of his unpublished *Life of Dr. A. M. Hills*; a most painstaking and thorough labor of love; to Mrs. A. M. Bowes, Rev. B. V. Seals, Rev. I. G. Martin, and Rev. Mrs. DeLance Wallace, for the data on the life of H. D. Brown; and to Richard M. Gunn, of the Benson Printing Company, for assistance in gathering John T. Benson's story.

May the faith that inspired these men to step out under the stars motivate the church they gave the world to greater soul victories.

BASIL MILLER.

Pasadena, Calif.

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CHAPTER ONE

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE CHURCH FOUNDER

Phineas Bresee

He had faith in the stars, this Phineas Bresee. For when he stepped out under them, he gave birth to the Church of the Nazarene. Those stars of a brilliant southern California night were glorious with promise—promise of grander accomplishments in the tomorrows for God than he had dreamed of. How grand the future of that little movement in the ecclesiastical waters he started, he dared not conceive.

His faith threw into action a gospel work destined within a quarter of a century after his death to circle the globe—number its ministers by the thousands—its adherents by the hundreds of thousands.

His spiritual progeny have never been afraid of the stars—to step out under them. Like Phineas Bresee, to them the starry heavens above was tent enough for soul pilgrimages, and when occasion demanded they tented with God under the stars in religious achievements which the ages have never seen equalled.

Back of the Church of the Nazarene—the youngest and most rapidly growing—stands Phineas Bresee. The mold of his personality, his evangelistic fervor and the breadth of his vision mark Nazarenes around the world. Others share with him honor and praise in giving birth to the denomination, but as the decades die it will be Phineas Bresee to whom goes the honor of being *the man who made the Church of the Nazarene*.

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MAKING THE MAN

His story reads like fiction. From the log hut where he was born, he sent his name around the world. With scant training he founded colleges which have trained thousands for the ministry.

His birth was humble. The winds howled on a wintry night as the old year lay adying. It was the year 1838, and around that December 31 time marks a red circle. The place honored by his coming into the world was a few miles from Franklin, in Delaware County, New York.

That simple log hut must stand in church annals alongside the lean English rectory at Epworth, England, where John Wesley was born. His early life was farm spent, and the proverbial little red schoolhouse, nesting on a neighboring hill, gave him all the training he ever received, except for two winters spent at a so-called academy at Oneonta, New York.

He was a man whose ability burst not from his training, but from the native genius he had received as an endowment from God.

He polished his education not in college halls, studying books, untangling roots, but in the school of experience where men were his textbooks. The Holy Spirit was to become his professor, teaching him truth.

When he was eighteen he was clerking in a store and one February morning, a Rev. Mr. Smith walked into the building and invited young Phineas to attend the revival meeting he was conducting in the Methodist church of the community. Father and Mother Bresee were faithful Methodists, and the minister was not con-

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tent with platform duties, but must come to grips with souls in personal contact.

"Yes," promised the clerk, "I'll be there."

And that night when that unnoted minister preached, the Spirit spoke to the young clerk's heart. Let him tell it.

"I went and he preached. I thought he never would get through and give me a chance to go to the altar." This was the change that shaped his life for God. From his early childhood he had said, "I'm going to be a preacher," and now the Spirit made this youthful ambition a living reality.

POPULAR METHODIST PREACHER

A few months after his conversion the Methodist church in Iowa, where his father had moved, licensed him to exhort. His first sermon was preached a few miles from Davenport, the text being, "My soul has escaped out the the snare of the fowler." What a sermon it was!

"That is the one," the mature minister said years later, "I told the boys about, that embraced so much, that it had everything in it I knew." He literally went from Dan to Beersheba preaching the gospel! He roamed from creation to the great white throne, from Egypt's garlic to Canaan's gladness!

But that sermon catapulted him into the ministry with a noble start. The year after his conversion he accepted his first circuit. Three years later he returned to New York to marry Maria Hibbard, his childhood sweetheart, who through the years of his life proved a

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faithful companion, a wise lecturer, and a constant inspiration.

Appointments to better charges soon came. The year after the Civil War started he was the popular minister of the First Methodist Church, Des Moines, Iowa. When only twenty-six, he became presiding elder, a position he graced with keen insight warmed by evangelistic fervor. A few years later when he returned to his first love, the pastorate, he says, "I kept half the congregation angry at me all the time for my strictness." It was during this time under his own preaching that he was sanctified.

He was a friend-making preacher, and wherever he went groups congregated around his magnetic personality. This popularity caused him to be elected to the General Conference, held in Brooklyn in 1871. As the youngest member of that body his fame spread, and soon sunny southern California, in its desire to have the best, called for his services.

When forty-five Phineas Bresee, the growing minister, was appointed pastor of the First Church in Los Angeles. Three years later in 1886, he became minister of the First Methodist Church in the crown city of Pasadena. During the four years of his ministry in this city he preached to a crowded building each Sunday, and took into membership a thousand people.

Such ability again received attention and Bishop Mallalieu appointed him presiding elder of the Los Angeles District. During these years he preached sanctification strenuously and was not satisfied until revivals flamed in his churches.

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During his last Methodist pastorate in 1894 some friends offered to build a tabernacle in Los Angeles where a great spiritual center could be established. To do this he desired to take supernumerary relations with his conference, which was not granted.

Conscience came before conference, and he chose the way of holiness evangelism. For thirty-seven years he had been a member of a Methodist Conference, and when this relation was severed his soul was scathed.

Gently the voice spoke, "Your brethren . . . that cast you out . . . said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed" (Isa. 66: 5). This was a prophecy to be well fulfilled.

The first Sunday of October, 1895, was auspicious in that the first meeting was called from which came the Church of the Nazarene. God's hand quickly shaped events, and two weeks later—*out under the stars*—at the morning service in a hall, located at 317 South Main Street, Los Angeles, eighty-six people banded together for the organization of the Church of the Nazarene. Their purpose was to preach holiness.

A few days later the church was organized with 135 charter members. Soon a tabernacle was erected to house this youthful movement. When tidings spread of the new work calls came for the founder to organize other churches in Berkeley, Oakland and other sections of Los Angeles. Doors were flung wide to this man who dared step out under the stars.

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THE STRATEGIST

Dr. Bresee was a popular preacher, who drew crowds to his ministry through the flaming zeal of a revivalist. But he built his new movement, not upon his preaching ability as a mighty Whitefield, but upon the wise strategy of a Wesley. He drew around him men of ability. The outstanding evangelists and preachers of the holiness movement became his allies. Such workers as Bud Robinson, L. Milton Williams, C. W. Ruth, H. C. Morrison, J. A. Wood and others assisted him in laying the foundation.

He conducted the first Nazarene Assembly in October, 1899, where he presented a Manual, from which sprang the guiding principles and statements of doctrine now channelizing the work of the denomination. From that time on these yearly meetings became a factor in uniting the movement and establishing it upon sound principles. At first he became District Superintendent of the growing work.

Later when the church demanded the services of a General Superintendent (or bishop), he was elected to the office. He held this position until his death on November 13, 1915.

Looking upon the great Northwest as a gift from God, he appointed Rev. H. D. Brown as District Superintendent of the territory. From then on, whether presiding over District Assemblies or gracing General Assemblies, the impact of his personality molded the denomination to which his faith gave birth.

Looking into the tomorrows he founded a paper, called *The Nazarene*, with the first issue in October, 1898. Two years later this became *The Nazarene Mes-*

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senger, and in 1912 it was consolidated with the *Herald of Holiness*. His pen was ever busy and in all the issues articles from his fertile brain appeared. This paper cemented the movement into a unity and marking the work was Dr. Bresee's dynamic personality.

He early realized that he must train his own preachers, to which end he organized the Nazarene University and the Deets Pacific Bible College. The church founder became college president and the first session opened in the autumn of 1902. He saw his college becoming a source of preachers, teachers and laymen, who would carry the Nazarene banner throughout the world.

From this work came other colleges, until now they strategically dot the nation, the grist mills from which come Nazarene heralds.

Dr. Bresee traveled from district to district, church to church preaching, organizing, inspiring the new movement. He looked out upon the world as ripe unto harvest, and declared that his movement must not forget the "regions beyond." In 1906 the first missionary work was undertaken in India, and the Mexicans in California came in for their just dues and work was begun among them.

Today from this insignificant beginning missionaries labor around the world, and thousands of heathen have been converted. Hundreds of natives have been called to preach and now they carry the gospel to their own people.

HIS OUTSTRETCHED ARMS

The arms of Phineas Bresee were always outstretched to welcome others to the movement. He felt

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that God had called him to assist Him in bringing together the bands of holiness people which had sprung up in various sections of the nation. From New England came Hiram F. Reynolds; from New York there was Howard Hoople; from Texas was C. B. Jernigan; from Tennessee was J. O. McClurkan.

They all found their way to the outstretched arms of Bresee, and together with him they united in the common work of holiness evangelism. This coming together gave birth to what was called "the union," which took place in October, 1907, the place being Chicago. Later other influxes came. The following year Jernigan's churches from the Southwest entered the open door of the Church of the Nazarene. In 1915 McClurkan's groups from Nashville entered the bonds of fellowship, and in the same year Dr. George Sharpe and his work of the British Isles were welcomed into the denomination.

These unions were marked with spiritual harmony, centralizing around those themes of full salvation for which Dr. Bresee had walked *out under the stars*.

EVENING STAR

As alluring as the avenues of his character are, our story must close. This man who lived under the stars with faith in God's providence was active until the close of a long life. He gave his closing address to his college on September 2, 1915. During the same month his last editorial appeared on "Loyalty." In October of that year, nearing his seventy-eighth birthday, he presided over his last General Assembly.

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During this assembly he took seriously ill, and was rushed from Kansas City to southern California, the land he loved so well. Surrounded by his loving family, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, when the evening stars began to come out, November 13, 1915, the brave warrior, the master kingdom builder, the man who had walked under the stars with God alone passed beyond the pale of the blue sky into his eternal reward.

When the news of his home-going was flashed upon the wires, the movement to which he gave birth mourned his departure. The voice that had inspired them was hushed in silence until it should break in glorious welcome as one by one they too slipped beyond the line of worlds.

His monument? you ask.

It is erected not in stone, but in the hearts of the church he sired. When he stepped out under the stars there was no building to house his people. Should he now return there are thousands of edifices—both humble and magnificent—from which a thousand voices would lift a glad acclaim of welcome.

CHAPTER TWO

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT

Hiram F. Reynolds

"Would you accept an appointment as presiding elder?" asked Rev. Mr. Traux, who had been sent to approach Hiram Reynolds with a tempting offer to keep him in the folds of Methodism.

Hiram for years had been a Methodist pastor, whose voice thundered against sin and proclaimed the doctrine of holiness. In every pastorate he flamed the embers of dying love into revival fires. He heralded Wesley's doctrine of the second work of grace. And now after many successful pastorates and campmeetings in his New England Conference, Hiram had heard the Voice, which so many years he faithfully followed.

"Go out," whispered the Voice, "into holiness evangelism."

"Become presiding elder," clamored the conference and the bishop.

"Give me a few hours," requested the little preacher.

After prayer back came the preacher to the appointing committee with his report.

"My wife and I feel," he began, challenged by this new work of faith, "that it would not be pleasing to God for me to change my mind so suddenly after being convicted for months that I should become a holiness evan-

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gelist. Neither you nor the cabinet would be convinced that my convictions were genuine if I should change my mind because of the very honorable position offered me."

And out under the stars of holiness evangelism, Hiram, the preacher, walked with faith in God.

