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APPRECIATIONS

AND

HISTORICAL ADDRESSES

By
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MOSES DRURY HOGE.

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Moses Drury Hoge

Address at the Memorial Service in the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, February 5, 1899.

Few men in any walk of life have ever so deeply impressed an entire community with the power of a noble personality as the lamented servant of God whose virtues and labors we commemorate to-day. Certainly no minister of the gospel in all the history of this ancient commonwealth was ever accorded a position so eminent by the public at large. This popular estimate was deliberate and exact. The people knew him. For more than fifty years, through storm and sunshine, in war and peace, they had studied his character and watched his work, and they have rendered their verdict: that Moses D. Hoge was a man; a strong, wise, high-minded, great-hearted, heroic man; that through all these years of stress and toil and publicity he wore the white flower of a blameless life; and that he preached the gospel of the grace of God with a dignity and authority and tenderness, with a beauty and pathos and power which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of the American pulpit.

Long before the close of his consecrated career he had taken his place in public interest even by the side of those stately memorials of this historic city which men have come from the ends of the earth to see—the bronze and marble reminders of the men who have forever associated the name of Virginia with eloquence and virtue and valor.

No visitor who had come from a distant State or a land beyond the seas, to look upon these memorials of the great Virginians of former days, felt that his visit to Richmond was complete till he had seen and heard the man who, though an humble minister of the Cross, was by common consent the most eminent living citizen of a commonwealth which has always been peculiarly rich in gifted sons. It was his privilege to preach to a larger number of the men whose commanding influence in public life, in the learned professions, or in the business world, had conferred prosperity and honor upon the State, than any other spiritual teacher of the time. He was more frequently the spokesman of the people on great public occasions than any other man whom Richmond has delighted to honor. He was more frequently the subject of conversation in the social circle than any other member of this cosmopolitan community. In every community where he once appeared his name was thenceforth a household word. It is not my province at present to speak of these things. I allude to them only in order to emphasize the fact that the explanation of this preeminence in public esteem lay largely in the character of his work in the pulpit. That was his throne. There he was king.

In attempting to comply with the request of the session of his church to say something to-day in regard to this outstanding feature of Dr. Hoge's work, a feeling of peculiar sadness comes over my heart. It will be many a long day before any man who knew him can stand in this pulpit without a sense of wistful loneliness at the thought of that

venerated figure, with its resolute attitudes and ringing tones, which for fifty-four fruitful years stood in this place as God's ambassador, laying the multitude under the enchantment of his eloquence, diffusing through this sanctuary the aroma of his piety, and lifting sad and weary hearts to heaven on the wings of his wonderful prayers. As some one has said of the death of another illustrious preacher, we feel like children who had long sheltered under a mighty oak; and now the old oak has gone down and we are out in the open sun. We hardly knew, till he fell, how much we had sheltered under him. His presence was a protection. His voice was a power. His long-established leadership was a rallying centre for the disheartened soldiers of the cross.

We do not murmur at the dispensation which has taken him from us—

> "But oh for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

There were certain *physical* features of his preaching which are perfectly familiar to all who have heard him even once, and which will be remembered by them forever, but which cannot be known by description to those who have not. When he rose in the pulpit, tall, straight, slender, sinewy, commanding, with something vital and electric in his very movements, yet singularly deliberate, and, lifting his chin from his collar with a peculiar movement, surveyed the people before him and on either side, with his grave, intellectual face and almost melancholy eyes, no one needed to be told that there stood a master of assemblies.

The attention was riveted by his appearance and manner before he had uttered a word.

As soon as he began to speak, the clear, rich and resonant tones, reaching without effort to the limits of the largest assembly, revealed to every hearer another element of his power to move and mould the hearts of men. To few of the world's masters of discourse has it been given to demonstrate as he did the music and spell of the human voice. It was a voice in a million—flexible, magnetic, thrilling, clear as a clarion, by turns tranquil and soothing, strenuous and stirring, as the speaker willed, now mellow as a cathedral bell heard in the twilight, now ringing like a trumpet or rolling through the building like melodious thunder, with an occasional impassioned crash like artillery, accompanied by a resounding stamp of his foot on the floor; but never unpleasant or uncontrolled or overstrained; no one ever heard him scream or tear his throat. Some of his cadences in the utterance of particular words or sentiments lingered on the ear and haunted the memory for years like a strain of exquisite music. As you listened to his voice in prayer, "there ran through its pathetic fall a vibration as though the minister's heart was singing like an Aeolian harp as the breath of the Spirit of God blew through its strings." It was a voice that adapted itself with equal facility to all occasions. When he preached to the whole of General D. H. Hill's division in the open air, it rang like a bugle to the outermost verge of his vast congregation. When he stood on the slope of Mount Ebal in Palestine and recited the twenty-third Psalm, it was heard distinctly

by the English clergyman on the other side of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away. When the body of an eminent statesman and ruling elder in his church was borne into this building and laid before the pulpit, and the preacher rose and said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," the sympathetic intonations fell like healing balm on wounded hearts. When he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington beside the mortal remains of the great Carolinian, and said to the assembled representatives of the greatness of this nation and of the world, "There is nothing great but God;" the voice and the words alike impressed the insignificance of all human concerns as compared with religion. When he stood in the chancel of St. Paul's and stretched his hand over the casket containing the pallid form of "the daughter of the Confederacy," and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," it had the authority and tenderness of a prophet's benediction.

Of the *intellectual* qualities of his preaching, the first that impressed the hearer was the exquisite phrasing. He was a marvelous magician with words. He was the prince of pulpit rhetoricians. He had made himself a master of the art of verbal expression, because, to use his own words, he knew that "style was the crystallization of thought," and he believed that "royal thoughts ought to wear royal robes." The splendid powers with which he was endowed by nature had been at once enriched and chastened by the strenuous study of the world's best books. Every cultivated person recognized the flavor of ripe scholarship

in his diction and even those devoid of culture felt its charm without being able to define it. The mellow splendor of his rhetoric captivated all classes of hearers. This rare beauty of his language, this exquisite drapery of his thoughts, sometimes tempted superficial hearers to regard him as merely a skillful phrase-maker. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was a superb rhetorician because he was a true scholar and a profound theologian. His rhetoric drew deep. The ocean greyhound, which seems to skim the billows, does in fact plow deep beneath their surface, and hence the *safety* of her cargo of human lives and precious wares. This masterful preacher *was* easy and swift—he distanced all his brethren—but he was always safe, and his ministry had the momentum which only *weight* can give. All his life long he was a student—a student of books, a student of men, a student of the deep things of God. When men beheld the external splendor of the temple at Jerusalem, with its walls and roofs of white marble, surmounted with plates and spikes of glittering gold, they sometimes forgot the immense substructions built deep into the ground and resting upon the everlasting rock; but without that cyclopean masonry hidden from view, those snowy walls of marble and those sky-piercing pinnacles of gold could not have been. Dr. Hoge's surpassing beauty of statement was bottomed on eternal truth.

He was, therefore, not only an orator, but a teacher. His sermons were not only brilliant in form, but rich in truth. So that not only in point of finish, but also in point of force he ranks

with the masters of the contemporary pulpit. It is true that many of his later discourses were somewhat discursive in treatment, necessarily so because of the innumerable demands upon his time, but he never failed to bring beaten oil to the sanctuary when it was possible, and he never for a moment relinquished or lowered his conception of the teaching function of the ministry. His people were not only interested and entertained, but they were fed and nourished with truth. The lecture which he delivered at the University of Virginia forty-nine years ago on "The Success of Christianity, an Evidence of its Divine Origin," and known to some of you from its publication in the portly volume entitled "Evidences of Christianity," is a noble specimen of the kind of work he was capable of when he was at his best.

His substantial attainments, then, were no less remarkable than his graces of speech; but here we have sighted a subject too large for the limits of this address. To use Dr. Breed's figure, a small island can be explored in a few hours, but not a wide continent. The one may be characterized in a word, but not the other. This island is a bank of sand, that one a smiling pasture, a third a mass of cliffs, a fourth a mountain peak; but the continent is a vast combination of all these features, indefinitely multiplied. So the gifts of some men are insular and may be summed up in a few words, but the gifts of the man in whose memory we are assembled to-day were continental. Every one that had heard him even once saw that there were here peaceful valleys where the grass grew green, and the sweet flowers bloomed, and

streams ran rippling; but those who sailed farther along shore found that there were also mighty cliffs where his convictions defied the waves of passing opinion; and when they pushed their exploration into the interior, they came upon great uplands of philosophy, where the granite of a strong theology protruded, and where the snows of doctrine lay deep; but the thoughtful explorer knew well that the granite was essential to the solidity of those towering heights and that without those snows upon the peaks there would have been no streams in the valleys, no broad reaches of meadow, no blooming flowers. He was indeed a superb rhetorician, with a marvelous wealth of diction, a phenomenal power of description, and a rare felicity of illustration; but rhetoric in the pulpit has no abiding charm apart from truth. Strong men and thoughtful women do not sit for fifty-four years in ever-increasing numbers under a ministry which has not in it the strength of Divine truth, deeply studied, sincerely believed, and earnestly proclaimed.

We have now seen something of what he was in his preaching as a man, and something of what he was as a scholar, but, after all, the hiding of his power lay in what he was as a saint. Nature had done much for him. Cultivation had done much. But grace had done most of all. He preached from a true and profound experience of the mercy and power of God. He knew the deadly evil of sin. He knew the saving grace of Christ. He knew the brooding sorrows of the human heart. He knew the comfort of communion with God. He knew that the gospel was God's supreme

answer to man's supreme need; and the crowning glory of this pulpit is that, from the first day of its occupancy to the last, it rang true to the evangel: "Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." There was never a day in all these fifty-four years when men could not have pointed to him as to the original of Cowper's immortal portrait—

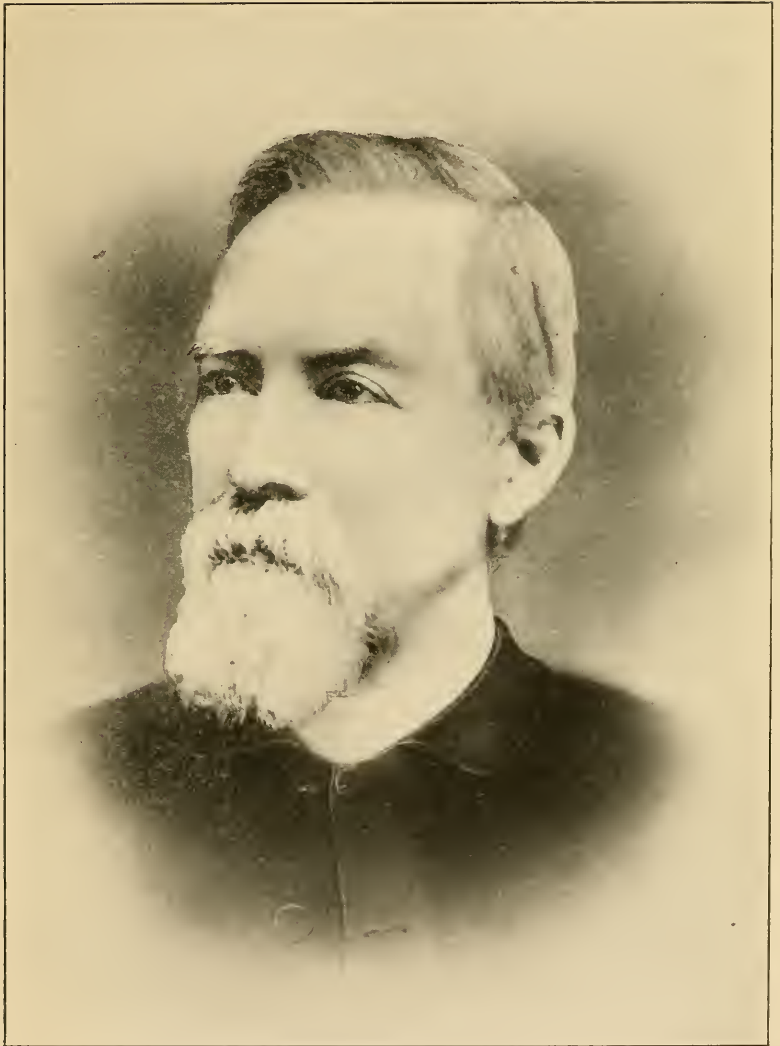
> "There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
> The legate of the skies!—his theme divine,
> His office sacred, his credentials clear.
> By him the violated law speaks out
> Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
> As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
> He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
> Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
> And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
> Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
> Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
> Of holy discipline, to glorious war
> The sacramental host of God's elect!"

Rev. Jacob Henry Smith, D. D.

From the Central Presbyterian, February 9, 1898.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Smith was in a large book-store in Charlotte, N. C. If I had never seen him again I should have carried with me through life the memory of that compact frame with its decided and vigorous movements, the deep rich tones of his voice, his genial and hearty greeting of the proprietor as he asked where the latest books were kept, and the intelligent sureness and authority of his manner, as with shrewd and racy comments he took down and ran through with his eye one volume after another of history, philosophy and works on general literature. Having some taste for reading myself, though then quite ignorant of the particular books he was handling, I felt drawn to a man who was evidently so much at home among books, and lingered near him to hear his remarks, though I did not venture to speak to him, being only a lad of some thirteen years and very shy. He remained only a few minutes, but quite long enough to impress me with the fact that this was no ordinary man. I wished he had stayed longer.

It was therefore with uncommon pleasure that, a few years later when I was a student at Davidson College, I saw this same man walk up the aisle of the old chapel one Sunday with his neat black sermon case under his arm and take his place reverently in the pulpit. I settled myself as com-



JACOB HENRY SMITH.

fortably as the uncompromising pews of the old building which we then used as a church would allow, confident that we were going to hear something good, but thinking more, I fear, of the pleasure it would give me to listen to the play of that strong and flexible voice, and of the vigor of thought and the literary finish which must characterize the sermons of such a man as I had heard talking in that book store, than of the truth itself which he was commissioned to deliver to us as an ambassador of Christ. That did not last long, however, after he began. The voice did indeed roll in rich volume through the house, crashing almost like artillery in impassioned passages and seeming to shake the building; and the style had indeed that unmistakable flavor of good reading which results only from years of familiarity with the master minds of the race. But attention to these things soon gave place to absorbed interest in the subject itself, "Turning points in life," Luke xix, 41-42: "And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." I can still see his hand follow with thumb and forefinger the edge of the pulpit in a straight line till it reached the corner and then turn sharply at right angles to its former course. I can still hear the earnest tones making the application to turning points in life. Hundreds of sermons have faded from my memory. That one stands out like a great promontory on a flat and sandy shore.

That afternoon I was introduced to him at the

house of one of the professors and got a view of another side of his character, as his conversation flowed like a sparkling stream, with innocent humor breaking over it ever and anon like gleams of sunlight. I remember especially his pleasant badinage with the student who acted as precentor in the choir, his compliments on the character of the music, and his playful criticism of the too full exhibition of the "machinery" or "works," referring to the conspicuous manner of beating the time. So here was a man of range. One whose religion did not gloom the brightness of life. No hesitation in speaking of religion at any time, but no cant. No hesitation about enjoying the innocent pleasures of life, but no unseemly levity.

Students of all kinds were impressed with his preaching whenever he visited a college town. By the way, when he was pastor of the church at Charlottesville, among other students of the University of Virginia who attended his ministry and were converted under his preaching was a youth from New York by the name of Charles A. Briggs, a boy who was destined to achieve enviable renown as a great Biblical scholar and equally unenviable notoriety as a great troubler of Israel. By an inquiry and statement which the erratic professor himself made a few years ago to Dr. Rawlings in regard to the gentleman who had preached at Charlottesville just before the war, the fact was brought to Dr. Smith's attention that he was Mr. Briggs's spiritual father.

When I became a student in the Seminary of which he had been one of the most valued directors for many years before and continued to be for

many years after, I saw him every spring and from time to time heard him preach or make addresses, being always struck with the thoroughness of his preparation, the richness of his matter, and his soulful manner of speaking. It gave one a rare sense of satisfaction to see him preside over public exercises as President of the Board; everything was done with so much strength and fitness. None of the young men who received from his hand their diplomas can ever forget the earnest and tender words with which he sent them forth to preach the everlasting gospel.

Whenever he was on the examining committee, the classes knew that after the professor had apparently covered the ground with them, there would be a few pointed questions from that watchful gentleman who never held a Hebrew Bible upside down and never nodded during these weary exercises, questions which somehow seemed to put their real knowledge of the subject to the proof more effectually than even those of the professor himself.

Nobody who had once traveled with him from Hampden-Sidney to Keysville, the route he generally took to and from the Seminary, was ever quite willing thereafter to make the trip in any other hack than the one Dr. Smith was in. Those eighteen miles seemed short, even when the rain poured steadily from beginning to end and the wheels toiled dismally through the mud and the passengers were slammed this way and that, as successive mud holes were encountered. Nothing could dash the spirits of a crowd listening to those irresistible stories, told as nobody else could tell

them—of the man who pronounced "patriarchs" *partridges* and who, the narrator said, was *making game* of holy things; of the ignorant preacher who in reading the description of the coverings of the Mosaic tabernacle read "badgers' skins," "*beggars' skins*," and commented on the severity of the old dispensation as compared with the new, saying that when a poor man died now he was given a decent Christian burial, but then whenever a beggar died, "they clapped his skin on the tabernacle;" of the darkey arraigned for stealing chickens, whom the judge asked if he didn't know that was a "reprehensible offence," and who replied he "thought it wuz a plank fence, sah, but he found it was a bobwire, sah;" of the colored woman whose infant he baptized and who, when asked what name he was to give the child, almost paralyzed him with the grave answer—"General Beauregard!"; of the ludicrous accidents which befell him and Dr. Pharr, or Mr. Doll, when they were preaching together, such as his attempt to raise the tune of "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," when, just as he uttered the first word "Blow," he inadvertently stepped off the high platform and found himself pitching forward with long strides down the aisle towards the door to keep from falling; of the Scotchman who wished to be an elder and when asked about his qualifications said: "No, he could not pray in public, nor make pastoral visits to the afflicted," and so on, and when pressed to name his special qualification said he could "raise an objection." The woods rang with unrestrained laughter, trustees, students, drivers all alike under the spell of his humor.

Then, it might be, in a few moments, all would be moved well-nigh to tears as he related the story of the Scotch girl who applied for admission into the church, and, awed by the presence of the session, could give no clear answers to their questions, and who, as she withdrew disappointed, found her voice at the door and said "I canna talk for Jesus, but I cou'd die for him," and was immediately recalled and received into the communion of the church.

After I became a professor in the Seminary I had the good fortune to see Dr. Smith still more frequently, especially after my marriage to a lady whom he had known well from her childhood, and whom he always continued to call by her given name in a fatherly and affectionate way. Our house became his customary home when the Board of Trustees was in session. He would often come early, before the Board met, and stay with us for several days, to the unqualified delight of the whole family. It was on these occasions that we saw most deeply into his heart. His prayers in the family circle, his conversation at the table, his long talks in my study, chiefly of the joys and sorrows of a pastor's life—all revealed to us the strong and tender man more clearly than we had ever seen him before. Few people outside of his own charge knew the wealth of affection in his nature. He especially loved children and they loved him. I recall the deep satisfaction with which he related the incident of his little grandson whose mother was trying to give him some idea of the blessedness of heaven, and the little fellow asked, "Is it as nice as Dan'pa's?"

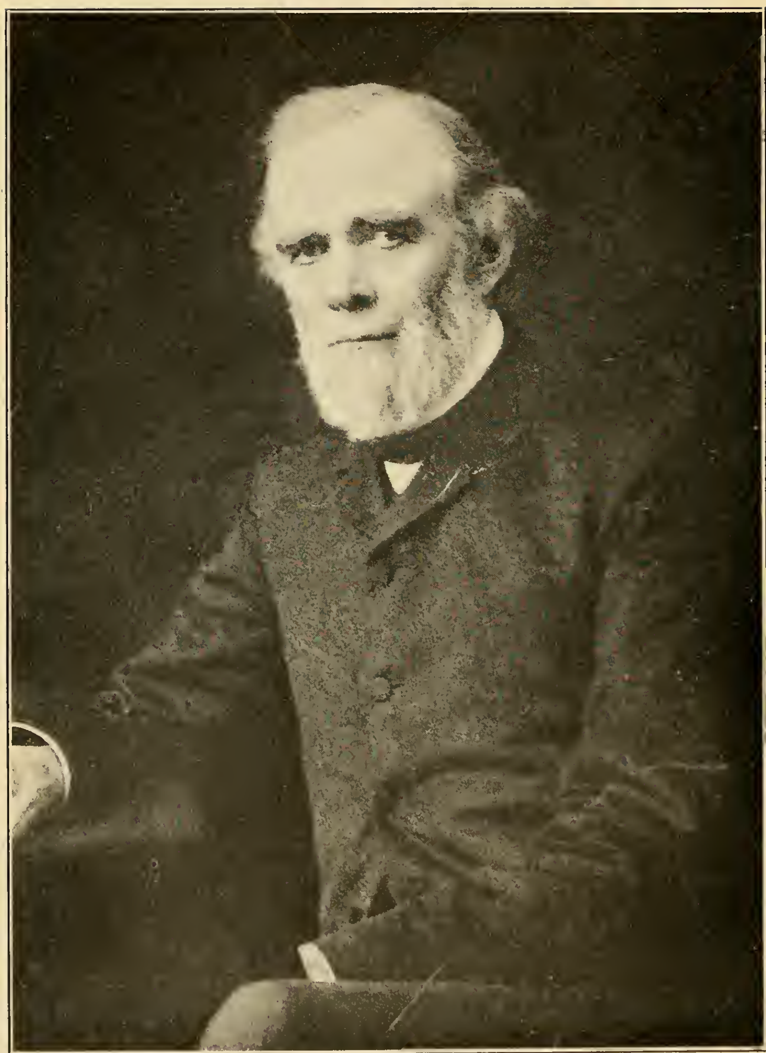
And, truly, there were few places this side of heaven that were "as nice as Dan'pa's." All his brethren know how signally Dr. Smith was blessed in his home life: a gentle, wise and godly wife, fully identified with him in all his work, and a troop of exceptionally active and gifted boys and girls, each of whom became early in life, under the influence of that home and pulpit, an intelligent, earnest and faithful Christian—in nothing was God's goodness to him more manifest than in his family relations. He told me once that when one of his sons was about grown he heard him one afternoon through the open window of his study, as the youth passed through the yard towards the house, decline a companion's invitation to meet him up town that night, adding that "he did not know how the streets of Greensboro looked by lamp light till he was eighteen years old." "Yes," said the listening and pleased father to himself, "and that's the reason you are what you are to-day." If I may speak of it without indelicacy, I would like to say to parents in general that one secret of Dr. Smith's phenomenal success in bringing up that remarkable family of sons and daughters was that he and Mrs. Smith made their own home the most attractive place to them in all the world. There was no temptation to go elsewhere. It was not harsh restraint. Those boys enjoyed all boyish things. They excelled in all games, they skated and hunted and fished, Dr. Smith often going with them in their tramps through the woods.

One night at commencement a distinguished and beloved member of the Board, who had seen much

sorrow and had grieved over wayward sons, sitting next to me in the Seminary chapel before the excersises began, called my attention to Dr. Smith's beaming face as he sat on the opposite side of the room, commented upon his age and his remarkable vigor and elasticity, said he had had a busy, fruitful, and happy life, and spoke especially of the happiness he had had in his children, adding with a half sigh that he supposed no one of them had ever given his father a moment's uneasiness.

I have often heard another thoughtful minister of our Church say that he would rather have Dr. Smith's life work behind him than that of any man he had ever known. And where indeed could our young ministers find a man more worthy of their imitation? His diligence as a student kept his preaching fresh and rich to the very end—and, by the way, he preached to a larger number of thoughtful and eminent public men than any other pastor that has ever lived in North Carolina, his church being for years the State's chief nursery of pure and learned lawyers, judges and governors. His warm and tender sympathy with suffering made him an angel of God to the afflicted, his own deep experience of divine grace—his own deep knowledge of the preciousness of Christ—teaching him what to say for their comfort and making him a veritable Barnabas to the bereaved, the sick and the dying; his firm grasp of the great doctrines of our Church; his intelligent conception of her mission to the world; his own experience as teacher, pastor, and evangelist, all combined to

make him an invaluable presbyter and an invaluable counsellor on the boards of our great institutions. Yes, it is certain that he has a great work behind him. It is not less certain that he has a still greater work before him.



