

BUD ROBINSON

A Miracle of Grace

Basil Miller

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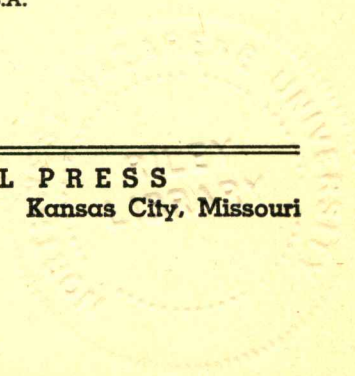
Bud Robinson
Miracle of Grace

by
Basil Miller



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Cabin in the Cumberlandds

He sprang from a log cabin, tucked in the Cumberlandds, yet his fame went around the world. His cradle, a hollowed-out log, when rocked by his mother's feet, threw tiny dust swirls from the dirt that floored his mountain home. Before he died he said, "I could walk across America in all directions and every night sleep in the home of a friend. I owe it all to Jesus."

Poverty stalked his birth. So rich, however, and glorious his achievements that when he died eighty-two years later there were few, if any, nations on earth wherein somebody had not felt the influence of his life. In childhood and youth, he notes the touch of no preacher upon his path. But before angels sang a welcome to his heavenly home, he had financed the training of a hundred ministers, and through the spiritual power of his message hundreds more had been called into gospel work.

Life in youth passed him by with its privileges, save for doling out the most crude necessities. Yet in return, through Christ enthroned within, during the first forty-eight years of his ministry, according to his own testimony, he won more than eighty thousand souls to Christ by his preaching. The last fourteen years of his life, when his ministry took on a broader scope, there were tens of thousands more

to follow these eighty thousand into the Kingdom through his messages.

In childhood he was often rocked to sleep by the plodding of an ox team, as the crude wagon they pulled along the mountain ruts chattered a cradle song. Nature blocked his path to greatness and glory by the hills which hemmed in the sphere of his life.

Before he died, so great the power of God within, he traveled via ox team, horseback, river boat, train that chugged across the prairies, ocean liner and automobile more than two million miles in carrying the gospel to his generation.

This man, Reuben A. Robinson, was no sapling in God's forest of great men as the endowments of his early life would indicate—but a giant sequoia.

Nature at birth so garbled his speech apparatus that when called into the ministry often people could not understand what he was laboring to say. Like the famous soul winner, D. L. Moody, in youth Reuben stuttered so overwhelmingly that he was almost unintelligible. Yet before God marked *finis* to his earthly ministry he had preached more often from an American pulpit or platform than any of his contemporaries.

In the annals of modern pulpit records, the thirty-three thousand sermons which he preached are surpassed only by John Wesley's forty thousand, and are matched doubtless by few, if any, ministers of the Christian centuries.

Among the *Memoirs* of the world's great, the *Journals* of time's achievers, the *Diaries* of the cen-

tures' flamboyant, mouldering now on the dusty shelves of libraries, this man's memories of daily blessings from God's hands, the journal of his weekly achievements, blessed with homespun philosophy and sparkling wit, outrank them all in extent. He left in the form of his "Good Samaritan Chats," published in the *Herald of Holiness*, more than a million and a half words, recording the dealings of God with Bud and his brethren. In published records no man's diary has surpassed this in wordage.

Before launching this million-and-a-half-words journal, he had dipped into his personal memories and had written for C. E. Cornell's *Soul Winner* a column of "Bud Robinson's Chats." Beginning in 1904 he published in the *Pentecostal Herald*, under the tutelage of Dr. H. C. Morrison, a series of weekly memorabilia called "Bud Robinson's Corner," which continued for ten years.

In the Thursday, July 18, 1907, issue of the *Pentecostal Advocate* he commenced his chats, "As Bud Robinson Says It," later to be called "Bud Robinson's Page." These heart-revealing stories continued until the paper was merged with the *Herald of Holiness*.

In these *chats, corners, pages* is a two million or more word record which lay bare the spiritual life of this man Reuben A. Robinson, familiarly known as Uncle Bud, in greater minutia than any man has ever dared publish since the world began. The heart of all this autobiographical data, when rightly analyzed and synthesized, will offer to the world the story of God's workings through Bud Robinson

which can well compare in inner-life import with Augustine's famous *Confessions*, or John Bunyan's spiritual autobiography, *The Holy War*, or David Livingstone's *Journals*, written under the glow of those trials he endured in opening Africa to the gospel.

Cradled in the Cumberlands, he was destined under God's leadership to tower as a mountain peak among men who have fought in *the holy war*. In writing and speaking about his contemporaries, he never learned the art of "playing down" any man's virtues, however limited his achievements or scant his abilities. For had not God taken Bud, he reasoned, with no abilities, no germs of greatness, save a heart washed in the blood of the Lamb, and made him worthy to stand with the princes of the pulpit, the kings in the heavenly realm?

Then let's go back to that Cumberland log cabin and trail Bud Robinson, as God dealt with him during the eighty-two years of his life. There were lights and shadows, high peaks and sloughs, the hand of poverty, matched with the hand of God. For he often said, "I live from hand to mouth—from God's hand to Bud's mouth."

There is in ordinary concepts of personality growth and development no accounting for his genius. No school can stand forth and say, "He is our product." Nor can any man affirm, "I made him." Schools deterred him little in childhood. For his sister declares that in his eighteenth year, she and Reuben were pupils together in the local backwoods

school, and her lumbering, stammering brother had reached only the third grade.

And Bud says, "Miss Sally"—whom we shall meet later as that beautiful Texas girl he married—"taught me to read." In school Reuben reached the same grade as John Bunyan, and as the famous John, later forgot how to read. No, the schools did not make nor mould him, and little did they mar him.

Bud Robinson is accounted for only by a miracle of divine grace. He was shaped by the hand of the Almighty, tutored in the school of God. The Master took the raw product, and through the incoming of the Holy Spirit gave the world the power of his achievements.

There's nothing wrong with the Cumberlands. The mountains in their pristine beauty lift noble heads to the sky. Grandeur surroundings could not be imagined than their green-kissed valleys afford for the birth of a child. It is sin that degenerated the populace, threw into the slough of iniquity the men who gave themselves over to drink, gambling and unrestrained sexing. Nor can it be said there were no respectable families in White County, Tennessee, before or after January 27, 1860.

In the community was a brick house, two-storied, into which had shone the light of the gospel. Here lived the grandsire of the baby born on that cold January 27, the year before the Civil War began. Into the making of that grandsire and his family a long line of religious Irish and Scotch had gone. They had built well in their climb through the dec-

ades that raced into half centuries since the family stock had come to America.

The farm, according to Reuben's sister, was well kept. Sleek-coated mares grazed placidly on the green valley pastures while their cavorting colts roamed near by. Contented cows, long before Carnation days, moomed as a son of the farm drove them in late at evening for milking. Neighbors as they passed by the brick house spoke well of the upstanding Robinsons, and fathers pointed their sons to the prosperity which well-living had showered upon the inhabitants.

There were wild elements in the neighborhood assuredly, but that grandsire, heading the Robinson clan, had little to do with them. Come Saturday night there were dances, keyed to a drunken brawl by too many draughts from the brown jug of moonshine whiskey, "as powerful as the kick of a flea-bitten mule," as Reuben said it. Among the group that shouldered the "jug" too often was a brick-house Robinson lad, whose actions shamed his parents.

This lad trod the path not of his father but of the neighbors who caroused, drank, fought and ran their illegal stills. In the community was a beautiful mountain girl, whom the lad courted and married. The girl was of a religious bent, yet as time went by she found herself married to a drunkard. The Robinson lad and she honeymooned in a log cabin, built by a popular log-raising bee. At one end of the cabin stood a stone fireplace, chinked

with mud as was then the custom, which reached about half-way to the clapboard roof.

The new home started in at the bottom, in a decidedly poor manner. For Reuben says in delineating the story of his early life that the floor was dirt, and there was no whole stick of furniture in the log hut. There were no carpets, save an occasional sheepskin rug, on which years later the son Bud, then a small shaver, slept at times with a flea-toting dog. The bride and later the mother cooked on the open fireplace, her kettle smudged by the smoke of many fires, or when the weather permitted she prepared the family meals over a campfire in the yard.

There was no wardrobe in which to store the layette when the first baby came to bless the family, and little clothes for the child that was soon to be born. The father's generosity provided, however, a hollow log which served as a cradle. More often than not, Sire Robinson spent his evenings, and much of his days, drinking with his coon-hunting neighbors.

The rumbles of the slave war were loud in the Cumberland air. And though most of the neighbors were too poor to afford them, those mountaineers were willing to shoulder muskets to defend their right to keep slaves. January, 1860, swept into those Tennessee hills cold and foreboding, and with the arrival of the twenty-seventh day of the month Mother Robinson gave birth to a son, whom in a God-fearing manner she christened Reuben.

Reuben, then interested only in his fight for survival, does not tell us when later writing his life's story whether his father spent the night in a drunken brawl. The sire by the time of the baby's birth had already gone through his share of the Robinson fortune. He and the applejack jug had long before become pals. Whether tending the little mountain farm or following the coon hounds over the hills, at the community mill waiting for his grist to be ground or at the general store in the forks of the rutty roads, he learned to drown his troubles in a social drag at the jug.

That brown jug had presided over the degeneration of a man. When the family fortune fell to Reuben's father, before the son's birth, he was the county's largest tax payer. Swigs at the jug drove him hell-bent for a drunkard's grave, and with the passing years sapped the fortune he had inherited.

Reuben squalled his way by the aid of a mountain midwife into a drinking man's home—if the tragedy created by drink could be called a home. A sweet-faced mother rocked the log cradle, humming a mountain song to the son whom she knew should have been born to a better plight than the cabin afforded. Here and there floated free a religious hymn, blessed with the mellowing influences of the Christian centuries, for that mother knew the joys our salvation brings.

War days robbed—if removing a drinking father from the group can be called robbing—the family of the father. Reuben says his first recollections were of tramping soldiers with muskets on

their blue-coated shoulders, "and the next thing was my mother coming through the cornfield shouting."

Back of the little cornfield was a tiny spring, "which burst from a great mountain, as clear as crystal . . . running over the white sands and gravel, red bass and speckled trout playing under rocks . . . all covered with ferns and mountain moss." Bud says that surely this was the prettiest place in the world. Over there Mother Robinson had met the same Christ who blessed the woman at the well.

"And while she was filling her bucket with water," Bud says, "the Lord filled her soul with grace, and she came through the field with her bucket in one hand, waving the other over her head, and praising the Lord. Occasionally she would set the bucket down and go to clapping her hands and shouting in the old style."

While those hallelujahs, glory's, and bless-God-forever's were ringing their joyous note, the children climbed on the yard fence, the better to see their mother's head as she jumped up and down in the corn rows. Looking back through the years Bud could not wipe that scene from memory. "She came on," he relates, "to the house bareheaded, and spilt nearly all the water and lost her bonnet, but she had a shine on her face I never will forget."

God used the shine on that mother's face and the glory in her soul to work a miracle of conviction in four-year-old Reuben's heart. As she sang and shouted, the Spirit moved the lad's tender life to-

ward a desire for the same source of religious joy. Though knowing not what to call it, he knew he wanted what his mother had.

“. . . and mother's shouting put me under such deep conviction I had no rest from the sense of guilt and condemnation," he said thirty-nine years later in his popular *Sunshine and Smiles*. "I wanted religion worse than anything in the world."

Going down into the orchard, he bent his childish knees before an apple tree and there wept and prayed. Had there been the proper spiritual guidance doubtless Bud would have been converted at this tender age as Jonathan Edwards years before him. He affirms, "I don't know why I didn't get religion unless it was because of the wickedness of my father."

His father was a profane man, whose entry into the house was often accompanied by a volley of oaths. This kept the tiny boy's mind awl with excitement so much that "I forgot the struggles of my poor little heart." One of Reuben's earliest recollections of his father was during a drunken brawl with a neighbor, whom he was trying to kill with a rifle. With gun in hand he challenged the neighbor, and doubtless would have murdered him had the other man not grabbed the musket in time to ward off the terrible deed which would have cost the father his life.

"There are pictures," Reuben writes years later, "that remain in a child's memory like burrs in a sheep's wool; and the next one that took hold of mine was a difficulty between mother and a Yankee

soldier." Under the charge of the Civil War, the lad's father had been run off, and all the horses were stolen save one-eyed Old Gin, a sorrel mare, used by the mother and children to haul wood on an old sled.

Going out to the log barn to feed Old Gin, the mother faced a northern soldier, who commanded her to feed the mare well, for "I expect to ride her today." The Irish in Mrs. Robinson's temper boiled to the surface, and "war," as Bud says it, "opened right there. Mother told him never in the world would he ride Old Gin." After feeding the mare, she returned to the cabin, her brood of children remaining out in the yard, expecting at any moment the blue-clad soldier to come after her.

When Old Gin finished, Bud with his brothers and sisters trailed their mother to the barn door where she met the Yankee soldier. Then, as Reuben expressed it, "the circus opened up." As the soldier went into the barn to bridle the sorrel mare, Mother Robinson's movements matched his. Each time the northerner put the bridle on, the irate southern mother yanked it off. This on-and-off movement of the bridle started a private civil war between the two. The Yankee lost his head and began to swear at the woman.

Mrs. Robinson's Irish tongue loosened, and she piled upon the poor lone man such a stream of hard names that he lost his head, and pulled from his jeans a revolver. Meanwhile the brood of children, like a covey of quail, circled their mother, the younger ones hanging onto her skirts.

Swinging the revolver over his head, the soldier took one step too much, and Mrs. Robinson joined the southern army immediately. She used the only weapon at hand, Old Gin's bridle, and whammed the northerner over the face with it. Bud, looking back through the years, said, "Then the regular fight took place." Going into a clinch they scuffled over the barn, the children meantime "having spells."

General Grant's army by a forward thrust against Lee's representative disabled for the moment Bud's mother, hurting her side by throwing her against the barn door. Bud, too young to aid in the struggle, stood by Mrs. Robinson and watched the Yankee bridle the sorrel mare, and before the woman could regain enough strength to get back into the battle again, the soldier rode off on Old Gin.

"You'd better get a good ride today," yelled Mrs. Robinson at the fleeing soldier, as he rode away, "because this is the last day you will ever ride Old Gin. For if God spares my life, I will have old Pleas Parr and the Texas guerillas on your track before night."

Mrs. Robinson shook in the man's face the terror of the northern soldiers. For Pleas Parr and those wild men from Texas fought under the black flag, never taking a prisoner. The laugh the soldier threw back at the threatening woman died in his own teeth twelve miles up the road. Rejoining the northern army squad, some seventy-five in number, the soldier and his companions stopped at a house

on the little Calf Killer river, where a sick woman was being cared for by a group of neighbors.

The officer in charge of the squad told his men to appropriate the women's mounts, commanding at the same time some of the women to prepare dinner for the company. The deviltry in some of the soldiers broke out, causing them to mistreat a few of the women. And while they were eating the quickly cooked meal, and swapping worn-out horses for the women's fresher ones, none other than old Pleas Parr himself and his Texans rode in from East Tennessee to surprise the soldiers.

Bud gives a graphic description of this famous guerilla fighter and his men, born doubtless of the stories of Parr's exploits he had heard as a child. Any man who could have returned Old Gin to the log barn on the Robinson farm would have been a hero to the childish son of the hills.

"Pleas Parr and his men . . . had six shooters belted on them from their necks to their knees," writes Bud, dipping almost forty years back into his memory. "I suppose the Texas guerillas, as they were called, were among the worst men in the world. At their appearance the blue coats leaped into their saddles, and went down the road at fullspeed, the guerillas after them."

The story made interesting telling as related by Parr's men around the night campfire, and when the young Robinson lad heard it he was bug-eyed at the thoughts of the fray. The Yankees fled, Old Gin's rider among the lot. Every few hundred yards one of the guerillas' revolver bullets hit its target,

knocking a soldier from his mount. Riding to the downed man's side, a guerilla would leap from his horse, and without ceremony cut off the soldier's head.

Bud could not wipe the sound of those roaring revolvers from his childhood memory. As the fight continued down the road, by the time they had reached the Robinson cabin, most of the soldiers had been killed, the rest of them "pleading for their lives. What a sad day. God forbid that we should ever see another like it."

Eager eyes searched the group for sight of Old Gin, when suddenly some one saw her race from the main road, and at the corner of the home field the mare decided she wanted the protection of the family barn. Coming to a deep gully, she tried to clear it, only to fall short and stumble into the ravine, the soldier-rider directly under her. Thinking the man to be dead, Pleas Parr and his wild Texans rode on.

After the guerillas had passed Mother Robinson and her children ran to the gully to examine their beloved Old Gin, only to see as they approached the thought-to-be-dead Yankee arise and race deep into the woods. Old Gin, badly skinned and bruised, was carefully led to the barn, where for a week she was nursed like a sick child, until she was finally able to resume her sled-hauling duties. These childhood memories burred themselves upon Bud's mind, to linger through the long career God was to grant him.

Before the lad was five God gave Mother Robinson a dream that was to foretell something of the great future which was to unroll before her son Reuben.

Sleeping in the cabin, the dream unfolded itself like a panorama upon Mrs. Robinson's unconscious mind. She redreamed Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, Reuben in God's plan becoming her Isaac. God seemed to indicate that her child Buddie, as she lovingly called him, was to be offered a sacrifice for the entire family.

"In her dream," Bud writes years later, "she built the altar, bound me, laid me on the altar and the Lord told her to take my life. She screamed and plead with the Lord to spare me, awoke and rejoiced to find it only a dream, went back to sleep and dreamed the same thing over again."

In the last dream she seemed to awaken to the fact that all the suffering laid upon the child Bud did not take away his life, "and that mine was to be a life of suffering and sacrifice, and through my suffering the rest of the family was to be brought to Christ."

As she called her young son to her knee the following day and told him the dream, the lad's mind was greatly disturbed, the childhood conviction renewed its desire for religion in his life. That conviction lingered for some sixteen years with Reuben, moving him at times to tears, but the search was never fulfilled until in his twenty-first year when he at length gave his heart to God.

"I could never wear it off," he testifies, "and with all the fun—as I called it—in my life I was never easy until the night I was converted. . . . No one could persuade Mother her dream has not been fulfilled in her Buddie's life. I will leave it for others who know me to judge."

God had granted to Mother Robinson a foretaste of her son's future, as to Jacob he gave a foregleam of the greatness which was to mark Joseph's path through the years. Had she only been sufficiently spiritually strong to have won her son to Christ during these childhood years what suffering she would have saved Reuben. For sixteen more years he was to wander as a prodigal son into the far countries of sin.

During these childhood years, God was leading Reuben into the Christian path by devious ways. The Spirit was calling the child, yet the feet of the youth were to wander in sin's path before returning to his Father's home.

Growing up the Hard Way

War days over, Father Robinson came home, none the better for his years away from the family. Bud's sweet-faced mother had done all in her power to feed the brood of children, yet her all was many times not enough to keep them from going to bed with the pangs of hunger gnawing in their little stomachs. The lad literally grew up the hard way. He was to know none of what are commonly called "the comforts of home" until under the Master's direction he built his own Christian home.

Back at the little mountain farm, the sire decided that he would break with his past, and cut a new swath into life. The pastures seemed greener over the state line than in the Cumberlands. Possibly his Civil War travels caused his feet to itch for new paths. Knowing he could do no worse in Mississippi than in Tennessee, he sold the old home place, the cabin with its chimney standing at half mast, the little corn field with its poor soil.

With what he made on the sale, he bought wagons and teams, and gathering their scant belongings together, they prepared for the long trek into the neighboring state. When the leaves were turning on the Cumberland trees, the family was piled into the wagons, and the group headed for Mississippi, arriving in Tippah County just before Christmas.

When they came to the little Tallahatchie River, the lure of the catfish caused the father to pick this as the site of his new start in life. Writing about this particular spot, Bud years later reaching back into his childhood memory says that here "were more fish and mud turtles, mosquitoes and water moccasins than any other place in America." During the next four years the father discovered that fish in the river did not assure the family of food on the table, for trouble dogged their steps at every crook in the road. God was hounding that man with misfortune, perchance the Spirit's call might reach his heart. The way of the unjust, he was to discover, is not an easy one.

The first misfortune fell in the form of blind staggers killing all of their horses, leaving not one to tend the crops on the river bottom farm. The father then rented land from a man who was to furnish teams with which to plant and tend the crops.

"When the crop was planted," Reuben says, "the man went back on his contract and he and my father had trouble—he was a very mean man, and my father was just as mean as he."

Withdrawing the use of the horses to tend the crop meant that the first year was wasted, and there was nothing for the family to live on. Losing his crop, the father's next business venture was that of renting a still from a neighbor, and going into the whiskey-making business on an illegal basis. But no prosperity was to mark this venture, for Father Robinson did not get on with the man from whom

he rented the liquor brewing equipment, and the two of them fought, "and came near killing each other. This was another dark day."

The whiskey business, Bud learned, and prosperity or even property owning did not go well together, and by the time his father had finished "stilling," only one wagon, two milk cows and a brood of hungry children remained of all that which they had brought into Mississippi. After holding a family conference, the father traded the cows for a yoke of steers, and the family, piled into the wagon, struck out for the tall pines, where the father went into the tar-making business.

This as Bud describes it was the dirtiest work in the world. The boys with their father went through the woods and gathered the pine cones into piles, following which the cones were hauled by the steer-drawn wagon to a central location, where a tar kiln was built. Then came what Reuben calls the "dirtiest work in the world," that of burning the tar out of the cones.

For three years, until the lad was about nine, the family engaged in this work, building three kilns a year, each of which yielded around five hundred or more gallons of tar. This was sold for forty cents a gallon, making a family income of around six to seven hundred dollars a year, which for them was comparative prosperity.

While the work was dirty, it was healthful and at least better than whiskey making, and it afforded leisure time for hunting and fishing, which even at that youthful age Reuben enjoyed.

"We spent wet weather," he writes, "and Sundays, hunting and fishing. The woods were full of deer and turkey. You could hear the turkeys gobbling every morning and often you would see a deer run across the road. We caught fish and swamp rabbits, killed snakes until we quit numbering, ate muscadines, fought mosquitoes and ticks, and I reckon had the hardest and biggest chills in Mississippi. We children passed off the time at night sitting by a big fire built of pine knots, telling riddles and chewing pine wax."

When Reuben was nine, prosperity having smiled slightly upon their fortunes, the father decided to return to the Cumberland, and hitching the yoke of oxen to the wagon, piled high with belongings and children, tar gourd swinging from the coupling pole, they headed for the old home.

Bud in later years draws a graphic picture of that return. The mother and some of the children rode on the wagon, while the father walked in the lead of the oxen, and the rest of the brood of eight children who were not riding followed behind in the dusty road. The children took turns riding, while the oldest brother drove the oxen.

When night came they struck up camp at some likely spring or creek, where Nig and Jerry, the oxen, were unyoked. The boys with their dog hied off for the creek bottom "to see if we couldn't start a rabbit . . . and away Dixie would go. . . . In a few minutes he runs him into a hollow tree or log and we chop him out so quick that it would make your head swim." Said rabbit became supper, fried by

the mother in a skillet over the campfire. This with corn pones, liberally doused with campfire smoke, made up supper. Yet the flavor lingered in Bud's long memory.

"Now, reader," he writes thirty-four years later, "just think of it! Old-fashioned corn bread cooked in a skillet and fried rabbit for supper. My, I can just smell that rabbit and taste the corn bread until now. . . . Mother brings out an old quilt or two, makes a big pallet by the fire. A dozen or more little red feet are turned to the chunk fire and we are off to the land of dreams."

The happiest period of Reuben's childhood was that long wagon trip to the Cumberlands, every day of it being filled with joyous memories. They were carefree, with nothing, save the day's duties, to perform. One day on the trip two negroes looked the ragamuffins over, their clothes smudged with the smoke of many tar-burning fires, and called them "dirty white trash."

This was more than Mother Robinson could stand, and she grabbed the old musket from the wagon, poured in powder, put in sixteen buckshot, and ramrodded the charge in place with a wad of paper. "While she was getting the box of caps," Reuben says, "the colored boys had business up the lane."

The mother, a plucky little rebel, as her son describes her, did not completely surrender until "Brothers H. C. Morrison and Joe McClurkan held the Waco Holiness Campmeeting, when mother got so happy in the experience of full salvation that she lost her little black bonnet, her handbag and her

prejudice, and hasn't seen the Mason and Dixon line since."

Mother Robinson, as her son Reuben lovingly remembers her, was a kind soul, full of love for her children. She had doubtless been converted at an early age, though she suffered lapses from grace. This up and down experience, when her temper would conquer the spiritual tranquility which usually marked her, caused her to flare up if extremely tempted. Such was the case when with the old muzzle loading rifle she challenged the colored boys who threw their "dirty white trash" talk at the brood of children who trailed the ox wagon on its way to the Tennessee hills.

The Cumberlands welcomed young Bud and the family once more just before Christmas in 1869, where the Robinsons settled in a little valley between two mountain ranges. For the next six years Reuben was to become familiar with mountain ways in an intense manner. And life in those Cumberland days was rugged indeed, almost as Uncle Buddie in later life would describe as "raw."

At first his father took to moonshining, when he made apple brandy which sold at fifty cents a gallon, and corn whisky that was bartered at the common rate of twenty-five cents a jug. Early in the seventies Uncle Sam decided that he wanted a share in these immense profits, and the revenue officer showed up for the first time, stamping a fifty-to-seventy-five cents per gallon tax on the profits of the mountain stills.

This greatly interfered with Mr. Robinson's personal liberty, as well as that of his neighbors, and a war began almost as intense as the one fought by the Blues and Grays over the slaves. Young Bud Robinson, then breaking into his teens, fashioned his life to the crack of the mountaineer's rifle and the challenge of the revenue officer's gun. He grew up in a wild moment in the Cumberland life. These men of the mountains clubbed together, barricaded their huts, and told Uncle Sam's officers to "come and git us."

"If you don't think they killed men by the hundreds," writes Uncle Bud, "you ask Uncle Sam. Within five miles of our house there were ten stills running day and night, and the country was flooded with whiskey."

Those running stills were not the worst of young Robinson's growing career. Those still-running men traded with ox-cart peddlers, who called every day at the lad's home, and bartered whiskey for whatever produce the farm might have at the moment.

"We bought and used it like milk," writes the man-sized Reuben, when his fame as a gospel minister had spread across the nation, "and thought it was a remedy for every disease known to the human family. A man couldn't be born, married or die without it, and every boy in the country was drunk two or three times a week. . . . From the time little boys were ten years old they were getting drunk."

Often while telling the story of mountain life in the earlier days of his ministry, he would pause in

his discourse and say, "You ask, 'What about churches?' Churches and schools were almost a thing unknown at that time. Civilization had not reached the mountains."

He affords an intimate picture of mountain life untouched by such things as schools, churches, railroads, engines, buggies, or carriages. None of these luxuries marked his childhood. Nor were there houses made of lumber. The homes were constructed of logs, with puncheon floors and as often as not dirt floors. There were no windows. The roofs of these huts were made of hand-split oak clapboards, three or four feet long.

"Our breadstuff was made at the little water mill down the creek, where we boys used to go and stay almost all day waiting for our turn, as it would take two or three hours to grind one sack of corn. We boys would spend the time in fishing, playing marbles or talking with the old men."

Reuben's clothing was homespun, made by his mother, who wove every garment he wore until he was a grown man. Come fall, Mother Robinson wove jeans for his winter clothing, and when spring broke, she wove cottonades for shirts and pants. "When we had shoes," Bud writes, "she knit our socks, but we were not troubled with shoes often. I had only worn out about one pair when I was big enough to go see the girls, and the girls in the mountains of Tennessee were as bad off as the boys."

Sparking, as he terms it, was done barefooted, since they did not want to cramp their feet with

shoes. He affirms that "we had no idea we needed shoes to spark in."

In these later Tennessee days, when his father ran a country store, which in fact was a whiskey-selling joint as well as a trading post, morals ebbed as low as living conditions. Schools and Sunday schools were practically unheard of in the lad's community, and "there were but few that could read or write among the poorer people."

The picture Reuben draws of morals in his younger days is frightful. He shows us a community where many young women were raising families "without the incumbrance of a husband." This condition did not hold true of all young women, however, for there were some upright girls from those hill homes. Often the girls and boys just "took up with each other" in lieu of the usual marriage ceremony. They thus saved preacher or license expense.

In 1910 when I first heard Uncle Buddie tell the story of his life he spoke of homes, neighboring the Robinson cabin, where the mother had ten or twelve children, the oldest daughter three, the second two, and the third one. "And the whole family," he said, "would live in one to two little rooms, made of logs with dirt floor and from one to two old bedsteads, without a cooking stove." The daughters, he explained, were family women without husbands.