Whence came this man? Let us walk his path with him and see.

OUT OF HIS PAST

It was a dark night, that May 12, 1854. The wolves howled on the Illinois prairie, and the sheep herder had little sleep. Between runs Father Reynolds, the herder, came back to the family hut asking, "Born yet?" This trip he was greeted with a lusty howl, not of wolves, but of husky little Hiram, the newborn son.

Way up near Lake Michigan, just below Chicago, little Hiram took his place in the sheep herder's family, to care for the sheep when he grew older, to race to the little red schoolhouse for "readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic." When the father died, Hiram was farmed out, and Mother Reynolds returned to her native New England.

In the weaving of providence through his life, Hiram packed his belongings and hied himself to his mother's home. Here God spoke through a neighboring lady and Hiram became a new creature in Jesus. Old things had passed away, and when the lad began a popular song, the Voice, which was to be with him throughout life, said, "Young man!"

"Yes, Lord?"

"You have been converted—you are a Christian now. Don't sing those songs."

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From then on Hiram's song was one of redeeming love, a melody bursting from heaven's choir.

THE PREACHER

"You must preach!" challenged the Voice. And into the ministry this Voice-bidden young man went. When he told the farmer for whom he worked, replied the farmer, "Go and God go with you."

After a season of training at the Montpelier Methodist Seminary, in Vermont, he joined the Methodist Conference when twenty-five years of age. He filled several important pastorates with such spiritual diligence and physical zeal that each conference found him climbing the ecclesiastical ladder a little higher.

Then came in 1880 a holiness campmeeting in which Hiram was sanctified. From that moment onward his watchword was "Holiness unto the Lord."

When there was no appointment, Hiram went out to make a circuit at Plymouth in Vermont. Among the good folks living in the vicinity was a family of the Congregational faith with a little boy named Calvin. Mrs. Reynolds taught a Sunday afternoon class of children and in that group was little Calvin. Years later she told me the story.

"Little did I realize what I was doing when I taught Calvin." Tears trickled down her then-aged cheeks. "But my heart rejoiced this week when Calvin and his wife invited me to visit them at the White House in Washington, D. C." Yes, it was President Calvin Coolidge whom she had trained.

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In every following pastorate or circuit, Hiram's theme was holiness. He preached repentance, restitution, salvation from sin until revivals broke out. Then the Voice said, "*Holiness evangelism.*"

His last Methodist pastorate was at Underhill, Vermont, from which he requested supernumerary relations, and in 1892 he went out into the field of evangelism. Leaving his family at Montpelier, Vermont, he quickly found a place of service. Soon with other like-minded ministers, he organized the Vermont Holiness Association.

God blessed the preacher's work. At one revival in Nova Scotia up to ten thousand were in attendance, with as many as 125 at the altar seeking the Lord in one service. He traveled extensively throughout New England, and then came the stars!

THE MISSIONARY SECRETARY

When Hiram said goodby to the Methodist Church it was to step out under the stars. But God had a band for him to associate with. Down in New York City the Master had been speaking to Howard Hoople, who had organized the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America.

And Hiram's name was placed on the register of the Utica Avenue Church in New York City, as the first ordained elder to apply for membership. Less than a year later the Central Evangelical Holiness Association cast their lot with the Hoople movement, and the combined group held its first assembly in Lynn, Mass., in April, 1897.

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Here a Foreign Missionary Society was organized.

And when the votes were tallied Hiram Reynolds found himself as Home and Foreign Missionary Secretary. For ten years he carried the missionary movement in his vest pocket, as he told me in New York City years later. He revived and pastored during those years with the seal of God upon his ministry. He pleaded for missions, took up love offerings, wore number ten shoes on number seven feet, walked when there was no carfare, prayed all night.

He wrote for *The Beulah Christian* (the eastern paper), and spoke to the students of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute (the eastern school), and read *The Nazarene Messenger!*

WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS

And when that grand union came in Chicago, 1907, after the shouting had died down, and the records had been written, Hiram, born in a sheep herder's hut, found himself appointed General Superintendent along with Phineas Bresee. Dr. Bresee was the pulpit orator, but Hiram, henceforth to be known as Dr. H. F. Reynolds, was the missionary superintendent.

Again he carried the Nazarene missionary movement in his vest pocket. Though there were a few more than two hundred and fifty churches, the exact location of them all was unknown. The next October, in 1908, when the Texas churches, organized by C. B. Jernigan, became a part of the Church of the Nazarene, Dr. Reynolds found his task enlarged. Increasingly he was called upon to carry the missionary load of the denomination.

WITH THE MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT

From 1907 to 1923 he was actively associated with the missionary work of the denomination. He traveled extensively. He circled the globe for missions, and came back to circle it in three-hour missionary addresses to numerous congregations!

He was a constant commuter between world missionary fields—Japan, China, Guatemala, South America, Africa, Palestine, the islands of the sea, everywhere he went for missions. And to the end when he could not travel, he carried missions to the throne on the breath of his prayer. Every General Assembly until 1932 re-elected him as General Superintendent, for the movement had taken this missionary, the shepherd's son, to its heart. In 1932 he was retired from active labors with the position of General Superintendent Emeritus, then at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

Four years later this honor was again bestowed upon him.

Inactive? you ask. Never this untiring soul. For then he charted the world, charted Nazarene missions, and made a time chart, on which was placed the exact hour at each mission station which corresponded to 6:00 a.m. in Kansas City. Then he daily roamed the world with God and missions, shepherding through prayer the missionaries as once he cared for the sheep of the flock.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALL

He was old—eighty-four years, two months, and one day—when the Good Shepherd called for him to come to the heavenly fold. He quietly folded his arms and lay

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back on the Shepherd's bosom—the Shepherd, who one dark night wandered out across the fields of sin, searching for the lost sheep, and returned with Hiram safely to the fold.

The shepherd's son had read the Shepherd's Psalm for the last time. The Voice which he had heeded for so many years—the Voice of the Master who had said, "*My sheep know my voice,*" had called him Home, where he should *dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

CHAPTER THREE

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE BIBLE EXEGETE

Edward F. Walker

"And he could preach," testified Rev. E. A. Girvin, "for thirty days on '*But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you*'."

"And he did," responded Esther Kirk Miller. "I was fourteen at the time and Dr. Walker was our pastor in Pasadena. He had recently united with the church. Sunday after Sunday, week on end, morning and night, he expounded that text in a series of messages which seemed never to end."

Dr. Walker was at home in the Bible wherever you put him, and as a Bible exegete he was peerless. There was no end to his biblical information, and with driving logic he forced the truth home. On the platform he was clear, and tremendously in earnest. None ever doubted what he meant. He buttressed his positions with scripture and logic.

"He takes his place in the front row," said Dr. Phineas Bresee, when he welcomed this gospel preacher into church fellowship, "*and that is a very short front row.*"

By his excessive labors in life he left a great legacy to the church to enrich us.

OUT OF HIS DIARY

"My full name is Edward Franklin Walker," begins his Diary, a massive, brown, sheepskin covered book,

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which lies open before me. Yes, there it is, written in his own hand, the story of his soul wanderings. Things of a worldly nature are passed over with slight mention, but his spiritual pilgrimage is detailed.

Yes, he was born (with bare mention of the fact) on January 20, 1852, in Steubenville, Ohio. "Came to this state (California) in 1856." "By trade a printer," he continues writing in 1871, shortly after he had ceased his soul wanderings and dropped anchor in the haven of rest.

"Education slight," which fact he lamented and labored to eclipse by constantly holding before him an open book. And when the money came in he entered the College of the Pacific, where he not only found books, but "attended a prayermeeting this morning." He wanted his soul to be touched as well as his mind taught.

Later he went to the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, where he proved himself an excellent student, and laid the foundation for the exegete that he was to become. To the end he remained a student, upturning the texts of the Bible for new gems of truth. He wandered through the Bible's broad fields, searching with a miner's pick the deep veins of truth, which to other souls remained unexplored.

"Religion is a thing," he entered in that Diary, "that I know but little of."

His parents were not professors, but in his very young days his mother sent him to Sunday school.

"On the third day of June, 1871, I gave my heart to Jesus Christ." Here begins the transforming fellowship which was to remake the life of young Edward. It happened on this wise.

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He had been attending the theater in San Francisco, and one evening he saw a large show tent, as he supposed, for the crowd was massive. So he joined the throng.

It was a show, for the great John Inskip arose and presented the claims of Jesus, and under the spell of his message Ed Walker, the printer, sat trembling, unable to shake off the chains which Christ threw upon his soul. A few days later he knelt in the straw and Jesus flooded his soul with spiritual harmonies.

Reborn in a revival, Edward Walker never got over the effects of it. He was destined to carry the flag of evangelism throughout the nation.

HIS FIRST LICENSE

At once he stepped into the ranks of Christian workers, led a Methodist class meeting, taught a class, oversaw a Sunday school, and so proved himself that on December 4, 1873, the Methodist Church gave him a local preacher's license, which though faded and worn is still intact before me as I write.

Henceforth he was launched into the work of the ministry. Months earlier he entered in his Diary, "July 24, 7: 30 p.m., I have within the last ten minutes rested in Jesus as my Sanctifier." The following day he wrote, "Entire sanctification, full salvation, holiness of heart, the higher life—I am not particular what you call it, *but I have it!*"

He filled many important pastorates in the Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches. He worked in California, Nevada, Kansas, Colorado, Indiana,

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Ohio, pastoring churches, until God called him into the broader field of evangelism.

His last church was at Fort Collins, Colorado, where he did the work of an evangelist, as he had done in all his previous charges.

God spoke—for Edward had long ago learned to obey when the Master commanded—and at once he resigned his charge to become a traveling evangelist. For many years he was abundant in labors, preaching in various churches and throughout the nation.

He soon became known as one of the profoundest preachers of the Word of his generation. Nor was his voice silent on the experience of sanctification, though a Presbyterian he had got it and kept it.

Throughout the years of his evangelism, he remained a member of the Indianapolis Presbytery, where he was loved and honored as a Christian brother and respected as an outstanding gospel minister.

THE MOVE THAT GOD MADE

God made a move—well, maybe I would better say, God caused His servant to move from Indiana to San Dimas, California, in 1906, which within itself seems insignificant. But God is able to empower insignificant events with momentous proportions, as is the case with this event, which was properly timed.

The holiness evangelist, Edward Walker, in California came in contact with the holiness church leader, Phineas Bresee, who found themselves two kindred souls.

And two years later Dr. Walker sat on the front row in the Church of the Nazarene! He came out of a great church to enter an insignificant one. And when he pas-

WITH THE BIBLE EXEGETE

tored the church of which my wife was then a member, he found a struggling congregation, worshipping in a shingled building, resting on the rear of a lot, near the alley, close by the car barns, in an out-of-the-way section of Pasadena. Yes, it was that bad.

But God was in it. There was a field of service awaiting the fertile mind of this magnetic leader.

THE MEMORABLE SERMON

Down Tennessee way, in Nashville, the Nazarenes had gathered from the corners of the country to hold the 1911 General Assembly. They were a small band, counted numerically, but potentially a rising group on the ecclesiastical horizon. They had gathered in a board tabernacle, a great multitude, to rejoice in their glorious, yet short past, and blueprint their future.

On October 8 at the morning service, Dr. Walker was the preacher. He arose and announced his text, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified." For an hour and seventeen minutes (by the watch) he enthralled the audience with the majesty of his message.

They said of it, "The greatest message I ever heard." "A masterpiece of logic." "Unforgettable."

This is as he always preached—a master of any text, and the man of God's hour for any sermon.

