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THE UNION SEMINARY REVIEW, being the only publication of its kind in the Southern Presbyterian Church, is an open forum where any one who stands for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints" is welcome to present his views on the great questions of the hour. Each contributor is solely responsible for the views expressed in his article.

EDITORIAL NOTES

NEW EDITORIAL STAFF.

The Union Seminary Review Association has elected a new editorial staff, as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Eugene C. Caldwell; Assistant Editors, James Sprunt and T. Layton Fraser; Missionary Editor, W. B. Patterson; Book Editor, Ernest T. Thompson; Review Editors, Edward Mack and W. Taliaferro Thompson; Business Manager, F. E. Manning; Assistant Business Manager, J. C. Wool.

For two years Dr. W. Taliaferro Thompson has served as Editor-in-Chief with signal success, and his resignation is accepted only at his earnest insistence, in order that he may devote more time to extension work. From all over our Church calls are coming for his services. Only by being released from the duties of Editor-in-Chief can he answer these pressing and

JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

Address by Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., at the Memorial Service in Schauffler Hall, October 5, 1924.

Twenty-nine years ago, when the trustees of the Seminary were considering the question of moving the institution from Hampden-Sidney to Richmond, there were not a few of the ablest men in the Church who believed that such action would be disastrous to the Seminary and who therefore earnestly opposed it. This opposition was so formidable and represented so much talent and influence not only in other parts of the Synod, but in Richmond itself, that it required no little courage for any Richmond man to advocate the proposed change of location. There was deep affection for the old site, where the Seminary had served the Church nobly for eighty-six years. It was a place of many hallowed memories and inspiring traditions. It was and is a place of peculiar social charm and of peculiar religious influence. The ties binding that community and the Seminary together had become so strong and the institution seemed to be so firmly anchored to its original site that a distinguished university chancellor, who was an alumnus of the Seminary, exclaimed when the first suggestion of the removal came to his ears: "You might as well talk about moving the Blue Ridge Mountains." On the other hand was the indisputable preference of theological students in general for seminaries situated in centers of population and influence, where they could observe or engage in all forms of Christian work and where they could hear the best occasional lecturers and preachers. This was shown by the drift of our students to institutions more advantageously located, notwithstanding their emphatic statements that there was no better faculty than that at Union. It has become almost an axiom in educational circles that all professional schools, whether of theology, medicine or law, as distinguished from academic colleges for boys, should be planted in large communities. This is especially true of schools of theology, since the Protestant

idea of a divinity school is not monasticism but ministry; not monkish seclusion from the world, but genial, helpful, Christ-like mingling with one's fellowmen. Moreover, the trustees, after years of earnest effort, were forced to admit that it was impossible to secure the requisite endowment and equipment of a modern seminary at the old site. They therefore decided that, in order to arrest the drift of our candidates for the ministry to other institutions and in order to secure the steady and large growth of the Seminary throughout the future, it must be transplanted to a more central and accessible site in the midst of the running currents of life, one sufficiently retired from the noisy rush of business, to encourage study, yet not so far from the life of men as to make its atmosphere monastic. The need was to put the institution into more effectual contact with the great throbbing heart of the Church and with all the varied lines of her world-wide work. This, however, meant the abandonment of the buildings which had served its purposes for nearly seventy years; and the institution had not a cent for the creation of a new outfit elsewhere. In fact, the great difficulty which had for thirty years deterred the trustees from decisive action in regard to the removal, which nevertheless they knew to be inevitable sooner or later, was the apparent impossibility of securing the large sum of money which would be required to provide new buildings. But after full discussion at a meeting in 1894, the Board appointed a committee to receive and consider offers of sites and inducements. The question as to whether Richmond should make such an offer was not so simple as you may at first sight suppose for the reason already stated, namely, that there was in the city itself very influential opposition to the whole plan of the Board for transplanting the institution. Therefore, several mass meetings of the Presbyterian people were held for the purpose of giving them the opportunity to express themselves on this question.

