Samuel Morris (Prince Kaboo):

T. C. Reade
Taylor University

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Over 200,000 copies of this sketch have been sold, and it has been translated into several languages.

First published - 1896
Reprinted - 1921
Reprinted - 1924

All proceeds from the sale of this little book will go, as they have since it was first printed, into student scholarships, a part of the endowment program of Taylor University.

Price - $1

1979
A FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that we reprint Thaddeus C. Reade's moving story, Samuel Morris (Prince Kaboo), for another generation of Christians. Taylor University has changed since Sammy Morris was a member of our student body—as has the Church, the nation, and the world. Our problems are more complex, the forces of secularism stronger, and the opportunities greater than ever before. But the message of the spirit-filled life for believers remains as relevant and vibrant today on the campus in Upland as it was in 1893 in Fort Wayne.

No other student of Taylor University has had such impact on the direction of the institution as Sammy Morris, whose student-days were brief—spanning only the last two years the University was in Fort Wayne, 1891-93. Within a year after the relocation of the University from Fort Wayne to Upland, a memorial building, Sammy Morris Hall, was built in his honor. Although that wooden structure no longer exists, Sammy Morris Residence Hall, built in 1958, is the home of 174 men each year on the present campus.

William Ringenberg, University historian, in his Taylor University: The First 125 Years, astutely observes that it was "the story of Sammy Morris (more than Sammy's personal influence)" that has made the impact of his person and his name upon the institution. That story was first told in print in the pages you are about to read. It was written by Thaddeus C. Reade, fifteenth president of the University, who during his eleven-year tenure from 1891 to 1902, was instrumental in bringing Sammy Morris to the Fort Wayne Campus, in moving the University to Upland and in sustaining the institution financially in its first years in Upland. It has been told subsequently in other biographies and in the motion picture, Angel in Ebony.
Dr. Ringenberg calls this little book "Reade’s most successful contribution to the cause of creating a school ‘distinguished for its piety’ . . ." and so it was. By 1924, it had sold more than 200,000 copies. Although it has been out of print for many years, constant requests come to the University offices for the book and information about Sammy Morris. Officials at Fort Wayne’s Lindenwood Cemetery report that the grave of Sammy Morris is the most frequently visited grave there. And the mystique of this spirit-filled person from Liberia continues to attract students to the campus each year.

We have, for your pleasure, included in the reprint of 1979 some pages from the reprint of 1921, beginning on page 35. A perusal of those pages in the light of today’s needs and costs will be a gentle reminder of the challenges facing Christian higher education in our day.

This book is being reprinted for two significant reasons. The first is to provide a suitable commemoration to Thaddeus C. Reade, in whose honor the Reade Memorial Liberal Arts Center on the University campus was named on October 8, 1979. We think it an appropriate tribute to our distinguished predecessor.

But the second reason is even greater. The 1921 edition concludes with the following sentence: “This little book alone, which could not have been written had not Sammuel Morris come to this country, has gone out to bless thousands and will continue to do so to the end of time.” Unprinted and lying in the University Archives, it could not do what Dr. Reade wanted it to. We here fulfill his hope and his commitment in our time.

We want you to be blessed by it in these days of secularism and challenge.

Milo A. Rediger
President

Upland, Indiana
October 8, 1979

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Sketch of the Life
—of—

SAMUEL MORRIS

In writing this little sketch my only desire is that the people may know what wonders our God can do when He finds a willing, obedient, confiding subject through whom and in whom to work. Most of us, I fear, have gone too far away from the simple faith of childhood and God cannot do many mighty works in us because of our unbelief. The faith of Sammy Morris never wavered and never questioned, hence God, who chooses the weak things to confound the mighty, put His power upon him. I suppose that Mary, of Bethany, never dreamed of acquiring an immortal name; she scarcely knew the meaning of such a thing. Her only ambition was to be known and loved by a little circle of friends about her humble home and to enjoy the approval of the “Master who came and called her!” But because Mary anointed the feet of Jesus with the costly Nard and bathed them with her grateful tears and wiped them with her hair, He made her name immortal. “Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also which she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.” This He did, not as a reward for what she had done, for she probably had not the faint-
est idea of the far-reaching, time-enduring meaning of His words, but to teach us to honor all good works and perpetuate every noble example. If the subject of this little sketch were alive and should be made acquainted with my purpose to publish to the world the simple story of his life he would stare in blank amazement at the announcement. He would turn his honest, black face to mine, and after a few moments of thoughtful silence, he would slowly shake his head and, rolling his great eyes upward, he would say: "No, no, Mr. Reade; tell them not about poor Sammy Morris; tell them about Jesus. Tell them about the Holy Ghost."

Well, in telling about Sammy Morris, I shall tell about Jesus—I shall tell about the Holy Ghost—for had it not been for Jesus Christ, revealed by the Holy Ghost, Sammy Morris would never have been a student in a Christian college in our happy America, but instead, would have died a slave in the jungles of Africa. All glory to Him who saves, without respect to country or color, all who call upon Him. For the early life of Sammy Morris I am wholly dependent on what he has told me. It could not be learned from any other person. No one else knew of the pangs of his violent separation from mother and home; no one else knew of the stripes that were laid upon his poor, quivering back by his cruel master; no one else knew of his marvelous escape and the way God led him through the wilderness till he reached the coast and was free. All this I heard him relate several times, and in view of his subsequent history, it fixed itself
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indelibly on my memory. To me this simple black boy was a daily wonder, a visible miracle of the utmost grace of God. I learned to love him as a brother and from him I learned lessons of faith and consecration to which I had been an utter stranger before. I trust that in the story of his life he may prove a blessing to thousands of others as he has been to me and hundreds of others more while living. Do not despise him because he was a poor, black boy; Christ loved him and saved him, and in the pure light of heaven he is white today and his blood-washed robes are white as no fuller on earth could make them. Do not despise that poor, black body, for the Holy Ghost made it His temple.

