

The G. Campbell Morgan Archive

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CHAPTER VIII

1926-1932: 62 to 69 years

CINCINNATI – LOS ANGELES (B.I.O.L.A.) –

PHILADELPHIA – (GORDON COLLEGE, BOSTON)

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URING the years of itinerant ministry in the United States and Canada, 'home' was in Athens, Georgia. Dr. Morgan was well known in Georgia particularly through his many years of association with the Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta and his long friendship with its renowned pastor, Dr. Len. G. Broughton. Among the many friends in the vicinity were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Parker, of Athens who, learning that Dr. Morgan was seeking a home base, persuaded him to look with favour upon their town, sixty miles to the south of Atlanta, and the seat of the University of Georgia. Athens, in the peaceful 1920's disseminated that stimulating atmosphere which belongs in a peculiar way to centres of learning and at the same time clung to the traditions of the 'old South' with its air of leisurely well-being and hospitable living. Events in history were dated as 'before the war', and 'after the war'-referring not to the faraway 'world' conflict of 1914-1918, but to the catastrophic upheaval of the War between the States. An Englishman whose schooling had contributed to his background a long succession of wars of which this of 1860-65 was but a paragraph in the history book, was brought up sharply to a consciousness of relative values! But it was a congenial atmosphere among kindly and well-bred folk, proud of their heritage and satisfied with life as it was. Dr. Morgan bought a house in Athens and called it 'Ataraxia'.

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he girls, in the manner of easy adaptation to which Morgans had become accustomed, exchanged the austerity of an English boarding school for the luxury (to them) of 'Lucy Cobb Institute', a private school for young ladies, with a headmistress who revered the aristocracy of good manners and a cultural education. They slipped into the elastic rules and regulations with a sigh of content and came home for the week-ends, filling the house with their friends. Their brothers-suddenly, it seemed-had gone out to establish homes of their own. Each as he came to the age of decision had felt the call to the ministry, with no coercion on the part of his parents except that exerted by the example of their lives. The churches they served were of easy access to Athens, and the big, wide-porched house and sheltered garden re-echoed repeatedly to sounds of welcoming voices and the good-natured banter of brothers and sisters who, closely bound by affection, have been separated for a while. 'In-laws' were quickly accepted and comfortably absorbed into the

family and, as each small 'outlaw' made his or her noisy appearance, the first visit from home was to 'Grandma's,' in Athens.

From the time he moved into the house on Lumpkin Street in September, 1921, until he took up pastoral residence in Cincinnati, Ohio, in January, 1926, Dr. Morgan himself lived in it for an aggregate of only eight months-never for more than nineteen days at a time. Yet of all his American homes it was here that the roots went deepest. It personified for him all he wanted from life when he was not actively engaged in his work. He enlarged and improved it so that his expanding family could all be together whenever possible, adding more rooms downstairs at the back, and over them a giant-size study which overlooked the garden and the rolling country beyond. It was this study, perhaps, which, being of his own conception and plan, made 'Ataraxia' something special in the way of homes. Its long, high walls were book-lined, the volumes catalogued and filed by Miss Howell - whose office adjoined it. Couches and chairs, comfortable and a bit shabby from long usage circled the room, and its centre was dominated by a large billiard table, covered by mahogany 'leaves', making of it an ideal work table-room to spread out books, notes, and outlines. In the evening the study was the gathering place for family and friends. The sound of the balls when a game was in progress was expertly imitated by 'Polly', joining loudly in the laughter she provoked, and murmuring 'Good-night', softly to herself when her cage was covered as a hint that her company was no longer desired. This room was the centre of fun in the summer holidays and at Christmas. On the big table crossword puzzles were solved with the help of 'Murray' and 'Webster'. Family and friends gathered here to hear 'Dad' read aloud; problems were discussed here and decisions made. It was the workshop, the rumpus-room, the confessional, the holy of holies. It stood for all that was meant by 'Ataraxia' - 'undisturbedness'. To this room in this house his thoughts must have often turned from hotels, Pullman cars, conference halls and church auditoriums in far distant places. This was 'Home'.

When Kathleen left school she accompanied her father on many of his tours and later Ruth did the same. Thus it continued for four years. Travel did not agree with Mrs. Morgan, and she found that her health depended upon the quiet and routine life of home, rather than on the migratory - one of moving from place to place.