The Progressiveness of a Veteran.

One of the men in this city who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do and who had the courage to express his convictions, whether people liked them or not, was Judge George L. Christian. The first time I ever heard him speak was at a mass meeting in the First Presbyterian Church here. He advocated the concerted action of the people of Richmond to secure the Seminary for their community. I was struck with the soundness of his views, the clearness of his statements, and especially with the temperate and conciliatory tone of his remarks. The subject had stirred up considerable feeling in some quarters. In fact, nothing in the past half century had so deeply moved our people as the question about the location of the Seminary. His discussion of it was in the finest spirit. All our people know now that the great development of Presbyterianism in Richmond dates from the coming of the Seminary to this city in 1898, but Judge Christian was one of those who had the prevision of it before it had come to pass.

There are those who have occasionally intimated that the veterans of the Confederacy were unduly conservative, that, in fact, they were reactionaries. This is a mistake. Some of them were, but most of them were not. It is the Confederate Veterans who, after losing everything in the war except their self-respect and honor, have by sheer force of character and will and industry rebuilt the devastated South. Many factors have of course entered into this colossal task—the rehabilitation of the South—but the leaders of it have been the men of her immortal armies. They have not been “moss-backs.” They have been progressives. Take this matter of which I am speaking as an illustration. The men who gave weight to the movement which resulted in giving our Church a great seminary instead of a small one were Confederate Veterans, men like Dr. A. C. Hopkins, of Charles Town, the fighting chaplain, who on the field took command of his company when the captain was shot down, and who was afterwards President of our Board of Trustees and Moderator of

the General Assembly. Rev. S. Taylor Martin, one of the most intrepid and daring captains of artillery in the Confederate service; Major T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Lynchburg, the gallant commander of Kirkpatrick's Battery; Colonel William J. Martin, of Davidson College; Dr. H. G. Hill, of Maxton, N. C.; Dr. James P. Smith, last survivor of Stonewall Jackson's staff; Rev. J. P. Gammon, Mr. S. H. Hawes, Judge Christian and others. There were of course many younger men who stood with them and gave the movement vigorous support, men like Dr. R. P. Kerr, Mr. C. D. Larus, Mr. George R. Cannon, Mr. John S. Munce and others, but they would themselves have told you that without the leadership of the veterans the thing could never have been done. The leading advocate of it on the floor of the Synod of Virginia in the meeting at Charleston which decided it was Major Kirkpatrick. The leading advocate of it on the floor of the Synod of North Carolina was Colonel Martin, both of them highly honored officers of the Confederate Army and both at that time active members of our Board of Trustees.

At a little later stage it became necessary to choose one site from a number of desirable ones offered. Those members of the Board's committee on the selection of a site who did not live in Richmond, and therefore did not have first-hand knowledge of such matters, were perplexed. Local sentiment seemed divided. It was, I think, the opinion of Judge Christian that really brought the committee to a decision in favor of the site in Ginter Park which had already been advocated by Dr. R. P. Kerr, Dr. J. C. Stewart and others, with the result that, as Dr. McClure, of McCormick Seminary, says, "No seminary in America has a more beautiful location or a more desirable environment."

In 1898, the year the Seminary came to Richmond, Judge Christian was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees and continued to serve the institution in that capacity till the end of his life. He became successively a member of the Finance Committee, the first Vice-President of the Board, and Chairman of the Executive Committee. For twenty years he held the last-named position. As these are the years during

which the institution has made its most rapid growth, the responsibilities of this committee have been heavy and its labors incessant. Never was a committee more faithful or more capable. Through long and fatiguing sessions they toiled at their task year in and year out patiently and cheerfully. The crippled chairman, with his crutches, was always present, and even in the last months of his earthly life, while bearing the burdens of age and illness, he persisted in the performance of his duties and was always ready when necessary to call the committee to meet in his own home. During all these years of great expansion, when the attendance of students at the Seminary has increased 100 per cent and its assets have increased six-fold, he was the legal counselor of the Board and the Committee, rendering without charge services of very great money value to the Church. It was a labor of love.