WILLIAM HENRY GREEN,

William Henry Green

Presbyterian Quarterly, April, 1900.

Born at Groveville, near Princeton, January 27th, 1825, matriculated at Lafayette College at twelve, graduated with honors before he was sixteen, two years tutor there, graduated at Princeton Seminary in 1846, appointed instructor in Hebrew the same year, and remaining in the same department and the same institution for fifty-four years (except the years 1849-1851, when he was pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia)—such are the external facts in the life of the great biblical scholar who has so recently gone to his reward at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Two or three of the facts above stated might make the impression that he was a precocious and brilliant man, to whom hard tasks were easy. This was not the case. Dr. Green's career is one of the best contemporary illustrations of the immense results that can be accomplished by definiteness of aim, steadfastness of purpose, and hard work. He had a clear, strong, well-balanced mind, but he was not a genius, in the usual acceptation of that term. He became the greatest biblical scholar in America, not by natural superiority of intellectual endowments, but by devout and strenuous study. When preparing for college he insistently and earnestly begged to be excused from the study of the languages on the ground

that he had no aptitude whatever for them. This incident in the life of a man who became a world-renowned linguist is commended to the attention of those who are pushing the fixed curriculum to one side to make place for optional or elective courses on the supposition that boys at college best know what their own aptitudes are.

The real secret of young Green's perfect recitations in the class room, and of his leisure for chess playing and the reading of Tasso in French, lay in his fidelity and his systematic habits. He was not only prompt at every recitation, but he never missed the college prayers in the chapel at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter. He made conscience of work. He was a servant of God in study. He early perceived the spiritual value of earnest intellectual toil and the truth of the exhortation which one of the early instructors in Princeton College used to address to his pupils: "Gentlemen, you will find the best preparation for death to be a really thorough knowledge of Greek grammar."

When he became a teacher, the same high and serious temper made him intolerant of indolence and lack of conscientiousness on the part of a professed servant of God, and gave him the respect of all his students. The permanent regard of students is not to be won by indulgent and easy-going methods, by expecting little of them, but by inciting them to tasks that will develop their powers and by setting them the example of conscientious application. Dr. Green was not unjust, but he was exacting, and, though teaching the least attractive and most difficult part of the

seminary course, the part that sometimes develops those mysterious diseases of the eyes which about the third or fourth week of the Junior year suddenly convince the candidate that he will never be able to see well enough to master Hebrew, he succeeded in making most of his men work harder for him than for any other professor, not by objurgation or passionate denunciation of idleness or stupidity, but by "the simple weight and insistence of his personality"—a modest, earnest, firm, hard-working, scholarly Christian man. One of his former pupils says: "There was often a prevailing sense of short-coming. In many *points*—we offend all." But they kept at it. The man in the chair was a splendid example of what could be done by keeping everlastingly at it. And they knew that, great as were his own attainments and uncompromising as were his demands upon them, he was not a mere scholar and they were not mere students of a language. He never forgot and never allowed them to forget that they were preparing to preach the Gospel, and that the measure of their faithfulness in the seminary would be the measure of their fruitfulness in the ministry.

Moses Stuart, Addison Alexander, William Henry Green—these three. But the greatest of these is Green. Because talent is better than genius in the class-room. Alexander's brilliant mind acquired knowledge with an ease and swiftness as of intuition, and hence, as has been said, he appeared to have no consciousness of a process in his appropriation of a language or its literature. The result was that it was not easy for him to set forth a methodical process of acquisition for the

average man. Only the choice few could keep up with him. As the French officer said of the charge of the Light Brigade, "It was magnificent, but it was not war." Addison Alexander was undoubtedly the brightest star that ever shone in the Princeton constellation, but he was not the greatest teacher. It was Green who introduced method and system there in the study of Hebrew, and showed his students how any man of intelligence and industry could get a secure working knowledge of the language and become an expounder of God's Word at first hand.

"The great thing about William Henry Green," says Dr. Cuyler, "is the beautiful combination of docility and courage that has distinguished all his career." His modesty impressed everybody. I shall never forget the flutter into which I was thrown one day while teaching a class of ministers in a Summer School of Hebrew at the Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia, when the door opened and the greatest biblical scholar in America walked quietly in and sat down—William Henry Green! I suppose I gasped. I know I felt as Dr. Peck said he did when Edwards A. Park entered his church in Baltimore and seated himself to hear him preach. I felt as a young lieutenant would have felt who, when descanting to his comrades on the art of war, had seen Napoleon Bonaparte join his little circle of auditors. I knew him slightly and he had always treated me in the kindest and most cordial manner, but I was abashed, dismayed, scared. With an effort I recovered my composure and proceeded with the work in hand. As my eye fell occasion-

ally on the quiet figure of the Princeton Coryphaeus there was something so modest and sympathetic in his expression that I was reassured and braced. When a discussion arose, and I appealed to him for his opinion, and he supported in a quiet word or two the view which I had taken, I began to feel some measure of actual comfort. I think that even if he had expressed a different view I should have been helped, so quiet, strong and gracious was his manner. I had long known the scholar. That day I began to know the man, and in all my subsequent meetings with him the impression deepened of his manly modesty and courage.

Dr. Green's courage was rooted in his faith and his zeal for the truth. When a graduate of Yale Theological Seminary talking to Archibald Hodge at Dr. Cuyler's table tried to make game of Princeton as fossilized, Hodge said to him: "The trouble with you Yale theological professors is that you only teach your students to think. Thinking sent Adam out of Paradise. In Princeton we let God do the thinking, and teach the students to believe." It was the great goodness of God to Princeton that, at the time when the central subject of theological debate was shifted from the domain of systematic theology to that of biblical criticism, He gave the seminary in this department a man who believed with all his heart in a supernatural revelation, and who at the same time saw clearly that the conservative position must be defended by scientific processes. And perhaps the most valuable of all his eminent services to the Church was his fearless use of the

higher criticism. The careful words of Dr. Charles M. Mead are none too strong: "It cannot be doubted that among the higher critics who, with patient toil and profound scholarship, lead in the maintenance of sound views of the Bible and aim to strengthen the foundations of a reasonable faith, will always stand the name of William Henry Green." Six of the fifteen volumes which he has published deal with these problems exclusively. His masterpiece in this line is his work on "The Unity of Genesis." Besides these fifteen volumes, he has published nearly two hundred review articles and pamphlets, philological, exegetical, critical, not counting the Expositions of the International Lessons, which for nine years he contributed to the Sunday School Times. These figures will give some idea of his prodigious industry.

His courage was not less clearly shown in his occasional adoption of new views of interpretation than in his sturdy defence of old views as to the trustworthiness of the Scriptures. He knew that his suggestion that the flood was not universal in extent, but only universal in the sense that it destroyed the whole human race, except the family of Noah, would seriously disturb many good people. He knew that his rejection of Usher's chronology of the pre-Abrahamic period, and his contention that the Bible gives us no information as to when the world was created or how many thousand years ago man appeared on the earth, would give pain to many. But, having satisfied himself that Usher and his followers had mis-

interpreted the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, that links were omitted from these tables, and that they were never intended to furnish the basis of a chronology and could not be used for that purpose, he stated his conviction candidly and supported it with his customary wealth of learning and fairness of argument.

The estimation of his ability and general scholarship by those who had the best opportunity of knowing him was shown more than thirty years ago by his election to the Presidency of the College of New Jersey, which, on being declined by Dr. Green, was tendered to Dr. McCosh. What the faculty of Princeton College continued to think of him to the end, is shown in its congratulatory address at his fiftieth anniversary as a professor: "As an advocate of the higher criticism, his eminent learning has been ennobled by intelligent reverence for the Holy Scriptures and by true spiritual discernment in connection with that linguistic tact, literary skill and historic research which are requisite in the study of all ancient literature. The result is that he has not disturbed the faith of the unlearned, while commanding the respect of scholars." The estimation of his character and learning by other scholars in the same department may be inferred from his selection as Chairman of the American Old Testament Revision Committee. The estimation of his talents and attainments by scholars abroad is indicated in the publication of some of his works in German and Spanish, and was fully and warmly expressed in the multitude of greetings sent him on his fiftieth

anniversary from the great Universities of Europe. Many of these scholars did not agree with him in his critical views, but they could not withhold admiration for the simplicity and sincerity of his character, the greatness of his attainments, the courtesy and ability of his discussions, and the unity and power of his life—as scholar, teacher, author and man of God.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK.

The Life and Work of Cyrus H. McCormick*

Two events in the history of our country stand out above all others in their importance and far-reaching effects. One was the achievement of our national independence by the thirteen colonies on the Atlantic slope, and the other was the conquest of the vast territory which stretches across the continent from the Alleghany mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH STOCK.

In the accomplishment of both of these stupendous tasks, which have made America what she is to-day, the providence of God assigned the brunt of the battle to that bold and hardy and God-fearing race commonly known as the Scotch-Irish, who, coming to the New World to secure the religious liberty denied them in the Old, pushed through the already settled coast lands and took possession of the forest-covered foot hills and long fertile valleys of the Appalachians. There "they took root and flourished, stretching in a broad belt from north to south, a shield of sinewy men thrust in between the people of the seaboard and the red warriors of the wilderness†."

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*Historical address delivered November 1, 1909, at the celebration in Chicago of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cyrus H. McCormick, the eightieth anniversary of the founding of McCormick Seminary, and the fiftieth anniversary of the removal of the Seminary to Chicago.

†Theodore Roosevelt, *The Winning of the West*, I. p. 137.

These were the men who before any others declared for American independence, and who from the beginning to the end constituted the backbone of the Revolution. "They gave Washington thirty-nine of his generals, three out of four members of his cabinet, and three out of five judges of the first Supreme Court."

These, too, were the men who led the way across the mountains to the great interior, "the pioneers of our people in their march westward, the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific," who by battle and by bargain, overcame and displaced Indians, French, and Spaniards alike, and gave to the American people the vast inland empire of which your own great city is now the metropolis.

CAPPING THE WORK OF THE NATION-MAKERS.

It is to the "Presbyterian Irish" then, as Mr. Roosevelt calls them, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the winning of the west. It was they who furnished most of the leaders as well as the rank and file of that victorious army of continental conquest, such as James Robertson, who, with John Sevier, tamed the rugged wilderness of East Tennessee, and solved there the problem of self-government, giving to the settlers the first written constitution ever adopted by a community composed of American-born freemen; Andrew Lewis, the leader of the backwoods hosts in their first great victory over the Northwestern Indians; William Campbell, their commander in their first

great victory over the British at King's Mountain*; Andrew Jackson, who won at New Orleans the most successful land battle ever fought by American arms; David Crockett, hunter, humorist, and hero, who died in the Alamo with his back to the wall and a semi-circle of dead Mexicans around him felled by his swinging rifle; and Sam Houston, winner of the independence of Texas and first president of that republic. These, and many other leaders in our winning of the west were furnished by the Scotch-Irish, to say nothing of their afterwards putting five Presidents in the White House.

But, while it was these robust and resolute pioneers of the Scotch-Irish stock who scaled the Alleghanies, subdued the wilderness, subjugated the savages, displaced the aliens, and gave to English-speaking Americans this mighty domain which stretches from the Appalachians to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico, yet this wide and fair and fertile domain which is now occupied by thirty-one populous and prosperous commonwealths could never have been what it is to-day, at least on its present prodigious scale—a region of fruitful farms and thrifty towns and opulent cities, creating new wealth at the rate of sixteen billions a year—a continent of fabulous possessions and possibilities; the home of fifty millions of busy and happy people; the granary of a world, where three States alone, Minnesota and the Dakotas, produce enough wheat to feed all the people of England—God's greatest answer

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*Theodore Roosevelt, *The Winning of the West*, pp. 134-135.

to the universal prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread"—all this, I say, could not have been had it not have been for the genius and character and work of still another man of that same Scotch-Irish strain. That man was Cyrus McCormick. It was his invention of a machine for cutting grain by horse-power which crowned all the other achievements of the sterling stock from which he sprang, and without which all the other exploits of those strong nation-makers, splendid as they are, would have been incomplete. For it was the reaper which flung open the mighty empire of the northwest, by making possible its enormous crops of grain, and thus stimulating the construction of thousands of miles of railroad, and peopling half a continent with prosperous settlers.

As long ago as 1859 the great lawyer, Reverdy Johnson, said: "The McCormick reaper has already contributed an annual income to the whole country of fifty-five millions of dollars at least, which must increase through all time." And in 1861 Edwin M. Stanton showed upon a map how "McCormick's invention in Virginia had carried permanent civilization westward more than fifty miles a year." But even such statements as these, remarkable as they are, do not measure the value of his invention in lessening human toil, supplying mankind with cheap and abundant food, increasing the world's wealth and promoting the advance of material civilization. For they take account only of North America, whereas the reaper has benefited in the same way South America, New Zealand, Australia, Europe, Asia and Africa. "To-day," as Herbert Casson says, "the sun

never sets and the season never closes for American harvesters. They are reaping the fields of Argentine in January, Upper Egypt in February, East India in March, Mexico in April, China in May, Spain in June, Iowa in July, Canada in August, Sweden in September, Norway in October, South Africa in November, and Burma in December. It is always harvest somewhere" and the music of the reaper follows the ripple of the ripened grain all round the world. The harvester has not only made America the best fed nation on the globe but has enabled the whole world "to take dinner at one long table."

RANK AS EPOCH-MAKER.

It has been said that for six thousand years the human race was hungry, with the exception of the rulers and their retinues. To the masses of mankind life was an agonized struggle for food. Even within the memory of men now living there were bread-riots in New York City, and starving men fell on the streets of Boston and Philadelphia. But with the advent of the reaper, life ceased to be merely a battle for bread. With the world growing wheat at the yearly rate of ten bushels a family, as this marvelous invention has enabled it to do, the gaunt spectre of famine has vanished forever. With our eighty-five millions of Americans eating twelve thousand million loaves of bread a year and yet sending a thousand million dollars worth of food to other nations, the pinched children of want need never again suffer the pangs of hunger. By cheapening the bread of the toiling millions this Virginia inventor "has moved all the

civilized peoples up out of the bread line" and has opened to the laborers in field and forge, in mine and mill, the possibilities of a higher life. "The Man with the Hoe," the stolid drudge, "brother to the ox," has at last been freed from the all-absorbing struggle for mere existence and given some opportunity for mental culture and social recreation and the refining amenities of the home.

It is evident therefore even from this brief review of what he accomplished that the man whose life and work we commemorate to-night was not merely one of the world's great inventors and captains of industry, but an epoch-maker of the first magnitude, the creator of an economic revolution, the greatest promoter of agricultural development that ever lived, and one of the supreme benefactors of the human race.

It would be incongruous and unseemly to use the language of exaggeration when speaking of a man as genuine as Mr. McCormick, to whom anything fulsome was always distasteful, and I beg to say that in this estimate of the value of his services to mankind I have endeavored to weigh my words and to refrain from any overstatement and that after a careful study of his life I am prepared to prove that the position I have claimed for him, preeminent as it is, is fully justified by the facts of his career and the results of his work.

THE OLD HOME.

"Rockbridge County (in Virginia) has given birth to a remarkable number of distinguished men. Among them have been soldiers in all the

wars of the United States, judges of both State and federal courts, attorney-generals of Virginia and of other States, representatives in State legislatures and in congress, celebrated ministers of the gospel, and missionaries in foreign lands. This same county has given a general-in-chief and president of the republic of Texas, a United States minister to France, Russia and Austria, governors of Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee and West Virginia—while eight United States senators were born within a radius of six miles of Lexington" (the county seat). This is a record which as Professor Latane has said, "may well challenge comparison with any other county in the land. But the one Rockbridge name that has gone around the world, that is known to-day in every civilized land, is that of Cyrus Hall McCormick, the inventor of the reaper. In every country of Europe, in Asiatic Russia, in Persia, in Australia, in South America, and in South Africa, is heard the click of his reaper and the whir of his binder*."

Cyrus Hall McCormick was born February 15, 1809, at the old homestead, Walnut Grove, midway between Lexington and Staunton, being the eldest of eight children, six of whom lived to grow up. His parents, Robert and Mary Ann Hall McCormick, held an influential position among the people of the Valley, both being of high intelligence and marked force of character, devout, thrifty, and well to do; and they made for their children

*Prof. J. H. Latane, Bulletin of Washington and Lee University, July, 1909, p. 6.

a comfortable and happy home, teaching them habits of industry and self-reliance, and training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. There was no coddling. There were even touches of Spartan severity in the training of the lad whose life was destined to be one of stern conflict with innumerable difficulties and with active and relentless opposition. He was often roused at five o'clock in the morning to work in the fields. He went barefooted, as boys of his age ought to do. He sat on a slab-bench in the little log school house. He learned to read from the book of Genesis. His other text-books were Murray's Grammar, Dilworth's Arithmetic, Webster's Spelling-book, and the Shorter Catechism. On Sundays he listened earnestly to strong preaching in New Providence Church and sang with delight the great hymns of the ages, for he was ever a lover of music and ever a deeply religious nature. The words and melodies of those sweet old hymns remained with him throughout life, sang in his heart during all the stress of his stalwart years, and sustained and cheered him even down to the end. As a result of this old-fashioned, wholesome, character-making Presbyterian training, the keynotes of which were industry, honesty and religion, he carried with him through life a rare capacity for work, a dominating sense of duty, a clear and reverent and happy faith, a quiet scorn of pretense and ostentation, and a passionate love for justice and truth. In other ways too heredity and environment played their usual important part in the making of his character and the development of his gifts. He inherited from his

father his genius for invention and from his mother his skill in practical affairs.

Robert McCormick was a man of unusual business acumen and enterprise and acquired a large estate, 1800 acres in all, consisting of four adjoining farms, on three of which he operated successfully saw-mills and on two of them flour mills. But he was more than a substantial farmer and man of affairs. He was a reader, being specially fond of history and astronomy. He had an imagination. Naturally therefore, he gave much attention to the mechanical side of farm life and the problem of labor saving machinery, and acquired considerable local fame as an inventor. In the workshop on his farm he fashioned an ingenious hemp-brake, operated by horse power, a clover sheller, a blacksmith's bellows, a hydraulic machine, a threshing machine, and a hillside plow. The subject to which he gave most thought, however, was a machine for the cutting of grain. But here he missed the way entirely, and in 1831, after various experiments extending over some twenty years, he gave up the project as hopeless. It was reserved for the son to succeed where the father failed.

THE YOUNG INVENTOR.

He had already shown that he had inherited his father's inventive talent. While still a lad he had one morning astonished his teacher by bringing to school an elaborate map of the world, showing the two hemispheres side by side, which he had drawn upon paper in ink, and then mounted by pasting the paper on linen, and hanging the whole

on two varnished rollers. Such aids in the school room are common enough now, but that a mere boy should produce such a thing then showed clearly that he possessed the true inventor's power of striking out a path for himself. When only fifteen years old he had made a grain cradle suited to his boyish strength, which embodied a distinct improvement over any other form of that implement, and had swung it over many a broad acre of wheat, keeping pace with the full grown hands, all unconscious of the fact that he was destined to release millions of his fellowmen from the severe toil of which he was then having a practical experience. At the same early age he too had invented a hillside plow for throwing alternate furrows on the lower side, and a little later a self-sharpening, horizontal plow. When at eighteen he studied the profession of surveying he made a quadrant for his own use which is still preserved, and is one of many witnesses to the accuracy and thoroughness of his workmanship. He had already made an improvement on Robert McCormick's machine for breaking and cleaning hemp. For years he had seen his baffled father at work on the mysterious reaper; and in the same year that the elder McCormick abandoned the task in despair, the younger inventor, as though fired to the supreme effort of his genius by the silent challenge of the discredited reaper standing outside the shop door, rejected decisively his father's model, adopted an entirely different principle, and in a few months, after much patient brooding over his new conception and many ingenious

efforts at combining the various parts, he solved triumphantly the problem of the centuries.

THE FIRST REAPER.

The machine which he constructed, every part of which, both in wood and iron, he fashioned with his own hands, consisted of first, a reciprocating knife with a serrated edge for shearing off the stalks; second a platform to receive the falling grain, flexibly affixed so as to accommodate itself readily to the irregularities of the surface; third a horizontal and adjustable reel to sweep the standing grain towards the blade and to deliver the severed stalks parallel upon the platform, in a swath ready to be raked off and bound; and fourth, a divider, serving to separate the grain to be cut from that to be left standing.

This first machine, therefore, crude as it was in construction, being built by hand in a plantation shop, nevertheless embodied all four of the cardinal features which all subsequent attempts have shown to be indispensable to a successful reaper. Having created the true type, the inventor himself never departed from it, and in conformity with that type all other successful harvesters have since been made. "Despite all subsequent invention, and it has been lavish, no one has contrived a successful substitute for McCormick's original plan. From it has proceeded in unbroken succession, and with remarkable adherence to the primary arrangement, although subsequently enriched with many refinements in details and supplemental improvements, the reaper that has taken and still holds possession of the markets of the world."

In the summer of 1831, then, late in the season, after laboring hard to complete his machine in time for the harvest of that year, Cyrus H. McCormick hitched a horse to his new invention and drove it clattering into a small patch of wheat on his father's farm, which at his request had been left standing, for the first test of its powers. The revolving reel swept the yellow grain against the blade and in a moment more it lay in a golden swath upon the platform, from which it was raked off by a young laborer named John Cash. That was the first grain ever successfully cut anywhere in the world otherwise than by manual labor.

Several days later, after making certain improvements in the reel and the divider, the young inventor gave a public exhibition of his machine at Steele's Tavern, a neighboring village, where with two horses to the reaper, he cut six acres of oats in a single afternoon, a feat equal to the work of six laborers with scythes. He had opened a new era in the history of agriculture.

The next year, 1832, he gave a public exhibition near Lexington, eighteen miles to the south of his home, which was witnessed by fully a hundred people. The field was hilly, and the machine, not having yet found itself, at first worked badly, slewing as it moved, and cutting the grain irregularly. There is a story, that the owner of the field, seeing this, rushed up to the inventor and shouted "Here! this won't do. Stop your horses. Your machine is rattling the heads off my wheat," and that various bystanders bluntly pronounced it a humbug, one of them exclaiming, "Give me the old cradle yet, boys!" It was a disheartening

moment, but just at this juncture one of the spectators, the Hon. William Taylor, a man of commanding appearance and a citizen of note, who had been watching the work with keen interest, came forward and said, "Pull down the fence and cross over into my field, young man. I'll give you a fair chance to try your machine." This offer was promptly accepted, the reaper was driven into Taylor's field, which was not so hilly, and again cut six acres in less than half a day.

"Thus it was that at twenty-two years of age, this young inventor, on a secluded farm in Virginia, constructed the first successful mechanical reaper." It was crude, no doubt, as all inventions are at first, but it was a reaper that reaped, and it included every fundamental element of all the practical harvesters since constructed, and laid the lines on which all subsequent invention has had to move.

MANUFACTURING THE MACHINES IN VIRGINIA.

Though he had mastered the essential principles of a reaper and embodied them in a machine that would actually cut grain, he did not at once apply for a patent, but with the thoroughness characteristic of the man he "subjected his machine to repeated tests during three successive harvest seasons under a variety of conditions and with different grain, and took out his patent (June 21, 1834), only after having fully vindicated and exhibited its practical value."

Even then he was not ready to put his reaper on the market, for as he himself afterwards said, he would not "attempt sales either of machines or

rights to manufacture until satisfied that the reaper would succeed well in the great variety of situations in which it was necessary to operate." "Thus season by season, from 1834 to 1839, the inventor patiently carried on his trials, personally manufacturing his several experimental machines in the blacksmith shop at Walnut Grove. This historic building can still be seen upon the old farm, preserved by his widow and children as the birthplace of the mechanical reaper."* Some weeks ago I stood within this quaint old shop, and noting its primitive arrangements and appliances, wondered, as hundreds before me have done, at what this youth had accomplished with the limited resources at his command.