Samuel Morris was the son of a king. This does not mean, of course, that his father was a powerful potentate, for to be a king in the country from which he came it is only necessary that a man be able to build a town and rule over such people as resort to him for companionship and protection. Sometimes these petty kings or chiefs rule over only a few scores or hundreds of people, and, I suppose, are themselves subject to the greater rulers of their nation or people. The father of Samuel Morris was one of these petty rulers among what are known as the Kru people, who inhabit western Africa, back from the coast, parallel with Cape Palms. He was taken prisoner in an engagement with another African tribe when Sammy was a small child and the little tribe over which he ruled was almost broken up. Sammy was sold into slavery, or rather, as
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he more appropriately worded it, was put into pawn. It was understood that his cap-
tors had no use for him, but only held him in hope that his people would be able to redeem him. This he supposes they did, for he was restored to his own tribe and remained with them till he was about 11 years of age, when he was kidnapped and again put into pawn. Of his second bondage he had a very distinct recollection. Once, he says, his father came to redeem him, but was unable to pay a sufficient price. The money he offered consisted of ivory, the kernels of palm nuts and Indian rubber. This, he said, was the principal currency of the country. Besides these the father offered to give Sammy's sister, who was younger than he, and being a girl, she was, according to the notions of these heathen, of little consequence compared with a boy. Sammy begged his father not to make the bargain, saying he was older and could bear the hardships better than his little sister. The two chiefs or kings did not come to terms and Sammy was left in pawn. After this his life became a scene of constant suffering. The chief who held him was determined that his father should redeem him at the price he had fixed, so he began to punish the boy every day, taking care that the father should be kept posted as to what was transpiring. Sammy said to me: "The cruel man whipped me every day; he whipped me without any cause, and every day the whipping got harder." "What did he whip you with?" I asked. "Oh, with a vine like a rope." "And did he make you take off your coat?" I asked. "O, Mr. Reade," he said,
laughingly, "take off my coat?" We had no coat, no vest, no shirt, no pants, in my country." So the stripes were laid upon this poor boy's naked back and by the strong hand of a savage who knew no mercy and cared for only one thing—that he might secure the price he had put upon his captive. At last, Sammy said, the whipping got so hard that he could not endure it any longer and he started from under the lash and ran with all his might into the woods, not knowing whither he was going. But God, who cared for Ishmael when his mother cast him upon the sand and turned away that she might not see him die, cared for him also. There was work for him to do. Like Abraham, he was blessed of God, and in turn was to prove a blessing to others. So, his path was chosen for him. The Lord led him through the wilderness, from place to place, till he reached the coast. I do not know the distance he had to travel; he did not know; but it occupied many days and yielded an experience greatly varied and full of danger. He was a heathen boy; he knew nothing of God; but the Providence that feeds the sparrow fed him, and the power that led the Magi to Bethlehem led this poor boy to the coast and to Christ. After reaching the coast he went to work on a coffee plantation, and for his services received his board and such articles of clothing as are worn by the natives in that region. It was here that he found Christ and entered upon that religious life which, though it proved very brief, was, in the simple yet sublime development of its consecration and faith, the most wonderful I
have ever known. It seems that a boy from his own nation worked on the coffee plantation with Sammy, and this boy had become a Christian. He told Sammy of Jesus and one day took him to church. Sammy could not then understand a word of English: he could not comprehend the significance of the church, the Bible, the preacher and other things that met his staring eyes, but he says that he felt God was in that place and that, in the presence of the pure and awful Being who filled that house, he was sinful and undone. He went from that first service with an aching heart and an inquiring mind. He was groping his way like the Ethiopian eunich and needed a Philip to guide him. He had heard his companion pray and asked him what he was doing. He told him he was talking to God. "Who is God?" asked Sammy. "He is my father," answered the other boy. "Then," said Sammy, in his plain and practical way of putting things, "you are talking to your Father."

Ever after that Sammy called praying "talking to his Father." As soon as he was brought under conviction by attending church, that day, he, too, began to "talk to his Father." His conviction was not of that mild and evanescent type that is becoming so popular in these days. It was the conviction of the old-time revivals. It was not remittent and hence it led him to talk to his Father at some very unseasonable hours, and it was so deep that it led him to talk with a very loud voice. His agonizing cries sometimes broke the stillness of the midnight hour. At last his fellow workmen declared
him a nuisance and notified him that if he "couldn't keep still he must leave the quarters." He then transferred his prayer meeting to the woods, and there he wrestled with the Angel night after night, as did Jacob at Peniel. One night he tarried in the woods praying till after midnight, and then came to his humble quarters, weary and heavy-hearted, and lay down to sleep; but he could not sleep. He said his tongue was still, but his heart went on praying. All at once his room appeared to grow light. He thought at first the sun was rising, but everyone was sound asleep around him and the room grew lighter till it was full of glory. At the same time his burden disappeared and his heart was full of joy and his body seemed light as a feather. He said he thought he could fly. He began to shout and leap and praise God like the lame man who was healed at the beautiful gate of the temple. He soon waked everybody up in the quarters and there was no more sleeping that night. Some thought he had gone crazy and some, remembering their old heathen superstitions, thought a devil had gotten into him. This was his conversion—plain, positive, powerful. He could not doubt, and with his limited knowledge, he could never have been satisfied with anything less. Ordinarily Sammy was not demonstrative. He was unusually quiet for one of his race; but whenever he spoke of his conversion his eyes flashed fire and his whole frame quivered with emotion. His appearance was that of the poet when he sang:

"O, sacred hour, O, hallowed spot
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"Where love divine first found me;
"Wherever falls my distant lot
"My heart shall linger round thee;
"And when from earth I rise to soar
"Up to my home in heaven
"Down will I cast my eyes once more
"Where I was first forgiven."