I have made these introductory remarks on Judge Christian's relations to the Seminary in order that those of you who did not know him personally might understand why we wish to honor his memory in a special service in this place at a time when our students are present, as well as our people of this congregation and community.

A Many-Sided Man.

In a brief biography of him, printed some ten years ago, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, said: "Many men attain eminence in their chosen fields of labor, some in more than one field; but it is rarely that any man is able so to impress himself upon the life of a community as has George Llewellyn Christian, soldier, lawyer, jurist, banker, literateur and business man. How true that is appears from even the briefest enumeration of the positions of trust and honor to which he was successively advanced by his fellow-citizens: President of the Common Council of Richmond, Judge of the Hustings Court (1878), President of the Richmond Bar Association, President of the Virginia Bar Association, Founder and Editor of the Virginia Law Journal (1884), President of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce

(1892), President of the National Bank of Virginia (1893), President of the Virginia Trust Company (1904), President of the Virginia State Insurance Company (1904), Director of the First National Bank and of the Savings Bank of Richmond, member of the Board of Governors of the Medical College of Virginia, Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, United Confederate Veterans, and Chairman of its History Committee, Treasurer of the Southern Historical Society and a member of its Executive Committee, Treasurer of the Confederate Memorial Association (Battle Abbey), member of the Advisory Board of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association and also of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Ruling Elder in the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Trustee of Union Theological Seminary for twenty-seven years, as already stated, Vice-President of the Board for eighteen years, Chairman of the Executive Committee for twenty years and member of its Finance Committee for twenty-six years. For any man, even without any physical handicap whatever, to have filled so large a place in the life of his community and in the leadership of its best activities would have been a remarkable thing, but that it should have been done by a man who had been maimed in battle when a boy and compelled to walk on crutches for sixty years, suffering at times excruciating pain, a man with a fragmentary education, in a war-ruined land and among an impoverished people, shows clearly that his career is worthy of careful study by the young men of our more favored time.

George L. Christian was born in Balfours, Charles City County, Va., about twenty miles below Richmond, on the 13th of April, 1841. In addition to the classical education he received in the Taylorsville and Northwest Academies, he had unusual opportunities for observing the proceedings of the courts of his native county, as his father was clerk of the court and the boy was employed for a time in his office.

Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia.

At the age of twenty, in answer to his country's call at the outbreak of the War Between the States, he enlisted in the Second Company of Richmond Howitzers, First Virginia Artillery, Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It may well be questioned whether there has ever been an army in the history of the world superior in its personnel to the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Southern States withdrew from the Union in order to save the Constitution and to solve in an honest and peaceable way the difficult economic problem which had been thrust upon them by the mother country. Their desire was to get rid of the institution of slavery by gradual emancipation, so as to avoid the frightful consequences which were sure to follow from sudden and violent emancipation, as two generations of our people have seen with their own eyes. Desiring only to withdraw in peace, the South was totally unprepared for war, without an army, without a navy, without munitions, and without the manufacturing establishments necessary to provide them, as it was a predominantly agricultural region. Yet when war was forced upon her she placed in the field an unsurpassed army which held at bay for years and defeated time after time forces vastly superior to themselves in number, resources and equipment, and they were good soldiers, too. One reason for this was that their commanders were admittedly superior to those of their opponents in military genius. This is no mere partisan opinion. President Roosevelt himself has said in his life of Thomas H. Benton that "the world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank without any exception as the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth." Another reason for the extraordinary success of the comparatively small and ill-equipped Army of Northern Virginia was that it was made up so largely of the picked young men of the South. There were many men in the armies of the North who were just as good men in every way as any of those in the armies of the