Many were the times when night came that Reuben with his brothers piled on sheep skins with an old quilt or two for covers and slept in the two-room Robinson cabin. In Bud's early life, before

the Mississippi episode, the family lived in a one-room hut, but on returning to the Cumberland, according to a sister now living in Pasadena, they were blessed with a two-room log cabin. The chimney on this house was straight and went to the roof, rather than standing half-staff as in the previous abode.

Though God's people liberally supplied Uncle Bud's needs during his active ministry, still when the lad Reuben started life money was a scarce and almost nil object. Little indeed was the need for money. For the father tanned his own leather, and if not alone at least as aided by his neighbors made their own shoes. Mother Robinson clothed the family by her own spinning as did the neighboring women.

Reuben, during his early life, helped tend the farm and garden which produced most of their foodstuffs. Meat came from the mountain sides, or the farm lot. Here and there were 'possums to twist out of hollow logs, and with their greasy meat they seasoned many a meal of sweet potatoes. Bud says that the boy with a good 'possum dog was considered an excellent catch by the girls of the community.

Those were grand days for the lad, as they fired his imagination years later. The smell of cooking 'possum and well-done sweet potatoes lingered through the years. He writes:

"Now just think of our satisfaction as Mother takes the lid off the oven and we smell the 'possum and see him brown and juicy in the big oven, and

Mother takes him out on the big dish and we proceed to take out the potatoes. Of course, supper is now ready and all hands go to work. We do not stop to ask a blessing. We had given thanks when we caught the 'possum."

Full stomachs meant contentment, and with stories of the family's telling now dwindling to the dropping-off point, there was nothing left to do but by the flickering light of the fireplace to retire. A sheepskin thrown before the fire meant a quick drop into sleep for the teen-age lad.

"In a few moments," he declares, "we are in the land of delight, and dreaming some of the finest things that ever passed through the mind of a mountain boy."

Before the death of Bud's father he was old enough to be allowed to take the corn to the mill for grinding. This was an experience he had been growing toward for many years, and especially to which he looked with desire. While waiting at the mill for his grist, he met another boy about his age who made an indelible impression upon Bud's mind. There was something different about this lad, for as Reuben says "he seemed to love me." Whether Bud had been void of love or not he does not say, but this lad's love touched his heart.

Returning home with his meal, he carried an invitation to visit his new-found friend. This was to prove another means used by the Holy Spirit to awaken Reuben to his own sinful condition, and had there been the proper spiritual guidance, he would possibly have been converted at the time.

The lad pestered his mother asking permission to stay all night with the neighboring lad. Finally after so many pulls at Mother Robinson's apron strings permission was granted. No boy ever walked twelve mountain miles with greater pleasure than did twelve-year-old Reuben, for he was going to visit the boy "who loved me." Following the pig trails over the mountains he came at length to "a very large hewn-log house with a puncheon floor." The crisp air of the Cumberlands was lighted with the golden rays of the setting sun as he arrived, and on going into the house, he realized how ragged he himself was.

"(I saw) . . . a big rock chimney, a broad stone hearth and a big fireplace. They had on a big backlog, the forestick and the middle wood. There was a row of fat feather beds around the walls. This hewn-log kitchen, with a puncheon floor and a big rock chimney, contained a long table with a beautiful, white tablecloth on it together with plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and, best of all, there was plenty on it to eat."

The impression, by way of contrast, to the meager fare and furnishings of his own home, greatly moved the lad, and as the father, heading the bounteous table, lifted his face heavenward, and offered thanks to the Father above, little Reuben's heart "did somersaults," as he expressed it.

"I had never heard that (offering thanks) before, therefore did not know what he was doing. I thought he was talking to somebody in the room.

I tried to locate the person he was talking to. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard."

The blessing over, the father piled the plates high with food. "It looked and smelled so good that I did not want to eat it. I wanted to smell of it . . . and then put it away for a keepsake." Watching the other boy eat, soon Bud "had my supper wading into me." When the father saw the visiting lad push back from his plate, a gratified look wreathing his boyish countenance, he asked, "My little man, would you eat a little more?"

Bud's answer was characteristic. He said, "All I could do was to look up and, with a grin, say, 'Well, I might chaw a little more, but I can't swallow any more.'"

That was a new experience for Bud, and after finishing the meal the family went into the parlor—the like of which he had never seen before. "After traveling a million miles," he writes in 1928, "I have never seen a greater parlor than that one." The mother and father sat and conversed, as "though they loved each other." The others meanwhile played blindfold. "The children entertained the little, dirty saloonkeeper's boy," he says.

Going to the cellar later someone brought up a bucket of red mountain apples, and Uncle Bud says, "I think I ate apples until I could feel them with my finger. I am sure they came up above my Adam's apple."

Shortly the father said, "Children, it's bedtime," and getting out a large black Book—which Reuben did not recognize as the Bible—the man

began to read. Finishing with his chapter, he laid the Book on the table, and the family knelt to pray.

"He prayed for his wife . . . called her by name and seemed to hold her right up to the throne of grace. Then one by one he prayed for every child he had, asking God for His love and mercy to be thrown around his family. . . . He did not forget the little, dirty, ragged saloonkeeper's boy. He began to pray for me and asked God to take that little boy and save him from sin and fill him with the Holy Spirit and make him a blessing to his family."

Until that moment no power had touched Bud's life like that prayer. The lad's heart was moved, his eyes filled with tears, and he mentally said, "Some day I am going to be as big as this man, and I am going to have a home, a wife and children. I am also going to have a big, long table with a white tablecloth on it, with plenty of good things to eat. When we sit down to eat I am going to look up and talk to somebody. . . ."

Uncle Buddie affirms, in recording this desire, that he lived to see all this fulfilled. God gave him two children, a long table on which a beautiful Texas girl spread a white tablecloth, and the heavenly Father bounteously supplied food for that table.

Prayers finished, the father led the children, including Reuben, a mite dirty for such a clean house, to another room, put them knee-deep in a bed of goose feathers, and then "he pulled a big woolen blanket up around my neck. . . . That night I thought I was in God's house." The following morning,

which seemed to slap the lad in the face a snore or two after he had lain down, there was more food and a further talk with God about the family, the visitor and the duties of the day, which soon began.

Taking a big grubbing hoe in his hand, the father swung an ax over his shoulder. Starting for the woods, the man lifted a song which rang a paean of praise from the sounding board of the hills. Across the farm he went singing, a song which later Bud was to know. "Jesus, Lover of my soul," sang the man, "let me to Thy bosom fly." Uncle Buddie declares it was the most beautiful "song I had ever heard."

Shortly Bud was padding his barefooted way back across the mountain trail, cut deep by the sharp hoofs of many pigs that roamed the timbers. But his heart could not erase the beauty of the drama through which he had just lived. A new vista had been opened to him. He says, "I could not go back to the shack of a moonshiner and be happy again."

There were grander things, a higher lot, which he must seek, and under God should find as his fate. Trudging back to the Robinson cabin with its dirt floors, its clothless board table, its scant fare, Bud's heart groveled in the mire which conditions meted to him. "It seemed sad . . . to go . . . back to our old log cabin and hear nothing but cursing and quarreling."

Reuben's family had risen not a whit above the surroundings which the neighbors created. Drunk-

eness was the rule of the day, and a father who cursed in his drunken stupor the very dirt floor which his own slovenliness created. Bud at the time was twelve, and in his inner nature, he was trying to reach by human means the top of the well into which drink had steeped the family and community.

Late that year, 1872, his father sickened and on his deathbed, he looked into the gloom of perdition. He cried out, "I can't die. Out there is the blackest world a man has ever seen. I can't go out into the darkness. It is blacker than Egypt. Go and find someone to pray for me."

A praying man was found and brought to the bedside, and lifting his voice to God, he petitioned heaven to have mercy on the drunkard's lost soul. A gleam of hope broke through the shadows of death, and Father Robinson looked up, a light on his face, and before he died, son Reuben tells us "he thought that the light of heaven had come into his heart and the burden was gone." Fifty-six years later Uncle Buddie wrote, "I do hope and trust that he is saved."

For the next four years trouble and difficulty growled on Bud's young heels, and on his mother's more so. The three older boys soon launched forth for themselves, leaving Mother Robinson with ten younger children. Those mountains reared their heads in a foreboding manner around the family and the widow who tried to keep the wolves of hunger, disgrace and degeneracy from the doors.

She fed the group according to her strength and clothed them by her wits. For four years she endured the trials which the Cumberlands threw at her. There were drunken boys who would come to court her girls, for whom she craved a better fate than had befallen her. Liquor flowed like water, which tempted her growing sons.

"Where," she cried out in soul despair, fingernails tearing into her flesh, "can I go to escape these ravishes?"

Stories had been floating over the Cumberlands of the prairies and the land of the cattle barons, where every man stood on his own rights. It was a difficult decision to make, but once forged in the crucible of her heart, she made it, "To Texas we will go!"

Texas in those days was a long way off, especially for a widow with ten children tugging at her skirts. But there was this that marked the woman's soul: She possessed a staunch fiber that held her true to a purpose once formed. Her son Reuben would have said about this fiber, "She had a backbone as big as a saw log."

She had accumulated, once the sire of her brood had been called by death, such things as a few ponies, a cow or two, a flock of sheep, "a few shotes" to use Bud's language, household utensils—if battered pans could be called utensils—and a field of corn.

These she threw on the market, at whatever price she could wheedle from the neighbors. In those

trades cash was the only king—she would barter no jug of whisky for even her most blackened skillet or whammed-around pan. She had seen what drink could do to an upstanding man, a youth with promise and from a well-to-do, respected family. She and drink had parted company forever, as far as she was concerned.

She went ten miles, after the sale, through the Cumberlands to find a man who with mules and wagon would haul her family to Nashville, where Reuben, then sixteen, along with the other Robinsons, took his first train ride, having consumed three days and nights mule-ing their way over the hills to the depot.

Leaving the mountains on Tuesday, September 12, 1876, they reached Dallas, Texas, on the eighteenth. Dallas at the time was a straggling village on the Trinity River, with little promise of the magnificent future which was to mark it. It centered a ranching, farming, cow-country, where as Bud says there were almost more saloons and gambling dens than all other kinds of business houses put together. The town at the time was the headquarters for the people who entered the great Southwest, either for business, pleasure, or to escape the law.

Near by was the community of Lancaster, a cropping cow land, where the Robinsons first took root. Here the family rented a farm and made a share crop, the owner promising to furnish teams, feed and farm implements. The first year was a hard one, despite the excellent crops which blessed their

efforts, for the boys did not know how to read, and more important they were ignorant of "figuring," and the owner beat them out of their rightful share of the crops.

This was a blow which scattered the older boys. Sixteen-year-old Reuben had his eyes on the big-boned Texans whom he met. Their leather breeches, broad-rimmed hats, high-heeled boots and spurs allured the lad's attention and bespoke cowmen. Most of them were what Texans at the time called "well heeled," meaning they felt undressed without a six-shooter swinging low on their belts. Naturally this impressed the growing boy, and he thought it in keeping with the times and the occasion to dress and drape himself accordingly if and when opportunity presented itself.

This opportunity was not slow-paced, for Mother Robinson, faced with the necessity of making a living for her brood, hired Bud out to work for a neighboring family, for whom he labored for the next three years. The man proved to be a Universalist, whose influence was baneful to Reuben. The first week, Bud affirms, the cowman taught him how to play cards, a sin which until then had not been added to the lad's category of wrongdoing.

A few nights later there was a country dance, and the farmer's wife, taking Bud by the hand, led him onto the floor, and initiated him for the first time into the intricacies of an eight-handed dance. The cowman, Reuben learned, owned a race horse, which according to the estimates of the time en-

titled him to consideration. For fast horses proved their worth in the cattle business. At Bud's first horse race he was introduced to high-handed betting, when the gun-toting ranchers and their cowboys would bet great piles of twenty-dollar gold pieces on their favorite ponies.

"You can picture a poor boy like myself at a country dance," he writes in his autobiographical story, "playing cards, attending a horse race. It would not be long until he would be going the downward grade."

This is exactly what happened in Reuben's life. For four years he carried his gun on the sly and in the open, not from necessity, but as a badge of being a Texan. A deck of cards filled his pocket, when away from home, and a plug of tobacco became his daily companion. It seems when returning home, some of these items of his drapery and dress were left off. For his sister says that she does not remember her brother in these Texas days as a gun carrier.

"For four years we lived that kind of a life," he affirms, "until we became as wild as antelopes. But my old mother had been saved in the meantime and she was praying for her boy."

Bud had gone a long way from the Cumberlands, and the twelve-year-old lad who said that when he grew up he was going to have a happy family, and talk to the Heavenly Father like the man in the big log house on his only visit to a Christian home. He was a gun-carrying man of the Texas prairies. He was not a fighting man, just a lumbering overgrown

young fellow who thought it smart to be as Texan as the other boys of the Dallas community. His clothes were old, ragged and torn, in fact they were the marks of a working man, not because Mother Robinson did not weave the jeans as formerly, but because Bud was away from home, out on his own. He had become a man of the world, and that world was certainly not one blessed with the Master's presence.

Little, if any had been his contact with organized religion. He makes until this time no mention of preachers as presenting to him the claims of a Christian personality, much less the call of Christ for his soul. Dark his outlook, for he was uneducated. When he was eighteen he and his sister went to school together, Bud reaching the extreme limit of the third grade. Even the call of a tender conscience, marking his childhood and his burst into adolescence, had forsaken him.

He was on his way to becoming a stammering, stuttering cowboy—not even a cowman—but a common lad of the range, whose saddle was his pillow, saddle blanket his cover, and whose home was the range. No mark of a glorious renown even colored any portion of his spiritual or physical anatomy. He was a drab personality, no worse than his neighbors, and not so ferocious as some of the Texans of his age and generation who became notorious for their two-gun antics. He was neither quick on the draw nor feared by any man. Doubtless a rabbit or a 'possum was the heftiest thing he ever killed in his life.

He was a sinner—though not as men call them a big one. He was a handicapped, crude, part-time cowhand, who knew how to fork a cowpony, take a long drag at the brown jug, look and act simple. That was Bud at the age of twenty, when life for him really burst upon the spiritual horizon.

Bud Meets a Preacher

Until Reuben's twentieth year the only religious influence to touch his life was his praying Presbyterian mother. Humanly the mark he was destined to make in the world would be one beat out by the *clipity clop, clipity clop* of a cowpony's hoofs on the Texas trail. The pencil with which he should write would be a branding iron. The music he should make would be the jingle of his spurs.

Fate had warped his speech, misfortune and disease had twisted his body. One word marked the current rating of his mentality—"simple." Even when converted and divinely called to preach this epithet was hurled at him. "God," said a neighbor, "would not call one to preach so simple as you are."

His personality liabilities were tremendous. He had been to school, but so slow his progress and so lightly had he touched the scholar's bench that boys of seven and eight were ahead of him. His mind would not grasp "book larnin'." In gearing his mental mechanism to assimilate "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic," some essential cog seemed to have been left out. In the plain language of the Texas cowland, "Bud was not all there."

His assets added up to just one—a praying mother. There need be no other argument for prayer than the career of Bud Robinson. If all other prayer

literature were wiped out, Reuben's transformation through Mother Robinson's prayer as wrought by the divine Hand would be sufficient to convince the world of this truth: *Prayer changes things.*

While the Universalist cowman tried to wreck Bud's immortal soul by instilling his pernicious doctrine into the young man's mind, still God used the wrath of men to praise Him. The would-be soul destroyer became a link in God's chain of providence to lead Reuben to Christ. It came about on this manner:

Late one evening, Bud and the other cowhands looked up and to their amazement saw someone riding toward the ranchhouse on a gray pony. Without any fanfare whatsoever the peculiarly dressed man said, "I am a Methodist circuit rider, and I have come to stay all night." Bud says that when he came close to this specimen who called himself a circuit rider, his heart had "all kinds of spells."

He told Reuben to water and feed the horse, which the jingly-spurred cowboy did, taking the animal to the watering trough. Bud's heart shook with conviction, even while near the horse of the man of God. Finishing with his barnyard task, the lad went back to the house, with thoughts like these: The boys are planning a game of seven-up tonight, and now with a preacher in the house, the game will never be played. Bud writing many years later adds, "And we haven't played that game yet."

Sitting down to supper, Bud's long arm went into action, but the Methodist preacher said in a stern

voice, "Hold on there, young man, we are going to ask the blessing at this table."

Eyes of eaters and waiters searched the face of the Universalist, but the old preacher held sway over that table, and with a voice filled with gratitude he thanked God for the food, and asked divine blessings to rest upon those present at the meal.

"And don't leave the table when supper is over until we have family prayers," said the preacher, finishing with grace. This was more than the Robinson boy could take in, and his eyes roamed the cabin where lariats and branding irons cluttered the floor, six shooters hung from wall pegs and Winchester rifles of odd calibres were stacked in the corner. Bud's mind roved his Cumberland past and came to rest upon another family scene where when he was twelve grace was said and family prayers were held. The Spirit began once more to woo him back to those tender feelings which had marked his contact with religious activities.

Supper finished, the old preacher opened his saddle bags, drew out a Bible and read a "long chapter about heaven."

"When he called us to prayer," writes the mature Uncle Buddie long years later, "every one of us went down on our knees. The reader can see the difference between playing seven-up and two down The old preacher didn't ask us how long he would be permitted to pray, nor how loud, nor what he was to tell the Lord."

The prayer rang as loud as the preacher could "whoop" his voice carrying at least a quarter of a

mile down the road. His words seemed to the listeners to burst with all the sins and failures of those present, "like someone had been telling him about us."

"He told Him that we were out there drinking, gambling, lying, and stealing and that there was just one breath between us and the hot doors of damnation."

Reuben's teeth chattered, so cold he was, suddenly to feel a hot breath sweep him until with a dirty sleeve he mopped the perspiration from his brow. And when the preacher cried out, "Great God, keep these men out of hell tonight," it was more than the bowing man could stand. His soul was torn with conviction. The night, once prayers were finished, was long, and the hard bed on which Bud tried to sleep was turned to one of stone.

Daybreak found the preacher out of his bunk and on his knees, praying to the top of his voice—holding private prayers in public. Bud says, "There was nothing secret about his private prayers. You could hear him all over the place." Breakfast saw a repetition of the previous night's religious exercises, and when morning devotions were over, the man of God called for his horse. When he was brought up, the saddlebags were thrown in place, a Bible in one side and a Methodist hymn book in the other.

Preparing to mount, the preacher reached out his hand, and gripping Bud's in his own, he said, "My friends, I can't get back to see you for a month." Bud's mind somersaulted with the thought, "Nobody said anything about your ever coming back."

Here for the first time the Robinson boy had met a preacher who was "long on religion but short on ceremony."

As the pony beat a slow pace across the prairie, the voice of the man of God floated clear in the morning air with the words of that wonderful song, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound."

"While he was singing the last verse. . . ." writes Reuben, "over in a ravine located about a half mile from the ranchouse, a great pack of wolves set up a howl until it seemed like they would wake the dead. What a strange feeling came over us. God's messenger singing a beautiful hymn while the wolves were howling until the ground fairly shook. Though I was not saved . . . it seemed to me that Jesus Christ had come to the frontier of Texas, in the life of this preacher, and that the devil was in the pack of wolves."

About a month later, one afternoon, as the men were working, Bud picked up the strains of a song, and looking up, saw the old gray pony coming back to the stock ranch. "The man of God had made his circuit." What a changed group welcomed the circuit rider this time. "It felt as though God had come to the frontier," affirms Uncle Buddie when later he knew the joy our salvation brings. This time he brought bad news, Reuben says, in the form of an announcement.

"I am going to stay with you two or three days on this trip," said the preacher, needing no invitation to enforce his presence upon the ranch.

Meanwhile Reuben's heart stirred, and he thought: If the preacher stays that long I'll be a dead man, for no one can stand his praying for three days.

"Sure enough for three days he prayed in the house," writes Bud, "in the barn, behind the haystack and out in the ravine. Any time of the day or night you could hear the man in prayer. All the praying in the house he called family prayers, but when he was praying behind the haystack so you could hear him a half-mile, he called it secret prayer."

But those secret prayers were working a spiritual revolution in Mrs. Robinson's orphaned son. The Spirit was stirring Reuben with conviction, and opportunities long deserted and lost were beginning to waken within, that to which the call of God could come.

Lingering beside the old gray pony, the man of God gave a parting announcement:

"I'm holding a campmeeting about eighteen or twenty miles below here, and I want you to come."

It was more of a pronouncement than an announcement of a fact. Reuben knew that all the devils in hell and all the cattle on the Universalist's ranch—branding irons, six shooters, spurs or other cowhand regalia—could not keep him from that coming campmeeting. His mother later told him that she was going, and planned to take him with her.

"When the time came to go to meeting I climbed out of a Texas saddle, threw down a lariat and a

branding iron, and pulled off my spurs," says Uncle Buddie a half century later, when the incident burned in his memory as clearly as though the events took place the day before. "I did not change my clothes, for if I had, I would have gone without any. I had on every rag I possessed, consisting of an old pair of gray overalls with the knees out, an old dirty, blue hickory shirt with the elbows out, and an old pair of run-down boots with the toes out."

His hat, once white, was dust and perspiration stained, as he was also sockless, at the moment possessing none. That was his Sunday suit as well as his everyday clothes, he tells us.

Not that Mother Robinson, that kindly Tennessee soul, had deserted her Reuben, and forgotten to provide his usual suits of jeans woven by her own hand. Reuben was away from home, on his own, to make a mark in the world, and Reuben possibly when money came his way found a place to put it in caring for his younger brothers and sisters still under his mother's wing.

Riding with a neighbor in his mule-drawn wagon, Bud and his mother made the trip to the old Bluff Spring camp ground, "on the line between Dallas and Ellis counties." The circuit rider earlier had been used of the Lord to win a wealthy rancher to Christ, and he in turn arranged for the camp-meeting. He told the preacher he could kill as many of his cattle as he needed to feed the people. And come the people did, many of them driving as far as two hundred and fifty miles in ox wagons to the meeting.

Arriving at the camp, Bud found things in running order. The men had dug a huge trench, and killing beefs as needed they barbecued them for the meals. The women prepared hot biscuits, which they placed in pans on the more-than-a-hundred-foot-long table, around which the people stood.

While they sang some old hymn of Zion, many times the mothers would shout as the people began to eat, so great the glory of God upon the camp. A spiritual freedom marked the occasion and whether eating, or in services, a high tide of emotionalism burst from the Christians. By the second day, under the stress of this religious sentiment and the constant prayers of the folk, Reuben was under deep conviction, though he did all in his power to throw off the feeling.

During the second day a withered old woman, "about a hundred years old," as Bud expresses it, approached the would-be cowman, and claimed his soul for the Master. Throughout the day, the lad was unable to get from under the feeling that he was doomed. When time came for the night services, he was determined not to be snared by the preacher's message, so he sat on the rear seat beside a red-headed girl who was noted as a dancer. His aim was to spark the lassie, as he terms it. But God had other plans.

The man put up to be the evening speaker, his appearance being far from impressive, caused Reuben to believe that the meeting was a failure already. A bald-headed, dried-up sort of a man, wearing a "short coat," stood in the pulpit, and the power of

God winged his words. Mrs. Robinson's son, aiming to spark the red-head, soon found himself moved by the Holy Spirit. Before twenty minutes had passed God had touched a responsive chord in Reuben's heart.

When the altar call was made, several, including a number of young people, went forward to the mourners' bench. Pleading for someone else to come give him his hand, the preacher personalized the invitation directly at Bud, who sat trembling under the divine impetus which had struck him.

"Come and give me your hand," said the preacher, "and I will pray that God will save you."

His whole message on the glory of Christ, the power of salvation, the Master's death on the cross and the wonder of the resurrection filled Reuben's soul with agony. Christ seemed to have died for his sins alone. Stirring thoughts broke within. He stood up, tears brimming his eyes, streaming down his cheeks.

One moment he said, "If Jesus loved me well enough to die for me, I will love Him enough to fight for Him," while in the next breath he told himself, "I will shoot the first man that talks about Jesus Christ."

His fingers touched the loaded shooting irons which were stuck in his jeans. Jesus won the battle in his soul and Reuben, stirred to the depth of his nature, started toward the preacher, whose hand he gripped, and while he stood beside the man of God, the devil taunted him about his ragged clothes, the pistol jammed in his belt, and the deck

of cards "in my pocket . . . as big as a bale of cotton." The fight for his soul was fierce, and when Jesus urged him forward, the devil would weight his feet with tons of lead that he might be dragged over the pit of destruction.

Christ won, and Bud at the altar heard someone say, "Fix a seat for this young man. He is deeply struck." When writing of that memorable scene the old preacher, his path shining with the light of glory, declared, "The only mistake he made was that I was not able to sit in a rocking chair because my hide was so full of gospel bullets that I was just about all in." After he fell over the mourners' bench, someone straightened him out by the heels, as Bud started back on the long trek to the Cross. That was a life and death struggle.

He felt on the borderland between death and spiritual life, but the Lord God reached out a hand and lifted him into the immortal regions of bliss. In his characteristic style Uncle Buddie has told the story across the nation, saying:

"While we were praying together the bottom dropped out of heaven and my soul was flooded with light and joy until literal waves of glory rolled up and down my soul. . . . When I got on my feet the people looked like angels. They appeared to be robed in white. It was as light as if it had been at the noon hour of the day, but, behold, it was about eleven o'clock at night."

What a memorable night in Reuben's life was that Wednesday, August 11, 1880. This was the turning point in his career. By no means other than

the spiritual miracle wrought by the new birth can the life and works of Bud Robinson be accounted for. If asked, "What made Reuben A. Robinson?" the answer must be, "The divine transformation of his conversion." There were no psychological forces to account for the man. It was God, redemption through Christ. He met at that altar the Man of Galilee who makes men.

However strongly Buddie might have overdrawn the picture of his condition—a ragged, gun-totin', hoodlum of the rangeland where some at least were in the category called *bad men*—the fact remains whereas he went to that altar a stuttering, uneducated twenty-year-old young man, he arose shortly to burn a path across the nation as one of God's greatest soul winners.

The story of that eleven o'clock, Wednesday, August 11, 1880, experience is matched by few in the annals of conversion literature. Augustine heard a Voice saying, "Take up and read. . . ." From his reading Romans 13:12-14, he met Christ as his transformer, and Augustine, a libertine, became Augustine, God's greatest thinker. John Bunyan, the ignorant tinker, met Christ through "holy Mr. Gifford" and became John of *Pilgrim's Progress* fame. "The just shall live by faith," read Luther, the monk, who became thereafter Luther, who gave us Protestantism.

Bud Robinson knelt at that mourners' bench, a warped personality, a man with nothing to bespeak greatness, to arise and become the beloved Uncle Buddie, who won more than a hundred thousand

souls to Christ, and of his generation doubtless "the most quoted preacher of the American pulpit."

He got religion, according to his testimony, in the old-fashioned, shouting Methodist manner.

"What a step I took that night," he writes many years later. "I stepped from nothing to everything. I went out and unloaded. Nobody had told me to unload, but somehow when a fellow gets religion he naturally unloads. I threw my old pistol into the thicket and burned my cards in an old campfire and lay down under a wagon and put my old hat on a mesquite stump for a pillow, but sleep, oh my! I never thought of going to sleep.

"The Lord marched out all the stars of heaven on a dress parade for my special benefit, and the stars leaped and hopped . . . jumped and turned somersaults and clapped their hands and laughed all night."

Bud lay there under the Texas skies and laughed and shouted, "watching the stars as they were playing up and down the milky way." What a memorable night that was to become. While lying there, the Lord whispered a secret in Bud's ears: "I want you to be my preacher." And that meeting with Jesus was real to Reuben, no figment of imagination. Face to face, Bud and Jesus met.

"I could see," writes the mature Uncle Buddie, "His beautiful face with a crown of thorns on His brow. I could see the sweat and blood mingled on His face, and the old purple robe over His shoulders. He was real to me. I can never forget my first

meeting with Jesus. He told me He wanted me to go and preach His gospel."

And Reuben, looking into the open door that led to the future, said he saw no evening slippers, no life of ease, but "a world steeped in sin . . . devil-riding, hell-plodding and without hope." There was a *yes* to the will of God, spoken by Mrs. Robinson's orphaned son, for he heard God saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The following morning this burst of glory remained with Bud, and all the world seemed alight with a new brightness whose source was the heavenly land. The mountains looked new, and the hills were aglow. "It seemed to me," Uncle Buddie wrote, "that the angels were having strawberries and ice cream for breakfast. . . . Just about that time heaven came down to earth and I was so blessed that soon I was leaping up and down, clapping my hands and praising God as loud as I could shout."