It was then that they selected him General Superintendent—just a minor honor to his penetrating mind. Though a gracious superintendent, he was supremely an exegete, and he found his throne writing the expository lessons for the *Pentecostal Bible Teacher*. This love-labor he did from the inception of the teacher's Sunday school journal until his death, on May 6, 1918.

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What superintending he did shades into insignificance in comparison with the expository writings, which molded the thought of this youthful, though growing denomination. He clarified, if such could be said, our theological positions, and taught our Sunday school teachers the great truths he had mined from God's Word.

HIS LAST ARTICLE

He traveled the nation, and swung toward Scotland where he visited Dr. George Sharpe and his holiness churches, resulting in that band uniting with the Church of the Nazarene. He became college president, first at Olivet, and later at Pasadena, which positions he took in his stride, but neither of which added laurels to his brow.

For he was an exegete, and this was his great contribution to the church that he stepped out under the stars to serve.

The day he took sick—just two weeks before he died—he sat at his typewriter and prepared an exposition of the Sunday school lesson on "Children, obey your parents." "Children," he said, "what would the world be without them? Happy is the man who has a quiver full of them." And on to the end the words flowed. Little did he know that this was to be his last exposition.

The exegete laid down his pen. They buried him two weeks later in a beautiful cemetery in San Gabriel, California, half way between the mountains and the sea. And now his mortal remains sleep under the stars.

He dwells yonder far above the blue sky in the home of the soul, learning personally about the Master of whom he wrote so majestically.

CHAPTER FOUR

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE CHURCH BUILDER

C. B. Jernigan

Those were strenuous days. And if you do not believe it, listen in on this correspondence.

"What will you guarantee us if we come to your district?" asked the preacher seeking a charge.

"Men coming to my district," replied C. B. Jernigan, "have no guaranty; for they must be able to grab the bull by the horns, break its neck, skin it, stretch its hide for a tent to preach holiness under, and peddle the meat for a living."

"Did he find such men?" you ask. No, he usually made them! Where he could not find them, he went into the man-making business. For instance a young preacher whose first license was signed by Dennis Rogers, secretary of the Independent Holiness Church, organized by Dr. Jernigan, later to become secretary of the same organization, has been a favorite son of the Church of the Nazarene for many years.

He has served it as college professor, college president, pastor, evangelist, editor and now he fills the highest office in the denomination, that of General Superintendent—Dr. James B. Chapman.

Says Dr. Chapman, "Rev. C. B. Jernigan has had more intimate contact with the men and movements

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which have made for the success of the work of holiness in the South than any living man."

His Roots

His roots were laid deep in the South. He was born in Mississippi, September 4, 1863, and at an early age moved to Hunt County, Texas. He was a farmer, but from a family of consequences, his father being a doctor, as was also a brother.

Many were the interesting incidents connected with his early life. But the red letter occasions were Civil War days in the South, for his father's plantation owned slaves. The prairie fire deep in Texas, when the whole countryside was ablaze, marked his youthful memory.

But Mother Skunk and her skunklets left a more lasting odor than any other event or personage or possibility. The family had planned on having wheat bread—good "ole" southern biscuits, heavy with butter, sopped in molasses or covered with thick chicken gravy, and young Charles was to take the wheat to the mill for grinding.

It was a brand-splintery new mill, never yet used, and the twelve-year-old lad stood eyes open and mouth agape waiting for the white flour to roll out from under the stones. When suddenly out raced an odor not to a southern lad's liking, for Mother Skunk and family had taken possession of the mill. "The flour was ruined," he wrote later, "and we had to eat cornbread."

His first school was of the red schoolhouse variety and was located at Hog Eye (yes, you read it right). But his education did not stop there, for he attended Rock

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College at Dallas, and Wesleyan College at Fort Worth, preparing to be a doctor. The death of his father threw the burdens of the family upon his shoulders.

God had other plans. He was to be instead a soul doctor.

THE SOUL DOCTOR

First his own soul must be mended, and that came about through a prayer his mother prayed when Charles was four, and later when nine he was genuinely converted at Herrell's Camp Ground near his home.

He found a girl to his liking—the most beautiful in all Texas—Miss Johnny Hill, and married her. She had much to do with building the spiritual fiber of his soul.

A woman in a grove prayermeeting testified to Christ's sanctifying power, and Charles said, "I must have the blessing or die." And the old man did die! Carrying a plow down a dusty road a few days later, he prayed with all his might, and in the middle of the road the fire fell, "and I fell in the middle of the road while billows of glory swept over my soul."

Then he went to work for God. He led the singing in the first campmeeting at Greenville, Texas, famous as being the seat of Peniel College. He worked in the Greenville City Missions, preached where he could, and finally God said, "Give up secular work and get busy." "Although there have been occasions when I did not know where the next meal was coming from, yet in all these thirty-one years," he testified, "God has never let me suffer."

God turned him loose in the great state of Texas, and Dr. Jernigan (Bethany-Peniel College granted him

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the D.D. degree in 1927) got busy for God. He preached holiness wherever occasion permitted, and many times he took the proverbial bull by the horns, broke its neck, skinned it, used the hide for a tent and sold the meat for a living. He spoke from the book of experience.

Believing in "salting his own sheep in his own pen," he organized the first Independent Holiness Church at Van Alstyne, Texas, in 1900, where for three years he was pastor. From this other churches came until by 1903 there were twenty in the new denomination. This united with the New Testament Church of Christ, and under the combined title of the Holiness Church of Christ came into the Church of the Nazarene in 1907.

WEARING OUT

"Aren't you afraid you will wear out, Brother Jernigan?" asked a friend.

"I'd rather wear out than rust out," came his retort, and literally he lived up to this motto.

In 1908 he was appointed District Superintendent of Oklahoma and Kansas, with but three churches in the states. In the spring of 1909 he organized a church at Beulah Heights, Oklahoma City, which later became the nucleus of the Bethany church, and as a lad I joined that first church he organized in the state.

He was a photographer by trade. Packing his equipment he landed in the state and went to work for God. During the day he would take pictures, at night he would preach in some building in the community, and after the meeting develop the pictures. He slept on the benches when necessary, walked to appointments when

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he had no carfare, and when occasion demanded went hungry to preach holiness.

He usually stayed at a place until he dug out a church and left a pastor to oversee it.

It was he who planned Bethany, laid the foundation for the beautiful city, envisioned the college, started a rescue home in the village, which his wife nobly superintended.

He brought into the denomination an independent denomination which he founded, but he was not content to join the ranks of a "has-beener." But he went to work for God with all his might.

For fifteen years he served as District Superintendent, introducing the idea of district zones. He organized scores of local churches from his own efforts. From 1907 until 1928 he served on the General Board of the denomination.

He preached on an average of 280 times a year during his long ministry. For nineteen years he did the work of an evangelist, holding on the average twenty revivals a year. And at each revival it is estimated fifty persons were at the altar. He covered twenty-five states in evangelism and when he died he was slated for three years in advance.

Then he found time to write hundreds of articles for the holiness papers. He edited *The Holiness Evangel* and founded *Highway and Hedges*, the first of which was merged with the *Pentecostal Advocate*. He wrote seven books, one of which—*Entire Sanctification*—sold 100,000 copies. The best known of his other books are *Pioneer Days in the Southwest* and *From the Prairie Schooner in*

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Texas to a City Flat in New York. This was the man that God made.

GOD'S MAN FOR THE SOUTHWEST

He was God's man of destiny for the Southwest. He laid the foundation for the great church which now centers around Bethany-Peniel College with hundreds of churches and thousands of Nazarenes.

Through it all he was thoroughly human. He was a southern gentleman to the end of his days. He delighted in black coffee and thick buttermilk to chink in between the cracks of southern fried chicken and brown biscuits. As a speaker he was convincing and picturesque, with a voice that could be heard under any circumstances. He loved his family and was an excellent story-teller, drawing out of his own experience tales more thrilling than had been written.

"A leader of a people," writes Dr. C. A. McConnell, "as yet not a people; a superintendent of churches as yet nonexistent. In more than thirty years I have never seen C. B. Jernigan hesitate at the word of authority, nor stagger before the seeming impossible."

The basic philosophy of his life was that what he started must be so founded as to live after he died, and the great work in the Southwest, pivoted in Bethany, points to the reality of his theory.

He literally died in the harness. Taking sick suddenly, he had a vision of Jesus, and plainly he saw the hem of His garment. He called his wife and said, "I shall not live." Then he mapped his funeral in most minute details.

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And a more appropriate text could not have been selected than the one he chose. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

The church had lost a warrior, and I, as thousands of other boys who grew up under the shadow of his life and influence realized that I had lost a friend. The cross he laid down, others now shoulder, while he wears his crown, *for God buries His workers, but carries His work on!*

CHAPTER FIVE

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE PASTOR

John N. Short

"Stick to the facts," cried John N. Short.

"Take it by faith," he advised, "for we walk by faith and not by sight."

"I feel as good when I don't feel good as I do when I do feel good," he testified.

He marked his Christian walk with a characteristic soberness that through the years left an indelible imprint upon the thousands who brushed against his personality.

John N. Short was a man whose eyes were always on the horizon. He was always searching for something better. He did not throw away the tested for the untried, but when he was certain he had found something better he accepted it gladly. He was a looker-beyond—a traveler on a holy quest. You have heard about him, have you not?

THE SEEKER FINDS

Well, let me tell you about that search of his. He had been a Methodist, for when twelve years old he was soundly converted in the Methodist fold, and here he cast his lot. Years later he felt a holy discontent with conditions as they existed in his beloved church.

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His soul craved greater spiritual liberty. He was a holiness preacher of the first rank, and he sought for holiness fellowship. He found an Evangelical Holiness Association in New England, and at once threw in his lot with them. Here he discovered spiritual fellowship and a like-minded group that strengthened his own soul and that of his followers.

Then on the horizon flamed a new organization with such men as Howard Hoople, H. F. Reynolds and others of similar faith, and John Short placed his membership with the Association of Pentecostal Churches.

Out on the west coast Phineas Bresee had organized a new holiness denomination, the Church of the Nazarene, and the eastern brethren sent this seeker, John N. Short, with H. N. Brown, and A. B. Riggs, as "three wise men" to search out the land.

"Their fervent testimony moved us mightily," says Dr. Bresee of the memorable occasion of their visit, "and we felt that we were of one faith and love and destiny. How blessed was it to hear them preach, and to see their smiling, tearful faces, when God from time to time, has manifested His glory."

And the searcher had found the church of his choice.

From this came the famous union of the two groups which clasped the hands of the Nazarenes across the nation. It was the good report of these men that made this step possible.

From then on the soul of John N. Short was satisfied, for he had located his spiritual brethren. He was in the homeland of his soul. He could preach holiness to his heart's content, and he did.

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MAKING THE MAN

He was born on a farm in western Massachusetts, September 24, 1841, where he remained until about twenty. He did not run true to the saying that you can take a boy off of the farm, but you cannot take the farm out of the boy. There was little of the farm left in John Short. He was a thoroughly polished Christian gentleman.

He did not believe in doing a half-way job, so he went to the Wilbraham Academy to fit himself for college, and then he turned the rest of his polishing over to the Boston University School of Theology. Here he remained until the task of making a man out of him was completed.

He cast his lot with the New England Conference of the Methodist Church and was ordained by Bishop Wiley in 1873. During the following twenty-one years he held Methodist pastorates throughout his native state. Then he withdrew from this fellowship, and continued to pastor churches among the holiness groups to which he belonged until he united with the Church of the Nazarenes in 1907.

