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COMMENTARY

THE COLOSSUS OF  
BAPTIST HISTORY

*by B.H. Carroll*

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DR. B.H. CARROLL,  
THE COLOSSUS OF BAPTIST  
HISTORY

*Pastor First Baptist Church,  
Waco, Texas,*

**AND**

*First President of S. W. B. T. Seminary  
Fort Worth, Texas,*

**BY**

*His Brother, Dr. J. M. Carroll  
and  
Several Others*

**COMPILED AND EDITED**

*by*  
**J. W. CROWDER, A. B., E. B., D. D.**

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## FOREWORD

This story of the great and lamented B.H. Carroll does not purport to be an orderly, chronological biography of him but rather a sort of symposium of estimates of a number of people who knew him best.

It was planned that the Life of B.H. Carroll should be written in two parts: that Part I, covering the period of his life from his birth to his entering the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Waco, should be written by his brother, Dr. J. M. Carroll; that Part II, covering the rest of his life, should be written by Dr. J. B. Cranfill. Dr. J. M. Carroll completed his assignment which appears in this volume as Part I but Dr. Cranfill did not write the second part as was planned. So the second part consists of "What Several Others Said About Him."

It will be noted that there is some overlapping of thought in these statements by the "Several Others" who have spoken about him, but such was unavoidable if they should be allowed to tell their own story. This we have joyfully permitted, believing that it will add more to the interest of the story than to cull here and there from their stories to try to arrange an orderly biography of this great man.

It will be noted also that there is practical unanimity on the part of those who have spoken, that B.H. Carroll was the greatest man produced by Baptists since Paul. Hence the title of this book: B.H. CARROLL, THE COLOSSUS OF BAPTIST HISTORY. There are three pictures — one on the next page and two at the end of the book.

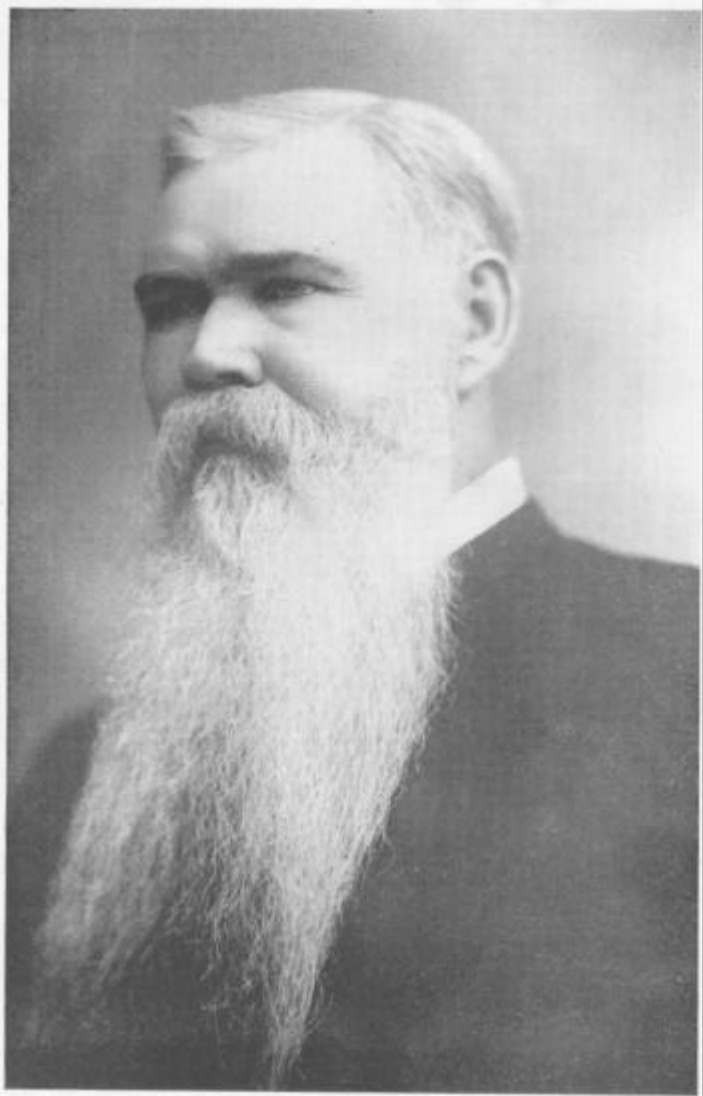
Believing that this account of so great a man will be a blessing and an inspiration to all who read it we pass it on to those who cherish the memory of this champion of our Baptist cause.

J. W. Crowder,  
Fort Worth, Texas.

"In life, we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and *good*."  $\frac{3}{4}$  Colton.

"The light of other minds is as necessary to the play and Development of Genius, as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the Diamond."  $\frac{3}{4}$  *Id.*

*Meet Dr. B.H. Carroll:*



DR. B.H. CARROLL

PASTOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, WACO, TEXAS. NEARLY THIRTY YEARS; FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT SOUTHWESTERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY; OMNIVEROUS READER, EMINENT SCHOLAR, AUTHOR, AND WRITER; PHILOSOPHER, STATESMAN, ORATOR, PROPHET, PREACHER, AND TEACHER.

*Inspired by dream and fired by vision,  
He came to life's supreme decision;  
A soul of matchless passion and power,  
He came to the Kingdom for such an hour.*

*When the souls of men needed a seer,  
By direct gift, without a peer,  
Inspired to lead beyond our ken,  
He farther saw than other men.*

*He knew the English Bible better  
Than other men, in spirit and letter;  
Consummate genius for interpretation,  
He had the gift of inspiration.*

*Titanic champion of the Truth,  
He saved our Zion in age and youth;  
In city, town, and country place,  
He magnified the Master's Grace.*

*When Error swept across the land,  
He guided with unerring hand;  
When Baptist creeds were jeopardized,  
He orthodoxy standardized.*

*Around his leadership in Texas  
The Baptists built, till nothing vexes;  
His far-flung matchless ministries.  
Will live beyond the centuries.*

*A prince with men, the greatest of preachers,  
Prolific author, ablest of teachers,  
No measure of man he could not meet,  
No test of character he could not beat.*

*More widely read than other seers, -  
A book a day for fifty years,-  
With power surpassing human ken,  
He lifted up the souls of men.*

*Endured as seeing the invisible,  
Accomplished the impossible,  
The handsomest man in any age,  
He towered a giant, the wisest sage.*

*A School of Prophets on the Hill,  
He founded to do the Master's will;  
In that monumental work sublime  
He'll live beyond the tides of Time.*

*With manifest divinity,  
He strode, the child of destiny;  
A giant of faith, with the Gospel shod,  
I hail him as the Friend of God.*

Reverently,  
W. W. LACKEY

B.H. CARROLL, D.D., LL.D.

## PART ONE

WHAT DR. J. M. CARROLL, HIS BROTHER, SAID ABOUT HIM  
TO — E. Holbrook Waterman who, by his liberal contributions, has  
made possible this and other Carroll Books, this volume is gratefully  
dedicated by the *Editor*

### CHAPTER 1. HIS FATHER AND MOTHER

It is probably needful that a short sketch be given of the father and mother of B.H. Carroll. It is likely that thereby some things may be better understood concerning the son.

#### HIS FATHER

Benajah Carroll, the father of B.H. Carroll, was the second son by a second marriage. He was born March 8, 1807, in Sampson County, North Carolina. He descended from a family of physical giants. He himself, when grown, was six feet and four inches in height and weighed 200 pounds, with not one ounce of surplus, flesh. He was a veritable Hercules in strength. He owned many strong Negro men. Many a time did he banteringly offer any Negro he had his freedom if he would "pull him down with a handstick" (this was a phrase much in use in "log-rolling" and "house-raising" time). He was naturally "tempery" and by nature a fighter. No man might safely question his honor. He was never sought as an antagonist.

I give two incidents illustrative of this side of his life. One on occasion he was sick in bed (this was exceedingly seldom). His gun rested in an old-fashioned rack just over his bed out of reach of the many children. He had had some trouble with a quarrelsome neighbor. This neighbor came to see, him while he was yet sick in bed. He came mad. In the course of the rather animated conversation the visitor started to call the sick man a liar. "You are a -" but that is as far as he ever got. "Don't you say it. No man can say it and live." The sick



man had jumped up in bed and grabbed the gun. If he had been well the gun would never have been resorted to. The fight would have been on and over before any one could have interfered or the man could have run, as he did in this case.

The other incident occurred about as follows: There was in the community a notorious Negro by the name of Caesar. He was in the habit of whipping all his "overseers" and even his masters. He was offered cheap. Nobody wanted him. He was finally offered very cheap to Benajah Carroll. He was bought. Caesar had a very high opinion of himself. He had never been whipped, no matter what he did (and he did plenty). No master or "overseer" had ever whipped him, but many had tried. Very soon Caesar began "cutting up." For instance, whipping any and all of the colored boys. The Negro quarters were in an uproar. "Old Master" was appealed to. The master went down and quelled the disturbance and warned Caesar that the thing must not occur again. But Caesar had never obeyed and did not mean to now. The row soon started again. The Master picked up his "cow-hide" (a vicious piece of twisted raw hide, used mostly as a riding switch), and hastened down to the Negro quarters. But the question of whipping Caesar was no small task. He did not propose to be whipped. He and the master soon grappled. It was a question of who was the better man. Up and down, over and over, around and about they had it. Several times the sons rushed in to help the father, but he cried out to them, "Get away, boys, I will whip any one of you who interferes. If I cannot whip this Negro I will set him free. What a stimulus to Caesar. The fight went on. The Negro was himself a giant in strength and had resolved never to be whipped. It was a battle royal. It was both a trial of strength and of endurance. The master did not want to seriously hurt the Negro. Caesar was a great worker. After a long and most terrific struggle Caesar began to weaken. The master suddenly threw him with great force and face downward. He called for his "cow-hide" which he had thrown down when the conflict began. On the back of the prostrate Caesar the stripes fell thick and fast and hard. No count was kept to see when forty was reached. After a while the master said, "Caesar, are you whipped?" "Yessir, I'se whipped." "Have you got enough?" "Yessir, I'se got enough." "Caesar, will you mind me hereafter?" "Yessir." And he did. Never did the master have a better and more obedient servant than Caesar. The master was always kind to his servants, but they soon learned that they must be obedient.

But there was another and greater side to Benajah Carroll. He had never had the opportunities of higher education, but was a great reader and profound

thinker. He was a popular preacher. He had more fire in his preaching than had any one of his three preacher sons. He held pastorates in Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas. In 1840 or 1841, according to the old Carrollton, Mississippi, church records, he was pastor of that church. Later he was pastor in Drew county, Arkansas. Still later, in Bureson County, Texas. It was here that he died, March 9, 1862, about one year after the beginning of the Civil War, his death resulting from a fall. He was mounting his very tall horse and just as he reached his full height in the stirrup and was throwing his leg over the saddle his stirrup leather, on which was resting his entire great weight, suddenly snapped and let him fall with his whole weight upon the sharp horn of his saddle. Several ribs were broken. From this fall he never recovered. The poor surgery of that day in the far-away Texas town could not relieve him. He died in a few months after much suffering. Benajah Carroll never received much remuneration from his preaching. I doubt if he ever was paid as much as \$100 in cash any one year, but he never sought it. He was a good business man and always had plenty. He was an early riser and persistent worker. He was literally a 200-pound lump of concentrated energy. This was the father of B.H. Carroll.

## **THE MOTHER**

I come now to speak of the greatest of all the Carroll family. I have never known as much human greatness wrapped up in so small a bundle of human flesh. God only knows what would have become of the great, hot-blooded husband and children if it had not been for the God-loving, ever-smiling, never-doubting, smooth-tempered, ever-patient, and always hopeful little wife and mother.

Mary Eliza Mallad was a direct descendant of the hard persecuted French Huguenots, refugeeing to America to escape the never-ceasing persecution in Europe. She came from a stock, many of whom had died at the stake of fire or left an unending trail of martyr's blood. She was born September 28, 1812, in Duplin County, North Carolina. She finally accepted the attentions of the strong and fiery young Carroll who would not be rebuffed. She had positively refused to see him on his first visits, but his eternal persistency and devotion finally won not only her hand but her whole heart. They were married October 15, 1828. She was then only sixteen years old. She was a beautiful woman. She was very small, weighing never over 110 pounds, but she was nearly always well and strong. She gave birth to thirteen children, raising twelve of them to manhood and womanhood, and at the same time raising exactly the same number of

orphans. Not counting the one who died at two years of age, there were twenty-four children in our home.

For the whole seventeen years that I lived while she lived, I cannot now recall one single instance when I saw her either mad or blue or impatient, nor can I recall one single word of complaint. During the long Civil War, with the husband dead and the big boys in the army, she seemed to be one untiring piece of animated machinery. She cared for the home and the younger children. She carded the wool and cotton, spun the thread and wove the cloth and made the clothes that clothed us all. Even the clothes and the blankets used by her boys in the war were all made by her.

None of her twelve children patterned closely after her in size or color of hair (she had red hair), or sweetness of character. And yet the lives of all her eight boys and four girls were mightily influenced by her life and disposition. — No storm of wrath, whether in the husband or any one or more of her firey-tempered children, could rage long in her presence. Oh, my Lord, what a mother! I dare not attempt to picture her further. The world would not and could not believe. Rest on now, little mother. Never woman lived more gloriously nor to a higher, nobler and more successful end. One by one the children are gathering with you and the father and our Lord in the heavenly world. Only one now remains behind.

This was the father and mother of B.H. Carroll.

## CHAPTER 2. HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

Benajah Harvey Carroll was born December 27, 1843. His parents at that time were living near Carrollton, in Carroll County, Mississippi. I recently visited Carrollton and tried to definitely locate the old home place. I found that our father owned several hundred acres of land some three miles from old Carrollton. There are now virtually two towns. The old town and the newer railroad town. The old Carroll-place is now divided up and owned by many different families. I could not locate the old homestead.

Harvey was the fifth boy and the seventh child in the family. He spent the first seven years of his life in Mississippi on a farm. Of this period of his eventful life I have no definite records. The family moved from Mississippi in 1850 or 1851 to Drew County, Arkansas, and settled some one and one-half to two miles from the town of Monticello. Here seven years more were added to the boy's life. Again he lived on a farm. Here he began his regular school life and entered upon his marvelous course of general reading. But his school-going and reading will be noted in other chapters of this book. Here, also, he began his fishing and hunting adventures and other boyhood sports. Necessity compels us to pass hurriedly over most of the boyhood period of his life, hence only a few incidents will be noted. Simply enough to show the bent of his mind and the trend of his life.

One bright moonlight night, when the boy was about twelve years old, he and a number of other white and colored boys were out coon and "possum" hunting. They had hunted until quite late. They lay down to rest and to "tell tales." They suddenly remembered that they were very near, even in sight of an "old haunted house." It was a notorious place in the neighborhood. Immediately conversation was lowered to subdued tones. Some, especially the colored boys, were genuinely frightened. Ghosts and hobgoblins were expected to appear from behind every bush. After a while, however, the least afraid — began to dare one another and also to offer rewards to any one to go up to the house. Young Harvey, from his childhood was never afraid of darkness, loneliness, nor spooks of any sort. Besides, even when a little fellow, he would never "take a dare." And when, in addition to the "dare," they offered as a reward all the strings, tops, marbles and barlow-knives, etc., they had in their pockets he

accepted their reward and ventured on their “dare” and went. With frightened and almost breathless silence, they watched him go. They hardly expected him ever to return. He not only went to the house, but went in and went all over it. His long stay came very nearly resulting in the other boys taking to their heels and leaving him to the mercy of the “boogers.” In a few moments more they would have been gone, but just before this happened, he was seen coming back. With trembling-knees and fastbeating hearts, they awaited his approach. Then, with hated breath, they asked him what he saw. With slow voice and sepulchral tones he answered them with this conundrum: “The thing that I saw was better than God, and worse than the devil: dead men live on it: but if live men eat it they die.” This awful-sounding answer did not allay the fears of the terribly frightened boys. As to what he really saw, we leave to our readers to guess.

One of my first definite and separate recollections of my brother was when we were coming to Texas. This was in the fall of 1858. He was then fourteen years old and I was six. We were moving through the country from Drew County, Arkansas, to Burleson County, Texas. However, Burleson County was not our intended destination. It was either Bastrop or San Saba County. We had one ox wagon, one horsewagon, one hack and one buggy. The Negroes and some of the older white children, walked. Father had a very fine jack which he was bringing to Texas. It was Harvey’s business to take care of that jack. He rode him all the way to Texas. In the morning, when we would break camp, Harvey, always with a book in his hand, would mount the jack and ride ahead. When he would come to a good and convenient camping place, whether for noon or for night, he would stake the jack, build a roaring camp-fire, lie down by it and read. And there we would find him when we came up. And sometimes, far into the night, when all the others had long since gone to bed, he would lie on the ground with his head to the fire so he could see and continue his reading. The day we reached our first stopping place in Burleson County, at the home of Mike Hill, some seven miles from Caldwell, Harvey got lost. He was riding ahead, as usual, and reading as usual. So interested was he in his book that he did not notice that the jack took the wrong road. When we arrived at Mike Hill’s home Harvey was nowhere to be found. Of course there was some excitement and commotion. Searching parties were sent out. However, some several hours later much to the relief of mother, he came riding in. Nobody had found him. He had found himself and was not one whit disturbed.

As an illustration of the fourteen-year-old boy's love of fun, we give this simple-incident. While the family was still in came at the home of Mike Hill, Harvey and some of Mr. Hill's girls planned one night to have some fun. They wanted to scare the many Carroll Negroes and incidentally as many white folks as possible. A "dough-fare" was made. (It is a horribly death-like looking thing.) It was put on Harvey. To add to the spook-likeness of his appearance, a sheet was wrapped about him. He proceeded to the Carroll camp, going around and approaching from the far side. The reader can doubtless imagine what happened. The Negroes took to the brush, and the white children into the tent or to the house, all yelling for dear life. Harvey, the fun-loving boy, was left rolling on the ground shouting with laughter.

## CHAPTER 3. GOING TO SCHOOL

At just what age young Harvey began going to school I do not know, but it must have been at a very early age. Many are the times I have heard him tell of his first and second days' school experiences. His first school-going was to his older brother, John William. According to his own statement, he then thought school was only a place to have a good time, and on the first day he proceeded to have it. He ran across the floor; he talked out loud; he greatly amused some of the students; he created a general commotion. He was frequently but mildly reprimanded. He was notified that school children were supposed to keep quiet during school hours but he did not think it was compulsory, besides he thought that an older brother had no authority to force matters. John William bore with him that day.

Young Harvey's report of school that first night was glorious. He had never had such a good time. He intended to go every day and all the time. The next day he was promptly on hand for roll-call. He soon began the same hilarious tactics and he soon had the whole school in an uproar. The older brother's patience became exhausted. He saw that a more violent method of correction was a necessity. He called to Fuller (another brother), "Fuller, go bring me a switch." Harvey, still thinking the whole school business a big joke, cried out, "Bring me one too, Fuller." Two switches were brought. Harvey took one and said: "My first rap." And around the legs he rapped the teacher. He struck so hard and sharp that he made the teacher wince. "Raps" then began to fall thick and fast upon the hilarious boy. He soon learned that it was not a game of "rap-jackets." School was no longer a big joke. That day ended his school-going for a while. He was, however, finally induced to try again, this time the joke idea left out.

How much he went to school before the family moved to Texas I do not know, but he evidently had had some good teachers and had made good use of his time. In an old letter, written by my father to brother John, who had moved to San Saba, Texas, the letter written when Harvey was about 12 years old, he stated that Harvey was *going* to school in Monticello. The country school at old "Rough and Ready," near our home, was not advanced enough to teach the boy even at that age. Soon after locating in Texas, he with other brothers older and younger than he started to school in Caldwell, Texas (this was in January,

1859), walking the two miles from our home. Harvey was now just fifteen years old. He had already outstripped even his older brothers, though several of them were well advanced. He was now in classes to himself. There were many grown young men in the school, but none were so far advanced as he. He was well on in real college work. After going to that teacher, T. K. Crittenden, for only one-half a school year, I remember one day the teacher saying to him, "Harvey, I can't teach you any further; you know more now than I do. You will be compelled to go elsewhere." He was then only in his sixteenth year.

From this school in the fall of 1859 he went to Baylor University. He entered as a full junior. Baylor was then in a flourishing condition and was located at old Independence, in Washington County, only about thirty miles from Caldwell. He remained at Baylor less than two years. He must have left about April 1, 1861. He left Caldwell to join the Confederate Army, April 10, 1861. He never graduated. He lacked, however, but two months of completing his A. B. course. He never took a degree from any school.

When he went to Baylor the people of that section, and the students from the same county, looked down somewhat upon the students from "Across the Yegua." But during this period there were in Baylor, from "Across the Yegua," B.H. Carroll, Tom Thomas, Ned Green and John R. Lewis. These four boys held their own always against the boys from any other section of the State. The students from "Across the Yegua" were no longer held in contempt. Baylor, in those old days, had many marvelously-bright pupils. Several of them were great debaters. B.H. Carroll said that the only man he ever dreaded in debate was Ned Green. This young man was the son of our nearest neighbor. He was a tall, slender fellow, a little older than Harvey. He was studying law. The poor fellow died in early life, in fact soon after leaving Baylor.

When I went to Baylor some ten years later, I met several people who told me things about B.H. Carroll as a college boy-some things of which I had never heard. I relate only one. When I first went to Independence I boarded with Willett Holmes, a longtime trustee of old Baylor. One day he was talking to me about "young Carroll," as he called him. He said to me, "Come with me." I went, not knowing what he had in his mind, nor where he was going. He walked out on the public square of the town. Finally he stopped and put his foot upon a large cedar stump. He said, "Do you see this stump?" The stump was probably sixteen to eighteen inches in diameter. He said, "This is the stump of a flag pole." He continued, "Just preceding the breaking out of the Civil War,



here in this town and in Baylor, there was tremendous excitement on the questions of 'Union' and 'Secession.' Your brother was a strong unionist and utterly opposed to secession. He was not, however, on the popular side. One day, the secessionists, who were largely in the majority, had a great rally here on the square, raised a secession flag and had numerous fiery speeches. The next day young Carroll, leading a small crowd of young men, went to the woods, secured the tallest cedar pole to be found in the forest, brought it back and planted it right here. This is the stump. On this they raised and unfurled the old flag of the Union. It was probably the last time it was ever raised in Texas until the close of that bloody four-year war. Under that flag, standing on a goods-box, I heard that young man deliver one of the greatest speeches to which I ever listened."

Mr. Holmes was then nearly eighty years of age. — He said: "Never will I forget the thrilling eloquence and the convincing logic of that boy as under that flag he spoke in favor of the Union against the secession of Texas from the Union. That speech stirred this old historic town of Independence as no other speech in all its history ever stirred it." He closed that speech with these words

***"You ask me when I'd rend the scroll our fathers' names are written o'er,  
When I could see our flag unroll its mingled stars and stripes no more;  
When with a worse than felon hand or felon counsels I would sever  
The Union of this glorious land? I answer: Never! never!"***

Leaving Baylor before he graduated, he went to the war. For four long years, against his conscience, he fought against that old flag. He loved the South with all his great boyish heart, but he thought it far wiser if war must be had that the fighting be done in the Union and under the old flag.

Baylor was the last school of any kind to which B.H. Carroll ever went, but he was always a student. He studied and grew every year, yea, every month, every week, and every day up to within a few hours of his death. He was truly a life-long student. His ambition was to be a lawyer. All the law-books accessible to him up to the beginning of the Civil War he had read and mastered. Fundamental principles of law he knew as thoroughly as any lawyer. I dare not attempt to forecast what a lawyer and statesman he would have made if he had persisted in his ambitious desires, or rather if he had not been turned aside by the Spirit of Almighty God into another channel.

It was during his school days that he so marvelously developed as a debater. While in the school at Caldwell the greatest lawyer in the town said of him that he was the most irresistible debater he had ever known. This lawyer gave one illustration. He said that the question was as to whether or not the followers of Alexander Campbell were right in their contentions. He had the side in the first debate in their favor, and he won the debate. The question was debated a second time, then he was against them, and again won the debate. He was making original orations before he left Arkansas, even when he was as young as twelve years of age. During his days in Baylor University two debates were held each week, some twelve to twenty young men engaging in these debates. There was not much of athletics; so the boys gave their time to debating.

## CHAPTER 4.

### HIS READING AND HIS MEMORY

B.H. Carroll, almost from childhood, was a great reader. Children's books, even in the days of his childhood, never satisfied him. He read them, all of them, but did not stop with them. Everything in English print that was accessible to him he read and mastered. It mattered not how shallow or deep or difficult. Reading never seemed to tire him. Even in the days of his early boyhood twenty hours consecutive reading was nothing unusual, and very often the whole twenty-four hours of the day. If he finished one book and another was immediately accessible there was no break in his reading. This was always true when it was permitted by other duties. To read all night was a very common thing.

He read history, all history, ancient, mediaeval, modern, civil, political and religious; biography and autobiography he absolutely devoured. He read all science, all romance, all poetry. For at least sixty of his seventy-one years, he averaged reading 300 pages a day. During his latter years even more than that. Only a little while before his death he was known to average 1,000 pages a day for ten consecutive days. He could do, and did, frequently, the marvelous thing of completing one of the modern novels and, without a break of one minute, begin reading some deep work on theology or science, or anything else, and read the latter with the same intense interest and delight that he did the former.

His power of concentration while reading or studying was marvelous. He could think consecutively for twenty-four hours on anything that was worthy of his thought. That probably accounts for his wonderful memory. He remembered everything he ever read or studied. He always read history with a map before him, and always kept near him the best and latest of the world's atlases.

Current events as well as past events he read and studied in the same way. All great affairs, whether local, state, national or international, whether home or foreign, he kept in constant touch with. He was heard to say, and say more than once, and no man ever had reason to doubt the truthfulness of his statement, that he could remember anything he ever read from the time he was twelve years old, if he had need for it. To me his memory of books was an eternal wonder. As illustrations of the peculiar and accurate character of his memory, we give but two simple examples.

On one occasion I went to Waco to see him. Without knocking, I walked into his study. He was writing an article for some paper. He raised his head, saw who I was (I had not seen him for months) and simply remarked, "Hello, Jimmie; wait awhile; I will talk with you directly; I am nearly through this article." He did not stop to even shake hands with me, but continued his writing, and in a moment he raised his head and said to me, "Jimmy, you can help me a little and I will get through quicker. I want a book. It is in a certain room" (which he designated as there were books in all the halls, and in every room on the place). He continued his writing, but told me how to find and recognize the book. It was in a certain case on the third shelf from the top about sixteen inches from the left-hand end of the shelf. I found the book instantly, just where he said, and carried it to him. He did not lift his head. He kept writing and simply said, "You can find what I want" (I had never read the book); "I want only to refresh my memory on a story." He hesitated for one brief moment from his writing, and then said, "Look, on page — about 143 — about one-third of the way down the page and you will find the story." I looked and it was there. I then asked him, "How long since you read this book?" He answered, "At least fifteen years." "Have you looked in it since?" "Not once." His memory on many other things was just as striking and remarkable as his memory of books.

On another occasion it was my privilege to go with him to Richmond, Va., and from there to Washington City. In passing through Virginia, he was constantly calling my attention to old battlefields. As we passed through one of these he called my attention to certain hills, and began telling me the locations of the two armies, Federal and Confederate, during the battle. What Generals commanded, the comparative strength of the armies, the results of the battles, etc. How many were killed, wounded or captured by either side. I asked him if he had ever been through Virginia. He said, "No, but I know of every battle fought during the four years of the Civil War, where it was fought, the size of each *army*, the names of the prominent officers on either side and results in killed, wounded and captured. Furthermore, I can give the names of all prominent officers, both Federal and Confederate, who were in the war and tell what battles they were in." Then he began telling me of the histories he had read, the official war bulletins sent out by the government, etc.

During that same trip, while in Washington City, I visited with him a great "Cyclorama." It was an enormous circle painting of a Civil War battle scene. To see the painting, one must go down a stairway under the building and come up within its center and stand on a raised platform. The great picture was then all

over and around you. Seemingly you could see many miles in the distance. We were right in the midst of a terrific battle. Many thousands of men were in view. In fact, two great armies — Cavalry, artillery, infantry, commissary, and all. Cannons, small arms, swords, and bayonets were being used. It was like a great living reality. Harvey was thrilled. The old war spirit came over him. His eyes gleamed and flashed. After the first moment of enthusiasm had passed, catching the artist's idea without looking at a printed guide, he began pointing out the parts of the great battle. He pointed to generals and colonels, calling them by name — to brigades and regiments and calling them by name. In a moment the whole crowd collected on that platform, though total strangers to us, had gathered around him listening to his thrilling description. He was wholly absorbed. In a moment he cried out to me (he was talking only to me; he noted not the crowd), "See there, Jimmie, see that magnificent Federal regiment? It was captured during that fight. See that ragged Confederate crowd yonder? Those are the fellows who did the work." Immediately a voice came from the listening crowd around him: "My friend, you are mistaken in that statement." "Surely, I am not." "But you certainly are." The man talking was a fine and distinguished-looking fellow, a little older than Harvey. Interest was growing intense and excitement was getting higher. Who was going to win in the discussion? Finally, the stranger said, "My friend, were you in that battle?" The response came quickly, "No. I was never east of the Mississippi River during the war." Then the stranger said, "I was there and an officer in the battle and I know I am right." It looked as if the Texan would have to surrender, but he didn't. He began asking that Federal officer questions. Very soon I saw Harvey's face light up. I knew he had won, but I did not yet see where and how. He smilingly said to the officer, "I now see where you have been misled. You have forgotten that this battle lasted two days. You are thinking of the first day. This painting is depicting the second day." In a little while the friendly-hearted fellow saw his error and frankly admitted it, but he expressed his amazement at the accurate knowledge of the fellow who had not, during the war, been east of the Mississippi River.

It may be interesting to the readers of this life-story to say just here some things concerning the oft-repeated statement "that B.H. Carroll could and did read two to four lines at a time." Concerning all novels and other light reading, the statement is literally true. However, it is not true of any reading that required special thought or study. Even this kind of literature, however, he read with marvelous rapidity, but not two to four lines at a time. He was a great and

incessant student of reading, and the greatest teacher of reading I have ever known. In fact, no teacher of my knowledge half equaled him on this one point. Really, it was while teaching reading that he learned the science and secret of rapid reading.