Uncle Bud's conversion experience in the power and glory of it equals that of the famous soul winner Charles G. Finney. He as Finney was so filled with the Spirit that wherever he went a shout burst from his lips.

About midmorning a man asked the new convert if he was going to the testimony meeting, and Reuben replied that he was, not knowing exactly what took place in such a religious gathering. On arriving, a brother stood up and began to testify to the marvelous things the Lord had done for him. This was more than Bud could stand, for his heart "was leaping for joy," and by the time a second person

had testified to the saving power of the Master, telling how the night before God had literally struck him down, Uncle Bud's power to remain quiet was strained, and he jumped up and down as fast as he could.

"The Lord came to my relief and showed me a big post under the old arbor," he writes. "I threw both arms around that post and started up just like a gray squirrel. I climbed until my head got to the brush. . . . While I was sticking there on the side of the post, God poured out His Spirit on His people."

Forty-seven years later, Uncle Buddie says that after being on the greatest camp grounds in the nation, he had never "witnessed such a scene as took place that morning." This was the veteran speaking, after preaching with the greatest campmeeting pulpiteers of his generation. The Spirit came upon from a hundred and fifty to three hundred people, "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost just as they were on the Day of Pentecost."

Hundreds leaped and shouted, praising God as loud as they could. Men ran into each other's arms, and women danced and shouted "until they looked like angels. Waves of glory swept over them until it looked like they were immersed in glory." Meanwhile, Reuben says, he was unable to stay longer up the post, and he came down and sat meekly on a bench, watching the glory of the Lord as it filled the arbor.

That was the beginning of Bud Robinson's ministry. By this wave of glory he was ushered into

his life's work. No longer, though not licensed by man, nor ordained by the laying on of sacred hands, was he outside the fold of God's true ministers. Herein lies the source of his power in a pulpit ministry stretching over six decades. He was born in a Holy Spirit revival, and his soul burned to see these revival fires kept ablaze in pulpit and pew.

The glory subsiding, the minister stood in the pulpit and said they were opening the doors of the church. "Then I wondered," writes Uncle Bud, "what they were going to do. I could not see how they could open the doors of the church when there was no church in sight." His ignorance of church forms and ceremonies was beyond compute. Singing "Amazing Grace," the preacher opened the church doors, and a crowd of people including Reuben went forward to give him their hands.

The preacher asked, "What church do you want to join?" Reuben countered with the question, "How many do you have?"

The minister named over the various groups represented, saying, "Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Christians." When Reuben asked what church the minister belonged to, the answer being the Methodist, at once Bud replied, "I want you to put me in the same church you are in."

This was followed by the question about the lad's choice of the baptismal mode, which to the erstwhile cowboy meant nothing. And when the minister outlined the various means Bud chose to

"kneel down and have the water poured on my head."

Taking a glass pitcher—the first Reuben says he ever saw—the minister baptized the candidate by the chosen method, administering to him the vows of the church. As the water was pouring over his face, the glory again filled his soul and he began to praise the Lord for all He had done for him.

"He had baptized boys with more sense," writes Uncle Bud of the scene, "but he never baptized one that made more noise and received more from a baptismal service."

Years later, looking back on that glorious day, Uncle Bud remarks that "getting religion is the finest thing in the world. . . . I would rather see people get religion than anything I ever saw or heard in all this world."

This spiritual motivation marked the entire ministry of Reuben A. Robinson. Wherever you might touch his preaching life, either as an ignorant country parson, a campmeeting preacher, a traveling expositor of the doctrine and experience of holiness, he longed to see men and women brought into God's kingdom. This set him apart as an evangel. He plead, as Charles G. Finney, converted lawyer, the cause of Christ and demanded an immediate decision. His messages were not to be long harangues, when "he would turn a somersault in the Big Dipper and shave the man in the moon," as he characterizes the work of some preachers.

Writing in the *Pentecostal Advocate*, of which he was listed as associate editor, in the January 30, 1908, issue, he said concerning his ministry:

"If I ever get to the place where I can't get people saved, I am as sure to quit preaching as the world stands. Why should we go on and deadbeat the people and kill time when we ought to be on the farm raising corn and cotton and potatoes, and by so doing be a blessing to the world?"

Having been converted as a cowboy, active in ranch life, he felt that God would raise up holiness preachers from the farmers' sons should others fail Him. On January 23, of the same year, he says:

"The reader will remember that it is no disgrace to plow cotton with a mule, but God had to have holiness preachers, and if the regular ministers will not preach it, God will take the boys from the plow handles and the girls from the cook stoves and sewing machine and fill them with the Holy Spirit and send them up and down . . . to preach a gospel to a lost world and a half-starved church."

In one of Reuben's unique sayings he characterized a soul-less preacher thus: "The preacher that can't do anything but turn summersets in the Big Dipper, shave the man in the moon, and cut off his hair is a failure." He refers to the preacher who is "constantly spitting Greek roots, Latin verbs, and Hebrew phrases" as the man that "is seldom seen with grape hulls in his beard or juice on his face."

His ministry henceforth from that moment when the Lord anointed him with the oil of gladness

must be one of soul winning. He knew nothing else as the objective of his work in calling men's attention to the claims of the gospel.

His ministry was to center in bringing men to the Cross, where he himself had met the Master. No other end would satisfy him. Hence his "Chats" are filled with reports of souls at the altar. Speaking of his activities in 1909, for instance, he remarks, "I have traveled 28,000 miles, preached over 500 times, have attended 800 religious services, and have seen under my own ministry a little more than 1,600 saved and sanctified."

Year by year, as the Lord loosened his twisted vocal organs and gave him victory over his stammering tongue, these reports of souls won fill the records of his ministry. The glory which had illumined his heart when converted continued to mark his spiritual progress toward the heavenly city. He had been spiritually born with a tidal wave of shekinah in his soul, and throughout his long career this was to remain the mark of his life.

"I . . . am as happy as a pig in sunshine," he writes on October 28, 1909, "with the glory in my soul, with my sleeves rolled up and sand on my hands, and the devil knows I am not in love with him or this world."

Many the trials he was to face as God's ambassador, but this glory held him true to his calling.

The Struggling Preacher

A divine call to preach did not assure young Reuben an open door, nor an easy path. He as all other uneducated but divinely called men was forced to open doors, and to step into any that God might even set ajar. First he must equip himself for this divine calling, that is, he must learn to read the Bible at least before he could stand in the pulpit as God's messenger. Few men have been successful ministers with as little mental equipment as he. His sister Mollie says that she and Reuben had gone together to school in Texas when Bud was eighteen, and that he was in the third grade.

During the next two years evidently Reuben lost what little "book larnin'" he had picked up in his previous educational endeavors. For he says, ". . . it looked to me like I never would learn to read in the world." But he determined, once the divine light shone into his darkened soul, "to make a man out of Bud Robinson," whatever the cost and however great the labor.

Returning from the campmeeting, evidently he considered the Universalist not a fit person for the budding preacher to work for, so he bartered his services to a neighbor to grub mesquite trees at the enormous sum of fifty cents a day. This enabled him to buy enough molasses and cornbread—his daily fare with a little pork—to begin his preparation for

the ministry. The first three months were noted for no evident change in his status, for he passes them by.

At the end of this probationary period, a young lady invited him to attend a Sunday school she was conducting, and gave him a New Testament. This proved to be a benefit to his ministerial preparation, for it became his textbook, his copy book, his speller, as well as his reader.

He set himself at the task of spelling out the first chapter of Matthew. It was hard work as he avows, but in his endeavor to make a "man out of Bud or die in the attempt," he kept at it until later he secured a pencil with which on the barn door—his copy book as he calls it—he began to write, filling both sides as high as he could reach.

"I tried to make the letters," he writes, "as I found them in the New Testament, so the reader can see at a glance that the copy book was not so bad."

Later finding some large card board, he used it on which to copy from the New Testament. He says that it took him two or three days to master writing his own name. It must be remembered that Uncle Buddie, though having been to school a little previously, was afflicted, partially paralyzed, as he says, and suffering from epilepsy, and what he had learned during those earlier years soon vanished from his grasp, thus forcing him almost to begin over again.

About this time somebody gave him a Praise and Prayer songbook, which he began to read or use as

He was able. The Lord started to remind him, going to church as occasion afforded, of his promise to preach the gospel. He endeavored to take part in public meetings as called on, especially in prayer, but this did not satisfy the Voice which constantly spoke to him of the call to preach.

"I had no money, no education, and it looked like I had no friends," he says concerning the struggle which was going on within. "I was a bad stutterer and at that time fearfully afflicted." Topping this affliction was the whine of the devil, reminding him of the sight he would make in the pulpit. Bud affirms concerning this struggle, "The devil would feel good and I would feel bad."

Going at length to an old Methodist steward, he tried to tell him about this call, but the Methodist, reasoning as man does, said, "No, God never called a man to preach that had as little sense as you. It would be a disgrace for you to preach. Don't ever try." He urged him to pray in public and teach in the Sunday school, but as far as preaching was concerned, the good—but badly misled—steward said this was absolutely out.

This made Reuben miserable, but somehow he felt that God would help him open the door. He had done what he could to make preparation, even going so far as to provide himself with suitable—as he supposed—clothes for the task.

Shortly a new preacher came to the circuit, and Bud was invited to the preacher's home for Sunday dinner. During the afternoon the young man took

the veteran minister out on a hillside, and the old preacher saw through Bud's problem at once.

"Brother Bud," he began, "I know what your trouble is. God has called you to preach and you don't think you can do it. . . . I know what it means. I refused to preach until God had to nearly kill me and my family in order to get me into the ministry." Pausing a moment, the man of God went on, "God knows whom He wants to preach and if God wants you to preach, He will help you to do it."

The circuit riding preacher promised to put Reuben's name up to the local church that afternoon, saying, "And we will recommend you to the quarterly conference for license to exhort." Relating the story Uncle Buddie says that when the old preacher began to speak at the afternoon service, "I think I made more noise than he did. Once more my burdens were gone and the light of heaven was flooding my soul. I was getting back into God's purpose and plan for my life."

Some two weeks later when the quarterly conference convened, Bud was examined by the brethren for the ministry. "Never before," he avows, "was an examination conducted like mine." When the presiding elder asked him some question about history, Uncle Buddie says, "Of course I had never read one." And when asked about English grammar, the answer was in the negative, "for I had never seen one." Being queried about the Discipline, the elder was surprised for as Reuben says, "I had never heard we had one."

Excusing the candidate, the group considered the advisability of giving so ignorant a lad an exhorter's license. One man made quite a speech against so doing, referring to Bud's lack of sense, and the meanness of his brothers. The first vote being taken shortly, the *No's* had it, and the license was refused, but one of the brethren, listening to the divine whisperings, arose and called the group's attention to their possible error. A second voting showed in Bud's favor and the license was granted.

In giving the license to Reuben, the presiding elder, Rev. E. L. Armstrong, had made no lad happier by any action of his life. "I rolled up my license," writes Reuben years later, "and put it in my breeches pocket and started for home, one of the happiest boys in the land."

License granted, Uncle Buddie was ready to launch forth on his man-sanctioned ministerial career. First, however, came his preacher clothes, and having accumulated a little fund out of his savings from the fifty-cents-a-day wage, he rode sixteen miles to purchase the makings of his outfit. And what clothes they were. As Reuben enumerates them they consisted of the following not too exorbitantly priced materials: For the coat he bought three yards of checked cotton cloth, at $12\frac{1}{2}$ c per yard, to be matched by the identical amount of the same cloth for pulpit pants. Then he laid down cash for three yards of "speckled calico to make a Sunday shirt." His mother later made shirt, pants, and coat out of the material at the ragingly high price of ninety cents. His straw hat cost a quarter,

and his brogan shoes came at the price of a dollar and a half. He estimates that his total wardrobe came to about two dollars and sixty-five cents.

Calls to preach were not showered upon him, nevertheless Bud made all necessary preparation to accept any and all that should come. So he bought a ten-dollar pony, not worth five as the neighbors affirmed, a rope-rein bridle and an old cast-away saddle worth about two dollars.

When people would taunt him about the flea-bitten old nag he called his saddle horse and tell him it would not bring five dollars "on the market," Bud would answer back, "He is not for sale. I have to ride him to go preaching." Relating this in his *Sunshine and Smiles*, he says, with this outfit, "The first year I preached, the Lord gave me about three hundred conversions."

Bud proved to the world that fishing tackle does not make a fisherman, no less does equipment make a preacher. What he lacked by way of a full head, he made up by a heart filled with the Holy Spirit. When calls did not come by voice or mail, Uncle Buddie decided it was time to go out and "work up his own meetin'."

"One morning with Testament and song book in my pocket," he says in delineating the story of his first meeting experience, "I rode down to the settlement and galloped from ranch to ranch calling the people out and telling them that I was going to preach at the schoolhouse."

As he stammered out his invitation, the people, laughing at his stuttering, told him they would be

there. Sure enough, when evening came the schoolhouse was full of tittering neighbors, who had come to hear the "stammering wonder-boy preach." Bud sang his favorite songs, possibly his only two, "Amazing Grace," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and the big cattlemen looked "at me as though I was crazy."

Falling on his knees Bud began to call on God to help him through this first sermon. Only God could understand what he was trying to say in that prayer, and the cattlemen were boot-heeling the floor as loud as they could and laughing. "They were having a picnic at my expense, but I finally choked it out, and said Amen."

Reading a few verses, "or trying to read," from what he thinks was the Sermon on the Mount, he tried to preach, but his speech was overcome with stuttering, and he could not. Finally he broke down and cried, at length turning his cries into shouts of victory.

"I shouted as loud as I could whoop and ran around the little table clapping my hands. By that time the men began to look serious and after I had shouted a while God changed the program . . . and I began to exhort."

The Spirit took charge of the procedure, and the lad exhorted like a veteran, telling the people to repent of their sins and be converted. When he had exhorted some time, he "began calling mourners. . . . Quite a number came and got down on their knees."

Not knowing how to conduct an altar service, he simply beat his seekers on the back "with my fists as hard as I could lay it on." Those rough old cattlemen bawled "like a yearling with a branding iron on him." Soon one of the back-beaten men arose and told the people, "God has saved me." When the seekers were finished, Bud told the people he would be back at eleven o'clock the next morning and again at night, and dismissed the congregation.

Going home with one of the brethren of the community, he returned the next day, which was Sunday, and God gave him souls at both services. He says, "During my first meeting God gave me nine souls. The people wanted me to continue the meeting . . . but I promised mother that I would come back on Monday, therefore I went home."

During the interim between quarterly conferences, Bud, being charged to keep a record of his ministerial activities, found that he had preached ninety times, had seen ninety at the altar and had prayed in two hundred homes. On giving his report at the next quarterly meeting, the presiding elder complimented him on his work, saying, "From the day we licensed him to exhort until this day, he has led one soul each day to Christ, and is making a habit of preaching once each day."

He affirms that during the next six years he made it a practice of preaching every Saturday night and twice on Sundays, oftentimes riding from twelve to fifteen miles to a schoolhouse. His stuttering, when asking for directions to his preaching posts, were

the amazement of the community. He would ride up to a stranger, begin stuttering, spitting, cutting his sounds into a garble of unintelligibility, pointing in a certain direction, and seeming to demand to know something about somewhere in a mythical manner.

The laughing listener, catching something of his meaning, would nod, and Bud would ride on, belaboring his tongue for its side-splitting antics.

"When I undertook to explain anything, I could not say anything, but when I got up and forgot everything my mouth would open and God would fill it and I would begin to exhort." This God-filling experience was the source of his power. Reuben was no drone in God's service, rather a belaboring servant, who must be active in the Master's vineyard.

Had it not been for Bud's little farm, which he purchased during these early ministerial years, he would have starved, for the total income for preaching during his first four years was sixteen dollars, "four dollars a year," as he remarks.

Sometimes he preached on an empty stomach, for the people forgot to invite him for dinner, and once at least he slept on a school bench, having staked his pony outside to graze during the night. But to Uncle Buddie, the novice, these heartaches, though he had ridden twenty miles for the service, were nothing in comparison with the glory he received from preaching Christ's unsearchable riches.

At the beginning of his third year as a licensed exhorter, he went to the district conference, where the brethren, having heard of his work, asked him to

preach. Describing the scene, he writes, "I cried and exhorted and shouted for over an hour, and called mourners to the altar. It was filled and there were more than twenty people converted."

This conference really began the period of his ministry when it could be said he received calls. Until then he had made his own engagements. "After that," he affirms, "the preachers commenced to send for me to come and hold meetings for them." Thus for a number of years he preached on Sundays, and during the summer when his crops were laid by he held protracted meetings or revivals.

"The rest of the time I worked on a farm and bought a farm of my own and had it nearly paid for when I was sanctified."

Bud's problems as a young preacher were not solved when calls started to come for him to hold revivals. He began to discover something within which was not consistent with his salvation proclamations. He seemed to know how to live better religion than he was able to. His doctrine was above his experience. Lifting the tune, "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love," the young preacher discovered this to be his real experience. If someone would testify, "I am having my ups and downs," Bud admitted, though he was the preacher in charge of the service, that such also was his life.

"We only went there," he wrote concerning a testimony meeting, "it seemed, to be together, chew tobacco, dip snuff and tell of our defeats. Not one would tell of a single victory he had had."

Constant victory remained his for three months after his conversion, but one morning he woke up with a bitter taste in his mouth, and a more bitter sense in his soul, and he said, "I slept my religion off." Riding five miles to the home of one of the church's stewards, he told the brother what had happened, and the man said, "Well, Bud, you are having your doubts now. . . . When you got converted you didn't get Old Adam took out and he's in there and will stay till you die."

Bud went back home, as he testifies, "a sad boy . . . and I got behind a haystack to pray and rolled around there for half an hour, and the Lord met me and seemed to give me back my religious joy again. I thought the thing settled forever . . . but to my surprise before I had run long one morning I wanted to do some work with one of my mules."

Said mule just did not want to be harnassed, and when Bud tied him to the fence, the old mule in the mule stormed around within, and suddenly bridle broke and mule with part of the fence dragging along sashayed across the field, Bud's hounds trailing him. Trouble broke loose over the little farm, more so in Bud's turbulent soul, and "I wished for a cannon loaded with log chains to kill the mule and dogs."

The devil sneaked up on Bud's disturbed heart and said, "Well, your religion?"

Reuben said that he struggled "along this way for several years." Sometime early in 1886, not knowing there was a better experience for him, one morning he went out to plow with an obstreperous

mule, but the mule had other ideas along about dinner-time and refused the plowman any further co-operation, much less consideration.

Beating the mule with the reins, jerking the bit, and finally whamming his feet into the animal's stomach with all his might, Mrs. Robinson's twenty-six-year-old preaching son grabbed the mule by the nose, twisting it with one hand. Then he reached up and pulled the head down until the mule's ear was within biting distance.

Belly kicking was all right with the mule, as also was the bridle yanking, but ear-biting was another thing altogether. The mule, with a sudden jerk, "threw me to the ground and nearly knocked the breath out of me, and ran off with the plow and broke the handles off. I went up the hill pulling mule hairs out from between my teeth, and said, 'Well, he didn't plow, but I got satisfaction out of him.'"

That ear-biting might not have been too much for Bud's soul to take on Monday or almost any other day, but for it to happen on Saturday was a spiritual calamity. "I walked up the hill, and the devil said," he affirms, in relating the experience years later, "What are you going to preach tomorrow? What are you going to tell the Lord can do for a fellow?"

This simply meant a haystack prayermeeting, when Bud tried to shine his soul with the glory of the Lord within once more. These ups and downs, these fluctuations of feeling, desire and grace continued for sometime. "I would think I had settled

the thing forever, but only to run a short time and meet another defeat."

One of his most serious deflections came one Sunday morning on his way to preach, as he rode his pony. The animal, possibly aiming to disturb the preacher's equilibrium, stumbled, and Bud jerked his head up with a yank, and struck him over the head with his fist. By the time Reuben had cooled off, the devil wanted to know the subject of Bud's morning discourse.

"I had to tie up my pony and hunt a place to pray, and get right with the Lord before I could go on to meet the crowd awaiting me at the schoolhouse," he says.

God, however, was leading Reuben along the path that was to afford victory. These experiences when he struggled with "the old man" continued for six years, until one day Bud heard that a preacher by the name of W. B. Godbey was preaching in Alvarado, Texas, about ten miles from Reuben's farm. The peculiar thing about this Godbey, the neighbors norated the fact, was that he preached sanctification, and professed to be sanctified. "Everybody in the country went to hear him," relates Uncle Buddie.

They said about Godbey, so Bud affirms, that he did not chew tobacco, and said that he lived without sinning. This was more than the twenty-six-year-old preacher could believe, so he decided to go and see for himself.

"I saddled my pony, and rode into Alvarado and heard him preach on entire sanctification as a sec-

ond work of grace," writes the mature Uncle Bud, years after the incident. "After listening awhile I said, 'This is the best religion I ever heard a man preach, but a man could not get it.'"

Going back a week later Uncle Bud listened again and declared, "This is the best religion I ever heard a man preach in my life, and it does look like one might get it." A few days later he declared that the good religion Godbey was preaching "was the thing I am going to get." For the next four years Uncle Bud was a diligent seeker for this Wesleyan experience which Dr. Godbey proclaimed. More than two hundred and fifty people were converted or sanctified in the Alvarado revival and Bud saw that God was blessing the preacher's messages.

Shortly after the revival, which was held in 1886, Uncle Bud moved to Hill County, Texas, where he continued with his gospel work. In 1887 Bud's pastor was Rev. Ben Gassaway, a man who possessed the experience which Dr. Godbey had preached. This combination of doctrine and experience caused the young preacher to become a diligent seeker for the blessing. "The seed," he writes, "that had been sown in my heart that year kept perfectly sound for four years."

Seeking the blessing for two years, Bud began in 1899 to preach it, though, as he states, he did not possess the experience. For two years he sought and preached, until in 1890, early in the summer, one Sunday morning he took as his text, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

"I preached the best I could on holiness," he says, "as the second work of grace, and told the people that I didn't have it, but that I wanted it, and was going to have it at any cost."

His night appointment being six miles away, he preached on, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Finishing with his message, he said, when making the altar call, "We are going to have at least one seeker and that is going to be me." True to his promise, he knelt at the altar, and began to seek the experience about which he had been preaching. Soon his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. F. M. McNary, a Presbyterian elder, knelt by his side, and together the two sought to be sanctified.

After getting nowhere in their searching, they arose, and McNary invited Bud home with him "to talk it over." Talking with the elder, Bud learned that the Presbyterians called the experience The Rest of Faith, while he told McNary that Wesley had termed it "the second blessing properly so-called." After conversing late into the night, and receiving no satisfaction, Reuben rode home across the prairie, to find it too late to sleep, so he began preaching to himself about holiness. Going out into the cornfield he preached from the text, "Follow peace . . . and holiness . . ."

Reasoning with himself about holiness and thinning corn, he went down the rows, at last to turn loose his hoe handle, and fall to his knees. Here he really began to consecrate his all upon God's altar.

At length God "began to kindle a fire in my heart." He describes the experience thus:

"Anger boiled up, and God skimmed it off, and pride boiled up, and God skimmed it off, and envy boiled up and God skimmed it off, until it seemed to me that my heart was perfectly empty. I said, 'Lord, there won't be anything left of me.' God seemed to say, 'There will not be much left, but what little there is will be clean.'"

When his heart was empty, "a river of peace broke loose in the clouds . . . it flowed into my empty heart, until a few minutes later my heart was full and overflowing and the waves of heaven became so great and grand and glorious that it seemed that I would die if God did not stay His hand."

So great the glory that Bud lay in the cornfield from nine in the morning until noon, when he walked back to the house, to find his mother, waiting dinner for him. She did not shout over her son's being sanctified, but as the years passed she found that the experience was a reality, and later she herself surrendered her heart and life to the Spirit's sanctifying power.

"On June 7, 1890," Uncle Buddie wrote more than twenty years later, "a tree of perfect love sprang up from the bottom of my soul with sanctification written all over it, grapes and pomegranates on every limb and honey dripping from the leaves. . . . There is something about getting sanctified a fellow never forgets. . . I remember now the morning I went down into the cornfield. . . I could see

salvation rolling over the field. . . . I felt that there was nothing left of me, and the peace that passeth understanding flowed into my heart."

With this new experience, he returned to his evangelistic labors newly endowed by the Holy Spirit for soul winning. A new blade seemed to have been placed in his hands with which to pierce the souls of men. Wherever he went people answered his call to the altar. Results were doubled, even trebled, so much so that thirty-eight years later, he declared:

"The first year after God sanctified me I had more people saved than I did during the ten years that I preached as a licensed exhorter and a licensed preacher without the experience of holiness, and yet I want to thank God that from the first time I preached God gave me souls. I have no idea what kind of a condition a preacher must be in and not be able to get people saved."

When he had matured in experience, and spoken across the nation as one of America's most popular campmeeting and revival preachers, he testifies to the fact that he had held true to the Wesleyan standard.

"I thank God," he says, "that for all these thirty-seven years as a holiness preacher, though the preaching has been poor, yet my heavenly Father and the devil know that I have been dead in earnest. I have never rounded off a corner, I have never called it by any name that I thought the rich, worldly people in the church would accept instead of the

real experience, but I have called it Entire Sanctification."

The following year, 1891, feeling the need of training, Reuben decided to enter Southwestern University, at Georgetown, Texas, a school which was under the jurisdiction of the Southern Methodist Church. This decision doubtless was hastened by the fact that during the summer in his revivals people began giving him money for his education, one wealthy widow in particular handing him fifty dollars. "That was the largest offering," he affirms, "I had received until then." In connection with the note concerning his gifts, he says that the first ten years of his ministry netted him about four hundred dollars.

Taking leave of his farm, he went to Georgetown, arriving on September 12, when he entered the preparatory department of the school. Here his work was elemental, but for the first time in his life he began reading "good books and papers," as he notes. The greatest blessing, however, came not from books, but from the contact with the faculty members and occasional lecturers, who "gave me a greater vision of life than I had ever had before." These men took an interest in the young preacher, realizing that the divine hand was upon him, despite his rough exterior.

"The impression the men made on my life," he says, "will go with me to my grave." No tribute was too glowing for Reuben to pay to these men of God who helped shape his future development.

Reuben was not there merely as a student. He

carried his soul passion to school with him. As soon as he entered, he says, he went "to work on the boys and tried to get those that were unsaved saved, and I got the young men that were studying for the ministry sanctified. In a short time three others with my wife"—who was not then his wife—"organized a holiness prayer meeting."

The blessings of God were poured out upon these meetings, where the unconverted were saved, and the converted sanctified. "This meeting," he says writing years later, "has now been running for twelve years. Through it a holiness band has been organized, and a holiness campmeeting association formed. Hundreds and hundreds of souls have been brought to Christ through the influence of that holiness meeting."

Shortly after matriculating, he began preaching four and five times weekly, and soon was preaching up to twenty-five times a month, and some days he would pray in as many as thirty-five homes. By April the glory of his work became so strong "that I threw down my books." Going out under the trees in the west part of town, he started a meeting among the poor people, and forbade "any rich people to come."

His equipment mainly consisted of nothing—no benches, no pulpit, no stand, or anything of the kind. "I stood on the ground," he says, "and preached to the people on the ground." Soon the rich began coming in their carriages, and Bud made them get out of their buggies and sit on the ground

with his poor listeners. "The Lord gave me a great revival there," he states.

This brought his schooling to a short and sudden end. "I got my diploma," he affirms, a smile on his lips, "in eight months and haven't used it any since."

Finishing school Bud linked up with the presiding elder for revivals during the summer. From St. Louis a tent was purchased which Bud used for three months, the Lord giving him no less than a hundred and fifty souls in each meeting.

Things seemed peaceful, but trouble was brewing on the holiness line. Bud, having been sanctified, was a holiness preacher with all his heart, and wherever he went, he proclaimed the doctrine of sanctification as Dr. Godbey, his spiritual sire, had done before him.

During the fall of 1892, he went with the elder to the conference held in Waco, where he says he met some of the finest ministers "on earth." Evidently the holiness war, to which he refers, as striking the Southern Methodist Church at that time in the Texas conference, was beginning to tell on Bud's work. For while at Waco, he came in contact with the Salvation Army for the first time. He was enamored with the street preaching, and a people who dared do this. At once he ordered a uniform "and a cap," and threw in his lot with the group, laboring with them until Christmas, when God gave him many souls.

One item of the work was the slum contact which his preaching afforded. During this time he assisted in rescuing sixteen unfortunate girls from

the red light district, "and sending them back home to their mothers." His Army ministry afforded a meeting with the fiery preacher, L. Milton Williams, with whom he was to be associated in the Big Tent revivals many years later.