Churches in many parts of the United States invited Dr. Morgan to come as their pastor, and in 1926 he knew that if he and Mrs. Morgan were to enjoy their remaining years together he must find a preaching centre. Such a centre was the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. Its physical location made it within easy access of many large cities in the Middle West. Dr. Morgan accepted the pastorate of this church for a tentative period of five months, using it as a preaching centre on Sundays and conducting a Bible School on Friday nights. The first part of each week he was to be free to go to other places for Bible conference work. His - - eldest son, Percy, was to

serve as co-pastor and have oversight of all other church activities. Meanwhile 'Ataraxia' was to be retained until time should prove if this move should be permanent.



uring this five month period, January till May, 1926, the attendance and tone of the assembled congregations were carefully kept and noted. By the end of March Dr. Morgan was convinced in his own mind that he had not found in this particular church the answer to his quest. Many views might be advanced regarding this decision. The Session was not unanimously in favour of Dr. Morgan's programme, feeling that it was turning the Church into a Bible Institute, whereas they felt that more in the nature of pastoral work was needed. It is distinctly sensed from the comments in his diaries that Dr. Morgan himself was disappointed in the fact that, in a building which accommodated over 700, the average congregation numbered 300 to 400. This disappointment vindicated the critics who insisted that 'Dr. Morgan must have his crowd'. What they could not condone might have been better understood could they have seen the crowds which flocked to hear the messages in other places during the week. In Chattanooga, "the church was crowded and some were turned away." In Grand Rapids-"a hall densely packed." In Toledo, "the night was bitterly cold; notwithstanding this the church was filled in every seat." (At home, the next night, "our congregation was less-224-and no extra bad weather to account for it.") In St. Louis, "the place was packed out by 7.15 so we started the service." In Findley, Ohio, "people were standing wherever they could . . . and hundreds were turned away." In Lorain, Ohio, "the place was overcrowded and a mob was outside." In Dayton, Ohio, "a pouring wet night, but the church was crowded." There was the exception, too. "A restless sort of crowd" in one place, which "didn't seem used to my sort of work . . . not more than 400 in the building and at first a listless atmosphere. It improved and on the whole was a good service." This improvement continued and the church was filled before the meetings closed.



ome congregations picked up to a certain extent after it became known that Dr. Morgan's ministry would terminate at the end of May, which explains one reason at least for successful itinerant work. People make the most of what they know wd not last. On the other hand it must be said for those who composed the Cincinnati group that the tone of the congregations was of the finest. Other factors may have contributed to the lack of the appearance of success. Within the family circle itself, the father-son co-pastorate was not considered likely to last for any length of time, not because of any friction between them, for there was throughout a oneness of purpose and plan, but simply because the psychological natures of this particular father and son and this particular church did not add up to a total of continuing and satisfactory development.



hen Dr. Morgan's decision to terminate the Cincinnati ministry became known, many individual expressions of appreciation and gratitude bore witness to the blessings of this short ministry.

"I am living . . . about 23 miles from the city," wrote a member of the Friday Night Bible School, "and it is quite an effort in the midst of my many duties to attend each week. . . . Last night we discovered at 11.30 p.m. that the bus was not running, so were compelled to look for a medium priced hotel. . . . I am not stating these facts to solicit your sympathy but to say that both my wife and I appreciate the teaching you give and do not mind the inconveniences for we feel well repaid. . . . As long as God makes it possible I expect to make this 46 mile trip on Friday evenings. I do feel the great need of this splendid Bible Class."

"As a minister and as a member of Cincinnati Presbytery," wrote another, "I am greatly distressed over the possibility of your withdrawing from the work in this city where your type of preaching and Bible exposition is so sorely needed. . . . What you are doing is a contribution to every denominational group in the city." Another expressed it thus: "Cincinnati needs more than she realizes the type of spiritual leadership which you can give. . . . To many of us the fact that she is permitting you to leave will always be a source of profound regret."



ut the five months of resident ministry would have been eminently worthwhile had it claimed no other testimony than that contained in a note which is tucked away in the diary pages. It reads in part: "Now that the end has come, may I try to express my gratitude for all your preaching has meant to me. You came just when I was in sore need of help, crushed by sorrow and utterly alone. . . . I felt that I was the special object of God's wrath. As I have heard your beautiful teaching of the Word, my dying faith has been gradually rekindled and I feel that I am still His child. I come away from each service with this feeling in my heart: 'God surely must care for me for He has sent Dr. Morgan to Cincinnati because I needed him so'."