South. But their armies were differently made up. There were more different kinds of men in the armies of the North—more foreigners, for instance. The population of the South was more homogeneous. Take the Howitzers, for instance; recall those whom some of you knew personally. Is it possible to imagine a more intelligent, more courageous or more reliable body of troops than one composed of such men as George L. Christian, S. H. Hawes, J. Taylor Ellyson and scores of others who have been our foremost citizens? Those of you who did not know these men should make a point of studying Shepard's statue of the Howitzer at the intersection of Park Avenue, Grove Avenue and Harrison Street. This city has been peculiarly fortunate in its monuments. One of the New York papers once said of the numerous statues in that city that, while many of them were of high artistic merit, others were only fit for the junk pile. Richmond has more monuments for its size than any other city in this country, and there is not one of them that we would be willing to part with, from the great statues of Washington and Lee and Jackson and the rest down to the simple figure of the Howitzer with the sponge staff and rammer in his hand. It is the least pretentious of them all, but it is of unsurpassed grace of form and purity of face. The slender, lithe figure and the fine features of this youthful artilleryman convey a true idea of the make-up of that marvelous army which was always outnumbered, but never outfought.

The Young Artilleryman.

Young Christian was in every battle in which his company participated from May, 1861, to May 12, 1864. On that day in the battle of Spotsylvania C. H., to the left of the famous "Bloody Angle," he was struck by a cannonball which carried off one foot and all the heel of the other, and which of course not only rendered him unfit for further duty in the field, but made him a cripple for life. "He was taken up by one of his comrades of the Richmond Howitzers and was put behind a tree, where he remained bleeding and on damp ground from

8 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon. Then he was carried half a mile to the rear and laid in a wagon, the body of which was covered with straw, where the surgeons operated on him. Later he was driven in the vehicle two miles farther behind the lines and was placed on the floor of an old tobacco barn, crowded with wounded and dying men. Here he lay for a week with no medical attention and little food. Then both wounds were dressed for the first time since the operation on his leg in the wagon the day he was shot, and of course both wounds were by this time dreadfully inflamed, extremely sore, suppurating freely, and as they had no antiseptic then, both had become horribly infected. He was hastily operated on again. The next time the amputated stump was dressed the ligatures came loose, the leg began to slough off, and though it was saved, it gave him trouble the rest of his life.

While young Christian was lying close to death, practically within the Federal lines, his ancestral home in Charles City County was burned by the enemy and his mother died. The family that was caring for him and for a few others was 'eaten out'—a not infrequent experience in those days—when it had exhausted all its food it had to arrange for the wounded to be carried elsewhere. Fortunately for George Christian, the friend of a dead army comrade had told him that when he was well enough he wanted him to come to his home, which was located in the Green Spring district of Louisa. It was a forty-mile journey over rough roads, but it was cheerfully undertaken. It consumed two days at the very time when the pains from the wounds were almost intolerable." "The only way I could travel," the sufferer wrote years afterwards, "was by lying flat on my back and dangling my pieces of legs in the air." He arrived at the home of his friend, James M. Vest, alive but hardly more than alive. Two days after he reached this refuge the battle of Trevillian's Station was fought just three miles away. Two of the badly wounded from that action were brought to the Vest's. Their house was crowded; the labor of caring for so many ill men was tremendous. Yet Mrs. Vest herself tended all of them and dressed their horri-

ble wounds twice a day. What this meant can only be hinted at in a day of squeamish stomachs. Suffice it to say that infection was at its vilest, just one stage short of gangrene.

Law Student for Five Months.

At length George Christian began to mend and crawled around the yard on all fours. His share in battle was over; he was to be a cripple the rest of his life. The sentence did not affright him. Before he could boast a pair of crutches of his own—as soon, however, as he could put his weight on the one ankle left him—he bade his friends good-bye and went to the University of Virginia.” (Richmond Evening News Leader.) In an article entitled “Reminiscences and a Contrast,” contributed by Judge Christian himself to the Alumni Bulletin of the University, he says: “My parents were dead; my home was in the enemy’s lines; every house and nearly everything else had been burned, carried away or destroyed; I had but one change of clothing, one blanket, and an oilcloth that I had used in the army; and all the money I had was \$100 in Confederate money (worth about \$2.50 in gold), which a friend in Richmond had kindly loaned me, and my pay as a retired soldier, worth about 35 cents a month in gold.