Bud was now thirty-two years old, unmarried, a tried preacher of the revival type, to whom God gave souls whenever he held a meeting. He had been twelve years preaching, wherever and however he could open a door. A passion to win souls was the dominant note of his work. His afflictions were many, those with which he had been born, and some which had accumulated by overwork and strain upon the torn body God gave him. His Georgetown circuit or district revivals were cut short in the fall before conference time because of ill health, as also were his Salvation Army days shortened by the strain which speaking in the open air brought upon his voice.

He had mastered the trade of telling men about Christ's claims upon their souls. Caring little for the spectacular vocal antics of the popular pulpiteer, he presented the gospel message directly under the Spirit's anointing. He had not yet arrived, but he was on his way to renown as a soul winner.

Crashing the Doors of Fame

Reuben A. Robinson found no easy road that led to fame. He literally crashed the doors, and by God's help walked in. He furnished little, but God furnished all in this upward struggle to win a glory which is undying. He was as a man charged with a holy vision, drawn as Bunyan's Pilgrim to the Holy City, and nothing in this climb from the Slough to the Heavenly Heights could deter him.

Early in his university town experience there were those who opposed his intense holiness evangelism. There were others who would stamp out his doctrine. One reason he found the Salvation Army so inviting was the freedom which he experienced in preaching about sanctification, "the second work of grace properly so-called," as Wesley had termed it. By the first of January, he discovered a bad voice condition which made it necessary for him to return to his regular evangelism.

This meant that he must relinquish his Army work, and go back to the old familiar grounds near Georgetown. Here he took up again the preaching burden he had left in the summer. Early in his holiness meetings at the college town, he met a very talented young lady, Sally Harper, who helped rally the forces of the community around his work. This relationship grew until by the time Bud returned to Georgetown in 1893, they were engaged.

On January 10, of that year, he and Sally were married. Uncle Bud says little if any about his courtship days, but he does affirm that "Miss Sally taught me to read," meaning doubtless that she assisted him in his studies at the university. Later she added a touch by her refinement and culture which Bud greatly needed. Through a long and blissful life, she presided over the Robinson home, gracing it with her wonderful personality.

It was she who held him steady in those trying days of what he calls "the holiness war," that is, the struggle which his intense holiness evangelism helped bring about in the Methodist Church where he was laboring. As a growing preacher, Reuben did not know what it meant to compromise or back down.

Years later he expressed in his memorable prayer a sentiment which marked his early activities, when he wrote:

"O Lord, give me a backbone as big as a sawlog and ribs like the sleepers under the church floor; put iron shoes on me and galvanized breeches and hang a wagonload of determination up in the gable-end of my soul, and help me to sign a contract to fight the devil as long as I have a vision, and bite him as long as I have a tooth, and then gum him till I die."

Just how this "holiness war" came about, he does not tell us, implying rather that it developed gradually early in the nineties, after he went to the university town. A year or two after his marriage things, according to his record, went along peace-

ably, "without any trouble to speak of, but finally (it) opened up."

The immediate cause of the struggle was the arrival of one of the bishops, who came through Texas affirming, "It will take five years to kill the holiness move." He commenced, according to Uncle Bud, to try various second blessing preachers, and to locate them against their wills. By this means, "he drove out many of their best men." Bud's problem increased greatly, because as he tells us, "the presiding elder forbid me to preach out of town, and the preacher in charge forbid me to preach in town."

Some months before that the presiding elder came to Reuben and said, "Where will you be tonight at 8 o'clock?" When Bud answered, "I will be over at a certain home holding a holiness prayermeeting," the elder asked him to accompany him to pray for a sick man.

On his way out of town, the elder said, "I am the sick man; I have come to the place where I have got to get the blessing of sanctification." Bud prayed with his superior officer for five and a half hours, but the man began to back down in his efforts, for "he held a prominent place in the Conference," as Reuben tells us.

A very few months later, the same elder met Uncle Bud in a quarterly conference, and beginning at eight o'clock, he tried Bud until half past one in the morning—"exactly five and a half hours." It was then that the elder told the holiness preacher, "You will have to give up your conscience on the

subject of sanctification as a second work of grace, or you will have to give up the Methodist Church."

Bud's answer was characteristic, when he said, "I have but one conscience, and as there are many churches, I will keep my conscience." Being greatly urged the preacher left the Southern Methodist Church. Before taking this step, however, since he could not preach in town under the indictment of the preacher in charge, and could not speak out of town because of the presiding elder's anathemas, Bud found it necessary to support his family by running a dye shop, accompanied by a wood wagon business.

There was sweetness in the man's soul despite this treatment, sweetness which later caused him to pray a prayer for his many friends, and enemies as well. This prayer he has quoted across the nation numerous times, saying:

"My prayer is now that the Lord will turn a hogshead of honey over in your soul and just let it ooze out between your ribs until you will be so sweet that every bumblebee and honeybee in the settlement will be abuzzing around your doorstep."

This was the holiness preacher, who when persecuted knew how to love those who reviled him, and to pray for those who spoke evil of his good name.

This persecution brought about a rupture in Bud's relationship with the Southern Methodists, but in casting about for a church home, he wrote the presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, asking if he would accept a man who believed "in

sanctification as a second blessing and had the thing," and the elder wrote back in the affirmative. At once the preacher joined with this church, in which he remained for many years until he became a member of the Church of the Nazarene.

"The next eleven years," he writes, "were long and weary and full of toil and pain and disappointment—at times without money and no bread in the house, and thinly clad, my body undergoing the most excruciating pain it is possible for a man to pass through and live."

During this time he tells us that for sixteen years he had occasional epileptic fits, and for fifteen years he had paralysis, and for ten years he bled at the lungs. "And my arms had been several hundred times pulled out of place and put back."

He suffered from spasms when so keen a pain would strike his arms that they would be pulled out of joint. He pictures this experience by saying, "After a few years they would not stay in place, and if I reached up a little too high my arm would slip out of place . . . or if in sneezing I threw up my hands, either one of my arms would come out of joint." Many times in his sleep, he would throw an arm out of place, and someone would have to pull it back in again.

During those agonizing years of suffering he did not doubt God's goodness and mercy, and "I believed the Bible," but somehow he knew it was God's will that he suffer. It was through suffering that he was to be refined.

In 1895 God sent his first child, little Sally, to bless the Robinson home, and in her growth and development Uncle Bud, a suffering father, reveled.

The following year Uncle Bud was able to touch the throne of God for his healing. He had prayed many things out of the skies, as he expressed it. He had asked God for food, and often the heavenly Father had sent it before the next day came. He had prayed for souls to be saved, and in all his revivals he saw the answer in the form of penitents kneeling at the altar. But it was not until eleven years after his intense suffering that he was able to pray through for his healing.

"God wonderfully healed me of all," he testifies, "and clarified my mind, and gave me His Word in my mind. He has helped me to understand His Word, and memorize it. . . . In labors with others, I have seen in the last twenty years"—writing in 1914—"twenty thousand souls converted and sanctified. In 1890 I traveled seventeen thousand miles and saw five thousand souls converted and sanctified."

That was the year of his sanctification, when God greatly enlarged his sphere of activities. In God's clearing Uncle Bud's mind, as he speaks of it, through his healing, the Almighty blessed him with a most tenacious memory, enabling him to memorize a third of the entire Bible, which he could quote at will. In going to Palestine for instance Uncle Bud took no notes, for as he said, "If I lose them, I have nothing left from the trip." So he just remembered what he saw, what he did, and

what he heard. This grip of memory came about through his healing.

The blessing of health continued for five years without a break, God giving him strength for each day's duties, and many they were indeed. It seemed with the persecution in the church, which resulted in his leaving the Southern Methodists, that his light was dimmed, at least his sphere of activity was curtailed. The brethren that had called him for revivals now shunned him. He must go out and build anew. There were greater fields of labor for him to open through prayer and his indomitable spirit. Bud had gone through the grind of trouble and he knew how to say:

"Ten thousand blessings on your head; and may the Lord set the sideboards of your soul out and load you up with bread from the King's table, and as you run over the rocks and ruts of life may some of the bread jolt off for the hungry multitudes; and when you come to the marriage supper of the Lamb, may there be a great crowd following your wagon."

One preacher characterized him during these years of his career by saying, "Bud Robinson is six feet of the Holy Spirit and he can quote the Bible all day." These tributes to Reuben as the growing preacher were repaid by kind words about others. He said of a preaching friend, "He is simply a nugget of gold wrapped up in silver."

Concerning his healing, he stated, "I want health only for God's glory—if it is not for my good and His glory I don't want it." For five years he ran without a break in his health, until 1901, due to

overwork, he slipped once more and God later re-touched him.

While testifying to his healing in a revival meeting, a skeptical doctor approached him and said, "I don't believe your arms are out of place as you say, and I would like to satisfy my mind on the subject." Bud led the doctor to a near-by room, where he took off his coat, and permitted the physician to examine him. Satisfied that Bud had told the truth, the doctor challenged him with the thought: "If God healed you, why didn't He put your arms back in place?"

Bud's only answer was that the Almighty must have left them as they were to confound skeptics like the doctor was. Dr. J. B. Chapman, Uncle Bud's first biographer, says, "That his healing was permanent is proved by the fact that he worked harder than almost any man of his day and yet lived to be almost eighty-three years of age."

Speaking of the mission of suffering and pain, Bud caustically says, "When God gives you a threshing you should be very thankful, for He will have to beat off the chaff and burn up the straw before He can gather the wheat into the garner."

In 1898, God opened a door into which the preacher stepped eagerly. A second daughter Ruby had been born shortly before, and with his family of two children and Miss Sally, as he lovingly referred to her throughout his life, he moved from Georgetown to the Hubbard Circuit in Hill County, Texas. Having united with the Methodist Episcopal Church previously, he worked on this circuit, which was in

the Fort Worth District, under Rev. R. L. Selle as presiding elder.

Here again victory marked his work, and he was happy in his new field. It was a change from being shut off from revivals as he had been for some time during his last days in Georgetown. With a shifting of elders in 1900, Bud left the Hubbard Circle on the last day of August, of that year.

While on the Hubbard Circuit in the spring of the previous year, he was called to conduct the Greenville, Texas, camp meeting, held at Peniel, under the auspices of what was soon to be called the Texas Holiness University, later named Peniel College. In May, 1899, during the convention the school had given Dr. A. M. Hills a call to the presidency. Dr. Hills was a Yale graduate, a brilliant Congregational preacher that had been sanctified, a writer of note, who at the time had recently authored his famous book, *Holiness and Power*, a classic in holiness literature.

Dr. Hills arrived for the convention, where plans were made to open the school the following September. Uncle Bud, then known simply as Bud, formed an attachment for the new president, and the idea of a school where holiness was taught deeply moved him. As a result on returning to his circuit, he could not get the thoughts of the holiness college out of his mind. Consequently on leaving the Hubbard Circuit, where victory had marked him, he decided to move to the college town.

This was an innovation for him. Going to Georgetown that he might educate himself, he found at

first a warm welcome from the community, where he held a very gracious revival, as well as formed a holiness association of note. Finally, seeing all his influence blocked through higher church officials, and even preaching appointments denied him, it was with a sense of freedom and elation that he made ready to move to the new holiness community. Here he felt God would bless him, give a proper influence in which to rear his family, and above all furnish a spiritual contact with the students that would be helpful to himself and them.

Uncle Bud's sentiment concerning the new holiness college and community is expressed in a letter which appeared in the July 18, 1907, issue of the *Pentecostal Advocate*. This was seven years after he had first moved to Peniel.

"I have never said a great deal about our school and town," he writes, "but having traveled through thirty-eight states, I am persuaded that Peniel, Texas, is one of the best and cleanest little towns in the United States, and one of the best and safest places to raise and educate children in America. Peniel is the only town in America, that I was ever in, where I have never seen a man smoking or chewing tobacco, and it is the only town I was ever in that I never heard a corrupt, vile word from a man's lips, and I have lived in Peniel, Texas, ever since the time it was a cow pasture.

"I have never seen a man drunk, never heard a man swear an oath and have never heard two of us neighbors in a settlement quarrel in our town. We

have four stores and not a pound of tobacco is sold in Peniel.”

He goes on at length to express his feelings concerning the budding college's teachers, who were to him “a fine crop of teachers and they are doing a fine work. No school in America is making a finer record than is old Texas Holiness University.”

Dr. Hills had studied at Oberlin College, taking his A.B. from the institution, when the mighty Charles G. Finney was the president. Coming to Peniel, he brought with him the same evangelistic spirit which motivated the famous revivalist. Patterned on Oberlin in its swaddling clothes days, the college had been formed as a spiritual retreat where students and faculty could live in a community free from secularism, and approximating as nearly as possible the biblical ideal of a holy community.

Oberlin, it must be recalled, was marked with its long and flourishing banner, saying, “Holiness Unto the Lord.” Finney felt that Oberlin should be a holy community, a revival center as well as a Christian college with the highest educational standards. The same ideal motivated the founders of Peniel community and college. Dr. Hills insisted upon a revival in the college, feeling that a wave of spiritual emotion, conviction among the students, a warm evangelistic atmosphere was not inconsistent with the highest educational standards, even those that Yale insisted upon during his divinity school days.

Consequently, revivals were the order at the new holiness college. Uncle Bud, seven years after the

school's founding, said, "Since the school started two hundred souls have been converted and sanctified each year at her altars. . . . Four hundred students were enrolled last year and we will have a great opening this fall."

During his first trip to the Greenville holiness convention, he purchased a lot in Peniel, and returning to his circuit, he made preparations to move to the new community. Obtaining a leave from his circuit, he went to North Texas for a revival in July, and was the revivalist at the Bates camp ground, as well as for the camp meeting at Denton. When August came he was one of the speakers at the summer camp meeting in Greenville, sponsored by the founders of the new holiness community and college at Peniel.

Here God's blessings were poured out upon Uncle Bud, who had found at last his element in holiness evangelism. He had discovered as he expresses it "his people"—a group who believed in holiness as "the second blessing properly so-called," in Wesley's terminology. It was among these folk he was to cast his evangelistic lot, and with them was to gain the fame which was properly due him. Henceforth he was to preach among them without opposition the doctrine and experience which were dear to his heart.

Until now he had labored wherever a door could be opened, and oftentimes his messages were received with suspicion, and his sermons on sanctification were discounted. But in moving to Peniel, looked to by the holiness people of the Southwest as their

ideal, he was to become the most popular evangelist among them. It was shortly to be the case with Uncle Bud where he could select the calls he accepted, rather than to be forced to wait for them.

Late in August he moved to Peniel, where he made good use of the cow-trail lot. On it he built what was to be looked upon as the largest house in the community. His presence at Peniel was not only to become a decided asset to the community and the college, but to Uncle Bud as well. It gave him a rallying center. Living there identified him with the new holiness movement which was beginning to crystalize very decidedly into two groups, the unionized and interdenominational holiness associations, and the groups which were later to organize into a distinct holiness church.

"A new epoch in Bud Robinson's ministry opened," writes Dr. J. B. Chapman, who met Uncle Bud at Peniel in August of the following year. "His probation was over; he had made good, and henceforth was to have a larger world 'for his parish' than John Wesley reached in the days of his personal ministry. He was forty years old—he had lived his first twenty years in poverty and sin; he had served ten years as an exhorter and occasional preacher; and now he had ended a decade of opposition during which he became convinced that he could turn loose every other dependence besides God and make his way as an itinerant holiness evangelist."

Bud had built a way into the hearts of his hearers wherever he went by his unique sayings and

methods of expressing the truth God gave him. Already there was a growing group who quoted him. Dr. H. C. Morrison soon was to invite him to write a page for his newly founded *Pentecostal Herald*, as later Rev. C. A. McConnell was to do in the *Pentecostal Advocate*, a Peniel publication.

These sayings have gathered momentum until today many books could be filled with them. Men were then beginning to say, "Bud said . . ."

"You can Jew down the Jews, Jew down the Gentiles, but you can't Jew down God," said Bud in one of his early crystallized sayings. "You can't get a dollar blessing on a ninety-five-cent consecration. You've got to pay down the whole dollar on the counter in order to keep the blessing."

"Established! Why most people in their religion are like the folks used to be on the frontier of Texas—just squatters. And when a squatter moves you can't tell which way he's going; he is just as liable to go backward as forward."

Early in his ministry he began saying, "You have to put weights on a man who walks with God to keep him down on this old earth at all. Enoch walked with God, up and down, and he talked to God and God talked to him. And one day God said:

"'Enoch, come, go home with me and stay all night.' And Enoch said, 'Well, all right.' And he went, but he hasn't come back. You see, there hasn't been any night there yet. And if we want to see Enoch any more, we'll have to go to him."

Early as a boy I heard him quote many of these sayings, and more than thirty-five years later, when

he spoke, I heard them over and over again. It was this growing, ever-increasing mass of "unique expressions," unusual sayings, which has made Bud Robinson the most quoted preacher of his generation. Many of them sprang full grown from his mind before the beginning of the twentieth century, to be added to later in his nation-wide ministry.

Since that day in August when he arrived at Peniel, no man of the holiness group has done more by way of assisting young preachers to obtain an education than did Uncle Bud. He appreciated an education, not that he had received the stripe of any college upon him, but that he recognized an educated ministry, filled with the Holy Spirit and consecrated entirely to God, could do more to reach the world than an uneducated one.

"Although Uncle Bud was denied the opportunity for a formal education," writes Dr. Hugh Benner, seminary president, "he had a keen appreciation of the value of such training. . . . However, as with other handicaps, he was big enough and humble enough to refer to his educational limitations in a jocular manner. I remember that when he was asked to speak at the educational anniversary of a district assembly in Chicago, he began . . . 'I don't know why I have been asked to speak at this educational meeting unless it is to show the need of a good education.'"

Once more while preaching at a camp meeting in Michigan, Rev. R. V. Starr tells of the time when Uncle Bud was to be the speaker for the meeting devoted to education. Five college presidents had

been introduced and spoke briefly, and when Uncle Bud was announced, he arose, and said:

“Well, I have enjoyed the speeches of these splendid gentlemen, and agree with all they have said. But I can make a better speech in favor of education than any one of them. If you will just listen to me for the next forty minutes you will agree that a fellow ought to have an education.”

It was this sentiment which marked his early Peniel days. He recognized his limitations, and felt that God had especially blessed him, filling him with the Holy Spirit, using his unusual abilities, but that in general an educated ministry was more powerful under the Spirit's anointing than an uneducated one.

Hence his Peniel home became the retreat for young preachers, in fact it literally swarmed with them. The large, spacious three-storied house gave room for them. His own family consisted of two little girls very dear to their father, and the house afforded space for ministerial aspirants whose finances could not obtain a place for them in the college dormitory. Here began Uncle Bud's preacher-training ministry, to end shortly before his death, when he financed the education of nearly a hundred ministers. Many of these have already finished their earthly careers, but others dot the face of the earth, where they scatter the influence of that lad born in a Cumberland cabin, whose speech was garbled by a quirk of nature, but who was to become one of God's great soul winners.

Dr. Chapman tells of his first visit to Peniel, when he himself was a needy boy preacher. He was invited to Uncle Bud's home by O. B. Kelley, and on being introduced to Uncle Bud, the renowned evangelist said to the novice, "Have you come here to go to school?"

And when the young preacher hesitated, Uncle Bud, thinking finances stood in the way, said, "You don't really have to have much money to go to school here. You can room with us. Miss Sally will give you a place at the table and your living will not cost you a cent. Then if you can manage someway to arrange for your tuition at the school, you can get along all right."

Dr. Chapman's remark in leaving Uncle Bud was characteristic of the hundreds of young preachers who passed under the spell of his godly influence. "Just then Sister Robinson entered the room and he called her to witness that I would be received and welcomed," he continues. "I went from his presence dazed and very nearly overcome." He told his companion once outside the building that the Robinsons did not mean what they had said, for "these people would not take a chance like that on one whom they knew practically nothing about."

Looking back upon the incident from the vantage point of more than forty years, when each in his own way had gained an enviable renown, Dr. Chapman affirms, ". . . Not once in that forty years was there ever a word or deed to mar the good impression of friendship and interest which a ministerial

novice received on his first meeting with this great preacher." The doctor goes on to remark that "to all Bud Robinson was 'a beloved brother.'"

Nor was Uncle Bud at loss years later when invited to address the students of the nation's leading universities and seminaries, too numerous to mention. I have heard him refer to those times when he spoke to colleges and universities on his favorite theme, "second blessing holiness." Nor did he draw back from challenging to their face professors, even from Yale and Harvard, who attended his meetings, for their agnostic and evolutionary teachings.

The classic incident, possibly, of the mature Uncle Buddie's contact with a leading seminary and university group is told by Raymond Browning, who had squired the preacher to the Duke University School of Religion for an address. The president of the ministerial students' association introduced Uncle Bud by saying, "The name of Bud Robinson has been a familiar one in our home ever since I can remember." Every student, Dr. Browning affirms, of the school of religion was present, and as the veteran of the evangelistic platform arose to speak, all eagerly drank in his words.

"Uncle Bud got up quietly and leaned on the pulpit," writes Browning, himself a southern pulpit orator of renown, "and began without apology. Duke University with all its magnificence seemed to fade away and for twenty-five minutes we were right in the midst of a second blessing holiness camp meeting."

Bud told of his early life and conversion, stories familiar across the nation, and he emphasized his call to preach. "Then he took us down to that corn-field in Texas," continued Browning, "and told us how Jesus came riding through in a chariot of fire and sanctified him wholly while thinning corn."

When the service was finished the students and faculty took Uncle Bud, Dr. Browning, and his son-in-law to the dining hall for dinner, where after the meal "the students hung around him for an hour and a half listening to his stories until finally I had to pull him out and start to our next appointment."

This was the mature Bud who started his ministry with less than the training which the first three grades of the primary school afford. The secret of his success with the educated as well as with others is found in this: He consecrated what little native ability he had to God, and under the Spirit's anointing permitted himself to be used as a channel through which God could speak and work.

Referring to his own educational efforts, Uncle Bud often told the people that he studied hard, and that there had not been a book brought out by any holiness publishing house for thirty years that he did not read. He affirmed that he had read the Bible through on his knees, reading it through time and again until the total reached high in numbers. He also spent sufficient time with God's Book to memorize a third of it. He needed no notes, for, fearful that he might lose them, he "tucked them

away on the flyleaf of his memory," to be used when occasion demanded.

Early in his growing career, once the preacher was established at Peniel, men like C. E. Cornell, then a lay evangelist publishing a paper called the *Soul Winner*, and Dr. H. C. Morrison, editor of the *Pentecostal Herald*, urged Uncle Bud to write for their papers. In passing, it is interesting to note that the first prompting for myself to write for publication came from Rev. C. E. Cornell. At a college banquet in Pasadena, sitting between Brother Cornell and Dr. A. M. Hills, both veteran preachers and writers, Cornell said, "Basil, spread your brains on paper." Similar advice in the early months of this century he gave to Bud Robinson.

At first writing was an impossibility for Bud, though at speaking, once the Spirit came upon him, he was certainly "not tongue-tied in the pulpit." Miss Sally, as he called his good and wonderful wife, had received an education herself, and as Bud once said, "She taught me to read." She said, "Bud, tell me of your experiences, speak your story to me, preach what you want to say."

Reuben, walking the floor of their Peniel home and elsewhere, "told . . . spoke . . . preached" to Miss Sally, who with pencil and paper took down his words. She made notes of his addresses, penciled his unique sayings while in the pulpit, until in the end the more mature Uncle Bud was able to use a stenographer for his writings. Mrs. Robinson often said that during those early days when she would take down some unusual expression, some graphic

saying Uncle Bud used in the pulpit, that when she read it to him at home, he would deny having ever said such a thing!

Many odd and unusual stories have accumulated concerning Uncle Bud's use of the English language with reference to his writing. Mr. P. H. Lunn, well-known Nazarene publisher, tells one, where Uncle Buddie sent in a manuscript for publication, saying, "It is strange how an educated man can spell a word only one way, while right on the same page you will see how I can spell the same word five different ways." Submitting an article to Mr. Lunn, Uncle Bud at the bottom of a page placed a long line of periods, commas, question marks, exclamation points, adding, "You know I am not good at this punctuation business. Just sort these in wherever they belong."

Nevertheless in these early Peniel days, Uncle Bud, then a well-known and famous holiness preacher, was merely a struggling writer, who, under Cornell's advice and Henry Clay Morrison's tutelage, decided to "spread his brains on paper." Whatever fame he was to achieve as a writer in later years, the foundation was laid for it in Peniel, where to Miss Sally he preached the thoughts which God caused to well within his soul, and she in turn committed them to writing. He rendered to the heavenly Father such an accounting of his writing stewardship that in the end several million words from his pen had been published.

At Peniel he was in his element, and the dormant powers which in Georgetown had been held in by

persecution now began to blossom forth in such power that it was not long until he stood the equal of any holiness evangelist. His message was unusual, and a famous lisp, known and imitated wherever his renown had spread, marked his preaching. His message was based upon personal experience, an I-know-so story. He had been gloriously redeemed from a life of sin, and in speaking, he was his own greatest example of divine power in a human soul.

There were others in the national limelight as evangelists, college presidents, editors, who were eager to introduce Bud Robinson to the public. The days of his ministerial apprenticeship were over. He had come up the hard way as a preacher, and now he was ready "to skim a pitcher full of cream" from his efforts as directed by the Holy Spirit.

Some men build a lifetime reputation upon an easy-going lightweight pulpit style. They speak glibly but without depth. Their messages are born for the moment, when they ride upon popular favor, but with the winds of the years only the chaff of words remain. Not so with the early messages which came from Reuben Robinson's mouth and pen. As a writer and a speaker, he was often marked with an eloquence which places him among the truly great.

His message on "The Unselfish Christ" is a sample, which compares with Talmage for eloquence, Alexander Maclaren for grasp of truth, and Spurgeon for beauty of expression. This is the style of no country boy in the pulpit, but of a sermonic master.

Too often we are liable to tab Bud Robinson's messages, written and spoken, by calling them "unique," speaking of them as "being made by his lisp." Remove the lisp, take out the unique, reduce them to cold type, and they burst with beauty and are marked with spiritual power.

"He gave everything and kept nothing," Bud writes of the unselfish Christ, published in his *Pitcher of Cream*, written in the early days of his growing ministry, but delivered and spoken through several decades of his pulpit ministry. "He gave heaven for a stable; He gave His throne in the skies for a bed in an ox trough; He gave up His reputation when He left heaven and came to dwell among men.

"He put on humanity to enable us to put on divinity; He became the Son of man that we might become the sons and daughters of the Almighty.

"He became the Light of Life; He became meat that He might feed the perishing; He became the Bread of Life that a hungry world might eat and live forever; He became the Water of Life that the thirsty might come to Him and slake their thirst, and go on their way rejoicing.

"He became rest for the weary, and said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He became riches for the poor, for we read 'by his poverty, we shall be made rich,' He became sleep for the sleepy, for we read, 'And so shall he give his beloved sleep. . . .'

"Other men have left money and houses and

land, but the Son of God left His joy and peace to His friends.

“He gave sight to the blind . . . healing to the afflicted . . . life to the dead . . . clothes to His enemies . . . His back to the smiters . . . His life for the world and tasted death for every man. . . He gave himself for the church that He might sanctify it, ‘and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish . . .’

“The only thing the world ever gave Jesus was a crown of thorns, a Roman scourge, and gall mingled with vinegar.”

The stage for world renown as a gospel preacher was now set. Bud had mastered his technique of pulpit style. He was in possession of his full powers, and surrounded by friends eager to introduce him to America. With a great message to declare, that of personal salvation from sin, his ministerial feet were planted on the threshold of a nation-blessing future.

Riding the Wave of Popularity

Once introduced to the nation, Bud Robinson was an American sensation as an evangelist. Few men achieved the popularity which he enjoyed as a revivalist. His was a distinct field of evangelism, well defined by the doctrines which he proclaimed. No man spoke from an American pulpit oftener than he during the period of his service. Others, such as Billy Sunday in mass evangelism, drew larger crowds, for the limit which Bud set to his work was holiness evangelism. His followers in particular were made up of those from the holiness ranks.

From the time that he moved to Peniel until his death he was outstanding as a camp meeting preacher, and the span of no preacher's popularity during the first forty years of this century matched his. Others flamed brilliantly for a few years, a decade or two, then burned low; but Uncle Bud for four decades was so popular that year after year, he received more calls than from ten to twenty preachers could fill. Month by month beginning in 1914 his slate was made out as far ahead as three years.

"Sometimes I received," he writes, "as many as nine hundred calls in a single year, preaching from four to five hundred times a year, and traveling from 25,000 to 35,000 miles annually."

God had tested Bud during the first two decades of his ministry, and finding him worthy, the doors of Christian service were thrown wide for his entrance. From the fall of 1900 his work was no longer to be localized in Texas and the Southwest, rather it took on a national scope.