n the summer of 1926, Dr. Morgan went to England for four months, and a wonderful summer it was. He had not been back since he left Westminster in 1919 to make his home in the United States. If he had had any doubts as to whether or not he would be welcomed, or any wonderings as regards what kind of welcome it would be, they were all dispelled from the moment he set foot upon the soil of the homeland.



uly 2nd, 1926-"Travelled comfortably to Liverpool Street (London), where Marsh met us. . . . Called at Westminster. . . . Stood for a moment in the old pulpit." There were less than a dozen witnesses, but they were old friends who remembered, and were able to share in sympathy the moment when he stood there 'in the old pulpit', looking out upon the empty church, so full of memories. Doubtless he was remembering it as it had been in its 'former glory'. This year would be a barometer. Changes had taken place in seven years-there were some he would miss who had passed away, there would be old friends and new, and the never failing stream of summer visitors.



owever high his hopes or confident his thoughts, they did not anticipate the overwhelming welcome he was to receive.

"Predictions made last week," reported the British Weekly, of the fourth of July Sunday, "that crowds would flock to Dr. Campbell Morgan's ministry during his two months at Westminster were abundantly verified at the first morning service. At 10.45 lines of visitors were waiting in the aisles and the lower gallery was rapidly filling. Half an hour later the only vacant seats were in the back of the upper gallery. The British and American- flags were draped in front of the pulpit, and the silver bowl close by overflowed with white roses. As Dr. Morgan entered his old pulpit he may have recalled those strenuous twelve years when he renewed the dilapidated building and, as Dr. Jowett's biographer remarks, 'completely restored the fallen prestige of the old church.' The culminating event of these years-some would say of his life's ministry-was the great service in which he rallied London on the first Sunday evening of the war.

"Unchanged is the tall, slender figure which scarcely fills out the rich gown of silk and velvet. There was always something gracious, attractive, benignant in Dr. Morgan's outward presence, and to-day, with his abundant white hair he looks, as someone said, 'as handsome as a picture.' . . . What is his secret for voice preservation? There was not a harsh note in his utterance, either in prayer or preaching. Healthily tanned by sun and sea-wind, he comes amongst us with energies unimpaired, after long continued wanderings."



o the 'boys' in the States he was writing in a few weeks: "the crowds at Westminster are really wonderful. . . . The stewards know how to handle them-their work is perfectly done. Last night . . . they placed chairs in every available position. I only just had room to stand in the pulpit to preach, and Marsh had to occupy my chair while I did preach."

"To-night (August 29) saw such a crowd as Westminster has never seen-the church packed, and in the neighbourhood of a thousand in all the school halls listening through amplifiers. The service was broadcast, too, so perhaps I addressed the largest congregation of my life."



either was it at Westminster alone that Campbell Morgan was made to feel that his countrymen were glad to have him back. A triumphal tour through more than thirty towns and cities of England and Wales showed how spontaneous and happy was the welcome. In Manchester he records that "hundreds could not get in. I spoke for 1 ½ hours with freedom." His former church at New Court was "densely packed." Towns in Wales as in former years allowed nothing to hinder attendance. "At Swansea the church was packed in spite of pouring rain."

"I am bound to say to you," he wrote, "and I do so with perfect honesty, that it is amazing. Wherever I go the same thing happens-the buildings are not able to hold the crowds and we are having great times. One thing which is almost overwhelmingly evident is the hunger of the people over here for real constructive Bible teaching and preaching."



An incident occurred in connection with meetings held in a town in England, which shows a side of Campbell Morgan few people ever knew, and those who did, it is likely, never forgot. Soon after concluding a series of meetings at which the offering had been particularly generous (which was not always the case!) Dr. Morgan received the following letter:

"Dear Sir,

"Having recently heard of the cheque you were paid by our treasurer, I wish to point out that to receive over thirteen pounds a day for expounding the Scriptures is a great stumbling block to the ordinary Christian, and still more so to 'the man in the street'.

"One frequently hears that preaching is only a profession like any other, its main object being to get money, and your big fees make me feel that there is a good deal of truth in it.

"Your reputation as one of the greatest Biblical scholars is in my opinion quite justified, and I thank God you use your great gifts to His honour and glory, but your love of money is positively appalling.