The two things he most needed were money and cheaper iron. So he decided to build a furnace and make his own iron. His father and a neighbor joined him in the enterprise. They built the furnace, made the iron, and had taken the first step towards success when the financial crash of 1837 wrecked the business and plunged them into an abyss of debt. Cyrus McCormick gave up everything he owned to the creditors, and he and the rest of the family "slaved for five years to save the homestead from the auctioneer." In 1839 he began in earnest the manufacture and sale of the reaper in company with his father and his two brothers, William and Leander. The problem was one of extreme difficulty. He was without capital. There were no railroads. All the

*Reuben Gold Thwaites, *Cyrus Hall McCormick and the Reaper*, p. 243.

material had to be hauled overland. "The sickles were made forty miles away, the blades, six feet in length, being transported on horseback. In this manner the work was carried on in the old blacksmith shop at Walnut Grove—the first two machines being sold in 1840; two others in 1841, at a hundred dollars each; seven in 1842, twenty-nine in 1843, and fifty in each of the years 1844 and 1845." The first consignment sent to the west, in 1844, was taken in wagons from Walnut Grove over the mountains to Scottsville, a distance of some sixty miles, then down the James River canal to Richmond, thence by sea around Florida to New Orleans, and then up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati.

THE MOVE TO THE WEST.

This order from the west for seven machines revealed to Mr. McCormick, who was now a stalwart man of thirty-six, his great opportunity, and he was quick to seize it. In the fall of the same year, 1844, with $300.00 in his belt, he set out on horseback for the west, for he recognized at once that the great interior with its wide, flat and fertile prairies was the natural home of the harvester. "In that vast land-ocean, with few laborers and an infinity of acres, the reaper was as indispensable as the plow. To reap even one of these new States by hand would require the whole working population of the country."*

In your own State, where he was afterwards to make his permanent home, a sight awaited

*Herbert N. Casson, *Everybody's Magazine*, 17, p. 762.

him which fired his zeal to fever heat. "He saw hogs and cattle feeding in the autumn wheat fields, which could not be reaped for lack of laborers. Five million bushels of wheat had grown and ripened, enough to empty the horn of plenty into every farmer's home. Men, women and children toiled day and night to gather in the yellow food. But the short harvest season rushed past so quickly that tons of it lay rotting under the hoofs of cattle. The sight of the trampled wheat goaded McCormick almost into a frency of activity."*

On he rode through Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio and New York, looking everywhere for manufacturers who would build his machines. At Brockport, New York, on the Erie Canal, he found two men who appreciated his invention and agreed to build a hundred machines, a decision by which both of them eventually became independently rich.†

In the first two years after leaving Virginia he sold 240 reapers. By 1847 a Cincinnati branch was turning out machines under the superintendence of his brother Leander, and others were being constructed in Chicago on a royalty basis.

ESTABLISHMENT AT CHICAGO.

But the work was unsatisfactory. He was involved in many troubles because of bad iron, poor workmanship and unreliable manufacturers. So in 1847 "he cut the Gordian knot by building a factory of his own in Chicago." The place was

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*Herbert N. Casson, *Everybody's Magazine*, 17, p. 762.
†Idem.

then but little more than a country town built in a swamp, but he clearly foresaw its future pre-eminence as the connecting link between the great lakes and the great west, and he saw at once that this little town of ten thousand people, ugly and forlorn though it was, was the place where he could best assemble the materials—steel, iron and wood—for the making of his reapers, and also the place from which he could best ship the finished machines both east and west; and thus it was that Chicago acquired her most illustrious citizen.

The year after his arrival his patent expired, and although it was only eight years since he had put his first machine on the market, and although it was acknowledged that his invention had conferred incalculable benefits upon the race and enormously increased the wealth of the nation, Congress refused to grant him just and deserved protection by an extension of the patent, and persisted in the refusal through a four-year contest at Washington, waged by the ablest lawyers in the land. Thus the basic principles of his reaper were thrown open to the public, and immediately a host of competitors sprang up, flooding the market with machines in which his ideas had been incorporated. But Cyrus McCormick was an unconquerable man. He had an indomitable will and a deathless tenacity of purpose. Though smarting with a sense of the injustice done him, he faced his rivals single-handed—*Athanasius contra mundum*—and determined to win by the sheer superiority of his product. And win he did. Perfecting his mechan-

ism year after year, by unceasing experiments and continued improvements, and giving a written guarantee with every machine he sold, he kept his reaper in the lead. How great his achievement was may be seen from the fact that of more than two hundred harvester companies that took the field only ten survive to-day.

From the day he set foot in your city he prospered in spite of innumerable difficulties. By 1860 the Chicago works were producing four thousand reapers in a single year, 50,000 of them in all were clicking in American wheat fields, "doing the work of 350,000 men, saving $4,000,000 in wages, and cramming the barns with 50,000,000 bushels of grain." For years he had struggled with the strength of a Titan to overcome mechanical difficulties and the obstacles of nature, to vanquish indifference and prejudice, and to beat down opposition in the courts, in Congress and in the business world, and now at last he was on the open highway to boundless success. Great toils, great trials and great triumphs still awaited him, but the clouds had parted and his path was sunlit. And along with fortune Fame had come.

INTRODUCTION OF THE REAPER INTO EUROPE.

The reaper had been brought to the attention of the British public at the World's Fair in London, in 1851. At first it was the subject of some ridicule; the London Times called it "a cross between an Astley (circus) chariot, a wheelbarrow, and a flying machine." But in a few weeks, when it was put into a grain field and given an actual trial, and when its instant success was greeted

with a burst of cheers from the crowd, and when the inventor was given "not only a first prize, but a Council Medal, such as was usually awarded only to Kings and Governments," "The Thunderer" changed front completely and admitted that the McCormick reaper was equal in value to the entire cost of the exhibition. William H. Seward spoke of it as a National triumph, saying, "No General or Consul drawn in a chariot through the streets of Rome by order of the Senate ever conferred upon mankind benefits so great as he who thus vindicated the genius of our own country at the World's Exposition of Art in the Metropolis of the British Empire." At the Paris Exposition in 1855 his reaper received the Gold Medal of honor as "the type after which all others are made." Eight years later after a field contest at Hamburg, with dozens of other manufacturers, all making machines more or less like his, the United States Commissioner cabled to New York: "McCormick has thrashed all nations, and walked off with the Gold Medal." At the Paris Exposition of 1867, he was decorated by Napoleon the Third with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. How significant the contrast, as Mr. Casson notes, when the last emperor of France fastened this badge of the Order of Merit upon the breast of the man who "had built up a new empire of commerce that will last as long as the human race shall eat bread." Other European triumphs followed, and in 1878, when he was called to Paris for the third time to receive the Grand Prize of the Exposition, he was elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, "as having done more for

the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

HIS MARRIAGE.

But the Grand Prize of all—the supreme blessing of his whole career—conferred not by the hand of any earthly potentate but by the King of kings and Lord of lords—came to him in 1858—for in that year he married Miss Nettie Fowler of Jefferson County, New York. With his devout acceptance of every statement of Holy Writ he had doubtless always known that "whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord," but he was now to learn as never before that "house and riches are the inheritance of fathers, but a prudent wife is from the Lord," that while a gracious God had lavished upon him blessings innumerable during his childhood and youth and earlier manhood, He had reserved till now the best of all—the crown both of his happiness and usefulness. It behooves me under the circumstances of the present occasion to speak with some reserve of this "elect lady" whom we all revere. But no treatment of my subject would be complete and no understanding of some of his greatest achievements would be possible without some reference to her whose remarkable talents and earnest piety and loving spirit and gracious address made her the worthy help-meet of the gifted man and large-hearted Christian whose life she brightened and blessed for twenty-six happy years, and who since his death has continued to abound in all good works.

A recent writer has said with truth that "she has been for fifty years, and is to-day, one of the

active factors in our industrial development. Her exact memory and keen grasp of the complex details of her husband's business made her practically an unofficial manager."

It is perhaps not generally known that the immense McCormick factory here owes its existence to Mrs. McCormick. When the great fire that swept Chicago in 1871 wiped out his $2,000,000 plant, Mr. McCormick thought of retiring. He still had an ample fortune and he was sixty-two years of age. His managers advised him not to rebuild, because of the excessive cost of new machinery.

"As soon as the fiery cyclone had passed, he and his wife drove to the wrecked factory. Several hundred of the workmen gathered about the carriage, and the chief engineer, acting as spokesman, said: "Well, Mr. McCormick, shall we start the small engine and make repairs, or shall we start the big engine and make machines?" Mr. McCormick turned to his wife and said: "Which shall it be?" It was a breathless moment for the workmen. "Build again at once," said Mrs. McCormick. "I do not want our boy to grow up in idleness." "START THE BIG ENGINE," said McCormick. The men threw their hats in the air and cheered. They sprang at the smoking debris, and began to rebuild before the cinders were cold.

Such was the second birth of the vast factory, which, in its sixty years, has created fully 5,000,000 harvesters, and is now so magically automatic

that, with 6,000 workmen, it can make one-third of all the grain-gathering machinery of the world.*

EFFECTS OF THE INVENTION.

I have already referred to the beneficent effect of Mr. McCormick's invention in extending the wheat growing area of the world. So long as the sickle and the cradle were the only means of reaping, the production of grain, which is man's most important food, was subject to rigid limitations. The difficulty was aggravated in America by the scarcity of farm laborers in the West. Ripe wheat will not wait. The harvest season is brief. The crop must be garnered within a period of ten days. A man with a sickle can cut but a small area in a day and it is back-breaking toil. This area was considerably enlarged of course by the introduction of the cradle. But the mechanical reaper, drawn by horses, leveling the grain in swathes, gathering it in with giant grasp, and tossing out the bound up sheaves, has vastly increased the capacity of the human harvester, besides freeing him from the hard labor of wielding the sickle or the cradle, and straightening his weary back, and seating him comfortably on the machine as the driver of the team. The gathering of every bushel of wheat used to require *three hours* of a man's time. "In seventy-six years the Reaper has reduced the time-price of harvesting wheat to *ten minutes* a bushel." To the Reaper therefore we are indebted for that mighty river of wheat which now flows from the West, turning the

*Herbert N. Casson, *Everybody's Magazine*, 17, p. 764.

wheels of 14,000 flour mills, and giving to the millions good bread at low prices.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE REAPER.

Along that life-giving stream scores of rich cities have sprung up like magic, a network of railways have criss-crossed the country, huge fleets of whalebacks have covered the lakes, and hundreds of gigantic factories have been established for the making of all manner of farming implements—for the reaper gave a mighty stimulus to agricultural invention, and in its wake there followed inevitably a multitude of other labor-saving devices for the sowing and cultivation and gathering of crops of every variety; mowers, tedders, rakes, balers, self-binders for corn and rice as well as wheat, corn pluckers, shellers and grinders, grain drills, harrows and cultivators, involving also, of course, an enormously increased output of wood and ore from the forests and the mines.

One of the most important of the indirect effects of Mr. McCormick's invention was its contribution to the preservation of the Union as the outcome of the conflict between the States. "During the Civil War the reaper was doing the work of a million men in the grain fields of the North." In 1861 Edwin M. Stanton said: "The reaper is to the North what slavery is to the South. By taking the places of regiments of young men in the Western harvest fields, it releases them to do battle for the Union at the front, and at the same time keeps up the supply of bread for the nation and the nation's armies. Thus without McCormick's invention I fear the

North could not win, and the Union would be dismembered." There was an enormous draught of recruits from the rural districts—Mr. Lincoln called out every third man—yet the crops, instead of decreasing, increased. Europeans could hardly believe it, when told that the North was supporting a vast army and yet was "selling enough grain to feed 35,000,000 people and sending three times as much grain to England as we had ever sent before."

PATRIOT AND PEACEMAKER.

This contribution of the reaper to the preservation of the Union was an effect of his invention which, of course, Mr. McCormick did not foresee, though the preservation of the Union was a thing which he desired with all his soul. Born and reared in the South, yet living for years in the North, he understood the standpoint of both, and his views of secession and slavery were those of an unsectional patriot and a statesman. A Northern writer* has said with truth that "No other man of his day either in or out of public office was so free from local prejudices and so intensely national in his beliefs and sympathies." He did not want the Union to be broken by secession, but on the other hand he did not want the Constitution to be destroyed by federal reformers. He wanted the South to be freed from the incubus of slavery, but he did not want it done by violence and wrong in a way that would pour upon the nation a cataract of calamities. He had himself

*Herbert N. Casson, *The Interior*, February 18, 1909.

forged a machine that would do the work of thousands of slaves and that was certain to prevent the introduction of negro labor in the wheat States of the West. He wanted the institution of slavery abolished, but he deprecated the impatience which, refusing to abide gradual and peaceable emancipation, the only natural, true and safe solution, plunged the country into war. Before hostilities actually began, he strove with all his might to make the wrangling partisans listen to reason, and even after the war was at its height he proposed a plan, endorsed by Horace Greeley, for stopping the conflict and restoring peace. But the plan failed, the madness continued, and the war was fought to the bitter end.

To the overpowered and impoverished South he was one of the first of the magnanimous men of the North to stretch out a friendly hand—but unfortunately all men in the North are not magnanimous any more than all men in the South—and because he gave help to prostrate institutions in his native State, this great-hearted patriot who loved both North and South and who had labored with giant strength to preserve the Union in a rational way was actually accused of disloyalty to the Union. He disposed of these charges with his customary vigor and conclusiveness and held steadily on his lofty and beneficent course.

When politics invaded the courts of his Church and her chief benefactors were proscribed and men were deposed from the boards of management of her institutions and others put in their places on purely political and party grounds, he faithfully pointed out to the Church her error and re-

called her to the spirit of her Lord in these noble words: "When are we to look for the return of brotherly love and Christian fellowship, so long as those who aspire to fill the high places of the Church indulge in such wrath and bitterness? Now that the great conflict of the Civil War is past, and its issues settled, religion and patriotism alike require the exercise of mutual forbearance, and the pursuit of those things which tend to peace."

CHRISTIAN AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Amid all the exacting labors of his life Mr. McCormick, like Henry Van Dyke's peace-seeker, always took time to look up at the stars. And therefore, great as his influence was upon the material interests of mankind, his influence upon the higher interests of the race was greater still. He did not think more of machines than of souls. For fifty years he was a consistent, earnest, fruitful member of the Presbyterian Church, and from the earliest days of his prosperity to the end of his honored life, he was the large-hearted and open-handed friend of educational and religious institutions, ever ready to help them with his sympathy, his prayers, his counsel and his means.

He never ceased to love his native State. "He never grew too busy or too famous to remember with gratitude the days and scenes out of which he was ushered into the world of action." In his inaugural address as president of the Virginia Society of Chicago, he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. * * * Virginia," he continued, "is the scene

of all our most sacred and cherished memories. There stood the old home. There flowed the mountain stream. There bubbled the spring at which we quenched our youthful thirst. There were the friends of our childhood, now widely scattered or dead."

It is easy for the public to mistake the nature of a man whose life has had to be one long battle. It was perhaps not unnatural for some to think of this massive and unbendable Scotch-Irishman as hard-fibred and imperious and devoid of sentiment. But that was only one side. We get a glimpse of the other in the earthquakes of laughter with which at times his great frame was shaken, and in the upspringing of tears at sight of blue mountains reminding him of his boyhood home; and in his devotion to the memory of his mother. One day in his later life when speaking of flowers he said, "I love the old-fashioned pinks because they grew in my mother's garden in old Virginia." There were many beautiful and tender things within a man who could say that. And one of those beautiful and tender things was his abiding affection for his native State. Two of her venerable and useful institutions held specially warm places in his heart: Washington and Lee University, in his native county, and Union Theological Seminary, in Richmond. It is well known that he gave to the former a handsome sum for the establishment of a chair of physics, and that in 1866, when our Seminary in Virginia seemed doomed because of financial losses by the war, he came to her rescue with a noble gift for the endowment of the professorship of Old Testa-

ment Interpretation. Had it not been for this timely help in those dark days, Union Seminary would not have been able to do for the Church the great work she has been doing for the last forty years in the furnishing of so large a proportion of our ministers and missionaries.

McCORMICK SEMINARY.

Of course, his chief work on behalf of Christian education and the spread of the gospel was the endowment of the great school in Chicago which bears his name. His interest in this institution rested on deep conviction. As one of your own former professors has said: "He was not only a Presbyterian, but he was also a believer in the theology of the Westminster Confession of Faith; and it was his wish and his hope that the Seminary should be a center of power for the defense of this theology, and through its graduates, for its dissemination throughout the wide area open to the Seminary's influence."

In the course of time, through another far-reaching benefaction, he provided what was in some measure an organ for the institution. A religious newspaper called "The Interior," which had been started in Chicago to represent the Presbyterian Church, was thirty-six years ago about to succumb to financial difficulties, when its friends and owners applied to Mr. McCormick to purchase it. So in 1872 he bought the paper as requested, placed it on a firm financial basis, secured an editor of rare ability, the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, succeeded since by other ac-

complished editors, and thus made it one of the representative religious journals of America.

Your Seminary could never have been what it is but for Mr. McCormick's adoption of it, so to speak, in 1859, and his subsequent munificent relations to it. Before he brought it to Chicago the institution had led a very precarious existence, having no solid basis and no assured future. It was he who gave it all three of the elements which Dr. Nathan L. Rice pronounced absolutely essential to a successful theological seminary—a suitable location, a pecuniary basis, and qualified professors who enjoy the confidence of the Church; and it was, therefore, he who made possible all its later development, and especially its remarkable growth in the last twenty-six years.

Like most of our other theological schools, this Seminary began as a mere department of a literary institution, Hanover College, Indiana. Like them, too, it soon abandoned this form of organization as unsatisfactory. It is an interesting fact that the two leading seminaries in the Northern Church were founded by Southern men—Princeton by a Virginian, Dr. Archibald Alexander, and McCormick by a North Carolinian, Dr. John Matthews. Dr. Matthews began his work at Hanover in 1830, and there continued it with various assistants for ten years, when it became evident that in order to get its proper development the theological department must be detached from the college and independently organized. It was accordingly moved in 1840 to New Albany, Indiana, where for several years it grew and prospered. But the increasing sharp-

ness of the controversy in regard to slavery, in which some of the professors took a prominent but disastrous part, and the establishment and immediate success of the Seminary at Danville, Ky., gave the New Albany school another serious check and led eventually to its removal to Chicago. The decisive consideration in favor of this re-location was an offer by Mr. McCormick of one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of four professorships on condition that the seminary should be permanently located in this city. The gift was accepted, and the institution established on what is undoubtedly one of the best sites for a seminary that the continent affords. To this original munificent donation, Mr. McCormick added frequently and largely during his life-time, and since his death the same princely benefactions have been continued by Mrs. McCormick and her children, so that now the seminary owns an exceedingly valuable property and possesses an equipment for its great work that is unsurpassed perhaps by any seminary in our land.

In view of this remarkable and continued liberality, the governing bodies in 1886 changed the name of the institution from "The Theological Seminary of the Northwest" to "The McCormick Theological Seminary." And under that honored name it will continue to send forth through all the future its successive bands of soul-reapers.

It is evident, then, that great as are the results of Mr. McCormick's invention in enabling men to reap the material harvest of the world, still more beneficent and far-reaching are the results of his consecrated wealth in fitting men to reap

God's spiritual harvest. The equipment of seminaries is obedience of the most practical and fruitful kind to the command given by our Saviour when he said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

But it would be a mistake to infer from what I have said that the seminary attained its present position without arduous and protracted struggles, severe reverses, and sore disappointments. And in all these trials he suffered. The school was on his heart. Most of its friends appreciated fully what he was doing for it, and were deeply grateful, but in some instances, as a minute of your faculty states, "instead of admiration and gratitude for his sagacity and beneficence, he was confronted with no little opposition and opprobrium."* But "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

What imagination can conceive the joys that thrill his glorified spirit as one after another the hundreds of ministers who went out from his seminary arrive in the land of light when their work on earth is done and tell him how through the training here provided by his munificence they have been able to give the bread of life to their fellow men, and when the thousands of ransomed souls who have been gathered into the Kingdom of God from every part of the world

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*Minute of the Faculty on the death of Mr. McCormick, May 24, 1884.

by the men from his seminary tell him how under God they owe to him their knowledge of the gospel and their deliverance from sin! Ah, yes, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed"—a seminary is literally a *seedery*—"shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him"—bringing his sheaves with him.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MAN.

Cyrus McCormick was cast in a large mould. He was a massive man in body and mind. In his stalwart prime, with the physique of a gladiator, deep chested, broad shouldered and ruddy, with his leonine head and thick black hair, with his firm face and strong eyes, he made an extraordinary impression of physical and intellectual force. And the longer one knew him the more that impression of power grew. He was the incarnation of decision, energy, tenacity and courage. But all men of power are not great men. The question remains as to their moral qualities—the substratum of character. Are they men of granite convictions that will defy the waves of passing opinion? Are they men of regnant conscience and stainless integrity? One of his friends who knew him intimately and who is here present to-night has happily characterized the real secret of Mr. McCormick's success as follows: "That which gave intensity to his purpose, strength to his will, and nerved him with perseverance that never failed was his supreme regard for justice, his worshipful reverence for the true and right. The thoroughness of his conviction that justice must be done, that right must be maintained, made him

insensible to reproach and patient of delay. I do not wonder that his character was strong, nor that his purpose was invincible, nor that his plans were crowned with an ultimate and signal success, for where conviction of right is the motive-power, and the attainment of justice the end in view, with faith in God, there is no such word as fail."

His ethical perceptions were as quick and keen as his business acumen. He did not have to work his way laboriously through a moral problem; he reached his conclusion in a flash, and there was no uncertainty or doubt. On a business question his judgment was clear and reliable; on a moral question it was almost unerring.

And he was never disobedient to the heavenly vision. What conscience commanded he did. In an age accused of complete absorption in things merely material and of indifference to the means by which money is made and of selfish misuse of accumulated wealth, he set an example of honesty, integrity and benevolence which gave him a distinction among the mass of men like a braid of shining gold on a sleeve of hodden gray. His wealth was honorably acquired and nobly used. His nature was not dwarfed but enlarged by his devotion to business. Some men become mere business machines; their nobler powers are atrophied—their natures are narrowed and shrivelled by the very intensity of their devotion to business, even honorable business. It was not so with him. With all his sagacity and skill and success in practical affairs, with all his concentration of energy upon whatever enterprise he had in hand, he remained to the last an idealist, high-souled,

broad-minded, sympathetic, benevolent, devout—an Abou Ben Adhem, who proved his love to God by his love to his fellow-men. He was no mere moralist; the core of his character was his faith in God. He was no mere humanitarian; the mainspring of his benevolence was his gratitude and love to our Heavenly Father.

Religion to him was not a detached and occasional thing—a thing merely of times and seasons. It permeated and controlled his whole life. His business and his religion, so far from being relegated to different compartments of his life, were interwoven like warp and woof. In the most crowded periods of his career "his letters." as Dr. McClure has said, "were a combination of intense devotion to business detail and of intense devotion to religious principle." At the close of a long statement about machinery and contracts, he writes to his brother: "May the Lord grant us all grace to live so that we shall have hope in our death as had our dear father, and to this end may we have a well-founded hope in our life. The work is thine, O Lord. Wilt thou draw us unto thee by the cords of thy love. For of ourselves we can do nothing. May we be delivered from the bondage of sin and have that peace which the world cannot give or take away—peace in believing, which will be an anchor, sure and steadfast."

Such expressions were as natural to him as breathing. He believed not only that there should be business in our religion, and religion in our business, but that religion is our business. "I often regret," he writes, "that my example has not been better, more pious; and yet I have often

felt a concern that was not expressed. Business is not inconsistent with Christianity; but the latter ought to be a help to the former, giving a confidence and resignation, after using all proper means, which speak peace to the soul." And again, at a critical juncture in his business affairs, when he was struggling with manufacturers who had broken their contracts, he says, "This is the point that should be aimed at, the feeling that should be cherished—unconditional submission and resignation to the will and hand of Providence; and with His smiles the most crooked ways may be made straight and chastisements converted into blessings. But for the fact that Providence has seemed to assist me in our business, it has at times seemed that I would almost sink under the weight of responsibility hanging upon me. But I believe the Lord will help me out. How grateful we should be! How humble on account of unworthiness! And yet how rejoicing that unworthy as we are, the law has been satisfied, and we may be saved by faith."