"During the fall and winter of 1900," he says, "I evangelized, going as far north as Chicago and as far south as Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas. During 1901 I had a full slate and did more traveling than I had ever done up to that time, traveling more than 20,000 miles."

This was the line of demarcation between Bud as the struggling, on-his-way-up preacher, and Uncle Buddie, the revivalist who rode the crest of popularity's wave. From then on, he was constantly crisscrossing America until during one year he says that his revivals took him into all the states of the Union save one. There was no city or town of any importance in which he did not speak, and in many of the hamlets and villages in between, his was a household name where friends of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification were found.

Practically every city where a railroad entered, a bus traveled, or a highway was, Uncle Buddie had been there with his messages of full salvation. To tell these stories individually, to enter with him each revival, to note the name of the church, the pastor as Uncle Buddie did in "his book," as he called his record, his weekly religious-paper columns or his "Good Samaritan Chats," and to tell

something of what occurred at each place, would fill more than thirty books the length of this one.

Hence the problem of dealing with his life from this period on becomes one of analysis rather than narration. He was too busy to be confined to the wordages allotted the usual biographer, and if all the details were given, the glory of his character would be lost in the minutia. Ordinarily a biographer's problem is the search for details, but in telling Uncle Bud's story it becomes one of sifting to find the more valuable nuggets. From this vantage point I stand as one in an unlimited cave of brilliant gems, and being able to carry away only a handful of them, I must find the most precious stones.

For the next ten years or so, the revivalist's popularity was enhanced by his preaching mates. Early in the spring of 1902, Uncle Bud and Will Huff, of national fame, formed the Huff and Robinson Evangelistic Party, traveling together until 1908. Will Huff had studied under Dr. A. M. Hills for four years, doubtless becoming the doctor's most brilliant pulpiteer. Few men of the American pulpit were as eloquent as he. Dr. J. B. Chapman once said, "For Will Huff to finish and preach a new sermon is like graduating from college. He works on it with the same studious care that the average person puts into a college course."

Men were attracted by Huff's studied eloquence, his polished sentences and the beauty of his speaking voice. Together Bud and Will made a memor-

able team in evangelism, though poles apart in their preaching methods.

Their first trip was to Sioux City, Iowa, where they worked with Mrs. M. J. Tylor, then president of the Woodbury County Holiness Association. The revival was held on the campus of Morningside College. Uncle Bud leaves little record as to the spiritual results of the camp meeting, adding though an appended note to the fact that here Will met Metta, Mrs. Tylor's youngest daughter. Cupid worked wonders in that short period, for Metta in time became Will's wife.

Finishing the Morningside camp, Bud and his fellow preacher went to the Denison, Iowa, camp meeting, where they preached with Seth C. Rees, a powerful Quaker revivalist, and father of Paul Rees, whose pulpit exploits now match those of his famous sire. Uncle Bud, never failing to win a following wherever he appeared, had his popularity spread through such associations with the leading evangelists and pastors of his time. The zigzagging course of the revivalist took him into Colorado, where his first stop was at Cripple Creek, shortly arriving in Colorado Springs where he was to be associated for the first time with two friendly and helpful brothers in the ministry, I. G. Martin and L. Milton Williams.

"Martin and Williams," writes Uncle Bud, "have been great soldiers and have fought the devil from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf."

Zigzagging across the country, Bud and Will's course took them to Kansas, into Louisiana, and by

the first of August they were back again at familiar Peniel. Leaving the home ground in the early fall of 1902, Uncle Bud started on his first coast-to-coast convention and revival tour, scores of which were to follow during the next forty years. By such leaps as from Peniel to Evansville, Indiana, thence to East Liverpool, Ohio, on to Washington, Pennsylvania, next to Washington, D.C., from the nation's capital to New York City—preaching in each place—they reached Boston on November 3, 1902.

Here Dr. C. J. Fowler, of the National Holiness Association, had planned a great holiness convention, which opened that night in the Bromfield Street Methodist Church. Uncle Bud's only remark is, "It was simply marvelous what God did."

Again Bud was to be associated with another preacher, Dr. E. F. Walker, who was to carry the story and fame of the former Texas cowboy across the nation. Dr. Walker was a brilliant Presbyterian minister who had joined the holiness ranks, later to become a general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, and was noted for his expository preaching as well as his extensive knowledge of the Bible.

By from three-to-ten-day leaps, the holiness convention started its national trek, each stop introducing Uncle Bud—not many years removed from the Cumberland cabin lad—to a growing group of friends. Shortly he arrived in Brooklyn, where he worked with Rev. Howard Hoople, chief minister and founder of the Association of Pentecostal Churches, a group which merged with the Church

of the Nazarene. This national tour was to bring Uncle Bud into close fellowship with the men who were leaders of the budding Church of the Nazarene, with which group Uncle Bud a few years later was to cast his lot. It was among these people that he found his most useful field through the forty years of his fruitful ministry.

The first national campaign lasted six months, and touched the outstanding holiness centers of the time. Bud worked in such places as Cincinnati, laboring with God's Bible School, Cleveland, with the Friends Bible College, Chicago—"where people came by the hundreds and the altars were lined day and night"—Colorado Springs, Denver, and thence on March 1, 1903, to California.

A Pullman carload of holiness friends went with Uncle Bud and Miss Sally, and other members of the party, to Sacramento, where the revivalist was to be introduced to the beauties of California, for the first time. The Sacramento meeting was held in the Peniel Hall, conducted by the Fergusons, who "had a string of missions from Southern California to Alaska and other parts of the world."

Touching San Francisco for a convention, the party went to Los Angeles where the revival was held in the First Church of the Nazarene, Dr. P. F. Bresee being the pastor of the local church as well as general superintendent of the denomination, at the time a very small group indeed. Here Uncle Bud joined hands in gospel work with C. E. Cornell, known as the lay evangelist for years, but later to

become one of the Nazarenes' most famous early pastors.

It was Cornell who launched the evangelist's writing career at this time, asking him to contribute to a paper, called the *Soul Winner*, which he edited.

Assisting Dr. Bresee as pastor was C. W. Ruth, for fifty years a holiness evangelist of note. Uncle Bud was drawn to the minister, with whom in the coming years he was often to be associated. The preacher was greatly impressed with Dr. Bresee's work, which had just finished building the mother church on the West Coast, located at Sixth and Wall Streets in downtown Los Angeles, a corner known and loved for many years hence by Nazarenes around the world. Great were the heartaches for many when this famous building passed from the control of the Nazarenes, when the site proved an unsuited locale at which to center the First Church's ministry in the spreading metropolis.

Uncle Bud and his fellow workers had "people to peddle," as he often said when there were great crowds in attendance at the meetings. He says, "Our convention was one I will never forget." The association with Dr. Bresee and the Nazarenes was to prove a lasting one. The evangelist loved holiness people, as he called them, "wherever I found them." But there was something about the Nazarenes, who had organized themselves into a distinct church which believed and taught the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace, that warmed the revivalist's heart.

This Nazarene attachment was to mature into membership with the group in 1908, which fellowship was not broken until Uncle Bud joined the Church Triumphant in 1942. During these thirty-four years Mrs. Robinson's stammering son Bud was to see the Church of the Nazarene grow with greater expansion than John Wesley witnessed among the Methodists, to whom he gave birth, during his lifetime.

Finishing the Los Angeles convention, the workers vacationed for a month at Catalina Island, Uncle Bud, however, being too busy to take time out for more than a day's trip to the island. But what an ocean trip that proved to be. This was his first sight of seasick people, when he watched the famous and eloquent Will become "as limber as a rag and about as pale as a corpse . . . and he got down on the floor and called for a bucket." Uncle Bud closes that descriptive sentence with these words, ". . . what a wonderful day!"

While Bud's friends were resting on the island, he and Miss Sally, as he refers lovingly to his wife, returned to Colorado Springs. Here they rested for a month, "with the exception that I preached . . . in the People's Mission," which for the next forty years was his usual plan for taking a vacation. He was joined by his two girls, Sally and Ruby, to whom he showed the "sights of God's great springs and the mountains and the canyons."

The National Holiness Association convention work was so in his blood that he "ran down to Denver and held a three days' convention" for them,

traveling on shortly to the Des Moines camp meeting, under the auspices of the group. Here he crossed paths with C. F. Wimberly, "an outstanding writer and second blessing holiness man of the South." Wimberly was later to be associated with Dr. H. C. Morrison and the *Pentecostal Herald*.

At the close of the camp meeting Dr. Fowler hired, as Uncle Bud expressed it, the team of Bud and Will for the entire summer, who devoted their time to holiness camp meetings. During this period the famous Sebring, Ohio, camp came into being, and the group labored in other near-by camp meetings, well known to the holiness people. When fall came, the team was linked with Dr. Fowler for another across-the-nation holiness convention campaign, retracing much of their previous path.

By such easy strides and glorious work year by year Uncle Bud lapped back and forth across the nation in evangelism until in 1919 God laid him aside temporarily for a marvelous "hospital experience." During this period he labored with the giants of the holiness movement, forming lasting friendships through his genial personality and the power of his pulpit address. Few men behind the pulpit possessed a more dynamic message than he through his unusual and God-used ability.

In May 1904, he once more crossed the nation to labor with Dr. Bresee and his Nazarenes in a month's revival. His pulpit mate for this meeting was Dr. H. C. Morrison, as eloquent a preacher as ever spoke from an American platform. William Jennings Bryan tabbed Dr. Morrison as "the nation's greatest

pulpit orator." During this revival Dr. Morrison formed a lasting attachment for the Tennessee preacher, and asked him to write a weekly column for the *Pentecostal Herald*.

Dr. Morrison, speaking in Kansas City in 1936 at a General Assembly of the Nazarenes, said that he "discovered Bud Robinson, and introduced him to the nation." This eloquent preacher's influence added much to spreading Uncle Bud's fame. The doctor's church paper had a growing subscription list among the holiness people of the country, and especially of the Southern Methodist Church, holding his membership in this group as he did.

For many years Uncle Bud's weekly chat or column continued, which helped make him one of the "best known preachers of the holiness movement, and best loved as well."

During the Los Angeles revival for Dr. Bresee, Uncle Bud was privileged to meet with the General Conference of the Methodist Church. Here Bud met J. M. Buckley, for many years editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, and Bishop T. B. Neely, a genial Christian brother to the Cumberland preacher as well as a mighty church statesman. Here also Uncle Bud worked with Rev. Joseph Smith, a holiness warrior, with whom he was to be more closely associated in campaigns too numerous to tell during the coming years.

In the Nazarene revival more than five hundred were converted. So mighty the meeting's power that three holiness bishops, Joyce, Mallalieu, and McCabe, conducted each afternoon on adjourning the

conference what they called "Pentecostal meetings," when the holiness men of Dr. Bresee's revival were the principal speakers.

It was at this time that Uncle Bud was introduced to deep-sea fishing, a sport which in the years to come was to ride high in the circle of his out-of-the-harness activities. You can best note his recreational interests by saying, "Uncle Bud was a great fisherman," this being so true that the jacket of Dr. Chapman's biography carries a picture of the veteran preacher holding a string of fish.

Principally Uncle Bud was "a fisher of men," and his most characteristic pose was that of a soul-fisherman in the pulpit. But at every opportunity he "dropped a hook in the water." Speaking of the school of yellowtail through which their deep-sea trolling ran, he says, "They were simply beautiful. We caught four at the same time. Within ten seconds of each other our lines were pulled under and all hands began to whoop and yell and scream." And many a time thereafter during the next thirty-eight years these "whoops and yells and screams" went up when the preacher's "line was pulled under."

There were other items on the agenda of his interest in this meeting with and for Dr. Bresee. Here Bud met the people who "were to become my companions on the heavenly journey." He was not yet ready to unite with the Nazarenes, at the time belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, but his eyes were cast in that direction.

"Of course," he says, "I was on the log for some four or five years and finally the Holy Spirit pushed me off and I fell into the Church of the Nazarene." This falling "off the log into the church" came about on April 6, 1908. Henceforth Uncle Bud had found his people and in time he was to become "the world's best known and loved Nazarene."

He always spoke of the Nazarenes in the most glowing terms. For instance in writing about the Oakland, California, Nazarenes three weeks before he united with the denomination, he says, "They are red hot, snow white and sky blue." Speaking of the Southern California Nazarenes in a district assembly session, on April 21, 1910, he affirms that you cannot "beat them for clean faces, clean hearts, and clean lives, level heads, big souls, and good experiences."

"Well, with that old lion, Dr. P. F. Bresee, at the head of the work," he adds, "I don't wonder that they have souls that shine through their faces like sunshine after rain."

Again on June 19, nineteen years later, he declares, "If the Church of the Nazarene will keep red-hot second blessing holiness before this country and will wake up and pay God one-tenth of all their income there is no power on earth that can keep the church from sweeping the country like a forest fire."

In the same issue of the *Herald of Holiness* he pays tribute to the fine preachers who make up the denomination's leadership by declaring, "There may be some preachers that can beat the Nazarene boys

a-preaching and praying and doing the job but this old globe-trotter has never met them. As far as I can see they are simply world-beaters. When a preacher in almost any church gets red hot and as sweet as honey he tumbles in with the Nazarene boys and he fits the crowd just like a duck's foot fits the mud."

In amazement he stops on June 3, 1931, and reviews what the Nazarenes have been able to accomplish, and for all people to know, he writes, "The great Nazarene bunch are simply world beaters. I don't see how they have done up and down the land what they have done in the past few years. I want to stop and shout to see how God has this great movement mapped out in His mind."

At the same time he pauses to pay tribute to a very dear friend, popularly known as Daddy Riggs, then a ninety-year-old veteran preacher of New England. "Daddy Riggs is simply a sack of salt for the hungry sheep to lick at, and a pan of honey for the bees to sip honey from, and the old soldier is simply a gold mine above ground."

Down through the years this same glowing fellowship with the Nazarenes marked him wherever he went.

During these early years of coast-to-coast evangelism he found time to begin writing books, to which through the years he was to add many. In 1902 while at Peniel he wrote his first book, *Sunshine and Smiles*, and the Texas Holiness Advocate Company of the town brought out an edition of five thousand, which were sold that fall and winter. The

next spring he added some material to the book, and a second edition was published by the Christian Witness Company. This book was to prove his most popular, save doubtless for his booklet, *My Hospital Experience*. Several editions of his Sunshine book were sold, large parts of it being published in a number of languages, especially the Chinese, Japanese, and Spanish.

While working with Dr. Fowler and the Holiness Association folk in 1904, he put the finishing touches to a little book called *The King's Gold Mine*, discussing therein the conversion and sanctification of the disciples. A second book appeared that year, entitled, *Walking with God or the Devil, Which?*

Leaving Los Angeles and Dr. Bresee's work in June, 1904, Uncle Bud continued with Dr. Fowler and the National Holiness Association until fall, preaching regularly in camps and conventions, until he and Will Huff resumed their revivals together. For the next four years the team covered the nation in evangelistic campaigns, many of which were outstanding in results. During this time they crossed the nation often in their work, holding revivals wherever invitations were received as time and energy would permit.

During 1905-6 while engaged in extensive travels which took him deep into the South, to the West Coast for campaigns with various churches, far to the North and to the East, Uncle Bud found time to dictate his second large book, *A Pitcher of Cream*. Herein he gathers many of his unusual sayings, the pith of numerous sermons and the heart of those

unique messages which delighted the vast congregations gathering to hear him. Many of these lingered with him through the years and he often quoted them, such as:

“When a preacher smokes cigars, why does he draw the smoke down into his lungs? Why, he is trying to warm up his cold heart.”

“A wholly sanctified man is like a stalk of ribbon cane. He never heads out and he is full of juice from top to bottom and you can grind him at any season of the year and get sugar water.”

“My friend, if the devil can succeed in skimming the cream off of your religious experience, he will leave you with a bowl of clabber on your hands.”

“A man can lift a bigger load on his knees than he can on his feet, and carry it farther and hold out longer.”

“I am not able to give you a herd of cows,” he says in introducing his theme, A Pitcher of Cream, “but bless the Lord I am able to give a pitcher of cream. Cream is to milk just what perfect love is to religion.”

“A man wholly sanctified is as bold as a lion. He is as patient as an ox. He endures hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He is as swift as an eagle, he just touches the earth in the high places and builds his nest on the Rock of Ages. He is as wise as a serpent; he shuns the very appearance of evil. He is as gentle as a lamb. He is as harmless as a dove . . . clean inside and out and never strikes back with tongue or pen. He is as sweet as honey.

If you were to stick your walking stick between his ribs, it would drip honey for a week."

Back and forth he and Will Huff covered the nation, his fame steadily increasing, and his calls becoming more numerous. His weekly column in Dr. Morrison's paper, for which he was paid, made reading friends among those to whom he could not preach directly. The same was true of Dr. McConnell's Peniel-published paper as well as of the *Christian Witness*. His witty sayings, the beauty of the truth which often he proclaimed dug deep into the minds of the American holiness people.

Bud was no hesitant proclaimer of the truth, rather a bold assailant of error and evil wherever he found it. His "know-so" salvation, to him a vital personal experience, gave him no time for a debilitated, "I-guess" message by pen or mouth.

"We are redeemed by His blood," he proclaims in his 1905-6 book. "We have our sins forgiven through His blood. We are justified through His blood. We are washed through His blood. We enter His church through His blood. We are cleansed by His blood. We enter into the holiest by His blood. We are elected by His blood. We are sanctified by His blood. We overcome the devil through His blood. We join the blood-washed army through His blood."

It was this triumphant note, this depth of truth upon which his popularity and fame rested, and not merely on his witticisms in the pulpit. Dig beneath his lisp, go behind the scenes of those attractive and easily remembered gems of literary unique-

ness, and you find Moody's simple, yet dominant and powerful proclamation of the gospel themes. Herein, plus his immediate knowledge of redemption, is the source of his power in swaying men.

Early in the spring of 1908, he worked again with Dr. Bresee, learning as he closed a great revival with the Los Angeles congregation that the doctor contemplated an Eastern preaching trip. Watching the Nazarenes on the West Coast as they flourished under Bresee's tutelage, Uncle Bud's tottering on the log of indecision, as he expressed it, was about over. So he invited Dr. Bresee to stop at Peniel and organize a Nazarene church in the college town.

"He asked me how many I thought would come in," Bud writes of the event. "I told him I thought there would be a number, but I knew for sure there would be one, for he could take me in. He said that would be worth the trip."

Arriving in the community early in April, Dr. Bresee preached until the first Sunday of the month, and on Sunday night, April 6, he organized the first Church of the Nazarene in the state of Texas, Uncle Buddie being a charter member. Already Dr. C. B. Jernigan, a Texas pioneer in whose religious bones not a drop of indolent or idle blood flowed, had brought together some thirty congregations in the Holiness Church of Christ. But this Peniel Church of the Nazarene with its one hundred and three members was easily the outstanding congregation among the group.

Henceforth Uncle Bud's future was bound up with that of the young and violently growing church.

Those were pioneer days, and while the new organization was not large enough to demand the bulk of Bud's evangelism, still he gave unstintingly to its promulgation. Later when the denomination was large enough, ninety-five per cent of his efforts and time were devoted to work among the Nazarene brethren.

In 1908 the gospelizing team of Robinson and Huff came to an end, each going his own pulpitering way. Will's power and eloquence had helped to open America to Bud's ministry. Uncle Bud watched with great interest the growth of the Church of the Nazarene, whether preaching or writing. Immediately after joining fellowship with the Nazarenes, he began working on his *Story of Lazarus*, published in 1909.

Between his revivals, his weekly columns in the various papers to which he contributed, and his book writings, he found time to attend the General Assemblies held by his growing denomination. At Pilot Point, Texas, 1908, when the union of the various groups took place resulting in the final form of the Church of the Nazarene, Uncle Bud's influence was felt. In 1911 at the Nashville Assembly, when plans were made to "invade the Southland" as he says, his power to smooth away friction spots was evident when he was the preacher at the Sunday afternoon service.

In the message, he told how he looked at God's fine gospel chariot as it rode triumphant across the nations. Search as he would, so he affirmed, he could find no place for which his abilities were

suited, all others being so much better equipped for these services than he. Finally, as Dr. Chapman says, he noted the need of axle grease, and Bud cried out to the Lord:

“O Lord, let me be the axle grease to make the chariot run smoothly.”

God in return, so the speaker said, nodded His sanction.

Dr. Chapman notes that during the following week the assembly affairs were less friction-bound, and the problems were smoothed out with not quite so much expenditure of wordage or volubility from the brethren demanding the floor.

With the new denomination well under way, Uncle Bud left the Nashville General Assembly and launched into his revival campaigns with a new interest. The first meeting, assisted by W. G. Yates, was for Howard Eckel, the father of the noted Will Eckel, serving for many years as missionary to Japan. Besides being pastor of the Louisville, Kentucky, Church of the Nazarene, Brother Eckel was officiating as district superintendent of Kentucky and Tennessee. The Louisville meeting, owned of the Lord, launched Buddie upon a long stretch of campaigns, wherein he wintered in Florida.

During that winter and the spring of 1912, his mind began to dig into the beautiful story of Bible mountain peaks. He searched the Bible for the various God-blessed mountain-top events, and while preaching, campaigning “up and down the face of America,” he could not get those mountains out of his mind. It might have been this mountain-read-

ing influence, or the salubrious Florida atmosphere, that caused Bud's mind to want to combine the two in a new home. Anyway, when 1912 came marching in, Uncle Bud was ready to move from Peniel.

Selling his Peniel home—almost in the category of a voluminous house because of its spread-out and numerous rooms—he bagged his family and belongings and moved to Pasadena, California, where he built a very beautiful and spacious home. Directly above him was Dr. Bresee's not-too-long-ago-founded Pasadena College, and Bud's view sweeping from there on raced to the mile-high mountains that rim Pasadena and Southern California. This henceforth was his home until he exchanged California's view and sunshine, along with his Bresee Avenue house, for a mansion in the sky.

Honey in the Rock

The physical vitality required to carry on the strenuous preaching career of Uncle Bud has doubtless been unmatched by any during the modern era of Christian activity. Had he been endowed with a strong physique, free from physical impedimenta, the marvel would have been less great. God handicapped him, so it would seem, with a broken body, that he might the more depend on a constant spiritual revitalization of his powers to perform the daily preaching feats.

One source of this vitality and driving urge was a mighty vision, received doubtless early in his ministerial work. Writing in 1928, he refers to having seen the vision "thirty or forty years ago." This seems to have come during his Georgetown residence, when one day he looked with spiritual eyes and before him was a black stream of people being carried over the precipice to destruction.

With God's voice commanding, he leaped into the muddy stream to pull to safety those whom he could. Time and again he returned to the banks with those he rescued. When his energy waned, his spirit weakened, his powers lost their urging vitality, he would look and before his eyes the masses were being swept on to destruction. God would lift again the tide of his energy, and once more the

preacher returned to the muddy waters that he might rescue another soul.

"I couldn't imagine," he says in describing the scene, "where such a flood of muddy water had come from, but when it came nearer, instead of being the roar of water it was shrieks and wails and groans, and to my surprise the Lord showed me that the valley was full of precious, immortal souls, rolling just like black, muddy water. . . . I could see them disappearing and there was a gulf that looked to be thousands of miles in every direction, a chasm without bottom. Then I saw that the river of immortal souls was going over that awful precipice into that chasm."

Leaping into the waters, he envisioned himself dragging them out to the mountain peak where he was standing. They were the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld.

"And when I laid them down they rose up, the most beautiful creatures . . . robed in white. I didn't stop, but ran back and gathered my arms full again and brought them out and laid them down and they rose up like the others and looked like angels."

Becoming hungry and thirsty, he never stopped, until at length he was completely exhausted, but his spirit swelled with a tide of vitality as the vision held. Once more he returned to the foul waters to rescue yet another group of these souls going into eternity via the muddy stream.

"I lay down on the mountainside, and there gathered around me tens of thousands of the most beauti-

ful creatures that my eyes had ever beheld. They were the souls that I had dragged out of the muddy waters. They sang the most beautiful song I had ever heard and while they were singing and rejoicing it seemed to me like the Lord drew near and said, 'Your day's work is done.' "

Sleeping after the vision had left him, he awoke refreshed, the scene so powerful on memory's screen and so emblazoned on his mind, that for "thirty or forty years it lingered with me." Years later when he wanted to quit, the vision rose before him, and he cried out, "Lord, I must run into the muddy stream and drag out one more armload."

Dr. Chapman, referring to this vitality, this driving force, says, "There are scores of ministers who traveled with him on tours for ten days, two weeks, and a few that have attempted a thirty-day period. At his pace, more than one began to feel a nervous breakdown coming on, but he seemed to be just 'kept rolling along.' "

It was the spiritual vitality of this vision that "kept rolling him along." God swept him up and down the nation, driving him back into the muddy stream to redeem a few more souls. Year by year this pace kept up, until it seemed there was no end. The calls for his services became so varied, so numerous as well that he could easily have employed a dozen "Buds" to have filled them. Yet God held him true to the vision.

He was now on the last lap of his second twenty years of service. The first twenty were spent in obscurity, when he was the growing cowboy preacher

with his famous lisp, the witticisms that sprang full-grown from his Cumberland background. But when he moved to Peniel around the break of the century, he began the second twenty years of his ministerial career not a lisping novice, but a seasoned veteran, for whose pulpit ministrations America sent a clamor of demand.

His calls increased, his services widened and deepened, the extent of his popularity spread until when he moved to Pasadena in 1912, few men in the American pulpit were so in demand as he.

By the spring of 'thirteen, he was back again in Florida with W. B. Yates as traveling companion, having covered intermediary stops with his evangelism. Easter found him in Meridian, Mississippi, where, laboring with the Beeson brothers, his preaching mate in the pulpit was Joseph H. Smith, famed for decades as the leader of the Interdenominational Holiness Association, the mantle of which fell upon him from Dr. Fowler. During this two weeks' campaign "there were over two hundred and fifty in the altar."

"Beloved, those were great days in the holiness movement," he writes. "If the holiness movement could have been received by the people called Methodists, I believe that hundreds of thousands would have been saved and sanctified that will be lost forever. In those days when people were driven out of the church for the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification they naturally had to go to schoolhouses, brush arbors, old storehouses, court-houses and under old gospel tents, but thank God

for the tens of thousands that I have seen go down crying and come up flying, washed in the beautiful stream."

During this year of strenuous evangelism *Mountain Peaks of the Bible* was followed from the press by his *Honey in the Rock*, brought out by God's Revivalist Publishing Company. He prefaced the book thus:

"... It is just what its name indicates—honey in the rock . . . there are no dead bees in the book. Every bee is a working bee. . . . As I wrote, the Lord and the devil know that my bees swarmed a number of times, but for every swarm of bees I found a hundred acres of redtop clover, and I want you to have one old, fat bee gum full of honey in the backyard of your soul that you have not robbed this summer, and in case of emergency, you can rob your bees."

This book as its immediate predecessor is composed of the sermons which he daily preached during this period, and the multitudes who heard him eagerly purchased the volume by the tens of thousands. While the messages lack the fire of his personality, much of his wit and all of his famous lisp, the essence of his sermons remains and gives a vivid picture of Uncle Bud in his pulpit work.

By 1914 his popularity had so increased that he turned down almost a thousand preaching calls, accepting enough to fill his slate of engagements for the next three years. During this time Malden, Massachusetts, called him for a great holiness convention to meet the following spring, and on the urge of Dr. C. J. Fowler, he accepted the invitation.

"I worked through Kentucky," he says, in delineating his preaching tour which took him to the eastern convention, "and Tennessee during the latter part of the winter and early spring. By March I had reached Columbus, Ohio. . . . During this meeting of a month we had over five hundred at the altar. We took in twice as many members (Nazarene) as we had, and the offerings came up and overflowed everything."

Stopping at Marion, Ohio, for a couple of preaching nights, he rushed on to New England where God was to give him a mighty sweep among the holiness people, and especially the Nazarenes, who met in district assembly at the Malden church during the last week of the revival. Here he labored with the beloved General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds, presiding over the New England District sessions.

During this time he watched Nazarene church history in the making, for until then the denominational name included the term "Pentecostal," but at this assembly the District memorialized the coming General Assembly to drop the word "Pentecostal" and make the name the Church of the Nazarene, as Dr. Bresee had originally called the western branch of the denomination. The name change, however, did not come about at the 1915 Assembly, rather four years later, at the General Assembly meeting in Kansas City the name of the denomination officially became Church of the Nazarene.

So great his labors, so extensive and widespread his preaching engagements following this New England tour that he says in his book, *My Life Story*,

"I suppose if I were to try to describe every meeting that I held, it would make this book entirely too large." He does mention, however, the fact that during the summer he labored in seven great national camp meetings, holding camps right up until the General Assembly, "and then after that I went on with my work as before."