How long he remained on this coffee plantation I do not know, but it was long enough to enable him to learn to speak English and to read and write a very little. It was long enough for him to acquire a new name. His heathen name was Kaboo, but this was now changed to Samuel Morris by a lady missionary, who gave him some instructions in reading and writing and taught him the sweet, simple lessons of the gospel. Leaving the coffee plantation, he came to a town on the coast and there learned to paint houses, and seems to have worked at that trade for a couple of years. All this time he was a constant attendant on the religious services conducted by the missionaries at that place, and all this time he felt profoundly convicted that it was his duty to preach to his people the blessed Christ who had so gloriously saved him. One day he went to the missionary, Rev. C. E. Smirl, and told him all that was in his heart on this subject. The missionary told him that to preach to his people he must be educated; to be educated he must go to America, and to go to America would cost him a hundred dollars. With these three facts clearly fixed in his mind, Sammy hastened to the woods, his usual place of prayer, to "talk to his Father" about it. "Now, Father," said he,
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"you have called me to preach to my people, but the missionary says I can't preach without an education, and that to be educated I must go to America, and that it will take a hundred dollars to carry me to America; and, Father, you know I have not a single cent—please make a way for me to go."

When he told me this incident he added, in a simple, matter of fact way, "I knew He would." From the day he offered that simple prayer he looked upon it as settled that he was coming to America, and was on a constant lookout for the ship that was to carry him over. It was at this time that he met with the young lady who had but recently gone as a missionary to that country and who told him of the Holy Ghost and of Rev. Stephen Merritt, one of our grand, anointed, local preachers of New York. What followed has been told by Brother Merritt in a very interesting article in The King's Messenger, which I take the liberty of copying here:

A HOLY GHOST LIFE.

"Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure negro; when I first knew him he was probably 20 years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English-speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far West to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost and, of course, was full of Him.

"I talked from the abundance of my
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heart, to her, of Him. I told her if she would receive Him, she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick, nor lonesome, nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in that dark continent. She hearkened—desired—consented—asked, and He came, an abiding presence. She departed filled with the Spirit. Her companion missionaries thought she would be a failure, as she kept herself aloof and would sit alone and talk and cry and laugh; they thought she had left a lover behind, and therefore her actions. She had her lover with her, hence her peculiarities. She reached her station, sat down to her work—contented, blessed and happy.

"The Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel. He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme; when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said: 'If you want to know any more, you just go to Stephen Merritt, of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost.' 'I am going—where is he?' She laughingly answered, 'In New York.' She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traveled before he reached the ocean. As he arrived on the shore a sailing vessel dropped her anchor in the offing and a small boat put ashore. Samuel stepped up and
asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, 'Oh, yes you will.' He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused. The next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request the third time, and was asked by the captain, 'What can you do?' and he answered, 'Anything.' Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted and he was short-handed, he asked: 'What do you want?' meaning pay. Samuel said, 'I want to see Stephen Merritt.' He said to the men in the boat, 'Take this boy aboard.'

"He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded, and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up—and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship, and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, the songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

"They landed at the foot of Pike Street, E. R., and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls, with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and stepping up to the first man he met, said: 'Where's Stephen Merritt?' It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I would
be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that. One of the Travelers' Club was the man accosted, and he said: 'I know him; he lives away over on 8th avenue—on the other side of town. I'll take you to him for a dollar.' 'All right,' said Samuel, though he had not one cent. They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer meeting, and the tramp said: 'There he is!' Samuel stepped up and said: 'Stephen Merritt?' 'Yes.' 'I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Ghost.' 'Have you any letters of introduction?' 'No—had not time to wait.' 'Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer meeting. Will you go into the mission, next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment.' 'All right.' 'Say, young fellow,' said the tramp, 'where is my dollar?' 'Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now,' said Samuel. 'Oh, certainly,' said I, as I passed the dollar over.

'I went to the prayer meeting—he to the mission. I forgot him until just as I put my key in the door, about 10:30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. I had never seen just such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surroundings, was indeed a picture.

'Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America, winning souls for
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side down. He lived and died in the Holy Ghost, after he accomplished his work; and, as a Holy Ghost man or woman never dies, so the life of Samuel Morris walks the earth today, and will live as long as I remain, and will never die. At his funeral three young men, who had received the Holy Spirit through his instruction, dedicated themselves to the work of God in Africa to take the place of Samuel Morris.