With this meager equipment and slender means of future support, and just able to hobble a little on crutches, I landed at the University about October 1, 1864. Without the previous experiences, hardships and dangers endured as a soldier I feel sure my heart would have quailed at the obstacles then before me, but disciplined and strengthened by these, I was not dismayed, and determined to *try* to do something by which I could make my living; and having had some training in the clerk’s office before the war, I determined to study law.” When he told Dr. Maupin, the Chairman of the Faculty, what he wished to do, and explained in answer to his questions what his mental training and physical and financial equipment were for the task he had set himself, it was not difficult to see that Dr. Maupin thought he had undertaken the *impossible*. The only law professor then at the University was the famous John

B. Minor. Both of these gentlemen treated the shattered young soldier with the utmost kindness. Dr. Minor made him spend two nights at his house, and he says: "I can never forget how my heart swelled with pride when he introduced me to his little daughter as one of the brave soldiers of General Lee's army who had been shot down in battle in defense of his country and was now struggling again to try to fit himself to fight successfully the battle of life. That introduction," he says, "seemed to cover his whole case, and certain it is that it opened the door of that child's heart to him which was never closed thereafter."

After securing his room, for which he contracted to pay \$20 a month in Confederate money, about the whole of his pay as a sergeant of artillery, the next thing was how to get something in the way of furniture to put *in* his room. The cost of matriculation had taken nearly all the money he had, and so he was, as he expressed it, flat on his back again. He soon found a room-mate, another Confederate soldier, William C. Holmes, from Mississippi, whose right arm was shattered. Christian then wrote with facility and took copious notes of the law lectures, while Holmes, owing to his wounded arm, wrote slowly and with great difficulty. They therefore entered into a compact that Christian should do Holmes' writing and Holmes should do Christian's walking, and this contract was faithfully observed by both parties. "Indeed, neither could afford to break it, even had he desired to do so." Here is how they contrived to set up their quarters, as George Christian himself told it. "Holmes, like myself, had his army blanket and oilcloth. We spread one of each of these on the floor and covered with the other two; and these constituted our bed during our whole stay at the University. . . . Our next necessary article of furniture was a wash basin. I recall that we borrowed a tin one from Professor Minor until we could buy one, for which we paid \$5 in Confederate money. We also bought a blacking brush, for which we paid \$6 in the same currency, as a memorandum of my expenses kept at the time shows. We secured in some way two split bottomed chairs, a little rough pine table, and these, with a bottle to

hold our candle, constituted the entire outfit and furnishings of our room. The University furnished our fuel, consisting for the most part of chestnut wood, but as all apprehension of danger to our *carpets* from popping were as remote as the carpets themselves, we did not complain of this fuel. . . . We could not indulge the luxury of a janitor, and so had to make our own fires. The fire-making, and especially the wood-splitting, in the case of my room-mate and myself, were quite formidable. As before stated, Holmes had the use of only his left arm and I had only a part of my right foot. The noble wife of Mr. Vest, who had nursed and cared for me at her home when I was wounded just as if I had been her own son, and whose name will ever be as a sweet fragrance in my memory, had sewed some sheepskin pads on the knees of my pants, and on these, until I could procure an artificial limb, I stumped around and did the wood-splitting, while Holmes 'did the rest' of the cleaning up, our bed remaining stationary and ready made *down* if not *up*." Dr. Douglas Freeman, in writing of him at the time of his death in the News Leader, says: "One can see him plodding agonizingly along on his knees up West Lawn and around to the woodpile, and there, still on his knees, one glimpses him painfully splitting the chestnut logs: the one picture is enough to make a city bare its head today as his funeral cortege passes to Hollywood."