Let me see if I can explain his method of learning. He taught almost all ages and all stages of advancement. During the time of the old method of teaching beginners “a b c d” - arians and on up, was when he learned his method of rapid reading. He learned from teaching children. For instance: After the letters were learned and the pupils advanced to “ab, ba, ca,” etc., words with one syllable, a “pointer” was used. Each separate letter was pointed to. He saw that the child saw only one letter at a time. The “pointer” was then moved to the second letter and so on, the child actually seeing only one letter at a time. After a little the child’s vision was enlarged to see two letters, or a whole syllable at a time. The “pointer” stopped at “ba,” then moved to “ker”— “baker.” The vision still expanded and took in a whole word. The “pointer” moved from word to word, as, “John-went-to-town.” The vision still grew and the child saw two words at a time, “John went-to-town.” After a while the vision took in at a single glance the whole line and it was read without a break, “John went to town.” Then, reasoned B.H. Carroll: Let the vision broaden all it will - one line, two lines, four lines — one whole sentence. The slow readers sometimes let the lips repeat, in a whisper, each separate word. Some advance a little beyond that, but let the mind repeat each word. Why not let the mind repeat at once all that the vision can take in. A full line — two lines, or a whole sentence and so on? That was B.H. Carroll’s method of learning to read rapidly. Some of us, however, have learned that unfortunately some minds are not big and strong enough to grasp things in big chunks.

When he was sixteen years old he had a library very nearly, if not quite as large, as the one he had at his death. He spent all he made for books. He had about everything that was printed in English. He loved books, but he would loan them to anybody and everybody. His books are scattered everywhere, probably in nearly every private Texas library and in very many out of Texas. Most books he never cared to read but once. Some, however, for the very pleasure of reading them, he read many times. He could tell absolutely everything in them and yet continued to reread them. Probably not one solitary book that he had when he was sixteen or even twenty-one years of age was in his library when he died.

## CHAPTER 5. HIS STORY TELLING

In one of the McGuffey's old readers is a well-remembered chapter on "Peter Pindar, the great story-teller." Peter is pictured as a great and much-loved man because of his wonderful ability to entertain young people with his charming stories. His storehouse of stories seemed never to be empty and he never said, "No" to an appealing group of boys and girls. Good story-telling, in the judgment of this writer, is one of the fine arts. It is a wonderful accomplishment, or talent, whichever it may be. It is possibly both.

At story-telling, so far as my knowledge goes, B.H. Carroll never had an equal. He began at about twelve years of age. He was really great then and grew mightily as his age and knowledge increased. As much as I liked — and yet like — story-telling, there never came a time in my life when I had not rather hear him tell than to read any story. Not only the young, but all ages, all classes and all colors would listen for hours entranced, to one of his stories. Many a time, when it was known beforehand that he was going to tell a story or stories, many of the young people of the neighborhood would gather to hear him. While he was yet a boy, the colored servants would never miss an opportunity to hear him. His father and mother and his older brothers and sisters would often be charmed listeners.

His stories, whether imaginary and original (as many of them were) or taken from some of his varied experiences, or taken from books, were living, moving things. The flowers were blooming and fragrant; the grass was waving; the streams were running; the fish were leaping; the birds were singing; the cattle were lowing and the wild beasts were snarling or seeking their prey in the scenes he would portray. His people were not wax figures nor statuary. They were alive. They breathed, they talked, they walked. Mayne Reid's greatest novel, "Geguin, the Scalp Hunter," took on absolutely new life as he told it to his thrilled audiences. So with many others of the best stories of adventure. Mythology was no longer mythology but real under his living touch. Jupiter, and Venus, and Mercury, and Mars, and Argus, and Briareus, and all those other wonderful characters, lived and loved and did impossible deeds in genuine reality under his telling. His ghost stories, ugh! They almost scare me yet. No ghosts that I have ever seen were half as awful and real as those he would tell

us about. Sometimes while he was telling them something would fall or some one would cry, “Boo!” and the meeting would break up in a panic. Some would actually scream with fear. There are yet living many people, some of them growing old, who never while they live on the earth will forget his storytelling.

How sincerely I wish I could, for the pleasure of the readers of this book, reproduce some of his great war stories and others. But they will never be reproduced. His stock of stories was limitless-love stories, ghost stories, war stories, fairy stories, stories of travel, stories of adventure, comedy and tragedy-all sorts. And he loved it. Could any man ever be a good storyteller who did not love it?

His imagination was always a thing of wonder to all who knew him.



## CHAPTER 6.

### THE BOY TEACHER

Harvey Carroll was a great school teacher. Some have said that he was a born teacher. We know not whether that be true, but we do know that he began to teach not many years after he was born. His first school was when he was a boy, probably 15 or 16 years old. In Burleson County at that time there were very few schools, possibly not more than two or three, and they were private, and poor, and small. The Carroll family was living two miles from Caldwell. There were no schools nearer to us than Caldwell. Including the orphans, there were many children in the Carroll family. Young Harvey saw the seriousness of conditions. He volunteered to teach a family school.

Getting together a few of us younger boys, he carried us down into the woods on Birch Branch, about 400 yards from the house, and began the erection of a schoolhouse. We first cleared off the underbrush for a campus, about thirty or forty yards square. Near the center of this campus were four trees which the young teacher and house-builder had an eye to when he selected the site. These four trees were situated in something like a square about ten or twelve feet apart. These trees formed the four corner posts of the house. Four poles, some four inches in diameter and about thirteen feet long, were now cut and trimmed and then fastened across from tree to tree some eight feet or nine feet from the ground. We were now ready for the walls and the roof. The material was close at hand. Other poles or bushes some two or three inches in diameter were now cut, but these were not trimmed, except in part on one side. These were stood up on end all around and leaned against the cross poles, thus completely walling in the house, leaving only space for the door. The roof was made of the same material. The house was now complete. It would hardly have stood a cyclone or kept out the rain, but it made a splendid shade (and that was most needed; we could have moved to the house in case of rain) and kept the pupils from watching the many birds and squirrels that were in every tree.

The furniture consisted of rude pole benches. There were no desks, blackboards or library or scientific apparatus, but that was a great school. The whole affair was rustic in the extreme—the house, the furniture, and the pupils, but the teacher was great. The pupils were few in number. There were only six. These were their names: F. W. (“Dock”), J. M. and Mary Carroll (two younger

brothers and sister of the teacher), Emma and Cola Carroll (a niece and nephew of the teacher. These two were children of John W., the oldest brother and first teacher of B.H. Carroll); then Henry Echols, an orphan raised by the teacher's father. I repeat that it was a great school. The fewness of the pupils permitted greater attention to each, and it was given. While we all had a great time, no foolishness was allowed. Corporal punishment was sometimes resorted to, as one of the alumni of that institution even yet distinctly remembers. I give one example.

Everything about that school was unique. One rule was that if any of "us children" went to sleep at the noon recess (we always went to the house for dinner) we were allowed to sleep until we waked up, and then were sent on to school by mother. I say "we." Unfortunately I was never one to go to sleep. Really, I have never been asleep at recess time. My sleepy times occurred in school hours, but I wanted mightily to go to sleep during some of those noon hours. It seemed that none of the others had any trouble about it. Not that I cared particularly about going to sleep, but I did want so much to stay at home some time, but somehow I couldn't fix it.

One day — I'll never forget that day — I just determined to stay. I hurried through my dinner and ran into a small room, shut the door to keep out distracting sounds, lay down on the bed, shut my eyes tight and proceeded most earnestly and vigorously and determinedly to go to sleep. But the thing wouldn't work. The harder I tried the wider awake I became. Time flew and I knew the call would soon be heard, "Come on, children, let us go to school." It came. In spite of my hard closed eyes and the shut door I heard it. In a moment another remark made its way through that shut door, "Where is Jimmie? O Jimmie!" "See if he is asleep." Jimmie's eyes were hard shut, but he wasn't asleep, and no one knew it better than Jimmie. Something had to be done, and that mighty quick, or Jimmie would soon be marched to school with the rest of "us children." He answered no calls, but he rolled out of bed and slipped through the back door and crawled under the house — and, like "Bre'r Rabbit, kept on saying nothing." For a short while one of the pupils was lost, but that teacher wasn't one of that kind who taught those who voluntarily went and felt that all responsibility ended there.

The days of that school were the days of compulsory education. A search was instituted for the lost boy. That teacher being yet a boy had not forgotten the ways and the peculiar hiding places of boys. All other hiding places being found

empty, search soon began under the house. Of course, the lost was found. But he wasn't yet ready to surrender. "Come out." "I don't want to go to school this evening." "Come out, I tell you." "I won't." But a few well-directed rocks and other loose things soon made him change his mind, but even then, instead of coming out, he went on the far side and was out before the teacher could get there, and took to his heels. Then began a race. The yard was large and full of shrubbery. An old-fashioned worm fence surrounded the yard. The race was rather long and somewhat exciting. The little fellow hardly had start enough to enable him to climb the fence and get into the woods, so the race must continue in the yard.

There were numerous spectators. Not only the other pupils, but the folks in the house had heard the commotion and had come to see. And they saw little brother and big brother having a hurdle and cross-country race combined, with big stakes involved. One's reputation as a disciplinarian and the other's reputation as a sprinter. One was spurred on by the fear of punishment, the other by the hope of catching the small boy. The little fellow could run and dodge like a rabbit, and the thick shrubbery was in his favor, but the big brother was some athlete himself. He and one other were the only two boys this writer ever knew who could hop 100 feet at ten hops. And then his longer legs gave him greater advantage in hurdling. He went over the shrubbery while the little fellow had to go around. The hurdling, however, soon got the big brother into trouble. His foot caught in the top of one of the big-rose bushes and over and over he went. This terrific fall, however, boded no good to the somewhat elated little brother. The fall and the consequent laughs from the spectators added materially to the temper and the determination of the big brother, hence the race soon ended. The aftermath! That was the thing that made the occasion most memorable. The impressions made upon various parts of little brother's young anatomy, as well as those made upon his mind, will never be forgotten.

How long that school lasted, I do not now remember. When the pupils were not reciting but were studying, then the teacher read. Many of the books read, if they were history or adventure, were told to us in the form of stories. We couldn't help learning. Some few of the books read were trashy. These the teacher would tear up. I well remember one. It was full of pictures. It appeared to be full of adventure and excitement. We were impatient for him to finish it. We wanted the story. The finish came just at school closing time in the evening. The title of the story was "Three-Fingered Jack." How well I remember the big title and the hero's picture on the cover, but we never heard the story. As the

last words were read the book was closed with a bang. Leaf by leaf began to come out. And as he walked home, about every ten feet along the way, down would go a leaf. The teacher simply remarked, ““Three-Fingered Jack’ can help you more by thus marking your way to and from school than he can by your hearing his lying story.”

Before closing this chapter and the record of this first school of the young teacher, it may be interesting and profitable to some present-day teachers to hear of one of the unique methods of punishment used during the life of this institution. One of the most difficult things ever attempted by the ordinary school boy or girl, during school hours, is always to look sober and serious. In other words, never to laugh. So many outrageously funny things happen, and they usually happen so suddenly and unexpectedly. They give you absolutely no warning and out breaks a laugh before you can shut your jaws and lips down on it. One of the rules of this school was “No laughing aloud allowed.” Penalty: “Stand up before the whole school and be made to laugh yours laugh out,” teacher standing over you with a birch switch to enforce the penalty. It was now “laugh or be licked.” To me, conditions like that were never “mirth provoking.” The fun was hopelessly gone out of the whole thing. Sister Mollie and I usually got the licking. But even that far back, I learned that methods of punishment needed to be varied for different individuals. For instance, Henry Echols and Emma Carroll, two of our six students, never minded that penalty. The more the teacher would say, “Now laugh,” the louder and longer they would laugh. The whole thing got funnier to them every minute. When they would begin to slow up a little, the teacher would say, “Laugh on; don’t you stop.” Then away they would go again. In fact, a new method of punishment had to be adopted for them in order that they might be punished at all, and in order that the balance of us might have some protection.

Two of the students of this school afterward became preachers. Their records are before the Baptists of Texas. Only two of the six students now live. One is the writer of this chapter and the other is William Cola Carroll — now living in Caldwell, Texas, a strong man, a good citizen, a Christian, and the father of Rev. H. R. Carroll.

## CHAPTER 7

# THE TEXAS RANGER

The long war of words ultimately ended in a long war with swords and guns. “States’ Rights,” “Slavery,” “Abolition,” “Secession,” “Union” — all had been debated, the North against the South and the South against the North. War had been declared — civil war — neighbor against neighbor — yea, even brother against brother and father against son. One of the most cruel and bloody wars of the world up to that date in the world’s history.

Hurried calls for volunteer soldiers were made. Lincoln and Davis, the two newly elected presidents, one the Unionist and Abolitionist, the other the Secessionist and representative of states’ rights, were making the calls. Our little, far-away town, Caldwell, heard the call. Two brothers, Andrew Fuller and Benajah Harvey Carroll, were two of the first to answer the call. Besides these two brothers, there were twelve other young men in this first group to leave Caldwell. Their names are as follows: J. Fount Thompson, J. T. Reeves, Abe Moore, Charlie Duncan, John C. Crunk, James A. Hill, J. A. B. Stevens, George Gibbs, John Snyder, John Stokes, James Thomas and another James Thomas (cousins), distinguished by the color of their hair as “White Top” and “Black Top.” Only three of the whole fourteen are now known to be living J.T. Reeves, “Black Top” Jim Thomas, and John Stokes.

On April 10, 1861, these fourteen young men left their homes and started on their long 200-mile horseback trip to a point near San Antonio, Texas, where the first Texas regiment was being organized. Full of excitement and hurried as they were, the noon hour had passed before they were permitted to finally leave. A great dinner was prepared for them at the Caldwell Hotel by the citizens. A beautiful Lone Star flag was presented to them and a great presentation speech was delivered by Colonel A. S. Broadus (very nearly related to the Broadus families of Virginia). “White Top” Jim Thomas made the response (he was an old Baylor student). Then amidst the rousing cheers of the many citizens, Colonel John L. Winston, our best military trained man, marched them around the square and gave them the final forward march, and they were off.

The little squad had gone about six miles when the first interesting event of their journey occurred. They fell in with a man named Rufe King, afterward a captain

of the Second Texas Regiment and wounded at the battle of Shiloh. Harvey had a horse he did not much fancy. Riding along with Rufe King, he proposed a horse trade. King's horse was no more to King's fancy than Harvey's horse was to his fancy, so the dickering was soon under headway. Each rider was anxious to show off the good points of his horse, so the spur on the off foot of each man not to be seen was being vigorously used. Both traders were deceived. The swap was made. Saddles were exchanged. The other boys, watching, listening and laughing during the whole transaction, had something to say about Harvey's horse through the long journey. But after all, the "horse trade" for the soldier turned out to be a good one. "Pet" proved to be strong and tough and enduring. He carried his rider through many a hard and trying experience in his year of frontier service.

Five days of hard riding brought the boys to the gathering place of the regiment. On April 21, 1861, they were regularly enlisted for one year as Confederate soldiers. They were mustered in by Major Sayers, afterward Congressman and Governor of Texas. On their way out, when — passing through San Antonio, they came up with W. H. Jenkins, another Caldwell boy and special friend and closest neighbor of the Carrolls. He was persuaded by Harvey to go with them. He went, but never enlisted, and did not remain the whole year. He, like many others, wanted to go where there was more fighting. Harvey and Fuller wanted to go with him, but had to serve out their year of enlistment.

The United States in 1861 had a long frontier, a large proportion of which was in Texas. The Indians were very numerous and very troublesome. They were a source of eternal dread to the frontier settlers. In the light of almost every moon they made raids upon the settlers, stealing, burning, killing, and scalping. Along this line of frontier (sometimes, however, many miles apart) were United States Government posts and forts. Two things were of vital importance to the new Confederate government—the capture of these many posts, with their much needed supplies, and the protection of the frontier settlers from the ever marauding Indians. This was to be the business of this first Texas regiment. Thus the first soldier-year of B.H. Carroll was spent as a ranger on the Texas frontier.

In fact, it was an experience more thrilling and exciting than an adventure of bloody war.

The forts were soon all captured. Then followed a long period of cavalry scouting, some Indian chasing, intermingled with frequent fishing, turkey, deer,

buffalo, and other large game hunting. The Indians were always wary while the soldiers were around. This regiment, however, was trained and used more as rangers than as soldiers. The Indians feared the rangers more than they did the soldiers.

This wild, romantic, and yet dangerous life greatly charmed for a while the two young Carrolls. Fuller was a great hunter and a great shot. Harvey loved adventure, but was never a great shot. He killed much big game, but it was mainly because there was so much of it, and in those days not very wild; and furthermore because of his much shooting. He used to tell with much amusement the following funny incident that occurred while he was a ranger. One day he took his rifle and walked out from camp for a little hunt. He came upon a large flock of ducks feeding in a small pond. He fired at the bunch and accidentally hit one in the head. Later he saw huddled in a thicket a large covey of bob whites. He was very close to them. He fired at the whole covey and, as accident would have it, he hit one of them in the head. When getting back near camp he was met by one of the boys (Jim Stevens), who was from North Carolina, and knew little of hunting and shooting. The following conversation took place: "Hello," said Jim, "have you been hunting?" "Yes, just out for a little walk." "Why, I see you have some game. Do you shoot that sort of game with a rifle?" "You certainly wouldn't expect me to hunt with any other sort of a gun." "My, my, I see you have shot them both in the head." "Jim Stevens, you surely wouldn't expect a Texan to injure the meat by shooting game of any sort anywhere else but in the head?" "Why, I never saw such shooting." About that time there came flying over a flock of wild geese. Harvey remarked, "If you want to see a Texan shoot, just pick out any one of those geese and watch me bring him down." Stevens hurriedly selected the old gander leading and said, "Well, shoot the old gander in front." The hunter, with no more thought of hitting the gander than he had of flying to the moon, for he could hardly have hit him that far if he had been tied, threw up his gun, pointed it in that direction and fired. Far more to his own amazement than to that of the other fellow, down rolled the gander. Stevens ran and picked him up, exclaiming amazedly at the wonderful shot. The bird was hit in the head! The hunter unconcernedly turned the gander about, then suddenly exclaimed: "Pshaw, Pshaw! That was an awful shot." "What in the world is the matter what is wrong with that shot?" The hunter replied, disgustedly, "Pshaw! Don't you see that the bullet hit him at least a half inch too far back?"

In spite of all warnings of danger, Harvey had the frequent habit of wandering off into the woods alone — sometimes to read, sometimes to hunt, and sometimes simply for the purpose of being alone. There were times when he seemed to love loneliness. It seemed to have a peculiar fascination for him. Frequently the whole camp was in a stir because of his long absences.

On one occasion, his regiment was out on a scout. They went into camp early in the day. They were somewhere near the headwaters of the San Saba River. It was supposed that they would remain in this camp through the day. A while before stopping for camp, Harvey had seen what he judged to be some good “trout holes.” He persuaded Bill Jenkins to join him for a “try out for trout.” Leaving their horses and guns, taking only their pistols and fishing tackle, they struck out to find the “trout holes.” The stream down which they were traveling was one of those peculiar streams-sometimes visible and sometimes invisible-sometimes a beautiful running stream and sometimes wholly disappearing. Miles and miles, they walked down it.

It was all right while daylight lasted, but on their return night overtook them and they were thoroughly lost. They wandered around for hours, but they had completely lost their only landmark, and that was the stream which they had gone down. They were badly lost. They were soon surrounded by screaming and howling wild animals. But they dared not shoot for fear of attracting the attention of Indians. Several times Harvey’s great desire to shoot was hardly restrained by his companion. The long and hideous night was at last passed, but daylight brought to them no relief. The beasts were gone, but there was more danger from the Indians.

Cautiously and warily they again began their search for the camp. They did not then know it, but if they had found the place where they left their comrades twenty hours before, they would have been no better off. For soon after they left the camp the day before scouts had come in reporting fresh Indian signs. Camp was immediately broken and a search for the Indians began. Searchers were immediately sent out to hunt for the two fishermen. It was soon concluded that the Indians had captured them. That second day was a long and anxious one for the lost men. To fire their pistols was an awful risk. They were many miles from human habitation. Their condition was serious.

They were not only looking, but constantly listening for calls from their comrades. Late that evening Bill Jenkins said to Harvey, “Harvey, I hear hollering.” “Yes,” came the reply, “But it’s Indians.” Jenkins is now the one



wanting to fire his pistol. Harvey is now the cautious one, saying, "Bill, it won't do." After a while again the far-away cry is heard. This time, Jenkins, in spite of remonstrances, fired his pistol. They concealed themselves and anxiously awaited the result. Before very long, there came riding over the hill a group of men, all riding in "Indian fashion," single file. "Indians! Indians!" was the immediate conclusion of both. They hastily slipped from their place of concealment down a bank and ran some distance up a gulch until they came to a small cave. Into this they ran and concealed themselves behind some large boulders. Here they prepared to defend themselves.

The horsemen came on and entered the gulch. One of them rode in front of the cave entrance. Two pistols were leveled at him. His hair was long, hanging down upon his shoulders. Around him was wrapped an Indian blanket. He probably never knew how near he came to death. But being near the mouth of the cave, he was recognized as a scout of the company. So intense was the feeling and so anxious were the comrades for the lost boys, and so much did the old scout love them, that he threw his arms around their necks and wept like a child. They had almost given up all hope of ever seeing them again. But the devoted colonel had sent them back with instructions never to give up the search until they were found, living or dead. They were found twenty-five miles from the old camp. Riding behind their comrades, the third day they caught up with their command.

The most important event of that eventful year, so far as concerned that young Texas ranger and his future, was that in one of the government posts captured was a large and well selected library. The young man was genuinely happy. Always when his company was sent out on a scout, while the others filled their saddle-pockets with rations, he filled his with books and trusted to luck for something to eat. Sometimes, when he was not on duty, he would fill a sack with books, mount his horse, go out to some mountain and remain alone for two or three days at a time reading these books. "Twin Sisters," two small mountains near San Angelo, Texas, was one of his frequent places of resort. During that year he actually devoured that library.

## CHAPTER 8. TO THE FRONT

One year ended the ranger careers of the two brothers. They wanted to go where there was real fighting. Their term, of enlistment having expired, they returned to their now painfully saddened home. During their absence, a younger brother, Charles Aleine, one next to Harvey in age (16 years), and their father had died. But the demands of war were hard. They must immediately go again. The widowed mother must be left. They enlisted in Company A of the Seventeenth Volunteer Texas Regiment of Infantry. They were now joined by another brother, Laban Joseph, in age between Fuller and Harvey. R. T. P. Allen was their Colonel. J. Z. Miller (of Belton and yet living) was their lieutenant colonel. Their regiment was attached to McCulloch's brigade of Walker's division. This regiment went into camp of instruction at Camp Terry, seven miles below Austin, Texas, on the Colorado River. It remained there but a short time. It was needed too badly at the front. This, however, being the biography of but one man, and not a story of the war, little can be said on that subject.

I here let his much loved colonel say some words concerning the young soldier. They were taken from a private letter recently written:

“B.H. Carrol was an attractive young man, then 18 years old, exhibiting thought and culture, engaging frequently in debates and speech-making. Even at that young age, he always commanded a hearing. He was a private in the ranks, but a gallant soldier. Always on the firing line and behaving with marked courage. He participated in the battles of Perkins Landing, April 30, 1863; Milliken's Bend, June 7, 1863; and the celebrated campaign against the Federals, commanded by General Banks. General E. Kirby Smith's army retired before Banks' army from the mouth of the Atchafalaya River to Mansfield, La., a distance of 200 miles.

“On the 8th of April, 1864, our command halted and went into camp. About midnight, an order ran through the camps to cook three days' rations and be ready to march at daylight. We expected to continue our retreat to Shreveport, only about forty miles away; but to our surprise we turned back facing General Banks. We marched ten miles and

engaged him in battle just four miles east of Mansfield. As I now remember, Banks had 52,000 soldiers. We had 35,000. Our left struck his right and we achieved a great victory, but at a great sacrifice of men. We captured in that battle 5,000 prisoners, 15,000 small arms, thirty-six pieces of artillery (known as the celebrated Mims battery), 240 transportation wagons, all loaded with quartermaster supplies and with four fine horses with new harness to each wagon, forty hospital ambulances, and forty ordnance wagons, all well loaded with ammunition.

“On the next day Banks took up full retreat; but we engaged him again the next day at Pleasant Hill. There we had another hard fight which closed only with the darkness of the night. The next day Banks was again in full retreat. B.H. Carroll was wounded at Mansfield in the first day’s battle, and hence was not in the hard fight on the second day at Pleasant Hill.

“Harvey Carroll as a soldier was always courteous, not only to his officers, but to his comrades. In fact, he was an ideal soldier. He stood always for the right against the wrong and for the weak against the strong.”

Thus wrote his colonel.

The four-year war period of B.H. Carroll’s life was a period when his infidelity had full sway and a period when he seemed to care least for his life. He sought the most dangerous duties and volunteered for the most hazardous enterprises. And yet through it all his life was spared. As God said of Job to Satan: “Behold, he is in thine hand, but save his life.” So it was with this young man; he was literally in the hands of Satan, but his life was spared.

At the battle of Milliken’s Bend this incident occurred: The Confederates had to charge a line of breastworks some half a mile away. Behind these breastworks were many Negro soldiers, who, it is said, had been promised their freedom if they would fight this battle. They were bravely fighting it. The long half-mile charge through an open field was made at a run. Harvey Carroll, being a noted runner, was at the breastworks many seconds ahead of most of his comrades. He fell down at the works right under the muzzles of the federal guns. Why he was not killed by the firing of his own troops is next to a miracle. While lying there those few long seconds a desperate Negro jumped upon the breastworks

and deliberately began picking out a man to shoot at. He looked down and saw the daring rebel just beneath his feet. He quickly turned his gun upon him, but before he could fire the rebel, who was lying upon his side resting upon his elbow, his gun in his hand and loaded, suddenly thrust up his gun, the bayonet entering the Negro's mouth, and fired. The Negro's gun was never fired. By this time other comrades were reaching the works. Over them the yelling rebels went and the fort was soon captured.

The three Carroll brothers, Fuller, Laban, and Harvey, went into every battle side by side. Of course they were many times separated in the midst of the battle. They were all tall men—one 6 feet 3 inches, another 6 feet 3 ½ inches, and the other 6 feet 4 ½ inches. Their company went into one battle nearly one hundred strong—only thirty-two came out. These three tall brothers were three of the thirty-two.

During the whole four years of the war only one of the three was ever touched by a bullet. At the bloody battle of Mansfield, Harvey, the youngest of the three, went down, his thigh pierced by the enormous ball of the "Minnie rifle." The bullet passed between the bone and the femoral artery, grazing both. In those days of crude surgery, a hair's breadth variation either way would have meant certain death. His brother Laban, a Samson in strength, 6 feet 4 ½ inches in height and weighing 200 pounds, found him, picked him up and carried him two miles off the battlefield. At one point the bullets were falling so thick and fast that Laban laid him down in a depression of the ground and waited a while. But the wounded boy was mad and desperate. He raised himself upon his elbow and cursed the Yankees, the brother begging him to lie down and hush, and protect himself. Finally, seeing that he would not try to protect himself, the strong and loving brother took him again in his arms and carried him as rapidly as possible off the battlefield. He carried him finally, by permission of his officers, to a little Southern cottage home where the generous people took them in, and there the one brother nursed the other through the long days while life hung upon a very brittle thread. The life not cherished by the wounded boy was yet cherished by the Lord. "Behold, he is in thine hand, but save his life." "The Lord had need of him."

The war correspondent for the newspapers at that time was this wounded soldier. Bad as he was wounded, the stirring report of the great battle and the great victory came out promptly. Oh, with what intense interest and anxiety the mother and the younger children read that report and looked over the list of

killed and then of the wounded. She nearly fainted when she saw the name of B.H. Carroll, but then she noted the words, "B.H. Carroll, -slightly wounded." She knew not that the son was war correspondent, but the son knew that his mother would read that article. In mercy to the anxious and heavy laden heart of that far-away mother, he wrote, "B.H. Carroll, slightly wounded." And yet, at least four out of five of those thus wounded with those enormous "Minnie balls" died of their wounds. The mother knew not what God had in store for that boy, yet she still trusted Him.

We are trying to make this a true biography of B.H. Carroll. We cannot close this chapter on his war experience without telling of another side of his life during this period. In the midst of his constant soldier duties, marching, guarding, and fighting, he found time for many debates. He had little trouble finding opponents, since he always took the unpopular side. In giving some examples of these debates, we copy from the sketch of his life given in his first printed book of sermons:

"Soon after mustering into service he delivered a speech at Monticello, Ark., on the 'Delusions of the South.' These delusions were set forth as follows:

- (1) Speedy victory of the Confederate armies;
- (2) cowardice of Northern troops;
- (3) reliance on Northern Democrats;
- (4) reliance on European intervention.

"Later on he held a camp-fire debate in Louisiana on the 'Effect off the Fall of Vicksburg.' This speech was a negative reply to the affirmative, 'We'll Whip 'Em Yet.' Its exordium commenced: 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' So the Fourth of July fights against us. In one disastrous day it gives us Lee's repulse at Gettysburg, Holmes' repulse at Helena, and the downfall of Vicksburg. The Confederacy is as much divided as if the Father of Waters were a river of fire. All the Trans-Mississippi department is eliminated from the conflict. We can witness, but not relieve the dying agonies of the states beyond the River.

"Another one of his camp-fire debates was held in Louisiana, in which he replied to a speech charging that 'Grant is no general.' The exordium of this speech commenced: 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.' It is madness to underestimate the talents and resources of

an enemy. Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga are witnesses to Grant's generalship, whose testimony is unanswerable and ineffaceable. The campaign resulting in the investment of Vicksburg will rank in generalship and strategy with the most brilliant achievements of Bonaparte in Italy. Another witness testifies: 'He is a great general who attracts to himself or who develops great subordinates.' Sherman, Logan, McPherson, Sheridan, and Thomas cluster around Grant. My friends, I dread this man's cool, self-poised, everlasting bulldog persistence.

"The last and perhaps most notable of all his campfire debates was delivered in Louisiana on this proposition: 'Resolved, That Confederate success is more to be dreaded than their defeat.' In this debate he had the affirmative. He commenced: 'Mr. President, I base all my argument on one compound proposition. If we are defeated, the war is ended; but if we succeed, war is perpetual.' The perpetuity of war in case of our success inevitably follows from four causes, namely:

- (1) The Mississippi and its tributaries;
- (2) the interminable artificial boundary between the North and the South;
- (3) the protection of slavery under such conditions;
- (4) the rope of sand binding the Confederate states."