Two incidents that occurred during Sammy's passage to this country serve to show his marvelous faith. When he applied to the captain for the privilege of working his passage the captain asked him if he had ever been on a ship. "No," said Sammy. "Then," said the captain, "I cannot take you; you will be sick all the time and will be of no use to me." "Oh, please take me, sir," said Sammy; "I not get sick; I talk to my Father; He not let me get sick; I will work for you every day till I get to America." The captain took him, but he said that on the third day he began to be very sick, "never so sick before in all my life." "And what did you do then?" I asked. "O, I got down on my knees and said: 'Father, you know I promised to work for this man every day till I got to America, but I can't do it if I am sick; please take away this sick,'" and from that moment he was well and able to do his work. He told me, also, that he had to work on the mast, a kind of work he did not at all like to do. One night he was sent up the mast to work and it was raining and the wind rolled the ship and swayed the mast away over till it seemed as though the vessel would
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capsize, and the rain beat into his eyes and almost blinded him. In the midst of the storm he talked to his Father in this way: "Father, I am not afraid, for I know you will take care of me, but I don't like to be on the mast. Won't you please make it so that I won't have to come up here again?" "I knew he would," he added. The next day there was work to be done above and Sammy started with another sailor to do it. When they reached the foot of the mast the other sailor turned and said: "Sam, you don't like to work on the mast and I don't like to work in the cabin; you go and do my work in the cabin and I'll do your work above." So Sammy's prayer was answered and he never had to go up the mast again.

The first personal knowledge I ever had of Samuel Morris was conveyed to me in a letter addressed by Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, to Rev. C. B. Stemen, M. D., LL. D., of Fort Wayne, Indiana, a distinguished local preacher and former president of Taylor University. In this letter Rev. Merritt told of the arrival of Sammy Morris in New York, enroute to Taylor University. He said that the good Methodists of Jane Street Church would clothe this heroic young negro boy and send him to the University if we of the University would assume the expense of his education after he reached us. Dr. Stemen brought the letter to me and we consulted together as to what should be done. The University was young and was struggling with a great debt, which it had inherited at its birth; we had no fund upon which we could draw for the maintainance
of this unexpected charge, yet we both felt that the thing was of the Lord, and we dared not refuse. I may say here that I had for years felt anxious to help poor young men who were preparing for the ministry to acquire an education, and I had fondly hoped that some time God would open up my way to that work; but it had not yet entered my mind that this work was to be done at Taylor University, and especially that it was to be introduced so suddenly and in such an unheard of way. Truly, the work was thrust upon us. But we had faith in the God who fed Elijah by the brook and multiplied the meal and the old of the poor and the oil of the poor widow of Zarephath, and we wrote to Brother Merritt, "Send him on and God will take care of him." He arrived in the month of December and became at once an object of curiosity both to teachers and pupils. Here was an African boy as to the purity of whose blood no one would ever have a doubt. No question of visible admixture would ever be asked in his case, for no raven was ever blacker than he. His lips were thick enough and his nose sufficiently flat and broad to satisfy the utmost peculiarities of his race. Yet his accent and pronunciation were entirely new to us; unlike that of the typical American negro; unlike that of any other foreigner we had ever met. We had learned a little of his former history and of the marvelous way in which God had secured a passage for him across the great deep, but we knew nothing of the choice spirit, the angel in black, that was among us. I think the curiosity was as
great on his part as on ours, for everything was new to him. He had to be introduced to his clothes and made acquainted with most articles of food and told how to eat them in American style.

I shall never forget his wonder when he first awoke and saw the ground covered with snow. When the Israelites saw the new food God had provided, scattered like hoar frost about the camp, they shouted in amazement, "Manna! Manna! What is it?" So Sammy exclaimed of the snow, "What is it?" He took some of it in his hand and watched it melt, and saw only a drop of water remaining, and then he asked: "Where did the snow go after it left this drop of water in my hand?"

While Taylor University has always been open to persons of both sexes, all denominations, all races and every color, I think Sammy Morris was the first negro who ever asked admittance to our halls. I wish to say here to the honor of the faculty and students of the University that if he had been the president's son he could not have been treated with greater courtesy. He was loved and respected by all.

Shortly after his arrival I made a note of the fact in the Western Christian Advocate and invited any who felt moved to do so to send a dollar each toward his expenses. Thirteen persons responded and the money thus obtained was used in fitting up his room and buying his books. His studies were necessarily primary and he could not enter any of our classes, so teachers and pupils vied with each other in the labor of instructing him. The daughter of Dr. Stemen and
my own daughter took part in the work, and were as enthusiastic as though they had been real missionaries, teaching in Africa instead of America. I have seen Dr. Fry, a man of such vast and varied learning that he could instruct philosophers, bending over this black boy and explaining to him the Scriptures. A few weeks after Sammy came among us I was preaching in the village of Churubusco, in Northern Indiana, and after the sermon I gave a brief account of our African boy and said as there was no fund provided for his support we had taken him by faith. At the close of the sermon a Brother Thomas slipped a half-dollar into my hand, and the next morning, as I was on my way to the train, a Brother Kichler called me into his shop and, handing me a five dollar bill, said: "The Spirit tells me to give this to your faith fund." "Faith fund;" this was a new name, but we adopted it at once and this proved the beginning of a fund which has already helped more than 200 different pupils in their struggles to secure an education, and it shall yet help hundreds more. It is now 25 years since Jacob Kichler gave that five-dollar bill to start the faith fund, but that fund still lives. It has never been exhausted. It has never at any time had fifty dollars to its credit, for the contributions by which it has been fed have been small, and as soon as we receive them we placed them to the credit of some indigent student, but there has been—Glory to God!—there has always been a little oil in the cruse and a little meal in the barrel. The contributions to this faith fund have come...
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to us by mail in amounts varying usually from five cents to five dollars, and they have come from almost every state in the union and from Canada. We have received two gifts of $100.00 each, one from the State of New Jersey, and one from far-off Sweden.