"If, as I have been told, you have heavy expenses, my reply is, no Christian is justified in living extravagantly, and no one else that I know of asks or expects such huge fees.

"If I thought that studying the Scriptures produced such fruit as that! -but of course, such a thing is absurd, for its effect should be just the opposite, on a lowly, Christ-like life.

"It is the inconsistent lives of Christians that produce such harm. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

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To which Dr. Morgan replied:

"Sir,

"I am in receipt of your amazing effusion of Sept.-. It is characterized by impertinence based on ignorance.


"In the course of it you use the expressions, 'big fees', and 'huge fees'. For your enlightenment I may say that I make absolutely no charge for my work, neither does Mr. Marsh, who has made all my arrangements. The amounts which are paid to me are decided by those whom I serve, and it is of the essence of bad manners for anyone outside the interested party to interfere in such arrangements.


"When you speak of "living extravagantly" you are once more revealing your crass ignorance, and I have no intention of giving you any information as to my methods of life.

"The only kindness you can do me is to let me know how much you contributed toward the gift of love which was handed to me at X-, and allow me the pleasure of sending you a cheque for the same.

"Faithfully yours,

"G. CAMPBELL MORGAN."

o one can afford to be careless regarding what he puts into writing, and Dr. Morgan's statement of the method he followed in the matter of remuneration he received for his services was always meticulously carried out. What he never put into writing, and what was never known to the rank and file was the extraordinary generosity with which he used the 'huge fees' when they came his way. Less than a week after dictating this letter, he was making arrangements to help a friend which involved a long journey and a new start in Me, and for this privilege he was footing the bill, not as a loan but as a gift. This side of his character was, it is needless to say, entirely unknown to his explosive correspondent.

t was a fairly new daughter-in-law who in 1921 asked a pertinent question. Dr. Morgan wrote in reply: "As to my theology. In the sense in which the words, 'Liberal' and 'Conservative' are used in that connection, I certainly am conservative. About that, there is no question, as any man who calls himself 'Liberal' would tell you if he were talking about me."



These terms of which he spoke are synonymous with the more familiar 'modernist' and 'fundamentalist' in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, and the latter group claim Campbell Morgan as one of their own. His every written and spoken word bears testimony to his belief in the infallibility of the Sacred Writings, and his teaching is rooted and grounded upon the fundamental facts of the Faith. At the same time he was vitally distressed by the schisms in the church, and deplored the bitterness evinced by many fundamentalists.

"I have long felt," he wrote to a son, "that whereas I stand foursquare on the evangelical faith, I have no patience with these people whose supposed fundamentalism consists in watching for heresy and indulging in wicked self-satisfaction because they have an idea that they alone 'hold the truth'-hateful expression! . . . Whereas, in many ways I agree with their theological position I abominate their spirit."



Campbell Morgan never compromised for a moment with a philosophy which denied the tenets of his convictions. He regarded it for the most part with pity for the ignorance from which he felt it came, not untinged with amusement. "He is a good man with a lot of funny ideas," he said of one. "Curious that, in order to square their ideas with their philosophy of God, some of these men prove their ignorance of God's character by the undermining of the authority of the Biblical revelation. . . . It is for those of us who stand on what Gladstone referred to as 'the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture' to maintain our witness." But his work as he saw it would be injured and hampered by the arguing of controversial issues. His policy was to carry on his own work in his own way, ignoring them as far as possible. Moreover he found it possible to execute this policy and yet compel the attention of both groups. What took place in one middle-western town in the United States is typical of similar experiences elsewhere. "We are really having a good time here," he wrote. . . . "It is a particularly difficult city for my work from the fact that for years it has been a storm centre of theological controversy. The thing that is pleasing me is that both wings are attending my meetings. I hope, therefore, that there will be real value in them along the line of constructive Biblical teaching."