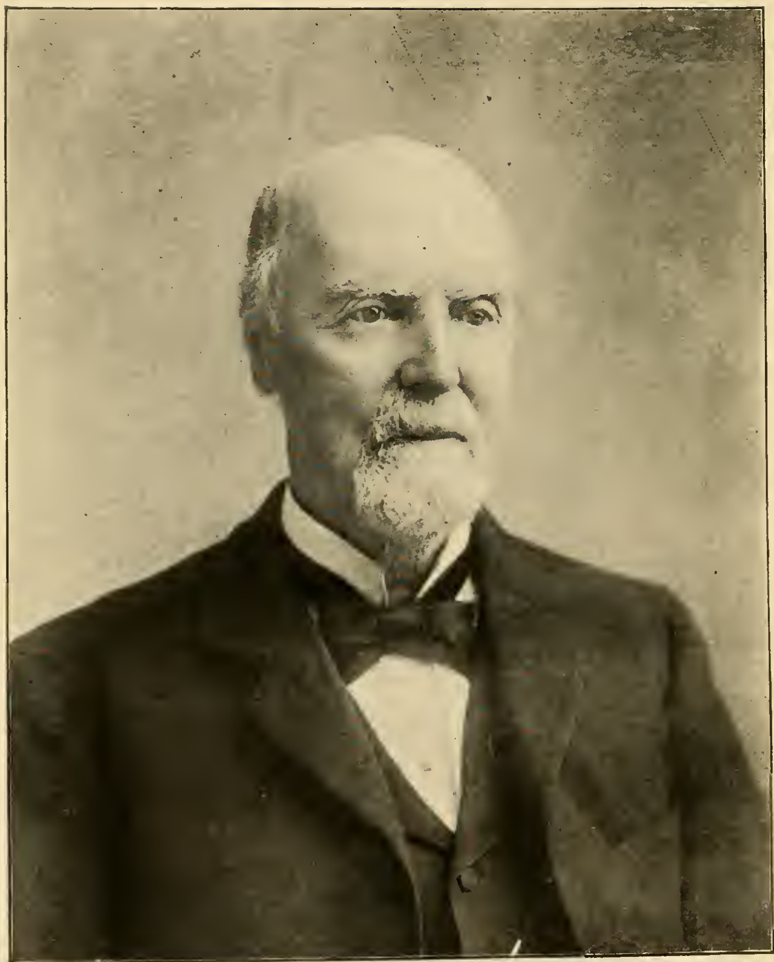
That was the real life of the man. And so, during his declining years, when chastened by much bodily affliction, he was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust and bore his sufferings without a murmur.

At last the strong staff was broken and the beautiful rod. The powerful constitution which had carried him victoriously through so many conflicts was exhausted, and he was ready for his rest. On the last Lord's Day of his life on earth, hearing it said that it was Sunday and a beautiful day, he answered, "Yes, sweet Sabbath." As he

lay, peacefully awaiting the end, he uttered tender words to each of his children and his wife, taking their hands one after another, then while they knelt by his bedside he led with firm voice the last religious service as the head of his family, and finally sang with them his favorite hymn,

> "O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
> On whom in affliction I call,
> My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
> My hope, my salvation, my all."

To such a man death was but a translation. On Tuesday, May 13th, 1884, he passed from this life to the life on high, leaving behind him a record of achievement as inventor, philanthropist and man of God, which will perpetuate his fame "to the last syllable of recorded time."



WILLIAM WALLACE SPENCE.

William Wallace Spence

Union Seminary Magazine, October-November, 1901.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about our age as an era of young men, it is undeniable that much of the world's best work is still done by men who are well advanced in years. The adage, "Old men for counsel, young men for war," while true in general, cannot be taken literally, as many of our most useful men of action are old men. Longfellow, in his "Morituri Salutamus," recognized this fact in his catalogue of literary achievements by the elderly:

> "Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
> Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
> When each had numbered more than fourscore years,
> And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
> Had but begun his Characters of Men;
> Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
> At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
> Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
> Completed Faust when eighty years were past."

Von Moltke, Bismarck, Gladstone, Hannibal Hamlin, Justin Morrill, John Hall, Moses Hoge, William Henry Green, John I. Blair, of New Jersey, and Charles Reid, of Norfolk, are examples of immensely active old age from the recent past, while we still have with us such leaders in public life as Lord Salisbury, such preeminent soldiers as Lord Roberts, such teachers as Professor

Killen, who at ninety-six presided at the recent commencement of our theological college at Belfast, such vigorous veterans in the ministry as Benjamin M. Palmer and Theodore L. Cuyler, and such masterful spirits in the business world as the honored citizen of Baltimore whose name stands at the head of this article.

When it is remembered that Mr. Spence is now eighty-six years of age, the following list of his personal offices at the present time will strike the reader as a remarkable illustration of our opening proposition. He is the senior elder in the First Presbyterian Church; president of the Presbyterian Ear, Eye and Throat Hospital; president of the trustees of the Aged Men's Home; president of the trustees of the Aged Women's Home; treasurer of the Egenton Orphan Asylum; manager of the Home for Incurables; vice-president of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company; vice-president of the Baltimore and Annapolis Short Line Railroad; director of the Baltimore and Lehigh Railroad, the Eutaw Savings Bank, the First National Bank, and the Consolidated Gas Company.

These multifarious activities at his time of life sufficiently attest his extraordinary capacity for business and his abiding interest in philanthropic and religious work. They witness also to the unique position which he holds in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men. His long and honored preeminence in business affairs and Christian work, the rare combination of intellectual force and moral principle involved in such a career, and the variety and munificence of his private and

public benefactions, characterized as they have been in every case by enlightened views and sound judgment, all mark him as a large-hearted and large-minded man, whose antecedents and work are well worth the study of young men, especially at a time when business success is so often sought by unworthy methods and so often used for unworthy ends.

William Wallace Spence was born in Edinburgh in the year 1815. His father was John Spence, a highly respected physician of that city, famous then, as now, for the learning and skill of its medical faculties. His mother was Sarah Dickson, of Prestonpans, where the Young Pretender and his Highlanders won their delusive victory in 1745, and close to Dunbar, where a century earlier Cromwell won his decisive victory over the Covenanters. The story of these stirring events, and many others like them in the strenuous history of his country, must have soon become familiar to the boy to whom his parents had given the name of Scotland's national hero, and must have contributed to the formation of a strong and self-reliant character, capable alike of high enthusiasm and of patient and persistent pursuit of a purpose. No history is better fitted than that of Scotland to inspire a boy with both of these contrasted qualities. The names of heroes like Wallace and Bruce, reformers like Knox and Hamilton, poets like Burns and Scott, and preachers like Rutherford and Chalmers, are associated forever with her mountains and moors and lochs, her cities and towns and clachans, and are a perpetual inspiration to her youth. The influence of such

a history upon a boy of young Spence's antecedents, training and natural intelligence, must have been a considerable factor in the formation of his character. But his best heritage was the robust faith of a long line of godly forebears. For generations his ancestors had cherished the intelligent and sturdy piety which has been Scotland's crowning glory. His parents bottomed his character on the Word of God and the Shorter Catechism, and his subsequent life testifies to the thoroughness with which he learned that "man's chief end is to glorify God."

The City of Edinburgh in the time of Mr. Spence's boyhood was one of the chief literary centers of the world. Her great university, her magisterial quarterly, her command of the trenchant pens of Jeffrey, Macaulay, Carlyle and Wilson, the surviving influence of Burns, the magical genius of Scott, the pulpit influence of Chalmers and Gordon, and the general preeminence of her poets, philosophers, theologians and critics, created a unique literary atmosphere about him, the influence of which he has never ceased to feel, as all know who have talked with him about books or browsed in his well-stocked library.

At the age of eighteen he resolved to come to America, and in the winter of 1833 he set sail for New York. After six months there he came to Norfolk, Va., sharing the then general belief that this city, by reason of its fine location and splendid harbor, was destined shortly to become one of the leading Atlantic ports, possibly second only to New York itself. He was fortunate in getting a situation as clerk in the well-known house of

Robert Soutter & Sons, a firm having a large trade with the West Indies and other foreign lands. The knowledge and experience gained by Mr. Spence during his stay with this house, from 1834 to 1839, may be said to have laid the ground-work of his subsequent success in business. He became so familiar with the West India trade, having supplemented his knowledge of it by spending some months in the various islands for that purpose, that at the end of four years he felt justified in beginning business on his own account. For two years more he conducted his business at Norfolk, and then, despairing of the city's reaching the commercial importance which had been predicted for it, and which it is only now beginning rapidly to attain, he removed to Baltimore, whose foreign and domestic trade had just received a fresh impetus from new western connections, which gave it special importance as a grain, sugar and coffee market. In connection with his brother, John F. Spence, he began business in Baltimore under the firm-name of W. W. Spence & Co. His former experience had developed in him the essential qualities of quick perception, sound judgment and fearless action, and he soon took a leading position in the trade. The shipping merchants of Baltimore recognized at once that a new force had appeared among them. At the end of eight years, when the house had become permanently established and had acquired a high reputation, extending to all the countries with which Baltimore had commercial dealings, Mr. John F. Spence went to San Francisco to open a house there and take

advantage of the commercial importance to which that city had been raised by the successful termination of the Mexican war and the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast. And so, in 1849, Mr. Andrew Reid, of Norfolk, a gentleman of remarkable business ability, who in association with his brother, Mr. Charles Reid, had gained a valuable knowledge of the shipping and commission trade, came to Baltimore and united with Mr. Spence, thus forming the firm so widely known as Spence & Reid. The two partners were admirably adapted to each other, the business grew and prospered, the firm establishing extensive connections in Great Britain, the British provinces, South America and the West Indies, sustaining always the highest credit and exemplifying the happy combination of a dignified conservatism with alert enterprise.

In 1862 the Civil War jeopardized a portion of their extensive business. On one occasion one of their regular coffee packets on her return trip from Rio de Janeiro was captured by a Confederate cruiser, and, on her release, was seized again by a Federal cruiser, and obtained her final release only after much expense and difficulty. Chiefly on account of the liability of such occurrences the branch house of Spence, Montague & Co. was established in New York, James C. Spence and S. P. Montague being made the resident partners.

The success of the firm was such that by 1874, after twenty-five years of happy association, both partners felt justified in withdrawing from general business.

The wealth and prominence achieved by Mr.

Spence have brought to him opportunities for doing good which he has recognized and improved in a large-hearted and open-handed manner. Besides his generous support of the regular work of his church and his frequent special contributions to its equipment for its great work in Baltimore, including the gift of the exceptionally sweet-toned pipe-organ which leads its music, and besides his interest in educational enterprises and his active part in the organization and management of benevolent and charitable institutions, he has, in many ways unknown to the world, brought relief to perplexed hearts and comfort to sorrowing homes.

While cultivating his own taste for the fine arts, he has been a liberal patron of artists by generous purchases and by organizing art exhibitions. In 1893 he presented to the city of Baltimore the colossal bronze statue of Scotland's national hero, Sir William Wallace, which stands with uplifted sword at the western extremity of the lake in Druid Hill Park, and is daily admired by hundreds of visitors. Three years later he presented to the Johns Hopkins Hospital a marble replica of Thorwaldsen's "Christ the Divine Healer." It stands in the center of the main hall, under the great dome, so that, as the donor said on the day of the unveiling, "To every weary sufferer entering these doors the first object presented to him is this benign, gracious figure, looking down with pitying eyes and outstretched arms, as if it were saying to him, Come unto me and I will give you rest." Mr. Spence has made frequent gifts to the Johns Hopkins University.

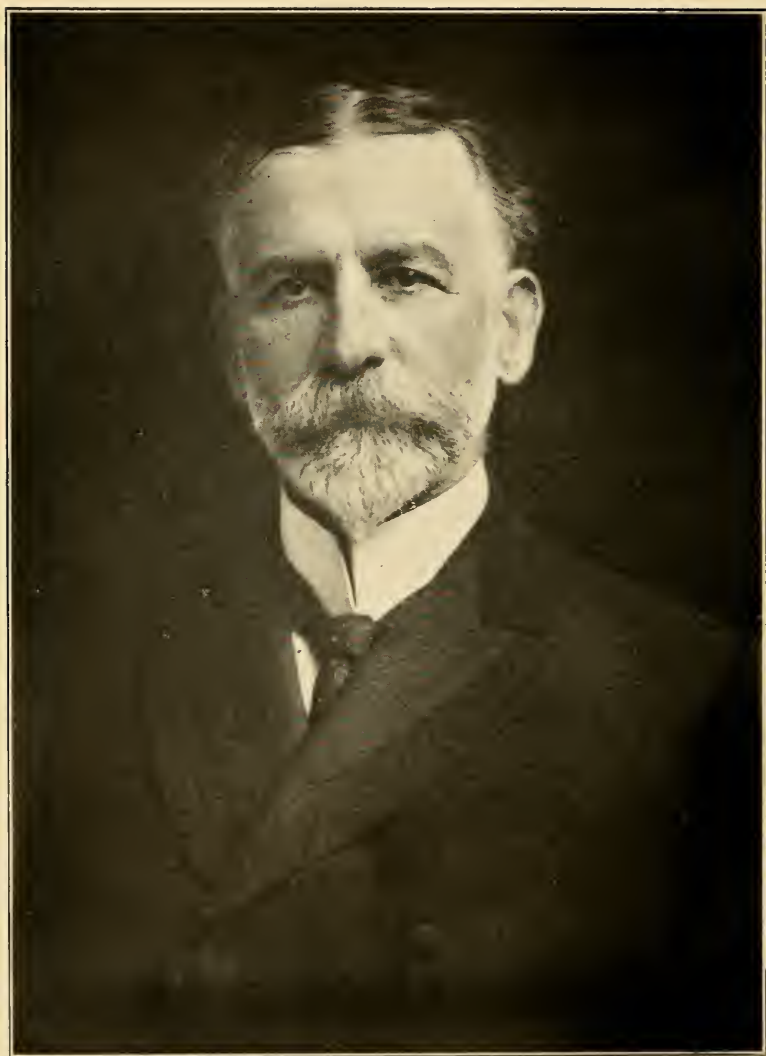
But the benefaction for which he will be most gratefully remembered throughout the South was his gift of $30,000 to Union Theological Seminary for the erection of the beautiful fire-proof library to which the seminary has given his name. An excellent oil portrait of Mr. Spence occupies the place of honor on the walls of the elegant reading-room of this building, so that all coming generations of our young ministers may become familiar with the strong and kindly face of the Christian gentleman whose enlightened liberality has so greatly promoted the comfort and effectiveness of their preparation for their great work in life.

It is sometimes supposed that those who attain to wealth and high position miss the best things in life in the way of personal friendships, or that, at least, they cannot be sure that those who profess to be their friends are so in fact, as it is inevitable that men of means and power will be sought by some for their influence and aid rather than for themselves. Mr. Spence has probably had his full share of such experiences, but no man ever had truer friends or less doubt of their sincere attachment, and none ever derived more true pleasure from his friendships. A quiet, undemonstrative, dignified gentleman, with the proverbial caution and discrimination of his race, he does not form friendships hastily, yet he has the faculty of attracting to himself choice and congenial spirits, who, under the influence of his genuine kindness, thoughtfulness and comradery, soon pass from the stage of pleasant acquaintance to that of warm and abiding friendship. It is difficult for any one who knows Mr. Spence

intimately to write of him without falling into the strain of apparently undiscriminating eulogy. But surely no language would overstate the case as to his genius for hospitality. In 1866 he purchased "Bolton," the famous and beautiful residence on Hoffman street, which was erected more than a century ago, and in the drawing-room of which Jerome Bonaparte in 1804 met the lovely Betty Patterson, whom he afterwards married. Mr. Spence added to the house a third story and two wings, and here, aided by his gentle and winsome wife, an "elect lady" indeed, whose recent death was one of the heaviest sorrows of his life, and by his daughters and granddaughters, he dispensed for thirty-five years the most delightful hospitality, making "Bolton" the constant centre of a charming social and intellectual life and the occasional scene of the most elegant and elaborate functions. He has recently sold this fine old place to the State of Maryland as a site for the Fifth Regiment Armory, but has carried to his new home on St. Paul street the old "Bolton" atmosphere of comfort, refinement and cordial hospitality. To chat with him there through a winter evening on matters grave or gay; to sail or drive with him at Mount Desert through a summer morning; to hear him read to a small circle of guests, selections from Scotch Wit and Humor, or describe to some favored friend his boyhood in the old country, or his coming to America; to listen to his devout recognition of the gracious Providence which directed his movements in the beginning of his business career; to follow his reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, whom the boy Spence

knew in Edinburgh, and of Dr. William S. White, from whom the youth Spence received his deepest religious impressions in Virginia, and of Dr. Backus, to whom, as his pastor and friend, the man Spence gave his full confidence, tender affection and hearty and steadfast support in Baltimore—any one of these experiences reveals new and attractive phases of a clear and powerful mind, a strong and well-balanced character, a warm and loving heart, and a deep and thoughtful piety.

We have thought it right, though without his knowledge and permission, to publish in this magazine, which is read by so many of his friends, this brief account of the outward facts of his life and the qualities of mind and heart which have determined his beautiful and beneficent career, and made him so conspicuous an example of eminent and honorable success in business, combined with Christian benevolence and manifold far-reaching usefulness.



JOSEPH BRYAN.

Joseph Bryan

Memorial Mass Meeting, Jefferson Hotel Auditorium, Dec. 3, 1908.

The characteristics of cities are no less clearly marked than those of individuals. In the activities of every city there is usually one dominant note. Ancient Tyre was a city of commerce; she cared for the bodies of men. Ancient Athens was a city of learning; she cared for the minds of men. Ancient Jerusalem was a city of religion; she cared for the souls of men. Not exclusively, of course, in either of the three cases, but predominantly. However complex and varied the activities of any one community, however intermingled the things of the body and the mind and the spirit, there is always one controlling purpose, one dominant ideal. When Matthew Arnold said of a certain American city, "It is too beastly prosperous," he did not mean that it had no intellectual or spiritual resources—no great libraries or schools or universities or churches—for it had; but he meant that the material and commercial interests over-shadowed the intellectual and spiritual; that the keynote of the city, the chief end of its being, the main object of its effort was material gain.

What is the keynote of Richmond? Are our people sordid or noble? Do we believe that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth? Do we measure men by

what they have or by what they are? Are we living for mere gain or for character? Is our chief aim the making of money or the making of men? Is our dominating principle selfishness or is it service? I think we can answer this crucial question without hesitation and without shame. We are citizens of no mean city. A community is known by the manner of man that it honors. The significance of this movement to provide a permanent memorial of Mr. Bryan lies in the fact that it is a revelation of our civic character.

He was universally recognized as our ideal citizen, as the finest embodiment among us of the qualities that we admire and wish to conserve and perpetuate. He was, indeed, a man of wealth, but the essential fact about that is that his wealth was honorably acquired and nobly used. He was indeed a great captain of industry, but the essential thing is that his nature was not dwarfed but enlarged by his devotion to business. "Some men become mere business machines; their nobler powers are atrophied—their natures are narrowed and shrivelled by the very intensity of their devotion to business, even honorable business. It was not so with him. With all his sagacity and skill and success in practical affairs, with all his concentration of energy upon whatever enterprise he had in hand, he remained to the last an idealist, high-souled, broad-minded, sympathetic, benevolent, devout." At a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce a year or so ago, I heard him quote those warning lines from Goldsmith:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

He believed that with all his soul. Let us not be misunderstood. Every intelligent and earnest man must rejoice in the material prosperity of our city, the industry and thrift of our people, their eager interest in the development of our resources and the expansion of our business. But we are a thrice happy people in the fact that, in an age which is accused of complete absorption in things material, our leaders in business are not indifferent to the things of the mind and the heart; that they do not under-value character and culture; that the man to whom we point as our model citizen, the finest product of our life, was not only a capable and successful man of affairs but a man of culture and charm, of purity and faith.

When I came to this city about ten years ago and got a view at close range of its business activities, the thing that struck me most forcibly was the fact that the great majority of the men who controlled its capital and directed its energies and molded its business life were not only correct men but religious men; not only men of sound morality but of pronounced religious faith. That seems to me to be truer of Richmond than of any other city that I know; and that is the glory of our town. We do well to honor the memory of a man who in a community that is rich in men of lofty ideals stood out among us like a standard bearer among ten thousand, a man of cultivated mind and gentle heart and stainless character and devout life, an Abou Ben Adhem, who proved his love to God by his love to his fellow-men. He was no mere moralist; the core of his character was his faith in God. He was no mere humani-

tarian; the mainspring of his benevolence was his gratitude and love to our heavenly Father.

Joseph Bryan, then, was a rare man. His buoyant spirit, his sparkling mind, his bubbling enthusiasm, the *verve* and *elan* of his whole manner, made him everywhere and always like a burst of sunshine. There was an almost boyish impulsivemess about him, but this impetuous frankness, instead of making trouble as it might easily have done for a nature less noble, only revealed more clearly the purity of the springs of his being. In nothing was this quickness more noticeable than in his ethical perceptions. "He did not have to work his way laboriously through a moral problem; he reached his conclusion in a flash, and there was no uncertainty or doubt. On a business question, his judgment was clear and reliable; on a moral question, it was almost unerring." It was this moral refinement, this high strain of the mind and spirit which gave him a distinction among the mass of men "like a braid of shining gold on a sleeve of hodden-gray."

And it is the priceless value to a community of qualities like these, so splendidly exemplified in him, that justifies this movement to perpetuate the memory of such a character and such a life. Let us then provide this memorial and let it say to our children and our children's children, "This was our ideal citizen, an upright and able man of affairs, an unselfish leader of civic progress, an open-handed philanthropist, a golden-hearted gentleman, and a reverent and radiant man of God."

The Centennial Celebration of Union Theological Seminary

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia was celebrated with suitable exerices on Sunday, October 13th, and Wednesday, October 16th, 1912. On Sunday two addresses were delivered in the Seminary Chapel, one on "The First Fifty Years," by Dr. W. W. Moore, and the other on "The Last Fifty Years," by Dr. W. L. Lingle.

On Wednesday, the two controlling Synods having previously taken order for a joint celebration at that time, the Synod of North Carolina came by special train from Goldsboro to Richmond, where the Synod of Virginia was in session, and the two bodies repaired to the beautiful campus in Ginter Park for the exercises of the afternoon. A large tent had been erected to afford shelter in case of rain, but it was a perfect autumn day, and on the green lawn, "under this October sun," some fifteen hundred persons assembled. One thousand of these, the more direct representatives of the Synods, wore souvenir badges in the Seminary colors, blue and white, which bore a picture of Watts' Hall, the date of the celebration, and the college toast—"*Vivat, crescat, floreat Seminarium!* One hundred wore besides on the lapels of their coats bows of white ribbon. These were the present students of the Seminary, and the printed

programme stated that the students could thus be identified and that they would be glad to show visitors about the grounds and buildings and to give any information desired.

The President of the Seminary opened the exercises with the following words of welcome:

"Never before in all her long history has the old Seminary had the happiness of welcoming home at one time so many of her scattered sons and folding them in her motherly embrace. In 1899 we had the honor of a visit in these halls from the General Assembly, and it so happened that nearly half of the commissioners then present were former students of this seminary. In 1905 we had the pleasure of entertaining in the same way the Synod of Virginia, three-fourths of whose ministerial members were alumni of the Seminary. But neither of those occasions equalled this in the number of old students present. To all these, her sons, who have gathered today under the ancestral rooftree, she extends a loving welcome and upon all she pronounces a motherly benediction. And to those who are not her sons but her nephews, sons of her sister seminaries, she extends a welcome no less warm and cordial. To the ruling elders also of the two great Synods, to the elect ladies who have favored us with their presence in such large numbers, and to the hundreds of our visitors who have come to the Seminary's crowning to rejoice with her, she extends a glad and grateful greeting. To everyone of you she says in the genial words of Horace, "*Tibi splendet focus.*" Nay, to everyone of you she says in the warmer language of Scrip-

ture, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?' "

Felicitous responses were made by the Moderator of the Synod of North Carolina, the Rev. W. McC. White, D. D., and the Moderator of the Synod of Virginia, the Rev. E. T. Wellford, D. D.