Harvey was greatly loved by all of the officers in his regiment and many others as well. He was granted many privileges, probably far more than was common. Many a time did he borrow uniforms of the officers and go upon some escapade of fun and frolic. However, during these escapades he would never venture upon any serious things because of his respect and love for the officers. And yet he had many hours of genuine fun, with the laugh upon other soldier boys.

## CHAPTER 9. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

Just how long the wounded soldier remained in the friendly Louisiana home, or whose home it was, I do not know. I wish I did: But there are no records. However, his wound was not yet healed when he reached home. How he managed to get home in his condition is yet to me a mystery. There came with him a young comrade. They were both on crudely constructed crutches. How long John West, the young comrade, remained in our home I do not now recall, nor do I know what ever became of him.

Every day the two soldiers would carefully dress their own wounds. Those wounds even then looked horrid to me, but the men were always cheerful. It was my delight to wait on them. After a while West was gone. Harvey was going about on his crutches. The crude crutches had been loaned by a near neighbor, Alf Green (the brother of Harvey's old schoolmate, Ned Green) who had been wounded earlier in the war. At this time I was going to school in Caldwell to a Mrs. Barton. The close of school was near at hand. All the boys had to have speeches. My wounded brother decided to write one for me. I would to-day gladly give \$500 to be able to recall that speech and another which he wrote for a nephew, Cola Carroll, for the same occasion. They were thrilling war speeches and in rhyme. Cola's speech was on General Tom Green, a gallant cavalry officer from Texas, recently killed. It began thus

*“Tom Green is dead-Tom Green is dead,  
Ah, never more the, cannon's roar  
Will wake him from his lowly bed.”*

*My own was largely a stirring poetical account of  
the bloody battle of Mansfield. It began thus*

*“In eighteen hundred and sixty-four  
Old Banks and Steele went on a tour;  
They thought they'd take a trip to Texas,  
To levy abolition taxes.”*

*I can now remember two more parts of sentences  
and they were right in the heart of the speech:*

*“Though Mouton fell, the fierce attack  
Was led on by gallant Polignac.”*

Then followed a beautiful tribute to this brave officer who came from his far-away home to help the South in her hour of sorrow. Another half sentence was:

*“And when a shout proclaimed ‘Tom Green’  
Skedaddle went the ‘Feds’ again.”*

My speech was delivered in the morning, but was called for again that night. When it was finished, a shout went up: “Harvey Carroll! Harvey Carroll!” He was sitting on a chair in the rear of the building, with his crutches laying across his lap. Finally he said, “How am I to stand to make a speech?” The answer came quickly, “Sit down and speak.” He replied, “I can’t make a speech while sitting.” He arose and on his crutches hobbled to the platform and there made the most thrilling war speech I ever heard. The audience absolutely went wild. The cheers were nearly deafening.

Conditions at this time (1864) were almost desperate. The war was not yet ended. All the men were either dead or wounded or in prison or yet in the army. Home conditions were about as bad as army conditions. The wounded soldier, his wound still far from healed, felt that he must do something to help his widowed mother and his younger brothers and sisters and the several orphans yet in the home. In his badly crippled condition, there was little that he could do. He decided to teach school.

Some five miles from his home was a community known as “Yellow Prairie.” (A railroad now passes through this community, and the little town on the edge of the prairie, about one mile from the old schoolhouse, is called Chriesman.) The people of the community were nearly all Methodists and Presbyterians, but they were glad to get the school, even though the teacher was neither Methodist nor Presbyterian, but notoriously skeptical. (He never, however, attempted to teach his infidelity to others.) The people all knew that probably he was the best qualified for teaching of any person in the county.

School began, and it was soon crowded to the utmost limits of the school building. Students came from many parts of the county. Many rode horse-back or walked long distances. Some had to get board. There were quite a number of grown young women. Probably sixteen years covered the highest age of any of the boys. All older than that were in the *army*. Grades ranged from beginners to some tolerably well advanced. I went to that school, part of the time riding the five miles from home and part of the time Harvey arranged board for me and paid for it in tuition. I do not now recall just how long this school lasted. I



think, however, only one year. The teacher was soon induced to move his school to Caldwell, our home town. There he very soon had a large school, many of his students following him to Caldwell.

I have known many school teachers-most of them in the last thirty years; but never, in my judgment, have I seen the equal of B.H. Carroll. He was a strict disciplinarian, and yet he won and always won the confidence and genuine love of all his students. As a teacher, he had the faculty of making things so plain that even the dullest could understand. He had a way of arousing or creating ambition and waking up intellect that was really wonderful. There was always the keenest rivalry among both boys and girls. His old-fashioned spelling-matches, reading and declamation classes were always interesting and great. Visitors by the score, and sometimes by the hundred would always attend the public exercises. His schools were live affairs. There was never a dull moment. Few pupils ever cared to play "hookey."

It was while this school was in progress that the Civil War ended. When the news of Lee's surrender came, then for the first time, and the only time in life. Harvey Carroll gave down. The heart went out of him. He never, from the very beginning, believed that the end would be otherwise. Yet, when it did come, he actually collapsed. He had been preparing for a great commencement, but he abruptly closed the school. He had longed to return to his command and had been appointed adjutant by his colonel. He had gone so far once as to buy a fine horse and ride back to Louisiana to where his command was then stationed, but the long ride had opened anew his old wound. He was ordered to return home. With a heavy heart, he had returned and again entered the schoolroom. It was this school that he was teaching when the news of Lee's surrender came. This was the saddest period of his whole life. Just how long this dreadful period lasted I do not know, but it had not fully ended when there came to him the greatest event of his checkered career. But still another chapter must be written before that event can be recorded.

## CHAPTER 10. HIS INFIDELITY

Harvey Carroll at this time is 21 years of age - a very young man, just old enough to vote; and yet has lived a long life. His reading has been as broad as English literature. His experiences have been many and varied and some of them desperately hard. Four years as a soldier. For a number of years, I do not know how many, he has been an infidel. He has read all infidel books of every phase of infidelity. He knows them all by heart. But, unlike most other infidels, he has read all the then published religious books, and had many times read the Bible. Few preachers of that day knew the Bible as he knew it. He could very nearly repeat it. But his heart was closed against it. He wrote much on infidelity. (This was not generally known.)

At one time, before he was 20, he wrote a book on infidelity. Before it was sent to the press one of his younger brothers got hold of the manuscript and read it. It came *very* nearly wrecking his life. When Harvey learned about it he burned the manuscript. During the infidel period of his life he was the dread of all preachers. Especially was this true during the time he was a soldier in the Civil War. He knew well the doctrines of all the different denominations.

It was not an unusual thing for him, while in the army, to mount a stump or log, and reply to the preachers who preached to the soldiers. More especially was this true if the preacher happened to have any vagaries. He thoroughly knew orthodoxy. He was always a dreaded antagonist. His knowledge of all subjects, his wit, his sarcasm, his logic, his eloquence, made him almost irresistible in debate. Every soldier would stop and listen when he arose to speak. He would speak on any subject and on any occasion. He was a born debater and loved it from his youth up. No wonder all preachers dreaded him.

His final conversion was not only an occasion of great joy, but also one of genuine relief to every preacher who knew him. I have more than once heard preachers say that it was next to impossible for them to preach with ease when he was in the audience. Strange to say that during all this period he never spoke against the Baptists. That, however, was not because of any special love he had for them, but his father was a Baptist preacher and his mother a markedly devout Christian and member of that church. His love, honor, reverence, and respect for them were always unbounded. Never would he speak against their

doctrines or their personal religion. But it is better to let him, in his own way, tell of his infidelity. See "Sermons" by B.H. Carroll, pp. 13-23 or "Jesus the Christ," pp. 11-22.

The former of these books was published in 1893 and the latter in 1937.

## CHAPTER 11. HIS CONVERSION

Harvey Carroll was now, if possible, further from religion than at any time in his past life. His infidelity had its strongest hold upon him. He had quit going to church. There were no very strong preachers-educated ones-in the country round about. He had little respect for any of them. Only one person in the whole world seemed to have any hope that he would ever be saved. That was his little mother. She talked little. She had had many heart-breaking experiences. Her great and devoted husband, three grown sons, two grown daughters and one younger, had been taken from her, but her faith and cheerfulness failed not. Never for one moment did she doubt the ultimate salvation of her infidel boy.

While the writer of this chapter lives, never will one scene be blotted from his memory. It occurred in March, 1862. Harvey and Fuller, who had been given a furlough to come home (November 8, 1861), on account of father's serious hurt and illness, and had remained with him for two months, had returned to their command (January 13, 1862). Their furlough had expired. Father had grown worse after their leaving and was now dying. At the moment, only the youngest boy and the mother were present. The dying father was thinking of his infidel boy. Calling to the quietly weeping wife, he said, in a broken voice, "Mary Eliza, I am afraid Benajah Harvey is gone." The weeping wife and mother, too heart full to speak, vigorously shook her head. He looked at her silently for a while and then, with some ray of hope in his face, simply said, "Well, you never give up." And she never did.

In those days camp-meetings were very much in fashion. Near Caldwell were several noted camping places. At that time probably the most noted was one known as the "Waugh Camp-ground," a place used mostly by the Methodists. A camp-meeting was soon to begin there. Everybody for twenty or thirty miles knew of it and were talking of it. And in those days it was rather unusual for any family-of any denomination to fail to attend. These meetings were really great events. There were not many things to bring the people together. Great attractions of any sort were very few and far between.

The ever watching and praying mother persuaded Harvey to go. He cared absolutely nothing for it, but to please his mother, whom he loved devotedly, he

went. I also went; in fact, when permitted, I always went where he did. As was usual, the meeting soon waked up and was full of enthusiasm and excitement. Many were going to the “mourners” bench and many were professing conversion. There was much shouting. There was much effort, trying to “pull the mourners through.” One night when the interest was great and excitement was running high, among those forward for prayer was Anna Hope, a former pupil of Harvey when he was teaching at Yellow Prairie. Many of his old pupils had already professed. Some of them and many others were crowded around Miss Anna. They were anxiously working with her. I, for a moment, turned thy eyes toward Harvey. As I now recall his face, it seemed a picture of utter disgust. In a moment he called me to him and said: “Jimmie, go yonder and tell Miss Anna that I said for her not to let them persuade her to profess until she can act of her own conviction.” I was young and had no more sense than to go. And go I did. I walked up behind her people thought I was going up as a mourner, but I had no such thought. Amid a wondering group, I leaned over and delivered my message. She replied, “Tell him I will not.” I marched back through the staring crowd and told him what she said. Some days thereafter, very near the close of the camp-meeting, scores had made profession — Miss Anne Hope and Miss Sallie Chriesman, two of his old pupils, among the number. (But I will let Harvey tell what happened that day.)

“I had sworn never to put my foot in another church. My father had died believing me lost. My mother — when does a mother give up a child? - came to me one day and begged, for her sake, that I would attend one more meeting. It was a Methodist camp meeting, held in the fall of 1865. I had not an atom of interest in it. I liked the singing, but the preaching did not touch me. But one day I shall never forget. It was Sunday at 11 o’clock. The great, wooden shed was crowded. I stood on the outskirts, leaning on my crutches, wearily and somewhat scornfully enduring. The preacher made a failure even for him. There was nothing in his sermon. But when he came down, as I supposed, to exhort as usual, he startled me not only by not exhorting, but by asking some questions that seemed meant for me. He said: ‘You that stand aloof from Christianity and scorn us simple folks, what have you got? Answer honestly before God, have you found anything worth having where you are?’ My heart answered in a moment: ‘Nothing under the whole heaven; absolutely nothing.’ As if he had heard my unspoken answer, he continued: ‘Is there anything else out there worth trying, that

has any promise in it?’ Again my heart answered ‘Nothing; absolutely nothing. I have been to the jumping-off place on all of these roads. They all lead to a bottomless abyss.’ ‘Well then,’ he continued, ‘admitting there’s nothing there, if there be a God, mustn’t there be a something somewhere? If so, how do you know it is not here? Are you willing to test it? Have you the fairness and courage to try it? I don’t ask you to read any book, nor study any evidence, nor make any difficult and tedious pilgrimages; that way is too long and time is too short. Are you willing to try it now; to make a practical, experimental test, you to be the judge of the result?’

“These cool, calm and pertinent questions hit me with tremendous force, but I didn’t understand the test. He continued: ‘I base my test on these two Scriptures: “If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God”; “Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.”’ For the first time I understood the import of these Scriptures. I had never before heard of such a translation for the first and had never examined the original text. In our version it says: ‘If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.’ But the preacher quoted it, ‘Whosoever willeth to do the will of God,’ showing ‘that the knowledge as to whether the doctrine was of God depended not upon external action and not upon exact conformity with God’s will, but upon the internal disposition, ‘whosoever willeth or wishes to do God’s will.’ The old translation seemed to make knowledge impossible; the new, practicable. In the second Scripture was also new light: ‘Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord,’ which means that true knowledge follows persistence in the prosecution of it—that is, it comes not to temporary and spasmodic investigation.

“So, when he invited all who were willing to make an immediate experimental test to come forward and give him their hands, I immediately went forward. I was not prepared for the stir which this action created. My infidelity and my hostile attitude toward Christianity were so well known in the community that such action on my part developed quite a sensation. Some even began to shout. Whereupon, to prevent any misconception, I arose and stated that I was not converted; that perhaps they misunderstood what was meant *by my* coming forward; that my heart was as cold as ice; my action meant no

more than that I was willing to make an experimental test of the truth and power of the Christian religion, and that I was willing to persist in subjection to the test until a true solution could be found. This quieted matters.”

That service closed without any definite results. That was a day-service. That night, the last night of the meeting, I sat by Harvey. Several times I saw tears in his eyes. Harvey was then somewhat under conviction. When the appeal was made, he went forward. Not at all in the spirit which prompted him in the morning service. Many times there were great tears rolling down his face.

This service also closed without any definite results so far as he was concerned. I stood by and heard the preacher’s parting words to him. He plead with him to give his heart to God and earnestly prayed that his infidelity might be forgiven. Harvey was deeply touched. Many left for home that night. Some were in camps and did not leave until next day. Harvey seemed loath to leave the meeting place at once. He sat down under the shed near the pulpit; I stood by, waiting. There were near some faithful Christian women who were watching him. He seemed absolutely oblivious to everything around him. He seemed to feel utterly alone.

After a while those faithful women, without going very near him, began softly singing. Harvey’s attention was soon caught and held. Among the women singing were Mrs. Tom Thompson (with whom Harvey had boarded while teaching school in Yellow Prairie) and Miss Anne Hope (one of his former students, the same mentioned earlier in this chapter, who afterwards married Fount Thompson, one of Harvey’s ranger and soldier comrades) and Miss Sallie Chriesman (another of his old pupils). At last they began singing a song that was then new in the community. It was a sweet song and softly and sweetly sung. I give the song in full:

*“O land of rest, for thee I sigh!  
When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home?”*

*“To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on His breast  
Till He conduct me home.*

*“I sought at once my Savior’s side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With Him I’ll brave death’s chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.”*

I let John R. Lewis, now of Sweetwater, Texas, his long-time friend, tell what happened immediately following this song. He was sitting right behind him and quietly praying:

“The listener was greatly moved. He bowed his head and in subdued but anxious tones began praying (I think no one but me heard him): ‘O God of my father and mother, hear my prayer! O! Jesus, whom I have so often insulted by refusing to believe on Thee, have mer -’ The words were not finished. He raised his head, looking away off as if dazed, then catching up his crutches and adjusting them under his arms, without speaking to any one, he passed out to the rear where his horse was hitched, mounted and hurriedly left the camp-ground. That night I spent with the Thompsons in their camp. I heard many remarks by the campers. The conclusion was that ‘the test had failed.’ I did not think so-I had heard his prayer and saw the expression. However, the battle was not fully fought to a finish.”

Our home was seven miles away — most of the way was thickly wooded. Riding home alone, he turned his horse into the woods and there got down alone with God and fought the battle to a finish. It was fought out once for all the question of preaching and all else. Some time before day he reached home. Putting up his horse, he went to his room. I don’t think he undressed. He lay down across the bed and there I found him next morning, still wide awake, with almost a halo of glory on his face. Hear his own words concerning this moment:

“When the morning came it was still with me, brighter than the sunlight and sweeter than the song of birds; and now for the first time I understood the Scripture which I had often heard my mother repeat: ‘Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.’” - ~~2852~~ Isaiah 55:12.

Henry Echols, an orphan boy whom our father had raised, kept going into the room. At last, as he went out, he said to several in mother’s presence, “Something is the matter with Harvey. He is whistling and crying at the same



time.” Mother heard the remark. She immediately arose and went to the room. I followed her. She looked at him for a moment, then leaned over the bed and put her arms around him and said, “I know what is the matter with you - you have found the Savior.” I know now that the angels must have rejoiced at that scene. Harvey Carroll, the onetime infidel, was a saved man and a God-called preacher. Here are his words concerning the following night:

“I spent the night at mother’s bedside reading Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I read it all that night. And when I came with the Pilgrims to the Beulah land, from which Doubting Castle could be seen no more forever, and which was in sight of the heavenly city, and within sound of the heavenly music, my soul was filled with such a rapture and such an ecstasy of joy as I had never before experienced. I knew then as well as I know now that I would preach; that it would be my life-work; that I would have no other work.”

I found in the old records of the Caldwell church, in the period just preceding and succeeding the special event recorded in this chapter, some interesting records:

“Saturday before the fourth Lord’s day in October, 1865, church met in regular conference. Continued business called for. The committee appointed to see Harvey Carroll for dancing reported that he had requested that he be excluded from the church. On motion, the church withdrew fellowship from him.”

This case had been continued from time to time. Harvey always insisting that he was not converted and requesting expulsion.

The next record that in any way mentions Harvey Carroll is on the fourth Sunday in May, 1866. Here he was licensed to preach. The next is on the fourth Sunday in June, 1866. He was appointed a delegate to the Sunday school convention, which was to meet in Plantersville. The next is the fourth Sunday in July, 1866. He acts as moderator of the conference.

The next is the fourth Sunday in November, 1866. A presbytery is chosen to ordain him, which they immediately did. The presbytery chosen was M. Cole (father of Mrs. Dr. J. T. Harrington of Waco), Rev. Gage, J. G. Thomas, and T. S. Allen. Brother Thomas seems not to have been present and W. I. Albright acted in his place.

## CHAPTER 12.

### BEGINNINGS AND BATTLES

The early Christian life of the young convert, even though his conversion was nearly as bright as that of Paul, was no smoothly running thing. The devil did not let go without a struggle. Many hard battles had to be fought. B.H. Carroll was naturally a proud Lucifer and fearfully quick tempered. Ever to question his honor meant war. I here relate a funny incident illustrating this statement. It occurred some time after he moved to Waco. I was there on a visit. He had just been telling me some of the many troubles gotten into by his three boys, especially of some of their school-boy fights. He had remarked that he “could not imagine where his boys got their fighting proclivities.”

Our conversation on that subject had not ended when we started to town. We got on a street car. (At that time the cars were drawn by mules.) Immediately upon entering the car he stepped forward and dropped a ticket in the box. I went forward later and dropped in a 5-cent piece. The ticket dropped in by him slipped down behind another ticket, the only other ticket in the box. The car had had on that trip but one other passenger, and he got off where we got on. The driver (there were no conductors) after a while came back into the car and said to B.H.:

“You have not paid your fare.”

“Why, yes, I have,” came the surprised response.

“No, but you have not.”

“But I have.”

“There are only two fares in the box and the gentleman who got off back yonder, I know, paid his, and this gentleman here (pointing to me) paid a 5-cent piece, and you have not paid yours.”

“But I tell you that I have.” (Emphasis was increasing.) “I paid it immediately upon entering the car.”

“But I know you have not.”

“Look here (emphasis still increasing and the speaker rising), do not dispute my word; that is a liberty I allow to no one.”

“Well,” said the driver, turning and walking back through the door to his mules, “I know you have not.”

“Hold on, stop!” the speaker starting through the car door, following the burly driver; but the driver slammed the door shut. It was jerked open, but was again slammed shut. It was again more vigorously jerked open and a foot thrust between. It was again slammed shut, and this time caught the foot. This somewhat increased the excitement and the temper and the energy. The door was somewhat roughly jerked open. The speaker forced himself through the Dardanelles and would soon have attacked Constantinople, but just at this time we were meeting another car. The driver jumped over the dashboard and made for the other car to exchange places with the other driver. But as he landed on the ground between the cars the excited passenger landed on top of him, with his hand in his collar.

“Stop, I say; you will go no farther until you apologize to me for disputing my word.” The apology was promptly made. However, the driver thought it safer to exchange places with the other, which he did. When the irate passenger re-entered the car, I was stretched out on the car seat, my sides almost splitting with laughter. He looked at me with an expression somewhat quizzical mingled with disgust. His expression tickled me more than ever. He sat down in silence. Several minutes elapsed. I was trying to choke back my laughing. After a while, somewhat realizing the ludicrousness of the situation, he grimly remarked, more to himself than to me: “I think I can see where my boys got some of their fighting proclivities.” I could have told him earlier, but I waited for him to discover it.

B.H. Carroll never feared anything from his childhood. Grace did more for Harvey Carroll than for any other man I have ever known. Never was a life more thoroughly made over. At the time of his conversion there were no praying ones in our home except mother. The first meal after his conversion he asked a blessing. The first night he conducted family worship. It was the first time such a service had been held in our home since the death of our father, some three or four years gone by. Oh, the happiness of mother!

Just about this time, there came through our country town young W. W. (Spurgeon) Harris, a schoolmate of young Harvey's while in Baylor. He remained with us and preached for a few days. While there he baptized in Davidson Creek the young convert. (Note - Spurgeon Harris was one of the most eloquent young preachers Texas ever had. But almost in the very

beginning of his promising life he went into consumption and soon passed away.)

Within a few weeks of his baptism Harvey preached his first sermon. How strange it all seemed. An infidel of only a few weeks ago now preaching the Christ that he had so vehemently rejected. A mighty revolution in a life! He was already a great preacher when he preached his first sermon. He had preached many mock sermons prior to that. He already knew the words of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. The heart of it was now revealed to him by the Spirit. Soon after his first sermon a protracted meeting was held in Caldwell. He aided in the preaching. I remember well a number of different appeals he made during that meeting. I mention only one. One night there sat in the audience many of the soldiers recently returned from the war—most of them from the Second Texas Regiment. None of these had yet been moved during the meeting. Things were moving slowly that night. The young preacher had not preached, but near the close of the service he arose and made an appeal, such as it seemed then to me I had never heard. It appeared to my young mind almost enough to raise the dead. He closed with words something like these:

“Where are the old Second Texas boys? There are not many of them left. Most of their comrades sleep their last sleep on the hard-fought battle-fields of Shiloh, Corinth and others. But God spared a few of them to return to their desolate homes. Some of them are here to-night. Will they not to-night come and seek the salvation of their souls which God in great mercy kept for them through so many dangers? Won’t they come now?” They came — all of them came. Oh, what a night that was!

## CHAPTER 13.

### A HAPPY MARRIAGE

Soon after the close of the Civil War there moved to Caldwell, Texas, from Starkville, Miss. (the state in which Harvey was born), a family of Bellsfather, mother, and six children. Mr. Bell had other children by a former marriage, but these did not move to Caldwell. Miss Ellen, the oldest girl, then about grown, was in the judgement of a 14-year-old boy the most beautiful and most attractive young woman in Caldwell. The older brother of the 14-year-old boy soon became, evidently, to be of the same mind. For it was about this time some one on the streets wanted to know where Harvey Carroll could be found. Mr. Bell, father of Miss Ellen, an old deer hunter, especially with hounds, overhearing the inquiry, laughingly replied: "I don't know where he is just now, but if you will go, take a stand at my gate I think you will soon get a shot."

Harvey and Ellen were soon truly and deeply in love with each other. There came a time when Harvey wanted a whole day with Miss Ellen. There were so many things he wanted to say that he thought it hardly possible to say them in one short visit of three or four hours at her home. So he planned a great "fish-fry" and picnic. Davidson Creek, a little stream flowing hard by Caldwell (at least it was flowing most of the time) was in those days noted for its many polliwogs and little perch. The day was set. The "fish-fry" was to be at a certain place on Davidson Creek. Much stress was laid upon the picnic dinner that should be carried by everybody. Not much stress, however, was laid upon the number of frying pans, lard, and other things necessary for a real "fishfry." Harvey was staying in town at that time. Our family home was still two miles in the country. Harvey managed to get out home one day just before the great day to have a little conference with me. It was on this wise:

"Jimmie, if we have any fish on that day you will have to catch them. That picnic crowd will never catch any. Suppose you get up very early that day and take your fishing tackle and commence fishing here near home and fish right down the creek to the picnic grounds, getting there just before dinner time." I did it. In fact, there was never a time in my life when I wouldn't do anything he would ask, or at least try. I so gauged my time as to reach the picnic grounds about 11:30. When I reached the last good fishing hole at which I expected to fish (it was but a short distance from the picnic grounds), I there found Harvey's

fishing pole, hook and line, can of worms, and his pocket-knife. He had not fished any. He had not even finished arranging his tackle. But I learned afterward he had carried out most effectively the original purpose of the “fish-fry.” He had had a delightful time with Miss Ellen. The question had been popped and Miss Ellen had said, “Yes.” How happy and how shy they looked! I was soon quietly told all about it. I was happy. I liked Miss Ellen. By the way, the only fish at the “fish-fry” were those that I had caught. However, there were enough to serve at that part of the table where the young couple ate.

The marriage was not very long delayed. Harvey wanted his old president and teacher to perform the ceremony. He rode horseback to Waco, some ninety miles away, to see Dr. R. C. Burleson in person. He was afraid to risk a letter. Dr. Burleson came. He came by private conveyance; there was no other way to come. I will never forget that marriage. It was the first time I had ever seen Dr. Burleson. There were four couples of attendants. Their names were as follows: Laban J. Carroll (the groom’s brother), E. B. Bell (the bride’s brother), W. W. Harris, William Pullas, Misses Hattie Broadus, Nannie Elston, Zanthia Ryan; the other name I have forgotten. The marriage took place December 28, 1866. The ceremony was impressive. It was a great occasion for our little town. There were many guests.

It proved to be a God-made match. They were both poor in this world’s goods, but God mightily blessed them as the years went by. Harvey Carroll was married in a borrowed coat. It was hardly thought proper for a man in those days to be married without a frock broadcloth coat. No store in Burleson or adjoining counties had one. The war had not long been closed. What could be done? Mr. William Jenkins, a near neighbor (he still lives in Caldwell), had one. He had had it made in Houston to be used at his own marriage, which had occurred but a little while prior to this. It was freely offered. It was gladly accepted. That coat did service of that sort on more than the two occasions, when W. H. Jenkins was married and when B.H. Carroll was married. To my own definite knowledge there was more than one borrowed coat used at that marriage.

The former Miss Bell made B.H. Carroll a great and loving and loyal wife. She was not a Christian at the time of their marriage. But his great preaching and Christly living soon led her to accept Christ as her Savior. He baptized her. She was beautiful as a girl, great as a woman, loyal as a wife, devoted as a mother and faithful as a Christian. There were never many greater women.

## CHAPTER 14.

### PREACHING AND TEACHING

In those days the churches, at least those in Burleson County, paid next to nothing to their preachers. I do not think that a church in the county paid more than \$100 a year, at least, in cash—probably not half that. Few, if any, had preaching oftener than once a month. Necessity seemed to compel all preachers to do some sort of secular work for a living. B.H. Carroll was no exception to the rule. So, for two years following his ordination, he taught school during the week, preaching every Saturday and Sunday. After a while he taught in Caldwell. It was while teaching in Caldwell and a while before his marriage that, in addition to his day-school and his preaching, he taught a night school as well.

The soldiers returned from the war—many of them were yet boys hardly 21, and some not much older, had missed and were yet missing all chance of an education. The heart of the young preacher was mightily stirred within him. He knew these young people could not go to school in the daytime. The Negroes were freed and all things were in a desperate condition. Farms had gone down and were grown up in bushes. A new start, with almost nothing to start with, had to be made. The young teacher and preacher opened a night school. One dollar per month tuition was the price, but it was distinctly announced that those who wanted to come could come whether they could pay the tuition or not. I do not think that one out of six paid.

Another serious difficulty entered into the situation. There were no schoolbooks to be had. Not one in ten of the pupils had a book. None could study out of school hours. Two hours were spent each school night, three nights in the week. Two lessons were studied, taught and recited each night — one of history and one of something else. Lectures were delivered. Students who could get a scrap of blank paper (there were no tablets then) or a slate took notes. Most of them, however, had to trust entirely to their memories.

That was a great school and a great success. Ambitions were there awakened which told mightily in the future. Probably the greatest immediate good resulting from that school was to make those young men forget the horrors of the battlefields, the awfulness of reconstruction days, and the discouraging outlook at home, and start life anew with a brightening hope. The new generation could never realize the awful horrors of reconstruction days. Here the young teacher

and preacher was a mighty help. Ever rejoicing in his own new-found hope in God, he brightened the lives of all those who came in contact with him.

While he was teaching and preaching in Caldwell, mother, sister Mary and I lived with him. (We lived with him part of the time while he was, afterward, teaching at Post Oaks.) During the time that we were with him in Caldwell he held a great revival meeting with the church there. I mention but two events of this meeting. First, was the conversion of his wife. She was led to Christ through his preaching. I can shut my eyes now and see in my memory one of the happiest scenes ever imprinted there. It was not at church, but at home. Sister Ellen (that is what I always called her) had been under deep conviction for several days. Suddenly the light had burst into her heart. It shone out gloriously upon her face. She and Harvey were locked in each other's arms and the dear, sweet, ever-believing mother was trying to hug them both at once. Gracious scene.

The other incident during that meeting was stamped on my memory, never to be erased. One night as a great service, in which a number had been converted, was just closing the preacher in charge said: "Let us be dismissed." The congregation arose. Harvey suddenly called out:

"Brother Allen, wait; I feel that I must say a few words." The people sat down, wondering what was to come. The young preacher stood before the audience and made a statement something like this:

"I am unwilling to close this meeting yet. I have an impression which I can not shake off nor can I explain it. But somehow I am awfully impressed that there is some one here in this audience if not saved to-night will never be saved. This is his last chance." He said: "Brethren, let me make one more appeal; I feel pressed in soul that I should make it." And he made it. The appeal was solemnity personified. I was sitting far back in the audience. I saw a young man arise from the back seat. He walked up the aisle and Harvey walked down to meet him. These are the words the young man spoke: "Mr. Carroll, I am that man." It was like an electric shock. The young man was in perfect health. His name was Pullar. He was saved that night. Just one week to a day thereafter he was buried. He was suddenly stricken down with some acute disease and quickly passed away. Harvey's life was filled with visions and impressions like that just described. They were as vivid to him as absolute realities. Those who knew him best will probably recall numbers of times when he had impressions like that. And in every instance they turned out as he said. I could give some



striking examples of this. I wonder now why I was not converted sooner as I think of some of the things that I saw. But that was to come later.