He chose to ignore, also, as far as possible, the personal attacks which his own conservative position inevitably invited, to the keen disappointment and chagrin of those who felt it his duty to defend it. Typical of this attitude is a reply sent to one of his sons, who had expressed indignation over a misrepresentative attack of this nature. "I have seen the cutting you enclose," he wrote in reply, "I feel very much as you do. . . . However, I am not troubled about it. My reputation is in higher Hands than can be affected by this kind of thing. In all my public work I have observed without deviation one rule, and that is never to attempt in the Press to overtake a blunder made by the Press. I could not prepare a statement for the Associated Press. It might raise all manner of questions and lead to controversy. It is far better to let this kind of thing alone. It will all blow over directly, and in the meantime I can get on with my work."



ut adverse publicity could not always be ignored, and this was particularly impossible to Campbell Morgan when the assault from one side or the other was directed against a friend, and one whom he felt was unjustifiably charged. Such an issue culminated the next step in his career.



arly in 1927, Dr. Morgan conducted a series of Bible Conferences on the Pacific coast, and while there received an invitation to join the faculty of the Biblical Institute of Los Angeles. In this theological seminary, founded on the conservative doctrines of the Faith, the training ground of prospective ministers and missionaries, Dr. Morgan felt that he had found a field of service after his own heart. He was particularly happy among students, and never so much at home as in the classroom. In the summer he moved into a home in nearby Glendale with Mrs. Morgan, Kathleen and Ruth.



here began a singularly happy experience for he enjoyed equal popularity among students and professors. He had long been known in the coastal cities of Pasadena, Santa Monica, Sacramento, Bakersfield, and others, and these now laid claim to his services when he was not engaged in college lectures and seminars.



ow for the first time the Morgan 'clan' was really scattered. The home in Athens was sold: Percy had gone to Canada; Howard to Indiana; only Jack and Frank remained in Georgia. But if Dad, Mother, and the girls were happy in their new home and could be together for what 'Dad' referred to as "the next step of the journey, most probably the last," all was well. He regretted the separation and felt it as keenly as they did. He used often to say that he wished he could live like the patriarchs of old-having a central tent and all his children and their families encamped about him. "I am sorry we are going to be so far away from all of you," he wrote to Frank from Glendale. "I think you know if I could arrange my own affairs I would be in easy reach of all my children. But as years go on that cannot be -for their sakes as well as for ours. You have all now found your place in life and service, and I am content. For what remains to Mother and me of life this side the veil, we need each other more than ever, and the divine guidance seems to be out here-so I have no alternative."



r. Morgan took up his duties at the B.I.O.L.A., in October, 1927. In November, his friend, Dr. J. M. MacInnis, Dean of the Institute, gave him the manuscript of a book he had written, entitled, Peter, the Fisherman Philosopher, asking Dr. Morgan to write a foreword to it. He did so, stating that the greatest value of the book lay in the fact that "it will help many who are bewildered by the conflict and controversies of the days in which we live, to clear thinking upon the really fundamental things of our faith and life." There were some fine points, however, upon which the extreme fundamentalist group, some of whom sat upon the college board of directors, did not see eye to eye with the writer of the foreword, and chose so to interpret them as to make them a matter of altercation and debate. The breath of 'heresy' was fanned into a storm, and when at last, in November, 1928, it became imperative to take sides, Campbell Morgan stood by the friend in whose integrity he believed, drawing the same criticism towards himself. The Board was not unanimous, but straws in the wind pointed to the fact that Dr. MacInnis would be forced to resign. Campbell Morgan had determined in his own mind that, in this eventuality, he also would resign in protest. It might be reiterated to the point of tedium that it was good to be able to call Campbell Morgan one's friend. but there is nothing so final as proof. Proof of this friendship is to be found in two documents which are self-explanatory. The first was written under date, 19th November, 1928:

A STATEMENT.

"I have handed in my resignation from the Faculty of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, to take effect on December 31st of this year.

"My action has been caused by the fact that my friend, the Rev. John Murdoch MacInnis, D.D., Dean of the Institute, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Board.

"The reason for his doing so is briefly as follows. Last year he published a book entitled, Peter, the Fisherman Philosopher. This book has been charged with infidelity to the Evangelical Doctrines of our Faith; and a tendency to what is called 'Modernism'. Those appointed by the Board of the Institute to investigate this matter have declared that there is no trace of anything of the kind in the book, and have put on record their conviction that Dr. MacInnis is absolutely loyal to the fundamental things of the Faith.

"Notwithstanding this fact, by a majority vote they have taken the position that because the attack has cast suspicion upon the Institute, it would be in the interest thereof that Dr. MacInnis' resignation should be accepted.

"Thus the Board virtually says: This man is not guilty, but because some people think he is he must be sacrificed in the supposed interests of an Institution.