Mr. George W. Watts, "President of the Board of Trustees and the greatest benefactor of the Seminary," was then presented as the presiding officer of the occasion. The hymn, "O God of Bethel," was sung, and the great congregation was led in prayer by the Rev. T. S. Wilson, D. D., grandson of the Rev. S. B. Wilson, D. D., who was for twenty-eight years a professor in the Seminary. The addresses of Dr. R. F. Campbell, Dr. D. M. Sweets and Dr. T. H. Rice on Union Seminary in the Pastorate, in Religious Journalism, and in Theological Education and Religious Thought, and the Poem of Dr. W. H. Woods, were all listened to with eager interest. This part of the programme was closed with the Benediction pronounced by the Rev. Dr. R. P. Kerr, of Baltimore.

Refreshments were served from the Refectory from 5 to 6 o'clock, the buildings and grounds were illuminated, and a reception was given in Richmond Hall by officers of the Board of Trustees, members of the Faculty, and ladies of the Seminary Community, assisted by Mrs. M. V. Terhune ("Marion Harland"), of New York. It was a truly delightful social commingling, and hundreds of old friends met who had for years been widely separated.

The exercises were resumed at 8 o'clock in the City Auditorium. No other building in Richmond would have held the crowd. The city papers described it next morning as "a monster mass meeting." The Presbyterians turned out in unprecedented numbers to show what they thought of their Seminary, and to listen to the various addresses. There were nearly three thousand of them, including the largest number of Southern Presbyterian ministers ever gathered in one place. After the singing of the hymn, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," the congregation was led in prayer by the Rev. P. H. Hoge, D. D., son of Dr. Wm. J. Hoge, one of the former professors in the Seminary, and great grandson of Dr. Moses Hoge, the first professor.

The greetings of our sister seminaries in the South were happily presented by Dr. McPheeters of Columbia, Dr. Vinson of Austin, and Dr. Hemphill of Louisville, and the written greetings of thirty-five other seminaries, colleges and universities were announced by the Rev. Prof. T. R. English, D. D. Besides these there was a great number of letters from the old students and other individuals which were not intended for publication, but which gave profound pleasure by their warm and affectionate greetings.

The Hon. Wm. Hodges Mann, who was introduced as the author of the statement that he regarded it a higher honor to be an elder in the Presbyterian Church than to be the Governor of Virginia, made a hearty and ringing address of welcome, to which the Moderators of the two Synods responded in a way that won all hearts.

The two main addresses of the evening were made by Dr. Egbert W. Smith and Dr. James I. Vance, both graduates of the institution in the class of 1886, on Union Seminary in Home Missions and Union Seminary in Foreign Missions.

Mr. John S. Munce, representing the Board of Trustees, announced that Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, of Chicago, had that day telegraphed a hearty message of congratulation to the President of the Seminary, saying that she wished to give to the Endowment $10,000 in memory of her husband, Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr.; and that Mr. George W. Watts had also marked the occasion by making, far ahead of time, the final payment of $15,000 on the $45,000 pledged by him for the endowment of the Presidency of the Seminary.

With the singing of the Doxology and the pronouncing of the Benediction this memorable celebration, successful and happy in every particular, was brought to a fitting close.

—*Union Seminary Magazine.*

The First Fifty Years of Union Theological Seminary

Centennial Celebration, October 13, 1912.

II Timothy 2:2—"The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."

"The things that thou has heard of me"—that is, the essentials of the Christian faith publicly committed to Timothy's trust as a minister of the gospel. "Among many witnesses"—meaning the presbyters who had taken part in Timothy's ordination. "The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." In these words the apostle states the two fundamental qualifications of ministers of the gospel. They must be men of character, and they must be men of capacity. First, they must be men of character, Christian character, trustworthy men; or, to use his own word, "faithful" men; and secondly, they must be men of capacity, "able to teach others also," as he expresses it—that is, they must be men of the requisite intellectual force and training to instruct their fellow-men. Not every good man is called to preach. Piety is an indispensable qualification for the ministry but it is not the only qualification. Besides piety, the minister must have a well disciplined and well furnished mind and the power

to make the truth clear to other minds and to impress it on other hearts.

The branch of the Church to which this Seminary belongs has always paid large attention to the proper preparation of the minister for the duties of his office. The educated minister is central to our activities. A man of intelligence and attainments and force in the pulpit is essential to fully organized Presbyterian worship and work. The Protestant ideal of public worship is quite different from that which obtains among Roman Catholics. In Roman Catholic worship, the principal functionary is a priest who claims to offer sacrifice and who performs the ceremonies of an elaborate ritual. The appeal is chiefly to the senses and the aesthetic sensibilities. Protestants, on the other hand, hold that the minister is not a priest at all but a teacher. His function is not the performance of ceremonies but the inculcation of truth. The Protestant churches make their appeal to the mind rather than to the senses. They rely upon ideas rather than ceremonies, because they are convinced that it is only by the intelligent apprehension of the truth that the spiritual life can be truly nourished and developed. The difference appears even in their respective styles of church architecture. The central thing in a Roman Catholic church is the altar; the central thing in a Protestant church is the pulpit. In other words, Roman Catholic churches are built for ceremonies and Protestant churches are built for preaching. It is not without significance that our own Church in particular has been historically not a builder of

cathedrals but a builder of schools and colleges and seminaries.

Now, since according to this view the principal functionary of Christian worship is a trained minister, and since his main business is the exposition of scripture and the inculcation of truth, it follows that the making of trained ministers is for us a vital matter. It has been so recognized throughout our history. The Presbyterian Church has uniformly insisted upon the thorough education of its religious leaders, so much so indeed that generally speaking the public mind associates with Presbyterian ministers the ideas of intellectual stamina and ample learning.

How has our Church in this Western World endeavored to meet the need for the broad and thorough training involved in this Pauline conception of the ministerial office? The Presbyterian Church in America was composed originally of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland. For many years the ministers of their various congregations were drawn from beyond the seas. As the Church grew, however, and the population of the country increased, the supply thus obtained proved to be inadequate, and the necessity for a native ministry became more and more apparent. This necessity was accentuated by the American Revolution. The political separation from the mother country made it clearer than ever that we could not depend for a permanent supply of ministers upon the universities of the Old World, three thousand miles away in what was now a foreign land and in an atmosphere largely out of sympathy with American ideals. Accordingly,

academies and colleges were established from time to time during the eighteenth century at various places, such as Princeton, Lexington and Hampden-Sidney; and the candidates educated in these institutions received their theological training by serving a sort of apprenticeship under approved divines here and there throughout the country who directed their studies. But this plan also was presently seen to be inadequate, especially after the great revivals of 1799-1804, and it became apparent that the only way in which the demand could be met was to organize regular institutions for theological education.

The first definite step in this direction in the American Presbyterian Church was taken in 1789, when a class of seven or eight young men began a systematic course of study in theology under the instruction of the Rev. Wm. Graham, the Rector of Liberty Hall Academy near Lexington, Va., the forerunner of Washington and Lee University. Two years later (1791) the Synod of Virginia appointed Mr. Graham to give regular instruction in theology, and at the same time projected a plan for the raising of funds to maintain a permanent system of theological education. Mr. Graham continued to teach theology till his resignation of the rectorship of Liberty Hall Academy in 1796. The Synod's plan of securing funds for a permanent theological school not being promptly carried out, the Presbytery of Hanover began to move in the matter. It determined to raise an endowment for this purpose which should be under its own control, and in 1797 it adopted a plan drawn up by the Rev.

Archibald Alexander for the education of ministers. But still the enterprise halted. The school failed to materialize. The needed leader and organizer had not yet appeared, the man who should realize the dreams and hopes of both the Synod and the Presbytery.

But in 1806 the man for the crisis did appear in the person of a young minister only twenty-nine years of age, who had been in the ministry only about two years and who was at that time pastor of Cub Creek Church in Charlotte County. His name was John Holt Rice. To him more than to any other man the Presbyterian Church in the United States is indebted for the existence of its leading seminary. He was not its first professor, but he was its real founder. His first connection with the work was in the capacity of agent to secure funds. The Presbytery of Hanover had the discernment to see that, young as he was in years and experience, he was the man to realize the hopes it had so long cherished in regard to a permanent theological seminary. The memorable action which put him in the lead of the movement was taken in 1806. In April of that year, to quote from the Minutes of the Presbytery, "The Presbytery of Hanover taking into consideration the deplorable state of our country in regard to religious instruction, the very small number of ministers possessing the qualifications required by the Scriptures and the prevalence of ignorance and error, on motion,

Resolved: 1. That an attempt be made to establish at Hampden-Sidney College a complete

theological library for the benefit of students in divinity.

2. That an attempt be also made to establish a fund for the educating of poor and pious youth for the ministry of the gospel.

3. That the Rev. Messrs. Archibald Alexander, Matthew Lyle, Conrad Speece, John H. Rice, Major James Morton, Major Robert Quarles and Mr. James Daniel be a Standing Committee to manage this business and make report to Presbytery at its usual meetings.

4. That whatever funds are raised by the Committee shall be vested in the trustees of Hampden-Sidney College. The appropriation of all such funds, however, shall forever remain with the Presbytery."

On the 30th of April, 1806, this Committee met and appointed Mr. Rice a special agent to solicit donations in books and money for the objects proposed throughout the whole State; upon which he repaired to Richmond and afterwards proceeded to Norfolk to secure the desired aid in behalf of the infant institution, and by the spring of 1807, funds to the amount of $2,500 were raised for this purpose. In the same year, the presidency of Hampden-Sidney College becoming vacant by the removal of Rev. Archibald Alexander to Philadelphia, Rev. Moses Hoge, of Shepherdstown, Va., was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant office. The vote of the trustees was accompanied by pressing letters from the brethren of the Presbytery, one of whom, himself a trustee of the College, says: "What I wish to present to you for your serious consideration is the

importance of our theological school. For some years to come the head of the theological school must be the president of Hampden-Sidney College. Now, the eyes of all who are, at the same time, friends of this institution and acquaintances of yours, are directed to you as the fittest person in the compass of their knowledge for a professor of divinity." His biographer states that "The prospect of usefulness which seemed to be extended before him by the projected establishment of a theological seminary at Hampden-Sidney was, as he repeatedly informed his friends, the reason why he decided to remove thither." In a letter, dated January, 1810, Dr. Hoge says: "It was chiefly from a regard to a theological seminary lately established at this place that I was induced to accept the presidency of Hampden-Sidney College. Of that seminary you have probably seen some account in the public prints. It has already been useful, and will, there is reason to expect, continue to be so for ages to come." In August, 1812, he writes: "We have now nine or ten who intend to preach the gospel, and about the same number of my alumni are now preaching." It is clear, therefore, that the Seminary was already in existence and doing good work even before the formal action of the Synod of Virginia in 1812. But in that year the Synod "Unanimously resolved on the establishment of a theological seminary and unanimously concurred in the appointment of Dr. Hoge as their professor," and thus, as his biographer states it, "The seminary instituted by the Synod embosomed the project

of the Presbytery of Hanover."* Satisfactory arrangements were made with the trustees of the College, by which Dr. Hoge could perform the duties of both the presidency and the professorship of theology, and for the remaining eight years of his life he prosecuted the work with signal ability and success, sending more than thirty young men from his classes into the ministry.

The first professor in this Seminary, then, as established by the Synod of Virginia in 1812 was Moses Hoge. He was a man of mark as saint and scholar and preacher. "Of his own experience, he said that he had never known the time when he had not loved the Lord, yet he never knew the time when he thought he loved Him as he ought." The power of his Christian character is well illustrated in the remark of John Randolph, of Roanoke, that there were only two men who could bring quiet to a certain court green on court day—Patrick Henry by his eloquence, and Dr. Hoge by simply passing through. He exercised a wide influence in his time by his writings and did much to stem the tide of French infidelity which at that time swept over this country. But it is as a theological teacher that the Church is most deeply indebted to him. No less an authority than Dr. Robert L. Dabney has declared that it was Moses Hoge who impressed upon the Virginia ministry that moderate type of evangelical Calvinism that has ever since distinguished it; and Archibald Alexander was in his youth indebted to him for more correct views of divine grace in

*Ms. "Life of Moses Hoge, D. D.," by his son, Rev. John Blair Hoge.

regeneration, and thus Princeton also felt his impress. He was the progenitor of a line of brilliant and powerful preachers of his own name who for three generations have in the ministry rendered service which proves them to be worthy sons of their honored sire.

Dr. Hoge died in the summer of 1820, and at the following meeting of Synod, Dr. Archibald Alexander was appointed to succeed him as professor of theology. Dr. Alexander declined the appointment, and the Synod, after trying in vain for two years to fill the place (a task rendered the more difficult, doubtless, by the fact that Dr. Hoge's successor in the presidency of the College was a layman), transferred the Seminary, with the funds which had been collected, to the Presbytery of Hanover, in trust, to hold the same for the object of its founders under its own management, but subject to the supervision and control of the Synod, and in obedience to the call of the Moderator, the Presbytery now met at Prince Edward on the 16th of November, 1822, to accept the trust and make the necessary arrangements for carrying it into execution. That Presbytery, which then included nearly all of eastern Virginia, had, as we have seen, projected a theological school even before the synod had taken the steps above described, and had collected a small sum for the support of it. This was now added to the funds transferred to them by the Synod, and the Presbytery, having resolved to reorganize the Seminary, and having appointed a new board of Trustees for it, proceeded to make choice of a professor; and having solemnly invoked the di-

rection of Almighty God, unanimously elected the Rev. John Holt Rice, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Richmond, to the office.*

Dr. Rice had just been elected to the presidency of Nassau Hall (Princeton College). After mature deliberation, he declined the call to New Jersey, though at a great pecuniary sacrifice, and, some months later, on June 2, 1823, he announced his acceptance of the Presbytery's appointment to the work in Prince Edward. He was then recovering from a severe and protracted illness, and, with a view to recruiting his health, he made a journey by sea to New York, traveling thence to Saratoga Springs and other points, and improving the opportunity thus afforded to raise additional funds for the proposed Seminary, in Albany, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Fredericksburg and other places, and therefore did not reach Hampden-Sidney till the autumn. Finding that no accommodations had yet been provided for him, he accepted the invitation of President Cushing, of the College, to lodge with him temporarily, and soon after opened his school of the prophets, with three students (Jesse S. Armistead, Robert Burwell† and Thomas P. Hunt), in one end of President Cushing's kitchen. The services of Professor James Marsh, of Hampden-Sidney College, were secured to teach the Hebrew language.

On Thursday, January 1, 1824, the Board of Trustees met in the college church, and in the

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*Memoir of the Rev. John Holt Rice, D. D., by Wm. Maxwell.

†Great-Grandfather of Mr. B. R. Lacy, Jr., one of our present students.

presence of a large congregation the Seminary was formally opened; Dr. Rice was regularly installed as Professor of Theology, and delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion, based upon 2 Timothy III, 14-17: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

The whole endowment of the Seminary on the day of its re-opening consisted of about $10,000. There was in addition a Contingent Fund of about $1,000 per annum, made up of contributions from the churches of the Presbytery. But there was no building as yet, nor even a site for one. Both, however, were soon provided, thanks to the ability and energy of the indefatigable founder. The first building, a three-story brick structure, which is now the eastern end of the old Seminary building at Hampden-Sidney, was finished in 1825.

In 1826 the Seminary was taken under the care of the General Assembly, the trustees of that body taking charge of the funds; and in 1827 the Presbytery of Hanover surrendered the institution to the joint management and control of the Synods of Virginia and North Carolina. In commemoration of this copartnership, its name was

changed to Union Theological Seminary. From the time of this happy association of the two synods in its support and control, there was a more rapid increase in students, funds and equipment. Dr. Rice toiled terribly at his task. He literally worked himself to death that the institution might succeed. It did succeed. He lived but seven years after beginning his work as professor, yet in that short time he made it one of the foremost theological schools of the country, securing for it a large building for lecture-rooms, chapel and dormitories, besides two detached residences for professors, a fair collection of reference books as a library, valued at $8,000, three instructors, and nearly forty students.

In 1831 he died and was succeeded by the Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D., President of Washington College, Lexington, of whom it has been said that by natural endowments he was the most talented man who ever served the Seminary as a professor. Yet the institution sorely missed the resourcefulness and administrative capacity of Rice, his phenomenal mastery of detail, his consuming enthusiasm and his boundless energy. Moreover, the country was just entering upon a period of industrial depression and the Church was trembling on the verge of a controversy which was destined to split it asunder. Besides, various other seminaries were now being established in different parts of the country, so that for twenty years after the death of Rice the number of students was small, in spite of the fact that able men were added to the faculty from time to time, such as Dr. Samuel L. Graham and Dr. Francis

S. Sampson in 1838, and Dr. Samuel B. Wilson who succeeded Dr. Baxter in 1841. In 1853 Dr. Robert L. Dabney was added; in 1854 Dr. Benjamin M. Smith; and in 1856 Dr. Wm. J. Hoge. The number of students, which in 1851 had fallen to eleven, fluctuated for the next ten years, the smallest number being eighteen in 1858, and the largest thirty-nine in 1860, about the same number that had been enrolled in the last year of Dr. Rice's life thirty years before. In 1860 Dr. Thomas E. Peck was elected Professor of Church History, so that when the war broke out the Faculty consisted of Drs. Wilson, Dabney, Smith and Peck. The progress of the Seminary was rudely checked by the great conflict into which the country was plunged in 1861. Its students responded to the call of their country. It is one of the glories of the institution that it emptied its halls into that immortal army which was always outnumbered and never outfought, and that its students took part in that unparalleled struggle in which the North won the victory and the South won the glory. One of the most promising of these students, Captain Hugh A. White, was killed in battle at the head of his company in 1862. Another, who has risen to deserved distinction as soldier, friend and staff officer of Stonewell Jackson, minister, editor and author, and whom we all honor and love, sits with me on this platform to-day. And last night, after I had finished this part of my address, I received from him this note:

October 12, 1912.

Dear Dr. Moore:

I enclose a copy of a list I had made some time ago, from the General Catalogue, of students of Union Seminary who were in the Confederate army. It occurs to me that you may care to see this list in this time of historic interest in the Seminary. Sincerely always

Your friend,

James P. Smith.

I do care to see this list, and I am sure you will care to hear it—it is the honor roll of the Seminary in those sad and glorious years. I give it entire:

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Killed in Battle 3.

Rev. Dabney Carr Harrison, Chaplain, Fort Donaldson, February 16, 1862.

Edgar Wirt Carrington, Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.

Hugh Augustus White, Captain, Second Manassas, August 31, 1862.

Died of Wounds Received in Battle 1.

James Wilson Poague, May 26, 1864.

Died of Sickness in Camp 2.

Samuel M. Lightner, May 18, 1862.

James M. Lynch, June 29, 1862.

Chaplains 14.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge
Rev. Abner C. Hopkins
Rev. Richard McIlwaine
Rev. Thos. W. Hooper
Rev. E. H. Harding
Rev. L. C. Vass
Rev. T. W. Gilmer
Rev. H. G. Hill
Rev. P. C. Morton
Rev. W. W. Houston
Rev. H. P. R. McCoy
Rev. B. B. Blair
Rev. A. B. Carrington
Rev. James M. Wharey

In the Ranks 44.

Geo. W. Finley, *Captain*	Arch McFadyen
K. M. McIntyre	W. D. Morton
L. H. Yeargan	Josiah M. Smith.
Jno. S. Young	J. S. Hunter, *Captain*
Wm. E. Hill	Jno. W. Primrose
H. R. Laird	J. A. Wallace
E. C. Gordon	E. H. Barnett
R. M. Tuttle, *Captain*	P. P. Flournoy
J. A. Wood	J. H. H. Winfree
H. M. Anderson	J. K. Hitner
W. G. Baird	Tazewell M. McCorkle
A. H. Hamilton	M. H. Houston
Frank McCutchan	Edward Lane
R. H. Fleming, *C. S. Navy*	Geo. L. Leyburn
Cornelius Miller	J. M. McIver
Thornton M. Niven	G. Nash Morton
Geo. H. Denny	W. U. Murkland
W. S. Lacy	Jno. M. Goul
Harvey Gilmore	Jas. W. Shearer
Daniel Blain	H. C. Brown
S. Taylor Martin, *Captain*	H. L. Darnall
G. B. Strickler, *Captain*	James P. Smith, *Captain*

Killed and died from sickness	6
Chaplains	14
In the ranks	44
Total	64

The number of students fell from thirty-nine in 1861 to four in 1862; and these four were young soldiers who had been captured at Rich Mountain, had been released on parole and had not yet been exchanged. So that in the last of the first fifty years of its history the Seminary was just where it was in the first of those fifty years, so far as the attendance was concerned.

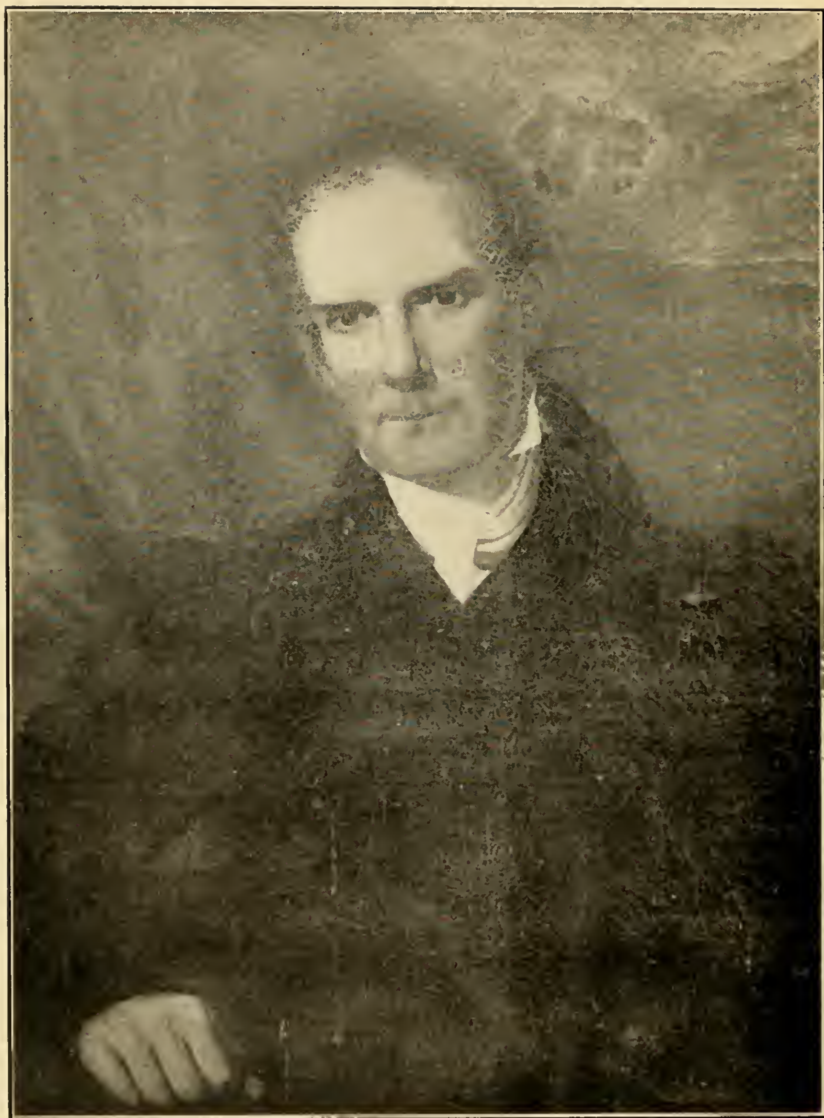
During the hundred years of its service the

Seminary has educated about fifteen hundred ministers. Only about four hundred of this number belong to the first fifty years, but the list of these four hundred includes such names as William S. White, Drury Lacy, Daniel Lindley, Theodorick Pryor, Benjamin M. Smith, John Leyburn, John L. Kirkpatrick, George D. Armstrong, William Brown, J. M. P. Atkinson, G. W. McPhail, John H. Bocock, Stuart Robinson, Francis S. Sampson, Moses D. Hoge, William T. Richardson, Jacob Henry Smith, Robert L. Dabney, Clement R. Vaughan, William Henry Ruffner, William A. Campbell, Alexander Martin, William Walter Pharr, Lindsay H. Blanton, Richard McIlwaine, John B. Shearer, Thomas L. Preston, E. H. Barnett, A. C. Hopkins, and many others equally deserving of mention.