It is literally true that this faith fund, originated to support Sammy Morris, has revolutionized Taylor University, as Brother Merritt states, and given a new direction to its work. From the number of young men studying in its halls for the ministry and foreign missionary work, it might almost be called a theological seminary, and this feature of the school has grown up as a result of the faith fund. Surely, if Sammy Morris had no other mission than this, it would amply justify the faith he had in God’s call. Soon after Sammy came we were asked to take a young Armenian, whose mother was a Bible woman in Turkey; a young man who had come to this country to be educated that he might help his mother in the work of spreading the Gospel among their people. He landed in Castle Garden without a friend or a dollar, and with but little knowledge of our language. A young Dr. Walker, of New York, interested himself in the young man and after instructing him for a while himself and trying in vain to enter him as a charity student in a large and wealthy college, he sent him to us. Our “faith fund” made it possible for us to take him, and he and Sammy Morris became fast and enduring friends. It became necessary for us to employ a teacher especially for them and they were daily in a class together. Sammy studied hard and
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learned rapidly while he was with us, and had he lived he would have become an effective teacher and preacher among his people. He was especially apt in acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures and singularly happy in his way of expressing the truth. I went to hear him preach once and was surprised at the freshness and force of his thoughts. He spoke for forty minutes in a quiet, yet earnest style, simple and natural as the style of a child, and every one in the vast audience was interested and all, who had honest hearts to receive the truth, were profited. He was a child of prayer. Many a time have I gone down the hall where he roomed and heard him "talking to his Father." He was as calm and matter-of-fact about it as though he had been talking to me. He was literally talking with God. I have heard his prayers early in the morning before the other students were up; I have heard them late at night after all the others were locked in slumber. I have quietly set the door ajar and looked at the earnest face turned toward heaven, but he was not at all distracted. His talk with God absorbed him and he was oblivious of my presence. His power was felt in the school; we all felt it and were made better by it.

One of his fellow pupils, Thomas Newburn, says he has often gone to his room and found him engaged in audible prayer. He would pay no attention whatever to the knock at the door, but would continue his talk with God until his soul was satisfied, then he would come to the door, smiling, and say: "Now come in; we done talking for
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this time.” Sammy loved his Bible, and not only read it himself, slowly and as best he could, but whoever came into his room to spend a few minutes was requested to read a chapter for him. One day a young man came who was not a Christian, and when asked to read a chapter he declined, saying he did not believe the Bible. “What!” said Sammy, “you no believe that book? Your Father speak, you no believe Him? Your Brother speak, you no believe Him? The sun shine and you no believe it? God your Father, Christ your Brother, the Holy Ghost your Sun, I pray for you.” And he did pray, and the young man was saved. One day out of every week Sammy fasted. From Thursday evening until Saturday morning he would never take a morsel of food nor a drop of water, yet his work went on and he seemed so cheerful and happy that no one knew of his fasting but those who missed him from table. He was delighted with this country and had a keen appreciation of our Christian civilization. How often would he contrast his country with ours. Once on Thanksgiving evening I happened to ask him which country he liked best—we had fed that day on the conventional roast turkey—and without a moment’s reflection he answered, laughing. “Which is better, Mr. Reade, roast turkey or raw monkey?” “Why Sammy,” I said, “you didn’t eat monkeys?” “O, yes, sir,” he replied, “I eat many monkeys, and eat them raw.” Yet, much as he admired this country, he longed to finish his studies and go back to preach to his people. He said that, “when he returned he would
devote himself to the children of his race; he would seat them around him in a circle on the sand and talk to them about Jesus." But this happy dream was not to be realized. He was to preach to his people to be sure, but only through the agency of others, who should be led through his life and influence to take up the work so dear to his heart. His aptness in illustration was certainly remarkable. One night in a students' prayer meeting he rose and said: "Bread is one thing, stone is another thing. I once saw a stone with gold in it and they told me it was worth more than a barrel of flour; but when I am hungry I cannot eat that stone, I must have bread; so my soul cannot be satisfied with anything but Jesus, the bread of life." Another and more decidedly original saying and one which I published in one of our church papers at the time he spoke it, was this: "Living a religious life is like eating meat. Some parts of the meat are lean and you like them very much; some parts are fat and you do not like them at all, but you must eat both lean and fat to be healthy and strong. So religion has its joys and its crosses; you love the joys and draw back from its crosses, but you must take them both to become a strong, healthy Christian." No student in our University ever became so widely known as Sammy Morris. All who met him were impressed with his sublime, yet simple faith in God, and moved by the story of his consecrated life, they told it to others, and he became known to people in distant states. Letters of inquiry often reached us and many encouraging messages
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were sent through us to him. Many wrote for his picture and with difficulty I prevailed on him to have it taken. "My picture is too ugly," he would say, and once he exclaimed: "O, that I could send them a picture of Jesus!" During the long, cold winter of 1893 Sammy was a regular attendant at the revival meetings both in the African M. E. church and in the Berry Street M. E. church, to which he belonged. No night was so dark, or cold, or stormy, as to keep him away. His honest black face was a benediction; his simple heart, yearning for the truth, was an inspiration to the minister to do his best. But our climate proved too rigorous for him. Coming from a region where snow is unknown, he could not withstand a temperature of 20 or 25 degrees below zero. He took a severe cold in January, 1893, and, although it did not disqualify him for study, he never seemed to get rid of it. At last it resulted in a dropsy. Long before we apprehended that his sickness was serious, he told us that he had heard his Master call and he must go. When I spoke to him of the work he had so fondly hoped to do among his people, "Others can do it better," he would answer. "It is not my work, it is Christ's work; He must choose His own workers." He bore his sickness patiently, cheerfully; he never spoke of pain or disappointment. The nights were never too long, his fever was never too high—he always spoke of his thankfulness that Jesus condescended to come and stay with him. I once asked him if he did not fear death. He laughed and said: "O, no, Mr. Reade; since I have found Jesus, death is my
friend.” And so one day in May he went with Jesus to meet death as calmly as he had ever gone to meet the teachers he so much loved. “He walked with God and was not, for God took him.” So ended this marvelous life. A thousand hearts were full of grief, for we all loved him, and many of us stood in dumb amazement at the Providence which had so quickly terminated what promised to be such a useful life. His plans and ours were all shattered in a moment. But God’s ways are higher and better than ours. Sammy’s funeral took place from the Berry Street church, to which he belonged, and was one of the largest and by far the most tender and sympathetic one I ever witnessed in the City of Fort Wayne. The church was packed from the pulpit to the street, hundreds waiting through the whole service outside the door. And strong men bowed themselves that day, and many wept who were not accustomed to weeping. But why? He was only a poor African boy! True, but many felt that in him they had seen and learned more of faith, more of consecration and the power of God to save, than they had ever known before. He had been greatly blessed of God and had proven a blessing to many. We laid him to rest with many tears, but in the sweet assurance that his pure spirit had entered into the city of his King.