"Those who know me will know that I could not continue to work in relation with a Board capable of such an unjust and cruel practice of expediency.

"I return, therefore, to my work on independent lines, as I did it before coming to Los Angeles.

"G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.



he second is found on the dedication page of a book published in 1930, entitled, Categorical Imperatives of Christian Faith:

To
My Friend,
JOHN MURDOCH MACINNIS, D.D., PH.D.,
Saint and Scholar
True as Steel to the Evangelical Faith, and a
Revealer of the Truth that the Spiritual and
Intellectual are not Incompatible.



gain, in 1928, three summer months were spent in England. " The Westminster crowds are as great as they were two years ago," he said. At the age of 64 his health was still seemingly unimpaired, though he was blandly ignoring advice once given to him by a doctor which he was fond of quoting to other ministers: "You must not think that because you are a preacher you can break the laws of God with impunity." He wrote home: "On my itinerary you will find the word 'REST' against August 6. I expect to preach in Stebbing that day. You d find the same word against August 20 and 21. On August 20 I am to be in Bridgewater and on August 21, at Mundesley."



n September 11, on the eve of his return to the United States, a great Thanksgiving Service was held in Westminster Chapel in recognition of 'Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's three months' ministry in Westminster, and his service to the churches in England'. It was a noteworthy occasion in many respects, but primarily because its keynote was the one which consistently followed Campbell Morgan's ministry wherever it, went-the catholicity of his message and of his influence among people of all classes and conditions, among all denominations and orders.



hristmases in the Athens days had been particularly happy times. Dr. and Mrs. Morgan had slipped so easily into the r6le of grandparents that it was as if it had been written especially for them, and they both acted the part as if they had known no other. It was unfortunate that the toy train and the automobile that came unassembled should be 'too old' for those for whom they were originally intended, but 'Grandpa' had a wonderful time with the train, and the Uncles did a most

painstaking job on the automobile. It was 'Grandma' who proved to have an inexhaustible supply of alternative attractions for little Bill, Len, and Nancy.

Aow those happy days were past. The girls did all they could with a tree and gifts to make festive the California Christmas, but when Dr. Morgan came to enter up his diary for December 25th, 1928, all he could think of to write was: "We missed the little ones."

It was not time yet, however, to live for long in retrospect. The only reference to his birthday which followed directly upon his resignation from the Biblical Institute was the one word, "Hitherto." In a sense that verse was like an anthem which sang itself throughout his life, and because he had proved it true he loved its counterpart in the words of the old hymn he so, often chose for morning prayers:

*His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.*

Already the calendar of another year was filling with activity. December 30 was "my last idle Sunday for some time -and I am glad. I hate them."

During the first six months of 1929, Dr. Morgan resumed his independent itinerant work on the West Coast. Then with the summer the Bible Conferences at Cedar Falls, Winona and Northfield brought him back to the East again. The month of September found him in Philadelphia, in Baptist and Methodist churches, and the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, being without a pastor, extended to him a unanimous invitation, which in due course, he accepted. At the same time he was received into the Presbytery of Philadelphia.

So began Campbell Morgan's only pastorate in the United States, and for the three years of its duration it was a singularly happy one for both pastor and people, though his period of residence in Philadelphia started in a most inauspicious manner.



The Tabernacle Presbyterian Church is architecturally very beautiful, and the manse adjoining it, constructed in the same Gothic stone design, is connected to the church itself by a cloistered walk.



While Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his younger daughter, was holding meetings in Baltimore and Wilmington, Mrs. Morgan and Kathleen were moving into the manse and sleeping there alone, Miss Howell having a room nearby. But undetected leaking gas from the furnace was poisoning the air, and early one morning, Mrs. Morgan woke to the persistent ringing of the door bell, knowing that she was deathly ill and that something was very wrong. Fighting an almost overwhelming drowsiness, she struggled into Kathleen's bedroom only to find her—as she thought—dead. How she managed to get downstairs to the front door where William, the chauffeur, was becoming alarmed at the delay, she never knew. Somehow she managed to unlock it and say: "William, go to Miss Kathleen," before she fell to the floor in a dead faint. The doctor who was summoned said that in a short time the asphyxiating fumes would have been fatal. It never seemed to occur to Mrs. Morgan that she had done anything remarkable. She was thankful for the Providence that had sent help in time, and let it go at that.