When he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in 1916, he had been preaching for forty-three years, all of which with the exception of his seminary years, were spent in the pastorate. For six more years he served as a pastor, ending his life in this noble calling.

THE SHEPHERD HEART

For twenty-two years he was pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Cambridge, Mass. He brought this group into spiritual existence. For fourteen years the

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group worshiped in a hall, and then under his leadership they built a beautiful edifice.

He carried the shepherd heart with him throughout his long ministry of nearly sixty years. He did not stop studying when he graduated. He was ever a student that tried to grow with his advancing years. He did not make the baptism of the Holy Spirit a substitute for mental laziness.

When he went into the pulpit it was only after diligent preparation. He felt that his congregation in order to grow spiritually must be fed with the best. He religiously (and that is his word) wrote a sermon every week, which he carried to the pulpit in his own style of shorthand. He read his sermons diligently, but this in no manner hampered his free delivery. He was at home with his manuscript.

His delivery was vigorous, fiery, and filled with energetic gestures. He built his sermons true to a homiletic form. He dealt with the great doctrines of salvation and not with trivial themes of passing notice. Thus through the years of his long pastorates he built up his people mentally, and it could well be said of his congregations that they could pass a test in theology. For they had gone through the doctrines of the church and the truths of the Bible with this master mind.

"As a pastor," writes Rev. Charles J. Washburn, for the past five years minister of the church which Rev. Mr. Short led for so many years, "this godly man was great. He loved his people and consequently he had their devotion. He spoke commandingly and fearlessly against things that would militate against loyalty on the part of

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his flock. Yet beneath his positive exterior, they could feel the beat of a tender and kindly heart."

THE HOLINESS PREACHER

As a young Methodist he had received the experience of holiness and through a long ministry which stretched for nearly sixty years he was known as a holiness preacher. In New England the imprint of his personality among the holiness people was doubtless felt with greater impact than any other. For many years he served as vice-president of the Douglas Campmeeting, which brought him into contact with leaders from various denominations.

"When other ministers soft-pedalled holiness," to quote Leonard M. Robinson of the Douglas Camp, "not so John N. Short. He joined the Church of the Nazarene so that he might be free in his preaching of holiness."

Through the Douglas Camp he exerted a strong influence upon the religious life of New England.

He had many opportunities to serve in the higher positions of his church. Once he was approached by the brethren about becoming General Superintendent, "but he deemed it wise," writes his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Vincent, "to devote himself to his pastorate." For here the shepherd heart combined with the holiness preacher to present his congregation faultless before the throne of grace.

His pen was always active, for he had trained himself in the art of placing on paper his thoughts through weekly writing sermons. The one book he left behind is *The Bible Christian*, though he was the author of many

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pamphlets, such as *Divine Healing*, *Man's Desire to Know God*.

He was a home lover, and for this reason the pastorate appealed to him. Most of his ministerial life was spent in and around Boston. He sent the power of his personality around the world not through a personal ministry of evangelism, but by influencing other Christian leaders. Commander Brengle, of Salvation Army fame, pays tribute to John N. Short in his autobiography, affirming that he owes a deep debt of gratitude to him.

THE MAN IN ACTION

He was tall, straight as an arrow, and athletic in bearing. He wore a Prince Albert with grace, and with his clerical vest and wing collar, he attracted attention wherever he went. In the earlier days of his work in New England he was easily the most striking personality in the holiness movement. "This, with a short neatly cut full beard," affirms Rev. Charles Washburn, "made a figure which could not be overlooked in any gathering."

On the assembly floor in his earlier days, he was master of any situation. The keen logic of his speeches defied contradiction.

"He was a born leader," declares his daughter, "showed tolerance, was sympathetic and understanding. I have heard people say that they could come to him with their problems as they could with but few pastors."

And when he grew older his sermons were still evangelistic, and rang with glorious enthusiasm. He carried his age gracefully. To the end he was a student of the Bible and was often in prayer. When he would wake up at night in later years, he spent those hours in tear-

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ful prayer for his congregation, interspersing his prayers with whole chapters recited from the Bible and the hymns he had learned to love as a youth.

In the last sermon he preached before going to sleep on the bosom of the Master he kept crying, "Don't miss it; don't miss it!" He seemed to realize that heaven was but a step away, and in going he wanted to take others with him.

Quietly he passed away on April 12, 1922, in the city of Cambridge, surrounded by friends unto whom he had administered so many years.

CHAPTER SIX

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE PUBLISHER

Clarence J. Kinne

Rules are made to be broken. At least Clarence Kinne broke one. Kinne was jack of all ecclesiastical trades and master of them all as well, that is, most of them anyway. There were but few things he could not or had not done in operating the denomination.

He had never been a District Superintendent, as far as I know, nor a General Superintendent. Doubtless, had he turned his mind to them, he could have made both tasks hum—and if he had been in either position, it would have hummed, or he would have broken a tug (farm parlance) in an endeavor to hum it. Such was this genius of versatility.

Once he laid his hands to the plow of any task, he never took them off until he finished his row (and I use this phrase for his upbringing was country).

PEGGING HIMSELF IN THE RIGHT HOLE

Nobody seems to know or care what he did or where he did it before 1905, for his life seems to have then begun. His birth seems insignificant, or slightly passed over, for his life really began when he stepped into the printing office of *The Nazarene Messenger* in Los Angeles in 1905, and Dr. Bresee handed the outfit, lock, stock and barrel over to him.

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Well, yes, there were a few incidents connected with his life before that event, such as these: He was born of upstanding parents, from whom he inherited a bull-dog tenacity, combined with the pulling power of an ox, the speed of a race horse, and the mental acumen of an intellectual giant. What I am trying to say is, he was endowed with an amazing capacity for work and a genius for production. And I almost forgot the date, December 12, 1869, in Knoxville, Iowa.

Then there was an eighteen-year blank at the end of which he was genuinely converted. This was a life-altering experience for it turned the tide of his energy into religious channels. Three years later he entered the Methodist ministry, having also united in marriage with Miss Nellie Stevens.

What he did from 1800 to 1905 only slows up our story, since here is a man who must be about his Master's business, which commenced only when he had pegged himself in the right hole and that hole was a cubby-hole office where his genius for labor did more to mold the intellectual and cultural outlook of the Church of the Nazarene than any one other man. From then on he made publishing history wholesale.

THE PROVIDENTIAL MAN

That is what Dr. Bresee called him in an editorial in the *Messenger* (1905), when he wrote: "Rev. C. J. Kinne was elected manager of the business, he leaving a position much more lucrative to take this work at the call of duty. *He was a providential man*"—as he always was—"with a vision sufficiently clear to see, not only the

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need of the work, but also its possibilities—he believes in the church and its Publishing House—and what is equally necessary, he has the business ability to lead on in bringing things to pass.”

Dr. Bresee felt that his friend and colaborer, C. J. Kinne, was divinely called and fitted for the work. And when the salary was passed out, Kinne received only half of what he had been making elsewhere.

But to such a noble man, God’s voice was the call of duty, and salary was a minor consideration. If needs be, he would have supported himself to carry on God’s work. It was the kingdom for which he labored.

INTO THE FRAY

He was not long in rolling up his sleeves and going to work (or if you like modern parlance better, let us say, *hitting the ball*, and when Clarence hit the ball, he also *rang the bell!*)

Certainly he made friends and enemies as well. But to him that made little difference, for he had been divinely commissioned to be a printer’s apprentice, if needs be, editor when necessity called, and manager of a publishing business at all times.

By 1909 he had begun the publication of Sunday school literature, which laid the foundation for the extensive Sunday school helps now put out by the Nazarene Publishing House. His brain spawned lesson helps, periodicals, quarterlies, leaflets, magazines (and I say *spawned*, for any other process would have been too slow to have described the rapidity with which he brought them into being).

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We read his brain children each Sunday in the form of such popular papers as *The Youth's Comrade*, and each month when we reach for our missionary periodical, *The Other Sheep*.

When the church decided to consolidate its various publications and establish the Nazarene Publishing House in Kansas City, C. J. Kinne became general manager of the establishment.

He also served for several years as Editor-in-chief of all Sunday school publications, and when Dr. E. F. Walker's pen was stilled, it was Clarence Kinne who followed in his exegetical steps and furnished the lesson expositions for the teacher's journal. And he did it without missing a step (or without a hitch).

That was the man I'm telling you about. A genius of versatility. A providential man, if you like Dr. Bree-see's category better. Rather he was God's man for the publishing hour. And he hesitated not to step out under the stars when the Divine called.

In spirit he was nonassuming (as common as an old shoe), in convictions, deep and solid. His emotional outlets were found in service rather than in explosive expletives of joy.

He did nothing second-class, nor did he spare effort from any undertaking. Whether writing an occasional article, developing a book, opening a case of merchandise, or pushing a wheelbarrow, he put his whole being into the endeavor. One said of him, "He would lose his own soul fighting for the church!" He believed in what he was doing.

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THE BUILDER

When the votes were counted in the General Assembly, 1923, a new Editor-in-chief of Sunday School publications took over the duties which Clarence Kinne had assumed for so many years.

Did he once whine about it and say, "I've made my contribution?" Not he. For he headed himself straight for a task he had long desired to accomplish for the Master. In the back of his brain it had been slumbering, and now it had a chance to leap forth into vision-soon-to-be-reality.

For a while he promoted missions on his home district of southern California, but while doing this, he was hammering home the idea of a memorial hospital to Dr. Bresee to be erected in China.

Impossible, some said, that the printer should turn builder!

But that is what he did. He mastered (I have always suspected he knew it all his life) the building trade from roof pitch to septic tanks, from mortar mixtures to steel reinforcement. And he so mastered it that those jig-saw cutters of Chinese carpenters could put his blueprints into rock and steel form.

During these strenuous endeavors, he took time out to wed Dr. Bresee's youngest daughter, Miss Susan Bresee. The ceremony took place on March 11, 1927, and soon with his bride he hastened back to China. When he returned to the homeland, the work was finished.

Building this great hospital alone would have entitled him to a niche in the Nazarene Hall of Fame, had he accomplished nothing else.

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THE SECOND FIDDLER

His big field was not bookwriting, though if the occasion demanded, he could produce one as rapidly and well as any writer of the church. But he was a perfect second fiddler to other book writers.

It seems impossible that a man so brilliant as Dr. Bresee would have left practically no writings in permanent form behind him. But such was the case. It remained for Clarence Kinne to do this. He first gave the name, *A Prince in Israel*, to Dr. Bresee's biography, which Rev. E. A. Girvin so ably produced. He also edited Dr. Bresee's sermons (only a scant few of the mass of material the doctor left behind) and published them in three volumes, *Soul Food*, *Matthew*, and *Isaiah*.

He sought rather to shine through those writings than to have produced a book himself.

Then he played second fiddle to Dr. A. M. Hills, the theologian of the church. For many decades Dr. Hills labored writing a theology. Year in and year out he kept at the task, and when it was finished, there was no publisher to produce it.

Kinne stepped to the fore, and arranged for the publication and sales of that incomparable work. This alone was a task worthy of any genius, but Clarence Kinne, the printer's apprentice, took it in his stride, as a love-labor in extending the kingdom.

When his last goodby was spoken and he quietly lay back to rest on October 19, 1932, the movement which he helped mold mourned his going.

"He apparently cared little," said M. Lunn, manager of the institution which Kinne helped build, "for the

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plaudits of the crowd . . . his optimism was contagious. . . . No task, however menial, was beneath him. Throughout the tomorrows, we shall do our best to carry on the work, the foundation of which he built so well."