His last literary school was taught at old Post Oaks in Burlson County. It came about in this way In the summer of 1867 he assisted in a meeting at "Post Oaks." Providence was the name of the church. Just preceding the meeting, Little River Association convened with this church. Rev. S. G. O'Bryan, one of our best preachers in those days, attended the meeting and preached a great sermon on Sunday night. The next morning he started for home. He traveled but a few miles when he was suddenly taken very ill. The news came speedily back to "Post Oaks" that he had yellow fever. It created a commotion throughout the country. Nobody could be found to nurse the sick man. Harvey left the meeting and went to the suffering preacher and nursed him until he died. It was but a few days. The disease turned out to be black-jaundice, not yellow fever. The young preacher returned to the meeting and took for his first text, "He being dead yet speaketh." This unusual funeral sermon of S. G. O'Bryan made a profound impression upon the meeting. He continued to do the preaching throughout the remainder of the meeting. There was a great revival and many professions. Sixty-five were baptized at the close of the revival. The people of the community decided to settle the young preacher in their midst. They made him this proposition: To become their pastor, preach for them two Sundays in the month, and teach their literary school. For these services he was to receive \$800 per annum. The proposition was accepted.

Students came from many miles away. There were many boarders. Some came from Washington County, from the immediate neighborhood of Baylor University; some from Brazos County; some from what is now Lee County. So many came that he had to employ an assistant. The school prospered as a school from the very first day. I wish it were possible to give here an account of one event during the existence of that school. It was a May-day celebration. It was following the old fashion, but the manner of celebrating was unique in the extreme. I can give but a very faint idea of that celebration.

A queen of May was elected (this was Miss Mattie Phegely), then a representative of each of the other eleven months-all girls. Then a king to crown the queen, then a banner-bearer for the queen. Then a captain for her soldiers and the soldiers themselves; then a unique character, a king of the pigmies, a little bit of a fellow who came in unheralded during the ceremonies, and was caught by the soldiers and brought before the queen. She immediately had him

liberated and asked his name and country. He replied: "I am king of the pigmies, O queen; I have heard of your beauty and renown and have come to ask you to be my wife." She replied: "I am indeed glad to welcome your majesty to our kingdom. But I have no thought of marrying-and even if I had, I think I would choose a husband a size or two larger than you are. But I pray you, stay and be our honored guest at the remainder of our ceremonies and at our royal feast."

During the ceremonies there were speeches by the queen and king and each of the eleven representatives of the other months, the banner-bearer, the captain, and numerous others. The whole program was arranged by the teacher. It was a gay and great occasion. There were literally thousands of people present. The ceremonies lasted all day. Everything was, of course, out of doors. I can remember but little of the various speeches. The captain, marching his troops around the queen as her bodyguard, began his speech thus:

***"I am a man of war, O Queen,  
My speech is blunt,  
My voice is tuned with the notes of the guns."***

The ceremonies closed with an address by Captain James W. Ragsdale. (Some of his family still live in Caldwell.)

I refer to this incident in the life of B.H. Carroll simply to call attention to his many and varied resources of mind and to show in a little measure why his schools were so popular. He taught every period of the eight hours a day and yet preached some three or four times every week. Then during the period of his night school he taught two more hours three nights in each week. His capacity for work was marvelous.

This school at Post Oaks began in the fall of 1867 and continued during the spring term of 1868. The fall term of 1868 began, but continued only about three months. It closed for lack of financial support.. At the last church or community conference the preacher and teacher arose and said:

"Brethren, our agreement must come to an end. If it had not been for the pocketbook of Sister Lewis (mother of John R. Lewis of Sweetwater) and the smoke-house of John McCasland, I would have starved long ago. The \$800 has not been paid." This closed the literary school-work of B.H. Carroll.

## CHAPTER 15.

### PREACHING AND FARMING

School teaching at that time (1866 to 1868) was very unprofitable, at least so far as financial remuneration was concerned. Tuition price was about \$1.50 per month, when paid at all, paid mostly “in kind,” that is, anything a teacher could be induced to accept, such as wood, hay and stubble, corn, vegetables, cows, hogs, horses, chickens, eggs, butter, etc. Remember, this was just following the Civil War, and at that time there was almost no market value for any of these things, and as preachers were generally paid in the same sort of commodities as the teachers, this teacher and preacher felt that it was necessary to get up some new combination. Hence he decided to try farming with his preaching.

He rented a place from his brother, John William. Another brother, F.W. (Dock) and I were renting land on the same farm. The house in which Harvey lived was about half a mile from the house in which we lived. Both houses were built mainly of logs. Our land adjoined. Harvey hired two young men, prepared his ground, and put in a large crop. One of Harvey’s hired men was an ex-soldier from the Northern army and the other an ex-soldier from the Southern army. Having preaching appointments for every Saturday and Sunday, he could not make a full farm hand himself. But he gave to the farm about four full days in each week.

The beginnings of that crop were great and full of promise. The ground was all well prepared and well planted. Corn and cotton, mostly cotton, came up beautifully. Hoeing time soon came. One of the young men quit. The farmer-preacher could not get enough from his preaching to pay the \$15 a month each to his two hands. The land was black and sticky. The spring rains set in. It kept raining. Harvey was soon badly behind with his work. It kept raining, sometimes for days at a time. Grass and weeds grew mightily. Brother Dock and I decided to throw out part of our crop so as to save the balance. Harvey was full of grit and yet hopeful. Cotton was 18 cents a pound and frequently more. A big crop would put him on his feet, enable him to buy more books, and give more time to preaching. So he hung on to his whole big crop. Still it rained; no hands could be hired. Conditions were getting desperate. Something had to be done.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of “house-raisings,” “log-rollings,” “corn-shuckings,” and the like. Harvey decided to have a “cotton-chopping.” The day was appointed. All the neighbors far and near were invited. Everybody was supposed to come or “send a hand.” The day came. The neighbors came. Some came because they really wanted to; others came because they could in this way pay for the free preaching they had been getting. Others came, doubtless, because of the great dinner to be served. (Dinners on these occasions were always great. These occasions, in fact, would never have survived so many years if it had not been for the great dinners.) This “cotton-chopping” occasion was no exception to the rule. Harvey lost a full week from the field getting ready for it. Negro cooks had been brought from afar to do the cooking. What a dinner! No wedding dinner could have beaten it. Dock and I and our one hired hand all left our crop for the day and joined the “cotton-chopping” crowd. We all, probably some fifty of us, went to work with a rush-but “man proposes and God disposes.”

It seemed that God had appointed that “cotton-chopping” day for an entirely different purpose than that which prompted the man who planned it. The preacher must be turned once and for all from his mixed services, his combination plans, preaching and something else. A cloud not much bigger than a man’s hand appeared in the skies, but it was as full of portent as Elijah’s little cloud. This cloud rapidly grew. Thunder was soon heard in the distance. We could hardly get to the house before the storm burst upon us in all of its fury. It was a storm, a terrific and memorable rain-storm-a modern flood. The dinner was served and was a great success; but the hoeing was not done. It was more than a week before we could get back into the fields. The preacher’s whole crop was lost. He did not gather a grain of corn or a lock of cotton. That year ended the young preacher’s combination service. From that year on he gave his whole life to the ministry.

But I cannot close this chapter without telling you of the results of his ministry during this year. He had great revivals at all of his churches. He baptized his oldest and youngest brothers-the oldest near 50 and the youngest 17. The oldest did good services for God as a layman; the youngest became a preacher. His life is still being lived.

Furthermore, it was during this year that the young preacher opened a “Midweek Sunday School,” as we called it. He had no Sunday appointments near our home. We had a schoolhouse called the “Carroll Schoolhouse”

(because of what John W. Carroll had done to secure it). It was nearly one mile away from our home. He wanted to do something for his immediate neighbors. He had no time except midweek nights. He sent off and got some old-fashioned question books (there were no such things as quarterlies then), and he would himself prepare questions each week. The Midweek Sunday School was organized. Superintendent, teachers and officers were all one man. Here the writer of this chapter began his first real study of the Bible. He had never had the privilege of a real Sunday School for more than four Sundays in all his life. There are yet living numbers of people who will never forget this "Wednesday Night Sunday School." As one result, a gracious revival soon broke out. The preacher must hold a meeting at the schoolhouse. This was the unanimous desire of everybody in the community. He held the meeting and looked to me to lead the singing. I never could sing, but I was about as good as could be had, unless Uncle Joe Benson happened to be there. In that case we would "make the welkin ring" and the shingles rattle. Uncle Joe was a great singer. The meeting was great in results. As illustrative of some of the traits of the preacher, I give one incident of the meeting.

One night he preached what some of us thought was a mighty sermon. The preacher evidently did his best, but no move was made. No one professed, no one even went to the mourner's bench. He went away disappointed and depressed. He felt that he was to blame. He had failed. He wondered why somebody was not saved-he always expected that to happen at every service. He looked for results. There were none visible. What a night of agony for the preacher! At that time we were all (the three farming brothers) staying at the same home. Harvey's room was next to mine. His wife was absent. He was restless. He did not sleep. He was sighing and groaning and wringing his hands. I was greatly distressed; I thought he was bad sick; I could not sleep. I frequently went to him and asked if I could do anything. He would say to me, not with crossness but more with sadness, "Go away, Jimmie; go to bed; you can't help me."

I would go away, but not to bed. Occasionally I could hear a few words: "O God, have I been mistaken in my call? Am I not to preach? Am I disgracing and dishonoring Thy cause?"

This trouble and anguish lasted all night. Morning came; he had not slept. Neither had I. He would eat no breakfast. Work-time came. I was afraid to leave him. He was still in his room on the bed. He had not undressed the whole

night. I was sitting out on the veranda within hearing. I was not then a Christian (that came later in the same year). I could not understand.

About 9 o'clock in the morning a young man rode up to the gate. It was Clark Hilliard, considered the hardest sinner in the whole neighborhood. Probably not that he was worse in morals, but careless and thoughtless of religion. No sermon had ever seemed to touch him. Hundreds of prayers from his preacher brother, relatives and other friends had gone up for him. He had seemed to have a heart of stone. This is the man who rode up to the gate. He called to me: "Jim, is your brother at home?" I said, "Yes." "May I see him?" I did not know, but I told him to get down and come in. He came in. I, with great uncertainty as to what I should do, took him to Harvey's room. What a pitiable sight he was. His distress and anguish had been awful. I called to him and said

"Harvey, here is Mr. Clark Hilliard; he wishes to see *you*." Without interest, he lifted his head and said: "What is it you want?"

Mr. Hilliard said: "Mr. Carroll, I am in great trouble. I was out at preaching last night and heard your sermon-I cannot get away from it. I never slept last night. I am a lost sinner. I have come to you for help."

Ah, me! what a change and how sudden and how complete! The once distressed preacher jumped out of bed and said: "Let's pray."

The two knelt and I bowed my head. Such a prayer! He first asked God to forgive him for his lack of trust and then asked God to save the young man. They arose from their knees, the countenances of both radiant with happiness.

That meeting was great. It was one of the great meetings in the life of B.H. Carroll. He soon began another meeting at old Post Oaks, where he was still preaching once a month. There he had another glorious revival. Among those saved and baptized at that meeting was the writer of this chapter.

## CHAPTER 16.

### “COME WEAL OR WOE”

“Come weal or woe, I shall give my life wholly to preaching the Gospel.” These are the words and this the resolution of B.H. Carroll in the late Spring of 1869, at the close of his final experiment at mixed service - “preaching and farming.”

He had now been a preacher for four years. He had done much preaching in spite of his constant “tent-making,” and God had wonderfully blessed his preaching, though not his “tent making.” His business affairs had not prospered. He probably had not collected one thousand dollars, all told, for his four years of hard service. How he lived is a mystery. But, Burlison County churches, in their pay of preachers at that period, were no exception to the general rule in Texas. Yet, in the face of this fact and the serious prevailing conditions in consequence, the above resolution was definitely, fixedly and finally made.

While waiting for the leadings of the Spirit and praying for divine guidance, there came an invitation to go to Waco and deliver the commencement address at Waco University. This was June, 1869. He accepted the invitation and went. The night before reaching Waco he stopped at old Masterville (now Bruceville). That night a sneak-thief stole all the money he had a twenty dollar gold piece. Some say that this incident probably resulted in his finally settling in Waco. He had had an invitation from some church beyond Waco, and intended visiting there while on this trip. The loss of his money made it impossible. He went no farther than Waco.

He went on to Waco and delivered the address. According to the testimony of Judge W. H. Jenkins of Waco, that address was a great success. To use Judge Jenkins’ words, “It was a classic.” While on this trip he came in touch with the several families by the name of Harrison, two generals and a doctor. They lived fifteen miles below Waco on the east side of the Brazos at a place then known as “Goat Neck.” The railroad station near that point is now called “Harrison Switch.” A country church had been recently organized in the neighborhood of the Harrisons, called New Hope. Dr. R. C. Burlison was, or had been, serving the church as pastor. The young orator and preacher had made a profound impression in his literary address. Through the influence of the Harrisons, who were present at the commencement at Waco University, young Carroll was called as pastor of the New Hope church at “Goat Neck.” Interpreting this call

to be the leading of the divine Spirit he accepted. The salary, as I remember, was to be \$500 for full-time.

To separate himself from his several country churches in Burleson County was no very serious matter. It is true that the people loved him very devotedly — and those of them yet living greatly revere his memory — and he loved them to his death. Yet he was never more to them than their preacher. He was never in a true sense their pastor. He did usually marry their couples and bury their dead. But he could not at that time give his whole life to the ministry and remain with them. They were too much accustomed to having their preachers give to them their preaching services for virtually nothing.

However, there were no objections to the preachers doing any sort of secular work for a living. They might teach school, farm, practice medicine, run a store, or even trade horses or raise cattle. The last two lines of business, however, far back in those days, always aroused some suspicion and left some possible room for criticism. At the close of the war the woods were full of “Mavericks” (unmarked yearlings). It always created some suspicion for a man’s stock of cattle to increase very fast, especially if he had had but few or none to start with. Horse-trading in those days, followed as a business, was always of doubtful standing or propriety. But after all, the preacher was hardly more limited in secular work than anybody else. Just so he made a living and paid his debts. Failure here was fatal to his success as a preacher. So, if B.H. Carroll was to give his whole life to the ministry, and “live of the Gospel,” he must go elsewhere.

I remember well a farewell service at one of his churches. He preached a very tender and tearful sermon. He told them of his conviction as to his duty to give his whole service to the ministry. Then of his call to another field, then of his sorrow at leaving them, etc. At the conclusion of the service and the talk, he remarked that he really needed a little money for moving expenses, and as the church as yet had paid him nothing for his services, that now would be a very appropriate and opportune time to help him. In fact the only time, as he was to leave the next week. But nothing was paid. In fact, the brethren seemed really hurt that a question like this should have been forced upon the meeting when everybody was feeling so sad and solemn. But, as the preacher was young, they forgave him but they did not help him any financially.

The serious question of moving through the country from Burleson County to Goat Neck, near Waco, had to be settled. Some arrangement had to be made.



After selling about everything he had except his wearing apparel, bedding and books — and giving away some of his books — he had reduced his household affairs until one wagon would carry them, and he had increased his cash until he could pay for the wagon. Then he was ready to start. Thus B.H. Carroll moved from Burleson County to the Waco country to enter his wholly consecrated life-work in the Gospel ministry. He was satisfied to begin at the bottom and work up.

His first pastorate was at a small country church, ten to fifteen miles from any town. The people were delighted with their strong, young preacher. He made good in every way. However, his first pastorate was not a very long one. Notwithstanding the fact that there were no railroads, no telephones, and not much in the way of newspapers, his fame was “noised abroad.” The growing young life and great services soon attracted the attention of the First Church of Waco. January, 1870, when he had been with the New Hope church about four months he was called to the pastorate of the First Church of Waco. But an amazing thing: this call he promptly declined. What could have been his reasons?

One thing, mainly, prompted this decision. His obligation to his little country church. He had been with this people but four short months and he declined to be disloyal to them now. Moreover, he gravely doubted his ability to take full charge of a church as large as the First Church of Waco. Finally, however, a compromise arrangement satisfactory to both churches and to all parties was made. He was to remain as pastor at New Hope, living there and giving the church one-half of his, time. The other half he was to give to the First Church of Waco. Dr. Burleson was to remain pastor at Waco and preach the other two Sundays. This arrangement was continued through the whole of 1870. January, 1871, he was called as pastor of the First Church of Waco. He moved to that place and entered upon his work. Many of the prominent members of the New Hope church moved to Waco. Hence, New Hope church was soon discontinued.

Thus, in 1871, B.H. Carroll began his long-time pastorate with the First Church of Waco, a pastorate which lasted twenty-eight years.

# PART TWO

## WHAT OTHERS SAID ABOUT HIM

### 1. SOME SCRIPTURES APPLICABLE

“When he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.” - ~~QMB~~1 Samuel 10:23.

“My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!” - ~~QMD~~2 Kings 2:12; 13:14.

“When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.” - ~~ZS19~~Isaiah 59:19.

“Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word of my mouth, and give them warning from me.” - ~~Z617~~Ezekiel 3:17.

“An eloquent man ... And he was mighty in the Scriptures.” - ~~4824~~Acts 18:24.

“I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.” - ~~4402~~Acts 20:24.

“I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing.” - ~~5046~~2 Timothy 4:6-8.

## 2. B.H. CARROLL, THE TITANIC CHAMPION OF THE TRUTH

(A funeral discourse delivered by Dr. Geo. W. Truett of Dallas, Texas, in the First Baptist Church, Waco, Texas, Thursday Afternoon, November 12, 1914.)

### SCRIPTURE READ:

“And from Miletus — he sent to Ephesus, and called to him the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them,

“Ye yourselves know, from the first day that I set foot in Asia, after what manner I was with you all the time, serving the Lord with all lowliness of mind, and with tears, and with trials which befell me by the plots of the Jews; how I shrank not from declaring unto you anything that was profitable, and teaching you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to Jews and to Greeks repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying - that bonds and afflictions abide me. But I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I went about preaching the kingdom, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I testify unto you this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God. Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, in which the Holy Spirit hath made you bishops, to feed the church of the Lord which he purchased with his own blood. I know that after my departing grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock; and from among your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away the disciples after them. Wherefore watch ye, remembering that by the space of three years I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears. And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you the inheritance among all them that are sanctified. I coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or

apparel. Ye yourselves know that these hands ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. In all things I gave you an example, that so laboring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

“And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the word which he had spoken, that they should behold his face no more. And they brought him on his way unto the ship.” - ~~4017~~ Acts 20:17-38.

In the days of John Chrysostom, the golden mouthed preacher, the people said, “It were better for the sun to cease his shining than for John Chrysostom to cease his preaching.” Something of that same feeling must be in our hearts to-day as we are called to face the exodus of the greatest preacher our State has ever known. How difficult it is to realize that B.H. Carroll has fallen on sleep! When did death ever deal Texas Baptists before such a staggering blow? Shall we ever see his like again?

This is an occasion when our personal feelings might easily lead us far astray from the right use of this service. I shall not dare to trust myself to speak of my personal relations to him since first I knew him. It was just 24 years ago to-day, that is, on November 12, 1890, that I had my first interview with him, an interview which was vitally to affect every day and duty of my life thereafter. Some other day on some other occasion, I may speak out of my heart something of my personal feelings for him, but I dare not, cannot, will not do so to-day. Whose heart here to-day does not cry out as did Elisha when he watched the ascending Elijah, “My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof”?

The sense of our unspeakable loss is very much mitigated to-day by the sense of his gain. It is literally, gloriously true that “to die is gain” for a Christian. Such gain is immediate, indescribable and eternal. When Bunyan watched his pilgrim pass through the gates and join the heavenly throng within the celestial city, he turned away from the vision with words that sob with homesickness, “which, when I saw, I wished I were among them.” Through the long and weary and suffering months, preceding our great brother’s homegoing, he had many visions of the world celestial that filled him with longing to be within the heavenly gates. He is there now, thank God, more alive now than ever before, in the land of

infinite peace and love and life. “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” All that it means for God’s child to be summoned hence is to be “Absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord.”

*“There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.”*

Surely we would not be so selfish as to call our great brother back to earth, even if we could. He is forever well now, and doing, it may be, a far larger work than he ever did on earth in that land where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain.

Since his departure, one passage of Scripture has burned within my heart continually. I read you such Scripture a moment ago — Paul’s parting address to the Elders at Ephesus. In such address, Paul, like a true seer, looks both forward and backward. He made one statement in the address, found in the 24th verse of the chapter, upon which we would do well to fix our thoughts this hour: “But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

In such sentence Paul vividly sets forth the dominating passion and inspiring motive of his incomparable life and labors. He tells us frankly what is the one dominating passion of his life. It was to finish his course and accomplish the ministry committed unto him, according to the will of his Divine Savior and Lord. Paul valued his life only as a means to an end. He was living simply and only to bear testimony to the gospel of the grace of God. Paul was no cynic, contemptuously asking the question: “Is life worth living?” He knew the value of life and prized it beyond all human speech. He urged upon us all that we redeem the time because the days are evil. He sought to fill the twelve hours of his earthly day to overflowing with service to his fellows. He was one of the most prodigious toilers that earth ever saw.

What was the purpose of it all? It was that he might live literally and utterly to accomplish the mission Divinely appointed for him.

From his remarkable conversion until the hour of his martyrdom, his only question was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He did not hesitate on any and every occasion to state: "For me to live is Christ." "This one thing I do" was the spirit that characterized every step of his Christian career.

The trials and sufferings of life were regarded by him as mere incidents to an end. They did not daunt him. He had a race to run, a ministry to accomplish. Like his Master before him, he had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was he straitened until it should be accomplished. Every changing experience of his life was subordinate to the one aim and end, that he might go where, and speak what, and live as his Savior and Master might designate. He scorned ease that he might accomplish his mission. He abjured the tears of his devoted friends that he might properly run his race. He defied death itself, declaring that he did not hold his life of any account as dear unto himself, compared with the right doing of the task God had asked at his hands. Lead on where it might, cost what it would, Paul's heart was fixed on the doing of his Master's will. Because every power of his brain and heart and tongue and will and life ranged itself to the one aim of living literally to do the will of Christ, Paul stands out as the greatest single credential of Christ's gospel, since Christ was crucified on Golgotha's hill.

Paul here tells us what was the inspiring motive, the one passion that absorbed all his energies. He had received a ministry from the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. He was called of God to be a preacher of the glorious gospel of His grace. He was put in trust with that gospel. He had a sense of his Divine vocation. No more could he be swayed by the little, and superficial, and transient, and groveling; and unworthy things of earth. He was called of God and separated unto the incomparable task of telling the world the meaning of God's grace to mankind. His work was not simply for to-day, but it dipped away into the eternities. He was an Ambassador standing in Christ's stead, to beseech a sinful world to be reconciled to God.

He accounted his task so valuable that he was willing, any moment, to die for it. His life was nothing in comparison with the ministry which he had received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. The gospel which Paul preached was a Divine gospel. It was, therefore, able to produce and deserve such enthusiasm at Paul's hands. Some gospels are mere novelties, the passing fancies of restless men, who seek ever for something new. Some gospels are but essays, with a moral flavor to them. Some gospels are merely a gilded humanitarianism seeking to satisfy mankind with fruits altogether superficial and

external. Paul's gospel was a gospel of facts, of eternal meaning, and of Divine authentication. He declared those facts unto men, just as he had received them from Christ, how that Christ had died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried; and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures. Paul called the gospel that he preached the gospel of the grace of God. The word "Grace" was ever upon the lips of this chiefest preacher of the ages. It is the very essence of Christ's gospel. It is the one hope of a sinning world. It is the sole comfort of mankind as they face eternity. We are saved by grace, we are established by grace, we are justified by grace, we are taught by grace, we are sanctified by grace, we are enabled to grow because of grace, and are comforted in the tribulations of life because of grace. That was Paul's gospel forevermore. Such a gospel is timeless and changeless. It reaches to the elemental and fundamental. Sin remains the same, and human nature the same, and the need of God to save through the passing centuries. Nothing but the gospel of the grace of God can heal the hurt of a needy world.

Paul was especially qualified to "testify" concerning such gospel. That word "testify" means much more than to proclaim. It means to bear personal testimony to what one has seen and heard and felt and known of the thing concerning which he speaks. Everywhere that Paul went he gave his personal testimony to the gospel that he preached. He had tried it and proved it. He possessed it and was possessed by it. He had found it to be the power of God in his own personal salvation. He knew Whom he trusted, and was not ashamed, anywhere, to bear witness to the hope that animated his spirit. The grace of God had not only brought him salvation, but had taught him, and comforted him, and sustained him through all the trials and experiences of his eventful life.

Paul was not only a witness to the gospel but he was also a watchman on the walls of Zion. None other voice equaled his in summoning the people to be faithful to the truth. See how his words breathed and his thoughts burned in this farewell message that he gave to the Elders at Ephesus. He reminded them that he was pure from the blood of all men, because he had not shunned to declare unto them all the counsel of God. Always and everywhere, he exhorted Christ's witnesses to take heed to the truth, to hold fast the form of sound words, to be true in the defense and proclamations of the gospel of Christ, whatever the cost of such fidelity. Thus Paul lived and died, the outstanding spokesman for Christ of all the ages.

Let us now turn away from Paul, to dwell for a little while, upon the life and labors of our great brother, whose body now sleeps before us. Is it saying too much that B.H. Carroll was the most Pauline preacher our beloved denomination has seen and known for many a day? He possessed and was possessed by the great truths of the Bible, as was no other man personally known to us. He was, as was no other man personally known to us, “mighty in the Scriptures.” His preaching took hold, alike, of men with and without culture, because it possessed the attribute of timelessness. It appealed always to the elemental and fundamental. The hidings of his power may be more or less clearly discerned as we carefully look upon his life.

He was a man of heroic mould. Like Saul, he towered physically, head and shoulders above his fellows. His presence was imperial. In any company his presence, at once, arrested attention and secured an audience in advance of any word that escaped his lips. Both nature and grace concurred in a remarkable way, to endow him for the marvelous work to which his life was devoted. His moral manhood towered in majesty, like some glorious mountain. What a man is himself, counts for far more than what he says or does. Tolstoi was far greater in character than in anything he ever spoke or wrote. It was so with John the Baptist, and with Paul. It was equally so with B.H. Carroll. He was a genuine man, true to thy, core of his being, sincere as the sunlight. I would have trusted my life in his hands, without hesitation or fear. As a friend, he was staunch, steadfast, ever inspiring, never failing. He had the moral courage of Knox and of Luther and of Elijah. When causes of great moment hung in tremulous suspense, awaiting perilous decision, his voice ever rang out like a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound. His inspiring presence was like that of the plumed Knight at the battle of Ivry, when he cried

*“Press where you see my white plume wave  
Amid the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day  
The helmet of Navarre.”*

And the record goes on to say that -

*“In they burst and on they rushed,  
Like a guiding star,  
Amid the thickest carnage blazed.  
The helmet of Navarre.”*



The presence and championship of B.H. Carroll, for any cause, immediately put heart and hope and courage into the advocates of such cause.

I would speak of him as a Christian. He was God's man. Like Moses, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. The gospel of Jesus Christ was a vital reality to him and the Bible was his authoritative and final revelation. He loved his Savior and Lord with a Pauline devotion. He knew whom he believed, and his conscious apprehension of the things eternal was a fact so simple and so manifest in his life as to be marvelous in the eyes of all who knew him. He witnessed, without wavering, to the sufficiency of the grace of God for every exigency and crisis in his life. His life, as you well know, was marked again and again by experiences nothing short of epochal. In all such hours, his faith, and courage, and devotion shone with ever-increasing luster. I cannot trust myself, to-day, to speak of him as he was seen in some of these epochal experiences.

As a preacher, he seemed to be in a class all to himself. The pulpit was his throne and he occupied it like a king. He was a prophet of the Most High God. Often, while he spoke, his convictions were at white heat; he was logic on fire. There was no hesitation in his preaching, but the declaration always of triumphant and eternally important certainties. He testified ever concerning the gospel; like Paul, he had had an experience of the grace of God in his own heart, so wonderful as utterly to transform and revolutionize his life. He believed, and therefore did he speak. His preaching, often, was so irresistible that the stoutest sinners were convicted of their sins and were made to cry out to God for mercy. As you listened to him preach, you had never a doubt that he had unhesitatingly and joyfully stayed his all upon the gospel that he was commending to others. Of course, he stayed by the great themes of the Bible in all of his preaching. A great preacher is never a novelty monger. It would be impossible for him to turn away from the vitalities and centralities of the gospel of God's grace, to be a huckster with the passing sensations of the hour. B.H. Carroll was a true watchman on the walls of Zion. From his high place, with clearest vision, he swept the whole horizon, and with a mental and spiritual alertness almost incomparable, he discerned the false and warned the people against it. The limits of this hour will not allow me to specify, just here, some of the mighty occasions when this titanic champion of the truth flung himself into the breach, and saved our Zion from most tragical schisms and wounds and long lasting hurts.

The place and work of this watchman for the faith must more and more be apparent and appreciated by our beloved denomination.

Like Paul, his life was abundant in labors: It would take volumes to recount the valor and the value of his multiform labors. As the pastor of this nobly historic church, he wrought a work in this church and city and State, that will outlast the stars. He led you in the lifting up of a standard here that has immeasurably helped, and will ever help all our Texas churches. It seems sacredly fitting now that he has fallen on sleep, that this funeral service should be held here in the midst of those whom he led in the shining way, whom he baptized, whom he married, whom he counseled and comforted, for a generation.

His work for education in Texas makes one of the most significant chapters in all our denominational history. Baylor College, with her vast and ever-increasing ministry; all the other schools that our people foster in Texas, must always be distinctly indebted to this man for his notable services in their behalf. His services in behalf of our missionary operations have, likewise, been priceless in value. His service in behalf of struggling causes in cities, in villages, in the remotest country places, throughout all the vast domain of our imperial State, must be cherished by uncounted thousands forever.