The two maimed young veterans had permits to draw rations as retired disabled soldiers from the Delavan Hospital in Charlottesville. Holmes drew these rations every two weeks, and they had to pay \$5 drayage each time to get them to their storeroom, which was just a box in their living-room. Necessarily these rations were very, very scant, but he says that by rigid economy, supplemented daily with mixtures of soup, "slosh" and "scouse," we made out to "fill up" fairly comfortably twice a day, and knowing "it was the best our poor country could do," so we "ate our grub," studied our lessons, sang Loriger, Jimmy Collier, Old Black Joe, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Annie of the Vale, Lorena, etc., and were comparatively contented and happy. We knew that we had done our duty to our country, and were earnestly striving as

best we could to fit ourselves for the further struggles and duties of life, looking forward confidently to the time when our country would have won its independence. . . . We never dreamed for an instant that the "just cause," for which we had fought and sacrificed so much, could by any possibility fail."

"Every student then at the University was a wounded Confederate soldier, or too young or too infirm to enter the Confederate Army. Of those in the law class four had their legs shot off, two had their arms off, four others were severely wounded either in their arms or legs, and these constituted at least two-thirds of the whole class."

"After Sheridan had ravaged the valley and had driven the little army of Early before his "overwhelming numbers and resources," he came down via the University on his way to join Grant, then in front of Lee at Richmond and Petersburg. When they heard of Sheridan's approach, the latter part of February, 1865, every student with one exception left. George Christian left on the last train over the Virginia Central (now the C. & O.) Railroad." After several stops at the homes of friends he reached Richmond at the end of the first week in March. "He did not permit himself to think that the collapse of the Southern Cause was at hand. Instead, as confident as he was necessitous, he got employment in the Treasury Department, and as rumors came of disaster and defeat, he mocked them. Even when he saw that Richmond was being evacuated, he reassured himself and his friends with the argument that Lee was merely relieving himself of the defense of a fixed position and would carry the war into the open when, as always, he would defeat the enemy. In this belief young Christian slept through the awful night of April 2d to 3d in peace unshaken. The next morning, with the city in flames and the Federals streaming in, Christian decided he would leave." But, after all manner of efforts to get a horse or mule or anything that could carry him out of the fallen capital, he found he would have to stay.

The Post-Bellum Struggle.

"The war was over, but not the suffering or the heart-burning." Judge Christian says that General Weitzel, of the Federal Army, to whom the formal surrender of the city was made, acted like a gentlemanly, brave and magnanimous soldier, and his conduct towards the people of Richmond and his treatment of them were, on the whole, good and kind. He says, too, that his soldiers were generally well behaved, only a few outrages being committed by them. He says of one of these: "They saw that I was a crippled Confederate, unable to harm them, and, with one exception, they did not try to hurt me. On the occasion to which I refer I had come through the Capitol Square and was crossing Ninth Street just by St. Paul's Church, when a Federal cavalryman came galloping up Ninth Street and came so near riding over me that I threw up my cane to ward off his horse. He jumped from his horse and knocked me down three times as fast as I could get up. This was not hard to do, however, as I was very unsteady on my underpinning at the time and he was a stalwart but cowardly scoundrel. A citizen ran to my assistance, but the ruffian knocked him down, too, and then remounted his horse and rode off." "Hard, hard days of humiliation they were—difficult enough for any man, and almost hopeless, it would seem, for a cripple who had no money and no other immediate equipment for the law than five months at the University of Virginia. But he had determination, he had industry, he had the same superb courage that had sustained him through his illness, he had that self-discipline which was the greatest thing Southern men brought from the field of defeat except, of course, their self-respect, so," as our gifted editor says, "from the day of the evacuation, bravely he limped, and always upward. He was judge till the Readjusters threw him out; he was successful in his practice financially and in reputation," and, as already indicated, he went steadily from one position of responsibility and honor to another. "In the honorable practice of his profession, in the calm administration of justice, in the unselfish service of his

city, in the faithful forwarding of his church, in all good works and in all his countless efforts to help others, he limped not at all: his courage needed no crutch; his spirit needed no staff." (Times-Dispatch.)