The officers of Tabernacle Church had not, for twenty-five years, seen such a congregation as gathered that first Sunday morning. As the crowd streamed out of the building after the service, a member of a Roman Catholic Church nearby who was passing said to someone: "What is the matter here? Has there been a fire?" It was not the kind of fire she meant, but an interest had been kindled that promised well for the future. One of the Trustees, a Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, said to Dr. Morgan in a tone of real appreciation: "You know, you are breaking up a lot of ice around here!" "Yes," replied Dr. Morgan with one of those flashes of wit for which he was famous, "but I am finding the water warm underneath!"



His passion for making the Church sanctuary and its premises as useful and beautiful as possible soon suggested to him changes that needed to be made at 'Tabernacle'. In fact, he had not been pastor for three months when he had launched a scheme of certificates for a loan to liquidate a debt and provide enough to make some necessary renovations. \$12,000 was needed, and at one congregational meeting certificates were applied for more than covering this amount. The organ was moved and underwent necessary repairs, this work being made possible by a gift from Mrs. Herbert Halverstadt who, thirty years before, had carried 'Strong's Concordance' up the hill in Northfield on a hot July day and insisted on Dr. Morgan showing her how to use it! She was present in Philadelphia at the time of the dedication of the renovated organ.

uring 1930, Dr. Morgan travelled to New York one day each week for a speaking engagement at the John Street M.E. Church, and, in the summer, was approached with an invitation to join the faculty of Gordon College in Boston, continuing from New York there to lecture to the students two days a week. Thus for the third time in his life he was given the opportunity for direct contact with student ministers and missionaries, and with the remembrance of the joy the experience had vouchsafed, both at Cheshunt and in Los Angeles, he accepted it, even though it meant, during the college year, a train journey of 650 miles a week. Undoubtedly the anticipation of seeing all those earnest young faces looking up at him, eager and impressionable and waiting to carry the work and method of teaching in which he believed into the uttermost part of the world, was quite irresistible. It would not be accurate to say that he had not considered his age and health as items which had crossed to the debit side of the ledger. He knew all the arguments on the wisdom of the conservation of physical strength and believed in them thoroughly-for other people. For himself he expressed it thus: "I have never before had to teach or lecture to as keen a crowd of students as I am finding up there (in Boston). I have never done my teaching with a greater sense of freedom. The days are strenuous, but I have got all the arrangements for travel and so on worked out, so as to do it under the most comfortable conditions. How long I shall be able to keep up the pace I don't know, and I am not trying to know. I intend to keep it up as long as I can."

hat year his birthday fell on a 'Gordon College' day. "At 9.40," he wrote, "we had quite a celebration, the students presenting me with a desk pen. Then I had a fine time lecturing."

Church meetings at which Dr. Morgan's presence 'as minister was imperative must now be held on Thursdays and Saturdays. Every day was filled during the College year, and as soon as it ended summer conferences began, and he was off to Iowa, Indiana, Long Island, and North Carolina. In 1931, his four sons filled the Tabernacle pulpit successively while their father was speaking at nine of these conferences. With less than a week's respite he resumed work at Tabernacle in September, and at Gordon College in October.

ll at once the strain began to tell in an occasional attack of amnesia, not lasting for long at a time, but warning of mental fatigue. The doctor told his patient that, if he would avoid a complete breakdown in health, he must face the fact that his physical strength, which considering his physique had been prodigious, had passed its zenith, and that the part of the programme which involved weekly travelling must cease. It was with real regret that the happy relationship with Gordon College, its faculty and students, was terminated in December, 1931.

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eanwhile England was calling for another summer's visit, and as had happened before when it was known that he would go, invitations began coming in almost every mad, including those which said, in one way or another: "Our pulpit is vacant and at your disposal should you desire to settle in England."

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o one such cable he replied: "Cannot settle in England this year," and after another glorious summer he returned but this time with a difference. The backward look was, for the first time, stronger than the look ahead.