Our dear Sister Stemen reared a suitable stone above his head and no grave in the vast cemetery at Fort Wayne has more visitors than his, and none other is watered with so many tears. And why? Ah, it is because the Holy Ghost rested on him and
every one felt that God had set a visible seal on him.

Since this sketch was first put into print, my mind has recalled two incidents in Sammy's life which I think should be preserved. I have also received from fellow pupils of Sammy two letters which I shall insert in the narrative. The first incident referred to the room Sammy was to occupy in the college dormitory. Calling him into my office at the opening of the term, I said: "Sammy, what room shall I give you?" "O, Mr. Reade," he replied, "any room is good enough for me. If there is a room nobody else wants, give that to me." I turned my face away, for my eyes were full of tears. I was asking myself whether I was willing to take what nobody else wanted. In my experience as a teacher I have had occasion to assign rooms to more than a thousand pupils. Most of them were noble, Christian young ladies and gentlemen, but Sammy Morris was the only one of them all who ever said, "If there is a room that nobody else wants, give that to me." The other incident is more remarkable still, as it shows that even while in Africa Sammy was a true soul winner. One day he came to me and said: "Mr. Reade, may I quit school and go to work?" "Why, Sammy," said I, "are you dissatisfied with this school?" "O, no," he answered, "I love the school very much, but I want to work and get money to bring Henry O. Neil to this country." "Who is this Henry O. Neil?" I asked. "Oh," said Sammy, "he my brother in the Lord. I led him to Jesus in Africa. He good boy; he better boy than
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Sammy; he walk close to God. I want him to come here and get an education." "Well, Sammy," said I, "if he ought to come to America, the Lord will open the way. Talk to your Father about it." Almost immediately he retired to his room to pray. That evening I wrote a letter to Mrs. Dake, of Illinois, who, with her noble husband, had been a missionary in Africa, until her husband died and was buried in that far off land. Henry O. Neil had been in their employ, and I wrote to know if anything could be done to bring Henry to this country. The next morning Sammy came into my office and his face was beaming with joy. "Mr. Reade," he said, "I very happy this morning. Father tell me Henry shall come." In a few days from this time I received a letter from Mrs. Drake, saying that measures were already on foot to bring Henry over. In a few months he came, and after spending some time under the tutorage of Miss Abrams, of St. Louis, and perhaps a year at another institution of learning, he went back to Africa to preach to his people. He was one of the first fruits of Sammy Morris' faith.

Rev. C. F. Yoder, pastor of the Brethren church in Warsaw, Indiana, is one of the most deeply consecrated young men in all the range of my acquaintance. He is eminently successful in winning souls to Christ and building up the church. He was a student in Taylor University at the same time with Sammy Morris, and he has written me the following letter:

"There is a power goes with the book
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that melts the heart and I want every one to have it. It is better than volumes of sermons. I am so glad to be able to testify that Sammy was all that the book makes him, and more. He first made religion real to me. I enclose several incidents which you are at liberty to use. Sammy and I were especial friends. Many a time we took a walk together along the railroad and Sammy would ask questions and tell about his plans. 'When I get back to Africa,' he often said, 'I will gather the children about me and they will sit on the sand. They will call me father, but I won't care for that,' he said, as his eyes sparkled. 'I will tell them of Jesus and soon some of them will go away in the bushes and I will know what that means. When they come back they will be very happy.' In speaking he would always say, 'Father told me to do this or that,' as if some living person had spoken to him, and indeed, was not such the case?

"When he first took sick I visited him and he said: 'I don't understand it. When I froze my ears last winter they hurt me very much, and I asked my Father about it and they quit hurting right away, and now I can't get well. I can't understand it.' But the day he died, Brother Shaffer, another student of the University, and I, visited him and prayed with him. He was all radiant. 'O,' he said, 'I'm so happy. I understand it now; I've seen the angels and they will come for me soon.' That afternoon they came. As Brother Shaffer and I paced the floor by his casket in the night watch, we asked each other, 'Why was this holy life cut short?' My
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brother said, 'Some flowers are too beautiful to bloom on earth.' Results are showing rather that this life has fallen to the ground and been buried, that it might not abide alone, but bear much fruit. The simple story of his life inspires men everywhere to exercise that unquestioning faith which still works miracles in the Father's name.'