He was indeed a very tribune of the people. Great as he was in an intellect which was remarkably disciplined and informed; in an imagination soaring, towering and creative; in a memory remarkably accurate and comprehensive; in a will so imperial that mountains were transformed into mole hills before his tread, yet this man joyfully devoted his life to the people. No needy cause was ever neglected by him. He loved the people and gave them the richest and best of his life.

The crowning work of his life, probably, was his leadership in the establishing of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. No other task in all his life seemed so completely to enthral his thoughts and energies as the task of Ministerial Education. Like Cato of old saying over and over again to the Roman Senate: "Carthage must be destroyed," so this man, in season, out of season, pleaded forever for the better education of God's preachers. Like David whose one absorbing passion it was to build a worthy Temple for God, and who gathered from every quarter the choicest materials for such great undertaking, so this man has literally consecrated and dedicated his best, that Christ's preachers of to-day and to-morrow might be better fitted to testify concerning the glorious gospel of the grace of God. The great work so well

begun by him, must go on, and on, and on. "God buries the workman but the work goes on."

When Moses died, his going made the largest gap in the history of Israel. The going of B.H. Carroll makes the largest gap in the work of our Baptist people in all this great Southwest, that they have known or shall know for many a day. What emotions surge through our hearts as we think of the gatherings of our assemblies with this man absent! But do you recall the words that were spoken to Joshua, the successor of Moses? They are the words for us to hear and heed to-day:

"Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your feet shall tread upon, that I have given unto you, as I said unto Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee; before thee no man shall be able to stand all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee... Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

This is an hour, my fellow Christians, for a fresh consciousness of our Divinely appointed mission. This memorable hour, with all its solemn and meaningful significance, calls to us, challenges us, summons us to our best to-day and to-morrow, for our adorable King and His Kingdom.

And now, but only for a short while, we must say unto thee, great brother, faithful friend, valiant Christian, peerless preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, mightiest of the modern heroes of faith, hail and farewell!

*“Servant of God, well done.  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.”*

### 3. THE HOME-GOING OF PRESIDENT CARROLL AN APPRECIATION

**J. B. GAMBRELL**

The tallest tree in the forest has been up-rooted and planted on Elysian fields by the Hand that planted it for fruit-bearing in this world. When God gave B.H. Carroll to Texas in the early and plastic days of this great State, He had a large plan in mind. There was to be developed an empire in population, in wealth, in learning and in religion. Texas was from the start one of America's great opportunities. What this empire shall be only now begins to appear, but the outlines of greatness can be seen in the opening future.

Texas was founded by great men. It was from the beginning the product of great thinking and heroic deeds. As the great men of the Revolution period began to pass, there arose a young man standing in physical form above his brethren. His conversion and call to the ministry set in motion forces that largely shaped the destiny of the State and more especially of the Baptist people in the State.

President B.H. Carroll had the most capacious mind I have met in my life. His reading covered all fields of literature. His ability to read rapidly, to seize upon every vital thing in whatever he read, to retain it indefinitely, reproduce it accurately, when needed, use it profitably and to correlate knowledge gathered from the whole field of research to illustrate and enforce truth I have never know even approximated. Many great readers and students accumulate stores of truth they can not turn to any account. President Carroll's mind was as great in one way as another. He was an intellectual Colossus.

But this is saying about the least that can be said of this modern Paul. Like Saul of Tarsus, in early life, he was an enemy to the Cross. Like Saul he was marvelously converted. And like Saul he at once threw his great strength on the side of Jesus, with no reserve. He had an experience of grace that gripped every power of his soul and mind. And like Paul, he at once became a defender of the faith, whose prowess all enemies soon learned to respect and fear.

His experience was transforming. By nature he was an aristocrat. By grace he was the tender and considerate friend and helper of all who needed his strength.

His imperious will was subdued by grace to yield sweetly to the will of his brethren in the common service. He would yield his preferences, and his judgement, but never an atom of truth. He was the largest lion of all the tribes; but grace had made the lion gentle, tender-hearted, magnanimous, but of dauntless courage, a defense to the weak.

There was nothing about our big brother that was little. He was large of body, large of mind, large of soul. He thought large, planned large, lived large and died serene, in a large faith, that soared above the clouds. But others will wish to speak of him, as they saw him, and I must confine myself to a single view of his great work in Texas with a passing glimpse further out.

He came on early in Texas, when the vast domain was settling with a cosmopolitan population. People brought with them all sorts of views. The very atmosphere was charged with an exaggerated individualism. Texas was, from the start, a vast battleground. Here was a field for a towering personality, and the personality was provided in the raising up of B.H. Carroll. His commanding eloquence made him a favorite preacher anywhere he went. His surpassing knowledge of the Scriptures, with his genius for interpretation, made him irresistible. The lovers of truth instinctively turned to him in the midst of the storms of false doctrine. They turned, as to the shadow of a great rock. His deliverances carried the weight of the divine testimony, for every proposition was buttressed by Scripture and was unassailable.

President Carroll, Bible in hand, standardized orthodoxy in Texas. He rallied the hosts of Baptists to the vital, ruling doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. He was greatly helped in this by his unwavering belief of the Scriptures. They were to him the voice of God, speaking to his soul and to humanity, with divine authority. He believed and therefore spoke. He knew the drivel of modern criticism as few men in our day ever knew it. He knew its inherent weaknesses, its shallowness, its drift and its failure. He knew immeasurably more; he knew the Word of the Lord which endureth forever and loved it with a martyr's love, while he defended it with Pauline integrity and zeal.

Dr. Carroll stood for the constructive, progressive work of the denomination. He put himself full length and full strength into every struggle for the unity and progress of the Baptist people. In the noblest sense, he was a leader and around his leadership, in large measure, Texas Baptists have grown their denominational life.

I will not speak of his many labors separately. They were truly apostolic and abundant. In standardizing orthodoxy in Texas, and in rallying the scattered Baptists to noble enterprises his life found its largest expression. In these ways he projected himself into the coming centuries. He is not gone. We shall see his face no more in this land of battle and shadows. But we shall feel him; feel the force of an unmatched life in the ways he lived among us. He discharged that greatest obligation to humanity-lived a great life in touch with both worlds. And he died as well as he lived.

## 4. THE PASSING OF B.H. CARROLL

### J. B. CRANFILL

The greatest Baptist in the world is dead. On Wednesday morning, November 11, 1914, on Seminary Hill at Fort Worth, the spirit of the most majestic man the Baptists of the world have known in this generation swept into the gates eternal. A backward glance at the mountain peaks in Christian history in which the heroes of the cross since Paul have loomed immortal in the world's great light, will disclose no man of more colossal stature than that of B.H. Carroll. John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed; Savonarola, the man of kingly presence and silver tongue; Martin Luther, the heroic leader of the Reformation; John Milton, who soared to empyrean heights and companied with angels; John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer of Bedford jail, whose works will abide till the last syllable of recorded time; John Knox, who never feared the face of man; John Wesley, whose tenderest commentary upon his converts was that they died well; William Carey, who breathed upon the valley of theological dry bones and reclothed them with evangelistic flesh and blood; Charles Spurgeon, whose pulsing heart and matchless tongue compassed the world; Christmas Evans, who pulled the chords on earth that rang the bells in heaven; Whitefield, on whose thrilling words whole continents hung in breathless awe -these were all towering oaks in the forests of time. But in gentleness of heart, breadth of intellect, eloquence of utterance, depth of learning, knowledge of the Word of God, leadership among the hosts of Zion, singleness of purpose, purity of life, strength of conviction, fidelity to God's word and sweep of intellectual power, none of these excelled the immortal B.H. Carroll, whose kingly life was given wholly, selfsacrificingly and without reserve, to the Lone Star State.

When current history shall have become archives and when the stately figure of B.H. Carroll shall outline itself against the background of time the world will then know that in our own day, touching elbows with us, preaching to us, writing for us, sacrificing for us, laboring with us, and giving of his time, energies, zeal, strength, power, pathos, and leadership to us, none loomed larger in the life of the great Christian world than the man whose name shall forever be enshrined in the hearts of loyal Texas and Southern Baptists.

His personal presence was one of sublime grandeur and impressiveness. In stature he towered above his fellows like Saul. No one could look upon his



prophetic face without speedily discerning that he was a leader and a seer. Upon one occasion when he was traveling through Texas he walked through the Pullman to find a seat. An intelligent traveling man looked up as he passed through and was filled with reverential awe, as for the first time his eyes rested upon this great, good man. Later he approached Dr. Carroll and asked this question: "Where is your brother?" Altogether innocent of the profound impression he had made on this stranger, Dr. Carroll replied, "Do you mean my brother, Jimmie? He is now at Lampasas." "No!" thundered the man, "I mean, Where is your brother, Aaron?"

It would be difficult to determine which of his remarkable elements of greatness towered above the others. It is related of him that on the first day that he went to school, having learned to read at home, he was given a First Reader. At noon he brought the book back to his teacher, having memorized every word of it. In comprehensiveness, in strength, in power, in incisiveness and in the retentiveness of memory, his intellect was superior to that of any other man I have ever known. It is a fact known to me that after he had preached a sermon on the Lord's Day, he could reproduce it the following day, word for word, without even the loss of a punctuation point. If one should say that the greatest element in his wonderful life was that of mental strength and acumen, he would not go far astray. The immediate result of this remarkable endowment was that his fund of intimate and technical knowledge of everything in the world surpassed that of any man it has ever been mine to know. As a historian, he swept the entire gamut of human history and achievements. There was scarcely a single item in the history of the world or of men that was not absolutely familiar to him. This was not true only of ecclesiastical history; it was equally true of profane history. Not only is that true, but he was absolutely and perfectly familiar with the geography, topography and people of every country on the globe. In one of the last conversations I ever held with him, he gave me in detail a critical description of every battlefield of Europe and dwelt particularly upon the countries and scenes of carnage of the present European war.

He was equally learned in literature. No book that ever came from the press that was of more than local interest escaped his notice. Not only was this true, but he could recite almost verbatim chapters from books that he had read thirty years ago and never opened since. He read an average of 300 pages a day for more than fifty years, and he remembered with remarkable accuracy everything he ever read.

He was one of the most thorough students of the Bible the world has known and at his death, its greatest interpreter. He loved God's Book with quenchless love. There was not a word in the Bible that he had not critically studied. He brought to bear upon the sacred pages his vast learning in every other line of research and added to this was his heart's intuition which leaped far out and beyond the sweep of his ponderous intellect. Years ago when I was printing a sermon of his every week in the Baptist Standard, a plain, humble, country preacher from far-off Georgia wrote to me these words: "Dr. B.H. Carroll can dig deeper into the mine of God's truth and climb higher to reveal it than any man that ever lived." I believe this statement cannot be improved upon. In a manner that cannot be set down in words he approached his interpretation of the Scriptures and when he had made an exegesis of any passage in God's Word, everything had been uttered upon the subject that could be said.

Withal he was a marvelous preacher. I have heard the masterful orators of our time. When he was in the height of the golden glory of his mature years I listened to the over-sweeping eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher. Many times I heard George C. Lorimer, John A. Broadus, J. B. Hawthorne, Frances E. Willard, Luther Benson, John B. Finch, Sam Jones and William E. Hatcher. In later years I have been swept into heights celestial by A. C. Dixon, George W. Truett, and John McNeil; have heard Woodrow Wilson, W. J. Bryan, and Henry Grady. B.H. Carroll was surpassed by none of these. For twelve years he was my pastor and I heard him under every possible condition. Before he was my pastor I would journey fifty miles from Gatesville to Waco to hear him preach a sermon on the legal proof that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. Never forever shall I forget the dramatic climax of that masterful deliverance. After he had portrayed the tragic scenes of that long night when Jesus lingered in Gethsemane, when He was arrested, when He was carried before Caiaphas, when He was dragged to Pilate's judgement hall, when He bore His cross up the rugged steep of Calvary, when at last He died for our sins and was buried in Joseph's new tomb — I say, after all of this had been marshaled before our wondering eyes and after Jesus had risen from the dead, the colossal preacher raised himself to his giant height and said: "Standing by this open grave where the body of Jesus lay, I challenge the onlooking world to answer this question: If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, what became of His body?"

B.H. Carroll was a peerless statesman. His knowledge of the principles of our government was as accurate and thorough as that of any publicist of our day. With the history of the United States at his tongue's end and with a critical

knowledge of every step in the unfolding of the nation's life, he was the best equipped man in the realm of statesmanship it has ever been mine to know. Full well do I remember the great part he took in the campaign for constitutional prohibition in 1887. It was largely through his strong leadership that the floodtide of Texas prohibition sentiment was reached. During the years preceding I was editor of the Gatesville Advance, the leading prohibition paper of the State. It was in 1885 that the opening gun for prohibition in Texas was fired and swept over McLennan, Dr. Carroll's home county. When the constitutional amendment was submitted by the Legislature in the early days of 1887, it was fitting that B.H. Carroll was chosen chairman of the campaign committee and thus clothed upon with the official leadership of the forces of righteousness in Texas. There were giants in those days. History was being made. Dr. Carroll's debate with the leaders of the Anti-prohibition forces, among them United States Senators, congressmen and politicians, made an epoch in the history of Texas progress and advancement. Not a man of the opposition could stand before him. With tongue and pen he mowed them down, as the underbrush yields to the breath of the cyclone. By the returns, prohibition lost that year, but by the onward progress of a commonwealth the great battle was won.

B.H. Carroll was marvelous as a teacher. When I moved from Gatesville to Waco during the last days of 1886, I at once entered his Bible class. That was the only theological seminary I ever attended. There has never been a greater one since then. After my twelve years under his ministry and my other years in his Bible class, I can say of a truth that beauties and riches untold were mine through his clear conception and accurate interpretation of the Word of God. Once in his Bible class a dear, sweet Christian woman controverted one of his statements concerning the reading of a verse of Scripture, saying, "Dr. Carroll, it doesn't read that way in my Bible." With that merry twinkle in his eyes, so familiar to the friends he loved, he said, "My sister, there is a difference between your Bible and my Bible." Somewhat shocked the woman turned her face full upon him and asked: "In what way is your Bible different from my Bible?" Then he answered, "My Bible is studied more than your Bible." Doubtless that same word would be true of you or me. Never have I known a teacher of God's Word who so thoroughly mastered every detail of the sacred Text.

B.H. Carroll was able as a writer. He was possessed of a commanding style and gave to his words a commanding force and power that was in every way

remarkable. Those who have studied his literary productions can never forget the wonderful simplicity and force of his written word. He always used the right word at the right time and in the right place, and when he had discussed a given subject, there was never left anything to say. Everything he did in literature was thoroughly done. No point was left untouched. He was absolutely fair in controversy, always stating the side of the opposition more strongly than the opponent could state it himself, and in each case demolishing the opponent's argument. He told me once that it had been his purpose early in life to write a great novel, but that more important matters had consumed his time and filled his life. He was to tell me of the plot, but somehow, never did. I am sure it would have been almost unmatched in literary annals.

B.H. Carroll was a great scholar. His scholarship was thorough, comprehensive and accurate. Nothing in the realm of letters ever escaped him. He understood the Greek most thoroughly and had at his command such of the other languages as were needed for the purpose of his great life work.

He was one of the most liberal hearted men that ever lived. His contributions to Christ's cause were not circumscribed by any tithing limitations. True, he believed profoundly in tithing, but he believed in more than tithing. Time and again he gave down to blood and *through* his long life, he gave far more than double a tithe. Oftentimes he gave all he had, except the reservation of the home he had provided for his wife and children. Reinforced by his own great generosity, he was a wonderful money-raiser. A man who could withstand the power and pathos of his appeal for Christ's cause, had a heart of adamant. Over and again, his great church at Waco released him from pastoral duties and allowed him to go far afield in the interest of some great Baptist enterprise. He never returned empty-handed. He swept the field to its remotest horizon and I have no doubt that the aggregate of all the money he raised for the Baptist cause in Texas, would run into millions.

Above everything, B.H. Carroll was a heroic Christian. Not only did he belong to the type of Pauline believers in God, but he was withal as simple and gentle and as loving as a little child. He had an unwavering faith in his Master. At every crisis in his great career he leaned with unyielding faith upon the Divine arm. This was perhaps his greatest characteristic. He believed profoundly in the all-conquering grace and power of God. It could be said of him as it was said of Abraham that he was the friend of God. He did Christ's will and thus

accomplishing the will of the Master, he gripped things divine with all-conquering confidence.

He was a true and faithful friend. When he passed on to be with God, I had known him and loved him for almost thirty-two years. During all this time, covering almost the life of a generation of men, he and I walked and worked together and my life was entwined with his as tenderly and truly in my mature years as my boy-life was entwined with the life of my sainted father. Never was there a shadow in our friendship and of all the men I have ever known, he was at all times and under all circumstances, the most gentle, kindest, tenderest, most sympathetic and most indulgent friend. He never believed that his friends could go far wrong, and when anon misfortunes or sorrow came to them, or indeed, when they went astray, he would take them to his great, tender, gentle heart, just as Jesus did, and kiss away their tears with the fragrance of his love.

He was no fair weather friend. He cleaved more closely to the friend in sorrow than he did to the friend in prosperity. When I first knew him, no hearse had ever been driven up to our door. During the passing of the frequent years, our baby boy, two and a half years old, whom we named for him, was called away. It was our first great sorrow, and looking back across the wide expanse of vanished years, I can see now the very sentences of the sweet and tender letter he wrote to us when our baby had gone home. Then my mother went, and afterwards my father, and when another great sorrow came, so sad that I will not dare dwell upon it here — this dear man of God, this faithful friend, this David, wrote to the Jonathan, who, through the years had so loved and honored him, a letter that an angel might covet the privilege of having penned. Oh, the greatest friend, the most patient friend, the most indulgent friend, the most forgiving friend, the most faithful friend I ever had, passed out of the earthly life when B.H. Carroll died. I have in my possession now a letter, which was one of the last he ever penned, with his own hand. In that he said to me: “You have been the very best friend I ever had.” Now, that that noble face is to be seen on earth no more, I who am left, bear this testimony to the memory of the man who never relaxed, who never wavered, who never doubted in all the years, the long years — of our intimate friendship and companionship.

Time would fail me to dwell at length upon the home and family life of this dear man. I knew it intimately and it is no wonder that the very last words he ever spoke while yet on earth were addressed to his gentle, kind, faithful and loving wife. She was in his room during his last conscious moments. She said to him,

calling him by an endearing name than I must not write down here, "Do you know me?" His gentle eyes opened for the last conscious moment in life upon the sweet face of his wife as he said, "Know you, Hallie? To me you are the sweetest thing in all the world." With that, he lapsed into that unconsciousness from which he awoke in heaven.

The crowning work of B.H. Carroll's life, the work to which he gave all of the unmatched gifts and graces that were his, was the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, which he founded after he was sixty years old. It was given to me at the funeral exercises in the Seminary chapel at Fort Worth to say some words of appreciation of this dear man. In that holy presence, I said: "It is given to few men to have their funeral sermon preached in their monument, but today we gather around the silent form of B.H. Carroll in his own monument. This monument is the great building, *which through* his leadership, was erected here on Seminary Hill and dedicated to the education of young ministers. This is his monument and will be his monument through all the years to come. He would scorn to be commemorated by a marble mausoleum upon which simply would be carved his name, his birth and his death, but if he could be with us today, he would rejoice that we are here, gathered around his bier in the monument that his own heart conceived and his own great hand erected. This outgrowth of the heart and brain and life, the crowning miracle of his marvelous career will outlast the stars. It will be here when the stars are falling, and when the earth shall melt with fervent heat and the heavens are rolled together as a scroll."

He was withal a man of leonine orthodoxy. A little while before he died, he said to his associate, Rev. L. R. Scarborough, "I believe that orthodoxy is to make its last stand on Seminary Hill." He believed in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and that its author is God's Holy Spirit. Never for a moment did he quibble or equivocate concerning the authenticity of God's Word. His conviction that the coming generation of Baptist ministers should go out saturated with the conviction that the Bible was God's Book and not in any way to be trifled with, led to the establishment of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. It was his crowning work and if my spiritual vision is not at fault, it was the most farreaching enterprise ever projected by Texas Baptists.

On the first Sunday in February, 1892, B.H. Carroll delivered a memorial address in Nashville, Tenn., on the death of Charles H. Spurgeon. It was one of the masterpieces of his life. Now that the author of this address has gone, I

paraphrase therefrom the following words, which I believe may be as truly applied to B.H. Carroll as they applied to Charles H. Spurgeon. They are as follows:

“Napoleon’s return from Alba - LaFayette’s visit to America - Washington’s and Jackson’s tours through the States-were all thrilling pageants, but it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory of B.H. Carroll’s return to the bosom of his God, and his welcome beyond the stars. At the depot of death, God’s chariot met him as a kingly guest, and a convoy of angels escorted him home. Cherubim hovered over him and Seraphim flamed before him. The bended heavens stooped to meet him.

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates - and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors - and let the child of glory come in.”

B.H. Carroll never found time in his rich and fruitful life to become active in lodges or outside organizations of any kind. He gave the strength of his years to the church of Jesus Christ and the Christian ministry. Nothing served to swerve him a hair’s breadth from his mission as a minister of Jesus Christ.

I close this tribute to his memory with a quotation from his sermon to preachers of the Texas Baptist Convention which met in Belton in 1892. This sermon preached from the text, “I magnify my office,” concluded as follows

“I magnify my office, O my God, as I get nearer home. I can say more truthfully every year, ‘I thank God that He put me in this office’; I thank Him that He would not let me have any other; that He shut me up to this glorious work; and when I get home among the blessed on the bank of the everlasting deliverance and look back toward time and all of its clouds and sorrows, and pains, and privations, I expect to stand up and shout for joy that down there in the fog and mists, down there in the dust and struggle, God let me be a preacher. I magnify my office in life; I magnify it in death; I magnify it in heaven; I magnify it, whether poor, or rich, whether sick or well, whether strong or weak, anywhere, everywhere, among all people, in any crowd. Lord God, I am glad that I am a preacher, that I am a preacher of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.”

## 5. SOME EDITORIAL APPRECIATIONS

One of God's richest gifts to the Baptist denomination in the South was Dr. B.H. Carroll, of Waco, Texas. An-able scholar, a vigorous thinker, an eloquent preacher, a defender of the faith, and, until his death, president of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Dr. Carroll was widely known, profoundly respected, and tenderly loved by the whole Baptist brotherhood of the South. - Watchman-Examiner

Dr. B.H. Carroll, president of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, after a long and manful struggle, for life, entered into his rest on Wednesday, November 11. Among men he was a prince and among preachers he was the greatest. On whom shall his mantle fall? He was a giant defender of Baptist faith and practice and was as loyal to the Bible as the infallible word of God as ever was patriot loyal to his country. His influence will live on in the work of young men whose lives he has touched. All honor to his memory. - Illinois Baptist.

The news of the death of Dr. B.H. Carroll on November 11, sent a wave of sadness throughout our Southern Zion. Dr. Carroll was one of the great men of the South. Nature cast him in a large mould. He was a giant in stature, in intellect and in soul. He was an eloquent speaker, a mighty preacher of the gospel, and one of the clearest, strongest writers in all the world. The first time we ever saw him was at the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in Nashville in 1878. It was the first time we had ever attended the Convention. Everything was new and impressive to us. Dr. J. L. M. Curry had been appointed to preach the Convention sermon, but for some reason could not be present. Dr. Carroll was alternate. He spoke very modestly, but very earnestly and eloquently. After that he was always a favorite in the Southern Baptist Convention as long as he was able to attend its sessions. - Baptist and Reflector.

In the death of this magnificent man, the world has suffered a serious loss, and our Baptist clans have been bereft of a leader true and tried. All things considered, we would say, and it is saying much, his death dates the passing of the world's greatest Baptist. There was no measure of a man that he could not meet; no test of character that he could not stand. With consummate courage he feared not the face of man and bowed only before the throne of God. As a soldier of the sixties, on the bloody battlefield; as a citizen in deadly civil strife;



as a hero in Zion's war, his courage never faltered. He stood unterrified among all the storms that beat about him, and as some tall pine on the mountain top he defied the thunders of time and laughed at the lightnings of life. His patience was perhaps as great as his power. He knew how to wait and murmur not. He could see and wait the far; away day; knowing that God lived, and that therefore all was well. His splendid poise was made possible by a patience that had its perfect work. - Western Recorder.

He was pre-eminently a strong man. In physical equipment, like Saul, the son of Kish, he was from the shoulders upward higher than any of the people. His figure was well proportioned, and in mere form and face he would have provoked attention in any company of men. He had a wonderful mind, acquisitive, orderly, retentive. His memory was marvelous. He was preeminently a preacher. He had little patience with mere details of leadership. While thoroughly amiable and lovable in temper, he was, nevertheless, too imperious in will to learn or use any of the arts of finesse. He had to move straight on to his object, and it was usually a massive and almost relentless movement. He was a really great preacher. We think, however, as we wave our farewell to him, chiefly of his great heart. It was large enough to include the whole world in the sweep of its affections and sympathies. He had his friends by the thousand, many of them scattered far and wide over the face of the earth. Our own personal association with him was of necessity only slight and occasional. We made him aware in its earlier stages of our undisguised admiration, and though it is a long way from Virginia to Texas, and much water has run under the bridge since we last spoke to him face to face, we have a sense of personal loss, a deep feeling of bereavement in his death. - Religious Herald

In his death the Baptists of the South and of the world lose one of their foremost men and Texas her first citizen. It is difficult for anyone who saw and heard Dr. Carroll at our Conventions or who knows much of his methods of study and of his work and achievements to write of him without seeming to exaggerate. He was the most impressive and commanding figure we have ever seen in the Southern Baptist Convention. We feel a kind of sorrow for the young men who never saw him. He was about six feet, four inches tall, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had a full, long beard that came far down on his breast and he bore himself with the natural dignity of a prince. When looking upon him the mind at once reverted to Michelangelo's Moses. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no man who ever saw Dr. Carroll before an audience can

ever forget him. His mind and character were of a mould commensurate with his magnificent physical frame. And his achievements in life accord well with the wonderful talents with which his Maker endowed him. He was the author of many books and the founder of the Seminary over which he presided with such grace. In all the great battles of Texas, moral and ecclesiastical, he was always a leader and always on the right side. His name will stand with the name of Boyce. The people of Texas will talk of him for fifty years to come. And so long as the Baptists of the South have a history so long will something be said of this great leader. - Baptist Courier.

## 6. B.H. CARROLL, THE TEACHER

### J. W. CROWDER

I have just been asked to contribute a word to the blessed memory of Dr. B.H. Carroll as a teacher. Since this request came to me I have gone back over my life, called up all my teachers, one by one, about forty in number, some of them great and some not so great, and have tried to measure their impress on my life, but after due consideration and appreciation of each of them, I find that no one has ever so impressed my life as a teacher as the late and honored president of our Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary.

It has been my honor, privilege and pleasure through the space of nine years, to be with him in over seven hundred recitations in the classroom, during which time I have made a close study of the man and the matter and method of his teaching. Furthermore, it has been my joy to sit at his feet hour after hour and look into those tender and loving eyes that seemed to pierce and read my very soul, while he rang the changes of interpretation from Genesis to Revelation. Then it has been mine to walk the paths of research with him to the original sources and there sit with him and drink from the springs of knowledge from which he drank for more than fifty years. It was good to walk these paths with the man of such extended experience and keen insight in dealing with the problems of the Word of God. There I studied the man in his relation to other great minds and learned the processes by which he arrived at such glorious results.

As I saw him, there were three elements of his greatness as teacher. First, he had a rare gift of impartation. He was very “apt to teach.” His strong personality with this aptness made him a very impressive instructor. Then his imagination was most wonderful. He saw things and made others see them. The scenes of Bible history were as real to him as the scenes of his childhood. He could walk the streets of Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, and Rome with his students, reciting the history of these places and pointing out the celebrities of each, with as much ease apparently as if he had visited them the day before. His familiarity with the characters of the Bible was most remarkable. He talked of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, John the Baptist, Jesus, and Paul as familiarly as he spoke of Houston, Baylor or Burleson. He knew the great crowd of lesser lights in the Bible as well,

apparently, as he knew the lesser lights in the ministry of Texas. He kept their company often and reveled in their fellowship. They were as real to him as were his own bosom friends. This gift as a “seer” enabled him on many occasions to save the situation by his profound wisdom and instruction. He had not only this wonderful insight, but, like Paul, he “so spake” that he carried his pupils with him, often contrary to predispositions and prejudices.

Second, he had a conviction that what he taught was the truth. “He believed, therefore he spoke.” Many teachers sound the doubtful note, saying, “It is possibly this or possibly that,” but never do we find this great teacher halting between two opinions on the great matters of the Word of God. He knew what all the others believed and after stating clearly and fairly their positions, he would say, “Here it is,” and he would then set forth his argument with such clearness and force that the most obstinate would be moved to his position. Everywhere he sounded the depths of inspiration and set the radical critics at naught. He had profound respect for scholarship, but he believed the highest and best scholarship to be in harmony with the old time interpretation of the Book which he so lovingly pressed to his heart.

As the third element of a great teacher, I name Openness to Conviction. This is not out of harmony with his profoundness of conviction as just described but it was this that saved him from foolish dogmatism and blind narrowness. He always kept his mind open toward the sources of information, even to the point of receiving suggestions from the simplest things about him, and from the most humble in the walks of men. In a special way did he most lovingly keep open his heart toward God, and often have I watched the processes by which he anchored his soul to the impregnable rock of truth.

To these elements of greatness as a teacher he added several things essential to efficiency. First, he made diligent and extended preparation. This gave him such a comprehensiveness one was made to feel when he heard him through that there was nothing else to be said on the subject. He studied his subject in its true relation to every other subject. He was at home in science, philosophy, law, religion, and government. He knew the movements of the world and treated his subjects in their relation to world movements. If “Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a pupil on the other end constituted a university,” Dr. B.H. Carroll on one end of a log and a pupil on the other end constituted a Seminary. His expositions of the Word of God in relation to science furnish the greatest

bulwark of to-day against the oncoming tide of “science falsely so-called” as taught now in many of our colleges and universities.

Second, to this he added immediate preparation. It was always with the deepest regret that he was forced at times to come before his class without an immediate preparation for that particular recitation. When it was possible, he wrote out with the greatest care the matter to be taught. This was also his habit with reference to his preaching which he believed should be characterized always by instruction. Like Garfield, the teacher-president, he realized the necessity of freshness in his teaching and spared no pains that he might “so speak” that what he said would take effect.