"He has gone to his reward," wrote Dr. H. Orton Wiley, "but his memory will be cherished."

CHAPTER SEVEN

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

A. M. Hills

The life of A. M. Hills is a drama in three acts. There are three distinct stage settings, three themes, but one actor. His story reads like fiction and stretches almost ninety years across time's two greatest centuries—the nineteenth and twentieth.

He was a barefoot lad in western Michigan during one century with Indians roving the woods he was a theological giant in the next century, a writer and preacher-trainer without a peer.

Three acts—three stages—one actor!

Act One—Before Pentecost!

Acts Two—After Pentecost!

Acts Three—The Giant in Retirement!

However else you may divide the fourscore and seven years of his life span, that is A. M. Hills' career. And in each one he was a mental giant, to grace any man's movement, any college lecture platform, any denomination's pulpit.

But I am becoming eulogistic rather than delineatory.

ACT ONE

Born in Michigan near the lake bearing that name on February 4, 1848, he grew up as a young shaver in the wilds of the woods where tame Indians visited his father's hearthside, and untamed bears roamed the timbers.

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Wild turkeys and pigeons came in such droves that they broke the limbs of the trees. Enough for interesting sidelights on his boyhood.

Before he was eight he had read the Bible through, and seventy-nine years later he avowed, "I owe the clarity and power of my written style to this one fact, that I saturated my youthful mind with the pure diction of the Bible." Before he was nine he was in Latin, and by twelve he was delving into Greek roots, and a master of geometry.

At eleven he was converted in a revival meeting, with nobody but God and the angels paying any attention to the little, puny lad kneeling at the altar. But heaven made record of the event and angels swung into glorious melody at the act.

Too weak to live, his saintly mother prayed him to health and into the ministry by the time he was sixteen.

And when sixteen the family sold the Michigan farm and moved to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, near Oberlin College, of which the mighty evangelist Charles G. Finney was president. For four years he sat under the influence of this soul winner, and caught something of the majesty of his personality.

With an A.B. tucked in his jeans (and I have forgotten whether or not they were homespun), he said, "I have given up the practice of law to preach, and to Yale I'll go." He came away from Yale's three-year B.D. course a scholar, trained thoroughly in the theological arts, a master logician, a forceful speaker, and a minister who knew where he was going.

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In May, 1873, he walked into a ten-year-long pastorate at Ravenna, Ohio, where he wrote every sermon he preached, and this was followed by a seven-year pastorate of the Congregational church in Pittsburgh. By this time he was famous as a pastor and in constant demand as a speaker.

Came other pastorates until in 1892 he entered the evangelistic work, to crown his ministry with hundreds of souls. In 1894 he wrote the *Life of Mary Woodbridge*, which brought him fame as an author. In 1895 came Pentecost!

ACT TWO

Preaching up in New England he realized that something was amiss in his spiritual life, and when a layman testified to sanctification, the evangelist became hungry hearted. He sought it diligently, publicly in his own meetings, privately in his closet and on December 7, 1895, he received the experience.

He was forever through with popular evangelism, and stood in the front ranks of the holiness movement as a soul winner. His first act was during the six weeks following his sanctification to write that masterpiece of holiness literature, *Holiness and Power*. Yes, it took him just six weeks to finish it, and you have read it, I am sure.

The book found a publisher in John Knapp, and many thousands have been sold around the world, having been translated into ten languages and been used in preacher's courses of study as well as a college textbook. Other books came from his pen in quick succession. His fame increased and he held the greatest camps in the

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nation with as high as eight hundred seeking God during a ten-day encampment. He received far more calls than he could hope to fill.

He had always wanted to be a college president, and *Before Pentecost*—in Act One—he thought he had landed a job in Olivet College, Michigan, only to be voted out. But now *After Pentecost* opened the field to him.

He first taught in Asbury, 1898, and trained Will Huff, doubtless the most eloquent preacher of the past generation. Then down Texas way, at Greenville, Rev. E. C. DeJernett had some land where they held an annual campmeeting, and he dreamed a college into existence (on paper). Then he sent for A. M. Hills to be the president—a nonexistent college, without a stick of lumber, a single student, but on September 27, 1899, Hills opened the college and ran it until in 1905 he resigned to found Oskaloosa College, now John Fletcher College in Iowa.

After a trip to England he was the moving spirit in founding Olivet College, now at Kankakee, Illinois. Thus he founded three colleges, or was the first president of three. Later in 1911, he taught at Bethany-Peniel College.

During these five terms of college presidency and teaching he trained the outstanding ministers of the holiness movement and of the Church of the Nazarene during his generation. One has but to mention such a man as Dr. R. T. Williams, General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, who came out of A. M. Hills' preacher-making factory.

OUT UNDER THE STARS

England called for this famous evangelist and college president, and in October of 1908, Dr. Hills landed at the Star Hall Mission and Bible School, Manchester, England, conducted by Misses Crossley and Hatch. Here he taught, preached, wrote books, tracts and articles, and toured England and Scotland in revivals. At some of his services as many as two hundred sought God in a single meeting. One sermon, he said, was the instrument in winning 3,000 to the Master.

He had not yet cast his lot with the Nazarenes, but while teaching at Bethany in 1911, he *stepped out under the stars*, by faith in God, cut all lines with the Congregational Church, and became a humble Nazarene teacher and preacher, at which time there were fewer than 10,000 Nazarenes by whatever count one could make.

Again he returned to England in response to numerous calls and stayed there until in 1915, when the World War forced him to return to America.

And I have passed it by—a dream, I mean, which failed to come true. This was after Pentecost and I must put it in.

In 1910 they wanted a college at Elida, New Mexico, and they called Dr. Hills to be president of the non-existent college and to build one. They miscalculated the rain, and the tumble weeds dried up, and the jack-rabbits hid themselves to their holes, and Hills' college failed to materialize.

And there was nothing for him to do but to write, and at the rate of ten pages a day he ground out Volume I of a long-dreamed of theology. God hid him, like he did Moses, that he might start his life's greatest endeavor.

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IN RETIREMENT

He had been in England so long, when he came back in 1915, that America had forgotten her favorite preaching son. And for the first time in thirty-four years he was without a single call, and no open door! So Hills, the theologian, the famed evangelist, the most logical preacher, Dr. R. T. Williams declares, he ever heard, went into enforced retirement!

Retirement, did I say? Of all things, a teaching position in Pasadena College opened to him, and like a drowning man, he grasped it. Then began the third act of his career. God retired him from active service that he might usher him into a grander field of service than any he had yet entered.

After this retirement, he taught theology and kindred subjects for sixteen years to hundreds of students in the institution, and he lived twenty years after he thought his sunset—*out under the stars*—had come. Then he began to write seriously as he had done earlier.

His writing ministry took on an enlarged outlook. He wrote and published his textbook on *Homiletics*, a classic on the subject. He finished his *Theology*, and lived to see the day when Rev. Clarence J. Kinne published it, and it was adopted in the Nazarene preacher's course of study.

Drop back to his first teaching appointment in Asbury, please, in 1898. Here Dr. Hills taught a young Miss Maggie DeBardelben, of Pratt, Alabama, who developed a love for distributing tracts. One of these tracts fell into the hands of William Bowen, who became a tract enthusiast and founded the Free Tract Society of Los

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Angeles. He alone has distributed more than a half billion tracts throughout the world. This came from Dr. Hills' teaching.

Now pick up the story's thread in Pasadena. Bowen asked Dr. Hills while he was teaching in Pasadena to write him two tracts, *Regeneration*, and *Sanctification*. These have been kept alive through the generosity of Rev. H. E. McWilliams, one of Dr. Hills' students in Peniel College, and they have now had a combined circulation of three-quarters of a million copies.

When the doctor died he passed away with the consciousness that these two tracts would continue to carry his message around the world.

Nor is this the final story. During that long career in the ministry, this puny-bodied, but giant-brained Michigan lad wrote thirty-five books, with an unknown combined circulation of numerous hundreds of thousands, published twenty-five hundred articles in the religious press of the United States and England.

He trained eight hundred gospel preachers and Christian workers under his own teaching. In the second act of his career he also won many tens of thousands of souls to the Master.

What a grand life! How nobly it was lived! Any flaws in his character? Of course there were many, but he drove right ahead to the goal. God had called him to step out under the stars to accomplish that which others were unable, and he dared accept the challenge.

He retired from active teaching in 1932 because of a paralytic stroke, but his pen kept busy for two or

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three more years sending his message throughout the world.

On a beautiful afternoon of September 11, 1935, this grand warrior, this brilliant-brained man, this holiness writer without a peer, laid down his pen, closed his Greek books, put aside his theology, folded his hands and slipped away to be with the Master about whom he preached so eloquently and wrote so beautifully.

CHAPTER EIGHT

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE SOLDIER

J. G. Morrison

He was a leader of men—a soldier. Not a tin-horn soldier like those that stir the imagination of all little boys, but a real, fighting, blood-and-thunder soldier, who led his army in the Spanish-American War.

And out of those soldier days came one familiar clamor, "*Brethren, can't you do a little more, just a little bit more?*"

This was the spirit that marked him during his army days, and while battling for God, the same challenging spirit moved him to greater endeavors.

He was not content—this J. G. Morrison—with small accomplishments, for *he believed faith was able to achieve*. And he dared preach it everywhere. He flamed across the nation with his message of "Achieving Faith."

J. G. was always out under the stars. He started under them, and when he died, he still felt the call of the romantic, the bidding of the unusual. He would not be stilled when others thought enough had been attempted, but like Carey, he wanted to attempt greater things for God, for he expected greater things from God.

THE LONE PRAIRIE LAD

A little hut in Oskaloosa, Iowa, welcomed him into the world on March 27, 1871. The prairies loomed around about. The bleak, barren world had not yet

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turned to spring, but little did this tiny Joseph care. For he was lusty-lunged and let his folks know his whereabouts. He demanded and received attention. With the spirit that always characterized him, *he would be heard*. And when the family homesteaded in the Dakota Territory, young Joe started going places and seeing things.

You have read his familiar stories in the *Herald of Holiness* and his booklets. The mad bulls chased him all over the section. The grasshoppers plagued him. He kept his hair pasted down with bear grease so the wild Indians would not have a hand-hold to scalp him. When the prairie fire swept the country, little Joe did his part with the men folks while the women made their prayer to God for deliverance. The high waters flooded them, and Joe wandered too far from the familiar sights of the homestead while the blizzard raged.

Yes, those were thrilling days for the soldier-to-be, for he had Indians to fight in his imagination—and what an imagination he peopled his little world with—in preparation for his future work in God's kingdom.

Out of those sod shack experiences came an indelible faith which his parents had ground into him.

Then he went to grammar school out on the prairie, and later he attended high school at DeSmet, South Dakota, where he worked his way through in a newspaper office. It was here he took his first lessons in journalism, and to the end he was a popular writer. Whatever else might be said of his writings, they were never dull. A vivid imagination combined with a terse style kept his words racy and his thoughts never too ponderous to catch

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the popular eye. To the end, he would rather be understood than to be deep.

He entered the university of South Dakota with the idea of being a lawyer, but by the time he had finished the Lord gave him a retainer to plead His cause, and out of university Joe Morrison, as he was known to his comrades, headed straight for the Methodist ministry.

HARD SCRABBLE

And what days those were. In pastorate after pastorate he went through hard scrabble, but he did not know when to say quit. The harder it got the more he and his faithful companion, who had taught music at the university where he graduated, got on their knees and called on God.