Therefore, as Dr. Freeman says, "On one leg and in pain he went farther than most men ever get with two legs and health. It was the Confederates' way." They defied their suffering and poverty and their handicaps and made themselves producers in industry and leaders in professions.

Authorship.

In spite of his large practice and his exceedingly busy life in other ways, Judge Christian wrote rather copiously on several subjects and always in a forceful and interesting fashion. His literary career may be said to have begun in 1884, when, with his law partner, he established the Virginia Law Journal, which he conducted and edited for sixteen years. As Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Virginia, United Confederate Veterans, he collected and published a series of pamphlets, including "The Confederate Cause and the Conduct of the War Between the States" (in collaboration with the late Dr. Hunter McGuire); "Confederate Memories and Experiences"; "Sketch of the Origin and Erection of the Confederate Memorial Institute" (Battle Abbey); "The Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln"; "Address on John Tyler"; "Charles City County"; "Recollections of the Bench and Bar in Richmond"; "Life of Chief Justice Taney," and "The Capitol Disaster." In that catastrophe he had a narrow escape from death; when the crowded floor of the Capitol collapsed, carrying down hundreds of men into its ruins, he was saved only by the bodies of two other men who were killed. That was in 1870.

Naturally, his writings were largely occupied with the war. Few misrepresentations have been more industriously and successfully fostered than the libel that the South was fighting for the perpetuation of slavery. As to Virginia, the charge is little short of infamous in view of the record of the State in

endeavoring to prevent the establishment of the slave trade, her efforts being defeated by other States, among them three of the New England States, as well as four of the Southern States. Hear these words of General Lee written in December, 1856: "In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that as an institution slavery is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it, however, a greater evil to the white than to the black race, and while my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are strongly for the former. While we say the course of the final abolishment of slavery is onward and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end and chooses to work by slow influences" (Life by Fitzhugh Lee, page 64). Mr. Lincoln himself, who was also a Southern man, born in Kentucky, said in 1852 in his eulogy on Henry Clay: "Cast into life when slavery was already widely spread and deeply seated, he did not perceive, as I think no wise man has perceived, how it could be at once eradicated without producing a greater evil even to the cause of human liberty itself. His feeling and his judgment therefore have led him to oppose both extremes of opinion on the subject. Those who would shatter into fragments the union of these States, tear to tatters its now venerated Constitution, and even burn the last copy of the Bible, rather than that slavery should continue a single hour, together with all their more halting sympathizers, have received and are receiving their just execration, and the name and opinion and influence of Mr. Clay are fully, and, as I trust, effectually and enduringly arrayed against them." (Abraham Lincoln Speeches, Letters and State Papers, Volume 1, page 174.) That's what Mr. Lincoln thought of sudden emancipation then—ten years before the war.

Mr. Lincoln, at his inauguration, proclaimed: "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so."

President Davis declared (during the war): "We are not fighting for slavery; we are fighting for independence."

Judge Christian's own emphatic statement on this point is this: "No man ever saw a Virginia soldier who was fighting for slavery."