Third, to this he added method, which is very essential to successful preparation and teaching. In his expositions the method is clearly evident. He began at the fountain-head, the words of the text, considering the original if possible, then the grammar, then the context, and then the whole trend of Bible teaching, never failing to give his heart-promptings, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, the right-of-way. To him there were no contradictions in the Scriptures. Everything fitted together with dovetail exactness. Nothing out of joint, but with perfect articulation, each book, each chapter and each verse found its rightful place in the scheme of divine revelation. His method of imparting was largely catechetical. His questions are so pointed and comprehensive that they carry with them the weight and force of conviction as they lead the student into the field of independent thought. They show an originality and independence of thought rarely attainable by Bible scholars. He believed that the student should be led to think for himself and he always made the most of individuality and independent work on the part of the student.

Then, last, but not least, he added conformity of life to his teaching. He was the incarnation of the truth which he taught. It was great to hear him teach but it was greater to see him live. The impress of Dr. B.H. Carroll upon the lives of many, many preachers in the Southland and elsewhere has been made so marvelously that an era in Baptist history has been introduced by this great teacher, the consummation and glories of which will be determined by the loyalty of his child, the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, to his ideal in perpetuating his teachings through the centuries to come.

## 7. B.H. CARROLL AND BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

### S. P. BROOKS

‘Twas in the fall of 1887 that I entered Baylor University as a student. My mind was set on getting knowledge, and with no intention of receiving spiritual knowledge, I attended the First Baptist Church. Up to that time I had not known much of Dr. Carroll, only as a great leader of the Prohibition forces in the Statewide campaign that had closed in August before. His leadership was acknowledged by all the students who had had the good fortune to hear him speak, particularly in the debate with Senator R. Q. Mills. The students everywhere echoed this.

Whatever may be said of his versatility, in my judgment his greatest influence over the students was from the pulpit. Many went to hear him on account of his reputation. His massive physical personality attracted some, his style of oratory invited others, his thoughts gripped the thoughtful. Sunday after Sunday his sermons grew on me. I had the greatest difficulty in adjusting the numerous Scriptures he always read. I came to take it as a matter of course that they were all needed and would all be used before the sermon was complete. His deliberations weighed heavily at first. I wanted faster movement. However, the reward always came to him who listened and waited. Like a woodman he cleared the underbrush in order to get to the great trees, and he invariably got to the trees of spiritual value. Right and left the chips flew. The axe was never idle after being once raised. As the mighty giants were felled, I seemed sometimes to hear their crash — the creaking of the limbs as they went down. When it was over I sometimes found myself positively tired in mental strain. At other times his tones, his words, his manner, the occasion conspired to make mellow the heart of every hearer and I have left the meeting-house glad, beyond words to express, that my student days were under the ministrations of so great a man and a preacher. In the course of the nearly thirty years he preached in Waco, thousands of students were gripped and helped in the same way.

It was during my student days that he preached some of his greatest sermons. At that time he was about forty-five years of age. His physical and mental limitations seemed boundless. Some of the subjects were: “My Infidelity and What Became of It,” “Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the Greatest Since Paul.” One never forgets his illustrations taken from great movements. When the

present German Kaiser ascended the throne and dismissed Bismark, it became the occasion of a mighty Philippic. When Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe" appeared, Dr. Carroll made an address that swept the gamut of human feeling and showed that the toiling masses had restful sympathy in his heart.

One sermon suggests a matter all too personal to be mentioned here except with the hope that good has come and may yet come to others. It was on the theme, "I Magnify Mine Office." The preacher's office was held aloft, not the big preachers alone but the little ones as well. The dignity of labor he showed to be not limited to the city pastors alone, but extended to the humble country workers as well. He exalted the work of the ministry to such a point that it presented the one single time in my own life that I wished I were in its service. Up to the time I heard Dr. Carroll on this great theme, I had in spirit resented all my life the hardships incident to the life of my own father, who as a country preacher had labored on the farm and in the schoolroom for a living while he literally gave his life for others in unremunerative toil. I grew up in rebellion that my mother, a cultured, educated woman should endure the toils incident to the home of the country pastor and missionary. I honestly felt that somehow they did not get a square deal. Then came Dr. Carroll's sermon. He exalted the preacher and crushed my arrogant pride. He glorified labor and suffering and drove away the mists that hid the joys of service. He spoke a language that my father and mother had long known well, and he spoke it in such terms that I began to see a meaning in pastoral ministrations to which I had been a stranger heretofore. I left the house with a broken spirit. My heart was crushed. I went to bed that night with sleepless eyes. I cried the livelong night. I could not get away from the pictures Dr. Carroll had drawn. Monday came. With it a joy not mine before. I was glad my father was a preacher, and a little one at that, as the world counts greatness. I felt a new kinship and spoke a new language. I had been born again as to appreciation of what constitutes a really noble purpose in life. Each Baylor student could bear some similar testimony.

In 1887, the old buildings on the present campus were completed, leaving a great debt. It hung like a cloud over every path of the University. In the early nineties, Dr. Carroll was excused by his church to project a campaign for the payment of the debt. In a mighty fashion he put himself into it. Later Brother George W. Truett was discovered. He took the field.

All over Texas speeches were made by these men. New ambitions came to country boys and girls. The University became crowded. To meet the

emergencies growing out of it, other debts were created, and in 1879, is found the birth of the Texas Baptist Education Commission, as then called. The commission did not originate in Dr. Carroll's mind, but the working out of its details did. The arguments he used then for the commission are the best now for it. Out of the San Antonio Convention, notable in other respects, came the campaign for the Education Commission. Dr. Carroll led it. He later became its secretary. By this act his labors passed beyond the campus of Baylor University. Limits of this paper will not allow discussion.

No student of Baylor ever failed to be admitted to the presence of Dr. Carroll. Notwithstanding his imperial presence, the humblest felt at home. If the Baylor men and women who have felt the enlarging touch of his life were to testify in print as they feel, the Standard presses would cease other work.

This tribute is not worthy the subject, but it records loving appreciation hurriedly written about one who was so long my colaborer as president of the trustees of Baylor University.



## 8. B.H. CARROLL, A KINGDOM-BUILDER

### L. R. SCARBOROUGH

I am asked to give an appreciation of Dr. Carroll from the viewpoint of constructive leadership in building the Kingdom of Christ. I do not hesitate to say that through twenty-seven years of close study of this marvelous man, I have never known a greater soul than he was. I loved him almost as I loved my own father. For six years I have helped him the best I could in bearing the burdens and in the constructive work of the Seminary. I think he never asked me to do a thing that I did not do it, and I never asked him to do a thing that he did not do. I know the marks of his great soul and will bless God to my dying day for what he means to my life. I grieved at his grave as a son, and cherish his memory with an abiding affection.

He was in a marked way a Kingdom builder. He had a constructive mind. He thought in large terms. He could plan as well as any Baptist of this generation a campaign for the doing of Kingdom work for Christ. I think he had the following marks of the Kingdom builder

- 1.** The Power of Initiative. — He could begin things, carry them on and bring them to a glorious finish. He fought out and won all of his battles in his own soul in prayer to God. When he found out what God wanted he at once began to do it.
- 2.** Wonderful Spiritual Vision. — His horizon was that of a man standing on Pike's Peak on a clear day. His intimate knowledge of the Word of God and his great love for all the work of Christ's cause gave him a soul that knew no boundaries in its outgoing activities. It was difficult for him to undertake to do a little thing. The great and difficult challenged his soul. Empires were in his brain.. The visions that he has had would read, if recorded, like the Apocalypse of John.
- 3.** Marvelous Resourcefulness. — You could not whip him by any sort of defeat, because of the resourcefulness of his soul. In the defense of the Gospel, in marshaling of arguments to sustain a point or carry a position, he was Napoleonic. His resourcefulness in argument, in exhortation, in avoiding defeat and discouragement, were simply wonderful.

**4. Spiritual Driving Power.** — Some thought him an imperialist. He was not. He had a royal soul, but it was conquered by Jesus Christ. — When he undertook to do a thing for which he had a profound conviction, nobody but God could keep him from doing it. He drove to the mark with an avalanche of power.

**5. Power of Mighty Appeal.** — I have heard him appeal to great throngs for Kingdom enterprises, for the salvation of sinners, for the defense of the Gospel and the maintenance of the truth. I have heard him appeal to individuals for gifts of money to the cause of Christ. In these particulars he surpassed any man I have ever known. So mighty were his appeals in the days of his strength that men surrendered to him and did what he wanted them to do.

**6. Marvelous Leadership.** — He was a born leader. He at once took charge of any situation to which he laid his hand, and that not by presumption but by common consent. There gathered in his soul as many elements of genuine spiritual leadership as in the soul of any man of whom I have known.

**7. Sacrificial Spirit.**—He first gave himself to every cause to which he gave his energies. Whenever there was a crisis in the cause of Christ, he at once went into the breach himself. He never called his brethren to give or go that he did not lead in either or both. He called his faculty together to face a deficit in the running expenses of the Seminary at the beginning of the present session. He called them to consider a large deficit. He said: “We must take care of it.” He said: “You may put me down for \$500.” This was a sacrifice. This only illustrates his whole life in this particular. He was always a great giver.

**8. Conquering Faith.** — This was his chief characteristic. Whenever he undertook to do a great thing, he first fought out the whole battle with God. When God gave him peace, about it, he committed it all to Him and went at the doing of the thing like a conquering giant. His faith put the Seminary with a comfortable seat on predestination. He literally believed that “God is and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.” He believed in the limitless resourcefulness of God. He believed in His omnipotent power, and this faith was so regnant in his soul that it joined God to every great task that he undertook to perform.

With these and other marks of leadership, I count him in a class almost alone among the Baptists of the world. May God prosper the work of his hands.

## 9. DR. CARROLL AND THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

### LANSING BURROWS

In a great bereavement, such as has befallen the State of Texas, it is fitting that those who have been so intimately touched by this sorrow should be first heard and their tributes with all the eloquence of a sincere grief, be first considered. The place of these, like in the slow moving cortege, should be nearest the precious dust. When they have poured out their hearts and with tremulous voice, described their loving estimate, those who are bearing him in their hearts afar off may be permitted to lay their laurel wreath upon the sepulchre.

The labors of Dr. Carroll were largely within the empire of his own great State, but not confined to it. The wonderful transition through which Texas and the Southwest passed during his lifetime naturally demanded of him the choicest of his gifts, and the force of his dynamic character. That was right; but his eye was cast often to the regions beyond and caught the possibilities afforded by the general assemblings of his brethren throughout the entire South. I would therefore touch upon the work which he wrought for Texas and the Southwest, in the councils of the Southern Baptist Convention. It was a reciprocal work. The Convention at all times gave him a ready hearing and he was justly claimed as one of its most important factors. A leadership was cordially granted him, and his brethren were thankfully proud to claim him as their own.

In twenty-two sessions of the Convention he was a conspicuous figure. He first appeared at that remarkable session at Jefferson (1874), representing his church at Waco; he was more seen in that great outburst of Texas hospitality by which the avenues of travel were freely thrown open throughout the entire State to as many as wished to see this new empire. He was at New Orleans (1877), at Nashville (1878), at Columbus (1881), and then became the host of the Convention (1883), when for the first time I could say that I knew him, winning my reverence and affection with the impression that I was in the presence of my superior, although of the same age. He came not to the Convention then until Richmond (1888), and was absent until Fort Worth (1891); from that date he was present at eleven consecutive sessions. He missed then four years, with the

exception of Asheville (1903), but from 1905 to 1908 inclusive he was prominent in the Convention.

He was frequently an attractive figure in the great so-called mass meetings. The most impressive occasions were those at Richmond (1888), at Atlanta (1893), when he spoke for the only time on such occasions on Foreign Missions, and when his eloquence was thrilling as he compared the sad state of Papal fields with those conditions that marked our own favored land. At Washington he spoke to an immense audience on the "White Population of the South," and with prophetic keenness of vision brought before his hearers the wonderful possibilities of Oklahoma and New Mexico, appealing to his brethren to help his Texas brethren bear the crushing burdens which had been placed upon them. At Asheville (1903), his address was upon "The Relations of the Sunday School and Home Mission Boards," and at Kansas City, who shall forget that closing address of the session on the "History and Work of the Home Mission Board"?

Dr. Carroll, while doing yeoman service upon the platform, was relied upon more particularly in important committee rooms. The bent of his mind always was on the crying needs of the work in our own land. I do not recall that he was upon committees of the Foreign Board but once. At New Orleans (1877), he was chairman on China Missions, but declined to use his privilege of addressing the Convention, and presented the missionaries from the field. His introduction into committee work was at his first convention at Jefferson (1874), and that was on the "Enlargement of Home Missions." At Nashville (1878), he prepared the report on Indian Missions, which exhibited his wealth of knowledge upon the facts of that work conveyed in an exhaustive statement of stirring facts.

There were a few occasions when there were topics which occasioned a suppressed excitement among the brethren, and in each instance Dr. Carroll was upon the committee that was looked to for the solution of vexing problems; no greater evidence could be afforded of the confidence which was felt in his strong and wise character. We may smile at the thought that a committee on resolutions should have stirred the brethren, but there is unwritten history regarding such a committee as that of the Dallas (1894) Convention — the only one we ever had — but Dr. Carroll was one of those men who earned a reputation more for what they did not do than what they did; and it was at the same Convention when it was needful for a committee to consider a proposition for union with the Disciples — and Dr. Carroll was, of course, chosen to be

one. In the tense hour at Wilmington (1897), when there came a communication from the seminary trustees relative to the so-called Whitsitt matter, there is abundant evidence in the style of it to persuade many that Dr. Carroll's sane English had something to do with its composition. Before that, at Chattanooga (1896), a most notable report on the relations between the Convention and the seminary was by his pen, and there are many who remember that those were perilous times and needed a strong, guiding hand. Possibly Dr. Carroll never did a more valuable work than in those days.

It may prove of interest to Texas men to know that a quarter of a century ago when the brethren were divided upon the question of establishing a Sunday School Board their two great leaders in these later days were divided, but only in sentiment. When Dr. J. M. Frost presented his celebrated resolutions at Fort Worth (1890), which was the beginning of the Sunday School Board's publication work, the committee to which it was referred very naturally included the name of Dr. Carroll: and it included also the name of J. B. Gambrell, of Mississippi. When the report came in it was divided. On the majority side was B.H. Carroll, and the minority side was headed by J. B. Gambrell. But they came together the following year, perhaps without knowing that after a little they should stand like Jachin and Boaz for the strength and establishment of Texas Baptists, or perhaps better, like David and Jonathan for the beauty of their fellowship and affection. No duty was too slight for him to ignore a call for service. So that it was like him once to accept a position on the Committee on Time and Place, but it was because of the opening possibilities and the pressing needs of Arkansas and its City of Hot Springs, for which he was pleading. He was once upon the committee on Nominations (1907), but my recollection of any especial reason for that has faded. It was a place doubtless where his conservative and constructive powers were needed.

Of his sermons preached at the sessions I have only a partial collection. He was appointed to preach at every session, unless important reasons existed. He was appointed to preach in the Presbyterian Church at Columbus, I well remember; and at the age of 35 he was the Convention preacher at Nashville (1878); and I should be glad to know if it was at this time he delivered that impressive sermon on "The Blessed Gospel of the Happy God" — possibly it was at another time, but the sermon is not forgotten.

Beyond question the greatest platform efforts of Dr. Carroll where he rose above the expectations of his auditors were at Hot Springs (1905), when he

reviewed the conditions of an hundred years before, and in which he displayed a marvelous acquaintance, with the facts and dates, with historic incidents; the stirring address on “Evangelism,” at Chattanooga (1906), when the brethren were excited to the topmost notch upon this feature of Christian effort; and the sermon which he preached at Hot Springs (1908), in which he swayed the multitude upon his greatest theme, “Christ; His Nature and His Relations to God and the World.” It was his swan-song, for he never again stood among his brethren in the Convention.

In later years he was not so much in evidence on the floor because of his increasing infirmity; although he was at no time insistent upon addressing the body. We thought we knew he was doing a better work in the private sessions of the seminary trustees, of which I can say little or nothing; but he has left an impress upon the Convention that links his name with those of its founders and leaders in the dark and distressing times when our heritage was being established.

## 10. B.H. CARROLL — A LOVE TOKEN

### J. A. HACKETT

The image of Dr. B.H. Carroll will always be a cherished picture in the heart gallery of my memory. I seem to see the “grand old man” even yet as I saw him as he stood in the pulpit of the old First Baptist Church in Richmond, Virginia, when the Southern Baptist Convention met there last, and delivered one of his greatest sermons. The air seemed almost vibrant and the building to tremble under the detonaions of the eloquence and learning of one of our greatest gospel preachers. And such a sermon-well, if such things are allowable in heavenly places, then the arch-angels will be well nigh thrilled when they hear it as it might ring through the vaulted heavens magnifying the name of Him, whose name is above every name.

After that my best recollections of him are associated with a trip I once made with him down into Old Mexico, even to Monterey and Saltillo, to attend the opening of the Madero Institute, at Saltillo, and also the laying of the cornerstone of a new Baptist church building. There I think I saw into the heart of that great man. It was my misfortune at that time, to be somewhat “under the weather,” as to health, and Brother W. D. Powell who was there in charge of the work in that part of Mexico and who was our excellent host, agreed to let me off from my active or prominent part in the opening exercises of the school if I would consent to preach at eleven o’clock on Sunday, especially for the benefit of our American people who had gone there in the way of an excursion, about fifty in number. There was also a great company of very attentive Mexican brethren. Brother Carroll sat near me, with his ear trumpet in easy and graceful poise and was one of the most attentive and interested listeners I ever addressed from the pulpit, as I discoursed upon that old, but ever new theme, “The Final Preservation of the Saints.” A former conclusion of mine was then confirmed which was that the greatest preachers are the best listeners when others preach. Before this occurrence Dr. J. R. Graves and Dr. J. A. Broadus before whom I tried to preach at a time previous, had the “blue ribbon” for that same high virtue, but now I must divide it with this equally great preacher.

Well, I had the privilege of having this charge against Dr. Carroll (his greatness as a preacher) verified on the next day when he gave us one of the greatest

sermons, if not the greatest, that I ever heard on the greatest of themes, “The Excellence of the Love of God. That was another sermon that beings higher than men might love to hear. It is a joy to know that great men are the humblest of all as the beloved Carroll was, and how beautifully God makes good the two-edged saying of His beloved Peter whose own experience gave it expression, “God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble.” Oh, that I and all the rest of us might have that humility and grace, for then we would be of some note, and force, in our Master’s work.

I love to think of Dr. Carroll in heaven, where he is no stranger to them, for they all knew him here, but what glorious revelations are being made to him, of the beatitudes of the unimaginable things not yet revealed to human eyes, human ears, or human hearts. And then to be with Jesus whom he loved and served so well, it is enough. What must it be to be there?

*“O’er all those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day,  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.”*



## 11. B.H. CARROLL, THE CHAMPION OF A GREAT CAUSE

(Paragraphs from a Founder's Day Address, Delivered Friday Evening, March 24, 1922, at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas.)

### GOVERNOR PAT M. NEFF

The grandest sight of this world is a great man in action, the champion of a great cause. Caleb standing out single-handed, pleading with his people to go up and possess the country was a grander sight than all the Promised Land with its milk and honey — an individual bravely and courageously the champion of a cause. Hannibal with his conquering army scaling the Alps was a grander sight than the Alps themselves. George Dewey on the deck of Olympia sailing into Manila Bay, saying, "Shoot when you get ready," was a grander sight than all the lashing waves of the Pacific. B.H. Carroll standing in the grandeur of his glorious manhood on this sunlit hill—the promised land of life's dream founding without money but on the faith in the promises of God alone this institution, is a picture that ought to inspire the heart and nerve the arm of the sons of men with the heroic for God and country, always and everywhere. A great man in action, the champion of a great cause, is the grandest sight in all the world.

It is a beautiful thought of the scientific world that when a sound has once been uttered it never dies. According to science, the Savior's sermon on the mount, the words of Webster at Bunker Hill, Sam Houston's shouts of victory at San Jacinto's field are echoing somewhere this hour in the auditoriums of time. It is a beautiful thought in the teachings of science that not one atom of this earth since this world started has ever been lost. If a sound when it has once been put in motion never dies, and if the dust at our feet is indestructible, how much more beautiful and how much more true is the thought that no philanthropic being, that no humanitarian cause, that no great life worth while ever dies.

B.H. Carroll projected his life into the world that is yet to be. B.H. Carroll still preaches in the First Baptist Church at Waco. He still walks the halls of Baylor University. He still stands in his giant strength on Seminary Hill. He lives in the Governor's office at Austin. His missionary voice, like the fire bells at night, rings around the world. He has projected his life into the years that are to be, an

inspiration and a help and a hope to those who believe in God and religion and truth and light around this world.

He does live in the Governor's office. No one could have been a member of his church during all the years that it was my privilege so to worship and ever get away from the life he lived and the sermons he preached. I did not intend to tell this, but Dr. Carroll came very nearly defeating me for the Governor's office. Some of you know he was responsible for a plank in my platform. Some few of you may remember that there was some considerable discussion about what they called my "land plank." The land plank was all right. The interpretation of the plank was what was bad. Dr. Carroll was responsible for that plank. More than twenty-five years before I thought of running for Governor, B.H. Carroll in the First Baptist Church at Waco preached a sermon. His text was "Subdue the Earth." I will never live to get away from the sermon. He discussed in that sermon the land question, and through all the years what he preached at that eleven o'clock hour has clung to me; and I put it into the platform. I merely mention this for this thought. You who preach may little realize the far-extent of what you say. You will live over in another generation, in the lives of others, the sermons you preach. The projected life!

This institution founded by him is great because it serves mankind. This institution is a world-builder. I have never had any special admiration for the pyramids. They render no service. They represent no cause. They stand for no ideals. They were built by slaves beneath the lash of a master, to satisfy a vaulted ambition of Egyptian kings. They have stood through all the centuries as a monument of misguided ambition. They never widened the vision, ennobled the ideals or enriched the life of a human soul. I am for those institutions and buildings of men that stand for a great cause. I am for the things that render service to mankind. Measured by that standard, this institution founded by Dr. Carroll is one of the greatest institutions in all the land, because while it is yet young its influence even now encircles the globe. Its influence goes to every clime and country. It inspires the heart and nerves the arm of the brave and noble and the true wherever God has a follower of truth. I count myself both happy and honored that I am privileged to journey from Austin here to worship with you at this hour and join with you in celebrating this anniversary occasion.

I remember as well as if it had taken place on yesterday when I, as a member of the Board of Trustees of Baylor University, attended a called meeting of the Board at an evening hour, like this, when Dr. B.H. Carroll presented to the

Board the plans for this institution. If I lived a thousand years, I would not forget it. I did not know the purpose of the called meeting. Dr. Carroll sat on the other side of the table and for the first time officially presented the plans of this Seminary to the Board of Trustees. He had no money, neither had he the promise of any money. He so stated, but he said that his mission was now to found an institution just like this; and he pictured it in grandeur and more glowing terms than even it now appears it will be. He said, "It must be done now." He said that the sands of life were fastly flowing and what he did must be done now, "for," said he, "I have only a few years left for my work." He said he was not asking the denomination as a denomination for one dollar. "I shall not ask them for any money. I will not ask them for anything," said he, "except a free-hand to build here this institution for the great Southwest." No one could have listened to him without knowing he was the spokesman of the Master. No one could have listened to him without knowing that he was an ambassador of the King to do a work and to carry out His mission. He was an individual in action, the champion of a great cause. There before the Board meeting and out before the brotherhood of Texas he was a giant champion, in action, of a great cause.

Great as are the battleships and the dreadnaughts that sweep the ocean, they do not compare in grandeur and in glory with a conquering Caleb or a courageous Carroll walking across the stage of action. There was never a grander sight than he was there on that evening hour, coming out of his heart and mind this institution that shall go on blessing mankind as long as gravity swings the planets and the rivers run on to the seas. I remember a conversation which took place between Judge Jenkins and me when we went out of the Board meeting. Judge Jenkins, who had known Dr. Carroll in a most intimate comradeship during all the years, remarked that whatever might be our views concerning the founding of that institution Dr. Carroll felt called as the messenger and the ambassador of God to found that institution and he would build it. Judge Jenkins said, "He is a Napoleon. He knows the object towards which he is to journey. He knows he is a representative of the purposes of the Master. He will walk over the bodies of his friends and the world to found the institution that he feels called of God to build." He was an individual, the champion of a great cause, in action.

He was given naught but the privilege of building this institution. No helping hand was given to him by Baylor or anyone else. He built it. It is here at this hour to bless mankind around the world in all the years to come.

Each and every individual in this world has a Promised Land. If this Bible is true then God never put a human being on this earth without a purpose. God never swung this world into being and made man in His image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and then started him out without a compass, without a guide and a purpose. Each and every individual in this world has his or her Promised Land. The promised land of every life is the supreme possibility of that life, no mediocre life, no average life. But if you will you may go out and possess your promised land. You may go out and by work and toil and sacrifice reach the highest and the noblest and the truest possibilities of your life. It is true, you will have Jerichos to conquer; you will have Jordans to cross and the wilderness to penetrate. You will have spies to watch and enemies to fight, but with God as your guide you will go on conquering and triumphant over hardships and difficulties and stumbling stones you will find in your pathway. The greatest lives in all the world are the ones that overcome these difficulties, that ford the Jordans, that climb the mountains, make stumbling blocks stepping stones to higher and to nobler things. It is the boy who as a student starves for bread while he thirsts for knowledge who is the one who makes the wheels to go round after college days. Let no boy or girl in this institution be discouraged for one hour, whatever may be your difficulties and your hardships. Go out into the Promised Land of the highest possibilities saying, with head up, "I go now, for I am able with His guidance, well able with His counsel, to possess the land of the highest and the noblest possibilities." Oh, I am not talking about being a Caleb or a Carroll or a Scarborough or a Truett. I am not talking about leading armies and parading before the footlights of the world. I am talking about going out into *your Promised Land*, not someone else's, about doing the task and the work that lies next to your door, whether it is high or low. Fight with your own shield; follow your own pathway. If you are following the purposes and plans of God then you go with Caleb and Carroll and the mighty host of the immortal ones who have gone before us, the champions of this cause.

Caleb rendered a great service, so did Carroll, so did Joshua. They rendered great service, not only to their day and generation; but they rendered a service to mankind. You and I are going through the world just once, just as they did. You and I go through this world just once — just one time. Just in a little while, life's fitful fever will be over and our work will be done. The question is, Have we gone forth in those years into the Promised Land of the highest possibilities? Have we done our task well?

I was never called to be a missionary. If I were, I would go. I have never been called to be pastor of a church. If I were, I would go. It is every man's and woman's business to go into their Promised Land that God has said shall be the field of their labors. And every man who serves those about him, whether in a large or small degree, as I understand it, is a Caleb and a Carroll. If he does the task that is at his door in service of mankind that is all that was ever intended for him to do. That may not be orthodox, but that is the way I see it. The man who renders service where he is, "shines just where he is," works where he is, does the duties about him, is the man that goes into the supreme possibility and occupies it in life.

## 12. EARLY MINISTRY OF B.H. CARROLL

### A. J. HOLT

The timely and interesting article by Dr. F. M. McConnell published in the Journal of Theology concerning B.H. Carroll's Contribution to Preachers, suggests the subject of this paper.

The first I heard of B.H. Carroll was from Dr. R. C. Burleson, who visited the church of which I was pastor at Webberville, Texas, in 1871. He said a young giant had appeared in Israel. He prophesied that he would in time become a great power in the kingdom.

The next time I heard of this young preacher was when he had been challenged by the doughty Dr. O. Fisher, the famous Methodist champion debater, to defend his positions in a public discussion to take place at Davilla, where Dr. Bains, the father of Dr. G. W. Bains, was the pastor. Great preparations were made by both sides. The Methodists were especially jubilant, thinking that their favorite and famous champion would completely demolish this presumptuous young Baptist from Waco, that had dared to propose to meet in discussion, the far-famed Goliath of Methodism. The Baptists were fearful. B.H. Carroll was to them an unheard-of man. That was an age of controversy. J. R. Graves was the famous Baptist debater. D. B. Ray was also in the meridian of his glory as a "Defender of the Faith." The great Alexander Campbell was followed by an army of imitators who copied his methods without having his ability. The people of his following seemed never so happy as when engaged in a public debate.

The Methodists had never been noted for their belligerency, save only that "Parson" Brownlow of Tennessee had sailed into the great book of Dr. J. R. Graves, "The Great Iron Wheel," and had, as he said, endeavored to extract some "False Spokes" from it, which, by the way, he failed to do. But the spirit of theological strife was regnant in the land. The bold Dr. O. Fisher had been defying everybody who might differ with him, and the Baptists especially, to meet him in public discussion. As no one seemed to be inclined to take up his challenge, the idea had gotten abroad that his arguments could not be answered.

This young pastor of the Baptist church at Waco felt that he should be answered, and so he took up the gage of battle as cast down by Dr. Fisher.

The proposed discussion was widely advertized by both denominations, and the town, Davilla, was crowded with people anxious to hear the discussion. The Baptists felt that they had absolute truth on their side, although they felt somewhat apprehensive of their champion. It had been suggested that Dr. Graves be sent for to do this work. Some correspondence had been had with Dr. Graves, but previous engagements prevented his attending this debate. It was agreed upon, however, that in the event he was needed, he would meet Dr. Fisher at a later date.

At the beginning, Dr. Fisher was bold, sarcastic, defiant and self-important. B.H. Carroll was quiet, self-poised and deliberate. The first speech of Dr. Fisher filled his friends with great confidence. His assertion that the Jordan where Jesus Christ was baptized, was probably not the river of Jordan at all, but a town on a high hill where there was not water sufficient for immersion, was an unheard-of position. The idea freely indulged in, that Baptists were noted for their ignorance and their illiberality, was made with confidence and received with satisfaction on the part of the Methodists.

The first speech of B.H. Carroll disclosed several things not known before:

- (1). That he was a scholar, and was perfectly at home in the Greek.
- (2). That he was a Biblical scholar, and thoroughly familiar with the New Testament.
- (3). That he was a splendid logician.
- (4). That he was a skillful debater.
- (5). That he was as bold as a lion.
- (6). That he was an imperial orator.

Before his first speech was concluded, the Baptists were joyfully confident, and the Methodists correspondingly depressed. Carroll never omitted the slightest detail. He challenged Dr. Fisher to the absolute proof of every position, and shot through and through every speech of Dr. Fisher the shafts of Bible logic, touched now and then as the debate progressed, with quiet sarcasm that irritated the Methodist champion and his friends, but which was greatly enjoyed by the Baptists.