Uncle Bud at this time had four years to go to complete the second twenty years of his ministry. Rather than being lighter, these four, so he says were "as hard years as I have gone through in my life." Checking his record book for 1916 alone one finds that he preached about five hundred times with approximately five thousand souls at the altar. And his mileage, while not spectacular in light of speedier airplane and faster train travel marking today, measured around the twenty-five thousand point.

He was in the heart of this "holiness move" as he termed it, where he had a grandstand seat from which vantage point to see the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification in action. During the course of each year or so, his ministry took in the leading centers of holiness people. Years earlier, he had gotten the "holiness move" into him, and determined that henceforth these were his people.

"There are scenes at the altar that people in the twentieth century only see at a real holiness meeting," he wrote on January 23, 1908. "Well, with all our drawbacks, mistakes and blunders, the Holiness outfit is the only living, moving religious 'move' in the world that I know anything about.

“ . . . I got into the Holiness Move by getting the Holiness Move into me.

“ . . . I have heard some people telling what they had to give up to get into the Holiness Move. I had nothing on earth to give up. Every step I have taken has been up-grade.

“ . . . Getting into the Holiness Move brought me in living touch with the greatest men and women on earth.”

It was these “greatest men and women on earth” who made up his following, and who clamored for his services. This clamor arose to such heights during the years from 1916 to 1919 that as he expressed it, “I almost wore myself to a frazzle.” These four years, when completed, were to mark a decided turn in his career. Here he reached a definite climax, when God was to set him aside, open the vistas of heaven via another mind-enhancing vision that he might behold God’s infinite glory and beholding, thereby be enabled to carry on for another two decades.

When summer of 1916 came, Uncle Bud found himself pulpit-matched with L. Milton Williams, a fiery, thunderous evangelist, for a camp meeting at Alexandria, Indiana. There was nothing small about Williams, as there was nothing puny about Uncle Bud’s gospel messages. At this camp they decided to purchase a big tent and form the Williams-Robinson Evangelistic Party with suited workers to assist them. The vision was large and one worthy of Uncle Bud’s capacities to carry heavy loads.

Throughout summer and fall both evangelists were busy raising thousands of dollars to finance the venture, and when spring of the following year came, they were ready to launch the first campaign at Arkansas City, Kansas, with a party of workers second to none in the holiness ranks. To finance the group, buy the tent, and advertise the first revival, Uncle Bud covered America during late 1916 and early 1917, touching such distant points as: Tennessee, California, Kansas, Virginia, Maryland, Indiana, Washington, Oregon, and Iowa. His revival "jumps" were in the order given.

With the Big Tent party Uncle Bud was to moderate his traveling tempo, remaining longer in each place than previously. Arkansas City was the "warming up" spot for the group, which included such workers as Kenneth and Eunice Wells, trombonist and pianist, Lou Jane Hatch, violinist, Milton Mosch, cornetist. John Moore shortly was added to lead the singing, which initiated for him an almost unmatched career as a song evangelist.

It was during the second campaign, held in Oklahoma City, that Uncle Bud was able to win Virginia Shaffer, a professional opera singer, to Christ. Miss Shaffer at the time was filling an engagement which the famous Madame Schumann-Heink was unable to meet. During the campaign she went to the tent, and hearing Uncle Bud was moved to kneel at the altar when the invitation was given. Immediately she gave up her operatic career, and joined the evangelistic party as soloist.

For eighteen months the party traveled the south and midwest in campaigns, which were greatly blessed with huge crowds and numerous seekers at the altar. Stephan Williams directed publicity and arranged for the various city-wide meetings, while William Hipple and wife looked after the dining hall.

Doubtless the outstanding campaign was held at San Antonio, Texas, during late 1917 and 1918, where they were ably assisted by Henry Wallin, then pastor of the city's First Church of the Nazarene. During those World War I years large numbers of soldiers were congregated in San Antonio for training, hospitalization, and dispersal to the war theaters, and large crowds of them filled the tent to overflowing. Uncle Bud and his co-workers were able to win many of them to Christ as they faced the inevitabilities of war.

Tent and workers moved from San Antonio in late March, 1918, after an enviable salvation record, to Austin, Texas, where with a small group of Nazarenes as assistants the successes of previous campaigns were duplicated. Shipping the canvas to Des Moines, Iowa, for a July opening, Uncle Bud gave the intervening time to various locales, such as his old home-town Peniel; Arlington, Texas, with J. B. Upchurch, well-known Texas social worker who had salvaged many straying girls through his Berachah Home; California; and, finally, Bloomington, Iowa, where Professor Moore joined him as song evangelist.

The big tent proved a liability as to upkeep of the huge canvas, but through the 1918 summer, under the stress of war, Uncle Bud and Dr. Williams kept the salvation story ringing through sermon and song under its canopy. Shipping it to Hammond, Indiana, for a late July and August campaign, the workers were to see it pitched for a final meeting in September at Buffton, Indiana, where Clyde Greene was the able Nazarene pastor.

"We closed up there the last Sunday of September and stored the big tent," Uncle Bud tells us, a longing for those grand tent days in his voice. "That was the last campaign we ever had under the big brown tent. At the close of this meeting the workers disbanded and all went to their homes."

After a Nampa, Idaho, campaign, Uncle Bud entrained for Pasadena, only to take the dreaded flu which was sweeping the country during the fall of 1918. For three months he was forced into gospel idleness, during which time his soul longed for the familiar sight of a "sea of faces before him, a pulpit to pound and 'big guns' behind on the platform."

Only a few more months remained until the lisp-ing pulpiteer would face the "rock" upon which he was to be smashed, and a God-directed bend in his career. He had preached about honey in the rock, and told others, "When God smashes you up, just reach into the rock on which you were wrecked and find a bee gum of honey." Soon he was to test his honey-finding theory.

He launched into early 1919 with Dr. A. O. Hendricks and his First Nazarene Church, Los An-

geles, where many years earlier he had labored so successfully under the able leadership of Dr. P. F. Bresee, by now called to his heavenly home. With Johnny Moore, as he lovingly called the song leader, in charge of his revival music, the veteran preacher answered local Southern California calls, which to him was then "home territory," and told native sons and adopted Californians alike of the glorious work of Christ. He touched during this season Pomona, Holtville, where big-named Nazarene preachers such as B. F. Neely, I. M. Ellis, and others were busy doing a little preaching and a lot of cotton raising, and dropped back to his home church at Pasadena, then master-minded by that able pastor Rev. C. E. Cornell, who was "the first man alive to pay me for writing," as Uncle Bud stories it.

"And the people came," he says of this Pasadena meeting, "until the police put them out."

God used a day's convention at the First Methodist Church, Los Angeles, as a means for Uncle Bud to tell on request of the pastor, Bishop Locke, about "the conversion of the disciples before the day of Pentecost." At the close of that meeting, Uncle Bud tells us, "I was called to twenty-five churches in and around Los Angeles but I couldn't go to any of them." One preacher told this holiness evangelist that "it will take me a month to get my theology straightened out as a result of your sermon."

His soul at this time was marked with glorious victory, his messages on holiness, his favorite theme, were especially crowned with altar scenes long remembered as his best. He was at the height of his

career, his popularity never more fanfared, his calls for service never more numerous. The last day of May, 1919, found him in San Francisco, where with Rev. C. E. Cornell, and Dr. D. Shelby Corlett—now editor of the *Herald of Holiness*, but then a young preacher fresh from the French battlefields where he had been severely wounded—he held a revival for the First Church of the Nazarene.

A feeling swept through the regions of his soul that some untoward event was in the offing. For thirty hours, running into June 1, he fasted and prayed. Preacher Cornell noticed the alteration of face and voice, upswing of soul normally marking him, and asked, "Have you received any bad news?"

"My heart was overflowing with the love of Jesus," he affirms, "but my friends seemed to think I must be sick or something ailed me."

During the Sunday morning service, when Cornell preached a beautiful sermon, a strange feeling gloomed his soul, and at the afternoon service Uncle Bud brought a helpful message on "Scriptural Holiness," his favorite theme, then returned to his room to fast and pray.

"Such a strange feeling came over me, that I was afraid to go to church, but I told the Lord that I was his man and if I was going to die or anything was going to happen to me He knew I was His man from my hat to my heels, and if I died on my way to church I would get into heaven before my heels got cold."

Arriving at the church without accident or other mishap, mental or physical, he listened to Cornell sermonize on a salvation theme, which enabled him to fill the altar with seekers. Uncle Bud remained to pray for the seekers, and encourage them in their spiritual quest. At ten o'clock he started to his room just three blocks away, when out in the street he found himself jammed in between flaming headlighted automobiles and a racing streetcar. Leaping whichever way his automatized physical reactions told him, he tried to escape the streetcar's on-rushing mania, only to be struck by a huge automobile "in a hurry to get somewhere and wait," as Will Rogers uniquely expressed it.

This is it, something told him as the car struck his body, hurling him ten feet into the air, and when he landed thirty feet away, his mind leaped back into consciousness to feel his bones crushed and torn. Not then but much later a scripture crept into his mind, which at the moment meant little to him, but in the coming pain-tossed days in the hospital was to be revealed:

But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened to me, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel.

This was plainly the Voice, the divine Voice speaking to his soul, telling him that out of the pain would come glory, out of the rock would flow honey, a bee gum that he could rob for others.

Consciousness fled when taking that free sky-ride, but returned on landing, and a man and woman were standing over him berating themselves

for "having killed you." Uncle Bud told them he was far from dead, and shortly an ambulance took him to the city Emergency Hospital.

"My left arm was pulled bottom-upwards, and the bone broken about an inch and a half below the joints, and the bone running down to the elbow was split. My right arm was broken just below the shoulder, and so badly slivered that a number of pieces of the bone went out into the muscle, and the long end of the bone was driven right through the muscle . . . and the bone came on over and stuck through my coat and into my chest. . . . My left knee was smashed and my left leg was broken and my left ankle was pulled apart and the foot turned around in the joint."

Later at the hospital where a famous agnostic doctor took his case, Cornell and friends rushed to his assistance, and Dr. Cornell wired the holiness papers, *Herald of Holiness*, *Christian Witness*, *Pentecostal Herald*, and *God's Revivalist*. The nation to whom Uncle Bud had preached for forty years responded with cash in abundance, flowers innumerable, and telegrams by the "basketsfull" and letters beyond number, and their prayers as well.

"And let me say right here," Uncle Bud related later when telling the story which he called *My Hospital Experience*, "that it was the prayers of God's faithful children in this land that enabled me to pull through and come out again a well man. God gave me some opportunities to testify to Him that I could never have had if I had not been smashed. . . . There is no way I can ever express to

my friends the love and gratitude I feel in my heart for everyone of them. Bless God, they are the aristocracy of the skies. In my case they were sky-openers and fire-pullers, sin-killers and devil-drivers, and some sweet day I expect to sit down on the bank of the River of Life with everyone of them."

Two or three days later—doubtless the golden thread that bound the smash-up to God's providence—the vision was born. As his early ministry began with a vision so his later ministry was inspired by one. During the first he glimpsed lost souls, a muddy stream on their way to perdition and gave himself unstintingly to rescuing them. This latter vision was to be themed around the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, the singing angels and the Lord himself.

"About the second or third day after my smash-up," he told across the nation when able to preach once more, "while I was near the gates of death, the angels of heaven came one day for me and carried me to heaven. I suppose this would be called a vision, yet to me it was as real and as beautiful as it will be when I go up. I was carried to the gates of heaven and no mortal man can describe the scenery of that city."

The gates of pearl, jasper walls and golden streets, he affirmed, were as real as the brick and mortar of any American city which he had seen. "Heaven was as real to me," he says, "as San Francisco, Chicago, or any other American city."

He was allowed in this vision to go throughout the City of God, where there were millions and

millions of angels, "and they were more beautiful than I had ever imagined an angel could be . . . but they were not so beautiful as the redeemed saints."

"They were whiter than the driven snow (the saints). And while I beheld the saints, the great organs of heaven began to play. It was so beautiful that there is not a sinner in the world but what, if he could hear the music of that world, he would give his heart to God on the spot."

When heaven pealed with the organ music, the multiplied millions of redeemed saints, so Uncle Bud's vision painted them, arose "and began to sing in the most beautiful tones of voice . . . an old hymn that I hadn't heard for some years, 'Companionship with Jesus, Oh, How Sweet.'"

And while they lifted the anthem, "it seemed that all heaven rejoiced, and the angels stood still as the saints sang . . . and Jesus came out of the multitude with shining faces and stood before me, and began talking with me."

What a wonderful moment, in memory, that became to Mrs. Robinson's lisping, bone-broken, heart-tortured son of the pulpit, who had been "washed in Jesus' redeeming blood!"

"It was worth all the suffering that I have ever done . . . to have made that trip to heaven and to have Jesus come and look me over and talk with me. My robe seemed whiter than the snow . . . and glittered with something like snow, mingled with gold."

While there in the heavenly city, Dr. Cornell and Dr. A. O. Hendricks, long friends of Uncle Bud, came

and stood by his side, and "God allowed me to see their glorified bodies . . . and Jesus seemed so well pleased with them while they stood by me as He talked with me and smiled in my face."

The vision held for some time, when Uncle Bud visited the glorious scenes about which he had preached so long and often. He reveled in the white-robed saints, no less than in the angels of heaven, but most of all in the Master's presence. At length the Light of the City, Christ himself, began to speak with Bud.

"After Jesus had talked with me for awhile, He sent me back to this world to tell the people how He loves them, and wants to save all sinners and sanctify every believer and so purify their hearts that they can come and live with Him forever in His beautiful home, and the angels seemed to gather me up somehow and brought me back to this world."

When Uncle Bud was pulpitering again, he said that what the vision meant no one could tell, "but God had an object in view in the whole thing, and I was so thankful when I got back that I could go out and tell the world once more that I had made the trip. While I live and keep my mind it is my business now to try to tell the dying world and a hungry church that Jesus can do all the Bible says He can."

Once out of the hospital and back at work months later, the heavenly vision held, and Uncle Bud could partially see the revealed purpose of God in the accident. His career was mellowed, his message took on a new depth, and he became more

beloved by the church than before. There were yet another twenty years of service or more which were inspired by this heavenly vision of the Master and the glories to which God's redeemed saints are entitled.

God granted him six decades of service, four of which were inspired and prompted by the sight of lost souls "being swept over the rock of perdition," and the last two which were energized, ennobled, and soul-driven by a vision of the City Beautiful. The lingering melody of those heavenly singers became a memory which enswathed his latter day services, until he should join his voice with the vast multitude of saints, whose anthem daily rings through heaven's corridors.

With Bud on the Firing Line

When Uncle Bud had found the honey in the rock through his hospital vision of the heavenly city, broken bones and torn flesh could not long chain him to a bed of inactivity. Like a miracle of healing, bones mended, twisted limbs straightened, and pure blood coursing through his veins pumped strength back into his wrecked body.

The vision held as calls came for his services until by late fall, 1919, he could no longer play the part of an invalid, and he accepted Dr. W. G. Schurman's invitation to convention with his Chicago Nazarene Church. From the beginning service, the glory of the Lord was upon speaker and church, when with a new theme Bud began telling about "My Hospital Experience."

"There is no man living," he says of that convention, "who can describe the scene that took place at the altar. The people came from every part of the great church; I have never heard such wailing in my life."

Though not at his physical best, the evangelist finished the year with his old friends in a coast-to-coast series of holiness conventions and rallies with such co-workers as the eloquent speakers Gouthey, Huff, and the holiness Bible exegete C. W. Ruth. Topping the gospel diet were Kenneth and Eunice

Wells serving as musicians. When the group reached Brother Ruth's old home town of Perkasio, a group of Pennsylvania Dutchmen drove for miles to hear the warrior tell "that God had turned a hogshead of honey into his soul and the honey was oozing out between his ribs and that he had just cut a bee tree and the bees had already swarmed once that day." He told the Dutch congregation much to their delight, as he relates it, "that he could turn a somersault in the big dipper and shave the man in the moon and cut off his hair and hang his coat on the seven stars and put his tie and collar on a flying meteor and march up the milkmaid's path to the New Jerusalem."

With this 1919 tour his spiritual vitality seemed to have taken on an upsurge, which drove him to greater endeavors. He had visited the heavenly city through his hospital vision and he was not content with mediocre activities in telling the nation about the glories there revealed to him. Back toward the West Coast he raced in conventions, touching such places as Baltimore, Cincinnati, Lansing, Indianapolis, Denver, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, and down to his home territory Southern California.

The backswing took him again across the nation on the more southerly route, where he shouted and sang the praises of the heavenly city. The holiness people of all denominations, having prayed for his healing, now flocked to hear him tell of the miracle which the vision had wrought in soul and body. The convention tour closed on April 1, 1920,

when Uncle Bud had spent five months in two and three services a day. He had been "wound up, sent out to shout and shine and all he had to do was unwind" with his gospel message of redemption through Christ.

As he neared Hubbard City, Texas, he could not resist the temptation to visit his eighty-seven-year-old mother. A niece, Eula Hammers, took Bud and Mother Robinson to visit many of the old timers who "forty years before listened to me preach, when I was a mere boy preacher struggling to get started in the ministry."

Those were blessed hours spent with his mother, when together they sang old hymns and prayed and shouted over past victories. "The trip lingers with me," he wrote a few years later. "That was the last time I ever looked on my beautiful, old mother's face. The morning I left her, I will never forget. Mother and I sang and quoted scripture and shouted together. After reading and praying together and having a shouting spell I had to tell mother good-by. The last time I saw her she was standing in the yard, waving her hand and shouting at me just as loud as she could whoop. The next time that I see her will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

The following November, 1921, when Bud was reviving in Henryetta, Oklahoma, Mother Robinson lay on her deathbed, and someone asked, "Why not send for Bud?" The saint, soon to enter the city which her son had visited via a vision, replied, "Children, don't you know Buddie is in a meeting,

and what if he should come to see me go up and get my crown and a dozen souls should be lost?"

In the Oklahoma church that night, when Mother Robinson's Buddie gave the altar call, a dozen did bow at the mourner's bench to yield their lives to the Master, and the dying saint slipped to be with her Lord. An hour after the service a telephone message told the preacher that his mother had triumphed her entry into the City Celestial. A few days later, when Bud went to Hubbard City to be with the grieving relatives, he could not go out to the cemetery.

"For I knew that Mother was not there," he tells us, his faith strong in the resurrection. "I left Hubbard City, and headed for the City in the skies."

The years '22 and '23 found the "globe trotter," as he refers to himself, racing back and forth across the nation by long gospel leaps and short salvation jumps. He was never idle, and everywhere the people called for his "Hospital Experience." He wrote it in a booklet, a hundred and fifty thousand people buying it to spread the story around the world. High lights as well as skylights came when he campaigned with big-named holiness preachers of the various groups and denominations, knowing neither sect nor tradition but laboring with all the people who "followed the Wesleyan doctrine of full salvation."

His, however, was not a narrow evangelism, to be confined to one group bearing a single gospel trade name. All peoples, and more than a third of all organized denominations in America, whatever their

name or mark, their distinctive sign or belief, called Uncle Bud during these active years to speak in their churches. His record book shows at least seventy different denominations with whom he had served.

If one should ask, during these years, "Where is Uncle Bud now?" the only possible answer would be, "Like the proverbial flea, he is here, there, and everywhere." One week, for instance, he visited the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, and shortly thereafter he was speaking to the students of Pasadena College, or sitting on the Asbury platform listening to Dr. H. C. Morrison introduce him to the college group.

Put a pin in the map of America wherever you will, and if Uncle Bud was not in the city at that instant, he had either just been there, or was shortly slated to convention with the full-salvation people therein. He was on the gospel firing line and content only when to the full measure of ability and strength, as energized by the Holy Spirit, he was active with the troops of the Lord.

You would find him laboring with the eloquent former Quaker preacher Charles Babcock, or pulpitering time about with Dr. R. T. Williams, popular general superintendent of the Nazarenes, or campaigning with the veteran speaker Dr. John Goodwin, known wherever the banner of Nazareneism had been unfurled as a gospel champion. He loved the young, though white-haired, Harry Macrory, pastor who "put Akron, Ohio, on the Nazarene map."

He trailed about with Nazarene district superintendents, then in their eldership's swaddling clothes, who today are listed as veterans in this field of church endeavor with a quarter-century, or near thereat, of this type of church marshaling to their credit.

Bud's present company with him was better than all others. One week topping his list as "the heftiest and finest superintendent" would be A. E. Sanner, then a long time to go before being honored with the sobriquet of "doctor." The following week or month Charlie Davis, Rocky Mountain pioneer superintendent, and wife Florence "were the salt of the earth for the hungry sheep to lick at, a bee gum for the people to rob of honey." E. O. Chalfant, cutting Nazarene trails in Illinois and thereabouts, along with semi-blind U. E. Harding, digging deep paths in Indiana, came in for their blessings and tributes, along with dozens of others then well known but today buried in the accumulation of Nazarene dust.

Racing back and forth as he did across the nation he became a genial good-will ambassador to the colleges and institutions of the church. Many are the times that Uncle Bud's path crossed that of Dr. H. Orton Wiley, today's veteran college president among his Nazarene brethren, but then just a brilliant schoolman with most of his fame and future to make.

By the time the Nazarene General Assembly met in Kansas City, 1923, Bud Robinson had taken on, as Dr. Chapman expresses it, something of the na-

ture of a national institution. His fame had so increased that to announce "Uncle Buddie will be present" was sufficient notice to assure a large congregation at camp meeting or church. All of his important books, save his autobiographical sketch, *My Life's Story*, had already been written. Other minor books were to come from his fertile pen, but with the exception of *My Trip to Palestine*, they were to add little, if anything, to his writing fame or increase the tempo of the national clamor for his services.

As a revivalist Bud's fame was assured, and already made. He was fast becoming America's most quoted preacher, and many of his pulpiteering contemporaries pinned the attention of their audiences more tightly to their own harangues by affirming, "Uncle Buddie said. . . ." He had attained the full stature of his powers, and had he died before the above noted assembly's convocation, his fame and place in American pulpit annals would have been certain. He had already done more than most preachers in their full ministerial career, though his was but two-thirds completed.

Outside of the "district tours" for which he became famous among his church brethren, he was to add little to his distinctive work already achieved. The Church of the Nazarene by this time had grown so rapidly from a meager beginning with less than five thousand members when he united with it that he was to find an important place as "an overlord" district superintendent, or as a "special" dis-

trict superintendent, whose field was the entire course of the denomination.

Later, if you had asked Uncle Bud if he were a district superintendent, his affirmation would have been no, and he could have declared in no uncertain terms, "I am a General." He went so far once, according to his own testimony, to license a young preacher, writing the credentials out in his own hand. Dr. H. F. Reynolds, then an active general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, laughed congenially when Uncle Bud told him of the plight of a young preacher, who without a license was to start a revival meeting "that night" and appealing to the revivalist, he wrote him out a license to preach.

Early in 1922 Uncle Bud started his famous "Good Samaritan Chats" in the *Herald of Holiness*, then a struggling denominational paper with its brilliant future yet before it. He lived to see the time when the *Herald of Holiness* surpassed most denominational publications in America with the size of its subscription list. Looking back over the *Herald's* startling growth, Uncle Bud could say, "I helped to do it." This is the story:

During the 1923 Nazarene General Assembly some national leaders and others, whose only title to renown was found in the fact that they were members of the august convocation, spoke with weighty arguments which often became bombastic tirades about changing the name of the *Herald of Holiness*. When the issue had been orally baked on both sides,

Uncle Bud, somewhat of a national voice, arose and said:

“ . . . If anyone is likely to think that this change in name indicates a loss of emphasis on the doctrine and experience of holiness, then I am against it. Let's keep the name, *Herald of Holiness*, and go out from here to boost the paper and take subscriptions for it. I will agree to get 1,000 subscriptions for the paper every year myself for the next four years, and I will get them for the *Herald of Holiness*.”

Others quickly followed his lead with promises to obtain subscriptions to the paper under its present name and title. Little else need be said then for or against changing the name of the publication, for Uncle Bud had spoken.

What a famous subscription getting record his was to become. During the next two decades from 1923 to 1942, he sent in 53,000 subscriptions to the *Herald of Holiness*. Doubtless no other man of the Christian centuries matched this distinctive record in directly obtaining subscriptions for a religious publication. At least no one has ever challenged the statement that Bud Robinson stands supreme in this field.

The *Herald* henceforth became his second text. Thousands of times he said, “I have two texts, Holiness and the *Herald of Holiness*.” It was this publication which gave him a national throne, and caused him to become a denominational voice. For through his “Good Samaritan Chats” he revealed, as no other man, his day by day record of God's dealing with his own soul and his affairs with the brethren.

Others read him while they by-passed weighty editorials on theological themes, or florid articles done by a would-be writer who mistook livid sunsets and imaginative mental gymnastics for literary excellence marked with simplicity.

The *Herald of Holiness* became his throne through which he voiced sentiment, appeal, and flattery on a national scale. He ate enough "southern biscuits and fried chicken" through his twenty-year career with the "Good Samaritan Chats" to feed one of Europe's minor nations during the current famine siege. And each biscuit was the "best I ever tasted. The first bite it became a half moon, and on the second it was a total eclipse." The last cook was always the best, as also was the last preacher. Going through this autobiographical memorabilia there are literally hundreds who "are bee gums with honey oozing out between their ribs."

There is little wonder, so great his love for the *Herald*, that while waiting for his mortal sun to set Uncle Bud cried out, "If I die, who will get subscriptions for the paper?" and on his deathbed asked, "What will become of the paper?"

Year by year through his weekly column many of his unique sayings appear, as when after hearing Williams Jennings Bryan, noble orator, in a commencement address at Olivet College, Uncle Bud said, "Evolution says that we came from nothing; Christian Science says we are nothing; and Russelism says that we go to nothing."

While leaping back and forth across the nation in revivals, district tours, coast-to-coast conventions,

commencement addresses, debt-freeing campaigns, Uncle Bud passes in review the Church of the Nazarene. Should pastoral records be lost, written sources of denominational history be blotted out, the lists of general and district superintendents be destroyed, as well as the roster of editors, publishing house managers, and the names of leading laymen across the nation for Uncle Bud's last twenty years, they could all fairly well be brought to light through his "Good Samaritan Chats." Few names of leading Nazarenes but slip into his two-decade record of ramblings and reveries.

He watched general superintendents be made and unmade, editors come and go. He heralded the praise of college presidents, with more "ex's" among them, as someone has said, than any other denominational group. He stood by the tiny Nazarene Publishing House, debt-weighted, and watched it become under the management of Mervel and P. H. Lunn a substantial business with the blessings and often the envy of its sister denominational publishing houses of America.

"Our hardships have been good for us," he writes in his "Chats," of the Publishing House and *Herald's* struggling days, "for when we are in hard places we use our knees and our brains . . . and we have certainly had to pull some of the hills on our knees. And we have surely had to use our brains a number of times, and use first one side and then the other side to get a new idea to see how the thing ought to be done. It is the hardships that have made

the Church of the Nazarene the greatest organized body of holiness people in the world."

Through the voice of his "Chats," Uncle Bud became a vital presence in the church. Here he aired his travels, boosted the *Herald of Holiness*, lauded his ministerial brethren, fished, laughed, "slept for a hundred miles through Missouri and Oklahoma, while Brother Messer drove the big car as smooth as a baby carriage."

He traveled the church, back and forth across America, as a farmer "plows his field, row by row," as George Wise, a son-in-law, affirms. No section was left out, and as he travels thus the nation, he laughs with, but never at, weeps for, and boasts about the people who make up his daily comrades-in-arms. The "Chats" thus give Uncle Bud a unique place in the history of the denomination. Here general superintendents pass in review and the church marches nobly on.

"And now just to encourage you in a word," he writes on June 14, 1922, even before he made the thousand-a-year challenge concerning the *Herald*. "In two years I have just rolled up 3,600 subscribers and have turned in more than five thousand dollars to the Publishing House. Let all hands say, 'Glory to Jesus!' We will do the thing!"

Commenting on a fellow minister, whom he backed by his presence on the platform while the other preached, he says, "When he gets up to preach, the bench on which you are sitting feels perfectly comfortable. When he has been preaching for ten minutes, the bench feels perfectly soft, and when he

has preached for forty-five minutes you forget that you are sitting on the bench at all."

As a golden thread, binding together the minutia that made up his daily contacts with the brethren of the church, is his emphasis upon the doctrine and experience of holiness. During these memorable years from 1923, when he became "an institution," until his trip to Palestine, which pivoted as a turning point in his latter ministry, he throws in silver nuggets concerning his personal standard.

"We have preached the old-fashioned Second Blessing with all our might, day and night, and still it draws, and still the people come, and cry for more," he wrote in his weekly *Herald* column. "The preacher who tells his people that if he preaches holiness the folks won't stand by him, is dodging the facts. Here is an incident: Not long ago in a city in the United States, I preached Sunday night to over seven hundred people, on the Second Blessing, and just four blocks away a pastor with a membership of two thousand, preached to 27, by actual count of one of the stewards."