When the war closed at Appomattox our people accepted the decision of the sword with manly sincerity, without apology and without complaint. As brave and chivalrous men they had never dreamed of blaming their gallant foes for acting upon their convictions of duty and fighting for what they believed to be right, and they supposed, of course, that their actions, too, would be viewed in the same way by those on the other side. It was therefore with a shock of indignant surprise that they discovered that, while many of their former adversaries did take this just view of the South's devotion to her conscientious convictions, many others were determined to fasten upon her, if possible, the stigma of treason and to blacken the character of her heroic defenders, and that partisan misrepresentation and slander spread abroad by a portion of the teeming press of the victorious and wealthy North were the means by which they proposed to accomplish their purpose. Under the inexorable necessity of rehabilitating their ruined country and in the midst of their hard struggle for the barest necessities of life, the men of the South, decimated, broken and impoverished as they were, leapt to the rescue of their honor thus assailed, and thanks to the labors of various historical committees of the Grand Camps, aided by not a few of the just and honorable men of the North who had withstood them on the field, and by an increasing number of others in the South who could secure leisure from the absorbing struggle for bread, these foul aspersions were shown to be false, and the character of the Confederate soldier vindicated before the world. We can never sufficiently express our appreciation of the service rendered in this vindication by Northern writers of veracity and courage like Charles Francis Adams and Gamaliel Bradford, of Boston, as well as Southern workers like Judge Christian. Of course, nothing is farther from my purpose than to stir any bitter memories. North and South alike,

we are now all for the Union. In referring to the struggle of the sixties and the stainless honor with which the men of the South maintained their cause, "we seek," as Mr. Davis said, "but to revive a memory which should be dear to all of us, North and South, and which we should pass on to our children as a memory which teaches the highest lessons of manhood, of truth, and of adherence to duty." We count him the true hero of the present, "who puts the past in its truest light, does justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a bygone generation." As to the past, we ask nothing more than the truth. We shall be content with nothing less. Our purpose in having the whole truth brought out is really conciliatory, and to explain some things that may appear contradictory. "It enables both parties in that struggle to give full credit to each other for patriotic motives, though under a mistaken view of what that patriotism may have required. It shows why no attempt was ventured to bring attainder of treason against the Southern chiefs, which could not afford to be ventilated before any civil court under the terms of the American Constitution. It explains how through a noble forbearance on both sides (always excepting the infamies of the Reconstruction period) the wound has been healed in the complete reconciliation of a divided people. It explains how we of the South, convinced of the rightfulness of our cause, can accept defeat without the blush of shame mantling the cheek of a single Confederate of us all; and while accepting the issue of the war as the decree of destiny, openly appeal to the verdict of posterity for the final vindication of our career."

When this service was arranged it was my intention to give some analysis of Judge Christian's character on other lines, speaking in a somewhat intimate way of his personal traits, especially his sunny disposition, his genial manner, his bubbling humor, his hearty laughter, his ideal hospitality, his genius for friendship, the wealth of affection that he lavished on his friends, his personal antipathies, his strong prejudices—for, like many other positive natures, he had his prejudices—his intense dislike of pretentiousness (few things about him

struck me more than this), his tenderness of heart, his fatherly and affectionate way with the young girls who came before the Session to be received into the church—and many other traits; but it has seemed to me important to try to give these students some idea of the great causes to which he devoted his life, so little understood by some of the young people of our time—and the great principles that governed his actions in his more public relations. And there was not time for both lines of treatment.

George L. Christian—golden-hearted gentleman, steadfast friend, exemplary citizen, devoted patriot, who with honor stainless and conscience inviolate stood the great test of the sixties—good soldier of his country, good soldier of Jesus Christ and faithful servant of His Church and her institutions—heavily handicapped but moving on undismayed and buoyant—

Browning might have had him in mind when he wrote these lines:

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.”

I had known him intimately for many years, but I never knew how accurately those lines of Browning described his courageous faith until one day he gave me a typewritten copy of Washington Gladden's poem entitled “Consolation of One Who Disbelieves,” expressing his hearty concurrence in those sentiments which at first look like those of a mere moralist, but which conclude with the note of personal faith, and I know nothing that seems to me to represent more accurately some of his principles and views of life:

“In bitter waves of woe
 Beaten and tossed about,
 By the sullen winds that blow
 From the desolate shores of doubt,

Where the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;
I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;
I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase.
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of peace;
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear;
That faith is truer than doubt—
And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side,
And somewhere beyond the stars
Is a Love that is better than Hate
Where the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him and I shall wait.”

And there, in the land of light, in the presence of his Sa-
viour and ours, we shall meet him again.