Such is the bare outline of the history of the Seminary in its first fifty years, its founding, its growth, its vicissitudes, its succession of honored and useful professors, its varying attendance of students, its excellent output of four hundred well-furnished ministers. I might, of course, fill in this outline with a great multitude of facts concerning the gradual enlargement of its course of study, the accumulation of its library, the increase of its outfit and endowment, and its generous benefactors. But I prefer instead to try to give you some idea of the spirit and ideals and services of the institution in those early years by sketching briefly the character and work of some of the men who have put upon it their permanent impress as members of its faculty. For, after all, it is not buildings and books and money that

make a great seminary, but professors of strong personality and deep consecration and ample learning and ability to teach their subjects in a vital and practical way and to inspire their students with an intelligent and deathless enthusiasm for the gospel which they are to proclaim.

Of Dr. Hoge I have already spoken. Of Dr. Rice it is important that I should give you some further account.



JOHN HOLT RICE.

John Holt Rice

John Holt Rice was born in Bedford County, Virginia, in 1777. His father was a lawyer and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, but though an intelligent and popular man, he was not prosperous, so that the boyhood home of the future theologian was one at first of only moderate comfort and afterwards of downright poverty. His mother, a cultivated and pious woman, sister of a clergyman of the Church of England, died when he was about twelve years old, and the chief care of the family fell on his elder sister, who had to do all the hard work of the house. John showed what manner of man he was to be by his efforts to lighten her burden, helping her to milk the cows, wash the clothes, and scour and rub the floors. When his father married again, the step-mother treated him with great rigor. When he came home from school at night, she would set him to his regular task of picking cotton and then send him to bed without a candle. But the instinct of the scholar was strong within him and, while his step-mother thought he was fast asleep, he would be reading his Horace by the blaze of the light-wood which he had hidden away for this purpose, and when the light-wood gave out, he would go on reading by the fire alone, bending over the book on the hearth till he would almost singe his hair. From his very infancy he had

manifested that passion for books which distinguished him throughout his life.

At fifteen years of age he made public confession of faith in Christ. He spent a year and a half in Liberty Hall Academy (now Washington and Lee University), then studied for two years with young George A. Baxter, who was teaching an academy in Bedford and who some forty years later succeeded his former pupil as professor of theology in this seminary. In his eighteenth year, young Rice secured a position as tutor in a family at Malvern Hill below Richmond, and set out for that place, his whole outfit being $1.75 and a handkerchief full of clothes. A year or two later he traveled on foot a hundred and forty miles to secure the position of tutor in Hampden-Sidney College. There in 1802 he married Anne Morton, daughter of Major James Morton, "Old Solid Column," as he was called, the friend and comrade in arms of General Washington and the Marquis de la Fayette. This accomplished and consecrated woman, his faithful helpmeet throughout his life, survived him many years and was still living at Hampden-Sidney when our friend, Dr. James P. Smith, was a student in the Seminary.

Recognizing his call to the ministry, Mr. Rice was ordained in 1804 and became pastor of Cub Creek Church in Charlotte County, at the same time working a farm and teaching school five days in the week to supplement his meagre salary. For eight years he labored there, ministering to both white and black, and proving himself

a master workman as a country pastor. Then in 1812, just after the burning of the Richmond theatre, in which so many lives were lost, which represented the genius and wealth and fashion of the capital, and which was followed by a strong reaction against immorality and frivolity, he came to this city, in response to urgent calls, for the purpose of organizing a church and giving a new impulse to vital religion, and here for ten years he showed that he possessed gifts for a city pastorate no less remarkable than those which he had used so effectively in his work in the country, prosecuting a ministry so wise, so strong, so loving, so fruitful, that the church which he organized has ever since been a power for righteousness, a fountain of blessing, and a mother of other churches through which the everlasting gospel has been proclaimed at home and abroad. The beginnings of his work here were difficult enough. He preached at first in the Masons' Hall and the Capitol, and, though large crowds came to hear him, the church when organized consisted of only sixty members. The salary promised the minister was small and, I am sorry to say, was not paid with promptness, and the preacher himself was poor, as indeed he continued to be throughout his life on account of giving all his accumulations to whatever religious work he had in hand, and especially later to this Seminary. When he died, a slip of paper was found in his pocket on which were these words, "It is necessary that I die poor." The hardships of his earliest years in Richmond may be inferred from the fact that on one occasion the only food in his house was a bag of black-eyed

peas. There was not even bacon to give them flavor, and the minister had not a cent of money. Mrs. Rice decided to sell their mahogany dining table to meet the necessity. The husband smiled and said, as he turned towards his study, "I trust, my dear, the Lord will provide." "Just then a knock was heard and a servant was found standing at the door with an ample supply of food sent by a friend who lived in the country near Richmond." These hard conditions did not continue long. The church increased in numbers and in 1816 entered its own house of worship, which was then far down on Franklin Street and was afterwards replaced by a building on the site of the present City Hall, of which the present First Church is an exact facsimile.

A man who fearlessly attacked every form of evil was, of course, not popular with bad men and some of them showed their hostility in a scurrilous way. Dr. William S. White in his biography gives this incident: "On entering his study one morning he handed me a letter filled with vulgar abuse of him, and written by a bookseller of Richmond of no small pretensions. The reading of it filled me with indignation. I wondered how he could endure it, or what he would say in reply. But when I returned to him the letter, he handed me the reply already written, smiling good-naturedly as he did so. It was couched in the well-known stanza of William Cowper, with only the prefix 'Sir'—

" 'A pious, learned, or well-bred man
Will not insult me, and no other can.'

This, with his signature, abruptly appended, was the whole reply. There the matter ended."

Dr. Rice's services to the cause of religion were not confined to Richmond. In 1819, the year in which he served as Moderator of the General Assembly in Philadelphia, when it was proposed to elect Thomas Cooper an infidel to a professorship in the University of Virginia, Rice published an article which so aroused the Christian sentiment of the State that Mr. Jefferson advised Cooper to decline the appointment, which he did. Other valuable services he rendered to the Church and country at large, as will be shown presently, but valuable as were his services while in Richmond, his greatest work still lay before him—namely the development of the struggling Seminary which had been started through his agency ten years before, and upon this, the supreme work of his life, he entered as already stated in 1824. The venerable Dr. Robert Burwell, one of the three members of his first class, in a paper which some of us heard at Hampden-Sidney eighteen years ago, told us many interesting things about the great founder's manifold and arduous labors while trying to get the institution on its feet. His lectures were written from day to day and, pressed by innumerable duties of other kinds, he was not always ready when the hour for lecture came. So, says Dr. Burwell, he would tell us to wait and would go on writing and, when he had finished the lecture, would deliver it to the class. Such was the pressure under which he worked.

There were indeed times at long intervals when he wisely unbent the bow. On the same occasion

at Hampden-Sidney eighteen years ago, Dr. Moses D. Hoge related an incident not of the gravest character, which it may not be improper to give here as illustrating Dr. Rice's love of good literature and his method of relieving the dreadful strain of his work and of keeping his mind fresh and flexible. The Waverley Novels were then coming out and were exciting universal interest. One of them, just published, came from Richmond to Hampden-Sidney on a Saturday morning.

"Seizing it with avidity, he commenced its perusal. He became absorbed, fascinated; time flew, the afternoon came and then the night. The doctor read, read, and read on. Presently he heard the clock strike twelve. Saturday night! He suddenly shut the book and laid it down, possibly with some compunction. He had to preach the next day. The next morning he went into the pulpit and preached one of his noblest discourses. When the services ended, an old colored woman came up to him, and grasping his hand, she said, "I knew we were going to have a good sermon to-day, for late last night as I was passing your house I saw the light burning in your study, and I said, there is my pastor hard at work while other people are asleep; there is my dear pastor beating *ile* for the sanctuary." The story was too good even for the oil-beater to keep to himself. We may be sure he did not tell it as an illustration "of the way young men should prepare for the pulpit."

But these moments of recreation were rare. Generally speaking, he labored incessantly, he took no vacation, he gave himself no rest. Wearied

and worn out by his constant struggle with difficulties of all sorts, he was not unnaturally at times depressed, and Dr. Burwell says that on one occasion, when the class came to his study unexpectedly, they found him utterly spent, sitting beside his table with his head lying on his arms, saying to himself that his perplexities and difficulties would surely kill him. And they did. This Seminary cost the life of Rice.

Yet this sorely overworked man found time even for authorship. How wide and strong his influence in this way still is on some of the notable young men of our time may be illustrated by the statement of Robert E. Speer made in this chapel a few years ago, that Dr. Rice's Biography of James Brainerd Taylor had been one of the influential books in his life.

John Holt Rice was a man of large views and bold initiative in many directions, but there are five things of a creative sort that he did which deserve special mention.

1. In the first place, he organized the Virginia Bible Society, as I am sure our friend, Mr. Porter, well knows. That was in 1813 and antedated the organization of the American Bible Society. It has continued to this day its beneficent work of disseminating the Word of God.

2. In the second place, he established in 1815 the *Christian Monitor*, and in 1818 the *Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine*, and had already given the impulse which led to the establishment of the first weekly religious newspaper in the world, and, as you will doubtless hear from

Dr. Sweets on Wednesday, he was thus the father of religious journalism.

3. In the third place, he organized the first Young Men's Missionary Society that ever existed in the whole of that territory extending from New York to New Orleans. It was known as the Young Men's Missionary Society of Richmond. It consisted of about forty members. And it had for its object the securing of men and means for the propagation of the gospel in the destitute portions of our own land. It was thus that he led the way in the matter of definite and distinctive organizations of young men for Home Mission Work. That was in 1819.

4. In the fourth place, he led the way in the organization of one of the greatest existing agencies for the evangelization of the heathen world, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, represented now by the executive agencies of both great branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. This he did by an overture to the General Assembly, dictated from his deathbed, in which he requested the Assembly to declare that the Church "is a Missionary Society, the object of which is to aid in the conversion of the world, and that every member of the Church is a member for life of said society, and bound in maintenance of his Christian character, to do all in his power for the accomplishment of this object"; asking also that "it be earnestly recommended to all church sessions, in hereafter admitting new members to the churches, distinctly to state to candidates for admission that if they join the church, they join a community, the ob-

ject of which is the conversion of the heathen world, and to impress on their minds a deep sense of their obligation, as redeemed sinners, to co-operate in the accomplishment of the great object of Christ's mission to the world." The overture outlined also the form of the business organization which was to have immediate charge of the work, prescribing its duties and officers; and furthermore provided for the co-operation of this agency with workers of other denominations in the same line. This overture Dr. Rice forwarded to his friend, Professor Charles Hodge of Princeton, requesting the concurrence and support of the brethren there, and, to make a long story short, the measure which he proposed was eventually adopted (in substance) by the General Assembly. The Board which was thus organized on his initiative now expends in the work of foreign missions more than a million dollars a year, and its evangelists, churches, schools, colleges, theological seminaries, hospitals and printing presses are making known the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ in every part of the heathen world. Such are some of the results of the great movement started by Dr. Rice in 1831. You will not wonder then that I spoke of him as a man of creative influence in Christian work.

5. The fifth great thing that he did, as you might almost infer from the impulse that he thus gave to the work of missions at home and abroad was to establish a theological seminary, which should furnish a regular supply of laborers for the home and foreign fields, and about fifteen hundred of them have gone out from his institu-

tion to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. This Seminary, as that marble tablet on the wall before you states, is his lasting monument.

I trust that enough has now been said, albeit in a hurried way, to show that John Holt Rice was one of the most widely useful men that God has ever given to the Church in America: a scholar of rich and varied attainments, a prophet of clear and far-reaching vision, a man "that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do," a leader of extraordinary enterprise and skill in practical affairs, and an epoch-maker in the work of Bible distribution, religious journalism, home missions, foreign missions and ministerial education.

George Addison Baxter

Dr. Rice was succeeded in 1831 by Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D., then president of Washington College at Lexington. His students there called him affectionately "Old Rex" and in all the extant references to him we find this tone of affection. One of his students speaks of his ponderous frame, his massive head, his dignity, his rich, tender voice, the majestic march of his pulpit discourse, his swelling emotions, his unconscious tears—the embodiment of all that was great and good and loving. Dr. Moses Hoge has told us that the portrait of Dr. Baxter in the reading room of our library does not give a correct idea of his face or form, that it fails to represent the real majesty of his presence, and further that the fragments of his writings which have been preserved do not give any adequate idea of his intellectual power, adding that he has heard many of the most distinguished divines in our own and in foreign lands and has heard few who surpassed Dr. Baxter in argumentative force, in pathos or in pulpit effectiveness. Dr. John Leyburn, of Baltimore, also one of his pupils, says his chief delight was in preaching the gospel and that when he began to preach at Hampden-Sidney, the people asked him to give them longer sermons, a rather unusual request in those days or in these and one which speaks well for the intellectual stature of the Hampden-Sidney people, for Dr. Stuart Robin-

son, another of his pupils, says that as a preacher Dr. Baxter "had too little ornament and too much thought to be very attractive to the mass of hearers, if they were strangers. For, though he wielded the club of Hercules, it had not a single wreath to adorn it. It often required a cultivated as well as an attentive mind to follow the rapid flow of his thoughts; but to such minds his sermons were both an intellectual and spiritual feast." One of his most remarkable sermons, preached in the open air at the foot of the mountains near Goshen Pass, in which he referred to the cry of the impenitent at the last day for the mountains and rocks to fall on them, caused his hearers to rise from their seats and turn and see if the mountain was not really about to fall. But, great as he was in the pulpit, his power of lucid reasoning shone resplendent in the classroom. Dr. John Leyburn says that "All the great topics he was called upon to handle had been themes of reflection during almost all his life. They were imbedded, too, in his heart as well as in his understanding. In the discussions of the lecture-room, even when others might have been taken up with the more intellectual aspects of the subject, his tear-filled eyes would give evidence that the truths he was examining had penetrated further than the regions of the understanding. He was sometimes, however, full of humor. This was particularly manifested when he could get a student into a logical dilemma. In order to do this, he would begin with questions remote from his ultimate purpose, and having elicited from the unsuspecting pupil one answer after

another, would finally bring him, very much to his surprise, right up into a corner. This feat was always accompanied by our venerable professor's shaking his great sides with good-natured laughter." One of the most talented of his pupils, Dr. John H. Bocock, makes the remarkable statement that Baxter's mind was "as mighty a mind as I can well conceive of in the possession of a mere mortal."

Samuel B. Wilson

Dr. Baxter died in 1841 and was succeeded by Dr. Samuel B. Wilson, whose grandson is the editor of the *Presbyterian of the South* and whose great-grandchildren are members of the Ginter Park Church. His dignified, courtly, modest demeanor, his long, silvery hair, his finely chiseled features, ample brow, kindly eyes and cheery smile, as described by one of his former pupils, Rev. J. M. Wharey, D. D., are still well remembered by some here present to-day. One who knew him well says that to spiritually minded, intelligent, thoughtful Christians, the simplicity of manner and expression, the strong good sense, the practical piety, humble submission to God's authority, and fervent love and gratitude to his Lord and Saviour pervading all his sermons, gave great satisfaction and made his preaching eminently instructive. Perhaps I can give you the truest impression of this singularly lovely and useful servant of God, who was for twenty-eight years a professor here, by citing two incidents. He was a modest and diffident man and shrank from putting himself forward. He was also scrupulously truthful and shy of making a statement that might seem exaggerated. When a young man he was quite strong and used to say that the first time he visited the Natural Bridge he threw a stone from below and struck the arch. Later in life he ceased to relate the incident, and,

when a friend asked him about it, he said that he had thought he did, but, finding the feat considered so difficult, he had ceased to say so.

The other incident speaks volumes. A gentleman applied for admission into the Church who had been previously careless and negligent of his religious duties. When asked what had caused the change in his religious views, he replied, "The life and character of my neighbor, Dr. Wilson."

Francis S. Sampson

It is understood, of course, that up to this point in this discourse concerning the successive professors in the Seminary, I have confined my remarks to the four successive occupants of the Chair of Systematic Theology and have said nothing about the professors in the other departments who were associated with them. The time does not permit us to mention all, and I am selecting representative men of the several periods.

The next is Francis S. Sampson, Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, student of Oriental Literature in the Universities of Halle and Berlin, and professor of that department in this Seminary for sixteen years, beginning in 1838, a blond, slender, agile man, scrupulously neat, tasteful and simple in dress, solid and symmetrical in mind, methodical and thorough in his habits of study, so much so that the most gifted of his pupils and colleagues has stated that the results of his studies remained more permanently and fully his own than those of any man he has ever known. He speaks with equal enthusiasm of Dr. Sampson's fervent piety, holy example, and unrivalled power as a teacher. In the class-room, he was so animated and ardent that the most sluggish student could not resist the impulse. He constructed his own system of Hebrew etymology, but unfortunately it was not published. Nor did he publish any volume during

his lifetime, which ended in 1854, when he was only thirty-nine years of age; but there is a well-known and valuable posthumous volume from his pen, "Sampson on Hebrews." Dr. Dabney, his ablest pupil, in the last article that he ever issued, dictated indeed on the very morning of his death, says, "Having sat under the teaching of several of the most learned and able professors who ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic, I am compelled by the truth to declare that Dr. Sampson's instructions were more valuable to me than those of any other living man."

Benjamin M. Smith

Of Dr. B. M. Smith who succeeded Dr. Sampson in 1854 and was for thirty-five years an active professor in the Seminary, my own teacher and my venerated predecessor in the Chair of Old Testament Exegesis, time would fail me to speak as my heart would prompt. When I came to the Seminary as his assistant professor in 1883, I boarded for several years at his table, I knew and loved the members of his family, and the memories of that sweet and happy Christian home will abide with me and bless me throughout life. Dr. Smith was a versatile man. Before coming to the Seminary, he had been a student of Semitic languages in Europe, then pastor at Danville, Tinkling Spring, Waynesboro and Staunton, and had been Secretary of the Board of Publication in Philadelphia. In addition to his work as professor for nearly two score years, he did a great deal of writing, contributing elaborate articles to the reviews, issuing in separate form various addresses and sermons, and publishing several books, such as his prize essay on "Family Religion," his "Introduction to the Poetical Books of the Bible," which was published both in Europe and America, and his Commentary on Proverbs which is still current as a part of Jamieson, Fausset and Brown's Bible Commentary. One of the most laborious tasks he performed and one of the most useful for the history of our branch of the Church was

BENJAMIN M. SMITH.

the compilation of the General Catalogue of the Seminary, published in 1884, and containing brief sketches of all the students who had matriculated in the sixty years since the reorganization of the institution by Dr. Rice. The General Catalogue published in 1907 is based on Dr. Smith's and is more indebted to it perhaps than to all other sources.

Dr. Dabney, in talking with me once about Dr. Smith, said that the chief characteristic of his mind was its alertness. There may have been more learned men. There may have been more profound men. But there were few quicker men than he in his mental processes. He was probably the most adroit debater ever seen in our church courts. He knew how to think on his feet and was never at a loss for an idea or a word. All his public speaking was marked by a readiness, an ease, and a copious fluency that I have never seen surpassed. He was master of that elaborate extemporaneous style, best known to our generation perhaps from the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, which was so perfect that one who did not know him, listening to the rolling and sonorous periods, inevitably received the impression that every word had been carefully written out beforehand and committed to memory. On fifteen minutes' notice, he could stand up and body forth for an hour, without hitch or hesitation, elevated thoughts on important subjects, in language of the utmost propriety and dignity, in long and complete sentences, with almost innumerable ramifications, each worked out to perfection; and, after holding such a sentence in the suspense

of construction for, perhaps, five minutes at a time, making matter sufficient to occupy a printed page, would bring the entire complicated structure to a triumphant finish. An accomplished littérateur of his day said that Dr. Smith's off-hand oratory reminded him of a mighty river, flowing with broad expanse, without chafing or unseemly impetuosity, deliberate, smooth, majestic. His public prayers and his reading of hymns were hardly less notable. When opening the General Assembly as the retiring moderator at New Orleans in 1877, he produced a profound impression by his reading with faultless emphasis and deep feeling Newton's hymn, "In evil long I took delight."

His greatest service to the Seminary was rendered just after the war when the institution, paralyzed by that great cataclysm, had for awhile not a cent of income and seemed doomed to ruin. By his personal exertions as Financial Agent, aided by the influence of his great colleagues, Dabney and Peck, he collected for the support of the Seminary about $90,000 in the ten years from 1866 to 1876.

ROBERT L. DABNEY.

Robert L. Dabney

Gigantic intellect, volcanic emotions, vast learning, whole-hearted consecration—Coryphaeus of American theologians, marvelous teacher, most illustrious of all the great men who have served this Seminary—what can one say of him in a paper like this? There are many of us here present this morning who sat at his feet and who remember him vividly. Stalwart and ungainly in person, of dark complexion, with firm face and strong black eyes, of hot, eager, resolute temper, a good hater, an ardent lover, austere in manner but tender of heart, terrible in sarcasm and invective, but loving and sympathetic to all in distress—I once heard him preach at the funeral of a dear young friend with the tears literally streaming down his face. Grim fighter as he was against all falsehood and wickedness, in his social relations he was benignant and genial. In his lectures, his argument moved with the strength of a tornado but with the precision of an engine. Fused with passion the great doctrines of our faith poured from his mind like red hot iron from a furnace. Yet, when he questioned the members of the class never was a man more patient, more gentle, more considerate with a timid or dull student than this intellectual Titan who a moment before perhaps had been laying about him with the hammer of Thor.

It has been said that a small island can be

explored in a few hours, but not a wide continent. The one may be characterized in a word, but not the other. So the gifts of some men are insular and may be summed up in a few words, but the gifts of this man were continental. It would be impossible in the time at our command to give any adequate picture of him. And it is the less necessary to attempt it because his portrait has been painted at full length by my colleague, Dr. Johnson, in a biography of characteristic thoroughness and strength which is accessible to you all and which I would exhort you all to read. It would be a reproach particularly to any student in this Seminary not to be familiar with that admirable book. Not only so, but ignorance of it would involve to you a great loss which no minister in the Presbyterian Church should be willing to suffer.

"I dwell among mine own people," said the great woman of Shunem to Elisha. How loyal Dr. Dabney was to his own people and to this Seminary, and how little he was moved by considerations of ambition or gain is well illustrated in his prompt and positive refusal of the positions offered him and urged upon him in Princeton Seminary, at the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, and elsewhere.

Dr. Dabney was a many-sided man—student, teacher, farmer, mechanic, financier, political economist, patriot, army chaplain, soldier, Chief of Staff to Stonewall Jackson, philosopher, theologian, author, Seminary professor pre-eminent, and mighty preacher of the gospel.

THOMAS E. PECK.

Thomas E. Peck

In view of the prodigious force and conceded pre-eminence of Dr. Dabney, you may feel that no man can now be mentioned who will not seem dwarfed by comparison with such a colossus. But there remains one man whose connection with the Seminary began in the first fifty years and who though not so versatile or so great in creative force, nevertheless bears well the comparison with him as a teacher. That man was Dr. Thomas E. Peck who in 1860 resigned the pastorate of the Central Church, Baltimore, to become Professor of Church History, and who for more than thirty years continued to teach successive classes with a wealth of learning, a saintliness of influence, and a perspicuity and power of statement which have rarely been equalled.

One of his outstanding characteristics was poise. "His mind was not so massive as Dr. Dabney's, nor so brilliant as Dr. Thornwell's, but was perhaps in the equilibrium of its faculties superior to either."