At another writing he refers to a bishop who preached "to a couple dozen people, while I had the auditorium jammed with two thousand or more." Nor did he forget to encourage his readers by throwing in a sentence or two of exhortation.

"Hardships are good for us," he declares, his typewriter becoming his pulpit, "and we do not want any hothouse plants. Do not pray, 'Lord, temper the wind to the shorn lamb.' But just say, 'Lord God, give me a crop of wool ten inches long.'"

During 1924 he toured with Dr. R. T. Williams and the then-famous Aeolian Quartet, a group of singing young ladies, and in checking his record, he tells those who read his "Chats" of the success crowning their efforts.

"During our two weeks," writing on March 12, 1924, "we had 465 at the altar, and a large class was received, I think over 70. . . . From January 1, to February 10, Dr. Williams, the Aeolian Quartet, and I have had 825 at our altars, and the great bulk of them prayed through in the good old-fashioned way. More than 100 united with the church, and we placed the *Herald* in more than 300 homes."

While traveling with the quartet, the tours brought him to California, where he took time out to visit his home in Pasadena. These visits indeed were far between. Uncle Bud during the years of his active evangelism knew more about a thousand other homes by personal experience than he did about his own.

"Greetings from Pasadena," he wrote his Samaritan friends through the *Herald*. "Some have said this is God's country. I believe that God owns this country, but it seems that the devil is helping the Lord run it. However, the fruit, vegetables, and flowers are very, very fine. I think when the Lord comes back to earth and runs the devil down and captures him and buries him in the fire face downward, so if he tries to dig out, the harder he digs the deeper down he will get, then the Lord will lock him up and give the keys to the Sadducees for they don't believe in the resurrection of the dead; and at least,

we will have the devil fixed to suit us, but until that time we are going to fight him.

"However, I didn't intend to abuse the devil when I started this letter. There are two things that I wanted to write you about: One was *Holiness* and the other was the *Herald of Holiness*"—and on he goes with his two favorite texts as the springboard for an exhortation.

In less than ten months after his thousand-subscriptions-a-year offer, he records from Riverside, California, that "we secured a fine list of subscriptions . . . bringing our list considerably over 1,400 since the General Assembly."

As he went about on his district tours, reveling in the friendship of the brethren, the praise of the congregations, and the smile of God upon his own soul, he often threw in descriptive passages about this "broad land of America, which God gave us poor people."

"Frisco is one of the beautiful cities of the world," he sings the praises of the Bay City, where he at the moment is revivaling, "and at one time was supposed to be the headquarters of the devil in the United States, but the climate was too chilly for him so he moved five hundred miles south to a much warmer climate and located in Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles."

Circling southward across the nation, he landed in Louisiana beside a fishing stream, and in an out-of-the-harness moment, he tells of a daytime fish-bake, when "we ate fish as long as we could take another bite, and went back to the church to find

the house packed. For an hour and a half we gave them our hospital experience." He does admit, a little later in the column, that his own fishing wasn't anything to brag about, adding that "I caught ten inches of fish—one six inches long and the other four, and I threw them back."

Racing Florida-way, he found fishing better than in Louisiana, but said that the preaching was a little "harder on this old warrior. While in Lauderdale, Florida, I preached too often and too hard. I almost broke down by preaching three times on Sunday in that warm climate, and when I got up on Monday, June 23 (1924), I could just whisper and it was several days before I got my voice back. But bless the Lord, I never lost my religion, nor my desire to love and serve God and get subscribers for the *Herald of Holiness*."

On one of those Florida fishing trips, a fellow line-caster was seasick and Uncle Bud exclaimed, via his typewriter, "My! My! But that old boy was sick. He fought a good fight, but at last sang, 'I surrender all.'"

By early 1925 he was back again in Boston, where he joined "Dr. H. C. Morrison, Brother Zanhiser and Brother Yates, in a Holiness Association Convention," which became a leaping point for a tour westward. This took him to Pittsburgh, thence to Chicago, and on to Kansas City for revivals. Before summer was over he was in Amarillo; and Casper, Wyoming; and by December he had worked his way to San Antonio; Dallas; Gulfport, Mississippi; and Little Rock, Arkansas. During this Arkansas visit,

he says he toured "thirty towns and put Arkansas on the map for God and holiness."

His revivals and conventions were so numerous during the next few years that even to enumerate them reads like a complete railroad guide to the United States. He jumped by convention leaps from Washington, D.C., to Detroit; Windsor, Canada; Alliance, Ohio; Olivet, Illinois; Cedar Rapids, Youngstown, Baltimore, New York City—Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maryland, Georgia, North Carolina, California—Nashville—Spokane—Portland—Pasadena.

All of these states and cities with intervening stops for conventions were touched during one year.

"From Pontiac, we ran back into Toledo, got our car and drove east, spending that night in Cleveland," he writes. (I tear a page from the memorabilia of his busy career.) "Driving the next night into Rochester, where we had a two-day convention, then into Syracuse for a two-day convention, and joined H. V. Miller, district superintendent of New England District (now a general superintendent), and made a run to Springfield . . . where we had one beautiful night.

"From there we ran to Keene, New Hampshire, . . . crossed to Leicester, Vermont, . . . to Waterville, Vermont, . . . to Hill West; from there to Johnstown . . . to Wolcott . . . to Jackman, Maine, . . . to Auburn, then to Bath; from there we went to Portland, Maine, giving one night to South Portland and one morning and afternoon to First Church, and back to South Portland at night."

This is a sample of Uncle Bud's gospel work, "when he slept on the run," preached three and four times a day, toured districts in interest of the church, held union conventions for the various holiness groups, revived, encouraged the saints, boosted the *Herald of Holiness*, lauded the cooks, ate hearty meals to the delight of his column readers, held "wonderful service," and in general covered the Church of the Nazarene, which by this time fairly well engaged all his attention and consumed his pulpitering time.

Dropping into Oklahoma, for instance, where he worked with District Superintendent S. H. Owens, a Sooner State Nazarene pioneer, he says, "We made seventeen towns in nineteen days. This was an unusually interesting trip." And for Uncle Bud touching often as many as two towns a day for gospel services at various churches this was no high-point record of touring.

For these abounding years of service, when he was at the height of his visitation work, where he encouraged the churches of the nation, the year 1926 is a fair record of his achievements.

"This brought us to December 19," he says in closing *My Life Story*, published in 1928. "In 1926 I worked in forty-two states, three provinces of Canada, preached nearly five hundred times and put the *Herald of Holiness* in 2,800 homes. I wrote the 'Good Samaritan Chats' every week and the closing of my year's work of 1926 completes forty-seven years of religious work.

“During this time I have traveled just about one million miles, have preached eighteen thousand times. I have prayed with more than 80,000 people at the mourner’s bench and have traveled and worked the United States like it was a field. . . . Up to the present I have written thirteen books. They have sold by the tens of thousands and the end is not yet.

“This date finds this old preacher blood-red, sky-blue, snow-white, straight as a gunstick and red-hot. May the blessings of heaven rest upon every man, woman, and child that may read the book. I send it forth loaded to the waterline with the activities of forty-seven years of labor in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Rather than decrease the tempo of his tours, conventions, and revivals and preaching, during the next sixteen years, he was to travel another million miles, add fifteen thousand more preached sermons to his pulpit records, and see more than twenty thousand more penitents kneel at his revival altars. Instead of becoming an old man in the pulpit, he was merely an aged veteran, campaigning with renewed vigor and glory as the lights of the Heavenly City became brighter in his spiritual eyes. The nearer heaven appeared, the more intense his labors. He buckled on his gospel sword a little tighter, cut his conventions shorter that he might the better reach greater crowds with this sky-blue, red-hot, second-blessing holiness story with which God had crowned him.

Amid Scenes Made Sacred by the Master

During the last sixteen years of Uncle Bud's ministry, his preaching tempo reached a climax, impossible to believe. The drain upon his physical energy, the spiritual unction demanded to keep his messages fresh and vibrant, the down-to-earth nerve tension of his constant speaking were such that ordinary men would have failed under the strain. He achieved more during the decade and a half, from 1927 until his homegoing, than the greatest of current-day preachers do in a full lifetime.

After '27 and '28, checking his pulpit career one would come to believe that he had received a new infilling, a resurgence of spiritual dynamics to carry on as he did. During these years he preached on the average two and a half times a day, a total of some fifteen thousand sermons. At a two-sermons-a-week rate, the tempo of most ministers, it would take the ordinary preacher a hundred and fifty years of service to match this record.

Yet to Uncle Bud, meet him wherever you will during this time, there is no evidence of strain, no undue attempt on his part to reach a high climax in his work. He was marked at this period with no out-of-the-ordinary efforts which showed through his pulpit ministry. He spoke for me while min-

istering in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, at the beginning of this final fifteen years of service, and his message, method, and appearance was that which I had known for the past sixteen years. And when I heard him the last time as he neared his sunset, fifteen years later, he remained the same Uncle Bud, electric in his message to the congregation, a happy old man, upon whom the Master's touch was heavy.

His travels alone, none of which were in an airplane, are impossible to conceive. During these final years until he reached his valedictory, he traveled on the average approximately seventy thousand miles a year. As he drew toward the deadline of his earthly ministry, he made the remark, "I have preached in all our Nazarene churches, missing few if any of them." It was this constant touring the United States and Canada which gave him an opportunity of preaching so often and traveling so much in God's work.

His became the most familiar face among the Nazarene brethren, his the name most often on Nazarene lips.

"Glory be to God," he wrote early in 1940, as he neared his eightieth birthday, "I haven't been lazy, for no lazy man can travel two million miles and preach thousands of times. While I'm old enough to retire, I have refired and seek no place to quit, and have no desire to quit. And thank the Lord, I don't aim to quit.

"When my heavenly Father sends a chariot and takes me up over the rolling world and lands me on the banks of the River of Life, and when I've come

back with Jesus to gather up the rest of the saints I want to see on my tombstone that Old Bud never flickered, nor rounded off the corners, or looked down his nose, or chewed the rag."

Late in January of 1908, he reported a revival which he was conducting in the Chicago First Church of the Nazarene, saying, "At night I related the story of my life, and for thirty minutes before I was to speak the ushers were turning them back at the door in great droves. . . . Well, what do you think? This is my birthday. Forty-eight years ago I first saw light in the mountains of old Tennessee. Well, about the closing up of our meeting here. We have had the greatest day of all—seventy seekers at the altar."

He finished this letter to his Texas readers, saying, "I am your little, old unworthy brother in the Holy War till Jesus comes or I go up. Amen."

Wherever you find him, whatever the year intervening, this same urge to be busy in the Master's vineyard marked his career. As he neared the end of his work, others prompted him to stop, retire, or at least take a vacation worthy of the name. But Bud's answer was the same:

"As long as there are hungry sheep, I'll be salt for them to lick at, and I'll rob my bee gum to give them honey. I don't expect to rust out; I'm going to wear out, and someday step in a chariot and go sweeping through the gate washed in the blood of the Lamb, and there meet the bloodwashed army that have outstripped me in this race, and have gone

up to live with the Master. . . . To your tents and to your knees, O Israel."

These words were spoken by a veteran of fifty-six years in the ministry, in July, 1936, when yet another six years of pulpitering across the nation was to be his lot.

Six years earlier as he reached the half-century mark in the pulpit, he checked his record book to discover therein the amazing work God had enabled him to accomplish. The occasion was celebrated justly in his home church at Pasadena, California, on his attaining his fiftieth anniversary in the ministry, and his own seventieth year.

". . . I told them how I had worked for the *Herald of Holiness*," he says in his "Good Samaritan Chat," February 26, 1929, "and in nine and a half years had turned in 23,625 subscriptions to the paper.

"But during those fifty years I have just about rounded out one million, one hundred thousand miles of travel, and I have preached twenty-four thousand times, and I have prayed about ninety thousand people through at the old-fashioned mourner's bench."

Pausing a moment in his speech to that California congregation, he checked his words for any sign of spiritual arrogance, then continued:

"Some people think this is a great record, and yet, when I look back and see what should have been done that I did not do, and the things that I really could have done that I did not do, the hours I have lost, it seems to me that I have done almost nothing."

A week later as he spoke to a group of ministers from the Pomona, California, area, he said that "Dr. Bud preached for them in the morning. Thank the Lord, we can put titles to our names without buying them from the colleges. Here is my latest, Dr. Bud. Gentlemen, that surely does sound great. Why I went so long without that title is a mystery. But I judge that it was just an oversight."

There was to be no let-up in this pace to reach the multitudes with his Wesleyan message of full salvation. During his long and jubilant career, even when money sufficient for all his needs was on hand or constantly flowed in, he could not stop for a rest, nor take off the gospel harness for any length of time that he might vacation in some nook or corner of America where "the fish are bitin'."

As he began his fifty-first year as a preacher, he took time out to rest for a month or so at his Pasadena home. And he says, "This is the longest rest that I have had since I entered the ministry fifty years ago. Of course, when I was in the hospital I went for a longer time than two months without preaching, but a man in the hospital, growing broken bones back together could hardly be counted as resting."

He did, however, vow that from then on "when I get to the tired point, I am going to stop for awhile." But during his next twelve in-the-harness years these "tired times in gospel work" were few and far between.

When one samples his working schedule at this period, such a record as this is found:

During February and March, 1931, Dr. J. E. Bates, then district superintendent of the Nazarene North Pacific District, invited Uncle Bud to tour the great northwest territory. On Sunday, February 22, for instance, he spoke to a crowded church, Salem, Oregon, pastored by Fletcher Galloway. Eating a hearty dinner in Salem, he preached that afternoon at Corvallis, finishing his Sunday program by "making a run to McMinnville," where he once more spoke to a full house.

Monday found him "on the run" again, as he expresses it, where he preached at Cottage Grove, Oregon. "We drove out to the great old ocean," he says, "and saw the breakers as they tumbled over each other and then piled on the white sand."

At the close of this district tour, representative of hundreds of others, which covered every section of the Church of the Nazarene, some districts being visited many times, he reviews the work of the past weeks.

"In the forty-three days of traveling and work, we made between fifty and sixty different cities, and I preached sixty-six times, and placed the *Herald of Holiness* in three hundred homes.

"This district reaches from the line between California and Oregon on the south and the North Pole on the north. British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon are the home of the greatest mountains in the nation, the finest lakes and rivers, and of the greatest timber on the American continent."

His fertile mind took in at a glimpse the beauties of whatever section at the moment he might be

working. Through the glories of nature, he looked higher and saw the mighty power of God, as for instance when visiting the Grand Canyon in September of 1939, he said:

“Any reader that will go to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and make that trip from the north end to the south, is bound to know that God Almighty made it himself. There haven’t been enough men and mules and plows and scrapers on earth since Adam died to dig the Grand Canyon.”

Down Pasadena way, early in the summer of 1937, he took time out to visit the Pacific Ocean, and watching it roll back and forth, his imagination leaped from what he saw to what he knew stood behind the mighty sweep of waters.

“A great band of us went down to the beach to have a look at the rolling breakers and hear the roar of the old ocean while my little grandchildren played on the sand and had the time of their lives. God tells us in His Word that He set the sandbars and said to the sea, ‘You can come thus far and no further.’

“None but God could build an ocean. How a pumpkin with D.D. written across it could make himself believe that Master Evolution could dig out a channel eight thousand miles wide and twelve thousand miles long and then fill it with water and then make enough salt to salt it, is more than I can figure out.”

Always during these years of intense evangelism, district tours, holiness conventions, debt-freeing campaigns when he raised money for colleges, rescue

homes, orphanages, missions, and a dozen other institutions and items, set before him was the hope of making a trip to the Holy Land. For fifty-three years, so intense his activities, so heavy his schedule, that he could not fit the visit into his program. God sent the calls, so he reasoned, and as an eager messenger of the King, according to his ability and time, he filled them.

"We have found out that waffles," he said on March 8, 1933, just after eating a hearty meal, "are nothing but pancakes with the non-skid tread on them, and that is to keep them from slipping off the plate until we can get the molasses on them. We are in the automobile age.

"I left Houston after preaching three times, as tired as a foxhound but as happy as a field lark."

It was this rush of affairs which kept him from his dream of standing amid the scenes made sacred by the Master. As he neared the time when providence opened the way, the tide of his engagements drove him at a stiffer pace. He reported a meeting somewhere in the South, as evidence of his being busy in the King's business, when between sixty and seventy were at the altar.

"It was up to Old Bud to do the preaching," he says. "In the eleven days I preached twenty-four times and was as tired as a dog after a fox chase, but as happy as a bumblebee in a clover field."

However tired he might be, however rushed his schedule, long the jumps via an automobile between preaching engagements, there was always a fresh outlook to his spiritual life. Leaving Evansville,

once after a strenuous preaching tour, he reports on the glory in his soul, saying:

“We left as happy as two bumblebees in red-topped clover on the Fourth of July with honey all over their little heads.”

At another time, he was “as busy as a bird dog in hunting season,” and once after traveling many miles following a heavy Sunday preaching schedule, he drove to Fort Wayne, Indiana, arriving about midnight, “as tired as hounds, and as happy as bees in a clover patch.” Tired and worn, after a few moments’ rest, he was able to leap back to his renewed vigor and preach with anointing.

After such a season once, he stepped into the pulpit at Stillwater, Oklahoma, and “preached to that bunch until fifteen minutes after ten (at night) and this bunch just licked up the message like a hungry cow takes in alfalfa. . . . This was a beautiful service.”

There was no stopping, no letup in Uncle Bud’s allowing himself to be used of the Lord. There was no place in his lexicon for the thought of ease, much less of failure. In his heavy schedule, he checked back through the number of denominations he had labored with, the preachers he had met, and running them all through the grist mill of his own thought, he affirmed:

“I have never met a preacher in the seventy-two different denominations that I have worked with who failed but that he blamed everybody else for his failures. God never called a preacher and then sent him out to fail. . . . A man is a thousand times

better off cold and sweet than he is to be hot and sour."

He had now reached the time in his life's schedule when "Palestine was on God's clock" for him. For many years it had been his desire to visit the sacred places immortalized in the Bible, but "the Lord seemed to block the way." Early in 1934, the hand on the divine clock pointed to the hour.

Uncle Bud's ministry revolved around high points, and this Palestinian trip was to be no exception. Georgetown in 1891 marked a bend in his career, as also his moving to Peniel in 1900 introduced him to the "holiness people of America," as he attests. His hospital experience in 1919 became a pivot from which to launch his ministry for the next fifteen years. Now Palestine was to furnish a new impetus for his final labors in God's kingdom.

"The time finally came when I felt perfectly clear to go, and it seemed the Lord had arranged everything for me," he says of the Holy Land trip.

"The things that I have always been interested in I was unable to find in any book and could not get from any lecture on Palestine. I particularly wanted to know where the different cities were located, and what direction and about how many miles they were from Jerusalem."

It was thus a map interest which drew him toward that land. America he knew from experience, and to mention a city, town, or village of any import meant that immediately Uncle Bud localized it from personal travel.

It was his desire to know Palestine from experience, as he had mastered America, and to visit therein the sacred scenes with Jesus as a traveling companion. He had been out-of-doors in America and he wanted to be out-of-doors in the Holy Land, traveling the byways made historic not by the tramp of Rome's armies but by the sandaled feet of Jesus, as they plodded along the dusty roads.

Occasion came for the Palestinian trip when Uncle Bud with a party of congenial friends sailed from New York on February 10, 1934. In the group was an old-timer at Palestinian travel and research, Dr. G. Frederick Owen, who later gave the world his famous third dimension map of the Holy Land. This has been pronounced by scholars as the greatest contribution to a map study of the land of Jesus made during our generation. Dr. J. T. Upchurch, with whom Uncle Buddie had traveled life's road on many another occasion, and a friend, Julius Himes, along with Mrs. Owen made up the group.

Uncle Bud passes over the usual port stops across the Atlantic and along the Mediterranean shores with a bare mention of names such as Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, and others, for his interest centered solely in the land made sacred by Jesus. He did, however, take time out to "drop by" ruined Pompeii and for a quick glimpse at Mt. Vesuvius, tabbed by him as "one of the greatest volcanoes in the world." Looking down into that mass of molten lava, he saw the vivid flames, "and the rolling liquid fire," which set his mind awhirl with new illustrations on

his favorite text, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Fortune smiled upon Uncle Bud's party on landing at Beirut, March 5, when they were met by Samuel Krikorian, long-time pastor of the Jerusalem Nazarene Church, and a native of the Bible lands. Dr. Krikorian was well-versed in biblical lore, having visited often the out-of-way places, as well as the more important locales, in this country hoary with Bible history.

It was the revivalist's desire to "begin at Jerusalem"—according to his favorite text on the Holy Land, Luke 24:47—and with this as traveling pivot visit the various places of this country where Jesus had lived. Krikorian and Owen, as guides and companions, their heads filled with local lore, their hearts thrilled with an intimate knowledge of Jesus' journeys about the Holy City, served well Uncle Bud in introducing him to this "city upon a hill."

For fifty-four years Uncle Bud had been memorizing the Bible until he could quote a third or more of it verbatim. Hence there were few verses, passages, or important references to historical places which were not on his tongue, or easily spotlighted in knowledge. As he covered Jerusalem he wept with the Master, gloried in his Lord's triumphs and even seeming defeats in this city. He jostled about the narrow streets with donkeys laden with the country produce, he saw dealers in all types of foreign wares. He was amazed at the money changers, who made it possible to "buy money from all the countries of the world."

The four days kept in Jerusalem as Sunday by the various religions—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—were to him a possibility “that a man could be very religious in this city if he wanted to.” Having been an early-day cowman on Texas’ broad prairies, he had little respect for the traveling milkmen, “who drove their goats about the city hawking their wares, and when you ordered a pint of milk they would bring the little goat into your house, and sitting down on the floor, milk it fresh for you.”

Greatest of all were the churches, especially the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he attended a number of services, being little impressed by world-traveling Catholics “who at a stone near the supposed tomb of Jesus laid their money, to have it swept from the rock into a gold cup by a priest.” At the sight he remarked, “No telling how much the priest makes in a day.”

Going to the Garden Tomb, “a half mile from the city, due north,” Bud was impressed that “this is the real tomb of Jesus.” Walking about in the old garden, he felt “there is everything to prove that this is the actual place of Jesus’ burial.” Stepping into the tomb, he read from the Bible the descriptive passages of the Master’s death and entombment. As he knelt on this sacred spot, he poured out his heart in prayer, “not to a dead Jesus, but to a risen Lord, who had redeemed me from my sins, and now sitteth on the right hand of the Father making intercession for His children.”

At the near-by skull, or Golgotha, his vivid imagination placed the three crosses, the center one on which Jesus was crucified holding a sacred memory. Back at the tomb Uncle Bud took pictures for "it was from this tomb that Jesus was resurrected and it is to this country that Jesus is coming back again." He prayed and shouted in the Garden of Gethsemane, where the Saviour shed great drops of blood in His agony. Traveling the Via Dolorosa, Uncle Bud felt the presence of Jesus as he walked the cobblestoned way which the Lord took in carrying the cross to the place of crucifixion.

Uncle Bud, having traveled so many hundreds of thousands of miles from speaking engagement to preaching appointment in America, had geared his sight-seeing to rapid glimpses and quick "get-aways" to the next locale and historic scene. In the Holy Land much of this speedy tempo marked his travels. At times he was not a little vexed at Dr. Owen's desire to "sit leisurely on a hillside, glimpse the horizon for hours, and call it research," from which type of study the map-maker gained his intimate knowledge of the Holy Land.

But Uncle Bud wanted "to see and be gone." He sought to imprint on his tenacious memory a picture of the leading places of the Bible lands, so he could retrace with Jesus, when back in the American pulpit, the trails and routes taken by the Lord and His disciples when they made New Testament history. As a result he lingered not long in any spot, but automobiled from historic locale to famous sight with all the speed the desert routes permitted.

His memory became a sensitized film on which a graphic imprint of everything he saw made a lasting impression. He saw and loved this land of the Lord, so that when he returned to his own speaking engagements he might also make "others see and love the same country."

Traveling, he made no notes, for as he told a friend when asked about his recorded tabulations on Palestine, "If I had made notes I might have lost the notes, and then I would not have had anything. I just remembered what I saw." In writing his booklet, *My Travels in the Holy Land*—his best seller—he did so from memory. On these trips, he carried, it seems, a tape in his mind that he might measure the distances the various locales were from the Holy City. This was one of his interests.

Having worked through Jerusalem so that he knew it like he did his own city of Pasadena, he took the famous routes that lead to the various cities of Palestine, marking the distance from city to city, as the roads reached out like the spokes of a gigantic wheel to these places.

He went down to Bethany, home of that beloved Bible trio of two sisters and a brother, Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, saying, "The distance measured three miles due east from Jerusalem." He touched Bethlehem, "five miles south of Jerusalem," stopping at the field where the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks, heard the angels sing the heavenly anthems. In the grotto under the Church of the Nativity, built by the Mother of Constantine in 337 A.D., he knelt by this birth manger of the

babe Jesus. Here his heart sang a "paean of praise to the Lord and Redeemer, the Saviour of the world."

He came to Solomon's Pools, "seven miles south," and saw Rachel's tomb across the highway from the famous pools, which still supply the Holy City with water. "Twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem," as he records—always a mileage chart in his mind—he touched Hebron, famed as the site where Abraham purchased the burial place, known as the Cave of Macpelah, where through the centuries have rested the mortal remains of such glorious personages as Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah.

"Out from Hebron we went about a mile to the little valley of Mamre and saw Abraham's oak, where he entertained the angels," he says, adding, "Let the reader see the eighteenth chapter of Genesis for the complete story."

Three miles out of Hebron he came to the valley of Eschol, made sacred as the site from which the spies entered the land of Canaan, and brought back what was possibly the "world's most famous bunch of grapes."

Twenty-seven miles southward, he came with the party to Beersheba, "Abraham's home for many years," where he dug his wells that his flocks might be watered. "We drew water out of these wells and ate our lunch in a lovely little park," he says, his heart overflowing with a long line of centuries-old memories centered around this desert-bedecked locale.

Returning to Jerusalem, Uncle Bud trailed the Good Samaritan down the Jericho way, reliving each mile of the route with the Master. As the road dropped down the mountain from the Good Samaritan Inn, he came to a valley about twelve hundred feet below sea level, when the route turned northward "four miles to the city of Jericho." Always on the lookout for facts that would confirm his faith, he found such evidence at this once-famous site where the walls fell down.

"The modernistic preachers have made Jericho and its capture," he says, "a joke and a laughing stock. But when you go on the ground and see where the great walls stood at one time, with the stones piled up in heaps and thousands of them carried away to be used in other buildings, and see the ashes and charcoal which were dug up out of the bottom of Jericho, then you are convinced that every word of the capture and destruction of Jericho is truly told in the Old Testament."

On to the Jordan, the world's most beloved river, the route took him until he was amazed at the glorious wonders of the Dead Sea, "earth's lowest, no less richest, spot."

Retracing the road to Jerusalem, the party toured a northern route leading out of the city, and touched such historic places as Kish, the birthplace of Saul, and Ramah, Samuel's home town, respectively three and nine miles north of Jerusalem, as he remarks. Three miles farther on, Uncle Bud came to Bethel, where Abraham built his first altar, and near the sacred precincts the old veteran of the Cross knelt

with his comrades and with bowed heads spoke softly yet victoriously to the Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, no less of the blood-washed of the centuries. Uncle Bud's eyes filled with tears at each of these places which time cannot forget nor the dust of the centuries in their slow pace across the drama of the ages obliterate.

At Shiloh, the scene of many historic events, and the locale of Eli's defeat and death, he stood "about where the old gate was, and read about it in the Bible and prayed."

From Jacob's Well, outside the old city known as Shechem and now called Nablus, he drank water and "rejoiced with the sire of the Israelites." In this city he visited what is probably the oldest chapel in Palestine, a little Samaritan temple, where he met the sons of the high priest and quoted Isaiah's glorious thirty-fifth and fifty-fifth chapters. After prayers and brief testimonies from the various preachers he took up an offering for the people, and then was shown the oldest scroll in the world, the Samaritan Pentateuch, remarking, "that England or America would give a barrel of money for this Samaritan scroll, but it is not for sale."

After the service he drank with the Samaritan priests "coffee as black as tar and as bitter as quinine, the worst pill I have ever swallowed." The high priest came out, and Uncle Bud and he had their pictures taken together, which made the gospel campaigner feel like "a swell day, having my picture taken with a Samaritan high priest."

Arriving at Nazareth by a time-worn route, Uncle Bud reveled in this home town of Jesus, going at length to the beautiful Sea of Galilee, where his heart swelled under the tide of emotion.