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o many factors had a bearing on this attitude. Not only had Westminster opened her arms to him by arranging a great Bible Conference in July, but had made a happy choice in the other leaders who would share it, for with none did Campbell Morgan feel more closely knit in heart and mind than with Dr. John A. Hutton, Dr. Harris Kirk of Baltimore, Maryland, and Dr. Hubert Simpson, the last now being Westminster's minister. This conference showed by the interest created and the crowds that attended how much they appreciated his return, and in addition it was borne in upon him by the minister himself and by the church officers, that Dr. Simpson's health would not permit him to continue carrying the work alone, but that he would go on if Dr. Morgan would share it with him; suggesting that they preach alternately, and use the week between to rest or accept other engagements as they desired. The organized work of Westminster, though not at such a peak or of such variety as in the days of Mr. Swift's administration, was yet in capable hands. Westminster was admittedly recognized now as a great preaching centre in a world metropolis, and its present need was for a strong, prophetic voice. These were the 1930's. Strange and disquieting voices proclaiming another kind of doctrine were making themselves heard across the Channel in Europe, and on the horizon a small cloud at first ignored was gathering magnitude in ominous proportions. These things had been discussed and considered, and Dr. Morgan was urged to return 'home'.

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here were other rather special and intimate experiences of this particular summer that played their part in turning Campbell Morgan's thoughts back to England. If they were but fragile threads of emotional fibres, they formed together a cord which it would take a strong effort to break. There were those with whom he had never failed to renew long friendships and share experiences in previous visits who, it was now evident, were nearing 'the end of the pilgrimage'. Among them was Mr. Samuel Chadwick, of Cliff College, who "looks very frail this year." Others had already 'finished the course'. In Cardiff, Dr. Morgan was requested to unveil a memorial window to the memory of the first boyhood friend he had ever known, Mr. Frank Fifoot. Dr. Morgan was reminded of how, when his sister Lizzie died, his father, realizing his loneliness and need of a friend, had singled out Frank Fifoot, four years his senior. In unveiling the memorial window he

said in reminiscence, "From that moment, through the years, we were friends. Although there were stretches of years when we never saw each other, in spirit we were never parted."



either Dr. nor Mrs. Morgan ever had any morbid feeling about death, or any other than a Christian attitude about their earthly abiding places. The divine appointing was all that was important to them in determining the locality of their home and their work. A favourite quatrain of Mrs. Morgan's which she expressed a wish at one time to have copied and framed to hang on the walls of their home, was this:

*To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.*



ven so, when afternoon shadows fall across the pathway, and the day is drawing to a close, it is natural to look with some nostalgic longing to the place we call 'home'. If in God's goodness He should see fit to bring their wandering footsteps back to the dear England they had always thought of as their real earthly home, they would be content.



etters of affection and appreciation are always among the threads of the cord that draws one back. There was that of the wife of a University professor pleading for the young life of England so greatly in need of "such teaching as you are giving," and another from two little sisters saying that "although we are only schoolgirls we have understood and learned a lot from every one of your services. Our beliefs have been thoroughly strengthened and increased. . . . We have hesitated to write, but feel, perhaps, you would like to know how some young people love and appreciate you."



n the last analysis it is the heart rather than the head which exerts the greatest influence. Westminster had always held his peculiar love and devotion, and this summer its old building had seen the wedding of Kathleen to Donald Shute, the son of two of the most loyal of the old-time members of Westminster, and close family friends. The eldest son, too, in those later years, had united with the Episcopal Church, and returning to England, had taken up residency as a curate in London. As the Olympic steamed out of Southampton harbour, Kathleen and Don were waving good-bye, and only Ruth accompanied her parents back to the United States.



pon his return, Dr. Morgan talked over all these things and many more with his friends, the officers of the Tabernacle Church. They were full of sympathy and understanding, and expressed these along with their own personal desire that he continue to remain in Philadelphia. Meanwhile they had become acquainted with the four sons of their pastor, and when it became evident that Dr. Morgan felt that he now wanted to return to his homeland, a call was immediately extended to Dr. Howard Morgan, the youngest of the four, to succeed his father at the Tabernacle Church.



n Dr. Morgan's last Sunday Howard was present 'to help with the services'. What Dr. Morgan said to his congregation at that time regarding his son's coming to carry on his work among them, has already been told. During the past seventeen years, until this present hour, that pastorate has continued and has been blessed.



he year drawing to its close saw Dr. and Mrs. Morgan and their youngest daughter on board the Britannic homeward bound. How many more diaries would there be? What momentous events would they predict and chronicle? What would be the outcome of the 'gathering storm'? If these questions came to Campbell Morgan's mind there is no record of them. 'Hitherto' was enough, and in 'the promises' there was rest.