Another notable feature of his teaching was its seminal quality. A seminary is etymologically a *seedery*, a place where seed is sown. The thoughts that Dr. Peck gave his pupils had this germinant quality.

He was a master of condensation and conciseness of statement. His extemporaneous utterances on any subject to which he had given con-

sideration could be printed without revision. He was a man of golden thought and crystal word, exact, reliable, absolutely exempt from any disposition to strain after novelties, solid, straightforward, candid, convincing.

As a preacher he was more weighty than popular. He told us once that when he was just entering the ministry he visited a certain church with a view to a call. He did the best he could, but on his return home he received a letter from the session informing him politely but plainly that they had no further use for his services and telling him that the trouble was *there was too much ball for the powder.* By the way, he was fond of fun. His ordinary manner in social life was quiet, gentle, even grave, deepening at times almost to melancholy, yet rent and shattered at intervals by veritable earthquakes of laughter.

With all his ability and all his learning he was a singularly modest man, and possessed that rarest and most distinctive of the Christian graces—genuine humility. The hundreds of young men who sat at his feet felt the power of his childlike faith and his Christ-like character, and were the stronger to proclaim what they learned from his lips because of the influence of that which they had learned from his life. When God called him home it fell to my lot to make the address at his funeral and what I said then I say now, that while his views of God's spotless holiness and of his own deep sinfulness were such that he could only think of himself as the chief of sinners (and he actually called himself that in his last will and testament), yet he came as near to being

a *holy man* in his character and life as any other man I have ever known.

Hoge, Rice, Baxter, Wilson, Sampson, Smith, Dabney, Peck—these and others like these of whom time does not now permit us to speak are the men who under God stamped upon this Seminary in its first fifty years the characteristics which have made it such a boundless blessing to the world, its thorough and solid scholarship, its Pauline ideal of ministerial character and attainments, its staunch adherence to the great doctrines of the Reformed Faith, its practical efficiency, its high average of pulpit talent and preaching power, its humble dependence upon God, its intelligent and steady zeal for missions—for it must be remembered that its society of missionary inquiry was organized as early as 1818, that this one Seminary has trained a full half of all the ordained missionaries that our branch of the Church has sent to foreign lands, and that in proportion to the number of its students it outranks every other seminary in America in the quantity of mission work done in its vicinity and in its *per capita* contributions to missions.

Surely we may thank God from our hearts to-day for the gift to this institution of the great and good men who in the first half century of its existence wrought into its very fibre the principles and ideals which have given it its distinguished place and its large efficiency among the Christian forces of the world.

They began in a small way. Jacob said to God at Peniel: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."

Moses Hoge started with two or three students. To-day the enrollment is one hundred and seven. But this could not have been without the labors of the fathers from Hoge and Rice to Dabney and Peck. Let us then thank God for these master builders and let us remember that our heritage "is a summons as well as a legacy," and that we can best honor their memory by emulating their virtues—and so may God continue to make the institution to which they gave their toils and tears and prayers a fountain of blessing to the Church and the world.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Beginnings and Development of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina

Address at the Centennial Celebration of the Synod of North Carolina, in Alamance Church, October 17, 1913.

FONS ET ORIGO.

The Presbyterian Church in North Carolina is mainly the result of two streams of immigration from Northwestern Europe—one from the North of Scotland and the other from the North of Ireland. Both streams were set in motion by the oppressions of the British government. Both the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish came to the New World seeking the civil and religious liberty which was denied them in the Old. The Scotch entered by the port of Wilmington and occupied the Cape Fear country in and around what is now Cumberland county, and the Scotch-Irish entered mainly by the ports of Philadelphia and Charleston and occupied chiefly the Piedmont region farther west.

EARLIEST PRESBYTERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

To this day these two parts of the State are the chief centers of our Presbyterian strength. Yet it is an interesting fact that the earliest of the Scotch-Irish settlements was not on the Yadkin or the Catawba, but in Duplin county, where a

colony of Presbyterians from Ulster settled about 1736. Their principal place of worship was called Goshen Grove, and was about three miles from what is now Kenansville, and to this venerable congregation the present Grove church at Kenansville traces its origin. Farther down towards Wilmington, in what was called The Welsh Tract, in New Hanover county, was another early settlement, at first composed of Welsh emigrants, but shortly afterwards reinforced by other families. In the northern part of the State also (known later as Granville, Orange and Caswell counties) Scotch-Irish settlements began about 1738.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY, WILLIAM ROBINSON. 1742-1743.

The religious needs of all these scattered Presbyterian settlements in North Carolina were met in a measure for a number of years by missionaries sent from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, where there was already a large and rapidly growing Scotch-Irish population. The first of these missionaries, and the first Presbyterian minister that ever preached in North Carolina, seems to have been William Robinson, who spent a part of the winter of 1742 and 1743 among Presbyterians settlements in this colony. His work as a missionary in Virginia had been remarkably successful, but the results of his labor in Carolina were very small. We do not even know what the places were that he visited in his tour, but as the Presbyterian settlements in Duplin and New Hanover were the oldest in the State, it is probable that these were

among the places that he visited, as well as the settlements in Orange and Granville.

HUGH M'ADEN'S MISSIONARY JOURNEY. 1755-1756.

No such uncertainty attaches to the movements of the next missionary who is known to have preached in these parts, Hugh McAden, for in a full and interesting journal—which has happily been preserved almost entire, and which is the most valuable document that has come down to us from those early days—he describes in detail the extended missionary journey through Virginia and the Carolinas on which he was sent as a young licentiate by Newcastle Presbytery in 1755 and 1756, a journey which occupied a whole year. Traveling horseback and preaching as he went, he passed through the Valley of Virginia from the Potomac almost to the Peaks of Otter, hearing as he came with sorrow and dismay the news of Braddock's defeat, crossed the Blue Ridge, then the Dan River, and entered North Carolina July 29, 1755. Without undertaking to enumerate all the places at which he preached in homes or meeting houses after entering the State, let us mention a few in order to get a general idea of his route: Hico, Eno, Grassy Creek, Fishing Creek, Hawfields, Buffalo, Yadkin Ford, Rocky River, Sugar Creek (October 19th), the Broad River country in upper South Carolina, the Waxhaws; then back into North Carolina, revisiting some of the places touched on his southward journey and including Coddle Creek Thyatira and Second Creek; then east to the Highlanders on the Cape Fear, preach-

ing at Hector McNeill's (The Bluff), Alexander McKay's (where Longstreet church now stands), Bladen Courthouse, and other points; then to Wilmington, where on February 15, 1756, he preached in the morning "to a large and splendid audience," but in the afternoon to only "about a dozen," a slump which greatly surprised and depressed him. The next two Sundays he preached at Mr. Evans's, in The Welsh Tract, and the people there took some steps towards raising a salary and calling him as pastor. In March we find him at the house of Mr. Dickson, the clerk of Duplin county, where he preached to a considerable congregation, most of whom were "Irish," as he calls them, meaning, of course, "Scotch-Irish." It must always be remembered that by this name is meant not a mixture of Scotch and Irish, but Scotch people of pure strain who had lived for a few generations in the North of Ireland. McAden pursued his journey northward as far as Edgecombe; then westward, coming again in April to the Granville county region, which he had traversed the preceding summer; and passed out of the State on his homeward journey on May 6, 1756. On his return to Pennsylvania he seems to have visited James Campbell, a Scotch minister who was then preaching in Lancaster county, in that State, and turned his attention to the condition of his countrymen on the Cape Fear, with the result that in the following year (1757) Mr. Campbell moved thither and became their minister.

FROM CULLODEN TO THE CAPE FEAR.

The Scotch settlements on the Upper Cape Fear antedated those of the Scotch-Irish on the Yadkin and the Catawba. Some Scotch families are known to have been there as far back as 1729, when the province was divided into North and South Carolina; and when Alexander Clark arrived with his shipload of emigrants in 1736 he found "a good many" Scotch already settled in Cumberland. But the great influx of the Highlanders began ten years later, after the disastrous Battle of Culloden, where their unworthy and ill-starred leader, Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, was utterly routed, and after five months of wanderings and hardships, aided by the heroic Flora McDonald and others, escaped to France. His misguided but devoted followers were hunted down and slain in large numbers, their houses burned, their cattle carried away, their property destroyed, and their country ravaged with a ruthless hand. Many were carried captive to England and scores of them publicly executed there as rebels. Finally, however, George II, with tardy clemency, pardoned a great number of them on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance. But even then they were subjected to much petty oppression and many indignities, being forbidden to own any weapons or to wear their ancient national dress, and being surrounded by armed men and spies of the government. These were the conditions that gave rise to the large settlements of the Scotch on the Cape Fear. Hundreds of the Highlanders sailed for the New World. In 1749, a company of about three hundred, under the

leadership of Neill McNeill, landed at Wilmington and settled in the region of which the community then known as Crosscreek, afterwards as Campbelton, and now as Fayetteville, was the center. These were followed by other large companies of their countrymen who wished to escape persecution and improve their general condition, and so in time they spread through all the territory now comprised in the counties of Cumberland, Bladen, Sampson, Moore, Harnett, Montgomery, Robeson, Hoke, Scotland, Richmond and Anson.

THE FIRST SETTLED PASTOR, JAMES CAMPBELL. 1757-1780.

These immigrants of 1749 brought no minister with them, and, as there was here no established Presbyterian Church, dividing the country into parishes by civil authority, and no collection of ministers' salaries by law, as in the old country, and as the immigrants could not immediately invent and introduce a new method, they seem to have had no regular public services till the arrival of James Campbell in 1757, after his interview with McAden. We have already seen that, in the preceding year (1756), McAden had visited these settlements and preached at various places to the Highlanders, some of whom—knowing only Gaelic—understood but little of what he said, and that it was mainly McAden's reports of their spiritual destitution that influenced Campbell to come. He settled on the Cape Fear, a few miles above Fayetteville, and began to preach principally at three points. In 1758 he was given a formal call signed by twelve representative men

in the community, in which it was stipulated that he should receive a salary of one hundred pounds per annum. In a short time three churches were organized, since known as Bluff, Barbecue and Longstreet.

It was Mr. Campbell's custom to preach two sermons each Sabbath, one in Gaelic for the benefit of the Highlanders and the other in English for the benefit of the less numerous families of Lowland Scotch, Scotch-Irish and Dutch, who were mingled with them. In a few congregations of Fayetteville Presbytery this custom of bi-lingual preaching was kept up for about a hundred years. That Mr. Campbell's people were well trained by his "exegetical and practical" preaching in the two languages and by his thorough catechetical methods; that they had the Scotch genius for theological discussion and were formidable "sermon-tasters," is clearly shown by a remark of Rev. John McLeod, who was for a few years Mr. Campbell's assistant. He said "he would rather preach to the most polished and fashionable congregation in Edinburgh than to the little critical carls of Barbecue." This church was Flora McDonald's place of worship while she lived at Cameron's Hill. For nineteen years Mr. Campbell prosecuted a laborious and fruitful ministry. For more than a year of this period he also served the people of Purity church, South Carolina, making the long journey across the country at regular times for that purpose. He was thus the first minister of what is now the flourishing church at Chester. When the Revolutionary War broke out his mettle was still further tested, for in spite of the fact

that most of his parishioners, mindful of their former sufferings and their special oath of allegiance, supported the Crown, he, like all other Presbyterian ministers through the land, promptly espoused the cause of the Colonies. This led to his withdrawal from his charge for four years, during which he preached in the upper part of the State, but in the last year of his life he returned to his home, and there in 1780 he died. To James Campbell, then, belongs the distinction of being the first ordained minister to take up his abode among the Presbyterian settlements of North Carolina.

And yet the honor may well be shared by two of his contemporaries—one in the west and the other in the east, for in 1758, the same year in which Campbell received his formal call to the Cape Fear congregation, Alexander Craighead was installed pastor of Rocky River church, not far from the present town of Concord; and in the following year, 1759, Hugh McAden was installed as pastor in Duplin and New Hanover.* Campbell, Craighead and McAden—this is our triumvirate of pioneer pastors. These three we honor as the fathers of our Synod.

M'ADEN AND OTHERS IN DUPLIN AND NEW HANOVER.

McAden labored for about nine years in Duplin and New Hanover; and then for reasons of health, moved to Caswell in the Dan River valley, where he spent the rest of his life, thirteen years, preaching to the people of that county and the neighbor-

*It is thought by some good authorities that McAden's settlement preceded that of Campbell. I follow the dates given in Foote's Sketches.

ing county of Pittsylvania in Virginia. He died in 1781 at his home near Red House church.

The work in Duplin and New Hanover languished after McAden's departure, but some other beginnings were made in that region which it behooves us to notice briefly before turning our attention to the planting of Presbyterianism in the upper parts of the State. While "Wilmington had no organized church till long after the Revolution," the people there enjoyed the occasional services of certain scholarly men who acted in the double capacity of school teachers and ministers. The first of these was Rev. James Tate, who came from Ireland to Wilmington about 1760 and "for his support opened a classical school, the first ever taught in the place. He educated many of the young men of New Hanover who took an active part in the Revolution." He was a staunch patriot, and for a while during the war for freedom he had to withdraw from Wilmington, making his home at Hawfields. Though declining all offers to become a settled pastor, he made frequent journeys through New Hanover and the adjoining counties, particularly up the Black and South rivers, preaching to the people and baptizing their children. "He received a small fee for each baptism, either in money or cotton yarn; and this appears to have been all his salary and all the remuneration for his journeyings and services."

About the year 1785 Rev. William Bingham, also from Ireland, began to preach in Wilmington and the surrounding country, and he, too, supported himself by teaching a classical school.

His success as a teacher was extraordinary, not only in Wilmington but also in Chatham and Orange counties, whither he moved later. He was the progenitor of a famous line of head-masters to whom Church and State are alike deeply indebted.

The first church building on Black River was erected about 1770. Rockfish, Keith and Hopewell were organized under the ministry of Rev. Robert Tate, who came to New Hanover in 1799.

ALEXANDER CRAIGHEAD AND THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF MECKLENBURG.

So much for Presbyterianism in the East down to 1800. Now we turn to the beginnings of our Church in the West, the Piedmont region, stretching from the Dan to the Catawba. The first minister to settle in this part of the State, as already noted, was Alexander Craighead, a man of ardent temperament and strong convictions, a warm admirer of the spirit and methods of Whitfield in religious work, a fearless champion of civil and religious liberty, and a progressive from spur to plume. Himself a native of Ireland, he was well acquainted with the oppressions to which his people had been subjected by the bigots who ruled England; and, when he came to America, about 1736, he came burning with indignation and panting to oppose any similar tyranny here. He was far in advance even of his Scotch-Irish brethren in his views on this subject. A pamphlet which he published gave great offense to the Governor of Pennsylvania. The Governor laid

it before the Synod of Philadelphia, of which Craighead was a member, and the Synod expressed its disapproval of Craighead's views. Other differences arose between him and his more conservative brethren, and in 1749 he moved to Augusta county, Va., and made his home for six years in the bounds of the present Windy Cove congregation. Braddock's defeat in 1755 left the people of Craighead's charge exposed to the murderous incursions of the Indians. Many of them, therefore, left their homes, crossed the Blue Ridge, turned southward, and settled permanently in the beautiful country between the Yadkin and the Catawba, much of which was then covered with tall grass, open prairies alternating with heavy cane-brakes and forests. Craighead came with his people; and thus it was that North Carolina secured her great apostle of independence. Already other settlers of the same sturdy stock were established there, and there McAden had found them in 1755. In 1758, Craighead was installed pastor at Rocky River, which then included Sugar Creek, the first Presbyterian minister to settle in the western part of the State, and here for the remaining eight years of his life, among a homogeneous and highly intelligent people, thoroughly agreed in their general principles of religion and church government, far removed from the seat of civil authority, he preached the pure gospel and poured forth his principles of civil and religious liberty. The seed he sowed in this congenial soil yielded a mighty harvest, for though he died in 1766, yet

it was his voice that spoke in the ringing resolutions of the men of Mecklenburg in May, 1775.

For eight years Craighead was the lone star in this region, "the solitary minister between the Yadkin and the Catawba," the one settled pastor in "the beautiful Mesopotamia of Carolina," the chief teacher of the people in religion, the chief molder of public opinion on questions both of Church and State. But other congregations were now growing up around the mother Church, and in 1764 the Rev. Messrs. Elihu Spencer and Alexander McWhorter were sent to North Carolina by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia to aid these congregations in adjusting their bounds and in effecting a more perfect organization. In 1765 they reported to the Synod that they had performed this mission. Among the churches thus organized were Steel Creek, Providence, Hopewell, Center and Poplar Tent; and these, with Rocky River and Sugar Creek, constituted the historic group of seven congregations from which all the delegates came who ten years later at Charlotte declared their independence of the British Government.

JAMES HALL AND FOURTH CREEK.

In the same year (1764-'5), and on the same tour, Messrs. Spencer and McWhorter organized the two oldest congregations in Rowan and Iredell—namely, Thyatira and Fourth Creek, the latter now represented by Statesville, Bethany, Tabor and Concord in Iredell. These Fourth Creek settlements and that at Cathey's (now Thyatira) had begun some years before, perhaps

not far from 1750, and had been supplied with occasional preaching by missionaries from the Synod of Philadelphia and New York, as we know from synodical records dating back to 1753. In 1765 these two congregations called Rev. Elihu Spencer, but failed to secure him, and neither of them seems to have had a settled minister till about twelve years later, shortly after the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

The first regular pastor of Fourth Creek was James Hall, who had grown up among the people of this congregation, and who became their pastor in 1778. Graduating at Nassau Hall, Princeton, with the degree of A. B. in his thirty-first year (1774), he studied theology under the celebrated John Witherspoon, president of that institution, from whom also he imbibed his well-known political views, and declining the position of teacher of mathematics in the college, he returned to North Carolina and began among his own people a beneficent and arduous career as pastor, missionary, patriot, soldier and educator. He fired the hearts of his countrymen to resist British tyranny. He called his people to arms in defence of their liberties. He served in the field in the twofold capacity of cavalry commander and chaplain of the regiment. Tall, sinewy, courageous, cool, exact, resourceful and decided, of fine voice and commanding presence, he was every inch a soldier, and it is no wonder General Greene offered him a commission as brigadier general. But he was even more a soldier of the cross than of his country, and while ever ready to serve in an emergency, with tongue or sword, to

rouse his countrymen from their lethargy or lead them against the foe, he never lost sight of the fact that his supreme work was to preach the gospel, and, believing that others without his responsibilities and opportunities as a minister could render the military service needed better than he could, he declined the proffered honor in order to devote himself more fully to his proper work. He made many missionary journeys and was the pioneer Protestant missionary to the lower valley of the Mississippi. He attended the General Assembly in Philadelphia sixteen times, riding the whole way on horseback or in a sulky, and was once moderator.

Besides his contribution to the intellectual life of his people by his preaching, he founded a circulating library, organized debating societies, formed classes in grammar for which he wrote his own text-book, afterwards published, and established a school of classical, scientific and theological study, where many of the leading men of the time in all walks of life were educated, including at least twenty prominent ministers, whose names we know and whose labors extended and perpetuated Dr. Hall's influence throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky. He was present at the formation of the American Bible Society and was the first president of the North Carolina State Bible Society.

An incendiary commander, who ravaged a fair land during our Civil War, burning the houses of the people and turning women and children and invalids into the wintry weather

without shelter, said with full knowledge, "War is hell." He was referring to physical conditions, but it is largely true in the moral sense also. The demoralization which always accompanies war manifested itself at the close of our Revolutionary struggle in an appalling increase of vice—profanity, drunkenness and gambling. Dr. Hall's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the country so given to sin, and he prayed and preached more earnestly than ever. God graciously blessed his efforts and granted to his charge the first revival of religion in Concord Presbytery after the Revolution. At one communion about eighty members were received on profession of faith and at another about sixty.

Such were the strenuous and varied activities of the father of Presbyterianism in Iredell.

OTHER REVOLUTIONARY WORTHIES WEST OF THE YADKIN.

Craighead and Hall have been somewhat fully sketched as representing the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary periods of our Church's history in the region between the Yadkin and the Catawba. The limits of this paper forbid our speaking with equal fullness of Hall's contemporaries and successors in the territory now comprised in Iredell, Rowan, Cabarrus and Mecklenburg, and in parts of Lincoln and Gaston—of Samuel E. McCorkle, the first pastor of Thyatira (1777), who married the daughter of Mrs. Steele, of Salisbury, the patriotic friend of General Greene; who founded the classical school in Rowan from which six

of the seven members of the first class at the University of North Carolina came; who trained forty-five boys who afterwards entered the ministry, besides many others who served their country at the bar, on the bench and in the chair of state; who was himself elected the first professor in the University at Chapel Hill, a position which he declined; who devised and operated in his congregation with the aid of his elders a method of systematic and comprehensive Bible study, which probably secured as good results in the way of scriptural knowledge as any of the advanced methods of this present time;—of Hezekiah James Balch, pastor of Rocky River and Poplar Tent, the only minister who sat in the Mecklenburg Convention of 1775;—of Ephraim Brevard, the Christian physician and statesman, who framed the resolutions adopted by that convention;—of Thomas H. McCaule, the patriotic pastor of Center, who accompanied his people to the camp and was by the side of General William Davidson when that brilliant young officer was killed at Cowan's Ford, leaving behind him an illustrious name which will live forever in connection with our great college for young men;—of Humphrey Hunter, who, when Liberty Hall Academy at Charlotte was broken up by the invasion of Cornwallis, joined the army along with other students, was captured in the defeat of Gates at Camden, fought and vanquished with pine knots a British cavalryman fully armed with sword and pistols, and shortly afterwards, with a few fellow-prisoners, seized and disarmed the guard and escaped, was wounded

at Eutaw Springs, studied theology after the war, and became pastor of Unity in Lincoln and of Goshen in Gaston (where my own forebears worshipped and are buried), and later of Steel Creek in Mecklenburg, where he spent the last twenty-two years of his life, acting also as free physician to his people, as well as their pastor, because of the scarcity of regular doctors at that period—a good type of the intrepid, active, versatile and devoted patriots and preachers who won the liberties of this land and laid the foundations of our society in the fear of God;—of the Alexanders, Grahams, Johnsons, McDowells, Osbornes, Morrisons, Ramseys, Wilsons, Caldwells, Harrises, Robinsons, Irwins, Phifers, Averys, Polks, Pharrs, Griers and many others, the rank and file, the bone and sinew of the staunch population which dwelt between the Yadkin and the Catawba in that formative period and whose faith and force of character gave to the Presbyterian element the pre-eminence in all that region which it maintains to this day;—of all these nothing can be said in this paper beyond this bare allusion.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH IN GRANVILLE, CASWELL, ORANGE AND GUILFORD.

Besides Duplin and Cumberland in the east and the Yadkin-Catawba country in the west, there was a third portion of the State in which important foundation work was done in the pre-Revolutionary period, the northern portion, the region extending eastward and northward from the place where we now stand to the Virginia line. Dr. D. I. Craig has pointed out that if the graves of

the three patriarchs of Presbyterianism in North Carolina—Campbell, Craighead and McAden—near Fayetteville, Charlotte and Milton, respectively, be taken as starting points and lines be drawn from one to another, those lines will form an almost perfect triangle, including the central portion of the State, the core of the Commonwealth, and will touch most of the territory in which the earlier Presbyterian settlements were made, with the greater part of our strength clustering around the three angles. Two of these angles, those near Fayetteville and Charlotte, we have considered, and now turn to the third, the one projecting into the northern tier of counties, Granville, Caswell, Orange and Guilford (which then extended to the Virginia line). Scotch-Irish Presbyterians began to settle along the Eno and Haw rivers about 1738, and were visited at intervals by missionaries sent out by the synods of New York and Philadelphia. We have already noted the fact that McAden visited them in 1755, and that about 1768, after his nine years' ministry in Duplin, he became resident pastor in Caswell, preaching at Dan River, Red House and North Hico (Grier's). Three years before McAden's settlement there—that is, in 1765—the Presbytery of Hanover convened at Lower Hico church (afterwards called Barnett's) in what is now Person county (the first meeting of a Presbytery ever held in the State), and had ordained Rev. James Creswell pastor of Lower Hico and of Grassy Creek and Nutbush churches in Granville county, where Presbyterian immigrants from the neighborhood of Richmond, Va., had settled some years

before. Grassy Creek is said to have been organized in 1753 and Nutbush in 1757.