Had his faith not achieved, they would have gone hungry many a meal. Even then it was like Jack Miner, the Canadian bird man said of his youth, they lived on oat meal, corn meal and miss a meal! Often it was miss a meal for God's cause.

When the life insurance man offered him a salary up into the hundreds of dollars a year, he turned it down to preach the Wesleyan doctrine of salvation. He would rather preach and starve than to have abounded on the thousands of dollars from insurance premiums.

And then he blew up!

But you say, "Now, brother, isn't that—" No, not at all, for he literally blew up. His team got in a hurry and wanted to prance a little higher and dance a little faster than usual, and the reverend (on his way to make a pastoral call in the country) decided to warm their jackets and give them something to run for. When

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the team rounded the corner into the farmer's yard, the reverend was hot under the collar and swollen up worse than a toad in a hailstorm.

Then he realized he was in no shape to pray with soul-sick people. The good old sister of the farm simply said, "Reverend, you need to be sanctified wholly." And deep down in his heart Rev. Mr. Joe amened her. He sought for and found this heart-changing experience, and his ministry took on a new color. Souls began to be converted and revivals broke out.

When wartime came, he was pastor at Litchfield, Minnesota, and answered the call along with his Christian boys from the church and community. Coming back safely from the Spanish-American War, he was a holiness preacher, and traveled the Dakotas in the interest of holiness work. He helped to found the Jamestown, N. Dak., Campmeeting, and was its president for many years. Here he wielded a tremendous influence for holiness.

He organized the Laymen's Holiness Association of North Dakota, where literally thousands of laymen were sanctified wholly. Many ministers sought and found the experience under his ministry, until he had a holiness movement within the Methodist Church.

CASTING HIS LOT

He cried to his own soul, "Joseph Morrison, can't you do a little bit more?" Then on the horizon loomed the Church of the Nazarene, and in 1921 he cast his lot with the church, believing within her borders he could do a little bit more. Rev. E. E. Wordsworth welcomed him into church fellowship in Minneapolis.

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At the Velva, North Dakota, assembly with Dr. H. F. Reynolds presiding, Dr. Morrison was elected Superintendent of the southern section of that large country. He served faithfully as Superintendent of the Central Northwest District. Here he went over the old territory where he had held revivals in the Methodist Church and again conducted meetings, and out of practically every one came a Nazarene church. Before the end had come more than a thousand people, with many ministers, followed him into the Church of the Nazarene.

In reality he must be classed with one of the founders of the denomination in that he was instrumental in bringing in with him so large a group. He attended the General Assembly in 1923, and throughout the sessions he never said a word. I can see him yet, sitting back about half-way in the audience, on the aisle, listening, catching the drift of the organization. His silence proved golden.

THE COMMANDER

He was as much a commander in the church as he was in the Spanish American War, for he was constantly urging men forward. In this forward drive for God, he found himself in the van, and when the Northwest Nazarene College needed a president, they naturally turned to Dr. Morrison (who by now had dropped the Joe, and when familiarly spoken to was referred to as J. G. by close friends) to lead them forward.

In 1927 the denomination needed a Missionary Secretary who was able to achieve things for kingdom work. His faith messages had so stirred the popular imagination that the people believed he was able to accomplish

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what was to be done. The choice was a wise one, for the doctor was at once in the lead and the people gladly responded with their gifts.

For the following nine years he threw himself into this work with a spiritual zest scarcely equalled by any other. He was constantly preaching achieving faith in missions, writing achieving faith in his *The Other Sheep* editorials, until his achieving faith became contagious and others caught the vision and achieved through faith for God.

THE GENERAL

In 1936 the commander in God's army was promoted to the position of general! He had so led his forces on to victory that the church again placed its hand upon the head of the prairie lad and called him to a higher post of service. The General Assembly in 1936 elected him to the highest honor it could bestow upon one of its sons, that of General Superintendent.

As a General Superintendent, he literally stepped out on the platform and took charge. He was master of the situation, whatever the audience or wherever the problem. As General Superintendent his heart burned for missions, and his last act of service was a long missionary tour to Africa.

Down there in that hot country, when the missionary nurse called for a bandage to swathe the wound of a suffering native, Dr. Morrison stepped into another room and took off his shirt and threw it in to her, saying, "I'll give you the shirt off of my back. Use it."

That was the mark of his service and the depth of his love for missions. He returned sick from Argentina

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where dysentery had seized him, to plead with the church he loved supremely, "Can't you do a little bit more?"

But his pleadings were soon to be over, for on Thanksgiving Day, 1939, after a hale and hearty meal at home he stooped down to light the fire, then fell back—*into the land of the eternally living.*

The voice of the general was stilled, for the man with the drawn sword had called him to join the blood-washed throng.

CHAPTER NINE

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE CITY PREACHER

William Howard Hoople

The streams of Moody's life ran out into many directions. They founted from an insignificant incident, when Moody, a lad of ten, walked into the dark world alone in search of work. His widowed mother could not support the large family, so she farmed little Dwight out for his "sleeps and eats."

On that first outgoing journey an old man gave Dwight a penny, and laying hands on the boy's head, blessed him with a benedictory prayer. "That penny," Moody said fifty years later, "is gone long since, but that blessing lingers still."

Little did the old man know the wide reach of his hand-touch. It went into many avenues, into fast-flowing spiritual life movement, and finally reached another young man who was to be a founder of the Church of the Nazarene—*William Howard Hoople!*

And it might be that much of our evangelistic fervor burst from Moody's evangelism. At least it is stamped by it. Let me tell you the story.

WON BY A SONG

Moody the evangelist took New York city by storm. He stormed the gates of hell with his love-message. He wooed and won men, literally loving them into the king-

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dom. Sankey, at his organ, sang them into the fold. Lifting that golden voice and throwing back his massive head, he would sing "The Ninety and Nine," and men would flock into the Good Shepherd's fold. Thousands came to hear this gospel team—God's greatest soul-winning duo.

And among the hundreds came the eighteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon Hoople. This time Moody's meeting was conducted in the Y.M.C.A. Doubtless it was the singing he came to hear more than the preaching, for young William was blessed with a beautiful voice. The text we do not know—the content of the sermon has passed from notice. But the song lingers in its sweet melody.

"Just as I am without one plea—" came the heaven freighted words from the golden voice of Sankey, as he led the altar workers in hymns of surrender and consecration. Those words laid down a bridge from earth to heaven.

And on that soul-bridge William H. Hoople walked into the arms of Jesus! The work was done. That glad January night in 1886 was hallowed with the angels' song, for a sinner had come home!

THE BUSINESS MAN AT WORK

William had been born at Herkimer, New York, on August 6, 1868, but his life-ways were not to fall in small towns. God had planned the sphere of his life to be metropolitan, and his folks took the wee lad to New York city. Here little Willie went to the public schools, and by the time of Moody's revival, he was a student at

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the Pratt Institute. Finishing at the institute he entered a business college in Brooklyn.

Then he went into business—the leather business, at 50 Terry Street, New York city. Into his business came God as a silent partner, and the firm of Hoople (*and God*) prospered and before long it had passed from the struggling into the flourishing stage. For the partnership did business on its knees.

At home the young business man held family devotions, and at the office, he held office devotions, praying with his clerks and customers. This practice continued for years, until in 1893, while reading his Bible and holding office devotions, the Holy Spirit became the *sanctifying partner in the firm*, and the leather merchant went home to tell his wife, Victoria, whom he had married two years earlier. Then leather could no longer hold him!

OUT OF LEATHER

Quickly he threw off the leather harness, and put on the harness of God, and went to work in helping build the kingdom. He asked God to put the heaviest kingdom harness on him possible. He preached on the streets, in rented halls, and wherever a tiny crack in some mission door appeared.

Came January, 1894, and leather merchant turned holiness preacher decided to open a mission of his own in Brooklyn where he could be free to proclaim the heart-cleansing message, which he had experienced in his shop.

He asked no denomination for its support, for God had called him to holiness evangelism in the heart of that great city.

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He asked no church for its seal of ordination, for God had ordained him to be a preacher to the metropolitan multitudes.

Came May of that year, and this city mission preacher, working in God's harness, followed the divine gleam and organized his partner's (God) mission into God's Church, called The Utica Avenue Pentecostal Tabernacle. Yes, the beginnings were small—thirty-two charter members—but God was with the group, and the preacher's dynamic personality, housed in a tremendous body, drew others to him.

Hoople was a mighty man in frame as well as spirit, for he stood six feet and six inches (when he took off his leather shoes) and pushed the scale beam up at 250 pounds.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE

Such a man could not long be bound by a single congregation. He wooed the Spirit diligently and God led to the building of a church edifice on Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, and the congregation voted that God's leather man should become their pastor. The sparks of Hoople's personality struck out over the great city with its millions of inhabitants.

The following February (1895) saw a second church organized from this city preacher's work, the Bedford Avenue Pentecostal Church, and shortly afterward came the Emmanuel Pentecostal Tabernacle.

God granted this city preacher a broad vision of a prosperous work. Though small the beginnings, William Howard Hoople could not be content for the kingdom's work to remain without a lifting horizon. In December,

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1895, the three-church affiliation became The Association of the Pentecostal Churches of America, a denomination with three churches!

And Hoople was *out under the stars* with a denomination which his own spiritual genius had brought into existence. Of course there were other men who helped him, such men as H. B. Hosley, John Norberry, Charles BeVier, and later L. B. Reed (father of our pastor, Dr. L. A. Reed), but the dynamo which made the work go was Hoople.

The denomination to which he gave spiritual birth laid its hands in ordination upon their founder! Doubtless in church annals a more unique situation cannot be discovered than this, a church founder ordained by his spiritual progeny.

In 1895, Howard Hoople, city pastor, welcomed into his child-denomination's fellowship, its first ordained minister to apply for membership—Dr. H. F. Reynolds. In 1896, New England's holiness band, known as Central Evangelical Holiness Association, united with the Hoople movement in New York city, and then God was mightily with the Church of the Nazarene in the East.

WHEN THE RAFTERS RANG

For ten years Hoople pastored his Utica Avenue Church. The growing movement in the West, pioneered by Phineas Bresee reached with its influence across the nation. The growing movement in the East, pioneered by William Hoople, reached with its influence across the nation, even into India.

In God's plan it was inevitable that the two should come together and form a solid front across America.

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Hoople's Utica Avenue Church, in April, 1907, was the scene of this uniting. Dr. Bresee was there, and other notables from both coasts were present.

When the marriage agreement was signed and the two churches became one "the rafters shook with the demonstration of joy," affirms Dr. L. A. Reed, who as a young man was in the audience. "That occasion," declared Dr. Bresee, "was epochal."

The movement grew rapidly, but William Hoople could not be pulled out of New York city. He was content to be a city pastor, with a parish of nine million. For a while he did consent to become District Superintendent of the New York District, but that was all.

Pastoring Utica Avenue for ten years, he later assumed the leadership of the John Wesley Church of the Nazarene, which he had founded. Here he built a large plant, housing what in time became the most flourishing church in the eastern section of the denomination. For thirteen years he led it on from height to height.

His famous Hadley Male Quartet, of which he was a member, spread Hoople's influence in the city, for it was a victorious group of men. If there were no other way through, the quartet helped Hoople sing his way through. When this quartet sang to an audience of six thousand at a meeting of J. Wilbur Chapman's revival in New York city there were few dry eyes.

"OVER THERE"

When America entered World War No. 1, Hoople went to France under the Y.M.C.A., and worked incessantly at the front. Here he won many lads to his Master. With the signing of the Armistice, he was sent to

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Siberia with the A.E.F. Later this gave him an opportunity to visit his missionary daughter in China, where he widened the circle of his preaching ministry.