Rev. S. F. Beiderwell and his devoted wife were two noble, godly young people who attended the university together with Sammy Morris. Mrs. Beiderwell heard him recite in several studies and they both loved him very much. In 1896 Mrs. Beiderwell wrote me from Rolla, Missouri, where her husband was then preaching:

"Dear Doctor Reade: Mr. Beiderwell and I are both very glad you are going to revise the 'Life of Sammy Morris.' As soon as I read the book I remarked, it was a pity it was so brief, as there were so many valuable facts connected with his life which ought to be published. We that knew the faith and piety of Sammy can say as the Sheban Queen did, 'The half had not been told me.' Many times Mr. Beiderwell and I have been led to consecrate our lives more fully to God through the influence of this boy. He surely was a missionary to all his fellow students in Taylor University. Whenever he would be at our home in the evening he would always request us to have family worship with him before he would go, and he invariably wished Mr. Beiderwell to read him the 14th chapter of St. John. At times he wanted us to join him in singing his favorite hymn, 'Behold the Bridegroom.'"
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“You, no doubt, remember the time I was hearing Sammy and Jimmie Thompson recite a lesson in parsing in your office. Sammy was parsing the word ‘heaven,’ and said it was a proper noun, as there was only one heaven.

“Many times have I heard him say in a low, audible voice, when solving a difficult mathematical problem, ‘Lord help.’

“One Monday morning he said to me: ‘Mrs. Beiderwell, I preached in the colored church yesterday morning.’ I replied, ‘Did you?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘the minister was in his pulpit and ready to begin his sermon when I walked up to him and told him that I wanted to preach in his place. The minister said, ‘Have you your sermon prepared?’ I replied, ‘No, but I want to preach anyway.’ He finally let me take his place, and oh, the people got so happy.’”

One day Sammy came to me laughing and said: “I don’t think I shall love my teachers in heaven any better than I love you and Dr. Stemen and Miss Husted, but I shall learn faster there; I shall not be so dumb.” Ay, Sammy, you have already learned lessons to which we are strangers. You have looked upon the King in His beauty and have drank of the river whose waters make glad the City of God.

On Thursday evening, after Sammy’s death, our students had their usual prayer meeting and every one present spoke of some blessing he had received, some lesson he had learned from the life of this devoted boy. At last, toward the close of the meeting, one young man rose up greatly agitated, and
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said: ‘I felt impressed this moment that I must go to Africa in Sammy's place, and I pray that as his work has fallen upon me, so the mantle of his faith may likewise fall upon me.’ He had hardly taken his seat when another and then a third arose and gave utterance to a like experience. So, instead of one, we had from that hour three who were preparing to go to Africa. “He being dead, yet speaketh.” Yes, his mission was to stir up the hearts of many gifted and consecrated young men and women to go and carry the gospel to his people and to inspire them with that mighty faith which must make them successful in winning souls for Jesus. It was also his mission to be the means in God’s hands of establishing a fund for the education of poor boys and girls who are called to the mission field either at home or abroad. That fund shall continue and its work shall progress and grow as long as Taylor University shall stand.

Samuel Morris was a divinely-sent messenger of God to touch Taylor University. He thought he was coming over to prepare himself for his mission in the world—he was coming over to this country to prepare Taylor University for her mission in this world. She was ready for his message, and it lifted her into a new realm. She got a vision of the world’s needs. It was no longer local, neither national, but world-wide. Samuel was the Macedonian cry, “Come over and help us,” and a missionary spirit fell upon the school. Since then the students have been going to the ends of the world.

Samuel was the forerunner from foreign
lands, for since his arrival students have been coming to Taylor University from every land and the islands of the sea preparing to go back to their native land to carry the blessed Word of Christ. They come especially to bless their own country, but passing through the school they help to lift others into a spiritual realm that makes them a blessing to every student that comes within her walls.

Samuel Morris is not dead; Taylor University is his monument. God sent him over here to touch Taylor, and make of her a school where men might secure the best mental development and at the same time maintain their spiritual life. Sammy did his work well; he put a stamp of spirituality on Taylor that makes her unique in the educational world. Sammy Morris did more in coming to this country for only a few years, than he could ever have done in Africa. Our students inspired by his example have gone to the four corners of the world carrying with them the blessed message of the infilling of the Holy Spirit, and in the years to come if the friends of full salvation do not fail her—and they will not—Taylor University will continue to send out spirit-filled men to carry the Gospel Message.

This little book alone, which could not have been written had not Samuel Morris come to this country, has gone out to bless thousands and will continue to do so to the end of all time.
A Note

The following pages have been reprinted from the 1921 publication of Dr. Reade's book. The "H-shaped" residence hall mentioned in the following pages was the Magee-Campbell-Wisconsin Hall, which was razed in 1975.
TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

A co-educational school, named for Bishop William Taylor, the great apostle of missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, visited and patronized by him and promoting his spirit.

In the last thirteen years sixty-one missionaries have gone from the school to various fields of the world.

More than eight hundred young people have prepared themselves for some form of Christian work. Ninety-two percent of the students who have decided on their future career are preparing for Christian service. Others for Law, Medicine, Music, Civil Engineering, Business, etc.

Taylor Students in Other Schools

The students of Taylor who transfer to other colleges for more extensive specialization in certain departments of work, or to technical, professional, or graduate schools, are demonstrating the efficiency of the work done in Taylor. Some of the large universities to which they have gone, and in which they have made a very creditable showing are Boston, Columbia, Michigan, Indiana, Yale, Harvard, Ohio Wesleyan and Northwestern. Taylor has a working relation with the School of Medicine of the University of Michigan. Drew Theological Seminary, Boston University School of Theology, Garrett Biblical Institute, and the Divinity School of Princeton University, have welcomed Taylor men to their degree courses in divinity.