The result of that week's discussion was a complete victory for the Baptists. The Methodists themselves being judges, their champion had failed to make good his assertions, which were completely refuted by the young preacher from Waco. Personally, the effect of the debate on the two champions was that Dr.

Fisher never again soared so high in Texas. Those who heard that debate were not at all in doubt as to the results. B.H. Carroll gained great confidence in himself, in his positions, and in his brethren. With those who heard him, his fame was fixed for life as a peerless champion for the Baptists. He was sent for far and near to fight Methodists. But having vanquished their champion he was content, and did not follow up his victory and enter the field as a fighter.

That was characteristic of B.H. Carroll. Through a ministry of over forty years, he always stood in the breach when the truth was imperiled. When Prohibition was the issue in Texas, Dr. Carroll took the field in its defense, and met the strongest champions of the liquor traffic. The people of Waco will never cease to remember the famous debate between Senator Roger Q. Mills and B.H. Carroll. Mills was in the meridian of his power and influence. But he was so irritated by the evident superiority of this preacher, that he was time and again thrown off his guard in his extreme passion. He declared that hell was full of such preachers as B.H. Carroll. He advised the churches to drive these political preachers back to their pulpits and to cut off their rations if they did not stop meddling with politics. Carroll was confident, logical, eloquent and unafraid. His superiority to his opponent was evident. The matter of Carroll's contention satisfied his fair-minded hearers. The result of that debate was to forever fix in the minds of those who heard it the eternal principles of Prohibition. The anti-Prohibitionists won out only by fraud, which has been amply rebuked in the late elections in Texas.

When Baylor University hung in the balance, it was B.H. Carroll who took up a young, untrained preacher, and made of him a mighty factor in building up this great University. The campaign for this peerless university had two effects:

- 1.** To find a place in the hearts and denominational life of the Baptists for Geo. W. Truett.
- 2.** To fix for all time to come the success of Baylor University. Having done these two things, B.H. Carroll returned to his pastorate to continue preaching the most superb sermons ever delivered in Texas.



## 13. B.H. CARROLL, THE COLOSSAL CHRISTIAN

(Memorial Address, Southern Baptist Convention, Houston, Texas,  
May 16, 1915, by George W. McDaniel.)

God casts some men in heroic mould. They bear in their bodies the marks of distinction. Their very presence attracts, impresses, inspires. Such were Alfred Tennyson, William E. Gladstone, Richard Fuller, Sam Houston, J. B. Hawthorne, and B.H. Carroll.

Providence generously endowed my ministerial ideal and religious hero with a fine physique. His bone was large, his muscles hard, his lungs healthful, his frame gigantic, his power of endurance almost superhuman. Tall as a poplar, straight as an Indian, strong as an Ursus, - he was conspicuous in any company. Looking upon Michelangelo's Moses in Rome, I thought of Dr. Carroll as more nearly the model than any man I ever saw.

A divine Architect planned the temple of his body. Nature herself superintended the construction. The woods and fields were the playground of his childhood; the gun and horse were the delights of his youth. Early life in the open air and vigorous exercise were the rock upon which a house was built, that stood when "the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon it."

This spacious palace was occupied by a soul worthy of such a dwelling-place. 'Twas a regal spirit that tabernacled in his body. Too lofty to stoop to sin, too honest to deceive, too guileless to suspect treachery, too great to be guilty of littleness; his was a transparent, magnanimous and unsullied soul.

*Great intellect in King-like body housed,  
Great life by lurking evil undefiled,  
Great heart so like a lion when aroused.  
Yet in affection like a little child.*

### UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE

Dr. Carroll had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Before he attained his majority he had read the world's literary masters. In those early years he perused the pages of the Christian fathers and devoured the writings of

philosophers and skeptics. Nothing permanent in the realms of literature or history escaped him.

*“He held converse with all forms  
Of the many-sided mind;  
And those whom passion hath not blinded,  
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.”*

This avidity for reading he transmitted to his children. While yet in their teens, his sons had read more classic literature and modern fiction than most preachers read in a lifetime.

The habit of study, always strong, grew stronger with the years. He was such a voracious reader that fanciful stories have gotten into circulation about his methods; though he did average an ordinary book a day for sixty years, and occasionally read all night. He became deaf after locating in Waco. As Milton, blind to the world, portrayed the visions of heaven, and Beethoven, deaf to the discords of earth, revelled amidst harmony and melody, so Dr. Carroll's infirmity, by giving uninterrupted quiet, stimulated his intellectual activity and developed all his other faculties. A long pastorate, sermons published weekly, and tremendous moral and denominational issues quickened his latent mental powers and brought them to the highest efficiency. His mind was not a sponge, absorbing the ideas of others, but rather a fertile soil into which every fact and truth dropped, germinated and bore fruit. He was not an assimilator of the information and illustrations of others, but rather a tireless investigator searching out for himself and arranging his material in his own forceful manner. And he carried always an abundant supply. He had much of the originality which says a thing first, and more of the potency which says it best.

His learning was so profound, that the superficial wearied, and so comprehensive, that the young sometimes grew restless under his sermons and addresses. However, he never failed to hold the attention of the thoughtful. Preachers fed on his sermons, for they were full of strong meat. Instances arose in which they were preached verbatim et literatim without acknowledgment. He told me of one case in particular where he was assisting a Baylor boy in a meeting. Noticing as he preached, that the mature brethren looked curious or listened inattentively, he wondered the cause. After the third sermon a deacon took him aside and said, “Dr. Carroll, these are strong, helpful sermons you are preaching, but our pastor has already preached them to this congregation.” It amused Dr. Carroll very much but he did nothing to humiliate the young

preacher. He repeated to him the statement of the deacon and added, "Now my young brother, if you have preached any more of my sermons tell me which ones so I will not repeat them." And the pastor gave him a list of six.

The remarkable faculty of packing an enormous amount of information into sermons was his to a high degree. A Virginia pastor was annoyed by an erroneous doctrine of assurance, which was working havoc in his church. Being unable to cope with the situation, he asked for some literature on the subject. I opened Dr. Carroll's first book of sermons, turned to one on assurance and said, "There is the ablest treatment of the Bible doctrine of assurance ever published." He borrowed the book, preached four sermons from the arguments of that one, and upon returning the volume, said, "My people are straight on the doctrine now." That sermon settled clouds of dust in Texas, and saved the Baptists from a doctrinal drought.

His "Interpretation of the English Bible" shows his method of study and trend of thought. As a commentary it is unique. Mark you, I don't rank it first; it is not himself at his best. For the average preacher, however, that commentary is a Thesaurus of Theology and a gold mine of Homiletics. When the volume on Genesis appeared, I read to a brother minister the author's views upon the establishment of the Throne of Grace at the Gate of Eden. My visitor, kindled with enthusiasm, exclaimed, "I never read or heard of that before. Lend me that book." On next Saturday, in the Sunday service column, this pastor had announced as his morning subject, "The Establishment of the Throne of Grace."

One year the commencement orator wired the night before the occasion on which he was to speak, that he could not fill his engagement. The committee turned to Dr. Carroll. Oh, how many a time Baylor has called upon him and never in vain! He was the mighty Atlas who at critical moments took the load on his broad shoulders without bending under it. It was midnight and the address was on the program for eleven that morning. He cheerfully agreed to fill the gap; he was made for emergencies. Bear in mind that he had preached in that city for twenty-seven years, that he had taught in the University twice a week during the college course of those students, that he had spoken frequently upon the widest range of subjects. You wonder what theme could he discuss. Would he rehash a former oration? Would he dress an old skeleton in the garb of a new name? Not he. The motto of the Grecian philosopher was his subject: "I carry all my goods with me." For one hour he poured a torrent of compelling logic, towering

eloquence and burning appeal upon the graduates, to make their information available for constant use, and he himself was the telling illustration of his theme.

I have said his brain was fertile. He was also versatile. He could work mathematics; knew the theories of science; quoted Latin; had a usable knowledge of Greek; was an authority on literature; had sounded the depths of philosophy; delighted in astronomy; was perfectly familiar with mythology; carried the topography and geography of the earth in his capacious mind; was abreast of modern events, and knew accurately and minutely the history of the world. Two young men, one his younger son, had studied Grecian history for four months and spent an afternoon and evening reviewing for examination. At one A. M., confident of their preparation, they ceased cramming names and dates and held themselves to the pantry to cram all the edibles to be found. Returning, they observed the light in Dr. Carroll's study and Charlie said, "Let's go in and examine Papa." He was buried deep in the pages of Hall Caine's "Christian" when the young men interrupted him. Turning gently, for his patience with students was proverbial, and he was always accessible to the humblest, he inquired, "What will you boys have?" "We want to examine you on Grecian history." "Well, I didn't know I was on trial, but go ahead." For thirty minutes we plied him with the most difficult questions which we could recall. He answered all accurately and more elaborately than did the text-book. Having shot the last arrow in our quiver we were preparing to withdraw when he stroked his long beard in that familiar manner, gave a merry twinkle and said, "Turn about is fair play. I want to ask you boys some questions on Greek History." "Fire ahead," we said. The first question completely bewildered us. We passed that, and asked for another with similar results, and so on, to our distress and his amusement, until in sheer desperation one said, "But those questions are not in our textbook." "Oh, ha, ha," his great frame shook with laughter. "I thought you two posed as students of Grecian history."

In Virginia, I had affirmed that the first record of the Apostles creed was in the fourth century and in that record the expression, "Descended into Hell" was not found. The statement was challenged. I knew it was correct, for I had heard him make it and I never knew him to be in error as to a historical fact. I asked a number of well-informed brethren how to confirm the statement and no one of them could tell me. The very first time I saw Dr. Carroll, I asked him and he replied immediately, "You will find the authority for that in Schaff's Creeds of Christendom, Vol. II, page 45."

## MARVELOUS MEMORY

The secret of this available and unlimited knowledge was partly his omnivorous reading, partly his mental acumen, partly the sublimest of intellectual virtues, patient thinking, but mainly his marvelous memory. The Egyptians did not inscribe upon their papyri more indelibly than did he upon the tables of his mind. This habit was formed early. He made a mental photograph of pages of books and filed in his mind every important fact which he read. He acquired little through the ear. Knowing that reading of daily papers impairs the memory, he devoted a minimum of time to them. Appreciating that retention is the result of review, he went over and over the fields of knowledge until they were as familiar to him as the streams and paths on the old farm are to an East Texas boy. One cannot remember what one never knew. Hence his first mental effort was to understand. Nothing was omitted because difficult or dismissed until digested.

This is the reason why he was to many the first authority upon the Bible. He had weighed its words, traced the unfolding of its history, compared its doctrines and mastered its contents so completely, that he could give spontaneously and extemporaneously an opinion upon any Biblical subject. At the Southern Baptist Convention in Chattanooga in 1906 he delivered an impromptu address upon Evangelism which silenced all objections to the establishment of the evangelistic department of the Home Mission Board. Brethren marvelled at his grasp of the Scriptures. As he called the names of that galaxy of young evangelists surrounding Paul, and elucidated his theme from the entire New Testament, all were consumed with a passion for souls. His speech remains the classic on that subject.

His sermons are masterpieces in Scriptural Collation. He saw the text in its context, and also in its relation to all Scripture and was his own best concordance. Immediately upon choosing a subject his memory, without apparent effort, marshalled all the Scriptural teachings and from these outlined his thought and enforced his positions. In this respect he far surpassed Spurgeon, who was pre-eminently a Bible preacher.

For several years Dr. Carroll taught a voluntary Bible class in Baylor. It was the genesis of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. The lecture room was crowded with the students when no credits were allowed for the work. The classes of '94-'98 went with him through the Pentateuch, the Gospels and Acts. All who sat in those classes pronounced him a great teacher. If teaching is

causing others to know, then he was primus inter pares. The hard knots which the commentaries left uncut he split wide open with the wedge of his invincible logic. Verse by verse, chapter by chapter, and book by book, he expounded them all. My young heart thrilled when sitting at the feet of a teacher who could demonstrate the Scriptural account of creation, explain why sin entered the world, tell where Cain got his wife, prove the immaculate conception, and establish by legal evidence the resurrection. Thus, by meeting every difficulty squarely and answering every possible question fairly, did he “justify the ways of God to men.” He comprehended the truth so clearly and presented it so forcefully that there seemed no other possible meaning. Indirectness of utterance was foreign to him. His explanations did not need explaining. He was the only one of my teachers with whom I never felt like taking issue. Much taught by other instructors has been forgotten, but I remember now Dr. Carroll’s interpretation of the controverted passages of Scripture; and the study and experiences of twenty years have confirmed my belief in the doctrines as he held them.

All he did was bottomed upon God’s inspired word. He knew that

*“The tree, cut from its forest root of years—the river  
Damn’d from its fountain—the child from the knee  
And maternal breast wean’d at once forever—Would wither less,”*

than the preacher apart from God’s Word.

As a feat of memory, I know nothing quite equal to an incident at the University of Texas. In the midst of an impassioned flight of oratory, he quoted from Hiawatha:

*“Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
On his quarry in the desert,  
But another vulture, watching,  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;*

*And a third pursues the second  
Coming from the invisible ether  
First a speck and then a vulture  
Till the air is black with pinions.  
So disasters come not singly,  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish."*

It was entirely unpremeditated. Afterwards in thinking over it, he could not recall that he had ever consciously memorized those lines. If, science could have examined his brain, what wonders might have been disclosed!

## SPONTANEOUS HUMOR

Some men are sadly lacking in the sense of humor. They neither laugh nor make others laugh. Yet laughter is divine and is one of the distinguishing characteristics between man and beast. Since the Creator made man the only laughing animal, he must have meant for man to laugh. Dietitians tell us it aids digestion. We know it promotes happiness. Josh Billings quaintly says, "If a man kan't laff, there is some mistake in putting him together, and if he won't laff, he wants as much keeping away from az a bear-trap when it is sot."

This trait of Dr. Carroll's was not generally known because he rarely told a joke in the pulpit and was excluded by his deafness, from general conversation. But in that charming family circle where it was my good fortune to live for three happy years, his humor was unfailing. The stories he told were always amusing and wholesome. The meal hours, when he talked most familiarly, were shortened by his anecdotes. Many of them were original.

While the confidences of his home are too sweet and sacred for public speech, it is but just to say that his home life was ideal. Filial affection and domestic felicity were enthroned as strong as death and sweet as heaven and they were reciprocated with unutterable reverence and passionate fondness. Never was he impatient with any member of his family and never was heard to utter a cross word in his home. The nearer you were to him the larger he loomed. True

character is greatest at home. Three young preachers at different times were admitted as members of his family, They were Jeff D. Ray, George W. Truett and myself. All three agree to-day in crowning B.H. Carroll as the most devoted friend and the greatest man they ever knew.

## SOARING ELOQUENCE

The Greeks believed that eloquence was a gift of the gods. A discriminating vocabulary may be acquired, faultless diction may be mastered, grace of delivery may be learned in the schools; but genuine eloquence is born in the soul. Without a vivid imagination it is impossible. B.H. Carroll was naturally the most eloquent man I ever heard. He cared for none of the tricks of elocution; he rarely wrote his sermons; but when he spoke under the power of the Holy Ghost, it was logic on fire. How many a time in the old church at Waco has he electrified the college boys. There ministerial students received their most powerful and lasting inspiration to be good ministers of Jesus Christ.

We admire the golden eloquence of Chrysostom; the chastened splendor of Bossuet; the convincing profundity of Bourdaloue; the compelling unction of Fenelon; the singular sweetness of Massilon; the appealing earnestness of Saurin; the impassioned speech of John Knox; the charming imagery of Jeremy Taylor.; the torrential power of Richard Baxter; the splendid bursts of Robert Hall; but all, all of these are surpassed in native, unaffected eloquence by B.H. Carroll:

*“Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,  
And soared untrodden heights and seemed at home  
Where angels bashful looked.”*

Did you ever read that sermon from his early ministry, “Watching Jesus on the Cross”? Where in the sermonology of Christendom can it be excelled for vivid description? or, if you read the sermon on Love, preached in this very city thirty years ago, did not your heart leap up as he piled Ossa on Pelion in climax after climax equalled to the world’s best oratory? You men of the West never heard anything more realistic than his description of a drouth:

“I have witnessed a drouth in Texas. The earth was iron and the heavens brass. Dust clouded the thoroughfares and c h o k e d the travelers. Water courses ran dry, grass scorched and crackled, corn -



leaves twisted and wilted, stock died around the last water holes, the ground cracked in fissures, and the song of birds died out in parched throats. Men despaired. The whole earth prayed: 'Rain, rain, rain. O heaven send rain!' Suddenly a cloud rises above the horizon and floats into vision like an angel of hope. It spreads a cool shade over the burning and glowing earth. Expectation gives life to desire. The lowing herds look up. The shriveled flowers open their tiny cups. The corn leaves interest and rustle with gladness. And just when all trusting, suffering life opens her confiding heart to the promise of relief, the cloud, the cheating cloud, floats scornfully away, leaving the angry sun free to dart his fires of death into the open heart of all suffering life."

Some of you Texas orators give us a companion picture of a flood to hang by the side of that, and then Texas will be fairly portrayed.

The tenderest cords of the human heart were touched by the finger of memory when he said:

"Some of you will recall the sweet and holy charm of the old-time Sabbath Day-your Lord's Day; the day commemorative of His resurrection; the day of the out-pouring of the Spirit; the day which typifies your heavenly state, the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Ah, me! My heart melts when I recall its old-time peace and joy; when women were modest and men were true; when Sabbath bells broke the Sabbath stillness with silvery tones of sweetest music. The fields rested. The workshop closed. The silent forests felt the presence of God. And in the ears of worshippers, wending their way through quiet streets or still, shady lanes, to the house of God, the winds fragrant and kissing the flowers, would whisper, 'This is God's Day. It is the type of heaven.'"

The limits of this occasion do not permit me to quote that unmatched paragraph of mythological illusions on infidelity, nor that astronomical introduction on God's call of Abraham beneath Syrian skies. Such eloquence was not born to die.

## **INDOMITABLE COURAGE**

There are two kinds of courage, physical and moral. Some are quick to resent an insult, but timid before a moral wrong. Others are loud in denouncing sin and

sinners from the pulpit, but are physical cowards on the street. Both kinds of courage in one man are rare. They were combined in B.H. Carroll. Physical bravery and moral courage belonged to him as strength to the ox or fleetness to the antelope. He was a member of McCulloch's Texas Rangers, "the first regiment mustered into the Confederate service," and on the lonely and perilous frontier he showed himself to be worthy of the title, "a brave man."

During the Prohibition campaign in 1887, San Antonio was then, as now, the seat of Satan's Synagogue. A prohibition speaker had been shamefully treated while attempting to make a prohibition speech. The lewd fellows of the baser sort declared no dry man should speak there. Dr. Carroll was warned not to go. He declared, "I will go." He went and spoke unharmed on the very spot where his co-worker had suffered indignities.

The leader of the antis in the memorable campaign was Roger Q. Mills, and the leader and chairman of the prohibitionists was B.H. Carroll. Reports became current that Mills was anxious to meet Carroll in joint discussion. Senator Coke, who had measured swords with Dr. Carroll in a local option contest, remarked, "If Mills takes hold of Carroll, he will need somebody to help him turn him loose." A notable debate was held in Padgett's Park, Waco. Dr. Carroll exposed his opponent's sophistry with cutting sarcasm and annihilated his arguments with inexorable logic. Straightening himself and pointing that long index finger at Col. Mills, he said,

*"Ah Roger, the Dodger!  
Thou mayst dodge good and  
Thou mayst dodge evil but  
With all thy dodging thou  
Canst not dodge the devil."*

In his rejoinder, Col. Mills, unable to answer his opponent, resorted to personal abuse. Dr. Carroll arose and denounced the statement as an unmitigated falsehood and a base slander. The thousands who filled the park were wild with excitement or furious with rage. Men rushed madly upon the platform. Dr. Carroll was the calmest person in that tumultuous throng. There he stood, unawed, unafraid! His disregard of personal danger was only surpassed by his self-control.

Let me add that years afterwards Senator Mills wrote Dr. Carroll a letter in which he paid high tribute to his ability and character, saying he was the

brainiest man in Texas, and the best posted on Thomas Jefferson and Democratic government of any one he knew and confessing his own mistakes in his personalities. Dr. Carroll responded in the most fraternal spirit and read me the letter, which was signed in the striking manner, "Yours as before the prohibition campaign, B.H. Carroll."

The autumn of 1897 in Waco was a time that tried men's souls. The unavoidable Brann controversy led to awful tragedies in which four men were killed on the streets and another wounded. The very atmosphere was charged with electricity. Good men went armed. It seemed as if

*"Justice had fled to brutish beasts  
And men had lost their reason."*

Through all that turmoil and strife and danger, Dr. Carroll walked with cool head and calm heart. He was utterly insensible to fear.

The prohibition campaign was also a test of higher moral courage. The cause was not strong and popular then. He staked his fortune, hazarded his reputation, jeopardized his pastorate and risked his life for a moral principle. And following in the way he blazed the untrammelled, enlightened citizenship of this, my native State, will yet drive the last saloon from her borders and wipe the stain of the licensed liquor traffic forever from her escutcheon. That would be the most fitting monument you could erect to his precious memory.

The Cotton Palace of Waco was built in 1894. Prominent members of Dr. Carroll's church were on the directorate. A majority of the board decided to open the palace on Sunday. The ministers' protest was disregarded. Dr. Carroll grew insistent. He was told that he would hurt the business interests of the community and destroy his usefulness if he did not desist. I can hear his clarion voice ringing out this moment, and it thrills me as it did then:

"If I knew the fate of Laocoon awaited me and my family, if I saw even now the pythons of vengeance emerging from the sea of popular wrath, and gliding toward me in noiseless slime, uncoiling their glittering length, revealing in supple sinuosities their deadly power of constriction, and freezing my heart with their cold, green, unwinking, basilisk eyes, yet would I, for Christ's sake, smite the hollow, treacherous side of this huge horse, and cry out: 'There are Greeks in it.' Woe to the city that makes a breach in the walls of religion and morality to give entrance to

an enemy's gift, designedly too wide for passage through her regular gates."

## PEERLESS LEADERSHIP

He was born a king of men. Conscious of his kingship, he walked the earth a ruler. Men followed him because of his acknowledged superiority. One had to look up and ahead to see him. But envy and selfish ambition are not foreign to Texas. Human nature is everywhere the same.

*"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find,  
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the frown and hate of those below."*

In ability he was head and shoulders above his brethren and the best were proud of him. The elements of his leadership were

**1.** His large ideas. He thought in circles, not in segments. He saw the whole horizon, not a patch of sky. He was built on a colossal scale and undertook titanic tasks. He was the gift of God to the largest State in the Union in its plastic period. These boundless plains were the fit arena for his compassing activities. Texas enterprises are the most gigantic, Texas Baptists are the most numerous, Texas preachers are the most evangelistic, and Texas churches are the most aggressive to-day, largely because, for forty years, this Prince of Israel lifted up a lofty standard around which to rally the hosts of the Lord. He did more to formulate the theology and shape the ideals of the young preachers of Texas than all other men combined.

**2.** His unstinted liberality. Life is too short and men are too smart to listen to appeals for contributions by preachers who are not themselves liberal. He who would develop the benevolent spirit must show himself benevolent. A stingy, covetous preacher impedes the progress of the Kingdom and is a standing reproach to the Savior who gave His all. We cannot fool the people. They know our financial ability far better than we think, and they properly, estimate our liberality. When Dr. Carroll was moving to a place near Waco and carried all his earthly possessions in a two horse wagon, he and his wife covenanted to give God one-tenth of all their income. She kept the books during her life and could always tell what the tenth was. So can we all, if we figure as carefully for distribution as we do for acquisition.

The Waco church grew under his ministry until it was recognized as pre-eminent among Texas churches. There was the beginning of the big things Texas Baptists are now doing. He set the pace in giving. When I went to college in 1894, the State Mission battle was raging. That fall I first saw him take a collection. He presented the cause with ponderous power and pathetic persuasion. The sermon closed with a heart-searching appeal to bring all the tithes into the storehouse. Then followed an earnest prayer that God's Holy Spirit would enable every one to do his duty. The public collection started with \$200 from the pastor, whose salary was \$2,500, and the waves of giving rolled higher until the largest mission offering in the history of the State was recorded. You have gone far beyond that now, but he first gave you the example. I have always known how to spend money. His example taught me and a thousand other preachers how to give to Christ's cause. Ellen Bell Carroll was a good business woman and Hallie Harrison Carroll was of independent income. As the demands multiplied, his contributions increased, and as his means grew, his donations enlarged. His wife would sometimes say, "Mr. Carroll, you are far beyond the tenth; you will give away everything we have." Good naturedly he would reply, "Ellen, you save it and I'll give it."

Therein you find his credentials of leadership. He could with Gideon say, "Look on me and do likewise." And when Roderick Dhu blew his horn the clans gathered from far and near. In his study at Waco were the portraits of a dozen men and women whom he called "The Old Guard." Pausing in front of them one night and looking up with pleasurable emotion, he exclaimed, "Do you see those faces? They are the Lord's rich elect in Texas. They seek first the Kingdom. They can be counted upon for emergencies. A telegram to that group would bring from each any reasonable amount for Christ's cause as quickly as electricity could carry messages."

When persecution was rife in Scotland, Mr. Rollock once said to that martyr, James Guthrie, "We have a Scottish proverb, 'Jauk that the wave may go o'er you,' will you jauk a little, Mr. Guthrie?" "Mr. Rollock," replied Guthrie gravely, "There is no jauking in the cause of Christ." B.H. Carroll never ducked!

**3.** His conquering faith. The mighty enterprises which he promoted were possible only by faith. His faith was as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven. It was the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. The fierce conflicts which he waged with infidelity rooted and grounded

him in the faith. A faith that is not worth fighting for is not worth having. He came off conqueror, and more than conqueror. His strength supported the weakness of others. The Bible was true to him every time it spoke. He took God literally at His word and the promise was fulfilled, "Ye shall remove mountains." By faith he saved State Missions from retrenchment and disintegration; by faith he rescued Baylor from debt and death; by faith he founded a seminary which is a pillar of orthodoxy and a light-house of evangelism; by faith he endured torturing physical sufferings; and by faith on his dying couch he brought the unseen world into view and looking up, "saw heaven open and Jesus standing at the right hand of the throne of God."

*In his long years of seeking after Truth,  
God did reveal himself in divers modes;  
By paths of pain, of joyousness and truth,  
Through sorrow-darkened and through sunlit roads*

*He fared still forward, searching for the light  
The knowledge of God's great immortal plan;  
Nor did his torch of wisdom burn less bright  
Because he lighted many a brother man.*

*He lives in lives made nobler by his life  
In minds enriched by contact with his own,  
In hearts made brave to bear temptation's strife,  
In truth because by him the clearer known;*

*In souls that through his words were won to God,  
In mighty impulses of righteousness.  
This is his glory. Paths his feet have trod  
Lead upward to eternal blessedness.*

## 14. B.H. CARROLL'S LITERARY CONTRIBUTION

(An Address delivered by Prof. J. W. Crowder, on Founder's Day, March 7, 1933, in the Auditorium of Cowden Hall, Seminary Hill, Texas.)

President Scarborough, Members of the Faculty, Members of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist General Convention of Texas, the Alumni, Students and other Friends of our Seminary

Of course you expect me to speak a word of appreciation for the honor which has been conferred upon me to be your speaker on this occasion. Allow me to say that I have never yet been able to figure out nor to find out just why this honor has come to me and it occurs to me just now that had our faculty suspected such an august presence here to-day, they would have made a different selection. But I am here now to address you on this occasion because I have made it a habit of my life to try to do whatever I am asked to do, if it is in my power and it is consistent for me to do it.

I have been thinking of this honor as threefold:

1. The honor of representing so great and good a man as B.H. Carroll.
2. The honor of representing so great an institution as the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary.
3. The honor of standing in line with so many great and good men who have preceded me as speakers on the many Founder's Day Occasions before this one.

And now I am thinking of the added honor of the presence of this board of trustees, this body of alumni and the many other friends of our Seminary here with us to-day.

But this occasion is not without its embarrassments to me (I need not tell you that I am embarrassed - that you can see for yourselves). Some of these embarrassments are as follows

1. There is the common embarrassment arising from the fact that I am in the presence of so many who knew Dr. Carroll so much longer and better than I knew him.

**2.** Another embarrassment arises from the speeches which you and I have already heard on Dr. Carroll. I have heard some twenty-five or thirty; some of them good and some of them not so good; some of them extravagant and some of them ultraconservative; some of them magnifying Dr. Carroll and some of them magnifying the speaker. Of course, there was much overlapping here but since you heard many of these speeches and you know that I heard them, overlapping would not be permissible nor pardonable in me.

**3.** So that I must select from what is left. The difficulty here is the fact that so much of the field has been covered and some of it several times. This narrows the speaker down to certain lines which he must follow.

**4.** Another element of this embarrassment lies in the fact that it is most difficult for one, who loved and admired B.H. Carroll as I did, not to allow this admiration to become adoration. If I know my heart I am not a hero-worshipper, but if I were a hero-worshipper I surely would kneel at the shrine of B.H. Carroll.

**5.** Then again, this is so much like preaching, and preaching has always been an embarrassment to me. The responsibility is so overwhelming! But in preaching we are not limited in our use of descriptive adjectives as applied to the themes of grace, mercy, peace, and love; while in this case we must keep in mind the distinction between the human and the divine. We must keep in mind that B.H. Carroll, as great and good as he was, was a man, a human being, with the limitations of a human being. In so great a character it is not always easy to keep the line between the human and the divine distinct.

Then let us note some themes left for our consideration. The following I think would offer some lines of thought with valuable lessons:

**1.** Gathering up the Fragments of the Life of B.H. Carroll. This offers an opportunity for noting and emphasizing the, many interesting things that have been omitted.

**2.** B.H. Carroll, the Lion-Hearted. This offers opportunity for a discussion of Carroll in controversy, of Carroll under fire, of Carroll facing dangers, of Carroll meeting great crises, his conquering faith, his dauntless courage, his steadfast hope and his gentle spirit.



**3.** B.H. Carroll in the Founding of our Seminary. This theme offers opportunity for the discussion of B.H. Carroll and his crowning enterprise.

**4.** The Theology of B.H. Carroll, which made its stamp on a generation of preachers. It has been said that Dr. Broadus turned out a special type of preachers, and I believe that Dr. Carroll turned out as distinct a type of preachers as did Dr. Broadus.