On returning home he became the city preacher again, and with incessant labors proclaimed the glad doctrines which Moody had taught him years earlier. After a seven-week illness on September 29, 1922, the preacher laid off God's harness and walked the throne way to a heavenly mansion.

"Jesus," he breathed just before passing, "*is my best friend.*"

CHAPTER TEN

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE EDITOR

B. F. Haynes

"They are not for sale." The scene was the parlor of the Haynes Plantation, near Franklin, Tennessee.

Time—the Civil War. The speaker—young B. F.'s father. Subject of the sale—slaves.

Young B. F. Haynes had won his first argument. From that day on until he stepped *out under the stars* in 1911, his life was one round of protest.

It was like this: B. F. had been born on the same plantation in 1851 (a fact he passes over in his autobiography as inconsequential in the great battle of his life). He had been nursed by old Nancy, the darky mother, who in his childhood had crooned the slaves' freedom songs in his ears. He grew up an abolitionist, and though his father and his grandfather owned slaves, he was bitterly opposed to traffic in human flesh.

When the auctioneer came to buy the slaves, his father was ready to turn them into cash, rather than lose cash and the slaves both from the war. B. F.'s heart was grief-filled as the time came near. Old Nancy stepped up and said, "Good master! we love you, please don't sell us to strangers."

The room rang with the words, "They are not for sale!"

WITH THE EDITOR

LEVELED BATTERIES

B. F. had learned his lesson—a lesson indelibly charred into the fabric of his soul. *You get what you fight for!* And he became a warrior. He always ventured. Beginning when very young, he and a relative bought *The Williams Journal* as a scene for his literary battles. "The devil blessed the venture," was his appraisal of the work, for it prospered beyond all bounds. Earlier he had been converted at the Franklin Methodist Church, and had walked its aisles in seeking membership.

Then came E. M. Bounds, author of *Preacher and Prayer*, as the pastor, and God began to speak to B. F. about being a preacher. When God won the battle the young journalist, then wanting to be a lawyer, entered Emory College to train for the ministry.

Six months were all he could stand of the preacher-making school, so he went back to journalism. By 1873, when the devil again prospered his journalistic ventures, God dragged the journalist's soul over the brink of doom, and showed him what would result if he preached not the gospel.

That year he joined the Tennessee Conference (Methodist Church), with but *three texts and no sermons*. He memorized a sermon for his first charge, and when delivery time came, the springs of his mind were dried up, and all the reverend could say was, "We receive the benediction!"

But there were brains in that head, and for the next fourteen years, the young minister climbed from ob-

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scurity to a Nashville pastorate with 1,350 members and a four thousand dollar salary!

In 1887, while at this McKendree pastorate, opposition grew to the straight preaching of the minister, and said he, "I leveled my batteries." He managed to stay another year through the kindness of the bishop.

A SALARY DROP

It was those levelled batteries that got him in trouble. He was too brilliant to be rough-handled by bishops or lay leaders. They did not know what to do with a man who would point his soul batteries in any direction. So they honored him with a twenty-five hundred dollar drop in salary, and made him presiding elder of the East Nashville District! *Then came the battle!*

The little barrage he laid down in McKendree looked like a child's popgun foray as compared to the Big Berthas he was to turn loose. It was like this:

One of his preachers ran for governor on the Prohibition ticket in wet Tennessee, and for two out of twelve months he campaigned. The bishop could not stomach it (I would name names but they are long forgotten), so they laid charges at the door of the nominee, and tried to oust him from the church.

The presiding elder took up the preacher's cause, and those batteries went into action. The presiding elder nominally won, but the bishop dropped his salary again!

And what a drop! This time he received a yearly allowance of \$350! In twelve months that salary scaled downward more than \$3,600. But the preacher went on, faithful to his charge.

WITH THE EDITOR

THE STORMY CAREERED PAPER

A group of friends decided that Tennessee Methodism needed a paper, so Haynes' batteries might be leveled around the world. He had already published an article in the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* against the bishop's authority (and this for sure put him under the bishops' bans).

On May 30, 1891, appeared the first issue of the *Tennessee Methodist*, a paper destined to give the doctor an opportunity to display his brilliancy and power as a writer. "As it might be supposed," wrote Editor Haynes, "this paper had a stormy career."

It was first blessed by being adopted as the conference's official paper, and for four years things ran smoothly with the editor. But then one day on a trip East, the editor read Wesley's *Plain Account*, and Wood's *Perfect Love*, and consequently was sanctified.

Those Christian love editorials did not set too well with the less pious brethren, and to add to the tribulations a contributor played havoc with the ministerial lads who took Zion's work too pink-teaish. One, Sam Jones, a fire-brand who dared brave the lions in their dens, took up his pen and said on paper what he *dared* say from the pulpit!

Well, that was the exclamation point that broke the camel's back, and the paper was officially dropped. Editor Haynes bought out Preacher Jones' interest in said paper, and four years later, after a stormy career of nine years, the paper folded up, but in folding the editor's home was sold to pay its running deficit.

OUT UNDER THE STARS

In 1898, Haynes brought out Sam Jones' *Thunderbolts*, on a subscription basis, and since he had no more homes to sell, he had to give up this not-too-successful venture. Then he hard-scrabbled it for three or four years (the bishops saw to this).

THE PRESIDENT RETIRES

Along about 1902, while riding on a Nashville train, B. F. Haynes, at the lowest tide of his fortunes, read in the daily paper that the president of Martin College had retired. He stopped the train then and there, literally, and flagged a passing street car, and headed straight for Pulaski, where said college was located.

And before he came back he had bagged the position of Martin's president! He was on top again—well, that is until the fire two years later burned the school out from under him.

Then another president resigned. This time at Asbury College: from 1905 to 1908 Dr. Haynes served as Asbury's president for three years, after which he resigned, because the official board wanted to put him on a salary and oversee the college finances. For a year or so, this man would not compromise with his conscience, took small charges, for he had exposed a publishing house deal, wherein the agent of the publishing house had received a large commission from war damages done to the plant, and no bishop would trust him. He was looked upon by bishops as a troublesome fellow (somewhat like Paul, centuries earlier).

Down in Texas, at Greenville, A. M. Hills was running a small-town college (called a university), the Texas Holiness University.

WITH THE EDITOR

OUT UNDER TEXAS STARS

They needed a man to head the department of theology, so Haynes was sent for in 1911. "I decided to give the remnant of my life to teaching in that institution," Dr. Haynes avows. So he and Methodism, with which he had walked for 38 years as a minister, parted company. And Dr. Haynes joined the insignificant (as called by its opponents) Church of the Nazarene.

He was now *out under the stars* (and maybe the bishops were glad). But in stepping out under those lucky Texas stars God opened the grandest work of his life unto him. They were holding a General Assembly in Nashville that year, and the doctor was not a delegate. While visiting the assembly he heard his name read on the Publishing Committee, much to his amazement.

The next day he was head of that committee, and by the next March, 1912, he had been elected editor of the *Herald of Holiness*, a paper to be born under his tutelage.

THE MAN'S STRIDE

Everything he had achieved until that time was preparatory. God trained him in the school of trouble as a writer that when he became the Nazarene editor, he would be able to write without a peer, and that he did. For ten years he molded church policies, shaped the youthful denomination's future through his editorials and the paper he made.

His style had the swing of a general in it. His sweeping sentences could burn with holy passion, or weep with a child's tender pathos. He knew words and used them. We have forgotten other things he did, such as being

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president of Olivet College for a year or so, and writing *Beauty for Ashes*, and that famous *Tempest Tossed* book, his autobiography.

The new movement needed an editor, and God had burnished him in the tribulum of a Methodist furnace.

His batteries, he so loved to level, wore out at length, and he was retired from active service as editor emeritus. His last editorial appeared in the *Herald of Holiness* issue of March 29, 1922, and it sweeps with a clear vision the future's skies and beautifies Christ's Second Coming. On September 19, 1923, his last article appeared in the *Herald of Holiness* on "Holiness, the World's Due," saying (as he had always so grandly written), "Holiness is freedom from sin—this is the crying need of the world today."

His work had been done. The pen was stilled. In the editor's chair sat another, Dr. J. B. Chapman. Quietly at his Nashville home on October 2, 1923, his editorial work well done, he slipped away to be with Jesus.

Pastor H. H. Wise spoke his funeral oration from the text, ". . . *there is a prince and a great man fallen.*"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT

H. D. Brown

His life stretched within seven years of the century mark. And what a century this pioneer preacher lived through.

His birth saw the Mexican War, and at his death World War number two was belching forth blitzkriegs, two-ton bombs, magnetic mines and a score of other destructive forces spawned by degenerate scientific minds. In between these war marks came the Civil War, when he was an Iowa preacher, the Indian wars, when he was in the Dakotas, the Spanish American War, when he was presiding elder in Washington, and the first World War, when he was still active in the great Northwest.

What a career H. D. Brown had! He saw oxcarts give way to automobiles, and watched the heavens streak with five hundred miles an hour airplanes. The continent during his ministry was bound together with steel rails, and San Francisco and New York city were brought together as close as breakfast and evening dinner through the airplane.

He mailed letters via the Pony Express for a dollar an ounce, and also slipped a six-cent airmail stamp on a letter weighing the same amount.

He lived through the span of Moody's evangelistic career and sat under those pioneer holiness preachers, such as Inskip, McDonald and lesser known lights.

OUT UNDER THE STARS

"And now," writing at ninety-three, he affirms, "as I glance back over my life I feel that the great thing is the fact that God pardoned my sins while I was a child only ten years of ago. . . . He kept me in the way and finally sanctified my soul. . . . It is all mercy and grace."

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

There was so much for him to tell in his later years, that H. D. Brown passed lightly over his childhood and youth. During an Iowa fall, on November 1, 1846, he was born in a log hut near Burlington, and the reason he did his first crying in a log hut was because there was no other kind of house for him to have been born in.

At ten he was converted in a Methodist revival, and at eighteen, he received his first license to exhort. Two years later, 1866, the Methodist Conference of his state received him, and he was sent as assistant preacher on the Afton, Iowa, Circuit. Four years later he married his first wife.

"We traveled on circuits," he said, nearing the century mark, "and preached the gospel to the poor. Sometimes we were entertained in a dugout and many were the deprivations incident to our pioneer career."

Circuit work gave way to city parishes, and by 1877, he had become presiding elder in the Northwest Iowa Conference. Somewhere around this time, he attended the Simpson Centenary College, and also the Garret Biblical Institute, where his mind was trained in the theology of Wesley. For four years he was presiding elder.

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During an interim, he devoted himself to the cause of prohibition, traveling the state and lecturing against the evils of rum. His next appointment found him in North Dakota, where he became presiding elder of the Bismarck District.

ALL THE WAY WITH GOD

"And then I sent for B. S. Taylor to take the church at Jamestown," he affirms. Fiery B. S., the sanctified Methodist preacher, landed in Jamestown with a praying band, and it was not long until Presiding Elder Brown was seeking the experience his preacher was thundering about. "I preached with a greater power, when I received the experience, and saw much more fruit than ever before," he testifies in 1911 while preaching in Canada.

This gave a decided holiness turn to his ministry, and while it did not prejudice the bishops against him, it did create a problem for his ministers. Under the spiritual leadership of Inskip and McDonald at the National Holiness Association at Clear Lake, he decided to make his Methodist ministry count for holiness.