Two Taylor men doing advanced special work in the University of Michigan were among the seven who made all A grades out
of more than eight hundred seniors the first semester of 1920-21. At graduation the diploma of one of them bore the words “with distinction,” a much-coveted honor in that great school. Incidentally, it may be of interest to know that these same young men when renting rooms were given a lower price because they did not use tobacco or cigarettes.

A young man, who did most of his undergraduate work in Taylor and who received his B. S. degree here in 1921, also received his graduate degree of Master of Forestry from the Yale School of Forestry. He has been especially honored in receiving the award of a Scandinavian Scholarship in Forestry, which gives him a year’s study in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, carrying with it liberal cash provisions for expenses.

A young Filipino, who took his A. B. degree at Taylor in June 1920, took his graduate work for Master of Arts the next year in Boston University and is reported to have done very high grade work. As soon as his work for the Master’s degree was done he left, under government appointment, to take a responsible position as High School Principal in the Philippines.

The records made by students in advanced and professional education show that a religious atmosphere with many prayer-meetings, no dances, and free from cigarette fumes, is at least no detriment to scholarship.

For monthly Bulletin, catalog and further information, address

James M. Taylor, President, Upland, Ind.
From a class of intellectual and spiritual young men and women graduated in 1921, nine go to the foreign fields, three enter the pastorate and others the profession of teaching. At a recent session of the North Indiana Conference, in the bounds of which the University is located, a class of eleven young ministers entered the conference and all but two were from Taylor University. This same North Indiana Conference has sixty-nine pastors from the University.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has been calling for more than 50,000 young people to dedicate their lives for Christian work. Taylor proposes to enlarge her quarters and her faculty so that she may educate thousands of these young people. Faith and effort are being rewarded and large numbers are applying. At the close of one address by President Taylor twelve young men and women asked for admission. Parents are writing about moving to Taylor to put their children in school.

A college preparing ninety per cent of its students for Christian work should be expected to serve as a fountain of missionary information. We have, therefore, changed the Taylor Bulletin to a four page paper and publish 100,000 each month. This puts THE LIFE SERVICE COLLEGE before the church at large, brings the needs of the school to the people, and also gives work to many deserving students.
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SPIRITUAL LIFE

We do not expect prayer and spiritual life to take the place of keen literary work, but it is the purpose of those in charge to continue Taylor University as a SPIRITUAL school. Every effort is put forth to lead all students into vital touch with Jesus Christ as their personal Savior and to see to it that young people do not come here to drift from the moral and spiritual life of their homes.

We should have a large number of scholarships for the children of ministers and missionaries, foreign students and other deserving young people who are preparing for Christian work. In some cases we should have $200 or more per year, but in hundreds of other cases $100 and even $50 per year, in addition to what they have, and can earn at work, will make possible their education.

INEXPENSIVE

There are very few colleges where it costs less than $600 to $1,000 per year for board, room and tuition. Taylor makes it possible for ambitious young people to get through on $350 to $400 per year. This places a college education within the reach of thousands of young people who could not otherwise have it.

OUR EMERGENCY

1. One new dormitory for young women, $50,000.
2. New wing for Sickler Hall boy's
dormitory, $15,000.
3. New dining hall, $12,000.
4. Central heating plant, $25,000.
5. Temporary library space, $10,000.
6. Executive offices, $5,000.
7. Apartment in dormitory for president's family, $5,000.
8. Twelve cottages for professors, or families desiring to educate their children, $1,000 to $3,000 each.
9. Rooms in new dormitory, $400 each.
10. Furnishings per room, $250.
11. Scholarships for worthy students preparing for Christian work, $50; $100; $200 per year.
12. Steam laundry, $5,000.

The above amounts will relieve congestion during the coming year, enabling us to take care of a few hundred more worthy students who could afford to come to Taylor with her nominal charge, but could not attend the average school at an expense of $600 to $1,000. This investment will also enable us to furnish employment during the summer and the school year to many ambitious young men who are glad to work their way through school.

If interested, address,
James M. Taylor, President, Upland, Indiana.

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MEMORIAL HALL

Our dormitory now in course of construction at Taylor University is in the shape of the letter “H” giving all rooms outside windows. The building will accommodate
one hundred girls on each floor and it will be modern in every respect, with large parlors, sitting rooms, and recreation halls. We have decided to name it "The Memorial Hall" because we are praying that every room in the building may be built in memory of some departed friend or loved one whose people desire to erect a permanent monument of Christian significance.

Four hundred dollars will build a room and we agree to place on the outer door a suitable brass tablet stating that the room has been built in memory of the one mentioned. Two hundred and fifty dollars will furnish the room, and we will place a modest hanging on the walls stating that it has been furnished in memory of the one designated. If one hundred persons will send the amount of a room in cash, or a note bearing interest at seven percent we can purchase our material and proceed without delay. This must be done to save large numbers of students from being turned away this fall. We have carefully gone over our figures and find that it will easily pay the school a net income of fifteen per cent on the investment, and in addition to this amount, which will apply on faculty salaries, it will give us tuition for students who could not otherwise enter school. But finally and most important, it enables a few hundred worthy students to enter college who would otherwise be deprived of this privilege. Taylor is, as the reader knows, a school where the expense is nominal—not more than $350 to $400 per year.

Please come to our rescue in this hour of heavy burdens.