"I had preached about Galilee," he writes, "and sung lovely songs about it, but truly it was wonderful actually to behold that Sea, so often mentioned by Jesus. . . . We spent three nights in the beautiful little city of Tiberias, on the shores of the lake. . . . At one time there were thirteen cities on the lake; Tiberias is the only remaining one. It is said to be the only one on which Jesus did not pronounce a curse."

Crossing the lake in a boat, Bud's memory relived the similar trips made by the Master and His disciples, when Jesus stilled the waters and bid them, "Peace be still." He watched the fishermen as of old, which brought to life many of the sermonic references he had made to the fishing youth Jesus called from this very sea to become His followers and fishers of men. Across the lake he came to the place where Jesus permitted the cast-out devils to enter the swine, and was caused to remark:

"When I stood there and looked at the place, I thought about the herd of hogs running into the water to drown . . . for they would rather drown than keep company with the devil. From that day to this, I have taken my hat off to the old sow and pigs."

On Uncle Bud's party went from city to city, trailing the map of Palestine, touching historic scenes, where once biblical tragedy was enacted or triumph was lived. He came to Simon Peter's

home, stood at the site of Dan, Palestine's noted northern city matched in biblical references by its southern sister Beersheba. He visited Damascus, stopped at the street called Straight, where he entered Ananias' home at which Paul was converted, and then "we went to the west side of this old wall and saw the window, some twenty-five or thirty feet above ground, where Paul was let down in a basket."

Beirut in Syria and Baalbek, a destroyed city with relics of marble shafts alone remaining to mark it, called for a quick visit that Uncle Bud might the better know this land of the Bible. Along the coast the party rushed to Sidon, "built by Canaan's eldest son," and Tyrus and Akka, the Acre of the Bible, thence to Haifa, Palestine's most famous seaport. Out at Mt. Carmel, edging the seaport city, Uncle Bud knelt and relived, via a biblical quotation, the events having transpired thereat, when Elijah's God answered the prophet's prayer by fire.

On to Joppa he traveled the Bible way, where Peter was praying when he received his Cornelius-inspired vision, and from which port Hiram doubtless sent the cedar for Solomon's temple. Down the coastway he reached ancient Ashdod, city of the Philistines, coming at length to Gaza, immortalized as the scene of Samson's defeat and death, "when he pulled down the mighty pillars, killing Philistines and himself alike."

At the time Sir Flanders Petri, noted biblical archaeologist, was excavating the old city of Gaza,

and he showed Uncle Bud the bottom of the ruins. "And I saw one young man take out a wheelbarrow nearly full of human skulls," Bud remarks, adding that it is useless for the Bible critics to say that the record found in the Old Testament of Samson's story is incorrect. When he asked the archaeologist if he had found anything in his excavations that would convince him that the Old Testament was incorrect, he replied:

"All my excavations have substantiated the stories of the Old Testament."

After having completed his tours, touched the leading sites which the Bible has enshrined in historic memory, trod the Palestinian roads and gazed upon the Holy Land hillsides where his Master had lived, he lifts his voice in praise of this country where the "eyes of the world are centered."

"Now the reasons for its being called the Holy Land," he says, "are these. It is in this country that God raised up His patriarchs, kings, and finally Christ and His apostles. And from this country we have received the Bible. God raised up Moses to write the law. God raised King David to write the hymn book for the world, the beautiful Psalms of the shepherd boy. Later God raised up Paul to write God's theology. Paul was God's theologian.

"No man or set of men have been able to improve the law of Moses, or the hymn book written by David. There is not a man in the world who can take issue with the writings of Paul and sustain himself."

Back in America again, Palestine became a vivid memory to Uncle Bud and wherever he went, he lectured, preached, sermonized, and made addresses on the land of Christ and the Bible.

"When Bud Robinson talked about Palestine," writes Dr. J. B. Chapman, "he made that ancient land live again in the minds and imaginations of the people. He would tell how they read the Bible on the spot, how their souls were blessed and refreshed as they thought of the things that occurred there in the time of Christ or during the history of Israel. All his references were made with the ease of an expert."

Dr. Chapman, himself a world traveler of renown, having spent weeks in the Holy Land, remarks that Uncle Bud's preaching about Palestine "made the place more vital to me than even the personal visit was able to do."

When Bud told about this country, the desert blossomed and the ancient cities throbbed with life. As he prayed at the historic shrines of this country his tears were as dewdrops upon the dry and parched earth of the Canaanland. The dens and caves, the seas and the mountains of this land of the Lord revealed anew their precious thoughts and hidden meanings, through his sermons.

"To Bud Robinson, Palestine was a gigantic altar," to quote the doctor once more, "at which to worship and praise the true God through His Son Jesus Christ, and he made others feel the force of this appraisal."

Once more in the pulpit, campaigning America for Christ, touring the churches of his denomination, Uncle Bud's preaching took on a new vividness, his messages received a dew-fresh anointing of unction, and his audiences were thrilled with the glories he drew out from memory's storehouse, imprinted thereon by his personal contact with the Bible scenes.

The Lights of the Heavenly City

Back from the Holy Land, Uncle Bud swung into his gospel work with the spiritual dynamics that marks youth and not a man far beyond his allotted life-span. He had a new text, a new theme, and joyously he raced America from church pulpit to college platform, from district assembly convocations to union conventions telling about "My Trip to the Holy Land." His tours speeded up, his speaking engagements became more closely knit together that he might the better reach more churches with the story of the land where Jesus lived.

He made Palestine live in the minds and imaginations of those who crowded halls and churches to hear him. His was no dry-as-the-dust lecture with statistics, a few poorly taken slide pictures, a talk of masonry and buildings. But this country of the Master became a land crowned with the Lord's actual presence.

Uncle Bud refought the battle of the Bible with the patriarchs. He marched with Abraham to the Oaks of Mamre, built an altar with him at Bethel. He fought the priests of Baal with Elijah, and with him saw the fire come down out of heaven to consume the sacrifice. He drank from Jacob's well with a long line of Jesus' forebears, and at Bethlehem watched beside the manger as the wise men gave gifts to the Christ child.

Day by day he retraced the dusty Palestinian roads with the Lord and His disciples, and where they made history wholesale, he brought back the story so vividly that his audiences became flesh-and-blood participants in the events now enshrined in the New Testament.

Jerusalem once more became the Holy City, where sacrifice through the ages had been given unto God, finally to be crowned with time's most complete offering of Christ as redemption for the sins of the world. Places to most people which were only biblical names became living towns and countrysides, highways throbbing with vitality, and dusty trails that led into faraway lands.

This was the sort of sermonizing and pulpit travel the veteran of the Cross did on returning from these scenes made sacred by the Master. Heaven became nearer when he spoke about "the spot where Jesus ascended into the New Jerusalem."

Realizing that he was working on borrowed time, time snatched from eternity over which allotted mark he had already sped, he reached out to new pulpit adventures with the enthusiasm of youth. His mark in the world was made, his fame achieved, but he toured on that he might brighten the luster of that eternal crown, promised by Paul to all those who endured for the Master. Seventy-four when he returned from Palestine, he worked with the speed and endurance that had driven him for the past fifty-four years in his pulpit romance.

When his son-in-law George Wise, knowing Uncle Buddie more intimately than any other, sug-

gested that he take it a little easier, the veteran's answer was a new slate of district tours, church conventions, "loaded to the gills with gospel dynamite." He sang his way, shouted and laughed and prayed yearly back and forth across America as a man whose youth had been renewed as the eagle's. He told the same stories, at many of which congregations had laughed and smiled for more than fifty years, but there was an added light from heaven crowning the speaker as he neared his own sunset.

Checking his slate during the remaining eight years of his earthly career, one finds him covering every part of the nation. He toured midwest Nazarene districts with such superintendents as E. O. Chalfant, who cut great slices of Nazarene history through the Chicago area, C. A. Gibson, digging Nazarene wells in Ohio, and O. L. Benedum and a score of others. He fished with Charlie Davis—whose gospelizing in Colorado spanned a decade or two—in the Rocky Mountain streams. The great Northwest became a "stomping ground" for him during his latter years, as also Texas and Oklahoma, Florida and Alabama, Southern California and Arizona, and all intervening territories.

He was beloved of the brethren, speaking turn about with general superintendents, evangelists called "great" by those who engaged them. He filled the leading pulpits, packed the largest auditoriums, and did not disdain stopping at a tiny chapel. At one such small place he reports that "only nine were

converted, but in heaven that's called a great revival."

Racing through Arkansas with Holland London the year after his Palestinian trip, he tears a page from some of his activities, saying, "Last year I put five through college. This year I am planning to load up with seven and do my best to put them all through." Someone asked him about the drawbacks of Arkansas, and he said, "Well, here is one drawback: When a fellow starts to heaven, Arkansas has so many nice things to offer him that he is in danger of being drawn back to Arkansas instead of pulled heavenward."

Just after his seventy-ninth birthday, he took a little time out at home, and he tells us "Saturday was rest day and we spent the day at home. While it was a day of rest, yet we were as busy as bird dogs." A week after his eightieth birthday, he testified to the many things he had never done.

"I have never seen a baseball game or a football game or a moving picture show, or a theater, or a prize fight, or a wrestling match. I can illustrate that by a conversation I had with a splendid preacher a few years ago. He said, 'Brother Bud, I have heard that you fight lodges.' And I said, 'Somebody misrepresented me. . . . I have been so busy following the Lamb that I haven't had time to ride the goat.'"

Three months before his homegoing, he checked back on the long career in his God-granted ministry, and summed up some of the many things he had achieved for his heavenly Father.

"I am sending you greetings from August 11, 1942," he writes in the *Herald of Holiness*. "Today I enter upon my sixty-third year in the ministry. I was converted and entered the ministry on August 11, 1880. You can see that I preached a number of years before there were any Nazarene churches. . . . At present I have no idea of how many of our churches I have preached in, but at sometime or other, I have preached in most of them. For sometimes I preached in ten or twelve districts in a single year. On some of the districts I have preached between sixty-five and seventy times in a single month.

"I began writing the 'Good Samaritan Chats' about June 10, 1920. Since that day I put the *Herald of Holiness* in more than 50,000 homes. I have had eight months now of the hardest battle I ever fought."

His heart was so overflowing with work and the joy of it that whatever the problems, however great the labors, he found time to testify as he neared the Heavenly City that the glory held.

"I want the reader to remember that the devil seemed to make his headquarters in my poor old heart," he said in early September of his last year on earth, "but God turned him out and changed it to a place of flowers, and planted the tree of life in my heart, and honeysuckle vines of perfect love came up from the roots of the tree. And now for more than sixty-two years I have had a heaven to go to heaven in."

As he grew older, age thus blessed of God meant much to him. Nearing his seventy-ninth birthday he remarked, "If I live to the 27th of this month (January) I will be seventy-nine years old. Don't let that get out on me." At another time, he wrote, "If I ever will be old enough to give advice it must be now, for if I live until next January 27, I will be eighty years old, and I have been in the ministry fifty-nine years and two months today. . . . I want the reader of this letter to know that up to the last minute of my life the fire is still burning in my soul." Even when troubled with a bad heart, after he had passed his eighty-second birthday, he said that the doctors "ordered me to bed, saying no more work for several months, but I am hoping to get out before that."

Even through the strenuous years of his work, after returning from Palestine, he carried on with a glowing determination his subscription race for the *Herald of Holiness*. Back in the beginning of 1929, he said, "When my last envelopes came in I had for the year just 4,410 subs, and my goal for that year was 4,000. Pardon me for referring to Old Bud, but if we had ninety-nine other Nazarenes that would have gotten as many subs we would have rolled up a list near the half-million mark. The Lord said that He had the ninety-nine and was looking for the one. We have the one and are looking for the other ninety-nine."

By his fiftieth anniversary in the ministry he had sent in 23,625 subscriptions to the paper. In 1935 late in November he made a mental check of his

work, and reported stopping at Kansas City, where Miss Long, in charge of subscriptions for the *Herald*, met him at the train, "and I gave her 1,056 subscriptions. This is the longest list that I have ever turned in, and this brings my list up to 36,082. The reader will notice that the writer has brought in over 2,300 subscriptions a year for fifteen years. I consider this is the best work that I have ever done in my life in building the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ."

On January 5, 1942, the closing year of his life, he thanked the Lord that he had passed the 50,000 mark in subscriptions for the *Herald*, saying, "I might add that from September 15 to December 15, Miss Dorthy (a granddaughter who was traveling with him at the time) and I turned in 2,553 subscriptions." His grand total reached over 53,000 before his death.

Traveling toward the heavenly sunrise, he looked back with a twinkle in his eye at the hardships he had endured. Once in December of 1907 he recalled "a slow trip through Arkansas" he had made. During the day's travel, he noted that he had read a hundred pages from Finney's book on *Free Masonry* "before bedtime." That night he met a man on the train whom he knew, and the fellow traveler remarked:

"Why, Brother Robinson, why don't you take a sleeper when you travel?"

Bud remarked, "Yes, sometimes I do, but on this trip I decided to give the price of a sleeper to a poor family," to have the other reply, "That is kind in

you, old boy." But with a laugh up his sleeve, the veteran said, "I didn't tell him what family it was"—the family being his own back at Peniel.

Contrasting the blessing which marked current gospel work in 1927 with the hardships of his earlier days, he says, "It was so different then. . . . We had to eat dried apples for breakfast, drink a cup of hot water for dinner, and then let the apples swell for supper." Many times in those earlier years, via the memory lane, he had "slept on a clothesline for a bed and ate wind for my meals."

During these years his interest in fishing seemed to climb higher. It creeps into his conversation more often. The wonder of it is that so little appears in his Palestinian trip. On the Sea of Galilee, however, he watched with eagerness the fishermen and dreamed that he was back with the Master during those "fishing days." Returning from Palestine, he remarked, "I know of nothing that will rest a tired preacher like getting in a boat and fishing for bass." While down in Texas shortly before he reported, "Well, here is old Bud still in the sunshine state catching men for Christ and trout for old Bud."

While touring Colorado with C. W. Davis, he tells of a fishing trip, when "we camped in the schoolhouse and fished. Decker caught 8, old Bud got 4, and C. W. Davis brought in 18 fine ones. Well, Davis, is a Rocky Mountain wonder. He is a great general, a great preacher, a great altar worker, a great trout catcher. . . ." In Florida, however, in 1938, his luck played out, and he admits, "We went down early and had a little fishing trip but we did

not catch anything. But we went to the market and baited the hook with silver and brought them back, and we had a mighty fine fish supper."

Wherever you found Bud Robinson, in the harness or out, fishing with a beloved brother or in the pulpit, his objective was soul-winning. He lived for nothing else. His passion was to see the holiness movement keep "red-hot, sky-blue and on fire for God." This goal and desire never faltered, never changed. In the early days of his fame, or at the close of his sixty-two-year ministry, this is his exalted ideal.

"I am at work with a firm that deals especially with the sin disease," he declared on November 17, 1910, "and we recommend the mourner's bench and confession and forsaking and believing and repenting and receiving and singing, crying and shouting. And the treatment will meet the full approval of the Great Physician. The remedy has never failed in a single case, not in six thousand years."

As he reviewed the thousands of sermons he had preached, checked the results of his fire-baptized ministry, he knew from experience the truth which he declared sixteen years later, saying:

"If we put fire in the pulpit, people will come to warm by our fire. And fire in the pulpit means fire in the pew. . . . If we put a polar bear in the pulpit, we will have ice in the pews. It is mighty easy to cool off and lie down on the job and try to console oneself that God has quit the soul-saving business. If God has quit the soul-saving business why don't he quit the ministry? If a preacher knows God has

gone out of the soul-saving business, he ought to be handled for taking money under false pretenses."

If you sought Bud Robinson's creed you could find it no better than he expressed in a "Good Samaritan Chat," March 9, 1927, the platform on which he labored since the beginning of his ministry.

"We must contend that sinners must receive old-fashioned Bible conviction and that they must repent of their sins. Then they must confess their sins and forsake their sins. They must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and they will be justified. Then they will be regenerated and they will receive the witness of the Spirit and they will be adopted into the family of God. As His children, He has prepared for them the baptism of the Holy Spirit and fire."

Four years later in July, 1931, he declared, "Two works of grace will put glory in your soul and a shine on your face. And a salvation for all men from all sin is God's plan for fallen man. And we are cleaned up and filled up and sent out, and then we can preach and pray and sing and shout and the devil can't come around and make us cut it out."

The longer he lived, the nearer he approached the City Celestial, the greater the overflow of his spiritual joy, which found expression in sermon, testimony, book, and his weekly column. Often in his travels, he affirms, people would ask him the question, "Uncle Bud, what is the best state you have ever been in?" And his invariable answer was, "The state of contentment. That is the best state on the face of the earth, and I am living in that state."

As he neared the end, he realized that the impact of his personal service in the pulpit was to be cut off, and that he must work through others, who had caught his spirit, and through the church he had done so much to help establish. So he encouraged his Nazarene brethren to take a broader view of their ministry, recheck their spiritual contacts with heaven, keep their experiences flaming, "red-hot," and live on the firing line. He urged them not to "round off the corners, or chew the rag, look down your nose, or walk on your underlip. Get my daily prayer fulfilled in your life." And that prayer to be found elsewhere in this book could well be summarized in this sentence, "Have a backbone as big as a sawlog and let God drop great chunks of glory into the gable end of your soul."

Doggedly through pain and the growing ills of old age, he carried on for God and the church he loved. When calls came during these latter years he accepted them as time permitted, crossing and recrossing the nation in revival and convention tours. Before him was the sunset, and though near the eighty mark, he often said, "I have a long time to live, my brother didn't die until he was ninety-six."

While in Oakland City, Indiana, late in May, 1939, he received a telegram that Miss Sally, his faithful wife, was dangerously ill, and had been taken to a Pasadena Hospital. With him at the time was George Wise, his son-in-law, who wired the family to follow the doctor's orders and to return information to Uncle Bud at Indianapolis as to her condition. Messages followed them across the nation, the last one

being that she was dying. But on arriving at home, Uncle Bud found this grand companion along life's long and interesting way "still alive and fighting for her life," as he expressed it.

"She may pull through and get a little better," he told his *Herald of Holiness* friends, "but she is finishing up a most beautiful life. Even if she gets better it is only for a short time until Mother goes to heaven."

During this period, his mind was filled with anxiety for the church's spiritual vision, and he urged his brethren to keep their eyes on a world-wide revival. He felt that "the time has come when we as a church must unload. There is no better investment to be made in the world than to invest money to start a world-wide revival. Now is the time for us to make good. I would hate to go to the judgment from the United States and stand before God when I had done nothing to help evangelize the lost world."

While evangelizing across the nation, when he had already passed his eightieth birthday, he watched with interest and longing his wife's battle to regain her health, a battle which time in the end was to win. On September 29, 1940, he wired the *Herald* the sad, yet glorious, news that "Miss Sally" had gone to her eternal home. This left a void in Uncle Bud's life, which no other could fill. For many years they had faced the world together, taking first the bitter, and then the sweet of success and fame.

When they married back in the 'nineties, people said, "Bud and Sally will starve to death." And there were times when hunger dogged the household, but through it all the smile of God was on their home, and in time the fruit of fame in gospel work was rewarded with money from friends and those with whom he labored in revivals. At times during Uncle Bud's latter ministry, he often received as high as a hundred dollars for a service. Rather than store it away in some bank, he "banked it in heaven"—invested it in the kingdom of God. He trained ministers, sent a hundred through school, supported colleges and missionaries, and as God supplied, Uncle Bud sent it out for the glory of the Almighty.

As he neared his eighty-first birthday, pain edged upon him, crowded him to the wall of suffering. In early January, 1941, a strange malady struck his right arm, but he labored on, saying:

"For ten days I have suffered day and night with my right arm. Some nights I have preached with a big bandage around my body, holding my arm to my side, and then a sling around my neck to hold up my hand. It is a strange, peculiar disease. It seems that the muscle of the arm goes into a convulsion, and it nearly pulls me to the floor. It is a strange trouble; yet it has been easy to preach."

The following Sunday night Uncle Bud collapsed with this neuritis of the arm, suffering severely with what at the time was called a nervous breakdown. Two weeks later Dr. O. J. Nease wired the *Herald*

family that the old gospel campaigner was better, and though bedfast, in a few days he would be up again and around. Late in February the veteran was able to send in to the paper his usual "Good Samaritan Chat," wherein the shout of victory was strong in his soul.

"Here is good information," he said, the ring of a bugler in his words, "God is still on the throne, and He does not aim to vacate. He has never gone out of the soul-saving business, and when any preacher tells us the days of revivals are over, he has lost sight of God."

For sixty-one years Uncle Bud's trail across the nation had been marked with revivals, from the first he held back in 1880, shortly after God had redeemed him. He had seen over a hundred thousand kneel at the altar and give their lives to the Master, and thirty-three thousand times he had stood in the pulpit "bragging on Jesus and saying 'Hurrah for our side!'" as he termed it. He had watched the Church of the Nazarene start a revival fire with its few preachers back in the first decade of the century, and now with more than forty-five hundred ministers, he saw its banners flung around the world.

With heaven's glow bright in his sky, his one concern was that the revival fires be kept burning.

During February and March of his eighty-second year, he was in bed, suffering intensely, but with the knowledge as he told his friends, "that thousands of the best people on earth are praying for me, and surely God is answering prayer." And though

during the first eight months of his last year alive he was able to attend church services a few times, still the glory held in his soul. He shouted and sang with those who visited him.

"I am so glad that I have found out that Jesus can take the heaviest heart," he said during this time, "the heart that has been broken, and can blot out every sin, pour in oil and wine, heal up the wounds, and bring peace and rest and comfort. He never has failed on a heart that has been turned over to Him."

Speaking of II Timothy 3: 16-17, on May 18, 1942, while confined to his home, he shouted to all the world his credo, a glorious belief which for more than sixty years had sustained him.

"Now here is the best proof that any man needs. A man can lie down on these two verses and stretch out full length, and he cannot kick the footboard or reach and scratch the headboard, nor can he touch either side. We have the best thing in the world—an inspired Bible, and a Christ who loved us and gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

When someone suggested in an assembly, presided over by Dr. R. T. Williams, that greetings be sent Uncle Bud, Dr. Williams, living long under the old preacher's shadow, replied:

"By all means do. There'll never be another Uncle Buddie. He is the greatest booster in the world. The last place he stayed is the finest place he ever saw. The last meal he ate was the best meal he ever

tasted, and the last lady who prepared for him was always the finest little cook in all the world. When Uncle Bud is gone, we shall have lost the greatest booster the Church of the Nazarene ever had."

When August, 1942, arrived, Uncle Bud was able to be up and about for a short while daily. He looked forward to the coming Pasadena camp meeting, where he might again meet with his old friends. The doctor permitted him to attend the camp one service daily, and as he sat on the platform, after the preaching, friends gathered around, and brought in subscriptions to the *Herald of Holiness*, which had been Bud's great love for more than twenty years. He saw his list of subscriptions climb above the 53,000 mark at this camp meeting.

"The Bible is our waybill from earth to heaven, and heaven is our eternal home," he said during this time. "And right now I want to say, 'Glory be to God,' and I feel like throwing my hat in the air and saying, 'Hurrah for us, for we are the bunch that have got the goods.' And I want to add"—as he had said so many times during the sixty-two years of his ministry—"that we have been cleaned up and cleaned out, and filled up and sent out, and charged and surcharged, and wound up, and we have nothing to do but unwind, run down, shine and shout, and the devil can't come around and tell us to cut it out."

After the camp meeting, the physical crash came, and he collapsed on September 8, a registered nurse being secured and a famous physician summoned. It remained now only to await his homegoing. As

heaven neared he talked of the eternal city. At first he wanted to get well, and live a little longer, but finally he spoke more of heaven, and said that he longed to become a part of all that heaven is. With his son-in-law at the bedside, he whispered, "What do I see?" And when George supplied the words of which he was thinking, "Swing low, sweet chariot," Uncle Bud remarked in a low voice, "I think they are coming for me."

Dr. Henry Wallin, who met Uncle Bud back in his student days in the preacher's home town of Peniel, on visiting the fast-fading man, knelt by the bedside and Uncle Bud said in a low voice, "Henry, it isn't far to the end for me. I am pushing on to Glory. Preach second-blessing holiness until you die."

When delirium struck him, he swept back through the realms of memory and relived those camp meeting and revival days which had filled his sixty-two years of service. And he raised his voice in sermon, and called sinners to repentance.

During these last days when startled with the thought of dying, he would remark, "The paper! the paper!"—referring to the *Herald of Holiness*—"What will become of the paper? I had not thought of it before. If I should die, what will become of the *Herald*?"

Those who visited him during his lingering end, came away feeling they had been a little nearer heaven, and though they went to cheer the veteran, the heavenly aroma of the sick room sent them back

to their duties with a sense that they had been in an anteroom to the Heavenly City. On Dr. A. E. Sanner's last visit—Uncle Bud's district superintendent—the old preacher, now weathering life's last storm, lifted his hand in a preaching gesture, and in a voice thrilling with the Spirit's power, he sang softly, lowly, an old hymn that often he had used in calling sinners to repentance, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy"

He held on to life with a vital tenacity, exhorting, singing, shouting until Monday evening, November 2, when with a face fixed toward the heavenly land, he breathed his last, and stepped into the chariot, of which he had sung so much of late, to be taken to the Master's presence.

As though giving a final benediction to his sixty-two years as a minister in Christ's cause, he wrote in a last chapter of his "Chat," saying: "To know God the Father, and to know God the Son, and to know God the Holy Ghost, and to believe every word of the Bible, from the word 'In' in the book of Genesis, to the word 'Amen' in the book of Revelation, is to be a multimillionaire. May heaven smile on the Good Samaritans. In love, Uncle Bud."

Bud Robinson, son of the Cumberlands who chiseled his name deep in the marble of national memory, had finished his course. The nation, people of all denominations and creeds, mourned his home-going. He stood as a man, God-thrilled, upon whom the mantle of Elijah had fallen as a modern prophet, and those who had found redemption through his

stuttering messages felt that he would await them in the heavenly city. Telegrams, flowers, messages of sympathy poured into the Pasadena home from around the world.

A beloved brother, as Dr. Chapman tenderly calls him in his biography, rushed through the presses, was gone, yet not gone, merely "in another room of the Father's house," there to be rejoined with the millions who looked to him as spiritual father, friend, and inspirer of their faith.

Funeral services were conducted three days after his death in his home church, the Bresee Avenue Church of the Nazarene. A service most befitting to the occasion and the memory of Uncle Bud was planned, wherein friends and close companions of long standing took part. To the melodies of famed hymns of all churches, Uncle Bud's favorites, crowds of friends passed by the casket as he lay in state. Ministers by the hundreds, friends into the thousands gathered to do homage to this man, born with the hard hand of fate upon him, who had become "the most loved gospel man in America."

Dr. H. Orton Wiley, famed theologian and president of Pasadena College, spoke Uncle Bud's favorite passage, the faith-lifting words of Isaiah's thirty-fifth chapter. Telegrams, suited to the occasion, from around the world were read by Uncle Bud's district superintendent, Dr. A. E. Sanner, upon whom the veteran's hand of blessing had rested gently since his boyhood preacher days in the first decade of this century. A companion in gospel arms,

now himself a member of the heavenly host, Dr. John W. Goodwin, highly honored by his church, hallowed the occasion of sorrow with prayer. Dr. J. Russell Gardner, Uncle Bud's pastor, spoke briefly of this man, the glory of whose crown time cannot tarnish.

The funeral sermon was delivered by Dr. Henry B. Wallin, who as a boy preacher came under Uncle Bud's spiritual tutelage. Befittingly his text was the words of Jonathan to David, "Tomorrow, thou shalt be missed." With words heavily emotion-charged, the speaker voiced the sentiment of the thousands present, the multiplied thousands scattered throughout the Christian world where Uncle Bud had campaigned for Christ, "Tomorrow, vacant your place in our hearts, void the beauty of your presence, missed your lispng voice, your heart-stirring gospel messages. Greater heaven's lure will be because of your absence from this earthly tabernacle, yet your presence with the heavenly host."

Bud Robinson's life, from the cabin in the Cumberlands to an undying religious fame, is one of a miracle of grace. His was an American success story matching that of any secular hero who had climbed to towering heights in national esteem. Like a perfectly cut jewel, every facet of his character reflected a portion of Christ's image, whose glory he sang each hour of his redeemed day. He earned through suffering, mental perseverance, and spiritual consecration the pinnacle upon which his fame rests.

The rewards of service crown him amid the saints of the ages. And though his body has been committed to Mother Earth, he lives in the hearts of those touched by the gentle waves of his influence—he lives forevermore in the presence of the Master, the wonder of whose life he heralded in a sixty-two-year ministry.