Just after his holiness work was well under way in North Dakota, the bishop transferred him to the Puget Sound Conference on the Pacific Coast, and again he became Presiding Elder Brown. While there was little holiness work in his district, he did preach holiness at every occasion and sold holiness literature throughout the churches. This work continued for three and a half years, and the bishop appointed him to Grace Church in Seattle.

OUT UNDER THE STARS

Due to his wife's death, he went to Nebraska, where he did pastoral work again, and married his second wife, Mrs. Libby Beach Hoel, a prominent woman in the Children's Home Society of that state.

FOR GOD AND CHILDREN

While in Nebraska, he became interested in the type of work his wife was doing. "After careful thought and prayer," he tells the story, "I accepted appointment from the national superintendent to have charge of the work in Washington and Oregon. We moved immediately to Seattle and began our work. But finances were such that I found it necessary to accept the pastorate of the Battery Street Church in Seattle."

From here on his wife cared for the children's work, while for more than seven years he ministered to the congregation. During this time he saw the real problem in Methodism for holiness preachers. There was no way to conserve their labors. For a change in ministers often caused a lowered tone in the pulpit and those sanctified had nothing to feed their souls.

While at Battery, Brother Brown sent for I. G. Martin and C. W. Ruth to hold revivals for him, and down in California, he learned from them, that Dr. Phineas Bree-see, former Methodist presiding elder, had started an *out-under-the-stars* holiness church. While these holiness preachers at first were only Methodists, they were soon to become Nazarenes, C. W. Ruth, being later Dr. Bree-see's assistant pastor in First Church, and I. G. Martin, having the distinction to be the first elder ordained in the Church of the Nazarene.

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"Here we kept the banner of holiness flying. Many came into the experience of full salvation. During this Battery pastorate he organized the Western Washington Holiness Association, whose destiny he guided for four years. It was then but a step between him and the Nazarenes.

BREAKING FORTY YEAR TIES

Dr. Brown was soon to become dissatisfied with the ruling element in the church with whom he had labored as a minister for forty years. "I felt that I was no longer justified in remaining a minister in the church," he says.

That was a difficult decision to make, for he loved the ways of Methodism. For three times he had been a presiding elder, and had he chosen, once more this would have been his lot. Ruth and Martin talked to him, and as they talked the fires began to burn.

Over in Spokane, across the state, there was a lady preacher, Mrs. DeLance Wallace, ministering to a loyal band of Nazarenes, and "the unseen hand of divine guidance pointed that way." On a Sunday morning he presented himself before the altar, and the lady pastor offered him the hand of fellowship.

Those ties for forty years were broken and the presiding elder was out under the stars.

HIS FIRST APPOINTMENT

In the fall of 1904 there was yet no district in the great Northwest, but Dr. Bresee called the few churches together for an assembly in Spokane, and the brethren asked to form a district.

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"And whom shall we have for Superintendent?" asked the doctor. He had previously insisted privately to his lady preacher, Rev. Mrs. Wallace, that she take the soon-to-be-created post, but she said no, and pointed to her new member, Rev. H. D. Brown, three times presiding elder in Methodism.

On the next day when the new district came into being, Dr. Bresee made his appointment, and Presiding Elder Brown became District Superintendent Brown, the first thus to honor that post among the Nazarenes.

Now he was a full fledged out-under-the-stars preacher. His churches were few and scattered over four or five states. His pastors were loyal and held high the banner of holiness. While his wife ran the Children's Home he traveled the district, and when he reported in the *Nazarene Messenger* the following May, he had traveled four thousand miles, going back and forth from Montana, across Idaho, Oregon and Washington. For five years he lived the life of District Superintendent, and watched the little church grow.

"Well paid?" someone inquires. "Fairly so," I return, but Dr. Brown says, "During that five years I received enough to pay my traveling expenses and \$12 more!" He was forced to make a living by being superintendent of the Children's Home.

In 1907 Dr. Bresee sent him down Texas way to visit those little churches that the pioneer C. B. Jernigan had organized into an independent holiness church, and he did much to bring this group into the union of the Church of the Nazarene.

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Alberta, Canada, saw him next in the post of pioneering District Superintendent, where he helped dig out the beginnings of Canadian Nazareneism.

THE BIGGEST NAZARENE PREACHER

His was a familiar figure in Nazarene General Assemblies and gained the name of being the "biggest and oldest Nazarene preacher." He was a towering man, looking every inch of his two hundred and fifty pounds a presiding elder. He attended every General Assembly except one from the time he walked out under the stars until he died February 13, 1940. From 1915 to 1928 he served on the General Court of Appeals, and his voice was heard in public gatherings, and when he challenged an issue few men were more prolific in debate than he.

He found time to care not only for children, but unfortunate girls as well, directing the Lebanon Home in Seattle for years, as well as founding a society for paroled prisoners.

And until the end he was active, giving his life "*to the blessed work of preaching holiness.*"

CHAPTER TWELVE

OUT UNDER THE STARS WITH THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN

John T. Benson

"Heard what news?" asked a wholesale broker in Nashville.

"About John T. and his new religious convictions," returned a fellow-worker. "He's been going, you know, to the Pentecostal Mission."

"Yes, I know—the one that J. O. McClurkan founded a couple of years ago."

"Well, seems that Benson got the light on sanctification, and the first thing he did was to give up all connection with his tobacco holdings."

"Relinquished all claim to the profits from his tobacco? Why, he has been making \$300 a month from tobacco alone."

And so the story went from mouth to mouth in the financial circles in Nashville in the year of 1900. It was a thing unheard of, that a southern financier, as John T. Benson was, should turn his back upon tobacco, which has always been an important southern commodity.

MIDAS IN THE MAKING

And, mind you, that three hundred a month from tobacco was not all that this young financial genius was making. It seemed that his fingers had the Midas touch. Everything he dealt in turned to money. At thirty-nine

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he was one of Nashville's leading financiers. He was at that time a partner in the wholesale brokerage firm of Cummings, Benson and McKay, which had already become one of the South's largest distributors for the nation's most important wholesale concerns.

He had already built himself into a permanent business where prosperity was assured.

Even from his youngest days he held this touch of genius. After he had finished Vanderbilt University in 1882, at the age of twenty-one, he entered his father's business, and due to his keen ability as a manager, the business prospered, and when his father retired, he had already built such a name for himself in the financial world of the South that Cummings and McKay found a place for him.

He was a Nashville product—a Southerner born and a Southerner bred and to the end he was a southern gentleman of the highest type. If you will search for his birth certificates, you will simply read that he was born in Nashville, the Athens of the South, on February 18, 1861.

If you run back his educational record, you will find that he was a product of the famous old Mimm's School for Boys, which had a reputation for polishing many lads later to become southern leaders. He spent four years at Vanderbilt University, then a Methodist institution. For being a loyal son of Nashville as well as a faithful Methodist from his youth, he could not think of going elsewhere than Vanderbilt for his college training, even though his father's wealth could have opened the doors of such big-name schools of the North as Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

OUT UNDER THE STARS

THE LIFE-CHANGING MIRACLE

Then he met the sanctified Presbyterian, Rev. J. O. McClurkan. This was a life-changing meeting. God had greater uses for the financial wizard than mere money-making. He wanted this genius to be turned into money making for kingdom enterprises.

Dr. McClurkan, whose wife had been sanctified on her death-bed (as he supposed), asked God to give him this dying grace, as the Presbyterians called it. If it was good enough to die by, thought the preacher, it certainly ought to be sufficient to live by.

When he received the experience, he called the holiness people of Nashville and environs together in 1898 and formed the Pentecostal Alliance, later to become the Pentecostal Mission, and still later to be merged with the Church of the Nazarene.

Under the spiritual tutelage of Brother McClurkan, the business man felt the need of this heart-cleansing experience. God spoke to him.

"Will you consecrate your all on my altar of service?"

"Yes," came the unemotional reply. And on through to the end God asked the consecration questions and John T. Benson answered them in the affirmative. "And tobacco, will you give up your profits?" "Yes, Lord," came the answer without an instant of hesitation.

And when he said that yes it meant that \$3,600 dollars a year disappeared from his bank account—money he did not even have to turn his hand over to earn. Then God spoke again about secret orders, and John T. simply said, "Lord, I'll give up the Masons," for he was a thirty-third degree Mason.

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A PARTNER WITH GOD

The miracle was wrought, and the business man took God in as a partner. From then on he felt as fully consecrated and divinely called to be God's business partner as though he served in the ministry. What money he made from that time until his death belonged to his Senior Partner, and should God call for it—profits, tithe and all—it went into the kingdom work without a single question.

His business philosophy tersely stated was this: "*The Lord giveth and what he needs, he takes.*" It was through giving back to God, this consecrated business man found, that God prospered His workmen.

He never entered into any business transaction without first praying about it. At the beginning of each business year, he got on his knees and talked to his Senior Partner on this wise, as prayed Nehemiah of old, "*Lord, prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant.*"

Then he pledged to the Lord up to twenty-five per cent of his earnings, and often more. At the close of each year, when the total profits for the business had been figured, before any dividends were declared to himself or to stockholders, he gave God one-tenth of the returns, and besides this, another tenth out of his own accretments.

He literally believed that God would prosper the man who consecrated his money making powers to his service, and on this belief he built a flourishing business.

THE RELIGIOUS PUBLISHER

Shortly after the beginning of the tabernacle work, John T., as his closest friends called him, became inter-

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ested in the publication of religious literature and evangelistic song books. He turned from the mercantile world, in which he had already made a financial success, and founded the Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company, later to be merged into the John T. Benson Publishing Company.

He started the southern religious weekly, *The Living Water*, which gave an outlet to the religious writings of the new holiness movement.

Scores of song books issued from his press, and sold into the millions of copies, as also did hundreds of religious books that were sold around the world.

Business prospered, for there was no lack with this workman who partnered with God, and in 1909, he formed the Benson Printing Company, which specialized in printing college annuals, fine books and various religious publications. This grew until he took his sons, Edwin W. and John T., Jr., in as his partners.

For years this firm has been the largest of its type in the country and has gained a reputation for superior quality workmanship. It publishes more college annuals than any other company in the world.

GOD'S STEWARD

And what went with that money? you ask.

Back into the cause of God! With the growth of his estate the work of God received beneficently from it. Dr. McClurkan founded Trevecca College, and at once Brother Benson became one of the first trustees and remained so until his death. More than \$150,000 went into this college alone out of Benson's (and God's) business ventures. He also established two annual scholar-

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ships for worthy young people. Whenever a need arose, Brother Benson never failed to respond, and at one time signed a \$25,000 check payable to the college.

He opened his heart toward missions, and turned his pockets inside out for the cause. He sent tens of thousands of dollars to mission fields. When in 1915 the McClurkan movement became a part of the Church of the Nazarene, he served on the General Board, heading for years the Board of Foreign Missions.

When missionary emergencies arose, the church had one friend upon whom it could depend financially—John T. Benson, *who had taken God into partnership!*

There is no accurate record of his gifts to missions, education, Bible and tract societies, Christian literature, for they were secret between himself and God, but doubtless more than a half million dollars went to help answer the Master's prayer, ". . . *thy kingdom come. . .*"

He not only gave money, but he also gave himself to God's work. He was a beautiful singer, and in his younger days, as Dr. McClurkan did evangelistic work in and around Nashville, the business man turned singer and led the music in those campaigns.

To the end he was busy for his Partner. On June 24, 1930, he and his faithful companion, were sitting on the sun porch of his Nashville home. He was reclining on a couch, drowsily, when suddenly his eyes opened, a smile wreathed his face, as though someone had called his name, and then was heaven-bound. And his funeral oration was spoken by Dr. C. E. Hardy from the text, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."