HENRY PATILLO.

At the same meeting of Hanover Presbytery at Lower Hico (1765), Rev. Henry Patillo was called to Hawfields, Eno and Little River churches, which he served for nine years. In 1780 he succeeded Creswell as pastor of Grassy Creek and Nutbush. Patillo, a native of Scotland, had been trained in theology by the celebrated Samuel Davies, then living near Richmond, Va., and had preached for six years in that State. His ministry in Orange and Granville continued for thirty-five years.

Although he made an imprudently early marriage in 1755 and lived in a "house sixteen by twelve and an outside chimney, with an eight-foot shed—a little chimney to it," as he tells us in his journal, a house in which there were *eleven* people, six of whom were his scholars, on the day that his little chimney was shattered by lightning; and although he was not college bred, he made himself one of the best educated men of his time. This is attested by the fact that in 1788, thirty-two years after his marriage and twenty-nine years after his ordination, he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Hampden-Sidney College. In the same year he issued from the press at Wilmington a volume of sermons. He seems to have used his pen freely, and a number of manuscripts on various religious subjects have been preserved, but the most interesting of all his writings is his Geographical Catechism, printed in Halifax in

1796, "the first text-book written in North Carolina." The original manuscript of this work is now in the library of Union Theological Seminary at Richmond. A reprint of it was published by the University of North Carolina in 1909. Into sixty-two pages he has packed an astonishing amount of information about astronomy, the air, and the different countries of the world, all written with admirable vivacity and all pervaded by a profound religious spirit, his chief purpose being to give his readers more just conceptions of the wonderful works of God, as he states in the preface.

During virtually the whole of his adult life he was a teacher. At Hawfields, Williamsboro and Granville Hall he conducted schools which were nurseries not only of learning, but of piety and patriotism as well.

Like Craighead who laid the egg of independence; like Balch who helped to hatch it in the Mecklenburg convention; like Hall and Hunter who bore arms in the field; like McCaule, pastor of Center, who once ran for Governor and fell but little short of election; and, indeed, like all the Presbyterian ministers of those stirring times, Patillo took an active interest in public affairs. He was one of the prominent men chosen by Governor Tryon to pacify the Regulators. He was sent as a delegate to the first Provincial Congress of North Carolina at Hillsboro in 1775; was chosen as one of the chaplains of that body, and was called to preside in the Committee of the Whole. He was also a member of the Committee of Safety for the Halifax district.

Not the least of Patillo's claims to honorable

mention on the present occasion particularly is the fact that he organized Alamance church. That was in the year 1762, one hundred and fifty-one years ago.

DAVID CALDWELL.

In the year 1764 Rev. David Caldwell, a young licentiate of New Brunswick Presbytery, was sent to North Carolina as a missionary, and visited Alamance church and also the sister church, Buffalo, which had been organized in 1756. He did not come as a stranger. Many of these people had known him in Pennsylvania before their emigration to North Carolina while he was preparing for college, and when they left Pennsylvania they had themselves suggested that when he was licensed he should come to Carolina and be their minister. And so it came about, though it was not till 1768 that he was formally installed as pastor, Rev. Hugh McAden conducting the installation service. His biographer, Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, who was also his successor as pastor of this charge, says he exerted a more extensive and lasting influence than any other man belonging to that eventful period, and that "his history is more identified with that of the country—at least so far as literature and enlightened piety and good morals are concerned—than the history of any one man who has lived in it." For that reason, as well as for the reason that he was for sixty years the minister of this church and was pastor of it when the Synod of North Carolina was organized in 1813, it behooves us to include in this paper at least a brief sketch of his life and work.

He was born in Lancaster county, Pa., in 1725, the son of a farmer in good circumstances. He was reared in a Christian home and received the rudiments of an English education. He then served as an apprentice to a house carpenter till he was twenty-one years of age; after which he worked at his trade for four years on his own account. He was twenty-five years old before he ever saw a Latin grammar, but his heart was set on the ministry, and he labored with unwearied perseverance for an education. Let the young men of this hurried age note the fact that he was thirty-six years old when he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Princeton College. After teaching school for a year he returned to Princeton and served as tutor in the college, pursuing at the same time his studies in theology.

The salary promised him in North Carolina was only two hundred dollars a year, but by the cultivation of a small farm and by the teaching of a school he managed to provide comfortably for his family. As there was no physician in the neighborhood, he procured the necessary books, and by diligent study fitted himself for the practice of medicine, which he pursued with such success that he became scarcely less celebrated as a doctor than as a minister and teacher. Blessed with a powerful constitution and leading a temperate life, retiring at ten and rising at four, studying diligently in the early hours of the day, getting sufficient physical exercise by labor on his farm and by pastoral visitation, systematizing the work of his large school and his two large congregations, he performed his multifarious duties as preacher, pastor,

physician and teacher in a manner which entitles him to a unique position among the makers of our Commonwealth.

The gracious wisdom and tact which he showed as a very young man in composing the differences between the Old Side and New Side parties in his two congregations were but an earnest of his invaluable services throughout his long life as an adviser and mediator in both private and public affairs. Many of his people were involved in the struggle of the Regulators, and he labored to the last both with them and with Governor Tryon to prevent the shedding of blood, and on the morning of the disastrous battle on the Alamance was riding along the lines, urging the men to go home without violence, when the command to fire was given. But he was heart and soul with his people in their opposition to British tyranny. He was a member of the Halifax Convention called in 1776 to form a new system of government. His active advocacy of the cause of the colonies among his own parishioners made all the men of his congregations thoroughgoing Whigs, and rendered him so obnoxious to Lord Cornwallis that he offered a reward of two hundred pounds for Caldwell's apprehension, and when the main body of the British army encamped for a time on his plantation they plundered his house, burned his books and valuable papers, destroyed his property and consumed or carried away all provisions. Mrs. Caldwell and her young children were compelled to take refuge for two days and nights in the smokehouse, with no food except a few dried peaches which she chanced to have in her pockets. The

doctor himself had lain in hiding for two weeks or more in the wooded lowgrounds of North Buffalo, and after a narrow escape from capture had made his way to General Greene's camp. The battle of Guilford Courthouse, which was fought in one side of the Buffalo congregation and within two or three miles of Dr. Caldwell's house, was the beginning of the end. Cornwallis retreated, and in a few months his surrender at Yorktown gave the land peace.

An ardent patriot, a wise counselor, a skillful physician, a faithful pastor, a strong preacher, Dr. Caldwell rendered services of the most varied and valuable character to his generation; but in no capacity did he render a more important service or achieve a more lasting renown than as a teacher of youth. He had peculiar tact in the management of boys and extraordinary skill in the development of their powers, so that his log cabin school, opened in 1767, speedily became known as the most efficient institution in the State. Not only so, it attracted students from all the States south of the Potomac. He usually had fifty or sixty scholars, a large number for the time and circumstances of the country. He was "instrumental in bringing more men into the learned professions than any other man of his day, at least in the Southern States. Many of these became eminent as statesmen, lawyers, judges, physicians and ministers of the gospel." Five of them became governors of States, including the late Governor Morehead, of North Carolina. About fifty of them became ministers, having received from him their whole theological as well

as literary training. Among these were Rev. Samuel E. McCorkle, of Rowan, already referred to, and Rev. John Matthews, who succeeded Patillo as pastor of Nutbush and Grassy Creek, and later founded the theological seminary at New Albany, Indiana, which was afterwards moved to Chicago and is now known as McCormick Seminary.

That so many young men entered the ministry from this school was due in large part to Dr. Caldwell's wife. In 1766, he had married Rachel Craighead, the third daughter of Rev. Alexander Craighead, of Sugar Creek, whom he had known as a child in Pennsylvania some fifteen years before. She bore him twelve children, and vastly increased the usefulness of his life in other ways. The current saying through the country was, "Dr. Caldwell makes the scholars and Mrs. Caldwell makes the ministers."

Dr. Caldwell died in 1824, in his one hundredth year, leaving to these congregations and the Synod and the State the memory of a consecrated life, of varied talents wisely used, and of a busy and beneficent career in the service of God and his fellow-men.

Mr. Moderator: I have deliberately taken the risk of wearying the Synod with this great mass of local and personal details, because I believed that it was only in this way we could get any vivid impression of the amount of labor performed by the fathers of our Church in this State—such as Campbell and McAden, Craighead and Hall, Patillo and Caldwell—and any just idea of the value of their services in propagating a pure and

strong religion, in bearing almost the whole burden of education in the formative period of our history, in determining so largely the staunch character of the people of this Commonwealth and in promoting the cause of civil and religious liberty. "Without any disposition to disparage the labors or the influence of others, it is believed that North Carolina is more indebted to their enlightened and Christian efforts for the character which she has ever since sustained for intelligence, probity and good order than to any other cause."

THE SUCCESSION OF CHURCH COURTS.

As to the church courts, under whose auspices the early work of our Church in North Carolina was done, we have already seen that the early missionaries were sent into this region by the Synods and Presbyteries centering about Philadelphia and New York. In 1755, the year of McAden's tour, the Presbytery of Hanover was formed, embracing the whole South, North Carolina included. Four meetings of Hanover Presbytery were held in this State—one at Lower Hico (Barnett's) in 1765, one at North Hico (Grier's) in 1766, and two at Buffalo in 1768 and 1770, respectively. In September, 1770, Orange Presbytery was formed at Hawfield's church, in Orange county, with seven ministers—McAden, Patillo, Creswell, Caldwell, Joseph Alexander, Hezekiah Balch and Hezekiah J. Balch—and about forty or fifty churches, with a membership of perhaps two thousand. In 1784, the Presbytery of South Carolina was set off from Hanover with six ministers. In 1788, the year in which the

General Assembly was organized, the Synod of the Carolinas was erected and held its first meeting in Center church, in Iredell, David Caldwell preaching the opening sermon and presiding as moderator. In 1795, the Presbytery of Concord, embracing the territory west of the Yadkin, was set off with twelve ministers—Samuel McCorkle, James Hall, James McRee, David Barr, Samuel C. Caldwell, James Wallis, J. D. Kilpatrick, L. F. Wilson, John Carrigan, Humphrey Hunter, J. M. Wilson and Alexander Caldwell. In 1812, the Presbytery of Fayetteville was set off from Orange with eight ministers—Samuel Stanford, William L. Turner, Malcolm McNair, Murdock McMillan, John McIntyre, William Meroney, Allen McDougald and William Peacock—and held its first meeting at Center church, in Robeson county, October 21, 1813. The Synod of the Carolinas existed for twenty-four years, and was then divided in 1812 into two synods, the Synod of North Carolina and the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia. The Synod of North Carolina held its first meeting in Alamance church on October 7, 1813, and it is the centennial anniversary of this event which we celebrate to-day. There were twelve ministers present at that meeting a hundred years ago—David Caldwell, Robert H. Chapman, James W. Thompson, William Paisley, Samuel Paisley, Robert Tate, Murdock McMillan, John McIntyre, James Hall, Samuel C. Caldwell, John M. Wilson and John Robinson—and three ruling elders, Hugh Forbes, John McDonald and William Carrigan. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. James Hall, D. D., from the text, "Go

ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and Rev. R. H. Chapman, D. D., was elected moderator and also stated clerk.

GROWTH OF THE SYNOD FROM 1813 TO 1863.

The Synod thus organized was composed of the three Presbyteries of Orange, Concord and Fayetteville, and comprised thirty-one ministers, eighty-five churches, and about four thousand communicants. By 1832, there were sixty-four ministers, one hundred and twenty-seven churches and about eight thousand communicants; that is, the number of both ministers and members had doubled in twenty years, and the number of churches had increased by forty-two. In 1860, when the Synod met at Statesville, there were three presbyteries, ninety-two ministers, one hundred and eighty-four churches, and about fifteen thousand six hundred communicants; that is, in about thirty years there had been a gain of twenty-eight ministers (less than one a year), fifty-seven churches (only about two a year), but the number of communicants had again nearly doubled. Then the country was plunged into war, and the growth of the Church was rudely checked. In the half century stretching from 1813 to 1863 the number of churches had more than doubled, the number of ministers had trebled, and the number of communicants had grown from four thousand to nearly sixteen thousand, a four-fold increase; but during the four years of conflict in the 60's the Synod gained only eight ministers and five churches, and lost more than two thousand communicants, mostly young men, the

strength and hope of the Church, who were killed in battle or died in prison.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE CHURCH'S WORK.

This sketch of the history of our Church in North Carolina during the one hundred and twenty years from the time that William Robinson preached the first Presbyterian sermon in the State (1742) to the time of our Civil War would not be complete even as a bird's-eye view without a more definite mention of certain special features.

POLITICAL.

1. The services rendered by our ministers and people in the struggle for national independence.

The revolt of the American colonies was spoken of in England as a Presbyterian rebellion. When Horace Walpole said, "Cousin America has run away with a Presbyterian parson," he was doubtless referring particularly to the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, president of Princeton, whose speech in the Colonial Congress swept the waverers to a decision in favor of the Declaration of Independence and who was the only minister of any denomination who signed that immortal document. But it was a remark that might well have been made with the Presbyterian ministers of North Carolina in view. These thoughtful and consecrated men well knew that with the common course of politics ministers should have nothing to do in the pulpit; but they knew also that there were crises which justified their intervention as ministers, when everything was at stake, including even their right to worship God according to their

own understanding of His requirements, and that "measures of government that proceed from a want of moral principle, that are fraught with injustice and corruption," and that involve the destruction of civil liberty and freedom of conscience, "are as legitimate objects of denunication and warning from the pulpit as anything else." And they acted on the belief. They instructed the people in their rights. They called them to arms in defense of their liberties. They sat in the councils of State. They endured the privations of the camp and the fatigues of the march, and they fought beside their parishioners on the fields of bloody strife. It is not too much to say that the American Revolution could not have succeeded but for the Presbyterian ministers. While some denominations in Carolina were opposed to war under any circumstances, and therefore preferred submission to armed resistance; and while the clergy of some other denominations supported the Crown and bitterly opposed the movements for independence, the Presbyterian ministers throughout the whole country gave to the cause of the colonies all that they could give of the sanction of religion, and wherever a minister of that denomination was settled the people around him were Whigs almost to a man. This is now gratefully recognized by our brethren of all denominations, and whatever the indifference or shortcomings or hostility of their own ministers to the people's cause in the Revolutionary struggle, they all now alike honor the Presbyterian ministers who denounced the oppressions of the mother country and fired the hearts of the people to resistance

and fought and suffered to secure the freedom in which all alike rejoice to-day.

APOLOGETIC.

2. The services of our ministers in stemming the tide of French infidelity which swept over our country after the Revolutionary War.

As a result of the timely aid given us by France in our struggle with Great Britain, the citizens of the new republic were kindly disposed towards the French people, and were, therefore, the more ready to give a sympathetic hearing even to their skeptical philosophy. The country was flooded with their infidel publications. Many of our people, and at least one of our ministers, afterwards a professor in the State University, were swept from their ancestral faith. But the great body of our ministers were not only unaffected by it themselves, but withstood it boldly and successfully, and in the end rolled back the tide and rescued their people. Being well-trained and well-equipped, they brought all the resources of their learning and all the force of their logic to the contest, and eventually routed the disciples of Voltaire and Paine, and so saved their country alike from the horrible demoralization of infidel France and the paralyzing unbelief of Unitarian New England. Witness the work of James Wallis at Providence in counteracting the influence of the talented and wealthy debating society of infidels in his neighborhood, with its baleful circulating library; and the work of Samuel C. Caldwell at Sugar Creek, and of Joseph Caldwell at Chapel Hill, the first president of the university; and

many others. The educated ministry of the Presbyterian Church had come to the kingdom for such a time as that.

REVIVAL.

3. The growth of the Church in periods of revival.

The revival in Rev. Dr. James Hall's congregations in Iredell just after the Revolutionary War has already been referred to. A much more extensive revival, which began about 1791 under the preaching of Rev. James McGready, continued for some years in what is now the upper part of Orange Presbytery, affecting the congregations of Hawfields, Cross Roads, Alamance, Buffalo, Stony Creek, Bethlehem, Haw River, Eno, the churches on Hico and the waters of the Dan, and also those in Granville. In connection with this revival the first camp meeting in North Carolina was held at Hawfields in 1801, the people coming from a distance in their wagons and remaining for five days. Such meetings soon became common all over the South and West. From the churches of Orange Presbytery the interest spread to those of Concord and Fayetteville Presbyteries. In a long and interesting letter written by Dr. James Hall in 1802, he describes a meeting in Randolph county in January of that year which he and three other ministers of Concord Presbytery attended with about one hundred of their people, traveling fifty to eighty miles on horseback and in wagons for that purpose; another in the same month in Iredell, conducted by eight Presbyterian, one Baptist and two Methodist ministers, and attended by

four thousand people, notwithstanding the inclement wintry weather; another near Morganton; another of five days in Iredell in March, conducted by twenty-six ministers (seventeen Presbyterians, three Methodists, two Baptists, two German Lutherans, one Dutch Calvinist and one Episcopalian), when there were eight thousand to ten thousand people present on Sunday, divided into four worshipping assemblies; another two weeks later in Mecklenburg almost as largely attended; another in May near the Guilford and Rowan boundary. The writer says: "We are extremely happy in the coalescence of our Methodist and Baptist brethren with us in this great and good work. Party doctrines are laid aside and nothing heard from the pulpit but the practical and experimental doctrines of the gospel."

In these meetings hundreds of people were deeply affected and great numbers were added to the churches. But, as in Kentucky and elsewhere, the judicious ministers were not a little perplexed by the "bodily exercises" with which the religious excitement was connected when, as if by an electric shock, men, women and children, white and black, learned and ignorant, indifferent and skeptical, robust and delicate, would be struck down, crying for mercy or lie motionless and speechless sometimes for five hours; for it was observed that "persons who had no sense of religion were seized by them both at places of public worship and while about their ordinary business, and some times were left as unconcerned as ever." The ministers studied these phenomena closely, generally discountenanced them, and had the satisfaction of

seeing them gradually disappear while the real religious interest continued.

As a result of these meetings the existing churches were greatly enlarged, new congregations were formed, and many ministers of the gospel were raised up. "Throughout Carolina wherever the revival prevailed the community received unspeakable blessings."

In 1832 there were again notable revivals in various parts of the Synod, especially in Concord and Orange Presbyteries. "It is said that one hundred and sixty-three persons were added to Rocky River church, one hundred and twenty-six to Poplar Tent and Ramah, and one hundred and thirty to Charlotte and Sugar Creek churches. It was estimated that there were two thousand conversions within the bounds of the Synod, and that six hundred of them were in the counties of Mecklenburg and Cabarrus."*

MISSIONARY.

4. The curious contrast between the activity of the Church in home missions before the Revolution and the comparative neglect of this work after the Revolution.

The gospel was faithfully preached to the churches already organized, but for a good many years there seem to have been no settled plans and no systematic and persistent efforts to carry the work into the regions beyond. The Synod was not marching, but marking time. Napoleon Bonaparte said, "the army that remains in its trenches

*Craig: Development of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, 24.

is beaten," and our Church had to pay the inevitable penalty for its inactivity during the early decades of the nineteenth century. It lost many golden opportunities, and our more active brethren of other denominations, to their lasting honor, came in and possessed much of the territory which should have been evangelized by the Church which was first on the field, which for long had the largest numbers, and which has always had the largest resources and the best trained ministers. There were, of course, occasional creditable exceptions in both foreign and home missions, the most notable of which was the work of a young man fresh from Union Seminary, Daniel Lindley by name, who became pastor of Rocky River in 1832, and in less than three years received into the Church two hundred and fifty-two members. It is said* that "he felt called to carry the gospel to the forgotten people of the mountains of North Carolina," but that Concord Presbytery denied him that privilege. If that be true, it was one of the most disastrous and far-reaching mistakes a Presbytery ever made. But the missionary spirit which Lindley had imbibed from John Holt Rice was strong within him and would not be thwarted. He sailed for South Africa, taking with him Dr. Alexander E. Wilson, of Rocky River, and for forty years labored in the dark continent to the everlasting good both of the native Zulus and the Dutch Boers. When he returned to America in 1874, I was a freshman in college and heard him make a moving address in the old chapel (now Shearer Biblical Hall) at Davidson.

*Morrison Caldwell: Historical Sketch of Rocky River Church.

There were doubtless other instances of genuine missionary zeal and activity in both the home and foreign work, but the fire did not spread, and the splendid advance of the Synod as a whole on both these lines has been the achievement of a later day.

EDUCATIONAL.

5. The noble record of our Church in Christian education.

This subject has been very properly given a separate place on the programme of this celebration and will be fully treated by the able speakers to whom it has been assigned, so that nothing more than a passing glance at it is called for here. The view taken by our Presbyterian forefathers of the relations between the Church and education was this:

> "She dreads no skeptic's puny hands
> While near her school the church spire stands,
> Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule
> While near her church spire stands the school."

Hence that remarkable succession of classical schools to which for so long a time the State was indebted for nearly the whole of its education beyond the mere rudiments of English—Queen's Museum (afterwards Liberty Hall) at Charlotte, Grove Academy in Duplin, the schools of Tate at Wilmington, Bingham in Orange, Patillo in Granville, Caldwell in Guilford, Hall at Bethany, McCaule at Center, McCorkle at Thyatira, Wilson at Rocky River and Wallis at Providence—the forerunners of all our present institutions of higher learning. When the State University was pro-

jected, the people naturally looked to the Presbyterians to do the work. They did it. The institution has been in existence for one hundred and twenty-four years. During the whole of this period, with the exception of only twenty years, its presidents have been Presbyterians, and a large proportion of its professors as well. The first president and the real father of the institution, Rev. Joseph Caldwell, not only founded the University firmly, but stemmed the tide of infidelity there after the defection of Kerr and Holmes, and put the abiding stamp of religion upon its character.

The only educational institution that has ever been under the direct care and control of the Synod as such is the Theological Seminary, formerly at Hampden-Sidney and now at Richmond. In 1827, this Synod and the the Synod of Virginia associatied themselves in the joint ownership and control of the institution, and in commemoration of the alliance it was given the name of Union Seminary. For eighty-six years the relation has been one of unbroken harmony and of abounding advantage both to the Seminary and the Synod. The Synod has supported the Seminary with unwavering loyalty and generosity, and the Seminary has supplied the Synod with the great majority of its ministers. Of the 235 ministers now on your roll, 135 were trained at Union Seminary; that is nearly two-thirds of the whole number.

Ten years after the action in regard to the Seminary, that is, in 1837, the Presbyterians of North Carolina took another great creative step in educational work by founding Davidson College. As

a result of these two movements, they have long had and have today the largest and most fruitful of all our Theological Seminaries and the largest and most fruitful of all our Christian colleges.

One other educational factor of great importance which came into existence in the period assigned to this sketch is The North Carolina Presnyterian, now known as The Presbyterian Standard, which was established in 1857, and which for fifty-six years has informed and instructed and edified our people.

These, then, fathers and brethren, are some of the salient features of the history of our Church in this State during the one hundred and twenty years from the beginning by Robinson, the first missionary, down to the year 1863. It is a history that we do well to cherish, for it will move us to profound gratitude to God for the gift of this land to our fathers and for the gift of our fathers to this land; it will remind us that we are the sons of noble sires, men who played the leading part in forming the character and institutions of this Commonwealth; it will thrill us with the thought that the heritage of truth and freedom and opportunities for service which they bequeathe to us is not only a legacy, but a summons, and that we can best honor their memory by emulating their services; and it will inspire us with the ambition to transmit this heritage to our posterity not only undiminished, but enlarged. As we enter upon the second century of our existence as a separate Synod, let us hear across the century the earnest voice of Hall, uttering in the old frame

building on this spot in 1813 the words of the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; and let us resolve with all our hearts to obey that commission, to replenish the ranks of our ministry with the choicest of our youth, to seek earnestly the power of the Holy Ghost promised by our Lord, and to be faithful witnesses unto Him both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

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