**5.** Another theme left to us, the one I have chosen to speak on to-day, is B.H. Carroll's Literary Contribution, which presents an expression of the manysided greatness of this matchless Baptist leader and builder. It is true that it does not offer the opportunity for declamation or oratory that some of the other themes offer. Once, just after I had spoken on B.H. Carroll as a Teacher, a good woman said to me, "All that is necessary to flush your springs of oratory is to have you speak on Carroll." While this subject does not offer an opportunity for declamation or oratory, it does offer an opportunity to give a perspective of the activities of B.H. Carroll and to furnish a sort of supplement to what has gone before.

It seems necessary that I should give just here a personal word of explanation, and I will say, in the first place, that the only apology I offer for this is that it is necessary, because I could not very well discuss this subject without involving myself, since I have had something to do with the matter in hand. Then it seems to me that I might be pardoned for doing so on the ground that many of those who have preceded me have indulged rather freely in personal reminiscences, and if I do so somewhat, I will only be in line with my worthy predecessors.

In the second place, let it be understood once and for all that my relation to this work was and is Dr. Carroll's own arrangement, whether wise or unwise. I was with him nine years, four years as a student and five years as his assistant, doing quite a bit of research work for him, conducting his class-recitations and looking after the material for his department. Looking to the responsibility that he was placing on me, he subjected me to some severe and embarrassing tests. For instance, to test my ability to revise his lectures and correctly represent him in the matter, he selected a certain lot of lectures on a book of the Bible, the most poorly reported of all he had, and told me to try my hand on converting them into manuscript for the book to be published. You can imagine my embarrassment as I carried the manuscript to him chapter by chapter until the

whole of it was completed. Suffice it to say that the work pleased him and that he made provision in his will for the part I was to play in the matter.

In our last conversation about the work he left for me to do he said some very nice things, which I have cherished upon, every remembrance of them, and then put me under a strict charge to do certain things, after which he added: "I won't be here long, and I regret to leave so much for you to do. Do the best you can with it." So I have been on the job ever since and have been walking in his shadow for twenty-four years, not as a parrot but as a student, and I will say that the work has been as hard as the study of Hebrew, Greek, Church History or Systematic Theology, and I have studied all of these.

It seems proper here to give a brief word of the history of the material, explaining how I came into possession of it. This has been a wonder to many people, as they have asked me about it. It came about in this way:

- 1.** When I was a young preacher, with a burning desire to know the Bible, I was attracted to the writings of B.H. Carroll as the most illuminating of all the writings I could find on the blessed Old Book. So I began to clip and make scrapbooks of his writings. I have an armful of them over there in my office now.
- 2.** After I had been with him two years as a student I approached him one day and said, "Dr. Carroll, it seems to me that our people are losing immeasurably in the fact that you are not putting your great discussions in permanent form." He replied, "You see what I have to do in building the Seminary." Then I suggested a plan by which I thought it could be done. He accepted the suggestion and put the responsibility for its operation on me right on the spot. It is enough to say that from this plan came practically all the material for his Interpretation of the English Bible.
- 3.** Just before his death he turned over to me his sermons and other writings which would be helpful in the great task which he was leaving for me to do.
- 4.** Pursuant to his order I began a search for material in his old trunks and boxes in the attic of his home where much of his writings had found lodgment in the move from Waco to Seminary Hill. I found there much valuable material, a great deal of it in his own handwriting, and I took all that I felt myself authorized to take for my work which he had outlined

for me to do. There was much more that I really wanted but could not conscientiously take. It was consumed later when the home was burnt. I should have taken more of it if I had suspected that it would go that way.

**5.** As time went on I set myself more earnestly to the task of compiling and arranging the material available for this work. I began the search in vaults and libraries, and thus accumulated a vast amount of material which, in view of the apparent insurmountable difficulties of publication, I might have shelved in my own library, and if I had been a parrot, could have memorized these great sermons and addresses and delivered them as my own. Why not? Because this material came into my hands as a trust and I could not afford to be unfaithful to it.

Perhaps it might be interesting to you for me to mention some of my thrilling experiences in this work. I have had in it the pleasure of both pursuit and possession. When the doors of vaults were closed against me the magic name of "B.H. Carroll" unlocked them and gave me privileges contrary to all the laws of the Medes and Persians. Many times I have been made to shout, "Eureka!" in finding both material for the project and means for prosecuting it. Here I gratefully acknowledge the beautiful co-operation of Doctors McConnell, Routh, Buckner and our own librarian, Dr. Elliott. These men have been of great service to me in this arduous task to which I have set my hands.

One of the greatest difficulties has been the financial problem. After much prayer and anxiety the Lord came to my rescue by laying the matter on the heart of one of my correspondence students in Albany, New York, a man whom I have never seen, and who never saw Dr. Carroll. Through his study of the Bible with me, he became interested in the publication of the rest of Dr. Carroll's productions and wrote me about it. I replied that our big problem was that of getting funds for the operation. Then he suggested the plan of voluntary contribution and I discouraged that because of the great financial stress of our people, but to my surprise I received a check from him to start the fund, and then another and another until I had a nice little sum but not enough to begin operations of publication.

Then I conceived the plan of preparing some fore-runner-volumes to furnish a basis for the much needed index-volume. I submitted the plan to him and asked him if he would be willing for me to use his fund for that purpose. He very graciously accepted the plan and granted the permission.

So through the generosity of this good man, E. Holbrook Waterman, 489 State Street, Albany, New York, and the generosity of Dr. Scarborough in furnishing me a scholarship-girl to do the typing for me, the work has gone forward for three years, resulting in the preparation and binding of five copies each of eighteen volumes: four volumes of the Interpretation and fourteen volumes of sermons. Suffice it to say that I am supremely happy now that I can see my way out — out from under this crushing responsibility and out to the fulfilling of the purposes and plans of B.H. Carroll in this particular thing to be done.

Permit me to say further that the work from other considerations has not been easy. It is no small task to verify all references, quotations and allusions in the vast literature covered by this omniverous reader. Nor has it been easy to preserve his style in its various applications to subject-matter, occasion and subjects of address, so as to represent him fully in such a variety of literature. But we feel that this we have done as far as it was possible for it to be done.

Another important consideration for us as we approach this literature is its background, or the circumstances of its production. Here it gives me pleasure to most heartily commend to you Dr. Jeff D. Ray's little book on "B.H. Carroll." It is the best characterization of him I have ever seen and it furnishes a splendid background for the literary productions which I am here discussing. It should be made a companion-volume of the Carroll books.

Then permit me to say:

1. That B.H. Carroll did not write books merely for the name of being an author. With him there was a deep conviction of the need for such productions.
2. That his deliverances were for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of the hour. There were many crises in our denominational life and the moral forces of our country were often challenged to a sharp contest. B.H. Carroll was the chosen leader and speaker in these crises and contests. Here one of his oft quoted scriptures may be aptly applied to him, viz "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," ~~239~~ Isaiah 59:19.

The fact that his deliverances met such crises which are ever recurring in the cycles of time gives them a universal and permanent application. As the deliverances of Moses met the exigencies of his time and gave a standard code for the nations of the world, and as the deliverances of Paul met the exigencies

of a critical time in the history of Christianity and left for us a Manual of instruction for the recurring crises in the on-going of Christianity, so the deliverances of B.H. Carroll which met the exigencies of the ever recurring conflicts of Christianity are universal in their application and may become the mighty weapon in the hand of a skillful David for the slaying of the boastful giants in the ranks of the enemies of our Christianity to-day.

**3.** It should be noted in this connection that many of these deliverances came from this man while under the fire of the enemy. It may seem strange that so great and good a man as B.H. Carroll should have enemies, but he had them and here another Scripture may be aptly applied to him. It is the language of dying Jacob concerning Joseph: "The archers shot at him... but his bow abode in strength," <sup>(442)</sup>Genesis 49:23, 24. No one can rightly appreciate the deliverances of B.H. Carroll who does not consider well this part of the background of his productions. As it was with Paul, John Bunyan and John Milton, so it was that some of the very finest of these were delivered while under the fire of the enemy. Never did he meet the enemy on the low plane of personalities but always on the high level of open, frank and honorable consideration.

Now what is involved in this discussion of the literary contribution of this great man?

**1.** It involves B.H. Carroll in his many fields of activity:

- (1) As an Interpreter;
- (2) As a Preacher;
- (3) As a Platform Speaker;
- (4) As a Teacher;
- (5) As a Controversialist;
- (6) As a Denominational and Civic Leader, and
- (7) As a Poet.

**2.** It involves B.H. Carroll in his manner of expression:

- (1) as to his style, which was never extravagantly ornate or florid but clear and forceful, and varied according to subject-matter and subjects of address, often carrying the keenest wit or a sarcasm as biting as a November frost;

(2) as to his diction, which was never “slangy” but pure, words so fitly chosen and spoken that they were “like apples of gold in network of silver” (<sup>25:11</sup>Proverbs 25:11);

(3) as to his vocabulary, the extent of which no one knows, but if the average vocabulary of educated men is 10,000 words and Woodrow Wilson’s vocabulary was 60,000 words, we may conservatively estimate the vocabulary of B.H. Carroll as ranging from 15,000 to 25,000 words;

(4) as to his power of description, which was almost matchless, whether he was describing oriental cities in company with Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Paul; or whether he was describing Herod Antipas, the cringing, cowardly, drunken, cunning fox; or Salome, the brazen, nude, dancing damsel; or Herodias, the spiteful, scheming, devilish, reincarnate Jezebel, piercing the tongue of John the Baptist with a bodkin; or Tiberias Caesar, the stooped, skulking inebriate, trying to hide his debauched physical body from public gaze at Capri; or Hell, with its eternal fires and undying worms; or Heaven, with its golden streets, its pearly gates, its divine and human companionships, the New Jerusalem, the home of the redeemed forever—all these were as real to him as if he had actually visited them and witnessed them in person;

(5) as to his unsurpassed power of narration, whether story telling, like Peter Pindar, or reciting history in general, or naming the battles of the Civil War with their generals, giving the forces on both sides, the progress of each battle from beginning to end and the final result—always accurate and interesting, and victorious in every contest;

(6) as to his imagination, which was vivid enough to keep company with the Great, from Adam to the day of his death; as vivid as the imagination of John Jasper of “Sun Do Move” fame, yet never distorted but always well organized and true to life;

(7) as to his power of exhortation, which had few equals, whether to Christians or sinners, his appeals always masterful, convincing and moving.

A proper perspective of the Carroll productions requires a general classification of them somewhat as follows

- 1.** Exegetical, or Interpretative, consisting of seventeen volumes, bearing the title, "The Interpretation of the English Bible."
- 2.** Homiletical, consisting of eighteen volumes of his sermons, bearing various titles.
- 3.** Popular Addresses, consisting of five volumes with titles according to subject-matter.
- 4.** Controversial, consisting of three volumes of debates and other joint-discussions, on various subjects and occasions.
- 5.** Didactic, consisting, of one volume of questions and answers.
- 6.** Ecclesiological, consisting of one volume of discussions on the church and our Articles of Faith.
- 7.** Miscellaneous, consisting of four volumes of his other writings, embracing a wide range of subjects not included in the other volumes.

Then in addition, there must be one Index- Volume to make the other volumes usable as a ready reference.

Now let us view these several groups more particularly, following the order above set forth. Thus we have

- 1.** His Interpretation, giving a clear, consistent interpretation of the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. This Interpretation stands the crucial test of making every verse in the Bible harmonize with every other verse and presents the Book as a clear revelation from God to man.
- 2.** His sermons, which as a whole, are very finely characterized by Mr. E. Holbrook Waterman in a recent letter to me, as follows:

Dec. 30, 1932.

Dear Professor Crowder:

I am sending you a check for thirty dollars which is the last of my Christmas money. Before Christmas I prayed earnestly that God would give me some money to send you and I believe He did and I hope it will help in the great work of bringing out the sermons and addresses of Dr. B.H. Carroll in book form.

I enjoyed the last two volumes you sent me more than I can tell you. They contain some of the greatest sermons I ever heard or read...

As I have told you so many times, I believe Dr. B.H. Carroll was one of the greatest preachers that ever lived and since I have read the sermons you have sent me, five things about them all seem to me to prove this

*First*, the Scripturalness of his preaching. He always adhered closely to the Scriptures and did not try to give his own views but did try, with God's help, to make men see what the Bible taught. At first it sometimes confused me trying to keep track of all the Scriptures he quoted, but the more I read his sermons the more it seemed to me that each Scripture was just a development of his theme and necessary to a complete statement.

*The second* thing about his preaching that impressed me was his appeal to the reason. I never read sermons by any other man that appealed so strongly and convincingly to the reason. He almost always convinced me of the correctness of the position he took.

*Third*, is his appeal to the emotions. I have read some-places that he lacked emotional appeal but I have never read any other sermons that moved me as deeply as those of B.H. Carroll.

*Fourth*, it is evident from all his sermons that he had a two-fold aim in all his preaching, to win the lost and to instruct the saved, and that should be the aim of all Bible preaching. Dr Carroll, himself, in the first volume of sermons says that the aim of preaching is two-fold, reconciliation and edification, and there is no better example of that kind of preaching than his.

The *fifth* thing about his preaching that impressed me was its likeness to Paul's method. In all Paul's letters there are two main divisions: first, the doctrinal and then the practical, always based on the preceding doctrinal part...

Your sincere friend,  
E. Holbrook Waterman,  
489 State Street,  
Albany, N. Y.



I think you will agree with me that this is a splendid characterization of the sermons of B.H. Carroll. I could multiply testimony but it is not pertinent to do so here. In every sermon there are two prominent things: Sin and Salvation or the cross and the sinner.

It is not feasible to look at each sermon separately. There are two hundred and forty-eight of them and not a poor one in the lot. So we will look at them in groups or by volumes:

- (1) "Sermons" (1893), consisting of thirty select sermons, some of which are "My Infidelity and What Became of It," Baylor Commencement Sermon (1869) when he was only twenty-four years old, and several sermons on the Sabbath Controversy.
- (2) "Evangelistic Sermons" (1913), containing eleven select sermons on great themes, like "The Prodigal Son," "The Comfort of the Shepherd's Staff," "The Nature and Person of our Lord," etc.
- (3) "Baptists and Their Doctrines" (1913), containing ten select sermons, such as "Distinctive Baptist Principles," "Ecclesia," and several on the Resurrection and the Judgment.
- (4) "The River of Life" (1928), containing thirteen select sermons on "The River of Life" and other lofty themes, a magnificent collection.
- (5) "The Faith That Saves" (1932), thirteen sermons, all on this general theme.
- (6) "Saved To Serve," fourteen sermons on the one theme.
- (7) "Christian Education and Some Social Problems," eight sermons.
- (8) "The Way of the Cross," fifteen sermons.
- (9) "Jesus the Christ," fourteen sermons.
- (10) "Christ and His Church," fifteen sermons.
- (11) "The Holy Spirit," ten sermons.
- (12) "Ambitious Dreams of Youth," fourteen sermons.
- (13) "The Providence of God," thirteen sermons.
- (14) "The Supper and Suffering of our Lord," fourteen sermons.
- (15) "The Day of the Lord," twelve sermons.
- (16) "Messages on Prayer," eleven sermons.
- (17) "Christ's Marching Orders," fifteen sermons.
- (18) "Revival Messages," sixteen sermons, preached in revival meetings of great power.

**3.** Popular Addresses (five volumes), as follows:

(1) “Inspiration of the Bible,” eight addresses on this interesting theme.

(2) Patriotic addresses, on such themes as “Our Country’s Flag,” “Personal Liberty,” “Heroines of ‘36,” “The First Amendment,” “Reminiscences of the Civil War” and many other heart stirring addresses.

(3) Educational addresses, such as the Commencement address at the Southern Baptist Seminary on invitation of Dr. Broadus on the subject: “The Bell of the Inchape Rock,” in which he likened our Southern Seminary to that Bell which is said to have been fastened to a buoy on the dangerous reef in the North sea, off the coast of Scotland, by an Abbot to warn sailors of the dangers at that point; and again in 1904, on “The Examination of the Seminary’s Title”, with other commencement addresses, also various Educational and Memorial addresses before Historical Societies in different Educational centers, as our own Baylor, Wake Forest, et al.

(4) Evangelistic and Missionary addresses, at high hours in Conventions and on other special occasions.

(5) Biblical Addresses on such themes as “The Scriptural View on Marriage and Divorce,” and many others on Bible Doctrines and Ecclesiastical questions.

**4.** In this group of nine volumes are the Carroll Fisher Debate and many other joint-discussions. Some of these are debates with Governor Ross, Senators Mills and Coke and others, on great moral and religious questions of the day; one volume of questions and answers covering a wide range of subjects of personal and vital interests; a very comprehensive treatise, covering the whole field of ecclesiology as outlined in Pendleton’s Manual, with special discussions on Our Articles of Faith; other writings, on such subjects as,

(1) Our Seminary-many addresses and appeals, setting forth the purposes and plans of the institution — with many fine suggestions to those who are responsible for the final issues of this institution.

(2) Missions, Education, Benevolence, Church Music and some Poems, one of which I now read to you.

## DR. CARROLL'S INFIDEL-PRAYER FOR LIGHT

(Written at Mansfield, La., April 10, 1864, three days after being wounded in the battle of Mansfield, nearly sixty-nine years ago, when he was a little over twenty years old.)

*Around, athwart, above, below  
Lie piled dark clouds of threatening woe,  
Where thunders roar and fierce winds blow  
Their fiery blasts incessantly.*

*All Heaven is wrapt in sombre gloom,  
The Earth seems like one general tomb,  
While not a star from midnight's womb  
Dispels the dark obscurity.*

*Thus will it be with me,  
A waif upon Life's stormy sea,  
Drifting on to Eternity,  
Without a guide or certainty,*

*Unless I have this problem solved  
And all my doubts removed, dissolved,  
And wavering heart made fixed, resolved  
To see Christ's name in Trinity.*

*Though fear hast bid me to refrain,  
The dark dilemma I'll explain  
And hope in mercy to obtain,  
Oh God, thy gentle clemency.*

*Thyself and all thy power I feel  
And in thine awful presence kneel,  
But doubt that Scriptures do reveal  
To man aught of thy secrecy.*

*They reek with blood: and horrors tell,  
That well might shame that fancied Hell,  
To which their fabled Demons fell  
From hope and first tranquility.*

*With fraud and crime they link thy name,  
And Heavenly approbation claim,  
Whose dark die would defame  
A fallen Demon's purity.*

*Replete with crime in every dress,  
From avarice to licentiousness,  
And contradictions oft expressed  
That well might pardon heresy.*

*But then there's one with love Divine,  
That Holy One! whose actions shine  
O'er all the world. Whose acts incline  
Our hearts to meek humility.*

*Ah, how I love that gentle heart!  
'Twere bliss from Him no more to part,  
High up in Heaven's cerulean mart,  
Where angels shout incessantly.*

*Thou doubting Heart! Oh if thou could,  
High oer Golgotha's field of blood,  
Believe that weeping Jesus stood  
And died on bloody Calvary,*

*From death a lost world to restore,  
And on them Heavenly Blessings pour,  
Then would I weep forever more  
Thy bitter tears, Gethsemane.*

*But linked with all that burning gall  
That does the very soul appall,  
How can I help from doubting all  
And dwell in infidelity?*

*Is Reason from our Maker given  
To guide weak trembling men to Heaven?  
Or from its bliss, cause to be riven  
Our souls by demon subtlety?*

*Would he, whose mercy is his will,  
Who loves with joy man's heart to fill,  
Deep in our very souls instil  
This curse, this damning faculty?*

*God's laws are fixed. They never change  
From out their first allotted range,  
And nature's every whirl and hinge  
Forever are immutable.*

*Then why of miracles is it spoken?  
Elsewhere we see no sign or token  
Of law or precept ever broken  
In all the world's immensity.*

*And if I cannot then believe,  
(For reason will not man deceive)  
Am I cut off from all reprieve  
And damned for all Eternity?*

*Therefore I ask in suppliant tone,  
By hope that's lost and miseries won,  
Is Jesus Christ, Our Lord, thy Son?  
Reveal this hidden mystery.*

Reference has already been made to the Index-Volume, which will be threefold:

- (1) It will contain a topical index, by which one can locate in the several volumes the discussions of the author on any theme;
- (2) a textual index by which one can find his discussions on any text in the Bible;
- (3) a bibliography, including the many references to the books of the author's acquaintance. Now let me give you a brief summary, answering two questions

**1.** What we have here, or What is our heritage?

- (1) A library of fifty volumes, a five foot shelf.
- (2) An Interpretation of the whole Bible, with a solution of its many puzzling problems.
- (3) A fine, juicy, comprehensive, Systematic Theology.

- (4) A splendid practical Theology.
- (5) A consistent, reliable Ecclesiology.

Here we have specimens of the finest literature: Description, narration, exhortation, oratory-wit, — sarcasm, logic, philosophy; a look into the very heart of B.H. Carroll, where we see tenderness, sympathy, big-heartedness and brotherliness. How all these bristle in his productions! Here we have set forth the very life-purpose of B.H. Carroll. This library is the preacher's flusher of sermons, the pastor's Vade. Mecum, the teacher's treasure-house and the personal worker's manual.

2. What, then, shall we do with it? (Here I shall say what some of you might not say, but I say it in the fear of God and in the consciousness that time will tell the tale of this institution, whether it shall have "Ichabod" written over its doors or whether it shall maintain its pristine glory.) Then back to the question, What shall we do with it? Two things I think may be done with it

(1) It may be made a bulwark for the orthodoxy and conquering spirit of this Seminary. Supplemented by the splendid written productions of our own president and faculty it can be. To illustrate: There are two institutions in the City of Chicago that demonstrate what I am saying, viz: The University of Chicago and the Moody Bible Institute. The one became too big for its orthodox clothes, turned aside from the purposes of its founding, produced a literature consistent with its new purposes and has gone to the limit of heterodoxy, and is now a veritable fountain of modernism, yea, downright infidelity, and is sending forth its streams of blighting to curse the world.

The other has held rigidly to the purposes of its founding, having through the years supplemented, magnified and multiplied the literary productions and spirit of its founder. His successors have written, but their writings are consistent with the purposes and writings of their predecessor. This has proved to be a great bulwark to the Moody Bible Institute which yet has power with the God of resources and is also a veritable fountain, but of light and life, sending forth its streams of grace, mercy and love to bless the world.

We need not console ourselves that we are in a depression. What about the divine discriminations? Egypt, Arabia, Elijah's time, Paul's time and B.H. Carroll's time, all had their depressions.

What if the Moody Bible Institute does not have the scholarship and wealth of the University of Chicago, if it has the power to make the lame walk and to raise the dead? The tests of scholarship are its final issues, its fruits. It may be a tree of life or a tree of death. Scholarship, or no scholarship, the productions of B.H. Carroll like the productions of Dwight L. Moody, are a tree of life.

(2) Then back again to the question: What are we going to do with it? Are we going to shelve it in our Library so that one now and then may, perchance, read it? Or shall we make it available for the masses, especially for the successive generations of preachers? There is no way of telling the result of an emphasis here commensurate with the value of this inestimable library. For this reason (pardon again this personal word) I have crucified many ambitions and walked in the big shadow of B.H. Carroll all these years, that I might help in some degree to perpetuate the lifework of this Moses of the 19th century in his contribution of our Seminary and this matchless library. My hand is set to the task of completing it, if the good hand of our God shall be upon me in His providences to do so. Then, I would like to give the rest of my life to the publication of it and the placing of it in the library of every Baptist preacher in the Land.

In conclusion, I deliberately raise the question, What is B.H. Carroll's greatest contribution? The Seminary? That depends. If the Seminary abides in the purposes, faith and spirit of its founder, *Yes*; but if it departs from these, and becomes modernistic, *No*. Can it do so? *Yes*; many others as conservative, orthodox and scholarly as she, have gone over. The Southwestern may, but the deliverances of B.H. Carroll, while modern in their application, are not modernistic in teachings nor in tendency, *and can never be*. Like that Roman Governor of Judea, B.H. Carroll is saying to the generations of preachers as they come and go, "What I have written I have written." As he said to me once when he had just finished his interpretation of a certain book of the Bible, "I shall never get back to that book again; I shall soon go out and you may let the world know *that I stand on that*." To-day if he could speak to us from the battlements of heaven, I am sure he would point to that Library, that five-foot shelf, and say, "I Stand on that."

"O yes, our faces are set like flint for the defense of the Carroll-idea in this Seminary," we say. But who will be our successors in this institution? Who knows whether or not a king may arise that knows not

Joseph? It may not be more than three generations from this day to the time when this institution, through our successors, may become as modernistic as the many others which have gone over “Lock, stock and barrel.”

In this contribution, Carroll has no successor and he needs none. Though he be dead, yet he speaketh. His writings are as permanent as the truth they reveal. Institutions may come and institutions may go, but his writings abide forever. It is my prayer that they *may*, and that they may so help to fortify this institution against the forces of disintegration that the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Paul, and B.H. Carroll may be pleased to flush the fountains of its resources and make it an Inchape Bell on the Rocky shores of time till Jesus comes.



## 15. A TRIBUTE TO DR. B.H. CARROLL

### **PERRY F. EVANS, HIS SECRETARY AND VERY INTIMATE FRIEND.**

Dr. B.H. Carroll — Was “the noblest Roman of them all.” I was his clerk six years and sat at his feet as a student more than six years, and I say, without a moment’s hesitation, that he was the greatest man I ever met. There was not a little thing about him. He could not think little thoughts nor could he do petty deeds.

I said to Dr. George W. Truett one day, “Dr. Carroll was the greatest man I ever saw.” Thereupon Dr. Truett said, “You are right. I have had the pleasure of shaking hands with many of the great men of the world, but I have never met Dr. Carroll’s equal. Not thinking of him as a great preacher but as a towering citizen, I never saw his match.”

He loved preachers as no other man I have ever known. No one could slander a preacher to him. He would take his ear-trumpet from his ear (he was almost deaf) and refuse to listen to any slanderous talk about a brother preacher.

Dr. Carroll was not only intolerant of slanderous reports about preachers but he positively refused to listen to vulgar language of any kind. He often told the story of a covenant between him and one Brother Riddle. They often travelled together doing frontier mission work and camped out when they could not find lodging for the night. One night as they were sitting by their camp-fire their conversation turned to the fact that some preachers would tell unbecoming stories, and there they made a solemn covenant that they would never tell a vulgar story, and that they would n e v e r listen to one. Dr. Carroll said that many times he had refused to listen to stories preachers would start to tell him.

He was sound doctrinally. He could scent a heresy as far as a bird-dog could smell a quail. He was not only sound doctrinally, but he made preparation to keep the English Bible Department of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in the hands of a sound man.

One day as he and I were walking home from his class he stopped and said to me, “If I should import a man to be my successor as teacher of the English Bible, I would not know what he believes, but if I train my successor myself,

then I will know what he believes, and I am training Brother J. W. Crowder to be my successor as teacher of the English Bible.”<sup>†</sup>

Dr. Carroll had a keen sense of humor. One day I went down to the polls to vote. When I had finished voting and started out I met him coming in. I motioned to him and he stooped over for me to ask a question. I said, “Dr. Carroll, have you come to vote, too? Like a flash he replied, “No, just one.”

When I was a young preacher, he often went out with me and preached to my people over week-ends. One time he was with me to spend the week-end and was taken very sick. He called me in and told me that he was sick and that he wanted me to take him home. I said, “I will do it on one condition, viz: That you will come back another week-end and preach a series of sermons on ‘Falling from Grace.’” He instantly replied, “I won’t do it, but I will come and preach on ‘Not Falling from Grace.’”

Dr. Carroll had a conscience on debt-paying. The good credit our Baptist people have at the banks now can be traced to his influence while he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waco, Texas. One time that church needed a new building but they did not have enough money to build it. So, the deacons called on Mr. Cameron of Waco, a very wealthy man. When they approached this great financier relative to the loan, he said, “Tell Dr. Carroll to come to see me. He is the man I want to talk with about this matter.” Dr. Carroll called immediately to see him. Thereupon this rich man said, “Dr. Carroll, you tell me how much money you want and name the date for payment, but remember when it is due I want my money.”

The money was secured, the church was built, and a few weeks before the note came due Dr. Carroll called his deacons in for a conference and reminded them that the debt they were owing Mr. Cameron would soon be due. One of the deacons said, “Mr. Cameron is rich; let him wait.” To this Dr. Carroll replied, “I will sell my home and pay the debt and you may lookout for a new pastor.” It is needless to say that the deacons got busy and paid the debt.

## 16. AN ODE TO B.H. CARROLL

CHARLES T. ALEXANDER

*How wearily the years have dragged, great friend,  
Since last we felt the clasp of thy warm hand.  
We've trod alone, we've roamed a lonesome land.  
You gone, the path seems lonely, yet we wend.  
We stumble and we almost lose the way.  
We miss thy constant care, so true and kind.  
We falter oft until the path we find  
Wherein thy steps lead on to perfect day.*

*Great friend of preachers thou, our stalwart friend,  
Although to hear thy voice e'er meant despair  
To ever speak like thee, ah yet thy care  
For humblest lad with stammering word did mend  
All broken confidence, and faith allure  
To climb to heights of Truth where gleaming sword,  
In burnished flame, could battle for our Lord,  
And win the crowns that ever shall endure.*

*Somehow the throngs on high seem nearer  
Since thou art one among the saints in light.  
We've heard thee oft in words that took their flight  
To those high realms; and often did we bow  
Beneath the magic spell, before the Throne  
Of our dear Lord who sits in majesty  
At God's right hand. And now, in rhapsody,  
Redeemed throngs have claimed thee as their own.*

*O Titan, thou who thought and breathed in worlds,  
Thy towering faith in grasp of Truth divine  
Is conquering yet; and Satan always furls  
To flee the field before onslaught like to thine.  
O mighty Christian brother gone before,  
We've heard by faith the hosts that welcomed thee.  
A song we've heard from that expectant shore  
As saints of old rejoiced thy face to see.*

**MEET E. HOLBROOK WATERMAN:**



*“The Conqueror-is regarded with awe,  
The wise man commands our esteem;  
But it is the benevolent man  
Who wins our affections.” - From the French.*

*“He hath riches sufficient, who hath enough to be charitable.”  
- Sir T. Brown.*

## MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Hope for the best and prepare for the worst.

“Never be the first by whom the new is tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.”

As far as possible, be at peace with all men.

Never entertain a *slight*, nor cherish a *left-out* feeling.

Leave all vengeance to God; his Wash-day will surely come and there will be a Pay-day some day. - *Editor*

## FOOTNOTES

- <sup>Ft1.</sup> I had some hesitancy about allowing this statement to go in here but I yielded to Brother Evans as he insisted that it should appear in this connection. - EDITOR.